

A Persian Romance.

A Persian plaque in the South Kensington museum, London, bears by means of clever relief and brilliant color a romantic tale, part legend and part history. Nobody knows the proportion of each.

At all events, it is declared to be an incident in the life of Baharam V of the Sassanian dynasty. Baharam, according to legend and plaque, was a wonderful archer. During one of his hunting expeditions, on which his favorite wife had accompanied him, he shot a sleeping antelope with such precision as to graze the animal's ear. The antelope awoke and, believing himself annoyed by a fly, put his hind hoof to his ear to strike off the fly. A second arrow sent by the royal hand fixed the antelope's hoof to his horn.

The king's wife merely said, "Practice makes perfect," which touched the pride of her royal spouse.

Indeed, as the penalty for her plain speaking, she was sent out into the mountains to perish, but instead found shelter in a village. Here she lodged in an upper room ascended by 20 steps and, having bought a calf, carried it up and down every day. The king, passing by four years later, was amazed at seeing a young woman carrying a cow up a flight of 20 steps. The lady again took occasion to remark, "Practice makes perfect," whereupon she unveiled, was recognized and restored to favor.

An Insult Well Handled.

You can always trust the American woman to take care of herself. The friends of a girl who lives in Eighteenth street are telling these days of an adventure which befell her one afternoon within the fortnight. She was standing, this Eighteenth street girl, at the corner of F and Eleventh streets waiting for a girl friend. A very dapper young man, a stranger doubtless in the town—for most Washingtonians are too well aware of the girl's social eminence to venture on any impertinence to her—stepped up, bowed and said airily:

"Waiting for somebody?"
The girl turned to look at him.
"Guess you've forgotten me," he went on with growing familiarity. "I saw you at a dinner last week."

The girl looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Oh, I remember now," she said. "It was at Colonel Blank's. You are Colonel Blank's butler, of course. No, I don't know of anybody who wants a butler. Have you tried the employment agencies?"

And then, slowly and calmly, she walked away.

Tallow Candles as Medicine.

In France the peasantry still stick to medicines calculated to turn the average doctor's hair gray with horror.

Wine is an ingredient of every prescription. In fever cases it is always the predominant one. The French peasant's faith in fermented grape juice is truly beautiful.

If his children are stricken with the measles, he gives them wine well sweetened with honey and highly spiced with pepper. For a severe cold he administers a quart of red wine and a melted tallow candle mixed. For scarlet or brain fever he gives eggs, white wine and soot well beaten together.

Not all their superstitions are curious. Some are pathetic. A mother, for instance, often buries her dead child with its favorite toy or a lock of her own hair in the coffin, "that it may not feel quite alone."

The Wrong Day.

The heartless landlord has come to evict the widow with 18 children, many of whom are teething.

But at the threshold the woman waves him back imperiously.

"Not today!" she cries.

"Why not?" asks the landlord, with pardonable curiosity.

"Because," the woman replied, "no pitiless storm of rain mingled with icy sleet rages without!"

The landlord grinds his teeth in impotent rage. He may trample under foot the promptings of his better nature, but not the conventionalities established by long usage.—Detroit Journal.

Not His Destination.

A steamer was stopped in the mouth of the river owing to a dense sea fog. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," replied the captain.

"But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old lady.

"Yes; but until the boilers bust we ain't a-going that way."—World's Com.

Happiness.

Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist of three ingredients, action, pleasure and indolence. And though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition.

WHEN YOU are feeling tired and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to **GET HOOD'S.**

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\$10,000 WORTH. OF 1900. \$10,000 WORTH

We have been preparing for this sale for nearly a year. We bought all of our Linens, Cottons, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, etc., etc., before the advance in price, and can give better values than we have ever offered you before. We are positive we can show you the largest assortment of White Wear at the lowest prices ever seen in Charlottetown. We leave you to judge, come and see for yourselves. 22 obliging clerks to show goods.

WHITE COTTON.

- 28 inches wide 4c
- 36 " " 6c
- 36 " " 7c
- 36 " extra fine 8c
- English Lonsdale 9c
- English fine heavy 10c
- Up to best quality 16c

PILLOW COTTON.

- 40 inches wide 10c
- 40 " circular 14c
- 42 " " 16c
- 44 inch 16c
- 46 inch 18c
- 48 inch 20c

Not cheap goods, but good goods cheap.

SHEETING.

- 14, 16, 18, 20c and up.

All bought at the old prices. The best value ever offered by us. All widths in bleached and unbleached. Plain and twill.

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An endless variety that must be sold if low prices will do it.

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3 Cases have just come to hand from the leading manufacturers of the world.

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All prices.



Night Dresses

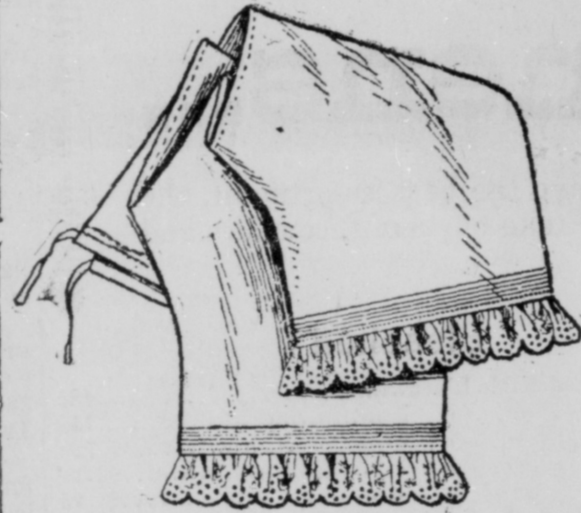
- PRICES—1.40, 1.44, 1.58, 1.76, 1.80, 1.90, 1.98, 2.03, 2.25, 2.48, 2.93, 3.15, 3.56.



Come and see the most exquisite Night Robes you've ever seen, and all at a bargain. All new goods.

Knickers

- 23c, 27c, 32c, 38c, 41c, 50c, 53c, 56c, 59c, 63c, 72c, 81c, 99c, 1.08, 1.26, 1.44.



Handsome designs at the lowest prices.

Night Dresses

- 59c, 68c, 77c, 86c, 90c, 99c, 1.04, 1.08, 1.22.



We have no hesitation in stating that this is the finest display of Handsome White Wear shown by us, and we trust that the good ladies of Charlottetown will appreciate our efforts in securing such goods as can only be obtained in larger cities such as Montreal, Toronto, etc., and we have marked them at very, very low prices.

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- PRICES—36c, 45c, 54c, 77c, 89c, \$1.04, 1.08, 1.26, 1.53, 1.90, 1.90, 3.15, 3.56, 4.28.



20TH CENTURY SKIRTS. 50 Different Designs Corset Covers.

- PRICES—18c, 23c, 27c, 35c, 38c, 41c, 45c, 56c, 63c, 68c, 72c, 90c, 99c, 1.13.



There seems to be no end to the pretty corset covers. Over 60 designs to choose from. The prices make choosing easy.

Aprons.

ALL PRICES, from 18c up. An endless variety.



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Ireland, Scotland and Germany are represented in the Linen department and our mastery of the Linen business was never more clearly shown.

Comparing these fresh and worthy fabrics with the best to be found elsewhere will be greatest service you can render us.

Towels.

You've never bought them cheaper.

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ALL PRICES.

Napkins

Our napkins are not all in, and what we have left will be sold at a price.

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Fancy Linens

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Lace

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from 19c up.



"My Store" For White Wear

SENTNER, McLEOD & CO.

Successors to Beer Bros.

His Valuable Time Wasted.

A Chicago lady who is the wife of a wealthy and influential citizen had a great deal of trouble recently with her domestics. She had discharged her cook and second girl and for a few days was obliged to do her own cooking.

It was on one of these mornings that a peremptory knock sounded on the kitchen door. She wiped her hands on the apron and found at the door a low browed, insolent looking man, with a small satchel swung over his shoulder.

"Go and tell your mistress I want to see her, Bridget," he said, with a wave of the hand. Madam surveyed him in silence a moment and then replied stiffly, "I don't choose to."

"Oh, you don't, eh? Well, now, trot along, my dear, or I'll have you fired," he returned, with a vicious glance. Mrs. Blank was backing within. To be so insulted on her own doorstep was such a heinous crime that her resources failed her. But in a moment she hit upon a plan that would bring this piece of insolence to abject humility. Drawing her stately figure up to the full and fixing on him a gaze of imperious disdain, she said in measured, frigid tones, "I am the lady of the house."

"Did he quail? Oh, no!" "Are you?" he rejoined quickly. "Why didn't you say so and not keep me waiting all this time? I got some soap here that you want, and"—

He was staring at the door while the bang echoed out over his shoulders into the yard.—Chicago News.

The German Servants' Ordeal.

The young person who fills so important a place in our domestic arrangements as housemaid, parlormaid or "general" often enough takes a pride in her appearance, which, though entirely natural, is sometimes irritating to the less reasonable type of mistress. What would she think if it were necessary for her, as it apparently is in Germany, before taking a place as domestic servant to provide herself with a special passbook in which a full description of her appearance must be entered?

This description of the German maid-servant is entered by the police of her native district and is sometimes dictated more by candor than chivalry. The color of the eyes and hair and the shape of the nose are all duly chronicled, and if the constable is of opinion that any of these features are "ugly" he has no hesitation in saying so.

What possibilities such a system suggests! Imagine the young person about to start a career as cook presenting herself before the local constable to await his verdict on her nose and lips!—London St. James Gazette.

Doing Penance For Sins.

In former times persons guilty of grievous and notorious offenses were required to make open confession and, further, to make satisfaction for the scandal given by their bad example by doing penance publicly in a white sheet in their parish church. The sheet was used to show clearly to every one which was the offender.

The last time that public penance was done in an English church was on Sunday evening, July 30, 1882, when a man named Hartree, in the church of All Saints, East Clevedon, made an open confession of immorality and promised to perform the penance thus imposed on him by the vicar.

No white sheet was used on this occasion. The last case in which one was used appears to have been one in St. Bridget's church, Chester, in 1851. But on that occasion the penance was not public, the church door being locked.

In the previous year, however, public penance in a white sheet was done in a country church in Essex, and a similar thing occurred in Ditton church near Cambridge in 1849.—Stray Stories.

The Ruling Passion.

The clergyman had finished, and the organ was pealing forth the sonorous rapture of the Mendelssohn march.

"One moment, George," said the radiant bride, and facing the audience she raised her exquisitely bound, though somewhat bulky, prayer book in her daintily gloved hands and pointed it directly at the brilliant audience. There was a sharp click.

"All right, George," said the bride; "come along!"

And as they marched down the aisle she showed him that the supposed prayer book wasn't a prayer book at all. It was a camera.

"It's my own idea, George," she whispered. "Clear, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IMPORTANT

—AND—

FINAL - - - NOTICE

We would thank all persons indebted to us by Notes of Hand, Book Account or otherwise to make immediate payment to us.

All amounts unpaid after February 1st 1900 will be sued for without further notice.

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