

WILCOX BROTHERS.

Bargain List for Thursday, Friday and Saturday

If you want any of the Lines Advertised in this List Now is Your Chance to Get Them.

150 doz. Men's 10c white handkerchiefs.	Sale price, 3c
200 " 15c braces.	" 9c
48 " 25c ties.	" 13c
80 " 35c ties.	" 19c
50 " 35c black cashmere hose.	" 19c
200 " 60c white dress shirts.	" 42c
20 " 25c Bal'n shirts and drawers.	" 19c
Men's 65c Duck working shirts.	" 48c
" 65c soft front "	" 48c
" 1.00 " "	" 69c
" 1.50 " "	" 98c
" 15c linen collars.	3 for 25c
" \$1.75 Canadian Tweed Pants.	" \$1.24
" 3.00 Hewson "	" 1.98
" 5.00 English Worsteds "	" 3.48
" 8.50 Canadian Tweed Suits.	" 6.48
" 10.00 " "	" 7.75
" 12.00 English Worsteds.	" 9.98
" 14.00 " "	" 11.48
" 16.00 English Clay Worsteds—blk. or blue.	" 11.98
" 10.00 Short Toppers.	Sale price, 7.48
" 10.00 Long Showerproof Overcoats.	" 6.48

In Boys' Department--

Boys' \$3.00 two-piece Suits.	\$1.98
" 3.00 Buster Brown Suits.	" 1.98
" 4.50 three-piece Suits.	" 2.98
" 6.00 " "	" 4.98
" Fancy Top Overcoats.	\$2.98 to 7.00
20 dozen Boys' 65c Knee Pants.	Sale price, 48c

Men's Hat Department--

Men's \$2.00 Hard Hats.	\$1.48
" 2.00 Soft Hats.	" 1.48
" Straw Hats.	95c to 1.98
Every well dressed man wears the King Hat.	\$2.50

In Shoe Department--

Men's Tan Oxfords.	\$3.48 up
" Patent Oxfords.	" 2.98 up
Women's Tan "	" 1.48 up
" Patent Oxfords.	" 2.48 up

Ladies' Clothing Department--

Ladies' \$9.00 White Allover Silk Lined Waists.	Sale price, \$6.48
" 7.50 " "	" 5.48
" 6.50 " "	" 4.48
" 5.25 " "	" 3.98
" 4.50 " "	" 3.25
" 3.75 " "	" 2.98
" 8.50 White Silk Waists.	" 6.48
" 7.00 " "	" 5.48
" 6.25 " "	" 4.98
" 4.75 " "	" 3.98
" 2.75 " "	" 1.98
50 doz. Ladies' 95c White Lawn Waists.	65c
25 " 75c white and col'd waists.	48c
5 " White Lawn Waists—samples.	75c to 3.00
Ladies' \$1.25 " "	98c
" 2.25 " "	1.75
" 3.25 " "	2.75
" 4.75 " "	3.75

Ladies' 50c P. C. and D. & A. Corsets.	sale price 39c
Ladies' 75c P. C. and D. & A. Corsets.	sale price .68
Ladies' \$1.00 P. C. and D. & A. Corsets.	sale price .78
Ladies' 1.50 P. C. and D. & A. Corsets.	sale price 1.18
Ladies' 50c Fancy Lisle Hose, black or tan.	-.39
Ladies' 25c Fancy Lisle Hose, black or tan.	-.19
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose.	2 pairs .25
Ladies' 50c Hose Supporters.	-.36
Ladies' 25c Hose Supporters.	-.19
Ladies' 15c Hose Supporters.	-.05
Ladies' Fancy Lace Collars.	15c to .75
Ladies' 50c black and tan Leather Belts.	-.30
Ladies' 75c black and tan Leather Belts.	-.50
Girls' Fancy Sunshades.	49c up
Children's Dresses, worth from 75c to \$1.00, your choice.	.58
Children's Dresses, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25, your choice.	.75
20 dozen Ladies' \$2.25 Undressed long Kid Gloves.	1.48
Ladies' \$2.50 long black or tan gloves.	1.98
Ladies' short Kid Gloves.	from 75c to 1.50
Ladies' \$12.00 Tweed Costumes.	sale price 6.98
Ladies' 18.00 Costumes, black, blue or brown Venetian.	14.98
Ladies' \$15.00 Costumes, black or blue Vicuna.	11.98
Ladies' 30.00 Costumes, black, blue or brown Panama.	25.00
Ladies' short Box or tight fitting Coats.	\$2.98 to 14.00
Ladies' long loose Coats.	7.98 to 15.00

WILCOX BROS

Fair Means or Foul

By JANE LEE.

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There may have been a time when the rain came down in greater quantities, but certainly not within the memory of the shoppers on Broadway one day early in February.

Some few, without the saving grace of faith, had almost persuaded themselves that a second flood was imminent, while others plodded through the slushy rivers in gutters too wide to be jumped, with no feeling save dumb misery.

The wind blew with such velocity that it was impossible to hold an umbrella, and broken ones had been thrown into the gutter, giving the appearance of a fleet of black ships as they whirled and finally stopped at the corner sewer. Women who were forced by circumstances to be out held their skirts down with one hand and took a firm grip on their hats with the other.

Among the few stragglers the policeman noticed the figure of a young girl, who had passed him several times, now peering over the curb as if fascinated by the ebb and flow of the stream.

Her clothes were of a good cut and material. Her curly locks were much bedraggled, and a tiny green stream was running down one cheek, thanks to the combination of rain and green ribbon upon her hat. The man in uniform and brass buttons stopped to her side as she hesitated at a rather perilous crossing.

"Bad day, miss," said he, as he offered to help her across the street.

"Bad? I should say it was! And in more ways than one! You see, I have lost my purse, and I am visiting in Bayville. I have not even money enough to get back to the house," explained the girl, as she looked up helplessly at the policeman.

He eyed her suspiciously. To his ears such stories were not uncommon.

"That's a good story, all right! Sure it's true, are you?" he said.

Just then the tall figure of a man, with his hat pulled down well over his eyes, passed them. The girl brightened as she saw him.

"Oh! call that man; please do," she cried, as the tall figure strode on.

"He's from Bayville, too."

The policeman ran over and touched the man on the shoulder.

"Lady over there wants you, sir."

The man glanced back, and then, with one agile leap across the gutter, he was at her side.

"Miss Merrill—an it be you? What on earth are you doing out in this pouring rain?" The questions fell thick and fast and without pause for answer. "Let us step into this drug store, and do tell me what I can do for you."

They entered the store and a friendly clerk offered them chairs; then he politely retired to the rear of the store.

Helen Merrill tried to adjust a stray lock and turned her blue eyes to meet her companion's interested gaze.

"It was awfully good of you to say you knew me. That policeman was horrid, and I thought you'd remember having seen me in uncle's trap."

"How could I fail to see you?" mused the man, and the girl blushed as she resumed her story.

"I came in town to do some shopping, and I've lost my purse. It was only evening this morning, and I could not foresee this awful wind and rain storm. I dropped my purse as I was crossing the street, and though I've looked and looked the whole length of that dirty gutter, I cannot find it," she explained to him. He offered no response. He was apparently lost in studying the depths of the blue eyes before him. "Oh, won't you send me back home, Mr. Marshall? I know Uncle John will consider it a neighborly courtesy."

Clayton Marshall smiled and glanced at his watch.

"I am awfully sorry to hear about your plight, Miss Merrill, and of course I will take you home at once. We have just time to catch the 2.30 train—that is, unless you would rather have a bite to eat first."

"Eat?" she cried. "I feel like a drowned rat and must look like one. No restaurant would admit me. Hungry as I am, I fear that home is the place for me."

Helen replied, "But she continued, 'If you will put me on the train, it will be quite sufficient. Surely your office is not closed so early.'"

Marshall protested and finally won the day. He called a hansom and together they took the train for Bayville. They telephoned in advance and

the family carriage was at the depot to meet Helen.

"Uncle John can thank you better than I," she said as they parted.

"Thank so?" asked Marshall. And then they both laughed.

The leading papers the next morning contained a large and conspicuous advertisement: "Lost, a gold mesh purse, containing bills, gold pencil and family communication ticket between Bayville and New York. Liberal reward offered to finder. Apply to Miss Helen Merrill, Bayville, New York."

Helen Merrill was visiting in one of those richly appointed suburban homes now frequently seen on the outskirts of a large city.

Her Uncle John, a "first" stock broker and bachelor, hated town life and lived in Bayville the year round. He loved to have his pretty niece visit him, while she was eager to leave her simple southern home and be his guest for weeks at a time, though her uncle was a vigorous champion.

The door bell rang several times during the day, but the finder of the purse did not appear until late that evening, though Helen listened eagerly for the coveted summons.

About 8 o'clock a maid announced to Miss Merrill that a suburban had called, saying he had found a purse and would like to have her identify it. Helen ran down the stairs, delighted at the thought of finding her lost treasure. In front of the open fire stood Clayton Marshall, warning his hands.

"Mr. Marshall," exclaimed Helen, with the pretty blush that was one of her girlish charms. "The maid said there was a man here who had found my purse, but I guess he must be outside."

"Not at all, Miss Merrill. I am the man who has the purse," and he drew forth from the depths of his pocket the missing trinket. Helen's cry of delight did not seem to be contagious, for Marshall assumed rather a depressed air.

"Mr. Marshall, you are surely a fairy prince! Yesterday you seemed like a second Noah, escorting me in your modern bark up to my home," said Helen, gaily. "Today you come like a Santa Claus, giving me back my purse. How can I ever thank you enough?" she added.

"I want to tell you something if I may," said Marshall, as they seated themselves in comfortable chairs. "I saw you talking to that policeman yesterday long before you saw me. I have asked your precious old uncle to introduce me to you, but he always put me off, saying 'Wait awhile, young man, wait awhile.'"

"I got so I hated the sight of him more and more, and I determined to meet you in some other way, but no opportunity seemed to come until yesterday. As I was about to cross Broadway I saw this mare of shining gold whirling past me, and as I stopped to pick it up I heard you talking to the policeman. I went on, slipping the purse in my pocket, feeling quite sure that you would call me back. You did, and well—you know the rest."

"Such a deceitful man!" pined Helen. "And all the time that I was catching pneumonia you had that purse in your pocket. Oh, how could you?"

"That is just what's bothering me," said Marshall. "How could I? But his

eyes twinkled. "But, if you were very very much in love with a man and wanted to know him, would you hesitate to steal a purse in order to accomplish that end—now, honest?" he pleaded, as he drew his chair to a more confidential angle.

Helen Merrill's eyes began to dance.

"Men are such stupid, simple-minded creatures," she began, "imagine asking a woman for an honest answer! Why, the thing is almost absurd! Yet, I'm going to be honest; but, mind you, only just this once," she said, as she leaned forward, almost whispering, "suppose we go together to Uncle John and make a clean breast of it to him?"

"Not at all! You know I only promised to be honest 'just once,' and that would make it twice," argued Helen.

"There's luck in odd numbers," said Marshall. "You were honest to me just now—that's once—and that's twice! And then once more I want you to be honest and answer a question—that's three—the odd number."

They were in the hall by this time on the way to the library and Uncle John, Marshall handed close to her as he asked her the third. No one heard it save Helen, but after that it really did not matter what Uncle John said.

"I could have gotten home yesterday without your help," she confided. "All I had to do was to go across the street to the First National Bank and write my check, but I saw you coming, and, well—whenever I asked Uncle John why he didn't have you to dinner like some of the other men he'd just say, 'Wait awhile, young lady, wait awhile'—and I thought I had waited long enough—and you know the rest."

"Now that we have both been so terribly honest with each other," said Marshall, as he rose and stood beside the chair which held the second culprit "suppose we go together to Uncle John and make a clean breast of it to him?"

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SPORTING MATTERS

M. P. A. A. BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS ENDED IN MIX-UP

HALIFAX, May 19.—The M. P. A. A. boxing championships tonight ended very unsatisfactorily, both the Langs of Toronto withdrawing after H. Lang lost the decision in the 145 pound class through fouling Murray in the third round. Lang led all the way in this bout and had his man going. In the final round Murray went down and Lang hit him, it is believed, by mistake while on his hands and knees and the local man got the decision. Lang got a great ovation from the crowd as he left the ring.

Claiming that his brother had not been fairly treated, N. Lang refused to go on with Private Dickson in the 125 pound class and H. Lang also forfeited to Twitchell in the 145 pound class. Private Dickson, 115 pound champion of Canada, was knocked out in the third round of the 115 class by Sullivan after a furious fight.

BASEBALL

Eastern League Results.

At Buffalo—Buffalo-Baltimore, rain.
At Toronto—Providence-Toronto, rain.
At Montreal—Montreal, 6; Jersey City, 1.
At Rochester—Newark, 1; Rochester, 0.

Eastern League Standing.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Newark.....	12	8	.591
Baltimore.....	10	8	.556
Buffalo.....	9	8	.529
Toronto.....	7	7	.500
Montreal.....	9	10	.471
Rochester.....	9	11	.450
Jersey City.....	8	10	.444
Providence.....	6	10	.375

National League Results.

At Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh-Philadelphia, rain.
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National League Standing.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Chicago.....	15	7	.682
Pittsburgh.....	13	9	.591
Philadelphia.....	12	10	.556

FOOTBALL

A city association football league composed of the Wanderers, Every Day Club, McAvity's Foundry and the Cornwall & York Mills, was practically formed last night. Four representatives of each club met at Carville Hall and decided to appoint a central committee to be composed of three appointees of each club to make arrangements concerning grounds.

ROLLER SKATING SATURDAY.

The Victoria Roller Rink will reopen for the summer season on Saturday evening next. The rink has undergone extensive repairs, regulated, new skates have been added, and is now in the most attractive and up-to-date condition. On Monday, public holiday, the band will be in attendance at both afternoon and evening sessions.

The entries for the Every Day Club's sports on the Victoria grounds next Monday continue to come in. There are already eight for the mile run, seven for the two miles, and from four to seven for the other events.

There are a couple of Englishmen, recent arrivals in the city, that you old-timers expect to do some great work in the distance runs. The "Algonquins" expect to be well represented in the sports. His Worship Mayor Bullock will act as referee at the sports on Victoria day.

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