

Still the Crowds Come to This Greatest Clothing Sale

While Some of the Choicest of the Offerings Are Yet Untaken---It's But a Short Step Now to the Finish of Them All---So Hurry

That this is no ordinary sale is evident from the ever increasing attendance each day, which would indicate that purchasers are informing their friends of the wonderful values to be found here. If you have not yet visited this department you are urged to do so instantly to secure the remaining bargains of the special stock, which together with our regular garments marked at reduced figures afford saving advantages well worth coming for.

Do Not Delay Too Long or You Will Be Disappointed
Read This Interesting List

MEN'S OVERCOATS, Prussian collar style in Fancy Tweeds, Cheviots and Vicunas. Velvet collar style in Black Meltons, and Vicunas, Blue and Black Beavers, Plain Grey, Cheviots, Meltons, Vicunas and Fancy Mixtures. Stylish, good fitting garments, well tailored and desirable in every respect—certainly the greatest bargains you have ever been offered. All sizes from 34 to 44.

\$7.00 and \$7.50 Coats \$3.50
\$8.50 and \$9.00 Coats 4.25
\$9.50 and \$10.50 Coats 5.00
\$11.00 and \$12.00 Coats 6.25
\$12.50 and \$14.75 Coats 7.50
\$13.50 and \$16.50 Coats 8.00
\$16.50 and \$17.50 Coats 9.50

MEN'S WATERPROOF COATS—Curry's English make, in latest Prussian collar style. Very dressy coats in the new olive shades all sizes from 36 to 46.
Each \$5.25

MEN'S ULSTERS, made in dark Grey Friezes with large, comfortable storm collars, heavy and warm Tweed linings—just the garments for men who work out of doors. All sizes up, 44 inch breast measure.
\$6.25 and \$6.50 Ulsters \$3.50
\$7.00 and \$7.50 Ulsters 4.25

MEN'S OVERCOATS from our regular stock, velvet collar, novelty materials in light medium and dark greys, new diagonals, herringbones and other fancy weaves, also black meltons, cheviots and vicunas. Prussian and Convertible collar coats, tweeds, cheviots and vicunas in browns, greens and greys. Sale price \$8.40, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.20, \$11.00, \$12.60, \$14.40, \$15.00, \$16.80.

MEN'S SUITS from our regular stock. Fancy worsteds, Saxons and cheviots in blues, olives, greys and browns. Sale prices \$8.50 and \$10.00.

MEN'S FALL OVERCOATS AND RAINCOATS, made in both lapel and Prussian collar styles; some have the new convertible collar. These garments are in worsteds and cheviots; all sizes from 34 to 44. This is the chance of a lifetime for Men and Youths who act quickly.
\$6.50 and \$7.50 Coats \$2.75
\$9.50 and \$10.50 Coats 4.50
\$12.00 and \$16.00 Coats 6.75

MEN'S COMBINATION OVERALL and JUMPER or BOILER SUITS, stoutly made of best quality blue denim, cut extra full, patent snap at wristbands, safety watch pocket, rule pocket.
\$2.50 quality, sale price \$1.50

BOYS' OVERCOATS, made in Fancy Tweeds, Cheviots and Grey Friezes. Have velvet collars, good linings, etc. Broken sizes only in the coats remaining. Each \$3.25

BOYS' REEFERS—Mothers here is absolutely the biggest bargain you have ever had the opportunity to participate in. Every one of these Reefers is a stylish, well made garment, the right thing for the active boy this winter. Broken sizes.
\$4.00 and \$4.25 Reefers \$2.25
\$4.50 and \$4.60 Reefers 2.50
\$5.00 and \$5.75 Reefers 2.90

BOYS' FANCY SUITS, ages 2½ to 6 years, made in Prussian style with belt and emblems. Some have fancy trimmings, all with blazer pants. Made in Fancy Tweeds and Cheviots; shades of grey and brown.
Sale Price \$2.95

BOYS' RAINCOATS, fancy worsteds in olives and greens.
\$5 and \$6 Coats for \$2.25

BOYS' ULSTERS, made in good quality dark grey friezes; have large storm collars and warm tweed linings \$3.90 and \$5.40 Ulsters \$2.25

BOYS' STRAIGHT PANTS, strong and durable with stout linings and pockets, made of fancy tweeds and cheviots.
Sale price pair 59c.

Sale Going on in the Clothing Department

Manchester Robertson Alison, Ltd.

COUNT TOLSTOI LOSES BATTLE WITH DEATH

Continued From Page One.

Tolstoi failed to recognize either of the physicians and asked, "Who are these strangers?"

When informed, he said, "What fine men."

Despite their natural reluctance to spread discouraging reports, the consulting physicians could not see their way to hold out a ray of hope. However they helped to lessen the pain of the aged patient, whose parting hours were mercifully free from physical anguish. His heart succumbed shortly after he had issued from under the influence of an injected stimulant. He died without regaining consciousness. In the interval between the last two attacks of cardiac failure, the patient seemed to be comfortable, and his face was clear of pain.

Throughout a heartbreaking night a motley crowd, made up of the most varied elements imaginable, pressed around the low hut. There were distant relatives of the aged author, Tolstians, villagers, and many churchmen, among them the Abbot Varsofonius, who did not lose hope until the end of seeing Tolstoi, and extending to him the olive branch on behalf of the church. All alike stood spellbound, knowing that a matchless personality was departing as the Sunday dawn dispelled the raw foggy November night. Virtually the whole population of Astopova was there.

The Announcement.

Then came a quiet voice from the hut: "Leo Nikolaevich is dead." There was a moment of silence. Then every head was bowed, and there was sobbing on all sides. One called out: "His heart was burst by unbounded love for humanity" and this and similar phrases ran from mouth to mouth through the weeping group gathered there. Later in the day all the peasants in the district flocked here. No one was excluded from the death chamber, through which there was a constant stream of visitors, including many school children. The chamber is decorated with pine branches. The body has been embalmed and will be transferred to Yasnaya Polyana. All visitors have been given permission to photograph the body if they wish. M. Ginzburg, the sculptor, will take a mask. It is said that Tolstoi expressed a wish to be buried on the hill at Yasnaya Polyana where he played as a child, but that the funeral should be a simple one, without ceremonial or flowers. The family, however, has agreed not to interfere with any honors that the public may desire to pay.

Friends of the writer have started a movement for the acquisition of the house where he died as a memorial. Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevich has sent a message to Countess Tolstoi saying, "My whole soul is with you and your family at this sad moment." Numerous other telegrams of sympathy, have come from organizations and individuals.

Count Lyof Nikolaevich Tolstoi, usually called Count Leo Tolstoi, novelist and social reformer, was born August 28, 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, in the province of Tula, Russia. When 23 years old Tolstoi entered the army and served in the Caucasus and in

the defence of Sebastopol against the British and French allied forces. He first made a reputation in literature by a series of vivid sketches written from Sebastopol and when he left the army, soon after the Crimean war, he devoted himself entirely to literature. His War and Peace, a tale of the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812, is regarded in Russia as his masterpiece, although his Anna Karenina, which appeared in 1876 and The Cossacks found greater favor abroad, while his Kreutzer Sonata, translations of which were published in 1890, attracted wide attention. Tolstoi also wrote much on education and published a number of short stories and reminiscences of childhood and youth, but of recent years he had devoted himself to religious teachings. He made "return not evil" the keynote of his Christian faith, and insisted that the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount was the only rule of the Christian life. The religious views of Tolstoi were set forth in his Christ's Christianity and My Religion.

Later Works.

During 1893 Tolstoi wrote The Kingdom of God Within Us, an important work on the social question, and in 1895 he wrote The Four Gospels Harmonized and Translated. His other works included My Confession, Criticism of Dogmatic Christianity, What I Believe, What I Do, and The Death of Ivan Ilyich, The Power of Darkness, (a drama) On Life, The Fruits of Enlightenment (a comedy), The Kingdom of God Is Within You. What is Art, The Slavery of Our Times, What Is Religion, and many other works on the most varied subjects.

In 1901 Tolstoi was excommunicated by the holy synod and in October, 1902, he deposited his memoirs and diaries with the curator of the Rumyantsev museum on the condition that they should not be published until ten years after his death, and in November of the same year he legally made over his whole fortune, including his real and personal estate, to his wife and children.

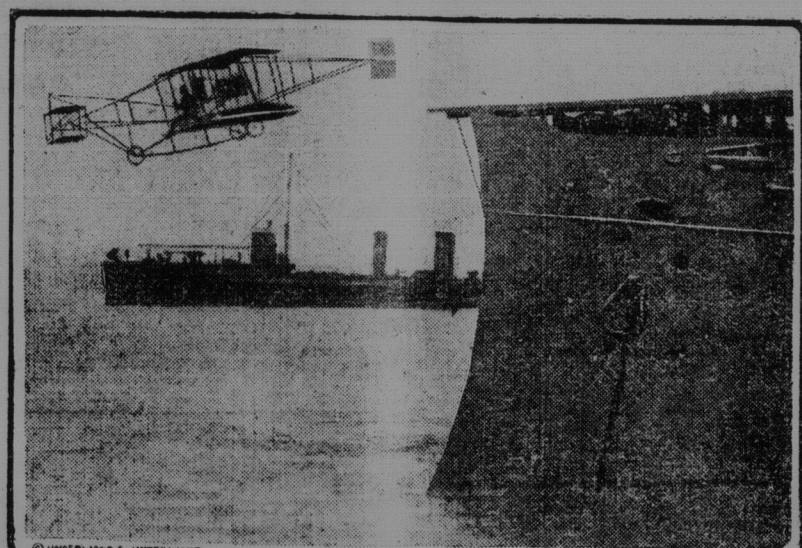
In 1895 Tolstoi wrote a powerful vindication of the Doukhorob sect, which during that year had suffered great persecution for its religious professions. On the Russian censor refusing to permit its publication, Tolstoi wrote to the London Times which printed the lengthy article in full. He continued from that time on to address his literary efforts to the British press.

Tolstoi was several times threatened with expulsion from Russia, and was several times, according to report, upon the point of being exiled. He seems, however, to have been treated with unusual leniency in view of his strongly pronounced views, especially set forth in a manifesto entitled "The people's rights."

Not Reconciled With Church.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 20.—The church in the persons of Metropolitan Antonius, of St. Petersburg, Vladimir, of Moscow, Flavians, of Kiev and Loukianoff, chief procurator of the holy synod, decided tonight to leave things as they are with respect to Tolstoi. A plenary synod has not been called.

First Flight From Steamer



Snapshot taken off Ft. Monroe, Va., as aviator Ely, in his biplane, flew from the deck of the U. S. war ship Birmingham—Ely then flew ashore five miles, and thus won a \$5,000 prize.

and telegraphic instructions have been despatched to the bishops informing them that regulations were not permissible. Burial according to the rites of the orthodox church is considered out of the question.

The government intends, according to the announcement, to cooperate with the church in the enforcement of its decision, although both the emperor and Premier Stolypin have indicated their desire that the great Russian be buried with the Russian rite. Repeatedly advances have been made which would permit the lifting of the ban of excommunication laid on Tolstoi in 1901. The Metropolitan Antonius himself sent a telegram urging Tolstoi to make his peace with the church, and representatives of the church were sent to Astopova for the purpose of bringing the count back into the fold. Messages from Optina, Sharmadine and Astapova, however, stated that until the end Tolstoi was held a prisoner by the enemies of the church.

Play Houses Closed.

Moscow, Nov. 20.—The police today forbade theatres from suspending their performances because of the death of Count Tolstoi. Nevertheless the playhouses were closed, because the actors refused to appear. At the Moscow Armenian church a public requiem was permitted.

Petersburg, Nov. 19.—A recent interview, and possibly the last which a Count Tolstoi, was related by M. Arpad Pasztor, a distinguished Hungarian author and journalist, to the Associated Press representative here last Thursday night, in a very engaging manner. H. Pasztor is editor of "Az Est," semi official evening paper of Budapest, and on a tour around the world he is now in Petersburg for a brief study of conditions among Hungarian immigrants here.

Only two months ago, in September, Mr. Pasztor, proceeding by train from

Moscow, dropped off at Yasnaya Polyana, a little village about two miles from the last railway station in the Province of Tula, famous as the birthplace of the great Russian writer. "It is a poor village," H. Pasztor began to relate, "with perhaps 50 or 75 peasants' houses, surrounding a great open garden, a place in which Tolstoi built a school 20 or 30 years ago, and where he taught. There are two great columns of stone on either side of a hill road leading to the garden, and on the left a lake with a few swans and small boats."

"It was a beautiful late summer day with everything still green and in blossom as I approached the village alone in search of the Tolstoi house. I located it, but I should have said it was not a Russian home, for I observed that several copies of The London Times lay on the lawn. I noticed that a lady sat on the veranda reading, and I presumed that she was the Countess Tolstoi. If so, I knew she was a born German—the daughter of a German professor—and I addressed her in German, asking if I might see the great novelist."

"Have you introductions?" she asked.

"No, madame, but are not his works introductions enough?"

"But, she demurred, 'If that were the case our garden would be crowded all the while—I am sorry, my husband is asleep now. From what country do you come?'"

"Hungary," I replied.

"Indeed, our secretary, Markovitsky, is Hungarian too. You may speak with him. My husband is very old and weak and does not like to speak with visitors."

Met Eldest Son.

"At this she ushered me into the house, where I first met the novelist's eldest son, who is, perhaps, 45 years old. Learning that I was an author he admitted that he also wrote, but added that he abandoned authorship because it seemed impossible to

"I am sorry I cannot ask you to dinner," Markovitsky said, "but such invitations belong to the wife." He seated me in his own room, however, and while there alone I noted thousands of letters done up in packages of 100 or so, which as was later explained are sent every month to the museum at Moscow.

His Talk With Tolstoi.

"While I was regarding these things the door opened and a tall man entered. From the white beard and hair and the peasant dress of blue trousers Russian shirt and great boots, I knew at once it was Tolstoi. He shook my hand and sat down opposite me. His eyes were such as one out of 10,000 men have, deep green eyes which penetrate one like the X-ray."

"You are Hungarian. I like Hungarians. My secretary is one, too. Where are you going?"

"To Japan to study art and to America to study immigration," I replied.

"Art? Art? Who knows what true art is? What is your profession?"

"A writer," I answered.

"And you write what?"

"Plays for the theatre."

"Oh, that is terrible," he exclaimed. "No one should write plays. Many of them poison the soul of the public. What other things do you write?"

"Poems."

"At this the aged novelist clasped his hands and wrung them in despair. 'Poems? Oh, you unhappy man! Why is a man writing poems if he can write prose? Why does he make a prison of his sentence by rhyme and rhythm?'"

"But what, I interposed, 'of such men as write the truth for the people as you do?'"

"What is truth?" he asked, "nobody knows it and everybody knows. Everybody is seeking for themselves the truth and from this standpoint everybody may be a writer? I do not like literature—the modern literature, because all the authors are writing for the sake of money and not for ideas. They write cheap stories, catering to the public's likes and avoiding their dislikes. For M. Gorki and A. Gorkov are not writers, they are business men. You remember that in 1908, after writing The Resurrection, I ordered that the right to publish my books be set free."

"But," he continued, "let me learn of your mission. I think it an interesting one. Why are the Hungarians emigrating?"

"Because all the land is occupied and the poor cannot have land to live on," I replied.

"This is the case in Russia, too, but I think in a hundred years from now it will be a crime to own land here. All the lands and fields will be common for the people. An American, Dr. Eliot (president emeritus) of Harvard University, has the best ideas on this subject. Have you read him? No? I am sorry, then, for you."

"With this the aged novelist cut short the interview by asking to be excused. 'I am very old and tired and sometimes I am weak. Today I had a very bad day. I must go.' He shook my hand and was gone."

His Daily Life.

"Secretary Markovitsky returned to me, and I piled him with questions about Tolstoi's daily life. He said: 'He is up early every morning and eats little breakfast. He walks alone or rides horseback to the poor Russian villages. One often sees him halt in the road and, pulling pencil and paper from his pocket, make notes of his thoughts. His happiest moments are when poor villagers come to him as judge of some dispute. Today for instance he was arbitrator of some such trouble among 30 men. After

ter walking or riding on such expeditions Tolstoi comes home to work, to write. Nobody asks him what he is writing because he reads what he writes soon afterwards to others, and if they have ideas that appeal to him he changes his. Invariably, however, he repents with the exclamation 'But these are not my ideas' and straightaway he returns to his own ideas. After the luncheon at noon he goes to bed until dinner time. Many visitors come every day, but few are received, and in the evening the family and neighbors have music."

"I asked Markovitsky about the imperial family's attitude toward Tolstoi."

"It is not true," he said, "that the Czar and the imperial family are enemies to Tolstoi. The Emperor likes him and is proud that he is a Russian. I think the Grand Duke Michael often pays a visit at Tolstoi's house."

"May I ask how you came to be physician and secretary to Count Tolstoi?"

"Why, I came along one afternoon just as you have done today to visit the great novelist. He asked me what part of his works I liked best and I replied: 'The Philosophical and Religious,' whereupon he asked if I would like to remain with him. I have not been home since (seventeen years)."

"I suggested that it must be difficult to live with a man of such strength of mind."

"On the other hand," Markovitsky replied, "I feel it the greatest of good fortune and a holy thing to be in touch with such a man."

"It was moonlight as I left the Tolstoi house and as I walked back to the railway station I think I summarized my impressions in this manner: 'House like a prison. Everybody a prisoner in Tolstoi's ideas. Nobody may take a free step there. His ideas hang over as the north of the family like a tyrant. It is a cruel thought, but I added they all will be happier free.'"

"The philosophy and religion' of Tolstoi will pass as a wind but the romance of Tolstoi will endure."

EXTRACTS FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Count Leo Tolstoi.

I am ugly, awkward, uncleanly, and, in the worldly sense, uneducated. I am irritable, a bore, to others rude, intolerant and as bashful as a child. I am almost completely ignorant. What I do know I have learned anyhow, independently, by snatches, incoherently, in a disorderly way, and all comes to—so little. I am self-indulgent, irresolute, inconstant, stupidly vain and hot headed, as are all people with a weak character. I am not brave. I am not methodical in my life, and am so lazy that for me idleness has become almost a necessary habit.

A conversation about divinity and faith suggested to me a great, a stupendous idea to the realization of which I feel myself capable of devoting my life. This idea is the foundation of a new religion corresponding to the present state of mankind—the religion of Jesus, but purified from dogma and mysticism, a practical religion not promising future bliss, but giving bliss upon earth. I feel that this idea can be realized only by generations consciously looking toward it as a goal. One generation will hand on the idea to the next and some day enthusiasm or reason will bring it into being. To act with a deliberate view to the religious union of mankind, this is the leading principle of the idea, which I hope will command my enthusiasm.