MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Heavy Top Shirts from 65c to $1.25. Store Open Saturday till 11 p. m.
Gloves of All Kinds.

Another Great Mark-Down Sale FOR SATURDAY.

Goods Bought at the UNION have a double value, coming as they do from a store known to sell only New, High Grade Goods.

Men's Black Overcoats $7.50 value, Saturday **4.95.**
Men's Black Overcoats 8.50 value, Saturday **6.59.**
Men's Fancy Tweed Overcoats $11.00 value, Saturday **8.90.**
Men's Trousers, regular $1.75 and 2.00 value, Satutday **1.19.**
Men's Fancy Stripe Trousers, regular $2.50 value, Saturday **1.89.**
Men's Scotch Tweed Suits, **$5.00, 6.00, 7.50, 8.00, 12.00.**
Youths' Good Storm Reefers $4.50 value, Saturday **2.69.**
Sweaters, Underwear, Cardigans, Ties, Mufflers.

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY
26-28 Charlotte Street, Opp. City Market.
ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

The Captain of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

(Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.)

(Continued.)

Story.

"What hope did Captain Courtenay hold out?" demanded Mrs. Somerville, who had listened to Isobel's raving with small comprehension.

Elsie left unuttered the protest on her lips. They all thought she possessed Courtenay's confidence in the same extraordinary degree. Well, she would try to impart consolation in that way. It was ridiculous, but it would serve.

"Of course we are in a desperate situation,' she said, "but while the ship holds together there is always a chance of rescue, and you can see quite clearly that she is far from breaking up yet."

"Rescue! Did he speak of rescue?" cried Isobel. "That is impossible, unless we take to the boats. And the cry in the saloon was that two boats were lost long ago and a third just now. That is why we were brought on deck. Were they launching a boat?"

"I don't know," said Elsie. "I was here quite alone, except for Joey."

"Ah, it was true then. He was acting secretly, and the men broke loose as soon as they heard of it."

Elsie found this recurring suspicion of Courtenay's motives harder to bear than the preceding paroxysm of unreasoning rage. She had heard the shooting, bellowing and trampling on deck, and she knew that some terrible scene was being enacted there, while the mere fact that the captain himself placed the female passengers in his cabin proved that he was doing his best for all.

"I do not believe for one instant that Captain Courtenay was acting otherwise than as a brave and honorable gentleman," she said; and then the fantastic folly of such a dispute at such a moment overcame her. She drew apart from Isobel, leaned against the wall of the cabin, and wept unrestrainedly.

Her companion in misfortune did not realize how greatly her calm self-reliance had comforted them until they witnessed this unlooked-for collapse. The Spanish maid slipped to her knees. Mrs. Somerville began to rock in her chair in a new agony, and Isobel, to whom a turbulent spirit denied the relief of tears when they were most needed, buried her face in a curtain which draped one of the windows.

It was thus that Courtenay found them, when he appeared at the door after a lapse of time which none of them could measure.

"Now, Miss Maxwell, you first," he said with an air of authority which betokened some new move of utmost importance.

"First—for what?" she managed to say.

"You are going off in a boat. It is your best chance. Please be quick."

"No, Miss Baring goes before me. Then the others, I shall come last."

"Have it as you will. I addressed you because you were nearest the door. Come along, Miss Baring."

He waited for no further words. He grasped Isobel's arm and led her out into the darkness. It seemed to be a very long time before he returned.

"Now, Mrs. Somerville," he said, but that unhappy lady was so unnerved tht he had to carry her.

"Can you manage to bring the maid?" he asked over his shoulder to Elsie. This trust in her drove away the weakness which had conquered her under Isobel's taunts. She stooped over the maid, but the girl wrestled and fought with her in frantic dread of the passage along the deck and of facing that howling sea in a small boat.

Elsie herself was almost worn out when Courtenay came back. He took in the situation at a glance. He picked up the shrieking maid in his strong arms.

"You won't mind waiting for me," he said to Elsie.

"Don't attempt to come alone. You are too exhausted."

It was a fine thing to do, but she smiled at him to show that she could still repay his confidence.

"I shall wait," she said simply.

So she was left there, all alone again without even the dog to bear her company.

CHAPTER VI.

—But Goes On Again Into The Unknown.

This final waiting for the chance of succor seemed to be the hardest trial of all. The door had been hooked back to keep it wide open, so wind and sea invaded the trim privacy of the cabin Spray leaped over the ship in such dense sheets that a considerable quantity of water quickly lodged on the port side where Courtenay's bunk was fixed. There were no means of escape for it in that quarter and the angle at which the Kansas lay would permit a depth of at least two feet to accumulate ere the water began to flow out through the doo rto the starboard.

At the great crises of existence the stream of thought is apt to form strange eddies. Courtenay, when the ship struck, and it was possible that each second might register his last conscious impression, found himself coolly reviewing various explanations of the existence of an uncharted shoal in a locality situate many miles from the known danger zone. Elsie, strung half-consciously to the highest tension by the affrighting probability of being set adrift in a small boat at the mercy of the sea roaring without—a sea which pounded the steel hull of the Kansas with such force that the great ship seemed to flinch from each blow like a creature in pain—Elsie then, faced by such an intolerable prospect, was a prey to real anxiety because the wearing apparel scattered by Courtenay on the floor was becoming soaked in brine.

She actually stooped to rescue a coat which was not yet saturated beyond redemption. As she lifted the garment, a packet of letters, tied with a tape, fell from its folds. She placed the coat on the writing-table, and endeavored to stuff the letters in a pigeon-hole. They were too bulky, so she laid them on the coat. In doing this she could not avoid seeing the words. "Your loving sister, Madge." written on the outer fold of the last letter in the bundle.

And that brought a memory of her previous visit to the captain's stateroom; the contrast between the careless chatter of that glorious summer afternoon and the appalling midnight of this fourth day of the voyage was something quite immeasurable; it was marked by a void as that which separates life and death. She was incapable of reasoned reflection. A series of mental pictures, a startling jumble of ideas—trivial as the wish to save the clothes from a wetting, tremendous as the near prospect of eternity—danced through her brain with bewildering clearness. She felt that if she were fated to live to a ripe old age she would never forget a single detail of the furniture and decorations of the room. She would hear forever the dolorous howling of the gale, the thumping of the waves against the quivering plates, the rapid, methodic thud of the donkey-engine, which, long since deserted by its cowardly attendant, was faithfully doing its work and flooding the ship with electric light.

She could scarcely believe that it was she, Elsie Maxwell, who stood there on the tremulous island of the ship amidst a stormy ocean the like of which she had never seen before. She seemed to possess an entity apart from herself, to be a passive witness of events as in a dream; presently, she would awake and find that that she was back in her pleasant room at Morrisons' hacienda, or tucked up in her own comfortable cabin. Yet here was proof positive that the terror which environed her was real. Bound up with the thunder of the gale were the words, "Your loving sister, Madge,"—evidently the sister Captain Courtenay had spoken of—"matron of a hospital in the suburbs of London," he said. Would he ever see her again? Or his mother? Had he thought of them at all during this night of woe? Beneath his iron mask did tears lurk, and dull agony, and palsied fear—surely a man could suffer like a woman, even though he endured most nobly?

And then, not thinking in the least what she was doing, she scrutinized the closely tied packet. She wondered idly why he treasured so many missives. Each and every one, oddly enough, was written on differently sized and variously colored note-paper. And it could be seen at a glance that they were from as many different people. The outside yetter was the most clearly visible. Miss Courtenay wrote a well-formed flowing hand. If handwriting were a clue to character, she was a candid, generous, open-minded woman.

But what was this? Elsie suddenly threw down the letters. She had read a sentence at the top of the page twice before she actually grasped its purport. When its significance dawned on her, she flushed violently. For this is what she read:

"I am glad of it, too, because under no other circumstances would I wish to greet and embrace the woman destined to be your wife."

The knowledge that she had involuntarily intruded on Captain Courtenay's private affairs brought her back with a certain slight shock to a sense of actualities. The storm, the horrible danger she was in, emerged from shadow-land. Why had he not come for her? Surely there must have been some further mishap! Heavens! Was she alone on the ship, alone with the dead men and the dying vessel? Her head swam with a strange faintness, and she must leave the cabin at once, and strive to make her way unaided along the deck. Yes, whatever happened, she would go now, It was too dreadful to wait there any longer in ignorance as to her fate.

Then Joey sprang in through the doorway, and, with that splendid disregard for sentiment displayed by a fox-terrier who has just come out of a first-rate fight, shook his harness until it rattled.

But he eyed the inrush of the sea with much disfavor. so he leaped up on the table beside Elsie, and looked at her as though he would ask why she had permitted this sacrilege.

Though the dog was apparently unscathed and in the best of condition, his head and forepaws were blood-stained. His advent dispelled the mist which was gathering in the girl's brain. She feared a tragedy, yet Joey assuredly would not be so cheerful, so daintily desirous to avoid the splashing water in the cabin, if his master were injured. She was doubtful now whether to go on deck or not. The mere presence of the dog was a guarantee that Courtenay had not quitted the ship. Indeed, Elsie colored again, and more deeply, at the disloyalty of her ungoverned fear. Joey's master would be the last man to desert a woman, no matter what the excuse. She strove to listen for any significant noises without, but wind and sea rendered the effort useless to untrained ears, and there was no shouting or frenzied yells to rise above the storm.

"Oh, Joey," she said. "I wish you could speak."

The sound of her own voice startled her. In a fashion, it gave her a measure of time. It seemed so long since she had heard a word spoken. The captain could certainly have gone round the whole ship since he left her. What could have detained him? She was yielding to nervousness again, and was on the point of venturing out, at least as far as the deck house ran, to see if she could distinguish what was taking place on the after part of the vessel, when Dr. Christobal entered.

"I suppose you thought you were forgotten," he cried with a pleasant smile, for Christobal would have a smile for a woman on his death-bed. "There, now! Don't try to explain your feelings. You have had a very trying time, and I want you to oblige me by drinking this."

"This," was a glass of champagne, which he hurriedly poured out of a small bottle he was carrying into a glass which he produced from a pocket. The trivial action, no less than Dr. Christobal's manner, suggested that they were engaged in some fantastic picnic. The outer horrors were not for them, apparently. They were as secure as sight-seers in the Cave of the Winds, awe-smitten tourists who cling to a rail while mighty Niagara thunders harmlessly overhead.

The mere sight of the wine caused Elsie to realize that her lips and palate were on fire with salt. At one moment she had not the slightest cognizance of her suffering; at the next, she felt that speech was impossible until she drank. Never before had she known what thirst was. A somewhat inferior vintage suddenly assumed a bouquet which surpassed the finest cru ever dreamt of by Marne valley vigneron.

"Ah, that is better," said the doctor. "Now, if you don't mind, we shall have the door closed."

With peace suddenly restored to the room and her faculties helped more than she suspected. Elsie began to wonder what had happened.

(To be continued.)

Red Checker Men

Float the red checkers from your checker-board in a bowl of water and you will know why blood is red. Blood has millions and millions of little red wheels floating in a clear fluid. The professor calls them red corpuscles. Well,

Scott's Emulsion

makes red corpuscles. These little red wheels grow in the bone marrow. SCOTT'S EMULSION contains a power which feeds and puts new life into the bone marrow of pale people.

All Druggists; 50c. and $1.00.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

LONG MOTOR GLOVES ARE FUR LINED.

Women do not indulge in short sleeved blouses for general motor wear, but there are occasions when dressy costumes with short sleeves are worn, and some additional protection for the arms is absolutely necessary, even though the coat sleeves are full length. Thin kid gloves of elbow length are not ample protection against the cold winds which insist on blowing up the cuffs of the voluminous coat sleeve, but the fur lined glove is exactly what the motorist needs and does wear. It is made of rather heavy, soft kid in all colors known to the glove trade, and lined with the softest fur such as squirrel and beaver. Where the dress shows a touch of the fur in its trimming, the gloves are edged at the top with the same. In this instance brown kid gloves lined with beaver are worn with a serge walking dress in brown shades; a full length black broadcloth coat collared with Persian lamb and lined with squirrel and a jaunty cap of the cloth is banded with lamb.

EVIL COMES TO MEN WHO CHEAT HENRY S. WOOD

Leading the Long List of the Broad Street Builder Are Stanford White and Charles T. Barney.

(N. Y. World.)

Henry S. Wood, contractor and builder of No. 25 Broad street, says he is a good man to play fair with. In support of his assertion he submits a list of men who, he asserts, didn't play fair and later departed this life in anything but a peaceful manner. Some of them have committed suicide, others have been murdered and many have been burned to death, while in a few cases railroad trains have acted the part of Wood's avenger.

"I can't account for it," Mr. Wood said yesterday, "but it seems retribution overtakes anybody who displeases me or gives me the double-cross."

"Who are the most prominent men in your mortality list?" he was asked.

"Charles T. Barney and Stanford White' was the reply. "I'm satisfied that if these men had dealt fairly with me their names would not be heading my list."

WHAT BARNEY DID TO HIM.

"How did they displease you?" the reporter asked.

"Barney made it possible for me to lose $6,000 on a real estate deal. I sold a piece of property for him on West Thirty-second street, between Fifth avenue and Broadway, and got stung for the mortgage tax. That was a year ago, and you remember Barney's finish. I'm suing the Knickerbocker Trust Company to recover the money.

"Stanford White owned a tumble-down house on Bleecker street, I built several store houses next to his property and he entered into a contract to build a party wall. He was to pay me $5,000. Part of his building fell while I was excavating and he sued me. To settle the matter I had to make him a present of $5,000. That was five or six years ago. You remember his finish."

"Is it true that you are in the pay of the coffin trust?" he was asked.

"Absolutely untrue. I know howthat story got in circulation. Every time my birthday comes around the Social Order of Undertakers, Gravediggers and Bone Jugglers always sends me a birthday cake."

"How many candles were there on your last cake?"

"Seventy," said Henry. "It took me half an hour to blow them out. The undertakers show me many kindnesses. They furnish me with ice for nothing."

"Will that arrangement continue after death?"

"I hope so," said Henry, laughing heartily at the reference to his final roost.

"In addition to some of those you've mentioned were there any others who took a short cut to the cemetery after their business relations with you?"

"Really, I can't keep track of all of them. There are about seventy in all Butchers and bakers shortweighted me in the morning, and in the afternoon the Coroner was going through their pockets and their relatives were saying how natural they looked. They can't trim me and die in bed."

"If this story displeases you I suppose I might just as well get measured for a tombstone," said the reporter.

"Let me see," said Henry, running down his list' "Architects, bankers, brokers, butchers, bakers, engineers, &c. Yes you'll have the honor of being the first newspaper man in my who's who."

"If you don't mind I'd like to live till pay day," suggested the reporter.

STILL OTHER VICTIMS.

Wood then told about the president of a large concern who defrauded him out of $20,000 and was burned to death a few years later. A real estate man who lives on Long Island got to him for a few thousand dollars and the cars soon dismembered him.

The fact that Wood has given the worst of it from every possible angle has not disconcerted him, for he is now before the public with a scheme for building a set of tunnels to cost $400,000,000. They are to travel from Jersey City and Hoboken under the Hudson River through Twenty-third street and under the East River to Brooklyn. Connecting with the big tunnels will be seven or eight smaller ones, stretching to every part of Greater New York. Wood has been before the Public Service Commission with his scheme.

"If I get any sort of support from the public," he said yesterday, "I will go ahead and get the franchises. I intend to have bills introduced in the New York and New Jersey legislatures. I've arranged to float the proposition in London and Paris. I can't divulge my plans just yet, but if everything works satisfactorily in a few years every commuter will have his own private tunnel."

WOOD SAYS HE'S WELL FIXED.

Wood says he lives at No. 8 East Thirty- second street. While discussing his tunnel proposition it might be well to state that a Henry S. Wood, of that address, filed a petition in bankruptcy last March. He had liabilities of $59,029 and no assets. Henry asseverated yesterday that he was in comfortable circumstances, but any one who heard him letting millions fall from his lips would be inclined to think his own estimate of his financial condition was just a bit modest. In addition to his other qualifications Henry admits that he is the greatest living authority on nature subjects. He is a nervous, energetic little man with gray moustache and hair, and a tendency to exceed the speech limit.

Had Palpitation of The Heart

EVER SINCE SHE WAS NINE YEARS OLD,

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS EFFECTED A COMPLETE CURE.

If you find your health failing, your food apparently doing you no good, your heart beating irregularly—now slow, now fast—skipping a beat now and then, palpitations or throbbings on the slightest excitement or exertion, pain in the region of the heart, face pale, dizzy and faint spells, these all point to heart weakness, to nerve derangement, to a state of health consequent upon these, which, if not corrected and cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, will surely end in utter prostration and hopeless invalidism.

From the depths many have been raised by this remarkable remedy, as its power is beyond all question most marvellous; but, why wait until you have gone so far? Taking these pills now will turn you from the perilous path of sickness and put you on the highway to health.

Miss Mary Wilson, Toronto, Ont., writes: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I recommend Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Ever since I was nine years of age I have been afflicted with palpitation of the heart, pain in my side and nervousness. As I grew older it kept increasing. After having tried numerous doctors medicines, but to no avail, I was induced to try your pills, and after using several boxes I began to improve, so kept on taking them for some time until now I can truthfully say I am in perfect health."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cts. per box or three for $1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WORK AND PLAY

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

"I made the rush for wealth and got it; but I lost my health and I cannot get it back." These were the words of a well-known Winnipeg business man, heard on the street yesterday. He was speaking to a friend who on meeting him had commented on his appearance. There is no need for a lengthy article with the above as a text. The brief sentence in quotation marks is a sermon in itself. It is a striking protest against the mad rush for a fortune in which men spare neithr mind nor body with the result that in middle age they are physical wrecks, incapable of enjoying the competence gained at so heavy a cost.

Diligence in business is a good thing both for the individual and the community, but ambition is apt to lead some men too far. Periods of rest and recreation not only renew the vigor of the business faculties but they assist greatly in maintaining that degree of health, without which even the wealth of a Rockefeller is only a bitter mockery. Work and play in judicious mixture is the prescription that leads to an independent and enjoyable old age.

A business meeting of the High School Alumnae Reading Club was held last night at the residence of Mrs. R. W. W. Frink, Leinster street. The following officers were elected provisionally: Miss Skinner, first vice-president; Miss Frink, 2nd vice-president; Miss Whittaker, treasurer; Miss Lingley, secretary. Besides the officers, Miss Walker and Miss Hatheway were named members of the executive. The president will be elected at the next meeting.

A GOOD LONG LIST

For This Week's Holiday Shopping Tour.

Remembrances for Father and Brother.

Winter Knitted Vests .. $2.25 to $5.00
Corduroy Winter Vests, fawn, brown .. $2.50
Smoking Jackets .. $2.00 to $15.00
Dressing Gowns .. $5.50 to $18.75
New Bath Robes .. $4.25 to $6.00
Marmot-lined Coats, German Otter Collar .. $37.50
Marmot-lined Coats, Persian Lamb Collar .. $47.50
Same with Otter Collar .. $55.00
Muskrat-lined Coats .. $82.50 to $125.00
Big Comfortable Coon Coats .. $55.00 to $125.00
Waterproof Coats from .. $5.75 to $18.75
Rainproof Coats from .. $10.00 to $16.50
Firemen's Rubber Coats .. $5.75 to $6.50
All Kinds of Neckties .. 25 cents to $1.00
Gift Braces in Boxes .. 75 cents to $1.50
Men's and Boys' Mufflers .. 50 cents to $2.50
Men's Unlined Gloves .. 90 cents to $4.00
Men's Lined Gloves .. 90 cents to $5.75
Men's Woolen Gloves .. 35 cents to $2.00
Men's Linen Initial Handkerchiefs.
Silk Initial Handkerchiefs .. 25 cents to 75 cents
Plain Hem. Handkerchiefs .. all prices
Holiday Shirts, Colored, etc. .. 79 cents up
Best Cardigan Jackets .. 90 cents to $4.40
Fur Cape, various furs .. $2.50 to $45.00
Fur Gloves, various furs .. $5.50 to $35.00
Fur Collars, various furs .. $2.50 to $42.00
Sweaters, Men's and Boys .. 50 cents to $5.00
Leather Valises, from .. $1.50 to $25.00
Suit Cases, all kinds .. $1.85 to $16.50
Fitted Suit Cases and Bags.. $14.00 to $78.50
Fitted Dressing Cases .. $2.50 to $22.75
Purses, Bill-Folds, Cigar Cases, etc.
Collar and Cuff and Handkerchief Boxes.
All kinds of Trunks .. $2.75 to $48.00
Scotch Wool Rugs .. $1.90 to $16.50

Neckwear, 25c. to $9.25--From Paris and New York.

CHARMING FICHUS.—Evening and afternoon neckwraps in knife-pleated white chiffon with hand embroidering, Persian garniture, dainty Valenciennes lace edgings, frills and folds of chiffon. Dresden medallions and various other modes of ornamentation. They sell at two prices, $7,50 and $9.25.

LONG CHIFFON AND CREPE DE CHINE SCARFS.—Two and a half yards of plain white chiffon of the most delicate quality, edged and inserted with Val. laces and ends closely knife-pleated, tiny lace edging. Rich and graceful wraps for evening or the street .. $4.00 and $6.75

COMBINATION PIECES.—That is, Jabots and fronts, also plastrons and Jabots. Made in white chiffon with Persian applique effects, fine Val. laces, satin ribbons, knife pleatings, bebe ribbon, folds, tucks and shirrings. Most inviting collection in surplice, revers, and other styles. Baby Irish motifs and laces used, as well. Prices grade usually from .. $1.85 to $6.50

CHEAPER STOCK COLARS.—Also Jabots, in cream, white and Paris tints, 55c. to $1.10, others as low as 25c.; whilst collar and cuff sets commence at 50c. and go as high as $5.00. Silk Stock Collars from 20c. up; chiffon stock collars from .. 25c. up.

CHEAPER FICHUS AND SCARFS.—Fichus in lace, crepe de Chine and chiffon, variety of styles and colorings, $1 to $10. Lace Scarfs in white, black and ivory, 50c. to $8.00. Crepe de Chine Scarfs in self colors and Dresden .. 50 cents to $5.00

Christmas Handkerchiefs, 5c. up.

CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS.—Prettily boxed, ready for presentation. Colored borders, pictures, also in plain linen, with hemstitching, etc., .. 15 cents to 45 cents box.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS. —In best of linen, half dozen lots, for 45c., 65c., and 80c. Sheer linen, 2 for 25c.; initialled linen, 20c. and 25c. each; plain hemstitched linen handkerchiefs, with 1-8 and 1-4 inch hems, half dozens, for .... 60 cents to $2.00.

LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS. —With embroidering and hemstitching in endless variety. All sizes. The daintiest seen in St. John, 10c. to 40 cents each.

LACE HANDKERCHIEFS.— In Duchess, Brussels Point and other real laces. From .... $1.10 to $3.00 each.

—FRONT STORE—

Kid Gift Gloves, $1.00 to $3.25--Guaranteed Qualities.

GLOVES FOR $1.00.—White and Buff Chamois, and some real good Dent's.

GLOVES FOR $1.25.—Dent's English, as well as French "Vera" qualities.

GLOVES FOR $1.30 AND $1.50.—Dent's Washable, and Reynier's "Bonneval" qualities. World famous.

GLOVES FOR $1.40 AND $1.45.—Dent's Tans, and big line of new Suedes. Excellent for gift purposes.

GLOVES FOR $1.75.—Reynier's "Diamant" quality in tans, browns, and slate. Very dressy handwear.

GLOVES FOR $1.85.—A complete assortment of undressed kids, very stylish colorings, and made faultlessly.

LONG KID GLOVES, $1.60 TO $3.50.—These are in the prevailing modish lengths and include French Kids, such as Reynier's black, white, grey, tan and brown colors. They are chiefly in the two-button wrist, known as the Mousquetaire style.

FABRIC GLOVES, 25c. to $1.90. In all colors of cashmere, ringwood or knitted qualities, also Angola and Angora. Large and comfortable stock.

FRONT STORE.—

How to Make the Children Glad.

Babies' Knitted Jackets .. 70 cents to $1.75
Babies' Knitted Bootees .. 25 cents to 50 cents
Babies' Bibs.. from 15 cents to 90 cents
Babies' Angora Bonnets .. $1.80 to $2.20
Knitted Bonnets, Silk trimmed.... 95 cents to $1.35
Woolen Toques, from .. 25 cents to 55 cents
Woolen Sashes, only .. 30 cents and 50 cents
Warm Red Mittens .. 30 cents
Blanket Coats, hooded .. $4.00, $4.75
Fancy Suits, various styles .. $2.75 to $6.50
Fancy Overcoats, Russian. .. $3.75 to $8.50
Boys' Sweaters, from .. 45 cents to $1.65 each
School Bags, only .. 50 cents and $1.00
Boys' Neckties, big line .. 25 cents to 50 cents
Children's Woolen Gloves .. 50 cents to 75 cents
Children's Windsor Ties .. 20 cents to 60 cents
Children's Mittens .. 15 cents to 35 cents
Children's Umbrellas .. 75 cents
Humpty-Dumpty Circus .. 75 cents to $15.00
Christmas Tree Mats, 75 cents.
Girls' Grey Lamb Furs.
Baby's Mongolian Furs.
Baby Sleigh Robes .. $5.00
Oak Phonograph Stands .. $11.00, $15.00
Oak Gramophone Stands .. $11.00 $15.00
Girls' Secretaries.... $6.75 to $50.00
Children's Secretaries.... $4.25
Children's Desks, only .. $1.00 up
Baby High Chairs .. $1.25 to $9.00
Children's Morris Chairs .. $4.50 to $7.00
Dolls' Go-Carts, strong .. 65 cents up
Children's Rattan Rockers.. $2.00 to $6.00
Automobiles, almost real .. $7.00 to $18.00
Strong Express Wagons .. $1.25 to $3.00
Dolls' Sleighs, brand new .. 90 cents up

AT M. R. A.'s, LIMITED.