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The Illustrated Canister

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

A paper for the fireside, hillside, seaside, sideache, or bedside. [Applicable in the last cases only through its side-splitting, mirth-provoking, laughter-killing propensities.] Edited by the Publishers and published by the Editors in the interest of the Publishers and Editors. Subscribe now. Every issue profusely illustrated by the best artists in the land, and always something new. Subscribe now. A folio of 16 columns, portico in front, verandah in the rear, fenced on all sides, and within five minutes' walk of the depot. Get up a Club. Terms \$400,000 per year: 1/2 cash, balance in quarterly payments, with notes at ten per cent. interest secured by mortgage. Get your neighbor to subscribe. Agents wanted in every neighborhood to send us subscribers. We want to furnish the paper regularly to every family who do their trading in this place. Get all the names you can and leave them with us, so that we can put them on our subscription books. Produce taken in exchange for subscription at the highest market price. Subscribe now and read our paper carefully. Remember what you read, and don't forget to call on us and leave your names for the full editions for 1873.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

GREETING.

These are stirring times in which we live, and the wonders among which we daily move. are, strange as may seem, looked upon as quite commonplace, or matter of course things. For instance, the application of steam to motive power the results of which are incalculable in the advancement and prosperity of a people; the threading lines of railways with their luxurious accommodations for the traveler; the magnificent floating palaces, stemming the currents of wind and water; the network of wires, which, surcharged with that most subtle of fluids, affords instant communication from remote parts of the world, under old Ocean's currents and over the hills and through the valleys everywhere. The quick transmission of the mails, and not least among the wonders of the age in which our fortunate lots are cast, are the newspapers of to-day, each day's work giving volumes of fresh, stirring and useful information; news from all parts of the world, of yesterday, published and read to-day. Could a Rip Van Winkle sleeper of an hundred years awake to the (to us) commonplace facts of to-day, he could scarcely believe his senses.

Civilization and culture are making rapid strides under the impetus given them by the times, and an era of prosperity, unparalleled in the history of the world, has followed to the people of the United States, for which we should all be thankful. General prosperity is desirable, as it is proof of individual prosperity, in which as individuals we are personally interested.

We are ambitious of accomplishing individual prosperity, as well as aiding in the general effect, and have taken this means, our little paper, for the purpose of giving information which we deem of importance to all who may chance to read. The fact that we are endeavoring to supply you with the finest goods, and that we wish to extend our business so that every family in the community may be benefitted thereby, is not entirely new to all of you nor perhaps to many of you, but it is important to all to bear it in mind, for if by our aid you are enabled to keep even with the world and still lay by something for a rainy day, you should, and no doubt would, appreciate our endeavors. We hereby extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see us, and, if our goods are found desirable, trade with us. Our motto is,

"Best goods for the least money, and success a guarantee of merit."

Few men know the force of habit. A cobweb—a thread—a twine—a rope—a cable. Venture not upon the first, the last is nearly past human effort to sunder.

COME AND SEE US AND PRICE OUR GOODS WE WILL MAKE IT TO YOUR INTEREST TO CALL AGAIN.



F. MORTIMER,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, CLOTHING, GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

HARDWARE, WOODENWARE, WILLOWWARE, WALL PAPER,

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Putty, &c., &c.

OUR GOODS ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

He that bloweth not his own Horn, the same shall not be blown.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

—Some one beautifully says: "Saturday night makes people human, sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned into drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a clash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him; the world is all shut out. Shut out? Shut in, rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed; but, above all, true-eyed. Get a little home, no matter how little; a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half in it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph to the children by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank heaven, and take courage."



—Apropos of insurance is a good story told of a German who had his house insured as well as a policy on the life of his wife. His house burned down and the insurance company preferred rebuilding it to paying the loss in money (as they have a right to do if they choose). This led the good, honest-hearted German to think that if the company who insured his house had a right to replace it, now that it was burned, so would the company who had insured his wife have a right to get him a new one in case he lost her. Hastening to the office of the company, with the policy in his hand, he said: "You, Mr. Agint, I vants my monish back again. I likes not dis inksurance pissaness. I dinks you have right do got me a new frow if mine Katrina go tead, some dimes, once in a vile. Dots blayed oud mid me. I yust dakes my monish pack again. You gant blay any of dat tam schallawaggle pissaness pout me, now I doid you."

—There are two ways of going through this world. One is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work for poor pay.