

THE GREATEST White Goods SALE

\$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.

My store
For Sheeting

COUNTERPANES

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

EMBROIDERY

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

1c a yd. up

LAWNS

All prices.



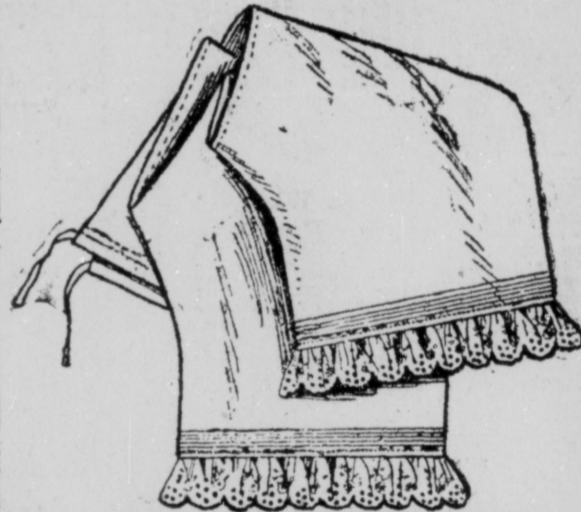
Night Dresses
PRICES—1.40, 1.44, 1.58, 1.76, 1.80, 1.90, 1.98, 2.03, 2.25, 2.48, 2.93, 3.15, 3.56.



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.

Skirts

PRICES—36c, 45c, 54c, 77c, 99c, \$1.04, 1.08, 1.26, 1.53, 1.80, 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.



Table Linens

PRICES—15c, 19c, 22c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, up to 1.65.

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.

Towelings

ALL PRICES.

Napkins

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

Expected in daily

Fancy Linens

Such an array of fancy linens to choose from has seldom been seen in Charlottetown.

Laces.

Hundreds of pretty designs at

"MY STORE" Prices
1000 pairs of

Lace Curtains.

from 19c up.



A Doubting Father.

One warm midsummer day Steve found himself seated under the old Baldwin apple tree, with the half hull of a red hearted watermelon in his lap. Old Mr. B., busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job, how many cigars he smoked in a day, what they cost and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman or what?

"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.

"That's a mighty big name, Steve."

"Yes, father; it's rather a big job, too, for me."

"But ye don't do it all, Steve. Ye must have hands to help you load and unload?"

"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help!"

"And the company pays them all?"

"Yes."

"How much do they pay you, Steve—\$2 a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

"Three?" he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"Ye don't mean to say they pay ye as much as five?"

"Yes, father; more than 25."

The old man let the empty hull fall between his knees, stared at his boy and whistled.

"Say, Steve," he asked earnestly, "are ye worth it?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Inquisitive Damsel.

A girl who took up photography not long ago and endeavored to get some valuable snap shots had had luck with her first pictures. There were funny streaks of white all through them when there was any picture at all, and she couldn't imagine how they came there. Neither could an experienced amateur who assisted in developing her first negatives and who took the usual precautions in loading the camera and taking the plates.

"I can't imagine what is the matter," he said as plate after plate came out either good for nothing or with only a little of the picture visible. "Those ought to have been good plates."

"Neither can I," said the girl. "They looked all nice and smooth and white if that is the way they ought to look."

"Looked all right!" exclaimed her instructor in dismay. "You hadn't looked at them before we put them in the camera, had you?"

"Oh, not enough to hurt them!" said the girl. "I just lifted up the black paper from each plate just the littlest crack in the world. I just couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how nice they looked and think of the lovely pictures I was going to have on them."—New York Times.

Her Handy Money Stocking.

"Yes, you are right," said the conductor of a Main street car, viciously ringing up a fare. "Some people do carry money in queer places. Now, that Chinaman in there kept me waiting over two blocks while he untied a gordian knot in his cue, where he had his cash. Some people keep me waiting five blocks or more while they fish around for their money."

"Yesterday I was going north on Main street, when, at the corner of Adams, two women got on the car. I waited a minute or so and then went in for the fares. The women looked sort of dazed, and then one of them began to fumble in her purse. Empty! Then her companion made a dive at the bottom of her skirts."

"Well, sir, it beat all. That woman deliberately unlaced her shoe and took it off and through a hole in her stocking fished out a dime."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May, for then all the heaps and drifts had disappeared except one upon Kinder scout, which lay until Whitsun week.

A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1620, the snow falling 13 days and nights with little or no intermission.

One of the heaviest falls on a single day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from 10 to 12 feet deep.

Court and Witness Agree.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross examination of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark, "I think you have exhausted this witness."

"Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."—Philadelphia Call.

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.

"My Store" For White Wear
SENTNER, McLEOD & CO.
Successors to Beer Bros.

A Tough, Tough Fish.
Fish seem to have no sense of feeling, and many people believe that the angry and energetic movements of a fish when it is caught are due rather to annoyance at losing its liberty than to any sense of pain. I can confirm this, because I have over and over again taken an undersized pike that has been once or twice caught and put back into the water.
Upon one occasion three of us—boys of the Old brigade—were fishing in a small pool in a narrow, sluggish river. Jones caught a small pike, and as it was undersized, being barely four pounds, he cut the hooks out of its gullet and threw the fish in again. Inside of 30 seconds Jones caught the same fish again. Once more he cut out the hooks, and this time he had to maul it very much. Once more it was kicked in.
Then I caught it, still bleeding. I got the hooks out with difficulty, and before I could throw the fish in again a ferrier dog bit it half through. Then I kicked the fish in, and Brown caught it. At last we got so tired of catching this fish that I threw it away in disgust. It caught in the fork of a willow tree and staid there for half an hour, when a crow attacked it, dislodging it from the tree, but not before it had removed one of the eyes. The selfsame fish was caught next day by the keeper.

Pride of the Poor.
Mrs. Clarence Burns, who is so well known for her philanthropic work, says that in all her experience in visiting the tenements of the poor of the city she has never been asked for alms. Mrs. Burns has made a business of visiting the poor with the hope of helping them whenever she saw the need, but finds it almost impossible to make the really deserving poor acknowledge that they are in need of anything.
One day she visited a family who were all huddled together in one bare, cold room, and their faces were so pinched she knew they were starving. But in response to her offer to help them the mother said:
"No, thank you. The children have had something today. I am sure to get work soon."
After questioning as to just exactly what the children had had to eat Mrs. Burns found that they had subsisted for three days on a few dried scraps of stale bread. This experience, she says, is repeated frequently.—New York Tribune.

She Hadn't Dropped Off.
"Della."
"Yes, ma'am."
"I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."
"Yes, ma'am."
"If I should happen to drop off, call me at 5 o'clock."
"Yes, ma'am."
So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking 6 and cries indignantly:
"Della!"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Why didn't you call me at 5 o'clock, as I told you to do?"
"Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye had dropped off. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all! Ye was lyin on the bed in the same place, sound asleep!"

Mutually Agreeable.
One day last summer a sour visaged, middle aged, fussy woman got on one of the smoking seats in an open car in the subway. Next to her sat a man who was smoking a cigar. More than that, the woman, sniffing, easily made out that the man had been eating onions. Still more than that, she had the strongest kind of suspicion that he had been drinking beer. The woman fussed and wriggled and grew angrier and looked at the man scornfully. Presently she could endure it no longer. She looked squarely at him and said:
"If you were my husband, sir, I'd give you a dose of poison!"
The man looked at her. "If I were your husband," said he, "I'd take it!"—Boston Transcript.

Found His Auditor.
Professor Charles D. R. Roberts, the poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At a reception held in New York just prior to his leaving for Europe Roberts was introduced to a distinguished French artist, who was here on a visit. The artist asked in his own tongue, "You speak French?"
"No," answered the poet. "I am sorry I do not, but I understand it well when it is spoken to me."
"I am so glad," replied the Frenchman. "You are the audience I have long wanted. I can talk to you all I please, and you cannot talk back."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Honesty.
"Young man," asked the proprietor of the store, who was making the rounds of the various departments, "how can you afford to dress so elaborately and expensively on the salary we pay you?"
"I can't," gloomily answered the salesman. "I ought to have more salary."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.