

How It Feels to be "Held Up"

AS TOLD BY THE ENGINEER

There have been only three attempts made in the history of western Canada to "hold up" an express train. For the first two of these the notorious Bill Miner was responsible, so that when the redoubtable Bill was captured in 1906, and his gang given a life sentence in Western Penitentiary, there was a general feeling that this particular variety of spectacular drama was ended forever. These hold-ups all occurred in British Columbia, and at about the same place, the third and last happening on the night of June 21. On this occasion the desperadoes showed such cool nerve and such deliberation of purpose as to make it impossible for the train to be held up by the work of amateurs. Such a feat is the opinion of Matt Crawford, the engineer, who for forty years has been running the train. He is sitting in the engine house at the depot, and he is telling me the story of how it happened as told in Matt's own words.

But first let it be in order to express a few words of appreciation and approval of the men who day after day and night after night in storms of rain or of snow, in danger of landslide and snow-slide, of rolling rocks and swelling torrents safely pilot their precious cargoes of humanity over this magnificent highway. Many a passenger sitting at ease in his Pullman or observation car gazing on the awful grandeur of the scenery bases his sense of security on the knowledge that his pilot is a man picked from among hundreds, selected for his steady nerve, clear eye and sound judgment in time of danger. They say an engineer can be identified invariably by the alert and watchful expression of the eye, and there may be some truth in the statement. Anyhow they are heroes, every man of them, though they would probably be the last to think so, and one of the best of them is Matthew Crawford, popularly known from Port Williams to Vancouver as "Mat."

In his twenty or more years' experience he has had many a hair-breadth escape. Twice he has seen his engine hurt itself to destruction one second after he had leaped to safety through the cab window, but no passenger under his charge was ever injured. Mat's train may be late, but it always arrives safely.

But of all his adventures he says the one he would least care to repeat was the hold-up on June 21 last.

"Well, to start at the beginning," said Mat, when my correspondent demanded the story of the day after, "I had left Revelstoke nearly two hours late the evening before. I hadn't been able to make up much time till we struck down grade. We stopped at North Hill to take on water and I noticed then that the night had got as black as a pocket. There had been a new moon, but it was set and the sky was cloudy and so dark that a man couldn't see his hand before his face. We began then to hit her up pretty hard, for this was the last stop before reaching Kamloops, unless we were flagged at Shuswap. I slowed in there, but the station agent's lights were out and nothing doing, so I hit fast time again. We were near Dark when I found some one called out. It sounded like 'Hi, there.' I looked over at Harry Carpenter, thinking he had well and good found Harry looking at me, thinking the same way.

"Then, here, here again louder, and this time we both heard it plain enough, though the engine was rocking and pounding along with a tremendous din. We both turned mighty quick and looked straight up the muzzle of a couple of revolvers, one coming each."

"Looked pretty large, eh?" interrupted some one.

"Well, yes," admitted Mat, "the one I yelled at me appeared about the size of a small cannon. The thing didn't explode any instant, just with the pitching of the engine, to say nothing of the men behind the gun. He looked the real thing in desperadoes all right. A black hole hung over his face with two big holes cut for his eyes. He had a soft felt hat on his head and a black coat buttoned up tight. He lay along on top of the coal, partly leaning over into the cab so that he wasn't much over two feet distant. He was saying some thing at the top of his voice, but of course we couldn't make it out, so I began slowing down, thinking that was what he meant. I soon found it wasn't.

"Engineer," he was yelling, "keep her going. Keep her going. A. You. Don't stop till I tell you. Keep your hands in front of you. Tell the fireman to come here!"

"All this was so mixed with oaths and profanity that it sounded pretty terrible. So I told Harry to go back. And then a thousand things chased them. I was through my brain, and it took a little while before I got them just in order. As for myself and Harry, I was pretty sure that when we had put the train where the fellow wanted it we would meet the same fate as happened the fireman and engineer when the Spokane-Seattle express was held up last winter."

"What was that?" we enquired.

"Shot in their tracks," replied Mat, briefly, "as soon as they had placed the train where the gang wanted it."

"Then Harry came back, and called over to me: 'He says you are to keep her going till you come to a fire built alongside the tracks. Go four-telegraph poles past the fire and stop.'"

"Well, that sounds easy enough till you come to think it over. But first I suddenly remembered that I had a roll of \$125 in my pocket. If I could slip the wad out unnoticed and drop it on the floor of the cab, there was a chance of somebody picking it up next morning. Gently I slipped my left hand back till my fingers nearly touched the pocket, making the motion look as casual as possible, you see. Then I stole a look out of the tail of my eye to see how the chances. They weren't good. The desperado had changed the direction of his aim so as to cover my left hand. That was enough. I laid my arm back on the ledge again and never let on.

"I knew he would, all right, for when a man goes to hold up an express train he is not going to stop at taking a life or two if he has to. It's a life sentence for him anyway if he is caught, so he is a desperate man. Oh, I was obedient all right. If he only knew it, I hadn't an idea of doing anything but exactly what I was told. Neither the fireman nor I were armed, but if we had been what would be the use? For all we knew the rest of the gang might have been behind on the tender, like they were when Bill Miner held up Nat Scott in 1906 at almost this very place. The fireman opened the door to throw on more coal. There was a yell from behind, 'Shoot that door, fireman, there's too much light here!' This seemed to rile Harry some, for he walked straight up to the fellow and hollered: 'If I don't coal up we can't run a mile!' He got orders then to do his duty and no tricks, the same being expressed in vulgar language. In a minute or two we rounded a curve, and there stood a red light in the middle of the track. It looked like a lantern. 'Sufferin' Kate!' thinks I to myself, 'here's a bunch of trouble!'

"Is that your signal?" I yelled back. "You know it, well it's not," he answered, "you keep on going." "It's a red light, and I don't go past it," I said.

"He seemed taken back by the sight of it himself. 'Do your duty, engineer,' he said at last, but keep your mouth shut."

"We stopped, and it proved to be two tracks, engines who had finished their job, and wanted to be taken to Kamloops. We could see them dimly moving, and then Sam Elliott, the conductor, came running forward, and we could tell that he was bundling them, and their outfit into the second car. I found myself playing with all my heart that Sam would not take it into his head to come forward to speak to us. If he had he would have been dropped where he stood, for it was plain that the desperadoes could not have their plan interrupted all they'd got the train where it was wanted."

"Short as the delay was it was too long for the men on the coal. I could see them digging from side to side keeping a sharp look-out, but covering us at the same time.

"What the hell are you waiting for?" he growled, and I explained. It seemed kind of funny, too, to see Elliott out there so unbecomingly while his train was travelling. He didn't know what was presently he waved his lantern, and on we tore again for several miles till, all at once, there it was. A fire, big and red against the blackness, was burning close to the rails. At the sight of it our man scrambled down onto the space behind the cab. I could see how he was dressed. Heavy boots with spurs, a mail, but small, not more than seven or eight brown trousers, much too large for him, apparently pulled over his own; a black coat buttoned at the top. Underneath I could see a pair of brand new holsters. The revolvers looked new, too. His hands looked small and fine, but, of course, well grained with coal.

"In an instant he had put his gun up against the back of my head. 'Get down, engineer,' he yelled, 'stand there!'

"This is the end of me! I thought to myself, and mentally said good-bye to the wife and kid in Kamloops, as I did what I was told.

"Do you want the engine cut off?" I asked.

"Cut off?" he said. "They're going to shoot the light out, and there's no need of you getting hit."

"Considerate of him, wasn't it?"

"The headlight," I asked.

"That's what I said," he snapped.

"If that's all, I can switch it out from here," I explained.

"Switch, then, and be quick about it," he said, so I gave Carpenter the order, the button being on his side, and out she went, leaving only the incandescence in the cab. He said they could stay.

"Now stop her!" he yelled, "stop her; just four telegraph poles, remember!"

"I was through my brain, and it took a while before I got them just in order. As for myself and Harry, I was pretty sure that when we had put the train where the fellow wanted it we would meet the same fate as happened the fireman and engineer when the Spokane-Seattle express was held up last winter."

"I felt pretty well riled up about this time, for it was as dark as Egypt outside.

"Well, I'll go as near as I can," I said; "but I can't see a telegraph pole any more than you can."

"We passed the light and stopped, and it seemed to suit him all right till I blew the whistle. He was back at me again with a jump.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"It's to send the rear brakeman out to lay torpedoes along the track to stop the freight that's following us," I explained, and just then the front brakeman came running forward to see what was the trouble."

"Get back or I'll shoot!" the desperado shouted to him. The brakeman evidently thought he hadn't heard right, for after stopping a second he came running forward again. Then a bullet ripped up the sand to the right of him, and a second one to the left. He didn't wait to investigate, but turned and hiked back to give the alarm to the coaches. At once, in answer to the two shots, there came a perfect fusillade of small arms from both sides. The gang was warning in this way to everybody to understand they were safer inside. We were on a curve, and I could see that the passengers were in commotion.

"Get down on the ground, both of you," ordered the bandit. 'Fireman, take your pick!'

"We could see that two men had joined the first on our side, but their shape was almost indistinguishable in the gloom. We were closely covered and ordered forward gruffly to the first car. It proved to be an express, but nobody answered our knocks, so Harry was ordered to break in the door with his pick. So in it went. Harry put his head through the hole, struck a match and declared the car empty. Along we were marched to the next. This one proved to be a combination express and mail. The express door was opened at once, and there were two of the scariest looking track repairmen ever I saw, a long one and a short one.

"They were ordered out and told to keep their hands above their heads. They obeyed to the letter."

"The mail clerks also opened their door and told who they were."

"Where is the express agent?"

"I don't know," said one of them, 'this is the mail.'"

"To—h— with the mail!" said the leader. "Move along to the next car, you—"

"It proved to be another express, but no one answered, so Harry had to break that door in also. Still no answer. I was afraid the agent might be lying low to shoot, and if he did, of course, Harry and I would get it, for the robbers kept us in front."

"By—, I'll make him come out," said the leader. "Pass up that giant powder!"

"Then I became aware of a man under the car near my feet. He grasped a rifle in one hand and held up a bag of dynamite with the other. Two sticks were shoved into my hand. 'Light them, engineer, and blow that door open. We'll make the rat come out!'

"I saw the fuses weren't four inches long. They wouldn't last eight seconds. I had visions of myself filling the air for a mile around about half a minute later, so I backed that order. The revolver was on my head instantly. Harry saved us that time. He had put his head through the opening and lit a match.

"There isn't a soul here. It's an empty car," he called out. "Nothing here but a safe."

"I looked and declared the same. Then the leader coolly took a look himself. The safe drew back a little and disclosed the puzzling affairs. Three empty express cars; not a single agent. Quer!"

"The next car was the baggage. The leader demanded to know where the express agent was."

"Why?" said the baggage man, and he seemed sort of surprised at the question, "there is no express agent over travels on this train."

"Isn't this No. 97?"

"Yes, but the agent travels on No. 50. Went through about an hour ago."

"Then there were curses both loud and deep. This was the one fact they hadn't known. They had risked all for nothing."

"Well, boys," said the leader, "get back to your places. He spoke coolly and civilly for the first time. We obeyed quick enough, but they kept us well covered. I whistled in the rear brake-man. He told me afterwards this was the longest stretch of track he ever walked over on a dark night."

"We pulled out and glad enough, too, but we hadn't got a train length when, Sufferin' Kate! There he was again. The same man in the same place.

"Stop her," he said, as cool as you please, 'the boys aren't satisfied.'"

"And as sure as fate, that fellow made us get down, and the gang deliberately went through every car again, till they were absolutely satisfied that what they wanted wasn't on the train."

"Talk about nerve! That leader had it. He gave me the most anxious quarter of an hour that I ever experienced, for he would not let me whistle out the rear brakeman, and at one point the moment he would be crashed into the freight."

"I little guessed then that at this self-same hour that freight was wrecked and five hoboes killed outright, by a broken rail on the track."

"Well, it was all over at last, and we made a record run into Kamloops. The gang made a safe get-away in a boat loaded with loot."

"No, I don't want that experience again. I'd rather take chances with a snowslide."

CHURCHES ON SUNDAY.

Special Services and Special Music.

At Unity Church on Sunday evening the subject of the sermon will be "Christmas Blessings."

At First Congregational Church the Christmas services will be held, Rev. E. H. Tippet will preach morning and evening.

Service, conducted by Rev. W. H. Sedgewick, will be held in Central Presbyterian Church Christmas morning at 11 o'clock.

Rev. J. A. Wilson will preach at both services in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Christmas sermon in the evening. Special Christmas music at both services.

In Ryerson Methodist, special Christmas services on Sunday. Rev. C. S. Appleth will preach, and the choir, under the direction of Miss Dorothy Yeates, will sing Christmas music.

At Central Methodist Church—Rev. Isaac Couch, M. A., B. D., will preach on "The Influence of the Christmas Christ." In the evening there will be a beautiful song service. Visitors welcomed.

At the Men's Own P. S. A. Brotherhood at 3 p. m. in the First Congregational Church the first open meeting at which ladies will be welcome will be held. Mr. Frost and Mr. Tippet will speak.

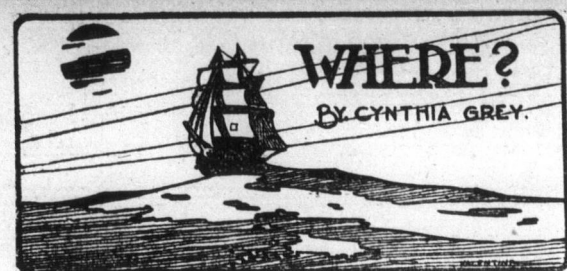
At Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, on the mountain, East End Incline, the special Christmas services on Sunday will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Sedgewick in the morning and Rev. Dr. Lyle in the evening.

Rev. Dr. Williamson will preach a Christmas sermon on Sunday morning, and in the evening it will be "a farewell to the old year." Choice Christmas music will be rendered at each service by the choir. Organ recital at 6:45.

The pastor of St. James' Presbyterian Church will be in his own pulpit both morning and evening. He will speak in the morning on "The First Christmas" in the evening, on "The Christmas of Today." Seats free. All welcome.

Rev. J. V. Smith, D. D., will occupy the pulpit of Centenary Church to-morrow, his morning subject being "The Christmas Note of Brotherhood," and the evening, "Thoughts for the Season." Special and appropriate musical services by the choir.

In Erskine Church Rev. S. Burdette will preach. Morning, a Christmas message, My Soul Doth Magnify



Where shall I sail my little ship
Out on Life's great broad sea?
Tell me, wise men, where shall I go.
You have sailed long and you should know
The safe harbor for me.
Where shall I sail my little ship?

How shall I sail my little ship
To reach Life's brightest shore?
The waves roll high, and weak am I,
The screaming winds they terrify
This child, I'm nothing more.
How shall I sail my little ship?

How shall you sail your little ship?
My child, I cannot tell.
Life's uncharted seas none may know:
From skies serene a gale may blow.
Be brave, be good—ah, well.
How shall you sail your little ship?



BOTH MISNAMED.

"I don't see why they call you a tortoise shell cat; you have no shell."

"And I don't know why they call you a Rouden duck; you don't look like a roue."



IN FOWL LILLE.

First Rooster—After all, is there any fun in getting up so early in winter?

Second Rooster—Sure. It's a perfect circus watching the hired man path to the barn.

the Lord, and My Spirit Hath Rejoiced in God My Saviour. Evening.

Influence of Jesus? Strangers cordially invited.

At the Simco Street Church the pastor, Rev. H. R. Christie, will conduct for Christmas services both morning and evening. At the evening service Mr. Virian A. Howell will sing "The Star of Bethlehem," illustrated by limelight pictures.

The Lord Bishop of Niagara will preach at the 11 o'clock service in Christ's Church Cathedral to-morrow, Christmas Day. The following day, Sunday, December 26, Rev. Dean DuMoulin, of Cleveland, will be the preacher at the morning service, and Canon Almon Abbott, M. A., in the evening.

Geo. Crook will speak in Ebenezer Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock "A Closed Church, a Seated Preacher and a Wondering Congregation." Everyone is welcome. Song service at 6:45. On Monday at 5 p. m. a tea will be given to the Sunday school children, after which the Christmas tree will be stripped.

In Knox Church Christmas messages and songs will characterize the services on Sunday. In the morning the pastor will preach on "Christmas and the World's Unity," and in the evening on "Some Lessons From the Shepherds." In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the men's meeting will be addressed by Mr. T. C. Robinson, K. C. of Toronto, on the subject of "Indifference." All men not otherwise engaged are invited to hear him.

A Lioness in Defence of Her Mate.

On another occasion we were camped on a stretch of veldt near the Kafu River. A number of miles that we used for transportation purposes were in a kraal some distance from the camp. About midnight, when the whole camp, with the exception of the guards, was asleep, a wild screech, followed by the unmistakable roar of a lion, came from the direction of the mules. We were too familiar with the sounds not to know what was happening.

Seizing my rifle and rushing from my tent, I made straight for the noise, preparing for emergencies as I did so. A half dozen natives were beside me. We were half way to the kraal when a couple of shots sounded from the direction of the guards, and the next instant the huge bulk of a lion came in leaps and bounds towards us. As soon as he saw us coming he turned at right angles and made for the bush. As he did so I raised my rifle and emptied the magazine at his form, which was soon lost in the blackness of the night. Notwithstanding that my shots were fired only as luck struck, I could tell that I had at least wounded the animal by a long growl of pain that escaped him.

The next morning before daybreak we resumed the search for the lion. As the first signs of dawn broke through the east we came upon the lion's blood-stained spoor. We followed it for ten minutes; then it led into the open veldt. There, illumined by the first light of the sun shot through the hills, lay the lion, stretched at full length. Beside him sat a huge blood lioness licking a wound in his flank.

My first impulse was to drop on my knees and shoot. But something in my heart revolted. It was so pathetic, this lioness so like a woman; she seemed a civilized being and I a savage.

We advanced, and the lioness, seeing us for the first time, sprang up and defiantly approached a few yards, her tail whipping the air. She returned to the

lion and stood over him, and then, as though dreading to fight, made a mighty leap toward me. I raised my rifle and pulled the trigger. There was no explosion. I pulled back my rifle bolt to thrust a cartridge into the barrel, when I saw that the magazine was not loaded. Trusting to fate and my legs, I dropped my useless weapon and ran for the nearest tree, the lioness gaining on me in leaps and bounds. I had not succeeded in reaching the tree when a shikaree broke through the bush in the distance and opened fire with an automatic rifle, driving a couple of bullets into the lioness' back. She dropped without a groan. Had the shikaree missed or used a slow working rifle I no doubt would have been chewed, if not killed.

After getting my breath I examined the lion's back started out to get. He was not dead. I found he had been shot through the rump. His hind quarters were paralyzed and he had dragged himself with his forepaws at least a mile. He rolled his eyes helplessly as we looked him over. Not a murmur came from him. He seemed to wait in silence like a Roman, for the death stroke. One shot not him out of his misery. Captain Fritz Dugan, in Hampton's Magazine.

CANDIED VEGETABLES.

Pumpkins, Beets, Carrots and Turnips Among the Mexican Sweetmeats.

I was surprised at the Mexican sweetmeats said a New Yorker just back from Mexico. "I do not think there can be any fruit or vegetable which they do not candy, preserve in syrup or convert into jam."

"In a queer little pueblo in the State of Zacatecas I heard a woman calling monotonously, 'Camarones, calabasas.' Now these words in English mean sweet potatoes and pumpkins. She had a small tray, held in place by a leather thing that went around her neck."

"I crossed the plaza and asked her for five cents worth of calabashes. She placed several pieces of a sugary yellow substance in a paper bag and I realized that I was going to have the experience of tasting candied pumpkin."

"If you can imagine pumpkin pie frozen hard and saturated with sugar you can get an idea of the flavor of that queer

The palate is almost tickled with Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The stomach knows nothing about it, it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength it brings; it shows in the color of cheek and smoothing out of wrinkles.

It was a beautiful thing to do, to cover the odious taste of Cod Liver Oil, evade the tax on the stomach, and take health by surprise.

It warms, soothes, strengthens and invigorates.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 3c. name of paper and this ad. for each leaflet Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each leaflet contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

STANLEY MILLS & CO., Limited

Friday, December 24th, 1909

THOUSANDS OF TOYS

For the Last Minute Rush

Your wants at the last minute can be attended to here, in the greatest of all Christmas Toylands.

With a bigger demand than ever before for Toys of every possible kind, we are able to show you a fairly complete assortment of thousands of Mechanical Toys, Steam Engines, Lanterns, Railways, Dolls, Dolls' Furniture, Dishes, Games and Ornaments. Every Toy is good, all reliable and absolutely no misrepresentation.

Remember our Toyland can help you out when all other stocks have been exhausted, simply because this is an All-the-Year-Round Toy Store, and it makes provisions for just such occasions.

Stanley Mills & Co., Limited

Extends to All Best Wishes For

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

—And A—

Happy and Prosperous New Year

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1909

Stanley Mills & Co., Limited

confection. One grows to like it after one has lived in Mexico for a while.

"The cimarones were also rather nice. The sweet potatoes are boiled in water until they are soft. They are then soaked in hot syrup and candied. A final coating of powdered white sugar is added and gives them the appearance of large Easter eggs."

"Beets, carrots, turnips and artichokes are some of the vegetables made into sweetmeats in Mexico. Tropical fruits of every description are also used for this purpose, and candied watermelon peel is a great favorite."

"The regular stand of the sweetmeat vendors is on the plaza, but at night they turn out in force around the doors of the theatres. A Mexican senorita would not enjoy the show unless she had a good supply of her native confections to munch. It is her substitute for the chocolate creams that we buy for our matinee girls."

"Last New Year's Eve I was in Nogales, a pueblo on the international line between Arizona and the Mexican State of Sonora. A vaudeville entertainment was being given at the little theatre, and about 8 o'clock I strolled over to take in an act or two. It was almost

impossible to make my way to the box office through the crowd of pedestrians that blocked the street and sidewalks.

"Pumpkins, carrots, sweet potatoes, senor!" they shouted in Spanish, while the light from many oil lamps flickered over their wares. "Very cheap. Only 10 cents for as much as you can eat."

"It was a strange scene, full of color and ray of the soil. Indeed, it is the sweetmeat vendors that all always recur to my mind when I think of my visit to Mexico."

NUT LAYER CAKE.

Two cupsful of sugar, one scant cupful of butter creamed together, three eggs beaten well, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour sifted together, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Mix all well together, then add one cupful of chopped walnuts. This can be baked also into loaves.

Frost with caramel frosting as follows: Two cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of milk or cream, piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil ten minutes, then beat until thick enough to spread; add one teaspoonful of vanilla before beating.

FINCH BROS. FINCH BROS. FINCH BROS.

Quick "Snaps" To-night

Here are quick "snaps" for the last minute gift buyers in all kinds of useful and sensible gifts. Come to-night at 7 p. m. sharp. Come anyway. Open until 10:30 p. m. to-night.

7 to 10 p. m.—25 Dozen 25c Women's Linen Handkerchiefs 10c

On sale sharp 7 p. m. to-night, Women's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, plain and cross-hatched, hemstitched, with colored borders. Formerly 25c, to-night 10c.

7 to 10 p. m.—15c to 20c Fancy Embroidered Handkerchiefs 9c

Fine White Swiss and Irish Embroidered Handkerchiefs, plain, hemstitched or scalloped borders, pretty patterns. Formerly 15, 18, 20c, to-night 9c.

75c Linen Carriage Cushion Covers for 25c

10 dozen on sale 7 p. m. sharp. Cushion Covers of Pure Irish Embroidered Linen Lawn Centres, with hemstitched full value at 75c, to-night 25c.

\$1.50 Linen Table Napkins Clearing To-night 98c

A serviceable and useful gift, Pure Irish Linen Table Napkins, 1/2 size, as sorted patterns, border all round. Formerly \$1.50 dozen, clearing at 98c.

35c, 40c Santa Claus Hosiery To-night at 25c

Hang up the stocking to-night. Here's some in pure all wool qualities, in English rib makes, in assorted women's sizes, formerly 35, 40c, to-night 25c.

8c, 10c, 15c Christmas Greeting Cards Clearing 5c

All remaining Christmas Cards go on sale at 5c after 7 p. m.: scores of pretty designs for last minute greetings that were 8, 10 and 15c.

300 Rolls Green Crepe Paper 10c, To-night 5c

Plain Crepe Paper for decorations, in green only, full size rolls, former value 10c, clearing to-night 5c.

65c to 85c Men's White Silk Handkerchiefs 39c and 49c

Men's Pure Silk White Handkerchiefs, neat hemstitched borders, plain or assorted, initials, formerly 65, 75 and 85c, clearing to-night 39 and 49c.

\$1.25 Women's Gift Umbrellas Clearing 75c

A number of Women's Umbrellas, suitable for last minute gift needs, as sorted handles, good coverage, formerly \$1.25, clearing to-night 75c.

\$2.00 Swiss Muslin Waist Lengths 98c

A limited number of Embroidered Swiss Muslin Lengths, \$2.00, to-night 98c.

Fancy Basket Stock Up to 40c, Sale Price 2 for 25c

All remaining Fancy Baskets clearing to-night, were 25, 35 and 40c, to-night 2 for 25c.

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Women's Gift Belts at 75c

Scores of styles in tinsel and elastic, all colors, handsome buckles, clearing at 75c.

\$4.00 to \$5.00 Fancy Gift Net Blouses \$2.98

Pretty Gift Blouses, in fancy nets and black Jap. or Taffeta Waists, formerly to \$5.00, to-night \$2.98.

\$1.00 and 85c Woolen Shoulder Shawls 69c

Gifts for an elderly lady in white or grey honeycomb shawls, large sizes, on sale to-night 69c.

\$1.50 to \$2.00 Women's Lingerie Blouses 89c

Women's White Lingerie Blouses, assorted styles to clear, formerly up to \$2, clearing 89c.

Everything to Go To-night in Fancy Goods

We are determined to clear everything in our Christmas novelties in toilet articles, brushes, albums, boxes, etc. To make sure of this everything has been reduced in some place to half and more, starting at 7 p. m. See them to-night; may be just what you want here.