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## MR. SMITH'S SHOPWALKER.

I looked up from a letter I was writing as a little old gentleman entered the room.

"I am Mr. Smith," he said, with a smile, wrinkling a weather-beaten old face, "the new shopwalker."

I welcomed him with as much cordiality as I could muster, but the truth is we were so accustomed to sudden changes at Garland's that we had long ceased to take much interest in the appearance of a new man. It marked the difference between a private firm and a joint stock company. Ever since the affair had been "converted" and Sir John Garland had retired on his fortune the same policy had been pursued.

In five years all the old hands who had helped to build up the business had been swept out and their places taken by cheaper people. Our general manager, Albert Tullock, was regarded as a commercial genius. He had built new premises, opened new departments, doubled the business and cut down the expenses.

It was the best advertised house in the west end of London. The smaller shopkeepers around us groaned under the competition, and many of them failed. Garland swallowed them up and paid large dividends. So our shareholders were happy and passed an annual vote of thanks to Mr. Tullock.

As for the new man, Mr. Smith, he was like most of Tullock's acquisitions—an oddity. We sometimes wondered where he picked them up. He usually discovered people who were somewhat out at elbow and glad to snatch at anything. Then he bullied them into shape, and if they were sufficiently servile and could do seventy or eighty hours work a week on very little food, they remained. But if they displayed any sign of spirit or physical weakness they received what we used to call "the order of the cluck."

"Are you, Mr. Pemberton?" inquired the little old man, looking at me sharply over his spectacles.

I nodded and Mr. Smith said "Oh!" in a tone of voice which clearly implied: "I'm not quite sure whether I like the look of you or not."

"Come and sit down," I said, "and help yourself to tobacco. We are in the same department. I'm head salesman."

"So I understand," he said, thoughtfully, "I hope we shall like each other."

"Thanks," I replied. "One thing is, it doesn't matter. We shan't be together long."

"Why not?" opening his eyes very wide.

"Because one of us is certain to get discharged within three months. I have been in the firm four years, which is nearly a record, so I expect it every day."

"I presume you will not be discharged unless you neglect your duties," he said, in a piggish voice of superiority.

"You don't know Tullock, I said, shortly. Mr. Tullock has been a very good friend to me," remarked Mr. Smith, pompously. "And I am sorry to hear him spoken of like that."

At this I held my tongue, for it was one of Tullock's pleasant tricks to encourage spies and talebearers. For all I knew, the new man might be appointed for the sole purpose of carrying reports.

Mr. Smith strolled up and down the smoking room, of which we happened to be the only occupant, for some time, and poked his

inquisitive nose into everything of interest.

At last he drew up in front of me and said: "Eh, what kind of a man is your Mr. Tullock?"

"Oh, he is all right when you know him," I said cautiously, for I was not disposed to tell him all I thought. Our enterprising manager took great care to line out his own pocket. He received two thousand a year from the company, but we knew well enough that in addition to that he made large sums in secret commissions.

Once a curious incident happened. I picked up a shorthand notebook. Not knowing whose it was, I availed myself of a knowledge of stenography and read a page or two. It contained some curious information and enabled me to make a shrewd guess at Mr. Tullock's methods.

He happened to arrive on the scene while I was reading it.

"I believe that book belongs to me, Mr. Pemberton," he said, roughly.

I handed it to him with a smile, looking him straight in the eyes. To my great amusement he turned red and scowlingly muttered something about my impertinence. Then he strode away.

It was only a trifling incident, but it meant a great deal. It either meant that I should be discharged or that the great Mr. Tullock would be afraid to interfere with me. So I took the bull by the horns, and the following Saturday I went to his private office and asked for an increase of salary, just to see how the land lay. He gave it, and from that moment treated me with a kind of boorish civility. But I was not disposed to impart information of such a dangerous nature to Mr. Smith.

Before our new shopwalker had been with us a week he earned the nickname of "The Great Inquisitor," in consequence of the annoying habit of asking questions. While he confined himself to making inquiries about the business I submitted but when it came to pumping me about the private concerns of everybody in the house, including myself, I drew the line.

For one thing, I felt suspicious of the man. He always spoke well of Tullock, and could never be induced to laugh at the numerous witticisms which passed current concerning the manager during his absence. This caused him to be unpopular, and almost everybody made a point of giving "old busybody a wide berth."

But there are exceptions to every rule, and the exception to this rule was particularly aggravating. The one person in the house who took a fancy to him was a young lady named Doris Dewhurst. Now Doris and I were the best of friends. In fact, Doris wore a ring I had given to her. Not on her engagement finger, you understand. Certainly not! We were not exactly engaged, but we understood one another, or thought we did.

Now, it was certainly galling that Doris and Mr. Smith should strike up a friendship. I suppose I was jealous, though there was no cause for it. He called her "my little friend," and she stood up for him against all comers. Indeed, for the first time in our lives we nearly quarrelled.

"I like Mr. Smith very much," she said, when I remonstrated. And he hasn't a friend in the house. You are all prejudiced against him."

"Well, he shouldn't poke his nose into other people's business," I replied.

"He doesn't," she said, with feminine conviction, "or even if he does he only means to be kind. He's nearly alone in the world. And once he had a little business of his own, and—and I won't be unkind to him to please anybody."

Then she showed her independence by dissolving into tears, which came just in time to prevent an explosion of wrath on both sides.

At last Mr. Smith broke out in a place which confirmed my suspicions of his character.

Again we were the only occupants of the smoking-room. I was reading, he was fidgeting up and down the room, sometimes looking at me furtively out of the corners of his sharp old eyes.

"I had a talk with Tullock today," he jerked out at last.

"Indeed!" I replied, without looking up.

He is going to give me a special commission on all those French dress goods that have just come in. He wants to get rid of them quickly.

Of course," he continued, nervously, "I can't do much without your help, because you are head salesman; but—but I shall be glad to share the commission with you, if you push the line."

I must explain that Tullock for reasons best known to himself, had bought an enormous quantity on a certain line in dress goods, and marked them for sale at cost price. In addition to this, he was offering us a commission on the sale. Now, it stands to reason that such a deal could not be profitable to the house. But it might be very profitable to Tullock.

To put it another way, Mr. Tullock was utilizing Garland's business to enrich himself.

"I shall do my best to sell the stuff," I said, bluntly, because the sooner we get rid of them the better. But you can keep the commission. I never dabbled in that kind of thing."



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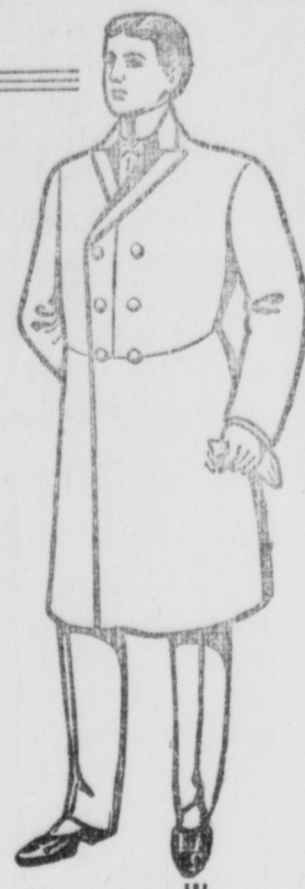
For church, day weddings, calls, and all formal occasions before 6 P. M.

"PROGRESS" Frock Coats are a delight to the men, who are particular about the style and fit of every garment. Made of black clay worsted—black and oxford vicuna—and black worsted—with silk facing, and with silk or serge linings.

Extra Striped Trousers to complete the suit.



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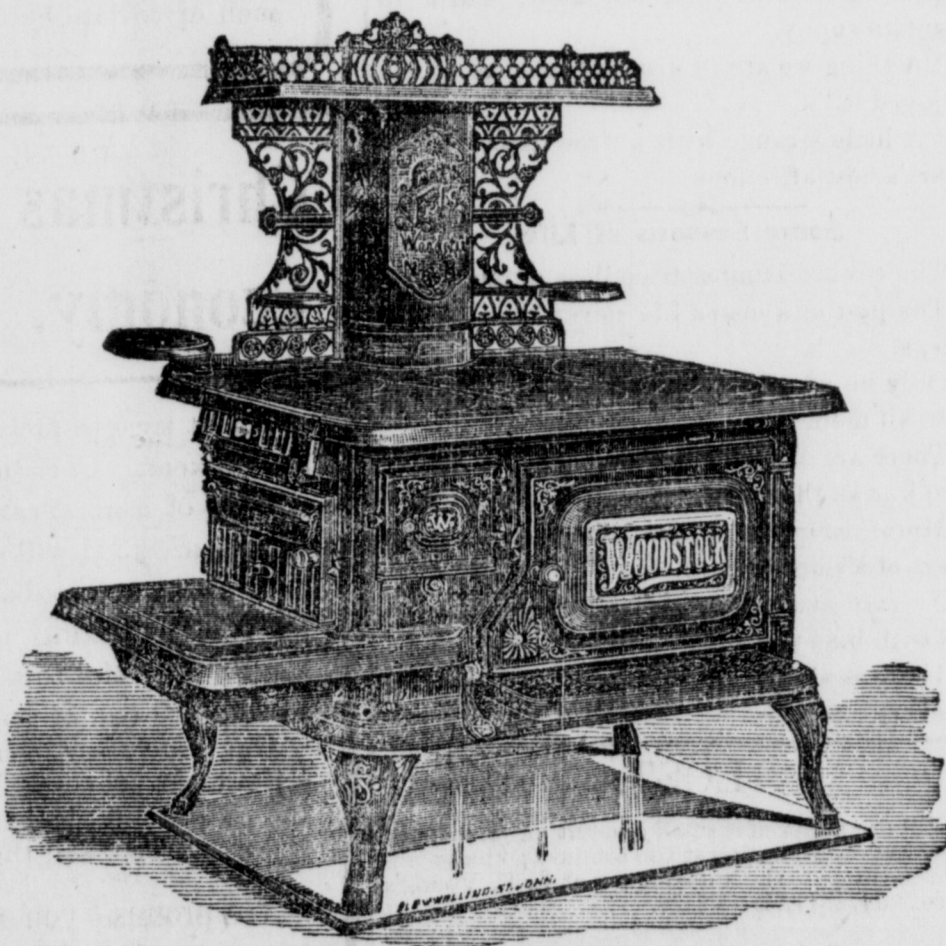
50 doz Chopping Axes, Single and Double Bit.  
Steel Wire Rope,  
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30 doz Tubular Lanterns,  
20 doz Horse Blankets.

Also a full stock of Sleigh Shoe Steel, Iron, Coal, Etc.

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### THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902

Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock: Gentlemen,—After upwards of thirty years experience with a large variety of cook stoves, none has ever given the satisfaction derived from your "Woodstock". It is a perfect heater and baker, keeps the water tank hot day and night, with less fuel than any stove we have ever had in our parsonages.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. BERRIE.

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

## SMALL & FISHER COMPANY, Limited,

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### SALESMEN WANTED.

Salemen wanted at once to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Special list of new and Hardy Specialties in Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs and Roses. Liberal inducements, pay weekly, exclusive territory, handsome free outfit. Spring season's canvass now starting. Write now for full particulars. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto. Oct. 26th, 9ins.

### MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

"I don't see why you should throw away a five pound note," he said.

"Perhaps not," I replied. "However, you mind your own business. It's nothing to do with me what commissions you take; and if I choose to refuse it, it doesn't concern you."

There was a few minutes' silence and then he returned to the charge, saying: They do it in the other departments." In reply to which I simply walked out of the room.

This conversation convinced me that Mr. Smith, who posed as a harmlessly inquisitive old gentleman, was acting under Tullock's instructions, to trap me. I warned Doris, and she saw at once that the game was too dangerous, and gave him the cold shoulder in the most uncompromising fashion.

At last an unexpected crisis was reached. An order was posted on the notice board one morning that "heads of departments" were to assemble in the big dining room that evening.

When the moment arrived there were about sixty of us, including buyers, head salesmen and walkers.

Two of the directors—a couple of old fogies who knew nothing about the business—were present and, of course, Tullock, looking as bumptious as usual.

One of the directors took the chair, and said: "John Garland has returned from abroad and has called this meeting. I have not yet seen him, but he tells me in a letter that he will be here at nine o'clock, so we may expect him at any minute."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Mr. Smith, who was sitting by my side, rose from seat, walked across the room, and coolly sat down in the chair which had just been vacated.

There was an awful hush.

Everybody realized in a second what had happened. Mr. Smith was Sir John Garland.

The directors shook hands with him heartily and seemed to think it was all a joke. But Sir John was pale and stern, and Tullock looked dazed with astonishment.

Then Sir John made a speech. He said: "Gentlemen, it is ten years since I ceased to take an active part in the business, and five years since it became a joint stock company. Of late some curious reports have reached my ears. I was told that all my old friends had been dismissed, and that certain practices were carried on which would disgrace the name I have made honorable. I determined not to be content with hear-say, but to ascertain for myself what was going on. The history of the past two months you all know. Now, by the articles of association I still have authority in this business. If I choose to exercise it. I shall exercise it now. It would not, I think, be quite English for me to take full advantage of the information I have obtained. Consequently criminal proceedings will not be taken against anybody. But certain persons, whose names I will read out are dismissed."

Then he read a list of names, at the head of which stood Albert Tullock, general manager. In every case they were men who had been robbing the firm in a most flagrant manner.

Then he added: There will be other changes, to be announced later."

Everybody was so astonished that the silence was almost painful; but the little man walked across the room to me and said: "Mr. Pemberton, I beg the favor of your company at dinner to-morrow evening, and Lady Garland is anxious to make the acquaintance of Miss Dewhurst."

Then, with perfect coolness and self-possession, like a man who is master of the situation, and knows it, Mr. Smith left the room, followed by the directors.—From "Answers."

### When the Cheap Gains are Made.

An experiment conducted by Wisconsin Experimental Station, and described in Hoard's Dairman, emphasizes afresh the old lesson that the cheapest gains in the weight of a hog are made while the animal is young. Twelve litters of pigs were taken and a complete record of the cost of feeding the pigs from the day they were born until they were ready for the butcher, was made. The hogs were kept 32 weeks, and it was found that during the first four weeks, 100 pounds of gain was made at a cost of \$1.17; while, as the pigs grew older, the cost of making gains gradually increased up to the eighth four weeks, when it was \$4.20, or nearly four times as much as during the first four weeks.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### A Danish Plan For Keeping Labor on the Farm.

A law was, says a correspondent of Country Gentleman, enacted in Denmark in April last, which enables any farm laborer between the age of 25 and 50 years to nine tenths the value of a house and from 3 to 12 acres of land, provided that he has saved up the one-tenth. Eight hundred thousand dollars is appropriated for the purpose, and great hopes are entertained that it will be the means of keeping the men on the farms and stop the rush to the cities.