



FLEECE-LINED UNDERWEAR.

Is one of the best to keep you warm for the cold months. Better buy Underwear to-morrow at this Sale and save yourself from getting any colds. Special for this Sale . . . 50c Worth 75c.

50c. MEN'S CAPS. Your choice . . . 25c

10c. MEN'S COLLARS. Move Out, 3 for . . . 5c

75c. MEN'S SHIRTS. A splendid variety . . . 50c

15c. BUTTER DISHES. Move Out Price . . . 10c

6c. TUMBLERS. Move Out Price . . . 4c

65c. FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR. Move Out Price . . . 50c

\$3.50 WOMEN'S BOOTS. Move Out Price . . . 2.85

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Another Rousing and Terrific PRICE SMASH To-Morrow.

New Bargains every day. And here's the latest yet! It's the Sale that's set the town a-talking. No dull days here, for when quality goods are linked with low prices, it's surely a happy combination that brings throngs of enthusiastic shoppers every day. Remember the entire stock is to move out. A clean sweep is the order from Main Office and everything goes—nothing held back or reserved. Prices cut to a give away point. Your chance for Bargains. Line up with the crowds in the morning.

\$3.00 WOOL BLANKETS. Sale Special . . . 2.50

\$7.50 MEN'S SUITS. Very Special Sale . . . \$6.95

\$3.50 BOYS' SUITS, in Tweeds and other Patterns . . . \$2.95

60c. CORSETS. Your Selection . . . 50c

15c. MEN'S TIES. Move Out Price . . . 10c

BIG SPECIALS FOR OPENING DAY.

50c. Glass 7-piece Berry Sets, worth double the price asked, but marked down for this Sale to . . . 39c

Bedstead, Spring and Mattress, that usually sells for \$10.50. Another of our specials for opening day . . . \$7.95

LADIES' COATS FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

We have just received a grand selection of Women's Coats for Fall and Winter, and will mark them sensationally low for opening day. Special . . . \$6.95 up

MEN'S SUITS FOR FALL.

Just opened and priced a grand selection of Men's Suits in Tweeds, and a variety of patterns that would be good value for \$10.00. A Special for this Sale . . . \$6.95

50c. MEN'S CAPS. Your choice . . . 25c

10c. MEN'S COLLARS. Move Out, 3 for . . . 5c

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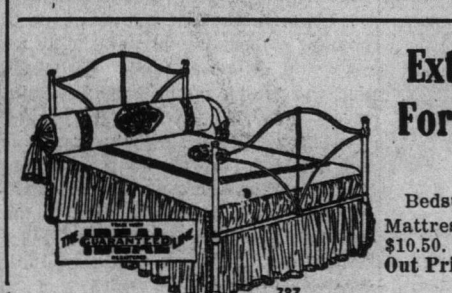


Our Big Dish Pan.

As usual we give the people of St. John's and vicinity a chance to save money on Enamelware. Our leader special for to-morrow: Our Big Bargain Dish Pan, worth 50c., for . . . 39c

Come and See Our 75c. Bargain Table

A grand Clearance Sale of \$1.15 WOMEN'S OVERALL APRONS. . . 75c. \$1.50 HOUSE DRESSES . . . 75c. \$1.25 UNDERSKIRTS . . . 75c. \$1.25 CHILDREN'S DRESSES . . . 75c. \$1.55 WOMEN'S BLOUSES . . . 75c.



CURTAIN SCRIMP. Move Out Price . . . 15c

15c. GINGHAMS. Special Price . . . 11c

SATEENS. Move Out Price . . . 18c

SHIRTING. Special . . . 15c

TOWELING. Move Out Price . . . 15c

WOMEN'S RUBBERS. Special Price . . . 99c

MEN'S RUBBERS. Move Out Price . . . 1.35

This Sale Starts Tomorrow Morning at 9 o'clock, SHARP Be on Hand early.

Wom's Underwear for Cold Weather.

Now is the best time to buy Underwear at this Sale. Later, Underwear may advance in price, so we would advise to buy now at this sale. Our special garment, worth 50c., for . . . 35c



Extra Special For This Sale.

Bedstead, Spring and Mattress complete. Reg. \$10.50. Move Out Price . . . \$7.95

BOYS' RUBBERS. Sale Price . . . 1.15

MISSES' RUBBERS. Sale Price . . . 9c

WHITE QUILT SPREADS. Move Out Price . . . 2.00

COTTON BLANKETS. Sale Price . . . 1.45

FLANNELETTE. Move Out Price, yard . . . 15c

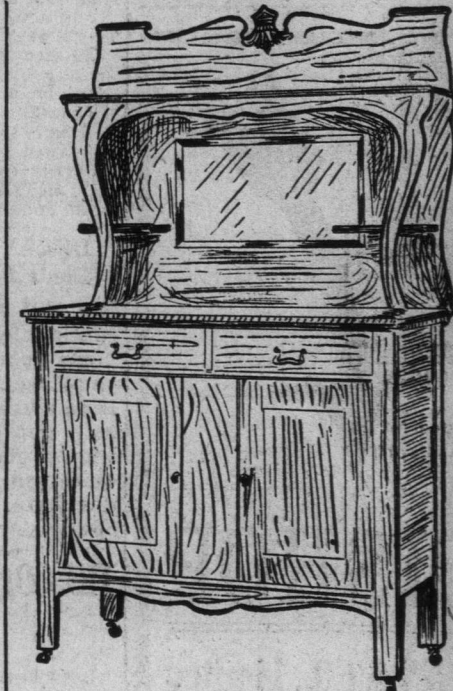
FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS. Move Out Price . . . 5c

COUCHES at \$5.50, \$6.50 & \$7.50.

This Store is a Gold Mine

of BARGAINS filled with nuggets like these.

Come early in the morning, if possible; if you cannot, be sure and come sometime of the day and get YOUR share of the Bargains.



A selection of Sideboards worth while, made specially for us. You will have to come and see them. Worth a lot more than we ask but we are always anxious to give bargains. Our Special . . . \$12.50 and up

"Your Father Who Had Counted on You."

The Tragic Night When Mr. Britling Loses His Firstborn.

The angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.

There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that life may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly.

—John Bright, in the Commons on the Crimean War in 1855.

The most tremendous scene in Mr. H. G. Wells' new story, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," is that which occurs when the news comes that the first-born, Hugh, is dead on the battlefield.

"This scene is the most terrible thing in the novel. It hurts more

intolerably than anything else. I think it marks the highest point in the achievement of Mr. Wells. There is nothing greater in Tolstoy or Dostoevsky," says Mr. James Douglas, in the Star.

"The telegram was brought up by a girl in a pinafore instead of the boy of the old dispensation. . . .

Why Did I Let Him Go?

"He had been thinking of this possibility for the last few weeks almost continuously, and yet now that it had come to him he felt that he had never thought about it before, that he must go off alone by himself to envisage this monstrous and terrible fact without distraction or interruption. . . .

"He drew the telegram from his pocket again furtively, almost guiltily,

and re-read it. He turned it over and read it again. . . .

"Killed!"

"Then his own voice, hoarse and strange in his ears, spoke his thought, 'My God! how utterly silly. . . . Why did I let him go? Why did I let him go?'

What Is It?

"Mrs. Britling (his second wife, and not Hugh's mother) did not learn of the blow that had struck them until after dinner that night. She was so accustomed to ignore his incomprehensible moods that she did not perceive that there was anything tragic about him until they sat at table together. He seemed heavy and sulky and disposed to avoid her. But that sort of moodiness was nothing very strange to her. She knew that things that seemed to her utterly trivial, the reading of political speeches in the Times, little comments on life made in the most casual way, mere movements, could so avert him. She had cultivated a certain disregard of such trifles. But at the dinner-table she looked up, and was stabbed to the heart to see a haggard white face and eyes of deep despair regarding her ambiguously.

"Hugh!" she said, and then with a chill intuition, "What is it?"

"They looked at each other. His face softened and winced.

"My Hugh," he whispered, and neither spoke for some seconds.

"Killed," he said, and suddenly stood up whimpering, and fumbled with his pocket.

"It seemed he would never find what he sought. It came at last, a crumpled telegram. He threw it down before her, and then thrust his chair back clumsily and went hastily out of the room. She heard him sob. She had not dared to look at his face again.

"But what can I say to him?" she said, with the telegram in her hand.

What Can I Do for Him?

"That night Mrs. Britling made the supreme effort of her life to burst the prison of self-consciousness and inhibition in which she was confined. Never before in all her life had she so desired to be spontaneous and unrestrained; never before had she so felt herself hampered by her timidity, her self-criticism, her deeply ingrained habit of never letting herself go. She was rent by reflected distress. It seemed to her that she would be ready to give her life and the whole world to be able to comfort her husband now. And she could conceive no gesture of comfort. She went out of the dining-room into the hall and

listened. She went very softly upstairs until she came to the door of her husband's room. There she stood still. She could hear no sound from within. She put out her hand and turned the handle of the door a little way, and then she was startled by the loudness of the sound it made and at her own boldness. She withdrew her hand, and then with a gesture of despair she flitted along the corridor to her own room.

"Her mind was beaten to the ground by this catastrophe, of which to this moment she had never allowed herself to think. She had never allowed her husband, like some pitiful beast, wounded and bleeding, filled her mind. She gave scarcely a thought to Hugh. 'Oh, what can I do for him?' she asked herself, sitting down before her unlit bedroom fire. . . . 'What can I say or do?'

"It was late that night and after an eternity of resolutions and doubts and indecisions that Mrs. Britling went to her husband. He was sitting close up to the fire with his chin to his hands, waiting for her; he felt that she would come to him, and he was thinking meanwhile of Hugh with a slow unprogressive movement of the mind. He showed by a movement that he heard her enter the room, but he did not turn to look at her. He shrank a little from her approach.

"She came and stood beside him. She ventured to touch him very softly and to stroke his head. 'My dear,' she said, 'my poor dear!'

"My poor dear!" she said, still stroking his hair, 'my poor dear!'

She desired supremely to be his

comfort, and in a little while she was acting comfort so poorly that she perceived her own failure. And that increased her failure, and that increased her paralysing sense of failure. . . .

I Can't Reach You.

"Suddenly the real woman cried out from her.

"I can't reach you!" she cried aloud. 'I can't reach you. I would do anything. . . . You? You with your heart half broken. . . .'

"She turned towards the door. She moved clumsily, she was blinded by her tears.

"Mr. Britling uncovered his face. He stood up astonished, and then pity and pitiful understanding came storming across his grief. He made a step and took her in his arms. 'My dear,' he said, 'don't go from me. . . .'

"She turned to him weeping, and put her arms about his neck, and he too was weeping.

"My poor wife!" he said, 'my dear wife. If it were not for you I think I could kill myself to-night. Don't cry, my dear. Don't, don't cry. You do not know how you comfort me. You do not know how you help me.'

"He drew her to him; he put her cheek against his own. . . .

"His heart was so sore and wounded that he could not endure that another human being should go wretched. He sat down in his chair and drew her upon his knees, and said everything he could think of to console her and reassure her and make her feel that she was of value to him. He spoke of every pleasant aspect of their lives, of every aspect, except that he never named that dear pale youth who

waited now. . . . He could wait a little longer. . . .

"At last she went from him.

"Good-night," said Mr. Britling, and took her to the door. 'It was very dear of you to come and comfort me,' he said. . . .

Can You Hear Me?

"This room was unendurable. He must go out. . . . Across the park he went, and suddenly his boy was all about him, playing, climbing the cedars, twisting miraculously about the lawn on a bicycle, discarding bravely upon his future, lying on the grass, breathing very hard, and drawing preposterous caricatures. Once again they walked side by side up and down—it was at that very spot—talking gravely but rather shyly. . . .

"And here they had stood a little awkwardly, before he went in to say good-bye to his stepmother and go off with his father to the station.

"I will work to-morrow again," whispered Mr. Britling, 'but to-night—to-night. . . . To-night is yours. . . . Can you hear me, can you hear? Your father. . . . who had counted on you. . . .'

"Then after a time he said: . . .

"Our sons who have shown us God. . . ."

Sore Absolutely Painless

Corns No cutting, no plaster, no pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without a pain.

Go! Takes out the sting over night. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"