

WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS' 16th ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

This Is the Greatest Furniture Sale in Portland
SALE COMMENCES TUESDAY

Every Article Reduced From 10 to 50 Per Cent

NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES

Sideboard Bargains

\$154.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$80.00
110.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$75.00
84.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$59.00
65.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$45.00
40.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$30.00
37.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$28.00
35.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$26.00
30.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$22.00
25.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$20.00
20.00 Sideboard, now.....	\$15.00

Buffet Bargains

\$100.00 Buffets reduced to.....	\$65.00
75.00 Buffets reduced to.....	\$50.00
60.00 Buffets reduced to.....	\$42.00
45.00 Buffets reduced to.....	\$36.00
37.00 Buffets reduced to.....	\$25.00
27.50 Buffets reduced to.....	\$18.00

China Closets

\$90.00 China Closet, now.....	\$68.00
86.50 China Closet, now.....	\$60.00
82.00 China Closet, now.....	\$59.00
60.00 China Closet, now.....	\$40.00
45.00 China Closet, now.....	\$36.00
37.00 China Closet, now.....	\$28.50
30.00 China Closet, now.....	\$25.00
25.00 China Closet, now.....	\$20.00
20.00 China Closet, now.....	\$15.00

Parlor Suit Reductions

One \$100.00 Five-Piece Suit, now.....	\$77.00
One 95.00 Five-Piece Suit, now.....	\$64.00
One 80.00 Five-Piece Suit, now.....	\$53.00
One 65.00 Five-Piece Suit, now.....	\$45.00
One 45.00 Five-Piece Suit, now.....	\$35.00
One 35.00 Five-Piece Suit, now.....	\$27.00
One 80.00 Three-Piece Suit, now.....	\$62.00
One 60.00 Three-Piece Suit, now.....	\$45.00
One 53.00 Three-Piece Suit, now.....	\$42.50
One 45.00 Three-Piece Suit, now.....	\$37.50
One 38.50 Three-Piece Suit, now.....	\$27.50
One 25.00 Three-piece Suit, now.....	\$20.00
Extra Special Three-Piece Suits \$30.00, \$27.50, \$25.00 reduced to.....	\$17.50
Others as low as.....	\$14.50

Mission Furniture

In Weathered Oak.
For Dining-rooms, halls, libraries and dens at sale prices.

CARPETS

SPECIAL CASH SALE

Hartford Axminsters, regular \$1.85 sale price yard.....	\$1.51
Alexander Smith's Axminsters, regular \$1.70, sale price, yard.....	\$1.38
Saxony Axminsters, regular \$1.60, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30
Wilton Velvet, regular \$1.60, sale price, per yard.....	\$1.30
Dunlap Velvets, regular \$1.25, sale price, per yard.....	\$1.43
Body Brussels, regular \$1.75, sale price, per yard.....	\$1.43
Sanford's Brussels, regular \$1.25, sale price, per yard.....	\$1.30
Smith's Palisade Tapestry, regular \$1.10, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30
Higgins' Tapestry Brussels, regular \$1.00, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30
Best Extra Super, all wool, regular \$1.00, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30
Maharajah, Pro-Brussels, regular \$1.00, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30
Ingrain, all-wool filled, regular, 85c, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30
Union Ingrains, regular 55c, sale price, yard.....	\$1.30

The above prices include making, laying and padded lining. An allowance of 10c per yard will be made if Carpet is only cut from roll.

Rugs Are On Sale

At Reduced Prices

\$50.00 Bagdad Rugs, 9x12, sale price.....	\$36.00
48.00 Bigelow Wilton Rugs, 9x12, sale.....	\$36.00
38.00 Burlington Axminsters, 9x12, sale.....	\$27.90
35.00 Hartford Axminsters, 9x12, sale.....	\$27.90
32.50 Body Brussels, 9x12, sale price.....	\$25.55
30.00 Wilton Velvets, 9x12, sale price.....	\$22.30
27.50 Wilton Velvets, 9x12, sale price.....	\$22.30
27.50 Roxbury Rugs, 9x12, sale price.....	\$22.30
20.00 Brussels Rugs, 9x12, sale price.....	\$16.20
18.00 Brussels Rug, 8-3x10-6, sale price.....	\$14.00
22.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x15, sale price.....	\$16.20
20.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x13-6, sale.....	\$14.60
18.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x12 feet.....	\$13.00
16.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x10-6, sale.....	\$11.40
14.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 9x12, sale price.....	\$ 9.75
12.00 Ingrain Rug, 9x12, sale price.....	\$ 9.75

Sample Carpet Rugs
3 for \$1.00

Brass and Iron Beds

\$70.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$50.00
60.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$40.00
45.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$35.50
25.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$16.50
37.50 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$22.50
22.50 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$16.50
18.00 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$13.50
15.00 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$10.00
12.00 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$ 9.00
10.00 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$ 7.50
8.50 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$ 6.00
6.50 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$ 4.50
5.00 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$ 3.50
3.50 Iron Beds reduced to.....	\$ 2.85

Odd Dresser Bargains

\$70.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$50.00
65.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$45.00
50.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$38.50
40.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$30.00
35.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$28.50
29.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$22.50
25.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$20.00
20.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$16.50
18.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$13.50
15.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$12.00
12.00 Dresser reduced to.....	\$10.50
Others as low as.....	\$ 6.50

Bargains in All Departments

Including Bedding, Crockery, Lamps, Odd Rockers and Chairs, Odd Parlor Pieces, Lace Curtains, Portieres and Couch Covers, Heaters, Cookstoves and Ranges and Office Furniture, all at reduced prices.

We Are Sole Agents for the

Celebrated Majestic Ranges

Prices Reduced

Yesterday, Today and Forever

Christmas Sermon Written for The Sunday Oregonian by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

Fast—forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forward to the things that are before. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown.

It is often said that the future belongs to youth, the past to old age, and the present to maturity. If the saying be true, then hope is the guardian spirit of young hearts. Memory presides over the destiny of the aged, while the mature are controlled by the spirit of work and contentment. But, strictly speaking, life cannot be divided into two sections, as a ship is water-tight compartments.

The true life has at once unity, order and movement, and the great soul lives at once in the past, the present and the future. At his peril the youth drifts through the present, living only for far-off days, when golden success is to be his. The time will come when this youth will be like unto the bus-bandman who postponed sowing from April and May unto those months that stand beside the October frost. While the old man, who lives only in the past, will find himself like Lot's wife, overwhelmed with destruction through much looking backward.

The ideal life is like the great tree, whose trunk has accumulated the riches of a hundred Summers and a hundred Winters. Its roots stand in the soil of today, its boughs stretch forward, ready to receive tomorrow's sun and tomorrow's rain. Not otherwise is it with a life that is strong, vigorous and immortal. The man is here today, earnest, alert, open-eyed, eager, but a multitude of yesterdays lie behind his life, lending it weight and momentum, and pressing it forward, while the real career lies in front, including many tomorrows.

The Uses of the Past.

Consider the importance of the backward look and of the days whose riches are treasured by memory. A great today represents the capital assembled by those servants named the yesterdays. The present success is the place where all past labors have brought in their sheaves. Life is indeed a growth; the soul does begin a seed that slowly expands and takes on stature and ripeness. But growing from within, greatness comes also from accumulation of forces from without. This giant tree in California began as a seed, but the size of the seed was added, by slow accumulation, the richness of a thousand Summers and Winters, until innumerable tons of matter have been compacted into the tree's trunk.

Slowly also the great Nation accumulates its power. A people is savage when it has no history. The South Sea Islanders had no past—no heroes to celebrate, no battlefields to recall, no birth of liberty to rehearse in the presence of their children, no banner bright with stars, and red with the blood of patriots, to carry through the streets. Our Nation is civilized because we have a past that is four centuries long, and turning our steps toward that great past we behold the inventors making tools ready for us, we behold authors hiding wisdom for us in their books; we see the poets tolling upon songs that the future is to sing; we see the statesmen perfecting laws that are to protect the liberty of children yet unborn. That past is a great treasure-house, in which is assembled all the intellectual and moral wealth that blesses the children of today.

Civilization is not a rapid growth; slowly the soil deepens through the silent falling of meteoric dust. For ten thousand thousand years the leaves have been falling from the trees that yesterday's maple leaf may make tomorrow's leaf have a little richer red. Slowly the coal strata was formed, while boughs and trees were condensed into single flakes of shining carbon. Slowly yesterday's thoughts, yesterday's love, its tears and hopes and prayers are compacted into today's character. Alas for the youth whose past, like David's, holds a black sin and a pool of blood, for his past will be an avenger ever tracking him down; his yesterday will be a Gethsemane, filled with dead men's bones; his memory will be a cage or dungeon, against whose sides he vainly beats his bruised and bleeding forehead. But happy, thrice happy, the youth whose yesterday is filled with noble deeds, with memories of pupils to whom he has pointed the path of wisdom, of young soldiers whom he has armed against their battles; of mariners into whose hands he has placed a chart that will guide them across the sea into the promised haven.

The future can never harm him who can gladly look back toward the past. No man who can look backward with smiles will ever look forward with tears. Tomorrow's crown was begotten by yesterday's battle and remembered victory.

Today and Its Watchword—Work.

But, if that capital named character was assembled in the past, life derives its meaning from the present with its work and duty. Life's greatest word is "today." The Bible holds one charmed sentence: "Now is the accepted time." The fleeting moment is the one that is big with opportunity and freighted with destiny. The world is full of men of great talent who will end their careers without having fulfilled their own hopes or the hopes of their friends. On their tombs should be written the epitaph, "He neglected today." On the other hand, the world holds many men of very modest gifts who are making themselves a place among the immortals. Above their threshold should be inscribed these words: "He made the most of every passing hour."

In "Don Quixote" Cervantes has a picture of a youth who lived in a house named "Tomorrow" that he built on a street named "By-and-By," and the name of the city in which he dwelt was "Never." With biting sarcasm the great humorist describes the youth who drifts in the present and makes his appeal to the future; but that youth is not alone; he is not a solitary individual. There thou-

less ones march in bands and companies. Here is the young man who covets a reputation for wisdom; he is going to take all knowledge for his province. His standard is high; he proposes to stand among the very first. But he will never be a scholar because he postpones his study. Tomorrow he will buy the book; tomorrow he will lay out the course of reading in history and science; tomorrow he will mature his plans. Here are the great poets who speak to him, when he is tired they will keep silence and brood with him. They are the elect spirits who have survived the ages, outliving the cities that rise and fall, immortal amid empires that come and go.

Next year these young men will choose the company of the great authors; now they prefer a light evening's entertainment or an afternoon in the smoking-room, given to desultory conversation. For all such there will never be any tomorrow. The point named "By-and-By" will be a place where these men will sit weeping, with broken hearts. But we must not think that young men only are guilty of neglecting the present. Our number contains many gifted men and women who intend to do something for those who are young and struggling for knowledge. Tomorrow they propose to seek out some youths with luggage inside and send them to college to speak for them; tomorrow they will seek out some young artist or sculptor to go abroad at their expense and return with rich forms of beauty to enrich the state. This man's tongue is dumb but that youth's holds eloquence and power of speech, and next year this silent man will find a voice and lend it wisdom, that it may speak when he is dead. Today the merchant needs his gold, and holds the moneybags with hands that will not let them go. But tomorrow, oh, tomorrow, it will be easy to unloose the strings, and then the bag will overflow with yellow treasure. Tomorrow the house will be deeded as a home for orphans. Tomorrow a home will be founded for young girls, here in the very heart of the city, where are their fragrances and their heart-breaks. Tomorrow there will be built an amusement hall for homeless young men, with clubrooms. Nay, nay, a thousand times nay! There will be no tomorrow.

There is no action save the present action. It is now or never. Have you forgotten that word in the "Christmas Carol"? When Scrooge in his terror awakens, he pleads his business, the necessity of pinching pennies, that he may have a name for the rising up early and sitting up late to hoard and hoard. Every hour must be given to business. "My business, my business!" murmurs Scrooge. And then the angel answers, "Your business? Why, your business is to help God's little ones. His orphans, his boys with hungry minds, his girls struggling toward character. This is your business—to help God's little ones." Whatever you propose to do, do it quickly.

Tomorrow and Hope.

But if life is rooted in the present, and the boughs have been nourished in the past, its growth is in the future. Even for the old, it is hope that should rule, and not memory. No matter how much you have done for your fellows, you have never done enough. How superfluous is the word, "Society owes me a living," and that other word, "I have done my share." For every man society has done a million-fold more. There never lived a teacher, who taught enough wisdom.

On a day like this, at the end of the year, every author should feel that he would fain write one more page; every jurist that he would fain win one more noble cause; every patriot that he would fain start one more good movement; every soldier that he would fain turn in and strike one more blow. Every reformer should determine to grind under his heel one more serpent or scorpion named lust or lying or drunkard. All should catch the spirit of Paul, who wished to make his last day his best day, and send forth one more battle cry for the Christian Church, and lift the banner of the cross and charge for one more advance upon the enemy. Happily earth's greatest spirits have imitated that grizzled hero, Paul. When Tenyson's four-year-old son no longer played his wings for the sustained flight required in an "Idyl of the King," he writes a gentle poem—before he sets sail, writing a little song about the pilot who will meet him when he has crossed the bar. When Mr. Gladstone's voice has become weak, so that he cannot speak in the House of Commons, when his strength has failed so that he is no longer equal to book or review, then he determines to do one more good deed, write one more inspiring word. So he takes another man's book, writes "Analogy," and on the margin of the page he writes a commentary for the help of college students. You say that you did not like to see the author of "Jovianus Turpinus" descending to the work of preparing textbooks for school boys. Blessed be these noble men who wish to work to the last.

The last work may have been lesser work than that done in the fullness of their manhood, but it is useful work. When the husbandman can no longer sow the fields, and care for the vine-grards, it is a noble thing to see the old man, stooped upon his crutch, finding out some exposed spot in the land and stooping down there to plant a tree, whose boughs shall offer fruit to weary travelers, homes to the nesting birds, and shade to tired beasts. How admirable is the spirit of the old man who does not look back, but blind and weak, still presses toward the future, planting one more shade tree, digging one more spring, carrying one more burden—who, when he stands on death's threshold, before he passes out of sight forever, turns to light a little taper to guide some pilgrim home. There the old hero stands with the light falling on his face, and there, God bless him, let him stand forever.

WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS INC.

THE HOUSEFURNISHERS

Corner Washington and First Streets