

## THE CLOSING SALE

FitzGerald

## OF JULY

The last days of our Midsummer bargains as never offered by this House these prices will hold good, unless such lines are entirely closed out earlier. Every yard, every vestige of summer merchandise must be closed out during this Great Eight Days' Sale. Prices have been made on these goods that will move them quickly and we can only advise our customers to be early on the scene. First come, first served.

Clearing Sale draws to a close with at any previous time—for Eight Days

**Commence Friday Morning, July 26th--Ends Saturday Evening, August 3d.**

WATCH FOR CIRCULARS GIVING FULL PARTICULARS.

## FINAL CLEARING SALE OF WASH GOODS.

The Final Wind-Up, 5c a Yard.

Your choice of every yard of new Wash Dress Goods in our store (except white and black Batistes), including all Imported Dimities, Egyptian Tissues, Batistes, Linen Colored Lawns, Skirt Linens, etc., all colors, all combinations; values to 25c a yard, Clearing Sale..... 5c

The New White and Black Batistes, the fastest selling, most popular material of the season, Clearing Sale..... 12½c

## FINAL CLEARING SALE OF FANCY PARASOLS.

You may take your choice of any Fancy Parasol in the house now for...75c  
Choice of any Children's Parasol for..... 25c

## FINAL CLEARING OF DINNERWEAR.

Buy Your Dinnerwear Now.

During the next eight days we will allow all purchasers a discount of 20 per cent or one-fifth off regular prices on the following dinnerwear:

Haviland China, Carlsbad China, all English and American Porcelains, including plain white. This means any open stock pattern in the department. You can buy one piece or 100 pieces, same can always be matched at any time in the future. One cup and saucer sold as cheerfully as a dozen.

## FINAL CLEARING SALE OF LACES, Etc.

Odd line of Oriental, Chantilly, Plat Val., Point de Paris, worth to 45c per yard; Clearing Sale..... 10c

Broken line of Swiss, Nainsook and Cambric Embroidered, worth to 25c per yard, Clearing Sale..... 10c

25c Fine Swiss Embroidered and Hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, hand embroidered initials, Clearing Sale, each..... 12½c

Odd lot of Lace Edge, Embroidered Swiss and Hemstitched Cambric Handkerchiefs, worth to 12½c each, Clearing Sale..... 5c

## FINAL CLEARING SALE IN SUIT DEPT.

Clearing Sale of White Waists.

A few Extra Fine White Waists, worth \$2.00, Clearing Sale..... \$1.00

White Waists, worth \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$2.98, Clearing Sale... \$2.00

Choice of any of our Fancy White Waists, worth \$6.50, elegant garments, Clearing Sale..... \$4.00

Clearing Sale of Colored Waists.

All of our Ladies' 50c Colored Shirt Waists, Clearing Sale..... 25c

All of our Ladies' \$1.00 Colored Shirt Waists, Clearing Sale..... 50c

All of our Ladies' \$1.25 and \$1.50 Colored Shirt Waists, Clearing Sale, 75c

All of our Ladies' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 Colored Shirt Waists, Clearing Sale..... \$1.00

Clearing Sale of Black Waists.

We are closing out a line of Black India Linon Shirt Waists for.... \$1.00

Any Fine Black India Linon Waist in the House for..... \$1.50

## FINAL CLEARING SALE OF LINENS.

Nothing reserved—a Clearing of all Linens regardless of cost.

Clearing Sale of Bedspreads.

Lot of sample Bedspreads, slightly soiled, worth to \$1.50, Clearing Sale..... 75c

Lot of sample Bedspreads, worth to \$1.00, Clearing Sale..... 50c

A few sample fringed Bedspreads, worth to \$1.50, Clearing Sale..... 75c

Clearing Sale of Bath Towels.

Fringed and Checked Towels, worth 5c, Clearing Sale, each..... 2c

Full bleached Turkish Towels, double thread, 12½c value, Clearing Sale..... 4 for 25c

35c extra large bleached Turkish Towels, double thread, Clearing Sale, each..... 17c

20c large heavy Turkish Towel, unbleached, double thread, Clearing Sale, each..... 14c

## ONE OF THE NORTH MEN.

[KATHARINE MELICK.]

For The Courier.

When little Scotch fell from the back of Cromwell II. in the Kingston, Ontario, races seventy years ago this smothering July, he all but made an end of himself and of this story. Sometimes I could wish that this tough little scion of a Covenanter race had gasped his boy life out there through the thin lips that even then gripped cruelly when the lash hissed through the last quarter stretch. They carried him home to his straw bed, after they had rubbed Cromwell II. down, and through feverish days one sentence rang into the little jockey's ears.

"Oh God, restore James to health, that he may escape the eternal wrath."

All the agony of being the daughter of covenanters and the mother of a horse jockey was wrung forth into that prayer. And when at last Janet Matthiason saw the Canadian pine silver in the first hoar frost, she looked from the face of her sleeping son, and was satisfied James would not die. James would live and preach the gospel. Then, worn out with watching and fasting and care, Janet Matthiason crossed her hands upon her breast.

James Matthiason heard from his straw pallet the voices of the mourners who came, the heavy accents of the heavy funeral prayer, and ever again the words of those dead lips which he could not see over the edge of the long box which was laid on the one table. She had been a mother whom no little

runaway jockey could know. Now she became a far voice, like that which fell upon Saul of Tarsus.

This vision, with his mother's Bible, and a Life of Napoleon that had been his father's, were the equipment of the circuit rider who brought his strong handed, strong hearted wife into the pioneer states along the Mississippi, sixty years ago.

His courtship had been Napoleonic. When Eliza Ann Gardiner, his cousin by several removes, stayed behind, after the funeral, to put his room to rights, it was at her mother's bidding. She would much have preferred to be at home "dipping" long rows of creamy candles. When she deftly and silently washed all the dishes on Janet Matthiason's yellow pine table, and drew amber colored potatoes, and later a crackling Hubbard squash from under the glowing coals she had heaped over them, these things were also by order of Rebecca Gardiner.

To James, lying on the cot whence his mother's face had looked away forever, this other appeared as if summoned by his need. It was by order of a destiny which he never questioned. He was never even aware that after his ultimatum had been announced to Eliza Ann, the week that he left his Canadian hills, that same maternal court decided his case. To him, it was but the utterance of destiny when he sat in his arm chair and said to Eliza Ann:

"Tomorrow I am going to the States. Will you go with me to spread the gospel?"

And Eliza, whose horizon had seldom

stretched beyond the length of her thread from the spindle, awed at the thought of a life pilgrimage like that of Priscilla and Aquila of Corinth, looked at the sallow youth whose Bible lay over knees that were never to thump Cromwell II. again. If she should refuse James, and if James should go back to sin!

James had no notion of going back to sin. He turned a leaf in Chronicles, and said to Eliza, "I must be about my Father's business. Send your brother or your father tonight to tell me the answer. It's now or never."

All the way home Eliza Ann saw the chests of white linen laid by for a day—not such a day as tomorrow. The spruce trees hung clear drops of white within her touch, but she did not look at them. The face of a great Duty looked upon her and put all her evenings of tating by the fire light and all her mornings of spinning and dyeing and carding and milking and churning the milk, suddenly into a world of small things. Besides, there was but an hour for deciding.

After all, there is no lure like that of making a great sacrifice. Something that is worth staking our all upon, is what we wait, and the greater the stake, the more we have made of the life. It is for spending, and when Eliza Ann weighed the pounds of wool and tallow candles against the souls of settlers and savages by the far off river, she decided very simply in her own mind. Her mother looked at the five sisters of Eliza and decided very simply, too. Not even the father demurred at being the bearer

of a message to the young apostle. The mouthpiece of the Almighty was not to be lightly answered.

He, turning his face to the river of Father Marquette, was not unconscious of having executed a strategic stroke in the capture of Eliza Ann. Yet both were so seriously engaged with the gravity of their mission that years passed in the plains of the Illinois before either of them had a thought of repeating the salute of the wedding day.

Look at his picture, there, where it used to be the terror of my childhood. Can you fancy a kiss from those long, thin lips shut over five thousand sermons? For he could scarcely have delivered his two thousand when he sat for the one photograph of his history.

Steel blue eyes that probed the sinner to his marrow bones; tight curls of scattered hair that have shaken to the hundreds of spiritual and temporal lightnings innumerable—we have a deal to thank you for, most reverend James Matthiason, rebuker of the sins of our fathers. Yet we do not envy Eliza Ann one jot of her forty years' pilgrimage, as she kindles the fire in your little log cabin, while you review the last days of Bonapart, in preparation for your first "preaching" at Rochelle.

The fire flashes up and lights presently Eliza's brown hair, but you do not see it. Your are thinking how

"On St. Helen's granite bleak  
Now the eagle whets his beak."

There is little to tell of your honeymoon,—little that June brides will be caring to hear.