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—HAVE JUST—

Opened and are putting in place a new, fresh and complete stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Druggist's Sundries, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Books, Stationery, School Supplies, Paints, Oils, Glass, and other lines to numerous to mention. We have also secured the agency for the Celebrated Masury's Liquid Colors, the best in the world. Special attention given to our prescription department by competent registered pharmacist.

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\$100. REWARD. \$100.

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—DEALER IN—

Dry Goods and Notions.

A Magnificent Stock of New Goods.

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Offer a reward of \$100 to any person who will prove to me that there has ever been brought to this city, as large a stock of dry goods as I have received this fall. Nearly everything has been bought from the manufacturers at cash prices and we will sell everything as cheap as the cheapest.

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Opened a New Clothing store in the store room formerly occupied by W. C. Putnam.

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New Firm, New Goods, New Prices.

Having purchased our entire stock direct from the manufacturers, we will sell at the very lowest figures, for spot cash. We invite the public to call and examine our stock and get our prices. We have no snide, shoddy or shelf-worn stuff, at a fancy price. We guarantee good goods at reasonable prices, realizing that, in these days of hard times, the clothing merchant as well as other dealers, must content himself with a close margin of profit.

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We carry a complete stock of all kinds of Lumber, which we purchase in the best market. We are prepared at all times to furnish as good grades for as little money as any other dealers. Our stock of coal is also complete and prices as low as they can be made. We also carry Cord Wood, Stove Wood, Posts Lime, Cement, etc.

Office and yard east of the city scales.

MR. BOWSER.

He Calls Up Old Memories—An Evening of Solid Comfort.

"Now for an evening of solid comfort," said Mr. Bowser the other evening, as he fell into his easy chair and cut the pages of a magazine. "Mrs. Bowser, do you ever realize how blessed we are?"

"Yes, indeed."

"While others fall by the wayside, we are spared."

"While others quarrel and bicker and seek the divorce courts, we love the stronger every day."

"Yes."

He got up and came over and kissed me, and upon returning to his chair, seemed lost in reflection for a moment, then he continued:

"How curious life is! Do you remember the day I first saw you?"

"I shall never forget it."

"I was on horseback, you remember, and you stood on the veranda of your father's house."

"You are a trifle mistaken, dear. The horse had thrown you off into a mudhole, and I shall never forget the picture you presented as you approached the house. At first I took you for—"

"What! A horse throw me off!" he interrupted.

"Certainly. Don't you remember how father—"

"Mrs. Bowser, are you crazy! I was never thrown from a horse in my life! I'd like to see the horse which could throw me off! You must be thinking of some one else."

"Why, dear, you lost your watch in the mud, and father fished it out. Don't you remember how our negro Tom scraped the mud off of you?"

"Not by a long shot! No nigger ever scraped me down! You must be thinking of that yellow haired dude you used to go with."

We were both silent for a time, and I hoped it was the last of it. My experience, although dating back over a few years only, has satisfied me that nothing aggravates a husband more than to bring up the silly things he said and did during his courtship. It seems to be a raw spot with the majority of them after the honeymoon is over. But Mr. Bowser was not satisfied. After four or five minutes he broke out with:

"It's curious what a dunce a man can make of himself with his eyes wide open."

"Yes—"

"The idea that I should ever fall in love with you!"

"Or I with you!"

He glared at me over the top of his book, and there was another painful silence, broken at last by his saying:

"Well, I'll admit that I was in love; but I flatter myself that I didn't exhibit any school-boy nonsense."

"You were just like any other young man in love, Mr. Bowser. They have always been that way, and always will be, and it's no discredit to them."

"Do you mean to say I 'mooned' around like a calf?" he demanded.

"I don't know how calves 'moon,' as you term it, but you wanted to hold my hand, put your arm around me, and—"

"Hold your hand—never!"

"But you did!"

"Never—never!"

"Mr. Bowser, I have one of my old diaries. Wait until I get it."

"Not much! You can't produce no old diaries nor forged documents on me! I anticipated an evening of solid comfort and you can see how it has turned out! Is it any wonder that so many husbands seek the saloons and gambling houses of an evening?"

At this moment the cook called me out to ask what she should prepare for breakfast, and a quarter of an hour later, when I returned to the back parlor, Mr. Bowser seemed deeply interested in his reading. I was glad of this, for I felt a bit conscience stricken, but I scarcely got seated when he asked:

"Was Emma Davis here today?"

"Yes."

"How was she looking?"

"Very well. I wanted her to stay until you came home, but she had to go at 4 o'clock. She asked to be remembered to you."

"Yes. I hope she has fully forgiven me."

"What for, Mr. Bowser?"

"You know."

"I haven't the least idea."

"Hah! hah! What dissemblers women are. It was always a sore spot with you, though you would never admit it. How you do blush—hah! hah!"

"Mr. Bowser, what do you refer to?"

"Why, there's no doubt that the dear girl once fondly expected to be Mrs. Bowser."

"Nonsense!"

"What?"

"Nonsense!"

"You say that simply for revenge, but I know better. We were as good as engaged when I met you."

"Trash, sir! She was engaged to Jack Smith long before you ever saw her, and they are to be married as soon as his time is out in the navy. Don't flatter yourself that she has anything laid up against you."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he began, as he got up and crossed his hands under his coat tails, "do you know who you are talking to?"

"I do."

"You are talking to a man who could have been Emma Davis' husband two years ago."

"I'll prove to the contrary."

"How?"

"By one of my old diaries."

"Diaries again! Always holding something over me. Now produce! I want to see one of those diaries you talk about."

I ran up stairs and got them out of one of Mr. Bowser's old boxes, in which I keep them for safety. There were two of them, each for a separate year, and as I came down with them he looked puzzled and stammered:

"W—why, I—thought I—"

"Yes, you thought you had burned them, but you were mistaken. The books you got hold of the other Sunday when I was at church were two old receipt books of no particular value. I found everything turned topsy turvy, and I knew what you had been up to."

"Mrs. Bowser, I—"

"Wait! Let us look up the Emma Davis matter. Here it is. Under date of the 10th of July I write: Dear Emma was over today to congratulate me on my engagement, though she added that if Bowser was the last man on earth she would not have married him. She says his hair reminds her of pumpkins, and that his legs seem to be badly warped. The dear girl also!"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Bowser, his face as white as death.

"Yes, dear, but you made a certain assertion. I want to disprove it. I—"

"Mrs. Bowser, I planned for an evening of solid comfort. You have made it an evening of torture and regret. If I never spend another evening at home you alone will be to blame for it."

"But you!"

"Stop right here! This is the limit. The worm has turned. To-morrow morning I go!"

But he is with me yet, and I have no fear but that we shall live out our lives together. —Detroit Free Press.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

How the Man of the House Had It Painted and What It Cost.

One day I saw Mr. Bowser stop in front of the house and give it a careful looking over, and when he came in I asked:

"You are not thinking of making any repairs, are you?"

"Well, not exactly repairs, but I was just thinking that I could make a great improvement."

"How?"

"The paint hasn't held the color, and I think I shall have the house gone over again—just a light coat, you know."

"Mr. Bowser, this house was painted only six months ago. At that time we had half a dozen men around here for nearly a month."

"Yes, but the color has faded."

"Didn't I warn you at the time that it would fade? And didn't everybody laugh at the idea of your putting pea green on a red brick house?"

"No, ma'am, they didn't! Everybody complimented my taste. I've had a dozen people of cultivation and taste tell me that it was perfect harmony, and that there was nothing in town to match it. But it's just like you. Whenever I desire to make an improvement you are the drag on me."

"But let it go until spring, anyhow."

"Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear the word 'economy'?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you evidently do not understand what it means. It means, in a broad sense, to sell where you can sell the highest and buy where you can buy the cheapest. The painting season is about closed, lots of men are out of work, and I can get this house painted now \$40 cheaper than next spring. Isn't \$40 worth saving?"

"Yes, but the house doesn't need it."

"Not in your judgment, perhaps. People who were brought up in log houses in the country have tastes peculiarly their own. The house will be painted."

He crossed his hands under his coat tails, paced up and down the sitting room, and, of course, I sunk into insignificance and dropped the subject. Two days later four or five hard looking fellows with paint on their clothes came up and looked the outside of the house over. At brief intervals they consulted together and made figures on the back gate. At other brief intervals they measured the width and length of the house with a tape measure. After three hours' hard work they came to a conclusion of some sort and then went out to the barn to rest their tired brains and wait for Mr. Bowser to appear.

When he came home he confabbed with them for half an hour, made more figures on the back gate, and finally told them to go ahead.

"They won't make the least muss around," he said as he came in. "They'll skim right over in about two days, and you'll hardly know they have been here."

It looked to me as if they meant to take a whole week for it, and I went out to interview the boss on the subject. He did some more measuring with a tape line, put down some more figures on the back gate, counted his long and short ladders over, and finally replied:

"I did say two weeks at first, ma'am, but if the weather holds good I think twelve days will see the last of it."

"Twelve days?"

"Not over thirteen, anyhow!"

"Are you doing this by the job?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Some of the scrubs take jobs and rush 'em through and cheat folks in the most horrible manner, but we don't. We work by the day and do our work well."

Then began a circus which lasted just seventeen days without a change of programme. Every painter went down into the basement to inspect the walls of the house. They were gone just half an hour. When they reappeared they inspected the interior of the barn, and were invisible for a long hour. Then they came out and managed to raise a ladder against the side of the house. They might possibly have raised another during the forenoon, but one of them fortunately observed that the first ladder was a little shaky. This brought about a consultation, and the ladder was taken down and inspected. By a vote of three to two it was decided that one of the rungs was loose. Then the five put in just an hour and a half hunting for hammer and nails, glue pots, wedges, crowbars, jack screws, pile drivers and other articles deemed necessary to make repairs.

When Mr. Bowser came home to dinner no a thing had been done in the way of painting. I complained of this, but he replied:

"Oh, give them a show. They have got to get ready. When once they start they will move like a cyclone."

"Why did you hire them by the day?"

"To get good work."

During the afternoon the painters raised a second ladder, mixed about a gallon of color, and carefully inspected and gave each other their individual opinions on the age and nationality of the kitchen girl.

Half an hour before Mr. Bowser came home one of them carefully and cautiously ascended a ladder, painted a portion of a bracket and came down and went over on the back street to see how it looked. The others went over to help him, and none of them were seen again that afternoon.

The second day was but a slight improvement on the first, and it was four days before one could see that any work had been done. Then Mr. Bowser concluded he didn't like the color, and he had it changed. He was earnestly advised to do this by the painters, who said the color they had been putting on was rather out of date and did not harmonize with the color of our front door.

At the end of the twenty-second day Mr. Bowser came home to find that four-fifths of the work had been accomplished. He got mad and discharged the whole crowd out of hand, although the boss pitifully protested:

"Never drove a gang of men so hard in my life, and I did want to do a job here to which I could point with pride."

When Mr. Bowser came in he began to figure. I saw his hair begin to stand on end, and presently he exclaimed:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know what your foolish whim has cost me in cold cash?"

"My foolish whim! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say! I had this house painted to please you, and those infernal daubers have made it cost me about \$350!"

"Didn't I protest about having it painted?"

"Protest! No, ma'am. You encouraged me!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"There you go! Lay everything to me, as usual! Any husband who humors the whims of his wife will come out just as I have! Mrs. Bowser, don't fool with me any more! I've borne and borne, but there is a limit. The worm will turn at last. I'm ready to turn!" —Detroit Free Press.

Easily Explained.

"I can't understand it," grumbled Mr. Burleigh. "Provisions are no higher, my family is no larger, and yet it costs me four dollars more a week to live than it did two months ago."

"I can explain it," said his friend Binshara.

"How?"

"About two months ago Mrs. Binshara loaned your wife a book entitled 'How to Reduce Household Expenses.'" —Norristown Herald.

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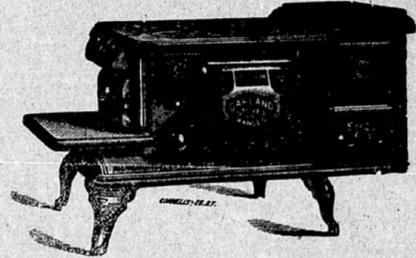
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Come in and see how much I can sell you for ten cents. I have enlarged my quarters and put in a new stock of goods, and am now better prepared to suit my old customers than before. I also invite the attention of new trade, from all parts of Lincoln county. Come in and see me. I will treat you well and sell you as much if not more for your money than you can get elsewhere.

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Is Home From Chicago.

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