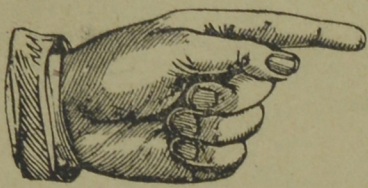


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Call for. Young and old can find what they want here. Our Goods are marked in plain figures, so that all are treated alike and bear in mind all through this month our

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 PHANTOM SHIP.

A legend of Cape Despair, and the fleet sent out by Queen Anne in 1711, which was lost in a storm in the Gulf. The Gaspe fisher-folk say that the ship in thus seen, on moonlight nights of April.

Off the Gaspe coast, when the sea lies calm, And ne'er a breeze doth sigh, And the Moon of Bright Nights shineth fair,

Within a cloudless sky; With a sudden surge the waters rise, And the Phantom Ship doth bear Down the towering waves, through the flying foam, On the rocks of Cape Despair.

And o'er her bulwarks in silence grim, A spectral host doth lean, In the garb of old-time soldier-men, When Anne was England's Queen; While one stands forth on the plunging prow, To front the soundless storm, With one arm clasping to his breast A woman's white-clad form:

Like the panther crouched to spring is he, As his wild eye sweeps the shore, While the women's snowy garments stream On a gusty wind of yore; And the watchers through the midnight hear

A woman's anguished cry, As with lightning light through waters white, The Phantom Ship goes by!

The stars wane wan in the skies above, And the moonlit sea grows dark, As the seething surge of the hurricane Sweeps o'er the fated bark; And the stars shine forth in the skies again.

O'er the rugged Gaspe coast; But the Phantom Ship hath met her doom, With all her gallant host!

SIR JOHN BOURINOT.

A Brilliant Servant of Canada Who Recently Crossed the Bar.

Sir John Bourinot has died, if not full of years, at least full of honors, and Canada has lost a brilliant servant. Anyone who looked at Sir John last session, who noted the quick, eager manner, the alertness, the appetite for work, and the fine mental poise he displayed when stirring questions of procedure arose, would have said, "He has ten years of good work in him yet." But, even at that time Sir John was struggling with the pangs of mortal disease, and only his strong will bore him up. The venerable Clerk of the House of Commons was a delightful man to his friends, but somewhat aloofish with mere acquaintances. There never was a public character in Canada with whom, for instance, the Ottawa correspondent was so little in touch. Sir John was a newspaper man once himself, and a splendid

one at that, but when he became an official he set those old associations aside, fearing, perhaps, that old instincts might tempt him to favor old friends who were looking for a story. Sir John was no "leaker"; he was not recognized as a repository of news; he was accurate, but he never let out anything. He was official discretion to the limit—discretion, with a little hauteur thrown in. He was inclined to stand on his dignity, and one tyro in the press gallery has occasion to remember his withering glance when he called him "Mr. Bourinot" instead of "Sir John" after the cable had announced his K. C. B.

It does not transpire in his biography that Sir John was a lawyer, though he must have read law to become such an eminent procedurist. Perhaps he was a better and cleverer authority on that account, because he was not smothered in petty technicalities. Common sense and a searching logic always had room to operate. He was the best clerk the House of Commons ever had—a rock of calm and repose, a Daniel come to judgment. He was a literary man, too, not a frivolous voyager in belles lettres, but a conscientious, not to say profound, student of Canadian history and institutions. He wrote, 'tis true, as a Canadian and a Britisher. He was not without bias. He had not the imperial, dispassionate temperament of the great historian, but he wrote luminously, and we are willing to take his opinions with his erudition. It was, no doubt, his newspaper training that directed Sir John's literary endeavors into practical channels. He probably drew more income from literature than any other Canadian who has wielded the pen.

With Sir John goes the last monochrome in the House of Commons. He was a gentleman of the old school—precise in his dress, punctilious in manner, and never quite without his official air. Imagination recalls the shining bald head—on which the press gallery looked down with awe—the eagle nose, the steely blue eye, the monocle, the silk gown, and a certain indefinable halo of majesty, as if the might of Canada was compact in his own person. Outside his achievements as a parliamentarian it will be hard to find a man of the same presence, and presence goes a long way in these matters. La Plante is his natural successor, but La Plante is not Bourinot by two inches and a whole library.—H.F.G., in The Star.

"JIM DANDIES."

Have you seen them?

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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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