

# Mr. T. C. Phillips Retires From the Retail Shoe Business!

## To the Public

It is with both pleasure and regret that I announce my retirement from the retail business. The liberal support of many friends and patrons has built this business second to none, and I feel truly grateful for the success you have made for me. Truly yours,

T. C. Phillips.

## \$60,000 Shoe Stock Must Be Sold in 60 Days!

Never in the history of Duluth was such an opportunity to buy the best standard makes of shoes, and we realize at this time of the year that we must cut prices deep to move this immense stock and

## This Will be a Record Making, Record Breaking Shoe Sale Fast and Furious!

What is more appropriate for presents than

SHOES, SLIPPERS or OVERSHOES

?

Every Shoe in the house goes, nothing reserved. Cost cuts no figure in this sale. The flood gate will be thrown wide open *Thursday at 9 a. m.* and the bargains will flow unrestricted if you will rapidly carry them away. Goods sold for CASH ONLY. No goods sent on approval. If you value money you cannot afford to miss this great chance.

Sale Begins Thursday Morning at 9 A. M.

# PHILLIPS & CO.

Sale Begins Thursday Morning at 9 A. M.

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Many suitable for Xmas gifts. We have the goods and the time to show them. Come early and avoid the rush. Our Xmas candy (2000 lbs.) has come. Largest assortment of Key West and Domestic cigars in Xmas boxes in the city.

LYCEUM PHARMACY  
Metropolitan Drug Store.



### It's the Present

That troubles most people nowadays. We want to help you and offer a few suggestions from the best and most complete line of MEN'S HOLIDAY FURNISHINGS in the city at prices that can't be beat. This is one reason why we enjoy such a large patronage. PEOPLE will naturally go where they can get the best at the least possible outlay. We do not handle inferior goods in order to make our prices alluring, but give you the best of quality at prices that are low for such goods.

The latest thing in the new wide Four-in-Hand neckwear from the East arrived today in all the ultra smart color effects for holiday wear—beautiful tans, reds, blues, browns and the new verdure shades.

NEW PRICES FOR THESE SPECIAL HIGH GRADE GOODS.  
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 AND \$2.00.

Men and Boys are practical and the useful gift will be most appreciated. Get the habit. Go to the

SPALDING HABERDASHERY

W. F. SIEWERT,  
426 West Superior Street.

### The Christmas Fellowship of Miss Mab

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.  
(Reprinted from Good Housekeeping by Permission.)

Little Miss Mab sat staring into the radiant heart of a wood fire. It lacked only two days of Christmas. She had not yet invited anyone to share the hospitality of her small home. Never since she had been left alone in the world—and that occurred when she was 17—had she known a lonely Christmas; there were always some forsaken creatures ready to turn gratefully to the shelter of her home. All these festivities had brought a certain heart warmth and happiness which lingered for months, but it had not meant fellowship or sympathy.

"I believe I want a little bit of Christmas to myself this year," Miss Mab whispered to herself; "it's such hard work, all the fixin's! I do love to see the old women and the starved boys an' girls fill themselves up. What they want, though, is the eatin'. They don't know nothing about fellowship. When a woman steps over the 40 line an' has been alone all her life, there's a sort of longin' for fellowship—ain't there, Maltie?"

The gray cat arched his back and rubbed his plump body against Miss Mab's dress.

"It's a fine dinner," observed Miss Mab in her solitary musing; "it's a fine enough dinner to deserve fellowship." She rose and walked to the front window. "I might just as well out with what is on my mind," she said. "I know who I want to invite as well as can be; all that's trouble me is the propriety of it. Now if the little thing hadn't a father, I'd take her in and keep her—longer'n Christmas, too."

She was watching a six-year-old girl who lived in the big boarding house across the street, which was

### MORK BROS.

FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

Zenth Phone 159; Duluth Phone 607-N  
531 W. FIRST ST., and 109 W. FIRST ST.

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Turkeys, choice  | 20c         |
| Geese, choice  | 15c         |
| Ducks, choice  | 15c         |
| Spring Chickens  | 15c         |
| Hens   | 12c         |
| Lard, ready to cook                                      | 8c          |
| Pork Roast   | 10 and 12c  |
| Spare Ribs, 3 lbs. for                                   | 25c         |
| Kraut, per quart   | 7c          |
| Mince Meat, 10c or 3 lbs. for                            | 25c         |
| Pigs, 80 to 140 lbs.                                     | 7c          |
| Beef Pot Roast   | 8c and 10c  |
| Beef, boiling  | 5c and 8c   |
| Shoulder Steak   | 10c         |
| Round Steak  | 12c         |
| Sirloin Steak  | 16c         |
| Porterhouse Steak  | 16c and 18c |
| Headcheese, Bologna, Liver and Blood Sausage, 3 lbs. for | 25c         |
| Pork Sausage   | 10c         |
| Hamburg Steak  | 10c         |
| Oysters, select, per quart                               | 50c         |
| Oysters, standards, per quart                            | 40c         |

MORK BROS.  
531 West First Street.

"thronged and lonesome," as Miss Mab expressed it. Every afternoon about five the child lingered on the steps and watched eagerly till a man turned the corner—a tall, round-shouldered, thin, sickly-looking man. As soon as she caught sight of him she darted like a swallow down the street and fairly threw herself into his arms. He always slung his lunch box on his wrist and lifted her to his breast. They did not seem to talk. The head with its brown curls was laid contentedly on his shoulder and occasionally the father bent to rub his cheek against the child's pale face. He climbed the steps with the little girl in his arms and shut the door behind him.

"It's fellowship inside there," she whispered; then she sat down to her lonely little tea table.

At seven o'clock she put Maltie to his bed down cellar; afterward she dressed and started for prayer meeting. Two or three friends stopped to speak to her. They decided she was in absent mood, for she did not seem to know what they were talking about. Miss Mab had only one thought in her mind, and it seemed to rhyme with the hymn, it mingled with the short discourse and prayer. It had only one tenor: she was longing to have the minister settle a monotonous question for her. It seemed as if all the congregation lingered to talk with him after prayer meeting. That night once or twice he held out a welcoming hand, but she evaded it; she could not seek his advice until she was alone. At last everybody was gone but herself. The young clergyman came forward genially.

"I wanted to speak to you just a minute, Mr. Pierce. I live alone, you know, an' I want to give some other folks who are kind of lonesome a bit of Christmas comfort and fellowship an' a good dinner."

"I know nothing more befitting the spirit of Christmas," said the clergyman, cordially; "it is following the very teachings of our Master."

"I'd like to tell you, though, who it is," said Miss Mab, eagerly; "it's a little girl who lives across the street in a great, noisy, desolate boarding house. She's have to bring her father, for he's all she has. There seem to be terrible devoted to each other. I reckon he's a widower—though I don't know. I've never spoken a word to either of 'em. I thought you'd tell me whether 'twould be proper or not?"

"There can be no question of the propriety, Miss Mab," he said earnestly. "In your kindness of heart you could make no mistake."

Miss Mab took his proffered hand warmly. "Thank you," she said; "thank you so much!"

Next day she watched for the little girl, who did not appear till about half-past four, and then she came out to hop nimbly up and down the flight of stone steps. Miss Mab threw a shawl over her head and

crossed the snowy street. She had a gracious way with children which readily reached their hearts. The shyness of the child disappeared while Miss Mab delivered a nervous invitation. "You'll remember," she said gently, "what I want you to do. Jest whisper to your father when he picks you up at the street corner that a lonely old woman who lives across the street wishes a bit of Christmas fellowship, an' if you and he haven't anything else planned she invites you to come and dine with her to-morrow. I'll watch for you to come back, an' if you wave your hand I'll know you'll come. You can remember?"

"I'll remember," answered the little girl. She spoke gravely, but there was an eager light in her eyes. "I'm sure we'll come. Papa and me was talking about Christmas last night, and wishing we were back in the country, because there were homes there where we would have been invited. We don't know anybody here yet, except boarding house folks. I've wanted so to get acquainted with your kitty, but I didn't dare come over."

"You dear little soul!" said Miss Mab, warmly; "you shan't have any more lonesome days, if I can help it."

Miss Mab watched anxiously the meeting at the corner. The child did not nestle her head on her father's shoulder, as was her custom; she was talking to him eagerly and pointing across the street to the little brick house set in the midst of a wide garden. She did not wave her answer. Miss Mab's heart began to beat tumultuously, when she saw the tall man come striding across the street through the snow. She threw the door open before he knocked. He bowed courteously.

"My little girl has told me of your goodness," he said. "It is kind of you, very, very kind. I do not know how to thank you. We shall be very happy to come. Do not mind the loneliness much for myself, but for Cynthia, left alone all day in our bare little room, the thought of it stays with me constantly while I work." Cynthia hung delightedly over her father's shoulder whispering in blissful friendliness to the gray cat.

### NOTICE TO UNION MEN.

Duluth, Minn., Dec. 17, 1904.

We, the undersigned committee of Local 165, Brotherhood of Boller-makers and Iron Shipbuilders of America, do hereby endorse Brother A. J. Lyle, candidate for alderman Fourth ward, and we find that there are posters circulating rumors that Brother A. J. Lyle scabbard on the street cars during last strike. We find that it is false and that he has never been employed by any street car company at any time. We find it is a political scheme to defeat him, and we hereby recommend Brother A. J. Lyle to all voters as a true union man.

Respectfully submitted,  
G. H. Hawksworth,  
Sec'y.  
William Moerke,  
Committee.

"'Twas a bold thing to do, invitin' strangers this way," said Miss Mab, apologetically. The scarlet blushes were chasing each other across her cheerful face. "I didn't say anything about the little girl's mother, because I didn't just know—" She stopped hesitatingly.

"Cynthia's mother died when she was three days old," said the man, slowly; "she has had to grow up with hardly anybody to care for her but her father. He isn't quite as good as a mother would be, is he, dear-est?"

"He's pretty nearly as good," whispered the child, stroking the careworn face.

"Land sake!" cried Miss Mab, with a strange, choking sob; "land sake, it is hard lines when the father has to do the motherin', too!"

"We are very happy together, aren't we, Cynthia?" The child nodded emphatically.

"The worst is her loneliness, only she will be going to school pretty soon; and our Christmas is assured. I cannot thank you cordially enough, madam, both for Cynthia and myself. We will be delighted to come." The child waved a good-night as they crossed the street, and Miss Mab wiped her eyes furtively when she sat down in her big rocking chair.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," she said to herself; "somehow, it seems to bring such warm comfort into your own life."

After the dinner had been cleared away Miss Mab sunned herself in the jocular warmth of fellowship. The gracious wood fire wrapped the little group in its friendly glow and the very spirit of Christmas seemed to hallow the homely, cozy living room.

It was a wild, cold winter, with great snow storms whirling over the country and city streets blocked with huge drifts, but there were no more lonely days for Cynthia. The room in the desolate boarding house was almost deserted between morning and night. The radiance of gracious friendliness and blissful warmth constantly awaited the child in the house across the street. Maltie's welcome was as cordial as that of his mistress. Every morning after he had eaten his comfortable breakfast, he jumped in the living room window to curl himself up in a gray ball with expectant half shut eyes fixed on the brick building across the street. He watched till the door was opened by a tall man, who carried a lunch box and a little clinging bundle wrapped in a fleecy brown shawl. He always chose the same path; he came striding across the street to the red brick house set in the wide yard. Then Maltie with a sudden eager leap went to find his mistress, and followed her, purring loudly, to the front door. He could scarcely wait for the little visitor to be unwrapped. Miss Mab's hunger for fellowship was no less ardent than that of the gray cat. Then what days followed. It seemed like a sudden burst of sunshine come into Cynthia's lonely life.

The careworn look seemed to be fading from her father's face. When evening came and he stopped at Miss Mab's door to gather the little girl back in his arms, there was time for a few moments' cheerful conversa-

tion. Cynthia's farewells were always tempered by the assurance of her return in the morning.

One night the child, tucked in a blanket, laid her cheek against her father's, when their bedtime talk was nearly finished. She whispered: "Don't you love Miss Mab, father?"

"I do," he said in a low voice.

"She's just as good a fairy godmother, isn't she?" questioned the child; "almost as good as the godmother who came to take care of the poor little pink princess."

"Twice as good," laughed the father.

"I couldn't have her for a really, truly own godmother, could I?" she asked, anxiously.

"It would be very nice."

"And then she makes such good things to eat. I could have a gingerbread man for tea every night."

"And what could we offer for all of that, the home and the goodness and—"

"Why, we could love her," said the child; you and I could love her with all our hearts; that would make her very happy."

"Would it, really?"

"I know it would. Won't you ask her if we can come?" Cynthia pleaded.

"Only we have so little to offer," said her father.

"Loving people isn't little, is it?" insisted the child.

"No." The man's eyes were fixed on the cheerful red glow in the window of Miss Mab's living room. "No, dearest, somebody has said that love is the greatest thing in the world."

### The New Market

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Orders delivered.  
We handle nothing but the BEST & CHOICEST MEATS and sell at the LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

Wholesale and retail.  
Beef by the quarter.  
Pigs, 125 lbs. and smaller.  
Hogs, 125 lbs. and larger.  
Special prices on Front quarters with rib out.  
Poultry, Fish and Oysters.  
Special attention given to telephone orders.

THE NEW MARKET,  
619 West Superior Street.

## Christmas GIFTS!

Are on the minds of almost everyone just now; it is, "what shall I give?" or "what will I receive?" Your lady friend will greatly appreciate one of our handsome little Chatelaine Bags, as we are showing a most beautiful line. Perfumery in all the different odors; Mirrors, Toilet Sets and many rare Novelties for Christmas are here for your choosing.

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