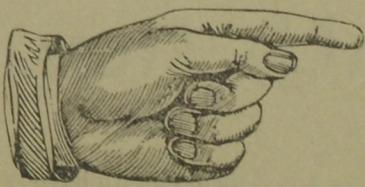


Don't let the hard earned mighty dollars leave your possession for wearables until you have visited our stores, packed with the newest and most useful Goods that



FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

Call for. Young and old can find what they want here. Our Goods are marked in plain figures, so that all are treated alike and bear in mind all through this month our

FIFTH ANNUAL FALL SALE

Is going on, when we allow all buyers a special rebate of 7 per cent., for the asking, as previously advertised. Our business is strictly cash, buying and selling. If you give this matter any consideration you can readily see how it is possible for us to do as we claim, viz:

Give you more value for your money than any of our competitors. That is our claim and we invite the skeptical to look through our stock, get the prices, and they can expect courteous treatment whether they buy or not, then make comparisons.

READ SOME OF THE SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK.

Men's Raglanette Overcoats, with or without yoke, in 3 shades of Grey Frieze \$8.00, \$9.25 and \$10.00, equal in style, fit and wear to garments costing double. Boys' in same shades \$3.75, \$5.00 to \$7.50. Men's Beaver, Melton or Tweed Overcoats, \$4.00 up to \$10.00. Men's Heavy Tweed Pants for service \$1.25 a pair. Men's All-wool Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, 39c. each. A lot of

High Grade $\frac{1}{2}$ Hose, worth from 30c. to 50c. a pair, only 24c., 5 pairs for \$1.00. 20 doz. Ladies' and Misses' New Felt Hats, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 to \$1.50. Everyone worth $\frac{1}{2}$ more.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats, all new styles, any length you \$3.95 to \$10.00. A big variety to select from. Ladies' Winter Skirts, black and colored, perfect fitters, \$1.95, \$2.50 and up to \$8.00

By doing Business with us this month you will save lots of money for the Woodman

M. FICKLER & CO.,

The Down Town Price Cutters.

The Killing of a Rhinoceros

I was dashing along, confident that the rhino must be far ahead, when Zwanji whistled. I could see nothing till he pointed out the brute lying quite close to me. The sun beating on her mud caked hide made it blend so perfectly with the red earth and yellowish grass that I should have walked right up without seeing her. She sprang to her feet. We both fired. She made a short dash toward us, but thought better of it and rushed down a small slope on to a flat bed of short reeds. Here she turned again and defied us. Again the heavy guns roared. She spun round and round several times, staggered, recovered and dashed off only to stop, however, under the next tree. The .303s cracked, and in a wild chorus of thankful yells she toppled over, rose again, spun round and finally subsided into the grass. We went up quite close to finish her. She fought hard to rise and have a last charge, but the little pencil-like bullet again sped on its sad errand, and the game old relic of prehistoric times breathed her last. We were sad men as we gazed upon her grotesque, misshapen form. Somehow one feels such a blatant upstart in the presence of the pachyderms when one thinks of the unbroken line that dates back unchanged into the unthinkable ages of the past.

The Headsman's Perquisites.

Strange and unreasonable laws guaranteed to the headsman his full share of emoluments. He was well paid for his work and never suffered from a dull season. From the towns he received poultry and fodder, from the monasteries fish and game. The Abbaye de Saint-Germain gave him every year a pig's head; the Abbaye de Saint-Martin five loaves of bread and five bottles of wine. Cakes were baked for him on the eve of Epiphany. For each leper in the community he exacted—heaven knows why—a tax at Christmas time. Les filles de joie were his vassals. It was his privilege to seize in the market place as much corn as he could carry away in his hands, and the peasants thus freely robbed submitted without a murmur, crossing themselves with fervor as he passed. He had the power to save from death any woman on her way to the scaffold, provided he were able and willing to marry her. He was the first official called to the body of a

rhinoceros, and, standing on the dead man's breast, he claimed as his own everything he could touch with the point of his long sword.—Agnes Repplier in Harper's Magazine.

All Sirloln.

Holman F. Day's "Pine Tree Ballads" tells in verse a number of stories that actually happened "down in Maine," and are remembered there to-day by old narrators. One relates to Barney McGauldrie, a landlord of that state, at whose house famous men liked to stay, that they might enjoy a merry joke.

Barney was always loyal to his friends. At one time a new meat dealer came to town and tried to secure the landlord's trade.

"I have always bought meat of Jed Haskell," said Barney, "and I guess I won't change."

"But," said the other, "old Haskell doesn't know his business. He doesn't even know how to cut meat."

"Well," drawled Barney, "I've always found that he knows enough about it to cut sirloln steak clear to the horn, and that's good enough for me."

The Penguin's Bump of Locality.

On shore the penguin is an awkward creature. Water is its element. When hunted on the ice floes, the birds generally try to run away in an upright position, but just as the hunter thinks he has got one the bird lies down on its white belly and paddles along over the snow very quickly, the hard, smooth quills slipping over the snow crystals almost without friction. A remarkable characteristic of the penguin is his bump of locality. Both on shore and in the water he never loses his way. To human eyes one ice floe is precisely like another, but under that roof of similar ice floes I have seen a penguin of the larger species find its mate on a floe after diving and swimming for a full mile under water.—Leslie's.

Not Dismayed by Compliments.

Husband—Your hair is your crowning glory, my dear.
Wife—That's all right, but I've got to have a new bonnet just the same.

A New Sult In Prospect.

"All my best gowns were destroyed in that railway wreck."
"And didn't the company give you any redress?"

"JIM DANDIES."

Have you seen them?

LUCY & CO.'S

FALL
AND

Winter Overcoats

have arrived and they are new, neat and nobby. These coats don't belong to the "hand-me-down class," but are real custom goods, made by tailors in the Dominion and at prices within the reach of all. Come in and examine them. They will convince you that the goods and prices are all right.

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Every TUESDAY and SATURDAY from NORTH BAY

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MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER,
TRAVERSING THE GREAT
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will commence to-morrow to manufacture his famous Oxford Sausages. He tells us he will give the public the best Pork Sausages made in Canada, made fresh from day to day.

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A full assortment of

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In White Wine, Cider and Malt. Undoubtedly the finest goods manufactured in Canada. Wholesale only.

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