

# OUR GREAT ANNIVERSARY SALE

BEGINS FRIDAY OF THIS WEEK---FOR 16 DAYS ONLY

FRIDAY, September 1st, to SATURDAY, September 16th

We Will Offer Big Money-Saving Bargains throughout the Store, including all the New Fall Goods.

## NEW FALL COATS.

MAGNIFICENT! Rather a strong word to describe our New Coats, but nothing more mild would do them justice. It doesn't matter what shape, size or kind of a woman you are. If you want a Coat you'll find just what you want here; the styles that are just out are all here.

Prices \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$12.50 up to \$25.00.

## DRESS SKIRTS

A wide range of styles, made of various popular fabrics, and every one superbly tailored into perfect fitting garments. You should see them now.

Prices \$2.75, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00 up to \$12.00.

## SILK AND MERCERIZED UNDERSKIRTS

In Black and Colors, elaborately trimmed and flounced.

SILK UNDERSKIRTS . . . . . \$1.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00

HEATHERBLOOM UNDERSKIRTS . . . \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$3.00

MOIRE UNDERSKIRTS . . . . . 69c., \$1.00 and \$1.25

SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS at . . . . . 75c.

## Children's & Misses' Coats---Young Girls should be Dressed in the Newest.

Here you will see handsome new Fabrics made up into stylish Coats for Girls, at prices that make our quality clothes the best for you to buy.

Prices \$2.75, \$3.75, up to \$12.00.



## Wool Jackets

Baby's Wool Jackets, in all colors, from 40c. up to \$2.00.

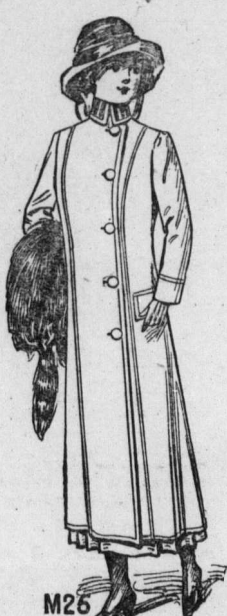
Also Wool Booties and Infantees, 15c. and 25c. pair.

## Gaiters

A Good line of Wool, Felt and Corduroy Gaiters from 25c. up to \$1.50 a pair.

## Children's Dresses

Children's Dresses from 2 to 14 years of age, nicely made and trimmed; light and dark colors, ranging in price from 75c. up to \$3.50.



## Elegant New Fall Suits and Coats.

Superbly made from smart new fabrics in handsome shades.

Styles are very neat.

Priced very reasonably at \$10 up to \$25.

Every Woman who buys her Fall and Winter Wearing Apparel here is going to get the Best Values for the Least Money.



## Christening Robes.

Children's Christening Robes. Also Small White Dresses and Pinafores. Prices from 75c. up to \$5.00.

## "Pram" Covers

Covers for Baby Carriages in White and Grey Fur, White Bear Cloth and Sheepskin, with and without pockets, at \$1.50 up to \$6.00.



## Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

10 and 15 cents

Monthly Style Book Free



## Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

10 and 15 cents

Monthly Style Book Free



## Corset Department

This Department is complete with everything that is new. All prices and sizes represented. Prices from 50c. up to \$3.50.

## Ladies' Sweaters

A complete line of Ladies' Sweaters, with and without belt; also fasten on side and length, from \$1.65 up to \$9.00.

## Children's Sweaters

Children's Sweaters, from 1 year up to 14, in all colors; slip-on, button front and button side. Prices from 50c. up to \$2.25.

## Underwear

Our stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear is complete, including long sleeve Corset Covers, Vests, Drawers and Combination Suits in White and Grey, both in all wool and cotton and wool.

Prices in ladies' from 25c. up to \$2.25; in children's from 15c. up to 75c.

## Remember This Sale is For 16 Days Only

and we give a 10 per cent. Discount on All New Fall Goods, including Dress Goods, Silk, Cottons, Table Linen, Sheeting, Towelling, etc.

Mail Orders given prompt attention.

Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory.

NOTE.—Positively no goods charged. Sale Prices for Cash Only.

# A. MURRAY & COMPANY

## TOILERS BY THE WAYSIDE

(Continued.)

It was a noble mansion, with heavy gates, a carriage drive, a large stucco porch, a billiard room, a vast nursery, and capacious cupboards stocked with toys; the little prized property of a company of odious young cousins.

It was Vi's first meeting with domestic splendour, but she looked with an inattentive eye upon the array of beribboned maids, the bustling nurses, the shiny furniture, the long board sturdily bearing its display of Christmas tide fare—and this offended the

proper pride of small girl relatives.

"Don't pretend you have ever seen anything like it before," they said, "because nurse knows, as a fact, that you haven't."

"I never pretended," said Vivien. The cousin's papa, however, was kind—or tried to be kind. He was very big and very red—so different to her papa—incapable of producing laughter even at this glad season, even among his own offspring. But he meant well; allowed the good things on the table to talk for him; placed

his motherless guest on his right hand; and made frothy creams and mince pies do duty for amusing anecdote and odds and ends of information; pulled crackers instead of cutting jokes.

"No appetite, my dear," he would whisper with his mouth full, while he loaded Vi's plate. "Oh, I can't allow any excuses! Christmas comes but once a year."

And Vi, detecting the compassionate thought and the kindly ring in the gross voice, with difficulty suppressed one of those offending hicoughs.

He was a "great merchant," said the juvenile chatter of the nursery; "a merchant prince," said the nursery governess; "could buy up 'alf the city of London," said the last of all the nursery maids.

The trouble upstairs in the child-

ren's suite of apartments was Lawrence, the small boy-cousin.

A terrible boy; a human crab who used to pinch her and all the others. Heavy-eyed and deliberate in his movements in the midst of older boys, lurking in dark corners or slowly creeping out when all attention was engaged, he would very slowly, ineffectually, imperceptibly take complete possession of a small fold of flesh—while all the world was leaning over the table looking at pictures in Christmas numbers—and then close his awful forceps, giving one a most atrocious pinch.

By this "pinch," as he called it in his baby lisp, he had come to dominate the nursery, establishing a tyranny to which even his seniors were thrall. For indeed it seemed that by constant exercise his first finger and

thumb had developed an abnormal power, or that there was an inconceivable trick of nature; an altogether impossible reversion to a characteristic of an immensely remote crustacean progenitor. Sliding along the big nursery sofa, he would at his approach send little reading girls, who were seated at the end of it, flying in panic. He spoke hardly at all, and his few words fell in the shape of threats big with a prospect of endless misery. They were not to scream under the work of finger and thumb, or to complain; "tell if you dare. Tell and get me reproved, but I shall be here—with my pincer to make all scores even and leave a balance in my favor," was the substance of his threatening.

According to his trembling victims, he had not always escaped punish-

ment. There was a tale of horror; of a little pale, curly darling in white satin and point lace, son and heir to another great merchant prince, reluctantly torn from a splendid, calling mother, sent shivering to enjoy himself in the nursery, and pined almost to death. Such a catastrophe as this could not be hidden, and papa, it was said, had flogged the wretch with furious energy—a flogging born with crab-like indifference.

But this was doubtful to Vi. If it was true, why should the authorities now ignore the misery still caused? Why should nurses seem to refuse to see what passed under their eyes, to encourage the silence created by the strange perverted sense of nursery honor and the dread of the consequences of complaint—the inefficient protection of those in power and

the vengeance of an active enemy?

It was a lesson in life; and years afterwards, Vivien reading of hospital, regimental or prison scandals—of visiting magistrates, officers and doctors going their rounds without suspicion of the old established abuses and disorders—conjured up the picture of her aunt—"Where's my little Lawrence? Come and kiss mamma, etc."—embracing her unnatural son. For, whatever effort it cost him, with his arms about his parent's waist, to repress and beat down the craving of his fierce instinct, he was never so mad as to betray himself by indulging it.

(To be continued.)

Give the Yankee free access to our forests and soon there'll be nothing left but stump speeches.