MC2035 POOR DOCUMENT

JANUARY 10, 1911.

Friday, Oak Hall Starts Their Annual Mid-Winter Sale of Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

The Most Important Economy Event of the Season

Our Sales have been Real Sales from the first. We've never announced one for which we didn't give a convincing and genuine reason. The people understand us—they also understand and appreciate our outspoken and above-board methods. We know this to be a fact—it finds expression in our salesrooms during any of our Special Offerings.

We don't have sales just because others do—don't work some thread bare far-fetched excuses for giving them.

We were the originators of these January Sales as a means of clearing out all Winter stock possible during the early part of the Winter and that we are able to continue them is proof enough that our values are unusual. We have prepared and look for this to be the largest January Sale we have yet held—the values we offer should make it so.

MEN'S OVERCOATS

Made in all the latest styles such as the Convertible, Motor and Chesterfields of such materials as Black Melton, Fancy Scotch and English Tweeds.

Regular $6.50 Overcoats reduced to .... $ 5.10
Regular 8.00 Overcoats reduced to 5.85
Regular 10.00 Overcoats reduced to 7.35
Regular 12.00 Overcoats reduced to 8.85
Regular 15.00 Overcoats reduced to 11.90
Regular 20.00 Overcoats reduced to 15.65

MEN'S REEFERS

Regular $4.25 Reefers reduced to $3.45
Regular 5.00 Reefers reduced to 3.95
Regular 6.50 Reefers reduced to 4.80
Regular 7.50 Reefers reduced to 5.90
Regular 10.00 Reefers reduced to 7.90

MEN'S SUITS

Our entire stock of Men's Suits in single and double breasted styles in Fancy Worsteds, Tweeds and fine imported Saxonies. We also place on sale our entire stock of Blue's and Blacks (the bread and butter stock of the clothing business) nothing being reserved.

Men's $5.00 Tweed Suits reduced to .... $ 3.90
Men's 7.50 Tweed Suits reduced to 5.15
Men's 10.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 7.85
Men's 15.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 10.65
Men's 18.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 14.95
Men's 25.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 19.85
Regular $10.00 Blue and Black Suits reduced to 7.95
Regular 12.00 Blue and Black Suits reduced to 9.45
Regular 15.00 Blue and Black Suits reduced to 12.65
Regular 20.00 Blue and Black Suits reduced to 16.45
Regular 25.00 Blue and Black Suits reduced to 19.70

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES DURING THIS JANUARY SALE

A special lot of Single and Double Breasted Sack Suits in fancy Tweeds, in sizes 39, 40, 42, 44, 46 only. Regular prices $7.50, $8.00, $8.50, To clear at $4.17

One lot of Fine Blue Clay Diagonal Single and Double Breasted Suits. Regular price $10.00 .... To clear at $6.73

A lot of Men's Overcoats. Regular price $10.00 .... To clear at $6.98

Another lot of Overcoats ranging in price from $10.00 to $20.00, gathered in one group and marked at **Half Price to Clear.**

A lot of Pretty Fancy Vests, all sizes, 36 to 44. Regular prices $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 .... To clear at $1.27

Another lot of Fancy Vests, consisting of three sets of travellers' samples, ranging in price from $3.50 to $5.00 each. .... To clear at $1.89

Another lot of travellers' samples in Fancy Vests, ranging in price from $2.50 to $3.75. .... To clear at $1.68

The balance of our stock of Washable Vests, prices from $1.50 to $2.50. To clear at $1.17

BOYS' THREE-PIECE SUITS--Ages 12 to 17

Regular $4.00 Suits reduced to $3.20
Regular 5.00 Suits reduced to 3.95
Regular 6.00 Suits reduced to 4.80
Regular 8.00 Suits reduced to 6.40

BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS--Ages 8 to 16

These Suits are double breasted with Bloomer Trousers and all Suits $5.00 and upwards have an extra pair of Bloomers.

Regular $3.50 Suits reduced to $2.80
Regular 4.50 Suits reduced to 3.60
Regular 5.00 Suits reduced to 3.95
Regular 8.00 Suits reduced to 6.40
Regular 10.00 Suits reduced to 7.95
Regular 12.00 Suits reduced to 9.60

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS--His First Long Trousers

Regular $6.00 Suits reduced to .... $ 4.80
Regular 8.50 Suits reduced to 6.80
Regular 12.00 Suits reduced to 9.60
Regular 15.00 Suits reduced to 11.95

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES--In Boys' Department

Boys' Overcoats, good strong Tweeds in dark colors, sizes 24 to 30. Regular prices $3.50, $4.00, $4.50.
Special price to clear $2.35

Boys' Overcoats, dark Tweeds and fancy Overcoatings, Motor Collar style, sizes 27 to 32, prices were $5.00, $5.75.
Special to clear $4.15

Boys' Overcoats, finest imported fancy Tweeds, Motor Collar style, sizes 27 to 32, prices were $6.50, $7.00, $7.50.
Special to clear $4.85

Young Men's Overcoats in fancy Tweeds, Motor Collar style.
Former prices $6.50, $7.00, $7.50 .... Special to clear $5.47
Former prices $8.00, $8.50. .... Special to clear $6.38

Russian Overcoats for Boys 2 1-2 to 9 years, grouped in three special lots.
Lot No. 1—Former prices $3.85, $4.00. .... To clear at $2.85
Lot No. 2—Former prices $4.75, $5.00, $5.50. .... To clear at $3.65
Lot No. 3—Former prices $6.50, $7.00, $9.00. .... To clear at $4.85

Reefers for Boys 5 to 14 years with Storm Collar and Tweed Lining. Regular price $2.75. .... To clear at $2.20

Boys' Norfolk and Double Breasted Suits for Boys 6 to 14 years. Regular prices $2.25, $2.50, $3.00. .... Special prices to clear $1.79

Boys' Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers .... Only 28c. per garment
Boys' Roll and Open Neck Sweaters. Regular price 50c. To clear at 37c.
Boys' All Wool School Stockings. Regular price 25c. .... To clear at 18c.
All Boys' Washable Suits clearing at **Half Price.**
Boys' Washable Blouses. Regular price 60c. .... To clear at 48c.
Boys' Washable Blouses. Regular price $1.00. .... To clear at 68c.
The balance of our stock **GIRLS' WINTER COATS at One-Third Off.**

Even at first glance this is a remarkable opportunity, but there is more to it than appears on the surface. To fully realize how great it is, you must bear in mind that our usual prices are fully 25 per cent. below those of other stores. This is so because when you buy of us you buy directly of the makers and you save the middleman's profit, whereas at all other stores you must pay the middleman's profit. And now, on top of this saving of one-fourth or more we are going to give you another saving of one-fourth to one-half handing out to you bargains that other stores simply cannot match.

Can you or any other man who needs clothing afford to let such an opportunity slip by?

Several hundred men will take advantage of it Friday the day this sale starts—be one of them.

STORE CLOSED THURSDAY.
SALE STARTS FRIDAY, JANUARY 13.

NO GOODS ON APPROVAL.
SALE ENDS SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.

OAK HALL SCOVIL BROS. Limited ST. JOHN, N. B.

GREAT SNAP IN
Men's Winter Caps
Regular 75c Value
FOR 48 CENTS.
AT
CORBET'S
196 Union Street

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance," "By Force of Circumstances," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

The Missing Blade

On that same morning of the meeting on the sands at Tormouth, Inspector Clarke, walking southward down St. Martin's Lane toward Scotland Yard, had a shock. Clarke was hardly at the moment in his best mood, for to the natural vinegar of his temperament a drop of lemon, or of gall, had been added within the last few days. That morning at breakfast he had explained matters with a sour mouth to Mrs. Clarke.

"Oh, it was all a made-up job between Winter and Furneaux, and I was only put on to the Anarchists to make room for Furneaux—that was it. The two anarchists weren't up to any mischief— 'Anarchists' was all a blind, that's what 'Anarchists' was. But that's the way things are run now in the Yard, and there's no fair play going any more. Furneaux must have Feldisham Mansions, of course; Furneaux this, and Furneaux that—of course, but wait; he hasn't solved it yet! and he isn't going to; no, and I haven't done with it yet, not by a long way . . . Now, where do you buy those eggs? Just look at this one."

The fact was, now that the two Anarchists, Descartes and Janoc, had been deported by the Court, and were gone, Clark suddenly woke to find himself disillusioned, dull, excluded from the fun of the chase. But, as he passed down St. Martin's Lane that morning, his underlooking eyes, ever on the prowl for the "confidence men" who haunt the West End, saw a sight that made him doubt if he were awake. There, in a little by-street to the east, under the three balls of a pawnbroker's, he saw, or dreamt that he saw —Emile Janoc—Janoc!, whom he knew to be in Holland, and Janoc was so deep, so lost, in talk with a girl that he could not see Clarke standing there, looking at him.

And Clarke knew the girl, too! It was Bertha Seward, the late cook of the murdered actress, Rose de Bercy.

Could he be mistaken as to Janoc? he asked himself. Could two men be so striking to the eye, and so alike—the lank figure, stooping; the long wavering legs, the clothes hanging loose on him; the scraggy throat with the bone in it; the hair, black and plenteous as the raven's breast, draping the sallow-dark face; the eyes so haggard, hungry, unresting. Few men were so picturesque; few so greasy, repellent. And there could be no mistake as to Bertha Seward—a small, thin creature, with whitish hair, and little Chinese eyes that seemed to twinkle with fun—it was she!

And how earnest was the talk!

Clarke saw Janoc clasp his two long hands together, and turn up his eyes to the sky, seeming to beseech the girl, or, through her, the heavens. Then he offered her money, which she refused; but, when he cajoled and insisted, she took it, smiling. Shaking hands, they parted, and Janoc looked after Bertha Seward as she hurried, with a sort of stealthy haste, towards the Strand. Then he turned, and found himself face to face with Clarke.

For a full half-minute they looked contemplatively eye to eye, at one another.

"Janoc?" said Clarke.

"That is my name for one moment, sare," said Janoc politely in a very peculiar though fluent English; "and the yours, sare?"

"Unless you have a very bad memory you know mine! How on earth come you to be here, Emile Janoc?"

"England is a free country, sare," said Janoc with a shrug; "I see not the why I must render you account of movement. Only I tell you this time, because you are so singular familiarly with my name of family, you deceive yourself as to my little name. I have, it is true, a brother named Emile——"

Clarke looked with a hard eye at him. The resemblance, if they were two, was certainly very strong. Since it semed all but impossible that Emile Janoc should be in England, he accepted the statement grudgingly.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me see your papers?" he asked.

Janoc bowed.

"That I will do with big pleasure, sare," he said, and produced a passport recently vised in Holland, by which it appeared that his name was not Emile but Gaston.

They parted with a bow on Janoc's side and a nod on Clarke's; but Clarke was puzzled.

"Something queer about this, he thought, "I'll keep my eye on him. . . . . What was he doing talking like that —so earnest—to the actress's cook? Suppose she was murdered by Anarchists? It is certain that she was more or less mixed up with them —more, perhaps, than is known. Why did those two come over the night after her murder?—for it's clear that they had no design against the Tsar. I'll look into it on my own. Easy, now, Clarke, my boy, and may be you'll come out ahead of Furneaux, Winter, and all the lot in the end."

When he arrived at his Chief's office in the Yard, he mentioned to Winter his curious encounter with the other Janoc, but said not a word of Bertha Seward, since the affair of the murder was no longer his business, officially.

Winter paid little heed to Janoc, whether Emile or Gaston, for Furneaux was there with him, and the two were head to head, discussing the murder, and the second sitting of the inquest was soon to come. Indeed, Clarke heard Winter say to Furneaux:

"I promised Mr. Osborne to give some sort of excuse to his servants for his flight from home. I was so busy that I forgot it. Perhaps you will see to that, too, for me."

"Glad you mentioned it. I intended going there at once," Furneaux said in that subdued tone which seemed to have all at once come upon him since Rose de Bercy was found lying dead in Feldisham Mansions.

"Well, then, from henceforth everything is in your hands," said Winter. "Hence I hand you over our dumb witness" — and he held out Furneaux the blood-soiled ax-head of flint that had battered Rose de Bercy's face.

He was not sure—he wondered afterwards whether it was positively a fact — but he fancied that for the tenth part of a second Furneaux shrank from taking, from touching, that object of horror— a notion so odd and fantastic that it affected Winter as if he had fancied that the poker had lifted its head for the tenth part of a second. But almost before the conceit took form, Furneaux was coolly placing the celt in his breast-pocket, and standing up to go.

Furneaux drove straight, as he had said, to Mayfair, and soon was being ushered into Osborne's library, where he found Miss Prout, the secretary, with her hat on, busy opening and sorting the morning's correspondence.

He introduced himself, sat beside her, and, while she continued with her work, told her what had happened—how Osborne had been advised to disappear till the popular gale of ill-will got stilled a little.

"Ah, that's how it was," the girl said, lifting interested eyes to his. "I was wondering," and she pinned two letters together with the neatness of method and order.

Furneaux sat lingeringly with her, listening to an aviary of linnets that prattled to the bright sunlight that flooded the library, and asking himself whether he had ever seen hair so glaringly red as the lady secretary's—a great mass of it that wrapped her head like a flame.

"And where has Mr. Osborne gone to?" she murmured, making a note in shorthand on the back of one little bundle of correspondence.

"Somewhere by the coast—I think," said Furneaux.

"West coast? East coast?"

"He didn't write to me; he wrote to my Chief"—for, though Furneaux well knew where Osborne was, his retreat was a secret.

The girl went on with her work, plying the paper-knife, now jotting down a memorandum, now placing two or more kindred letters together; for every hospital and institution wrote to Osborne, everyone who wanted money for a new flying machine, or had a dog or a hunter to sell, or intended to dine and speechify, and send round the hat.

"It's quite a large batch of correspondence," Furneaux remarked.

"Half of these," the girl said, "are letters of abuse from people who never heard Mr. Osborne's name till the day after that poor woman was killed. All England has convicted him before he is tried. It seems unfair."

"Yes, no doubt. But' to understand is to pardon,' as the proverb says. They have to think something, and when there is only one thing for them to think, they think it—meaning well. It will blow over in time. Don't you worry."

"Oh, I!—What do I care what forty millions of vermin choose to say or think?"

She pouted her pretty lips saucily.

"Forty —millions— of vermin," cried Furneaux; "that's worse than Carlyle."

Hylda Prout's swift hands plied among her papers. She made no answer; and Furneaux suddenly stood up.

"Well, you will mention to the valet and the others how the matter stands as to Mr. Osborne. He is simply avoiding the crowd—that is all. Good-day."

Hylda Prout rose, too, and Furneaux saw now how tall she was, well-formed and lithe, with a somewhat small face framed in that nest of red hair. Her complexion was spoiled and splashed with freckles, but, otherwise she was dainty-featured and pretty— mouth, nose, chin, tiny, all except the wide-open eyes.

"So," she said to Furneaux as she put out her hand, "you won't let me know where Mr. Osborne is? I may want to write to him on business."

"Why, didn't I tell you that he didn't write to me?"

"That was only a blind."

"Dear me! A blind. . . . . It is the truth, Miss Prout."

"Tell that to someone else."

"What, don't you like the truth?"

"All right, keep the information to yourself, then."

"Good-by —I mustn't allow myself to dally in this charming room with the linnets, the sunlight, and the lady."

For a few seconds she seemed to hesitate. Then she said suddenly: "Yes, it's very nice in here. That door there leads into the morning room, and that one yonder, at the side——"

(To be continued.)

JEWELRY STORE

We carry a notable stock of Watches, Clocks, Gold and Diamond Rings, and many other useful and pretty things that make a fine display in the jewelry line. Our Repair Department is also worthy of notice.

Call in and look over our fine stock.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JAN. 10.

A.M.		P.M.	
Sun Rises	7.40	Sun Sets	4.5
High Tide	7.02	Low Tide	1.17

The time used is Atlantic standard.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Jan 9—Ard, stmr Uranium, Rotterdam; Florizel, New York; Pretorian, Glasgow.

BRITISH PORTS.

St Johns, NF, Jan 9—Ard, stmr Carthaginian, Glasgow.

Liverpool, Jan 8—Ard, stmr Tunisian, Glasgow.

Portsmouth, NH, Jan 9—Sld, schr Nettie Shipman, St John.

New York, Jan 9—Sld, schr Waegworthy, Lunenburg.

Once in every three years the gymnasts of Switzerland and the members of the affiliated clubs in other countries meet to compete in the great contest known as the federal gymnastic festival. Last year there were 10,000 amateur gymnasts in the arena at Beauheu going through these exercises simultaneously.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

CHRISTIANITY'S APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

By George B. Ide.

AT the port of Troas, a spot rich in memories of the olden time, with the ruins of Ilium in the distance and the classic waves of the Aegean breaking at their feet, were now assembled Paul, Silas and Luke—three obscure and unknown voyagers—but bound on a mightier mission than had ever before been wafted over these far-famed waters. Across the narrow strait on which they gazed, the ships of Greece had come to the siege of Troy, and full in their view lay the renowned Tenedos. Along the very coast where they stood the myriads of Xerxes had proudly marched, while his fleet covered the sea. And, in later days, the same isle-gemmed billows had been ploughed by many a Roman galley, exulting in the pomp of victory. But never had they borne a freight so precious, or one charged with such vast results as that which was now to be committed to their keeping.

A lowly bark, whose name no historian has recorded and no poet has sung, puts forth from the haven and woos the favoring breeze. No sound of trumpet announces its departure; no shouting multitudes cheer it on its way; no banners floating from its masts proclaim the greatness of its embassy. And yet it bears destinies more grand than those of Agamemnon or Alexander. On its deck, in the persons of those toil-worn and unregarded wayfarers, stand the messengers of the living God; and in the simple doctrine of a crucified Christ, which they go to publish, there resides an all-conquering power which shall prostrate the idolatry of Greece, silence its oracles, confound its philosophy and pour upon its population the beams of heavenly truth; and which, spreading that truth to the farthest regions of the west, shall elevate its barbarian hordes to the pinnacle of civilization and render them centers of intellectual and moral light to the again darkened East. Speeded by propitious gales, the little craft reaches its destination. Paul treads the heroic soil of Macedon and begins, at Philippi, that series of evangelical conflicts and successes, in which, through all the provinces of Greece, from Corinth to Illyricum, he "fully preached the gospel of Christ."

CABLE MAGNIFIER TO INCREASE EFFICIENCY

Vancouver, Jan. 10—An important step forward in the transmitting of cable messages between Canada and Australia will be made in the near future as the result of tests made during the last few days at Bamfield station, on the west coast of Vancouver Island by John Milward, Pacific manager of the Pacific cable. The test is of what is known as a magnifier, an instrument which will increase the efficiency of the cable at least 25 per cent.

The magnifier is the invention of Mr. Heurtley of London, who accompanied Mr. Milward to Bamfield.

Through the recent lease of a telegraph line from the C. P. R. the cable company is now able to transmit a message from Montreal to Fanning Island, a distance of 6500 miles, with only one handling.

Only Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on box 25c