EXTRA SPECIAL SALE

FOR

Easter Saturday.

We want everybody to have a new suit for Easter Sunday, and we have reduced the prices to make it as easy as possible for all.

Men, women and children will find it easy to suit themselves at our stores.

LADIES' COSTUMES worth $25.00.. .. ..Price Saturday, 18.00.
LADIES' COSTUMES worth $18.00 .. ..Price Saturday, $15.00.
LADIES' COSTUMES worth $15.00.. .. ..Price Saturday, $12.00.
LADIES' COSTUMES worth $12.00.. .. ..Price Saturday, $9.00.
LADIES' COSTUMES worth $9.00 .. ..Price Saturday, $5.00.
LADIES' PONY COATS, the latest out. Also Box Coats in TWEED AND COVERT CLOTH.. .. ..$7.00 to $12.00.
LADIES' SILK SHIRT WAIST SUITS worth $25.00.. .. ..Price Saturday, $18.00.
LADIES' LUSTRE SHIRT WAIST SUITS worth $12.00 and $9.00.. .. ..Price Saturday, $9.00 and $7.00.
LADIES' SILK UNDERSKIRTS, extra special for Saturday, ...$2.98.
LADIES' BLACK TAFFETA SILK WAISTS worth $3.00.. Price Saturday, $1.98.
LADIES' WHITE AND COL'D SILK WAISTS from.. ....$1.98 to $8.50.
LADIES' SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS worth $1.25 for .. ..80c.

Remember the Millinery Department.

Hats in abundance. Prices to suit any size pocket book. **Ready-to-Wear Hats from 98c to $15.00.**

MEN'S ENGLISH FANCY WORSTED SUITS, Progress Brand, best quality. Most up to date, perfect fitting; worth $15.00.. .. .. Price Saturday $12.00
MEN'S BEST BLACK CLAY WORSTED SUITS, worth $15.00. Price Saturday $12.00.
MEN'S BLACK CLAY WORSTED SUITS, worth $12.00. Price Saturday, $10.00.
MEN'S SUITS IN FANCY HEWSON TWEEDS, worth $12.00. Price Saturday, $9.98.
MEN'S SUITS, SCOTCH TWEED. Worth $15.00 .. .. ..Price Saturday $12.00
MEN'S CANADIAN TWEED SUITS. Worth $8.50.. ..Price Saturday $6.00.
MEN'S SHORT TOP COATS, latest up-to-date.. .. ..$10.00 Saturday.
MEN'S LONG FASHIONABLE SHOWERPROOF COATS.. .. ..$6.50 to $12.00.
MEN'S WHITE DRESS SHIRTS .. ..38c. to $1.00.
MEN'S FANCY BRACES, only .. .. 19c.
MEN'S BLACK CASHMERE HOSE .. .. 19c.
MEN'S BLACK CLAY WORSTED PANTS.. .. ..$1.75 to $3.00.
BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS .. ..$1.98 up.
BOYS' BUSTER BROWN SUITS .. ..$2.75 up.
BOYS' SHOWERPROOF OVERCOATS.. .. ..$3.98.

If you want to look dressed up-to-date on Easter Sunday, do your Saturday shopping at

Wilcox Bros',

54 to 58 Dock St., 1 and 2 Market Sq.

JOHNNY BECOMES A HERO

By H. Barrett Smith.

Bat O'Connor rushed back and forth to and from the freight elevator of the department store.

Moriarity, Bat's driver, was in the freight clerk's office. Bat, having no help for the moment, was handling the lighter furniture; but wanting to get the truck loaded, he seized a heavy packing case and lifted it to the truck.

"Look out there!" cried a voice.

Bat saw a small shoulder bracing the box. His eyes twinkled as he looked down at a ragged little youngster with big brown eyes.

"Hello, pal, who are you?"

"I'm your helper."

"Is that so, and what may your name be?"

"Yer kin call me Johnny."

"So," said Bat, placing his box, "you've been taken on for today?"

"I gues that's about the size of it," and Johnny began to jig and beat his sides with his arms to keep warm.

"What's your number, son?"

"Thirteen—Oh, youse needn't be afraid, 'tain't no hoodoo."

"Isn't it now?" said Moriarity, coming up, and he winked at Bat. "Start in then and let's see how smart you are."

The men went to work with a will. So did Johnny. Bat said 13 was "full of stunts." Moriarity remarked that some one was like a live wire."

"Bat" called Harris, the freight clerk, coming to the door, "you go up to the office and you'll hear what's what."

Johnny's eyes followed Bat. Presently he saw Bat leave the office and rush toward Moriarity.

"Pop," Bat's voice was shaky, "we're goin' to part. They've shoved me up. Made me a driver for good. They were goin' to do it anyway the first of the year, but they've given it to me for a Christmas present."

"Look at that now." A dead calm had struck Moriarity's turbulent voice. "Who's goin' to be your helper?"

"Why—" Bat looked around, Johnny's eye caught him. "—the kid, of course! Come on, John!"

"Ha, Ha! Good luck to ye!" cried Moriarity.

When Bat took up the reins he turned to Johnny.

"This ought to be a short trip," he said "but goodness knows where they'll send us on the next. It's goin' to be tough, too, it doesn't look as if the snow will let up for a week; but Jerry is a new horse, an' I got a fine helper, an'—" Bat fell into his drawl—"I guess we're all right, hey kid?"

No ingenious answer fell from Johnny's lips. The fear born of uncertainty made him self conscious. He was thinking of his future. Did Bat's words imply that Johnny was to be kept on after the rush?

There was a thoughtful pause on Bat's part, then he said.

"John I'm goin' to give you some advice—the same Moriarity gave me the day I started out with him. This wallet here" Bat opened his coat and displayed a wallet in his inside pocket. "that's where we keep the money, and we've got to look out for it—understand? Johnny nodded. Uncertainty was fading from his countenance, and the light of hope was dawning in his eyes. "Always stand by your driver—don't let anyone track you off on that point." Bat held up a warning finger, "and never play craps with your C. O. D. money see? -Hey, what's the matter?"

The change that came over Johnny's face was pitiable.

"Nope," said Johnny, with a shake of his head. "Y'see, me old man gambled."

Bat looked startled, but he said, blankly:

"Is that so?" There was a pause, then Bat spoke softly: "Yer mother is dead?"

"Yep, dead."

"An' where's yer old man now?"

"I don't know," and Johnny shook his head slowly.

"Deserted ye?" asked Bat.

"Nope, dead." said Johnny, seriously.

* * * * * *

It wa s a terrible night in the city street The wind blew a furious gale. The snow had ceased falling, but this was the whitest Christmas eve in the memory of old New Yorkers.

"Bat, yours is the first wagon that's showed up in two hours," said Harris. "I don't know what we'll do with the undelivered stuff! Maybe it is only your luck, but you've made more trips than any three wagon's today."

Hot coffee was served Bat and Johnny as Harris continued:

"We don't know how you've done it Bat, but——"

"Well, I'll tell you," interrupted Bat, "you can just thank that kid there!"

Johnny started from a dream. Johnny's eyes were dumb. He was standing with his frozen fingers clasped around the coffee cup. Johnny felt that if he sat down he would not be able to rise again. He became conscious now that his teeth were chattering, and he raised the cup to his lips. Johnny would have dropped where he stood, but his imagination sustained him. Before he was startled out of his dream he saw the last load delivered, the greatest record ever known set down to Bat's credit. No laurel-crowned victor ever made a triumphal entry to equal Johnny's mental picture of Bat's brilliant flush at the close of that most memorable day.

"Here's the last load," said Harris. "It's a long one, and a good one. Think you can do it?"

Bat looked at Johnny.

"What d'ye say, pal?"

Johnny took a long swallow of coffee, then answered steadily:

"I'll go yer!"

"Come on, then."

The fierce wind swept across the Hudson and whirled the snow into great drifts that stretched in a range of white hills in front of the dwellings on Riverside drive.

Here deliveries tested the endurance of man and beast, but the day's tug was not reached until, when farther north, Bat tried to force Jerry up the steep of Manhattanville.

The wagon was nearly empty now, but the horse slipped at every step. Bat's face was set, his eyes were bulging, his muscles rigid, as he fairly held Jerry on his feet.

They were on their way down town again, when Bat said:

"Here, this is the last for you;" he gave Johnny a bundle of parcels. "I'll do the rest, and you can meet me at the corner around on Amsterdam avenue."

Johnny's head was light, his legs were heavy and so stiff he suffered agonies before they moved in obedience to his will, but he made his deliveries and reached the corner where, as he thought, he should meet Bat.

Johnny stood for a while in the whistling blast. Bat's wagon was in sight on the avenue a short block away. Johnny started toward it. Then bells clanged, shouts rent the air, a yell, a crash, and a trolley car hit the wagon and glided serenely on.

The wagon was not hurt, but Bat shot out over Jerry's head and lay quiet in the snow.

When Johnny reached Bat he saw that his eyes were closed, and that the snow was dyed red where Bat's head lay. They were alone, these two. No one in sight, not even a sound save the moaning of the wind and the stamping of the horse broke the stillness of the night. Johnny looked up, then Bat's lips mumbled something.

Mechanically Johnny opened Bat's coat, took out the wallet and put it inside his own jacket.

"I got t' do it," said Johnny.

Two men came along, and soon after them a policeman. Then Johnny got into the wagon.

"I got t' do it!" he said again, and he said it in a way that gave him strength to start Jerry.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning. Harris was still waiting in the stable. Bat, like many more drivers, had not yet got back. Bat was at home with his head bound up, and Moriarity, who lived in the same house, trying to comfort him. Bat said that the accident was his own fault, he had no business on the icy track, and was too dead tired to get off in time. When Bat came to, the kid, wallet and wagon were gone, and the policeman told him the wagon had turned down Eighth avenue. Harris now dispatched one of the men in that direction to look for Johnny.

It was 4 o'clock when Johnny turned into Sixth avenue at Fifty-ninth street. Jerry hobbled along. Only at every elevated station he would swerve to the side street—the stable was on a station street—and Johnny, with strength born of desperation, would hold the horse in.

Down the avenue they went. An occasional car clanged to them a "Merry Christmas." Overhead the electric trains whizzed by, but Johnny, with the reins clasped in his stiffened fingers, stared at the great white way stretched out before him.

Harris was walking up and down in the clerk's office in the stable.

"It's no use, Harris," said the clerk. "A kid like 13 never could do it."

Harris did not answer. A blast of wind shook the office windows. It shrieked and died away. Then from the quiet street came the sound of a horse picking his way over the frozen pavement. The night watchman signalled the approach of a wagon. The men in the office rushed and threw open the door. Jerry staggered up the incline and a dozen arms reached out for 13.

Johnny's imagination had pictured a triumph for Bat, but in the wildest flight of his fancy he never dreamed of anything like this for himself. Willing hands and warm hearts worked over him, infusing new life. He was bathed, and rubbed, and anointed, wrapped in fur and rushed, in Harris' arms, 'round the corner and up two flights of stairs.

"There! What do you think of him?" Harris set Johnny on the sofa beside Bat, and threw back the fur robe.

Bat's arm drew Johnny to him. Johnny looked round, confused.

It was Moriarity that called out:

"What's the matter with 13?"

"He's all right!"

Johnny looked as if he had done something to be ashamed of. And he hid his face in Bat's shoulder as he retorted shyly:

"G'wan youse!"

OUR STORE

IS BRIM FULL OF SPRING GOODS OF THE NEWEST AND PRETTIEST DESIGNS OF THE SEASON. In Ready-to-Wear goods for the Easter trade, we are showing styles that are exclusive, and at prices that cannot be matched elsewhere for good values.

Ladies' Coats for Easter.

Jaunty styles, good cloths and right prices are the most attractive features about our coats. Covert coats from $5.65 for the hip length in good style, up to $16.75 for the three-quarter length coats. All prettily trimmed, perfectly finished and guaranteed to fit.

Tweed Coats from $6.95 to $11.00.

Everyone knows there is no better all around service coat than these ever popular tweeds. They come in the different shades of grays.

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Ladies' Dress Skirts.

These are accordion plaited and side plaited skirts, in blue, brown and black, Prices are $7.50, $8.00 and $8.50.

Easter Neckwear.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT HAS BEEN OPENED UP FOR THE EASTER TRADE. WASH STOCK COLLARS made from pique, linen, lawn, embroidered stocks, etc, are priced from 25c up.

Silk and Chiffon Collars

from 29c. up. These include the plain tailored collars and the most elaborate ones of chiffon, beading and silk trimmings. There are some decided novelties in collars this season, and the right prices having been put upon our goods, they should prove doubly attractive.

Kid Gloves.

With all sizes and shades complete, we are ready for our share of the spring glove trade. Our 75c. glove cannot be matched elsewhere at anything like this price. All the shades of tans, browns black and white.

At $1.00. A guaranteed French kid glove,—no further recommendation is necessary. All the leading shades.

At $1.00 The "Prix" mannish glove, All sizes in tans.

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A line of men's Easter neckwear, light ties, medium ties, and dark ties in a profusion of colors and patterns. Prices from 25c. up.

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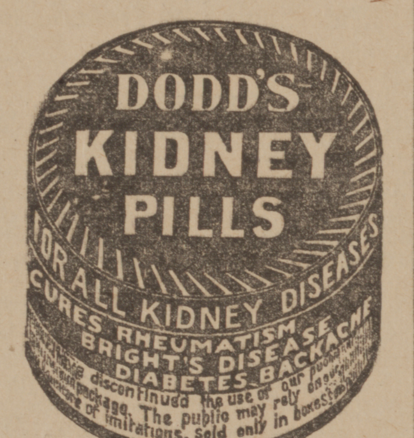
DOMINION TO CONTROL N. W. MOUNTED POLICE

Ottawa, April 12—(Special)—Col. Fred White, comptroller of the Mounted Police, has left for the Northwest to arrange with the provincial governments of Saskatchewan and Alberta to take over the Mounted Police. The police will be left under control of the federal authorities, and the cost will be devided between the dominion and provinces.

A concert was given in Union Hall last evening under the auspices of Malborough Lodge, Sons of England, for the benefit of the Seamen's Mission, and was well attended. The programme was a good one. H. C. Tilley presided, and opened the entertainment with a brief speech. Recitations were given by John Salmon, Geo. Homer, Miss Nellie Jackson, Miss Nellie Maxwell, and there were songs by Henry Noakes, Miss Edwards, Alfred Homer and W. Homer. G. Iliffe gave a mandolin selection, and there was a duett by Messrs. McWilliam and Kerr of the steamer Tunisian. There were also a number of gramophone selections, and dialogues. Refreshments were served.



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