MC 2035

POOR DOCUMENT

Why I Buy Oats in Packages

"One day I had the opportunity of going through the mills where Tillson's Rolled Oats are produced.

"I saw the grain being received, I followed it through the various processes, I watched the thin, delicate flakes being placed in the packages. And *not once* was Tillson's touched by human hands.

"I decided right there that I'd always buy rolled oats in packages.

"I also decided that I'd always buy Tillson's Rolled Oats, because of the care I saw exercised in the selection of the grain; because the flakes are rolled so thin that they cook perfectly in 15 minutes, and because Tillson's exclusive pan-drying process retains the delicious flavor and aroma of the oats.

"I wish every woman in Canada could see Tillson's Rolled Oats made."

Oatmeal Griddle Cakes

To one cupful of cooked Tillson's Rolled Oats add one egg beaten light without separating, one cupful of milk and one cupful of flour mixed with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a teaspoonful of melted butter, mix thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle.

Tillson's Oats

Your grocer has Tillson's. Two sizes—10c and 25c. Each 25c package contains a handsome piece of English Porcelain Tableware.

CANADIAN CEREAL & MILLING CO., Ltd. TORONTO, ONT.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"THEY SAY that truth is as strange as fiction,' I heard a girl remark the other day, "but really and truly, nothing like things in books ever happen in real life. That is, to the people you and I know. It may to people in newspapers, but that's different."

That is a point of view which I have often heard expressed, and with which I am always ready to differ. I think that just as strange and delightful and story-book things happen every day to real people, as are writen in fiction. I can't say that truth is any stranger than fiction. I am too much impressed by O'Henry's declaration that he once read in a story, "'So be it,' said the policeman," and that he is sure that truth can offer nothing stranger than this.

But I do contend that truth is just as strange and just as nice as fiction.

Let me tell you two absolutely true story-book happenings which came to my attention recently.

A friend of mine took care of her grandmother through the latter's last illness. The grandmother was a very fascinating and delightful old person of some means, and was always doing enchantingly unique things that would not have been at all out of place between the covers of my best seller. On one occasion she called her grand-daughter to her and said, "Mary, I don't consider that you think enough about what you wear for a girl in your position. Now, I want you to take my hand, and solemnly promise me that you will use the interest of this money twice a year to buy yourself a new hat." Mary did so, and her grandmother—"dearheart" as she calls her—gave her a thousand dollars.

Another time "dearheart" made her grand-daughter promise that she would buy two lovely gowns with the interest of her gift, and thereupon gave her five thousand dollars.

My friend sometimes wears a beautiful string of pearls. There are 112 pearls in this string—the number of days shenursed her grandmother, bought by "dearheart's" lorders.

Another friend of mine, a young college girl, had to earn her way through college and tried working as waitress at one of the big summer hotels. She and her chum were the only college girls there, and were unkindly treated in every possible way by the other waitresses. The guests, however, were very much interested and extremely kind, and just as the girls were about to give up in despair on account of the cruelty of their mates and the wretchedness of the food, my friend received an invitation from some of the people she served to accompany them in their next move. She went and spent three of the happiest weeks of her life "doing" New York as their guest. Her chum was even more fortunate, for a family who had taken a fancy to her, actually took her abroad.

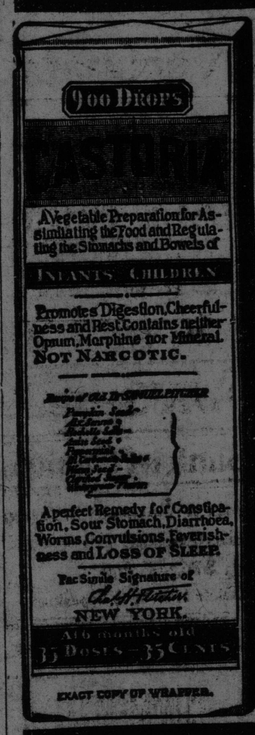
Now, you who think that real life is always prosaic, own up that if you read these things in a story book, you'd say such things never really happen.

But they did. Honest and true—cross my throat—hope I may die.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once wrote to his wife. "It puzzles me to conceive how you meet with so many more events than I. You will have a volume to tell me when we meet."

Is it not true that there are some people who are always hearing of and experiencing interesting things, and that there are others who never are so fortunate?

Now just because you do not happen to be the kind of person who is constantly meeting with romance, do not think that story-book things do not happen in real life—because they do.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters)

As Melisse, wife of John Cummins, lies dying in her cabin home in the far Canadian north, she hears music. Presently the door opens and Jan Thoreau, with his violin, enters. After the death of Melisse, Jan, who soothed her last moments, is invited to stay on in the cabin with Cummins, who is a hunter.

The mother has left a little girl, also named Melisse, for whom Jan feels a supreme love.

In the frequent absence of the little Melisse's father, Jan cares for the little baby, prevents her Indian nurse from bringing her up as a papoose, and often plays to her.

Of Jan's past no one knows anything. He tells simply that he came from the Barren Lands.

One night during the annual carbon roast, in which all of the hunters at the post took part, Jan sees a newcomer whom he recognizes as a missioner that he has sworn to kill. The man makes his escape on a sledge pulled by fleet dogs and when Jan follows them and they fight he leaves Jan for dead in the snow.

A hunter friend of Jan's named Gravois finds Jan and revives him and also finds, a little distance away, the dead body of the missioner.

Jan returns to the post and determines to do everything he can to educate Melisse and make her like the women of civilization whom he knows, attends for several years the company's school at another post and returns bringing his knowledge to Melisse.

Melisse grows in beauty and charm and in all ways Jan is to her as a brother.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued).

Ledoq looked puzzled. Half a mile away, the top of a snow-covered ridge was visible from the cabin. He pointed to it.

"An hour ago I saw it going westward along the mountain—three men and six dogs. Whom have you out from Lac Bain?"

"No one," replied Jan. "It must have been the new agent from Churchill. We expect him early this winter. Shall we hurry back, Melisse, and see if he has brought our books and violin-strings?"

"You must have dinner with me," objected Ledoq.

Jan caught a quick signal from Melisse.

"Not today, Ledoq. It's early, and we have a lunch for the trail. What do you say, Melisse?"

"If you're not tired, Jan."

"Tired!"

He tossed the last package from the sledge and cracked his long whip over the dogs' backs as they both cried out their farewell to the little Frenchman.

"Tired!" he repeated, running close beside her as the team swung lightly back into the trail, and laughing down into her face. "How could I ever get tired with you watching me run, Melisse?"

"I wouldn't mind if you did—just a little, Jan. Isn't there room for two?"

She gave a coquettish little shrug of her shoulders, and Jan leaped upon the moving sledge, kneeling close behind her.

"Always, always, I have to ask you!" she pouted. "You needn't get too near, you know, if you don't want to!"

The old, sweet challenge in her voice was irresistible, and for a moment Jan felt himself surrendering to it. He leaned forward until his chin was buried in the silken lynx fur of her coat, and for a single breath he felt the soft touch of her cheek against his own. Then he gave a sudden shout to the dogs—so loud that it startled her—and his whip writhed and snapped twenty feet above their heads, like a thing filled with life.

He sprang from the sledge and again ran with the team, urging them on faster and faster until they dropped into a panting walk when they came to the ridge along which Ledoq, two hours before, had seen the strangers hurrying towards Lac Bain.

"Stop!" cried Melisse, taking this first opportunity to scramble from the sledge. "You're cruel to the dogs, Jan! Look at their jaws—see them pant! Jan Thoreau, I've never seen you drive like that since the night we were chased in from the barrens by the wolves!"

"And did you ever see me run any faster?" He struggled, dropping exhausted upon the sledge. "I remember only one other time."

He took a long breath, flinging back his arms to bring greater volume of air into his lungs.

"Wasn't that the night we heard the wolves howling behind us?" Melisse asked.

"No, it was many years ago, when I heard, far to the south, that my little Melisse was dying of the plague."

Melisse sat down upon the sledge beside him without speaking, and nestled one of her hands a little timidly in one of his big, brown palms.

"Tell me about it, Jan."

"That was all—I ran."

"You wouldn't run as fast for me now, would you?"

He looked at her boldly and saw that there was not half of the brilliant flush in her cheeks.

"I ran for you, just now—and you did not like it," he replied.

"I don't mean that." She looked up at him and her fingers tightened round his own. "Away back—years and years and years ago, Jan—you went out to fight the plague, and nearly died in it, for me. Would you do that much again?"

"I would do more, Melisse."

She looked at him doubtfully, her eyes searching him as if in quest of something in his face which she scarce believed in his words. Slowly he rose to his feet, lifting her with him; and when he had done this he took her face betwen his two hands and looked straight into her eyes.

"Some day I will do a great deal more for you than that, Melisse, and then—"

"What?" she questioned, as he hesitated.

"Then you will know whether I love you as much now as I did years and years and years ago," he finished, gently repeating her words.

There was something in his voice that held Melisse silent as he turned to straighten out the dogs; but when he came back, making her comfortable on the sledge, she whispered:

"I wish you would do it soon, Brother Jan!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The New Agent and His Son.

They did not lunch on the trail, but drove into the post in time for dinner. Jean de Gravois and Croisset came forth from the store to meet them.

"You have company, my dear!" cried Jean to Melisse. "Two gentlemen fresh from London on the last boat, and one of them younger and handsomer than your own Jan Thoreau. They are waiting for you in the cabin, where mon pere is getting them dinner, and telling them how beautifully you would have made the coffee if you were there."

"Two!" said Jan, as Melisse left them. "Who are they?"

"The new agent, M. Timothy Dixon, as red as the plague and fatter than a spawning fish! And his son, who has come along for fun, he says; and I believe he will get what he's after if he remains here very long Jan Thoreau, for he looked a little too boldly at my Iowaka when she came into the store just now!"

"Mon Dieu!" laughed Jan, as Gravois took in the four quarters of the earth with a terrible gesture. "Can you blame him, Jean?-I tell you that I look at Iowaka whenever I get the chance!"

"Is she not worth it?" cried Jean in rapture. "You are welcome to every look that you can get, Jan Thoreau. But the foreigner—I will skin him alive and spit him with devil-thorn if he so much as peeps at her out of the wrong way of his eye!"

Croisset spoke.

"There was once a foreigner who came. You remember?"

"I remember," said Jan.

He looked to the white cross which marked Mukee's grave in the edge of the forest, where the shadow of a big spruce fell across it at the end of summer evenings.

"And—he—died," said Jean de Gravois, his dark hands clenched. "God forgive me, but I hate these red-necked men from across the sea."

Croisset shrugged his shoulders.

"Breeders of two-legged carrion eaters!" he exclaimed fiercely. "La charogne! There are two at Nelson House, and two on the Wholdaia, and one—"

A sharp cry fell from Jan's lips. When Croisset whirled toward him, he stood among his dogs, as white as death, his black eyes blazing as if just beyond him he saw something which filled him with terror.

As the man turned, startled by the look, Jean sprang to his side.

"Saints preserve us, but that was an ugly twist of the hand!" he cried shrilly. "Next time, turn your sledge by the rib instead of the nose, when your dogs are still in the traces!". Under his breath he whispered, as he made pretense of looking at Jan's hand: "Le diable, do you want to tell him?"

Jan tried to laugh as Croisset came to see what had happened.

"Will you care for the dogs, Henri?" asked Jean. "It's only a trifling sprain of the wrist, which Iowaka can cure with one dose of her liniment." As they walked away, Jan's face still as pallid as the gray snow under their feet, Gravois added: "You're a fool, Jan Thoreau. There's a crowd at your cabin, and you'll have dinner with me."

"La charogne!" muttered Jan. "Les betes de charonge!!"

Jean gripped him by the arm.

"I tell you that it means nothing—nothing!" he said, repeating his words of the previous day in the cabin. "You are a man. You must fight it down and forget. No one knows but you and me."

"You will never tell what you read in the papers?" cried Jan quickly. "You swear it?"

"By the blessed Virgin, I swear it!"

"Then," said Jan softly, "Melisse will never know!"

"Never," said Jean. His dark face flashed joyously as Iowaka's sweet voice came to them, singing a Cree lullaby in the little home. "Some day Melisse will be singing that same way over there; and it will be for you, Jan Thoreau, as my Iowaka is now singing for me!"

An hour later Jan went slowly across the open to Cummins' cabin. As he paused for an instant at the door he heard a laugh that was strange to him, and when he opened it to enter he stood perplexed and undecided. Melisse had risen from the table at the sound of his approach, and his eyes quickly passed from her flushed face to the young man who was sitting opposite her. He caught a nervous tremble in her voice when she said:

"Mr. Dixon, this is my brother, Jan."

The stranger jumped to his feet and held out a hand.

"I'm glad to know you, Cummins."

"Thoreau," corrected Jan quietly, as he took the extended hand. "Jan Thoreau."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought—" He turned inquiringly to Melisse. The flush deepened in her cheeks a s she began to gather up the dishes.

"We are of no relation," continued Jan something impelling him to speak the words with cool precision. "Only we have lived under the same roof since she was a baby, and so we have come to be like brother and sister."

"Miss Melisse has been telling me about your wonderful run this morning," exclaimed the young Englishman, his face reddening slightly as he detected the girl's embarrassment. "I wish I had seen it!"

(To be continued.)

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

The Royal Acknowledgment of Cheering as Queens Drive Through Streets—The Man Who Will Marry Dorothy Drew

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company)

So much attention has been devoted in the English press, and also in some American newspapers, to the difference in the bows by which Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary acknowledge the salutations of the public when driving, stress being laid on the fact that Queen Alexandra bows from her waist, whereas Queen Mary only bows her head, that it may be as well to explain that there is a reason for this, which may be described as mechanical.

If Queen Alexandra bows from her waist it is because, like her mother-in-law Quen Victoria, like the late Empress of Austria, and Queen Christina of Spain, she has a species of mechanical contrivance fixed to the seat and cushions of her carriages, which enables her to bow continuously from the waist, without any exertion or fatigue, while the carriage is in motion. It is something in the nature of the sliding seats used in rowing.

Queen Mary declines to make use of this contrivance, on the plea that it disposes her to sea-sicknes, a malady to which she is extremely prone; and it is because without this contrivance she would be overcome by fatigue if compelled to bow continuously from the waist, that she merely contents herself with an inclination of the head, which she endeavors to make as gracious as possible, but which is less suggestive of old fashioned courtesy than a bow from the waist.

This matter of bowing in response to the salutations of the public, is a perpetual source of differences among the members of royal and imperial families. According to the rules of etiquette, it is only the lady of highest rank in the carriage or party, who is permitted to respond to the salutations by bowing; and when, for instance, during the late reign the then Princess of Wales was driving with her mother-in-law, Queen Alexandra, the former was precluded from acknowledging any salute, even on the part of her personal intimates.

The Countess of Flanders, mother of King Albert of Belgium, in the days when her sister-in-law, the late Queen Henrietta of the Belgians, was still alive, absolutely refused to drive anywhere with the latter, on the ground that it was injurious to her dignity to be unable to return salutations addressed to her personally.

The most distinguished courtesy paid by old Emperor Francis Joseph to his royal guests, when driving them back to the railroad station at Vienna, is when he absolutely declined to acknowledge any of the salutes of the people lining the street, leaving that entirely to his visitor, so as to convey to the latter the impression that the popular homage is addressed to him, the guest, and not to himself, the emperor.

Is Now a Viscount

Lord Allendale, who has been transformed by King George from a baron into a viscount, is captain of the Yeoman of the Guard, and has an American sister-in-law, in the person of the wife of his younger brother, Hubert, Member of Parliament for Eastbourne. Mrs. Hubert Beaumont was Eliza Mercedes, eldest daughter of Michael P. Grace, of New York. Lord Allendale and his brother Hubert are very rich, being at the head of the lead mining industry in Durhamshire, and son of the late Lord Allendales first wife, a sister of the Marquis of Clanricarde. She was one of the most popular figures in London society, and a remarkably beautiful woman. Indeed, when old Shah Nasr-Ed-Din of Persia, visited England, away back in the seventies, he was so much smitten by her charms, that he offered her husband and her family $500,000 if he might take her away with him to Teheran. After her death, the late Lord Allendale married the widow of that ill-fated general, Sir George Pemeroy Colley, who was in command of the British troops on the occasion of their disastrous defeat by the Boers on Majuba Hill, in the first Boer war, some thirty years ago. The present Lord Allendale was formerly in the army, represented the Nexham Division of Northumberland in Parliament, was vice chamberlan to King Edward, and is married to a sister of the Marquis of Londonderry. Bretton Park, his place near Wakefield, has been in the family since the early part of the eighteenth century.

To Marry Dorothy Drew

Lieut. Francis Woodbyne Parish, of the 60th Rifles, A. D. C., to Lord Gladstone, Governor-General of South Africa, and who is engaged to be married to Miss Dorothy Drew, the favorite granddaughter of the late Mr. Gladstone, is a grandson of that Sir Woodbyne Parish who played so important a role at Buenos Ayres, in the infancy of the Argentine Republic. In fact, so great was the gratitude of the republic to Sir Woodbyne Parish, that when he finally returned to Europe, he received not only the public thanks of the president, the legislature, and the government of Argentina, and an ovation from the people, but likewise the request by the government that both he and his descendants in the male line would bear the arms of the republic on the family escutcheon. It is the only instance of the kind that I can recall, of any diplomat receiving such a tribute as this from the government to which he was accredited. And this will serve to explain why the young officer whom Dorothy Drew is about to marry, is entitled to use the heraldic devices of Argentina.

COUGHS AND COLDS

Are Dreaded by Mothers Who Fear for the Safety of Their Children

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

What a weight of responsibility rests on the mother of the family during the winter season!

In every cough and cold she recognizes the voice of Croup, Bronchitis, Consumption or other deadly throat and lung complications.

Few people, even among those who are convenient to doctors, can afford the luxury of a physician for every cough or cold, even though they realize the seriousness of neglecting such ailments.

For all such Dr. Chase has provided a prompt means of cure known as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

One reason why mothers prize this treatment above all others is because of its suitability for children. It is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and children like to take it. By its soothing, healing action it is wonderfully prompt in curing Croup, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough, and can be used by children with perfect safety so long as directions are followed.

Thousands of families in Canada keep Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house at all times for use in cases of emergency. This is the only way to be sure of protecting the bronchial tubes and lungs against coughs and colds. 25c a bottle, family size 60c, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

MORNING LOCALS

Rev. Wilfrid Gaetz delivered a temperance addres before the Alexandra Section No. 2, T. of H. in the hall in Main street yesterday afternoon.

About forty employes of the St. John Railway Company called at the home of one of their number, A. M. Stevens on Saturday night and presented to him a well-filled purse of gold. The presentation was made by A. C. Ellis Mr. Stevens has been in the employ of the company for eighteen years and is leaving for Toronto to accept a position with McDonald & Wilson there.

Some of the members of the junior section of the Natural History Society enjoyed a coasting party on the Sandy Point Road on Saturday afternoon.

The next Natural History Society lecture will be given on Tuesday night by M. E. Agar, who will lecture on Jamaica and Porto Rico.

George Chamberlain, an elderly man, was quite badly frozen while fishing on the ice in the Kennebecassis River near Drury Cove on Saturday afternoon. He was brought to the city and taken to the hospital, and after receiving treatment went to his home.

The county of Carleton Liberal-Conservative Association has passed a resolution condemning the stand taken by the government of Great Britain in favoring home rule in Ireland and has also in strong words denounced the Ne Temere decree.

Daily Hints For the Cook

MILWAUKEE SANDWICH

Cut two half-inch slices of white bread and one slice of rye or graham bread. Spread with butter on both sides and brown in the oven. Dispose one slice upon tender lettuce leaves, and upon this lay three or four broiled or fried oysters that have been egged and crumbled. Sprinkle the oysters with horseradish and cover with the slice of rye or graham toast. Upon this lay thin slices of cold chicken or turkey breast and three or four pieces of broiled bacon, and cover the meat with the last slice of toast. Upon the centre of the top place a slice of lemon, cut square, and surround this with four sweet pickled gherkins and four radishes, cut to show the centre. On the same plate, on lettuce, set a tomato with skin and hard core removed and the centre generously filled with sauce tartare.

CREOLE SOUP.

Wash and cut into slices one-half dozen good-sized tufnips, adding half a can of tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of sweet red peppers (canned), half a teaspoonful of allspice, one sliced Bermuda onion, a scant teaspoonful of salt, four whole cloves and a large tablespoonful of butter. Place these ingredients over the fire, covering with water, bring to the boiling point and cook until the vegetables are very tender; now strain and keep hot where it will not boil. Heat a pint of rich milk in a double boiler, thickening with a small teaspoonful of flour moistened in a little cream; be sure that the cream sauce boils; turn the vegetable puree into a heated tureen, stir in a tiny pinch of baking soda to prevent curdling and very gradually pour in the sauce, stirring constantly. Serve immediately.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

DIED IN THE JAIL.

Frederick Lowe, aged fifty-four who was serving a thirty days' sentence in the county jail for drunkenness, died in his cell there yesterday afternoon. He had been ill ever since being sent into jail and was under treatment of the jail physician. He was to have been sent to the hospital yesterday afternoon, but died suddenly in the arms of a fellow prisoner.

Coroner Berryman will hold an inquest Lowe is said to have a wife, and two children in Connecticut.

Sickness is usually caused by the accumulation of waste matter and impurities within the body.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,

enable the bowels, the kidneys, the lungs and the pores of the skin to throw off these impurities. Thus they prevent or cure disease. 12

25c. a box.

Stoves Lined with Fire Clay

Linings Put In and Grates Supplied For All Stoves

"Don't let the fire burn thru to the oven"

Make appointment by mail or telephone Main 1835-21.

Fenwick D. Foley

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JAN. 29.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	6.53	Low Tide	1.08
Sun Rises	7.52	Sun Sets	5.20

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Saturday.

Stmr Numidian, 3,107, Hall, Glasgow via Halifax. Wm Thomson & Co.

Stmr Manchester Trader, 2,136, Cabot, Manchester via Halifax. Wm Thomson & Co.

Stmr Manchester Mariner, 2,672, Linton, Manchester direct. Wm Thomson & Co.

Sailed Sunday.

Stmr Montezuma, 5,358, Griffiths, Liverpool.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Vancouver, B C, Jan 25—Steamed, str Zealandia, Phillips, Sydney, N S W.

Halifax, N S, Jan 28—Ard, stmr Georgian, Antwerp (towing stmr Dart); Grampian, Liverpool; Canada, Liverpool

Sld, Georgian for Baltimore.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Jan 28—Ard, stmr Hesperian, St John (N B); Manchester Commerce, do.

Southampton, Jan 28—Ard, stmr St Louis, New York.

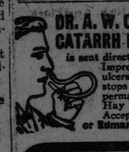
MARINE NOTES.

The Manchester liner Manchester Mariner, Captain Linton, arrived yesterday afternoon from Manchester direct. The steamer had a pretty rough trip and was considerably iced up. The trip across consumed fifteen days. The liner brought out one passenger. She docked at No. 5 berth, Sand Point.

The Allan liner Numidian, Capt. Hall, arrived Saturday from Glasgow via Halifax. She brought four saloon and twenty-four steerage passengers to this port. She will go to Liverpool from this port.

The Manchester liner Manchester Trader, Captain Cabot, arrived Saturday from Manchester via Halifax.

The S.S. Grampian arrived at Halifax yesterday with the mails and 346 passengers. Among the passengers were seventy-two Mormons bound for Utah. The steamer landed 600 tons of cargo at Halifax and then proceeded on her way to this port.



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased part by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

January Clearance Sale

At great reduction in price such an opportunity as this does not occur every day and especially in so seasonable a time. The reason we have made such a marked-down reduction sale is that we find we have too much of our winter stock left, and rather than keep it over for next year, we have decided to clear it out at cost or under. So there is the only chance for you to save your money.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, with Presto collar, regular price, $17.50, sale price, $10.98.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, regular price, $11.50, sale price, $6.50.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, regular price, $9.00, sale price, $4.98.

We have also got a few sheepskin coats left, which we will sacrifice.

MEN'S SWEATER COATS regular price, $1.25, now only 89c.

MEN'S WOOLEN UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR, regular price, $1.00 a garment, sale price, 69c.

Hundreds of other items which this small space does not allow will be slaughtered at your own prices.

Don't miss this opportunity. Be sure and be early, as such opportunities are rare.

S. JACOBSON

32 Mill Street