

U. N. B. Con. FEBRUARY 11TH 1907.

EVENING DRESS ARTICLES.

White Pique Dress Vests
Black Silk Dress Vests.
Grey Silk Dress Vests.

White Dress Shirts, (with Cuffs).
White Dress Shirts (with Bands)
White "Full Dress" Collars.

Perrin's White Kid Gloves 50 Cents a pair.

White Silk Handkerchiefs.
White Linen Handkerchiefs.

Silk Half Hose.
Cashmere Half Hose.

Any article required for Evening Dress Functions, may be had from our large Stock of these Goods.

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BAMBOO HANDLE BROOMS

We have just received above with extra small handles which make them very light and easy to sweep with. We have them in two grades only, 25 and 40 cts each. Also the ordinary kind at 25 and 30 cts each.

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OF COMFORT

A neat, well equipped lavatory is, without a question, a source of comfort to a household. It's one to us to install such a convenience in your home—an aid to the toilet, you'd never abandon after once experiencing its manifold advantages. Where there's running water you need not services.

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The Style and Quality of Goods kept at the Corner is so well known that we feel further reference unnecessary. Mens, Youths and Boys, Over-Coats, Suits, &c., in all styles, Reefers, Jumpers, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters, &c. Gents Furnishing including a large stock of Stanfield and Penmans underwear. Also Boots, Shoes, Overboots, Rubbers, Shoe Packs, &c.

LUCY & CO

FEBRUARY 14th, VALENTINES DAY

A Large Variety of

VALENTINES

Very Choice

The McMurray Book & Stationery Co, Limited

DARKEST TORONTO.

The Making of a Pauper Told By Sympathetic Writer.

The dictionary defines a pauper as "an indigent person supported by alms." Here in Toronto the meaning might be enlarged. A pauper may be a person who works hard for his living, says a writer in The Toronto News. He may earn nine dollars a week, and neither drink, gamble or otherwise waste his substance, and yet be a pauper. If he has seven children and a wife, and pays ten dollars a month for the four rooms they live in, he can scarcely help being a person who requires alms. It is not that the rooms are a steam-heated flat, or on a scale out of ratio with his wage. They are—four certain rooms at such a rental—a rickety old stairway, and cover, all told, about the space of an ordinary drawing-room. There is a departure from the perpendicular in the flooring, that, by the law of gravitation, encourages a congestion of occupants, furniture, and, most especially, any unwary visitors, towards the lower end of the incline. The walls carry out the same trend of architecture, and the ceilings harmonize. City water is obtained from a tap somewhere below. It is shared with ten other tenants of the premises, about twenty-five in number.

The certain man who lives in this particular abode earns nine dollars a week and has eight children. He is an honest, sturdy-looking chap, and his wife a bright, thrifty little creature. They are—our certain rooms at such a rental—a rickety old stairway, and cover, all told, about the space of an ordinary drawing-room. There is a departure from the perpendicular in the flooring, that, by the law of gravitation, encourages a congestion of occupants, furniture, and, most especially, any unwary visitors, towards the lower end of the incline. The walls carry out the same trend of architecture, and the ceilings harmonize. City water is obtained from a tap somewhere below. It is shared with ten other tenants of the premises, about twenty-five in number.

When you drop in to see them you fancy they are giving a children's party, and that all the neighborhood is present. The eldest child is only eleven, so that it is quite a task to arrange the others consequently, for the one seven years old is taller than the one that is nine, and the one that is six is just the height exactly of the one that is eight. The two babies might be taken for twins. If it were not for a look in the woman's eyes, and a glimpse of some carefully hoarded bones and crusts, you would not come away with a choke in your throat. The youngsters have rounder cheeks and harder, straighter little bodies than many a carefully-tended, scientifically-fed "only child" that we know. They have thatches of golden hair befitting cherubs. It seems all the greater pity they should be starved—bodily and morally.

Big families and big rents are not the only means of making a worker a pauper. There is another person who is one because she hasn't a kitchen stove. She is a poor, lonely old colored lady that reminds you of hoe cakes and stories of the Civil War, and laundry as well as you could wish. Unfortunately she is deaf as the proverbial post, and, more unfortunately, possessed of an uncertain temper addicted to sudden and violent squalls. They are harmless, but apt to prove somewhat terrifying to a timid employer, and her engagements consequently are few. Formerly she "looked in" sufficient work to keep the bailiff and hunger from the door, but the infirmities of old age have gradually overtaken her stove, and nothing but a smoking, smouldering fire can be coaxed to boil the soap suds and heat the iron. A look at her arms, convulsed one that she is not lazy, and her muttered invocations to all that is evil to descend upon the dilapidated range were an ample testimony to the fact that she would rather have washing than charity. One could only believe at her way of her work, that perhaps Santa Claus would put a new one in her stocking at Christmas. If any tender-hearted friend of the working woman has a suggestion as to how this particular one might be aided, would they be kind enough to let us—Miss Mitchell—at the Mission Union on Hayter street—know it.

There is a woman who works in a down town restaurant from eight in the morning until eight at night, yet the only roof she could find to cover her head was the roof of a stable. You would through mud and refuse to the ladder that leads to these filthy hay-loft apartments, and wonder if White-chapel could be very much worse. The rents would probably be lower. For these two bits of dark, damp cells she paid two dollars a week. Her wages at the restaurant were three. There was some small ground for clemency when one of her three children was arrested the other day for taking a drink from a neighbor's milk bottle. Through the efforts of the mission workers better quarters have been found, and the child brought back from the Shelter. But there is still only three dollars a week and left over scraps from the restaurant to shelter, clothe and feed four people. The husband eats opium and deserted some time ago. It is a fight against poverty, and a woman's arms and equipment for fighting at its best is frail. The weapons of a mother's love will not be laid down, but the arms that hold them are easily broken. A mother's arms were not meant to hold weapons.

Some people, even, possessed of the means to accede to the iniquitous rents, are wandering about homeless. No kind of decent quarters will be let to a family of children. A certain poor widow wandered not long ago up one street of the Ward and down another, across to the east end, and over again to the west, interviewing one obdurate landlord after another, in the vain endeavor to find an abiding place for herself and her six lusty offspring. Finally she was reduced to a gruesome strategem. She took the lusty six, led them to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, cast them within the gate, and repaired to the owner of a vacant cottage. And when he made question concerning her progeny, her eyes dropped, her countenance shrouded itself in gloom, and her voice quivered out the reply: "I buried six in the graveyard, and I live."

Lives on Sweet Milk. The case of Mrs. Joseph Mailloux of Stoney Point, Essex County, puzzles physicians. She is 64 years of age and has for the past 40 years lived wholly upon a diet of sweet milk, with a little sugar. She is unable to digest a particle of solid food, nevertheless, she is able to perform all the duties of a farmer's wife, is robust and is the mother of 11 children.

A PATERNAL CRITICISM.

Sir Henry Irving's Comment on His Son's Early Hamlet.

H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, was not educated primarily for the stage. Studying for the profession of barrister, while he was still in college he took part in amateur theatricals. An amusing story is told of one of his earlier interpretations of the difficult role of Hamlet. On this particular and early occasion, however, Sir Henry was "out in front," and after the performance several, including his son, crowded about him for an expression of opinion.

"What do you think of Smith as Polonius?" asked one.

"Good, very good," murmured Sir Henry in his quiet, kindly way.

"And Miss Blank as Ophelia?"

"Good, very good," again murmured Sir Henry.

"And Jones as the king?"

"Good, very good," repeated Sir Henry.

"And Thomas as Horatio?"

"Good, very good," came the answer. So the entire cast was gone through with the exception of the principal character, and each received the same precise, neat criticism, "good, very good." Then there was a slight pause, an awkward pause, after which the son, who had been waiting eagerly and anxiously for his father's opinion about his acting, managed to pluck up enough courage to stammer, "But, father—what do you think of—the rest of the cast?"

Sir Henry looked blandly at his son and then remarked dryly, "Are you sure that you want to be an actor, my son?"

MAN AND MONEY.

The Change That Often Comes With the Acquisition of Wealth.

The transforming power of money the moment it gets into a man's possession is one of the unsolved mysteries of the universe. Of course we know that the poison of avarice and greed is in the character and not in the money, but it is unfortunate that the possession of money seems to develop, to bring out, some of the worst human qualities, qualities which never develop in poverty or show themselves under ordinary circumstances.

Before we get possession of money we feel sure that we will not allow it to warp and twist our ideals. We are going to show the world a sane use of money. We are going to help everybody. We are going to help struggling merit, assist poor boys and girls to get an education and to get a start in the world. We are going to be helpful and useful in the largest possible way.

But it is a strange trait in human nature that, no matter how humble or democratic or helpful and companionable people may be while poor, just as soon as the average man gets more than his fellows he begins to domineer over them and to use the very wealth which he was so anxious to get to enable him to help his fellow men to oppress and keep them down.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

In the Choir.

"The soprano gave the choirmaster a canary for a birthday gift," remarked the contralto, "and he's named it after her."

"Quite appropriate, eh?" replied the tenor.

"Yes, I understand the bird can't sing a little bit."—Catholic Standard and Times.

On One Condition.

Meanley—No, sir, I don't believe in paying fancy prices to have clothes made to order. Now, here's a suit I bought ready made for \$9.90. If I should tell you I paid \$25 for it, wouldn't you believe it?

Knox—I might if you told me over the telephone.—Philadelphia Press.

Just Like Charlie.

"I bet I know something that you don't," said her little brother.

"What is it?" the young man asked.

"When sister kissed Fido last night she rubbed her nose and said, 'Oh, you tickle just like Charlie since he's begun to raise a mustache!'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nothing but the Truth.

His Wife (angrily)—So you have nothing but your income. When you proposed to me you said you had money to burn.

Her Husband—And I told you the truth, my dear. Haven't I just paid for a ton of coal?—Boston Transcript.

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IS IN FULL SWING

Napkins, 90c to \$2.50 Table Linen (Bleached) per dozen. 60c to \$1.90

Table Linens (Unbleached-Sheetings, 25c to 58c per yard. 25c to 80c per yard

Pillow Cottons, 19c to Towels, 6 for 26c per yard. 75c.

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AGENTS.

New Idea Patterns 10c. Each.

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Reserved seats 35 cents.

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