

New Patent Leather Belts, in three styles, 50c.

Woods' Fair

Drink Our Coffee, value 40 cents, for 25c pound.

Ladies' Flannelette Gowns, 45c.

Ladies' Flannelette Gowns in blue, pink and grey stripe, full size, with yoke in front and back, full around neck and sleeves, sale price 45c

Children's Silk Bonnets, 25c.

Children's Jap India Silk Embroidered Bonnets with deep double pleated frill of lace around face, flannel lining, sizes 12 to 17, sale price 25c

Silk Waists, Saturday \$2.50

Jap Taffeta Silk Waists, in black and cream, with front made of six broad tucks and row of insertion, broad tucked back, the new leg of mutton tucked sleeves, sizes 32 to 40, value \$3.50, sale price \$2.50

Early Fall Underwear.

23 dozen full sized Ladies' Vests, in pure white and cream, lace trimmed and drawing string neck, long sleeves, ribbed wrist, biggest value ever offered, value 13c, sale price, 2 for 25c 25c

Hermsdorf Dye Cotton Hose.

7 dozen Finest Cotton Hose, like finish, with French balbriggan or natural wool soles, perfectly fast colors and full sizes, our regular 25c line, sale price, pair 19c

15 dozen Fine Lawn Turnovers, pure white, with heavy stitching, fancy floral designs, assorted sizes, values 15c, sale price 10c

15c and 19c Cotton Hose Selling for 8c Pair.

20 dozen Heavyweight Cotton Hose, ribbed and plain, in perfectly fast colors, sizes up to 8 1/2, regular price 15c and 19c, Saturday, sale price, pair 8c

New Line Pad Hose Supporters, \$1.00 Hand Bags, selling Saturday, pair 15c and 25c

Just arrived, new assortment of 3-piece Shirtwaist Sets, in lover's knot styles, in plain Roman gold, with diamondette setting, 15c set, also enamel finish set, 25c

Big assortment of Lambsool Socks just in, pair 15c

We Carry Everything in Matches.

Toblers' Swiss Milk Chocolate, just in, package 5c

Genuine Imported Turkish Delight.

100 pounds Genuine Imported Turkish Delight, in different flavors. The imported Turkish Delight is superior to all others. The price in confectionery stores is 40c per pound. Our special price Saturday is, per pound 15c

(No more than two pounds to a customer.)

For Saturday only, 5 packages of Woods' Fair Pepsin Chewing Gum, for 5c

(No more than 10c worth to a customer.)

The greatest offer ever made in London Souvenir Postcards, assorted designs, on sale Saturday, per dozen 5c

We Carry Everything in Copyright Books.

50c Paperettes, Sale Price 25c.

Real Irish Dimity Linen Writing Paper, 24 sheets and 24 envelopes, put up in beautiful box, to be sold while they last, value 50c, for 25c

All the Latest Popular Music Saturday, 23c.

My Yankee Irish Girl; Moonlight; Tammany; My Irish Molly, O; Billy; By the Watermelon Vine; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; Sweetheart Mine; A Bit of Blarney; Bluebell.

Fancy Goods Department.

No advance in our Embroidery Silks; prices just the same. 25 dozen Fine Tapestry Cushion Tops, assorted patterns and colors, regular 35c, sale price 25c

Our Wool Stock is Complete—All New Goods.

Basement Specials for Saturday, \$12.50 Dinner Sets for \$9.50

On Saturday we will offer special price on Dinner Sets. We have the finest and largest choice to be found in this city, and our prices are the lowest. Call and see our special 97-piece \$12.50 set, which we offer on Saturday for \$9.50

Good Tumblers, like the Saturday night, from 7.30 to 9.30, for, each 2c

Glass Fruit Nappies, full size, regular price 5c each, on sale Saturday, at, each 2c

Ladies' Print Wrappers, at 49 cents.

WOODS' FAIR

Drink Our Tea, value 40c, sale price 25c pound.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

TONIGHT AT THE GRAND.

Mr. Theodore Kremer one of the most popular authors, has furnished theater-goers throughout the country with many a pleasant evening, with the numerous successful plays that he has written. "A Desperate Chance" will be seen here at the Grand Opera House tonight. The author has taken for his theme an entirely new and novel idea, showing the great hypnotic power of the famous Hildie, but not over the gentle sex. Popular prices are in vogue.

"FLORODORA" TO-MORROW.

"Florodora," with its wealth of beautiful scenery, charming girls and entrancing music, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House to-morrow. The production is positively new in every particular, scenery, costumes and cast, with one or two exceptions, having been employed in the big New York revival of this favorite of all musical comedies last season. The advance sale of seats has been very large, and no doubt the capacity audiences will greet the company at both performances to-morrow.

"RUSY IZZY'S VACATION."

George Sidney's characterization of the little Jew, Izzy, in his new musical comedy, "Rusy Izzy's Vacation," is spoken of as the artistic portrayal. A Boston critic says: "One laughs with Izzy, not at him." This is indeed commendable in this day of outrageous character burlesques. Some of the ordinary will be found in this new musical comedy. All is pure fun, refined frolic, catchy songs, quick, rapid-fire comedy, embellished with pretty girls, handsome gowns, bright new scenery, and pretentious musical numbers. The show is for laughing purposes, and a large coterie of clever comedians and a big beauty chorus keep in activity from start to finish. There are many big musical numbers. Some of the latest of which are: "Off on Vacation," "Cholly Boy," "Casey," "Whoo, Boy," "Get a Ticket," "Cherry Hill Jerry," "I'm Going Away to California," "A Good Time," "What the Wild Waves Are Saying," "I Want Someone to Love Me," and "Come and Take a Walk with Me." Each member is specially and handsomely gowned, thereby requiring many changes of costumes. Another very novel and attractive number is the "Fencing Girls," in which the pretty girls will test the tactics of self-defense, forming numerous poses, and musical accompaniment. This one number is attracting attention everywhere, as it is not only new, but graceful, yet accurate and effectively artistic. Mr. Sidney and his big company will commence their "vacation" celebration at the Grand on Monday evening next.

MIGHTY GOOD PLAY.

If there is any virtue in newspaper commendation, and if the indorsement of the public at large, for the past ten years, is to be taken as a criterion, then "Human Hearts," which will be presented at the Grand Tuesday, afternoon and evening, is certainly entitled to take rank as the great American drama. During the many years that "Human Hearts" has been presented in this country, the praise accorded it by newspaper critics and the

general public has been universal. There have been no dissenting voices; the verdict of approval has been unanimous. Even the rival managers have graciously acknowledged that "Human Hearts" is a "mighty good play." Popular prices will prevail during this engagement.

FAILED TO MEET THEM

Manufacturers Refused Information to the Trades Congress.

Toronto, Sept. 21.—Behind closed doors the Trades and Labor Congress held an executive session this morning.

The special committee appointed to confer with the Manufacturers' Association reported that they had carried out the instructions, but that hereafter if negotiations were deemed advisable, overtures should come from the manufacturers, inasmuch as those parties had failed to meet labor in its endeavor to promote peace and harmony.

The committee attributed this result for the absence of J. P. Ellis from the manufacturers' committee. The failure of refusal of the manufacturers to supply information to the Trades and Labor Congress, led the committee to urge congress to request the Government, in emphatic terms, to see that the secretaries of the bureau receive authority to procure the desired information.

In the discussion on the tariff committee's report, while there was general variance of opinion, the general view seemed to be that the tariff should be diminished, some declaring that the tariff was debauching.

KUBELIK DRIVES ENGINE

Famous Musician Has Most Exciting Trip in England.

London, Sept. 22.—Herr Kubelik, the famous violinist, has played at being an engine driver. He rode 90 miles on the coastliner from Llandrindod Wells to the Craven Arms, stoked, shoveled, made his fire grime, wiped it with tow, and generally acted like an old hand on the line.

He described his ride, with a profusion of adjectives, at Morecombe yesterday. "It was marvellous," he said; "interesting, enchanting, thrilling, and I shall never forget it."

"I pulled the throttle and started the engine. I took the stoker's place, my hand at firing, and found I could use the steam shovel as the bow."

"The ride began at 10 o'clock in the morning, and the weather being chilly, my friends lent me an overcoat. The heat, fumes and the stoking soon made me take it off."

"The real driver gave me a lump of waste to use as a towel. When I looked in the glass I was like one of your English miners. With soot and grease longed to be back in my comfortable bay."

Kubelik and his party went out for a swim yesterday evening in Morecombe Bay. He is a fine swimmer, and heading off from the bathing van soon left all distance behind. He went out for some distance, and astonished the crowds who lined the beach with the speed at which he covered the half-mile stretch between the west end pier and the Midland Railway Company's old harbor.

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which beset the face are the result of impure blood, caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Farnham's Vegetable Pills will at the same time

A Shining Mark

"Claude" said Jess in a low, hoarse voice.

He started as if he had been shot, and swung round upon her, and the two stood confronting each other. The light from a gas-lamp fell upon both their faces, and both were white: he with a fear that was almost superstitious; hers with an awful expression of hate and satisfaction.

"Claude!" she said again. "Who the deuce are you?" he exclaimed at last, trying to shake off her grasp of iron; but her thin hand closed on his shoulder like a clasp of a vice. She laughed, a dry, harsh laugh.

"You don't know me, you mean?" she said. "You lie, Claude Hamilton, you know who I am. But I'll tell you. I am Jess Playford. Jess! Jess! Do you hear?" The woman who ruined and deserted!

He had been playing and losing and drinking heavily, and his nerves—the nerves of a coward—were all unstrung, and he shook under her grasp. "Good Lord, Jess, is it you?" he managed to stammer out at last.

"Yes, it's me," she retorted, with savage bitterness. "Look at me! I'm altered, but you'll know me after a minute or two. I know you fast enough. You've not altered; it isn't you who have suffered! No! I knew you!"

His face twitched and his lips quivered under the gaze of her black eyes.

"Yes, it is Jess!" he exclaimed, with feigned surprise and delight. "Well, this is luck! Why, I've been looking for you everywhere, Jess!"

"That's a lie!" she said, not loudly, but with slow distinctness. "It is I that have been looking for you! But I've found you—at last! What an accident there was in those last two words! In them spoke all the awful longing for vengeance which had been simmering for months and years. 'At last! You're glad to see me, aren't you? You look it! Well, I'm glad to see you! You made me, where—where are you living, Jess?'"

"What do you care where—or how?" she retorted, with suppressed fury. "You hoped that I shouldn't live at all. You hoped that I should die! You'd give all your worth if I were dead! Don't deny it, Claude! But I'm not dead—I'm alive, Claude—and I've found you!"

He grew red and white by turns. "Look here," he said, glancing towards the cab-stand nervously; "don't make a scene, Jess!"

"No," she said, with a sharp click of her teeth; "I won't make a scene. I've found you, and I mean to keep you! Make an attempt to give me the slip, and I'll call these men to help me!"

"Give you the slip?" he echoed, with well-feigned reproach; "certainly not! Such an idea never entered my head! Why should I? Why, Jess, I'm awfully glad to see you—awfully!"

"Yes," she said, with bitter sarcasm. "You look like it. And now what do you mean to do?"

"Mean to do?" he repeated, his eyes falling before her fixed gaze.

"Yes!" she said, stoutly and sternly. "What do you mean to do? I ask you. I want an answer. You promised to marry me—you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said, weakly, desperately.

"You deserted me—left me to starve!" she said, and her hand fell from his shoulder to his forehead, and grasped it. "Did you forget your promise?"

"To marry you?" he said, gently. "Yes! I was no worse than that I am now! Did you do it? Speak—answer, 'yes' or 'no'! Answer me, and I'll—her teeth clenched and her eyes shone like two balls of fire—"kill you!"

He tried to speak, but his voice failed him.

"Will you?" she said. "Wait; perhaps you are married already!" and her voice sounded harsh and husky.

"No, no, I'm not married," he replied.

She drew a long breath.

"If you had said 'yes,' she said, 'I'd have killed you! You see, I don't marry. Then you will marry me? Remember your promise! Look at me, and remember what I was and what you made me. Answer me! Will you marry me?'"

He looked from side to side under his thick lids.

"Of course, I will," he replied. "Don't tell me I have been looking for you! Why, we always used to get on well together, you and me! Of course I'll marry you! You don't mean how hard pressed I was when I left you! I'm sorry I did it, very, and I've been looking for you ever so long—years! 'Pon my word of honor!"

"Your honor?" she said, with bitter scorn. "Where do you live? I've found you now, and I'm not going to lose sight of you!"

He drew a cardcase from his pocket. "Here's my address," he said.

She took the card under the lamp, and looked at it.

"Lord Carr-Lyon?" she said. "You are a lord?"

"Yes," he said, uneasily. "I came into the title."

"After you left me to starve!" she finished, as he hesitated. "And will you marry me? So you are a lord, are you? What is this—201 Park Lane?"

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DOCTOR BANGS' PRESCRIPTION.



Old Doctor Bangs put on his specs, Through which he studies human wrecks, And pursed his mouth as round a bung, And snapped to Jones, 'Let's see your tongue!'

The doctor said, with slow head-shake, 'It looks like a piece of frosted cake. What are you drinking, or what do you eat, To cost like that, you 'tasting meat?'

'Taint nothin' but coffee, said Jones, With a cough that jangled his loose-knit bones;

'I'm just as keener as keener can be— Don't drink no coffee, don't drink no tea. Coffee'll kill you, or make ye blind, So I'm usin' the imitation kind.'

Old Doctor Bangs gave an angry snort, And Jones by his pipe-stem arm he caught. 'No wonder you're sick,' he roared, 'You've slobbered that slimy, broadhead drool.'

The good earth puts the best it can In the coffee berry, to comfort man. If you're honest, and pure, and true, It's the stuff to put good life in you.

Now hump for home! Begin to-day, Buy CHASE & SANBORN'S on the way. You'll come to thank me on your knees! Good-bye! Clearout! Two dollars, please!

'Yes,' he said, 'that's my address. You can find me, and see, if you like.'

'Call a cab,' he said, 'and get it. He obeyed, and they got in. 'Tell the man where to drive,' she said.

He did so, and the cab rattled off. 'You don't mean to make a scene, Jess?' he said. 'The servants, you know, I shall not make a scene; but I want to know whether you are lying or not. If what you say is true, then I am satisfied. You should marry me, if you were a duke.'

'I'm only an earl,' he said, with a ghastly smile.

The cab rattled on and entered Park Lane.

'The house is near here,' he said. 'You won't make a fuss?' he asked again.

'No,' she said. 'I've been thinking. You will meet me tomorrow'—she thought a moment—'on the Embankment, under Waterloo Bridge. We can go to the theatre and get married.'

'Of course,' he said at once. 'So looked at him.

'Do you think you can escape me? If so, put that thought away from you. I have found you—and will keep you!'

'My dear Jess,' he said, with effusion, 'I've separated the intention of escaping you. All I bargain for is that we go abroad for a time. You men in a fuss people make when men in my position—'

'We will go where you like,' she said, firmly. 'And you will meet me at 10 o'clock.'

'At 10 o'clock?' he said, instantly. 'The cab stopped at the house in Park Lane, and he got out.

'Did you get the man to drive?' he asked.

'I will tell him,' she said, calmly. 'Let me see you go into the house.'

'I forced a laugh.

'You always were sharp, Jess,' he said. 'But I do live here, as it happens. Ten o'clock tomorrow.'

She watched him go up the steps and ring the bell, and saw his hand, and not till then, did she give the man the address of the street in the Edgware Road.

'No, no, I'm not married,' he replied.

She drew a long breath.

'If you had said 'yes,' she said, 'I'd have killed you! You see, I don't marry. Then you will marry me? Remember your promise! Look at me, and remember what I was and what you made me. Answer me! Will you marry me?'"

He looked from side to side under his thick lids.

"Of course, I will," he replied. "Don't tell me I have been looking for you! Why, we always used to get on well together, you and me! Of course I'll marry you! You don't mean how hard pressed I was when I left you! I'm sorry I did it, very, and I've been looking for you ever so long—years! 'Pon my word of honor!"

"Your honor?" she said, with bitter scorn. "Where do you live? I've found you now, and I'm not going to lose sight of you!"

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NEW FALL STYLES IN WALKING SKIRTS



Are being received in our Mantle Showrooms every day or so. Below we mention some new arrivals that are sure to please—they are priced so reasonably. They are smart, shapely garments, correct in style, nicely tailored, hang gracefully and made of good materials.

Blue and Brown Tweed Skirts—9-gore, raised seam, with cluster of tucks on side gores. In misses' lengths only. Price..... **\$2.75**

Black Foulle Cloth Skirts—Panel seams and tucks with free pleats at bottom, finished with self strappings and cloth buttons..... **\$3.50**

Also a neat style in Broadcloth, with silk strappings and buttons..... **\$3.85**

A good assortment of Tweed Skirts—13-gore, side pleats, with box pleat on side, seams and button trimmings, at..... **\$4.25**

A smart style in Black Foulle Cloth—Box-pleated skirt, self-strappings and button trimmings, at..... **\$5.00**

A handsome style is our 9-gore, box-pleated skirt of **Venetian Cloth**, at..... **\$7.00**

NOTICE: OUR MILLINERY OPENING WILL