

DOLLAR DAY

BARGAINS AT JENKINS' RETIRING SALE

HATS
Men's Straw Sallors, this year's styles.
\$1.00

Men's Straw Hats, odd lines and sizes. Sold regularly up to \$3.00.
2 for \$1.00

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Panamas
HALF PRICE
Children's Straw Hats, sold regularly up to \$3.00, for—
\$1.00

Children's odd lines of Straws
25c.

Men's and Youths' Caps—regularly sold \$2.00 to \$3.50. All sizes.
\$1.00

BATHING SUITS
Men's and Ladies' One-Piece with Skirt.
\$1.00

BOYS' KHAKI KNICKERS
Good quality; sizes 3 to 10 years.
Regular \$1.50.
2 for \$1.00

BOYS' JERSEYS
Cotton Jerseys, short and long sleeves—in White and Pale Blue only. Sizes 4 to 14.
3 for \$1.00

SOFT COLLARS
4 for \$1.00

BOYS' COASTER WAGONS
Hardwood Wagons, strong and durably made—just the thing for the boys' holidays. Sold everywhere for \$2.50 and \$3.00. **DOLLAR DAY ONLY \$1.00**

TIES! TIES!
Knitted Fibre Silk Ties—derby shape.
2 for \$1.00

Pure Silk Four-in-Hands: sold regularly 50c. to \$1.00.
4 for \$1.00

Batwing Bow Ties in a splendid variety of colors and patterns. All lengths. Reg. 50c. to 75c.
4 for \$1.00

WORK SHIRTS
Men's well-made Shirts in Blue Chambray and dark Khaki. 14 1/2 to 16.
\$1.00

YOUTHS' FINE SHIRTS
Neat patterns and excellent quality; some with collar to match. Sizes 12 1/2 to 14. Sold regularly at \$1.50.
\$1.00

CASHMERE SOX
Men's All Wool, fine grade Cashmere, in Brown and Black.
2 for \$1.00

WASH VESTS
Men's fancy Wash Vests; sizes 34 to 38. Regular prices \$1.00 to \$3.50.
2 for \$1.00

CHILDREN'S PLAY SUITS
Knitted Cotton Play Suits. 2 to 5 years. Regular \$1.75.
\$1.00

Children's Coveralls—2 to 6 years. Reg. prices \$1.50 and \$1.75.
\$1.00

LEATHER BELTS
Men's and Boys' Leather Belts in Black, Brown and Grey. Regularly up to 75c.
3 for \$1.00

HANDKERCHIEFS
Men's fine lawn with embroidered initials.
5 for \$1.00

Excelsa Khaki, extra quality mercerized.
8 for \$1.00

LADIES' AUTO CAPS
Just "it" for motor, boating or camping. Made of Silk in popular shades. Regular \$1.50 to \$2.50.
\$1.00

NEW "FISH NET" TIES
The latest creation in Neckwear—beautiful color combinations.
\$1.35

For the man who likes the Bow Tie the new Lace Bow is right.
2 for \$1.00

JENKINS' - OPPOSITE HOTEL RANDOLPH

A Career and a Name

By H. OXLEY STENGEL.

Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Paris, Sacramento, New York, New York, New York, Charleston, Charleston, murmured Elizabeth, as she quickly turned over the neat pile of letters and glanced at the postmark of handwriting on each. With a deep sigh she spread her snowy napkin and began on her grapefruit.

It distinctly annoyed Elizabeth to realize that she had expected a post-mark and handwriting which were not represented in the morning's mail—that she had been expecting a certain letter for a month.

"But it would be the least he could do to write a note," she defended, "and by must know about—"

"Good morning, Miss Elizabeth."

Martha's silent entrance through the swinging door had not been observed by the girl. She glanced up quickly. The face of the woman told her nothing.

"Good morning, Martha. My, how good your waffles look!" and Elizabeth managed a bright smile.

"But she didn't eat 'em like they was any better than ordinary cooks bake 'em she never read a single one of the letters—not even Mr. Jack's," nuzzled Martha when, on returning later, she first surveyed the plate from which only one golden-brown waffle was missing and then the retreating figure of the slender girl. "She's just a working too steady in that little study of her's turning out stories that the editor men are that eager to get now. Old Martha sure is proud of her child if we did have to come to New York 'n' this here apartment that don't give breathing space and could be set down an' lost in the old mansion, in Charleston. But who was it didn't write to her? Everybody must know—and to think of her caring so."

Settled in her study, Elizabeth resolutely tore open her mail as a duty which must be performed before she turned to the day's program of work. "Freedom," her first book, had been out but a short time, and relatives and friends—as well as publishers—were congratulating her upon its instant success. All except Tom Harrison. Oh, well, one couldn't expect everything in this life! But why was there no thrill? She had hoped the book would be popular and had counted upon these very letters as proof that she had not made a mistake in choosing a career and New York for its setting.

When left alone by the sudden death of her father—so soon after that of her invalid mother, Elizabeth had wanted to get away from the terrible loneliness. There had been much opposition to her plans upon the part of relatives and friends—again with one exception. Tom Harrison had been sure she would succeed. His belief in her had encouraged Elizabeth against every discouragement mere editors could inflict. And now the latter were seeking her stories.

She read her cousin Jack's letter last. It was brief and meant to remind her that she had promised to dine with him on Thursday and go to the theater later. He would congratulate the successful author in person. He would arrive from Baltimore at five and come right out.

Elizabeth glanced at her calendar. Today was Thursday. She must settle down to work at once upon the serial promised this week.

Five o'clock found her still laboring. Martha had brought in luncheon on a tray and had fretted and fumed over "her child losing all her good looks sitting over a desk." As in a dream, Elizabeth heard the ring at the door and a familiar voice—but it was not herself that she remembered he was due.

"A fine way to keep an engagement! Pardon the interruption—but hasn't a fellow a right to intrude upon time promised to him?"

"O, Jack, how glad I am to see you! I had no idea of the time—truly. And this is just finished," Elizabeth sprang up to greet him.

"I suppose a fellow should count himself lucky to get any time with a popular young author."

"Not every one does," Elizabeth retorted rather vehemently.

"And so some chap doesn't know when he is lucky?"

"Don't, Jack, please! Amuse yourself and I'll be ready shortly."

Jack "amused" himself by going out to the kitchen and inquiring of Martha regarding the care Elizabeth was taking of herself.

"No care at all, Mr. Jack. She don't even eat! Works too hard an' something's worrying her."

When Elizabeth entered the book-lined living room Jack, observing her worn look, exclaimed: "It isn't worth it, Puss, not even for fame. Come on and play with me. I've something to tell you, too."

They chose a small but gay restaurant.

"Elizabeth," said Jack when they were sipping their coffee, "I know you can tell a love story better than I, but I think mine will interest you. I wanted this chance to tell you."

Elizabeth looked startled and then greatly relieved as he went on.

"Lucy is just a dear little girl—not gitted like you, Puss, but she has made me the happiest man alive."

It was not until they were on their way home in a taxi after the play

HE LOVES THE BIRDS

JACK MINER IS A UNIQUE CANADIAN PERSONALITY.

Story of the Man Whose Sanctuary For His Winged Friends Has Become Famous In Every Part of the Continent—Lives in Bungalow Near Kingsville.

It's a difficult task to define in words so unusual a personality as Jack Miner. To realize the man who made the wild geese tame you must hear him speak. Then, by turns, he makes you laugh with his droll humor and impresses you with his tremendous sincerity. He grips your attention without seeming to try. He is too keenly interested in his message to feel concerned, either about his audience or about himself.

The story of Jack Miner has been told and re-told till it is familiar to most Canadians. But it will bear retelling.

Jack Miner of to-day is a big, up-standing man of 56—an out-of-doors man, essentially, with the out-of-doors habits of hard working and clear thinking. As a boy he came to Essex County, Ont. The "snarl of us ten children," as he aptly described the Miner family, got little education, and went to work early. "A dollar bill looked like a horse-blanket" in those days, so Jack and a favorite brother hunted for the market. They became wizards of the gun.

Meanwhile, Jack grew up, raised a family, and sent them in due course to the backwoods Sunday school. He could neither read nor write. His little folks taught him. He in turn taught Sunday school, quit shooting for the market—and then came those marvelous activities that have made Jack Miner known throughout this continent.

The wild geese and wild ducks had known him as an enemy. Now he thought: "Surely they would know a friend if they had one!" So Jack Miner set himself to make friends with the wild things.

"Birds are wild because they have to be, and men are wild because they want to be," is a characteristic bit of Miner philosophy.

Jack's campaign of pacification was infinitely patient. First, a bird or two ventured upon his ponds, and nibbled his tempting corns. Next season there came a large company. So bird interest grew from year to year. Now in March and April every year the wild geese congregate by hundreds and thousands. The good word has gone forth to the far distances of North Carolina, Saskatchewan and Hudson Bay that this one spot in America is dedicated to the wild geese. And the geese understand.

It took four years to induce the birds to call. Eight birds constituted the first visitors. Last year Jack Miner's feathered friends required 1,500 bushels of corn for their menu at this half-way house between North Carolina and Hudson Bay.

The same birds come back. Jack Miner has proved that. Among the thousands of birds that gather every spring at the famous goose pond near Kingsville are many wearing aluminum "anklets," with which Jack has decorated them in previous years. Many such anklets have been returned to Jack Miner from points as far apart as the Gulf of Mexico and Baffin's Bay. As for the ducks, he has tags returned from 23 different states and provinces, the farthest south from Guyana, Louisiana, and the span of territory east and west stretches from Long Island, N.Y., to Englefield, Sask. Four million square miles of territory—yet, year after year, the birds come back to this same spot.

They know.

It's an interesting sight to watch Jack Miner strolling through a flock of six hundred or more wild geese, the shyest birds alive. He talks to them in their own language—he has mastered several words in the geese vocabulary—and bosses them about as though they were a flock of barnyard ducks. The birds seem to know that they are safe from the hunter and that, backing up Jack Miner's efforts, the Dominion Government has made this spot a sanctuary for them.

There is another story told by a man who motored down to Kingsville once with Jack Miner. Away off against the sky hovered a flock of wild geese. "Stop," commanded Miner, suddenly. "That's one of my birds." He gave a peculiar call; and the distant bird came voicing down in answer.

That is how intimately Jack Miner knows the birds, and how intimately the birds know Jack Miner.

Years before Jack Miner ever thought of putting his story on paper he was widely known as a lecturer. He has told his story of the birds before all sorts of audiences except uninterested or indifferent ones. No audience, hearing Jack Miner, can long remain in that state of mind.

"Farmer and Drain Tile Merchant," is the modest fashion in which Jack Miner's letter-heads style him. There was a time when the fate of the tile-yard hung in the balance, and the future looked black for the drain tile merchant. That, however, is a story apart from Jack and his birds, and must be left for another time.

Miner believes in getting near to nature. Nature, as typified by primeval forest, was long ago swept away from the Kingsville countryside. But at intervals between his studies of the wild geese, the wild duck, the barn swallow, and the rest of them, he has planted thousands of trees. Years ago he planted a grove of maples. To-day they surround a Robinson Crusoe bungalow where, isolated as on a deserted isle, he can carry on his work undisturbed.

Dyeing and mining are Britain's oldest industries.

What gathering flowers in a wood, is to children, that shopping in large towns is to women. To wander from shop to shop, to compare, to choose, to appropriate—it is like gathering flowers.

Five things observe with care: To whom you speak, of whom you speak and how and when and where.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage.

DOLLAR DAY!

AT JACK JOHNSTON'S

Men's Canvas Shoes—high or low—Rubber or Leather Soles.
Boys' Canvas Shoes—Rubber or Leather Soles.

Men's Leather Bedroom Slippers.
One Lot Men's Boots—odd sizes.
One Lot Men's Oxfords—odd sizes.

\$1 Per Pair - ANY OF THE ABOVE - \$1 Per Pair

See Our **\$** Window

One Dollar Free
We will take \$1.00 off every pair of Shoes selling for \$5.00 or more bought here on Dollar Day.

Buy Our **\$** Bargains

Jack Johnston's Shoe Store

70 BROCK STREET.

70 BROCK STREET

ECZEMA

you are not the only one who suffers from Eczema and Skin Irritation. It relieves all such and gradually heals the skin. Sample box free. Chase's Ointment Free if you mention this page and send 2c. stamp for postage. See box: all dealers or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

The tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

The slow and sure overtake the swift.