Great Sale of Men's & Boys' Readymade Clothing

Commencing To-Day, March 6th, and ending on Saturday, March 15th, our entire stock of

Men's and Boys' Readymades at Keenly Cut Prices as itemized below.

MEN'S TWEED PANTS.

Regular Price $2.10. Now $1.80
Regular Price $2.20. Now $1.90
Regular Price $2.60. Now $2.30
Regular Price $3.30. Now $2.75
Regular Price $3.40. Now $2.85
Regular Price $3.50. Now $2.95
Regular Price $3.75. Now $3.15
Regular Price $3.90. Now $3.50
Regular Price $4.00. Now $3.60
Regular Price $4.50. Now $3.85
Regular Price $5.50. Now $4.60
Regular Price $6.00. Now $5.10

CASH ONLY. NO APPROBATION. GOODS CHARGED AT REGULAR PRICE.

Men's Tweed Suits.

Regular Price $10.50. Now $8.90
Regular Price $13.00. Now $11.50
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Regular Price $20.00. Now $16.80
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Regular Price $30.00. Now $25.50
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BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS,
from $3.00 up.
According to size. We have a large range of these Suits, sizes 1 to 8.

BOYS' RUGBY SUITS.

Regular Price $6.00. Now $5.50
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Regular Price $10.00. Now $9.00
Regular Price $13.50. Now $12.00
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Sizes 4 to 12.

MARSHALL Brothers

The Young Man in Church.

By RUTH CAMERON.

RUTH CAMERON

Is there any sight more oddly moving and touching than that of a young man in Church?

There is no question about it,—in this day and generation we have come to think of the active practice of religion as something belonging peculiarly to women, the clergy and middle-aged and elderly men. And when an upstanding young man shoulders his way through that sad tradition, marches his fine bulk up the aisle and lifts up his healthy young voice in the hymns, or bows his proud young head before the prayer book, there is something in the sight that touches the same sort of heart chords that vibrate to tales of heroism or to beautiful music.

At least that is my experience, and from what I have heard other people say it is not a unique one.

Especially, I have heard that subject mentioned in the last two or three years.

When The Young Man in Church is A Soldier!

For when the young man in Church wore the uniform of his country and the halo of a consecration to the great cause as well as the glory of his youth, his appeal was almost too poignant.

I remember one Sunday just before Peace Day when the lady next door came home from Church with such a look of uplift in her face that I asked at once if the sermon had been unusually inspirational. And behold, it was not a sermon at all that had lit the little lamps in her eyes, but the inspiration of the young man in Church.

The Boy And His Grandmother.

"He was one of those radio boys," she said, "and I don't think he was more than twenty, and six feet tall and fair and so manly-looking! And he sat with the dearest old lady,—I think she must have been his grandmother. And when he stood there holding the edge of the hymn book with her, then when he knelt beside her in the prayer, it made a lump in my throat because it seemed so beautiful."

I have been trying to analyze this feeling, and it seems to me that it represents a sort of subconscious satisfaction in the union of youth and strength with humility and worship. Youth is beautiful even when it is arrogant and thoughtless, but when it becomes serious, humble and tender, it is so surpassingly beautiful that it reaches down into our hearts and touches those emotions that "lie too deep for tears."

Is This Feeling A Reaction From Certain Conditions?

Conversely, it seems to me that it connotes a subconscious dissatisfaction with the position of the Church to-day, with our tacit association of the Church with the unmasculine forces in the community. It means that we long to see youth and virility once more associated with the public religion. And it seems to me that this awful scourge through which we have been passing has perhaps turned the world in that direction.

After the Clock.

Shall we, when adopting the Continental system of decimal coinage, also adopt the Continental clock?

The latter is by far the simpler method of reckoning time, the twenty-four hour dial clock having long been substituted in other countries for the confusing a.m. and p.m. of the twelve hour watch.

Certain branches of our Army, Navy, and Royal Air Force have already taken up the idea, but it remains to be proved whether the slow-going British public will welcome the innovation. Scientists always calculate time by means of a twenty-four hour dial, and Continental time-tables are also based on this system.

A train which left Milan at 12.44 would arrive at Treviglio at 14.28; the 23.12 from Marseilles reaches Toulon at 2.08—no need for the symbols a.m. and p.m., since time counts from midnight to midnight. In the same way, a Brighton express from Victoria, leaving at 11.55 in the morning, would reach Brighton at 13.09 in the afternoon.

Only three watchmakers in Great Britain at present manufacture these clocks, and if the system became popular we should have to go to Switzerland for our timepieces, from whence the greater number of Continental supplies come.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bolonga Sausage.

Fresh Fruits, Vegetables, etc.,
Ex. "Adolph,' March 7th.

California "Newton" Apples boxes.
"Wine Sap" Apples.
California Pears.
California Oranges,
California Lemons.
New York Cabbage.
Yellow Onions.
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Corned Salmon, fine large Fish, 12c lb.
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Ex S. S. Sagona, landed March 7th:

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MY UNCLE BILL.

My Uncle Bill was different from a lot of men I know,
He never was ashamed, when asked, to say he didn't know;
He never picked opinions from the other fellow's tree,
However good a gardener the other man might be.
He used to say: "Perhaps, he's right, but still I won't admit
That I should think the self-same way until I've studied it.

"The Lord gave me a brain to use and eyes with which to see,
With ready-made ideas, though, He didn't outfit me.
He didn't send me down to earth to sit around and blink,
And be contented with the things which other people think.
He didn't say: "You'll find your thought in books on any shelf."
I fancy that He hoped I'd do some thinking for myself.

"He sent me here with power to make my choice 'twixt right and wrong,
To choose the lodge and church and school to which I would belong.
And no man takes another's word for what is good to eat,
For what with man's calls bitter food, another swears is sweet.
And so with men's opinions I'll not quarrel or agree
Until I've done some thinking and the truth seems clear to me."

STAFFORDS' PHORATONE.

A reliable combination of expectorants for relief of pulmonary affections,

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis,
and other inflamed conditions of the lungs and air passages.
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Illustrious Dunces.

One of the greatest men in England to-day—a man who has borne unspeakable burdens alike in war and peace—was, when at school a perfect dunderhead. On the walls of the hall at George Watson's College, Edinburgh one may read the honourable and oft-scanned list of those who, year after year, have been the duxes of the school. Prouder than all of them, however, is the record of Sir Eric Geddes, a boy who when at Watson's, proverbially sat at the bottom of hs class.

"Why do you not try to do better at school, my boy?" once asked his father.

"There's so much more fun to be got at the bottom!" promptly came the glib response.

Another illustrious dunce was Dr. Thomas Chalmers, one of the greatest churchmen this country ever produced. So hopeless was Master Thomas at school that he was actually expelled as incorrigible and useless!

A famous Scotsman was equally weak in the classroom—to wit, one Walter Scott, who, though world-famed in later days as the author of "Waverley," was, when at the high school of his native city, not only told he was dunce but that he would always remain one.

A Hint for Schoolmasters.

Samuel Smiles tells a story of a certain boy with whom he was at school, and who, when not sitting at the end of the bottom bench of the class, was standing in the middle of the floor alternatively tendering the palms of his hands to the mercy of an irate dominie. Even this dunderhead, however, eventually belied his schoolday reputation. In after years he became chief magistrate of his native town.

Who cared to remember, at the time Sheridan was charming the world of fashion with his unparalleled eloquence that in boyhood his tutor had found him as dull-witted a boy as he had ever met?

The great General Grant, of American Civil War fame, was a booby at school, as was also Robert Clive, the founder of our Indian Empire. Thomas Chatterton, the poet, was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool of whom nothing could be made"; while John Howard, the philanthropist, was likewise a dunderhead in the days when he "crept unwillingly to school."

In the light of facts like these, the parent who abandons hope of the boy who receives more floggings than prizes would be none the worse for a good sound flogging himself.

Our Most Travelled King

He Has Broken the Records of all Other Monarchs.

It is whispered that the King may return President Wilson's visit, and make a tour of the United States.

King George V. is the first British monarch, for many generations, who has made a tour abroad, after coming to the throne. He was the very first King to visit his overseas possessions.

That journey of his to India, to be crowned as Emperor at Delhi, inaugurated a new era.

King George has travelled more widely than any king who ever occupied a British throne. His tour in 1901 was an absolute record. In the great liner Ophir, which had, for the nonce, been transformed into a royal yacht, he travelled first to Ceylon, then past Sumatra to Australia. He visited Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sidney. In Gippsland he went shooting, and bagged forty brace of quail; at Brisbane he attended a native corroboree.

Thence he proceeded to New Zealand, where the Maoric presented him with a Huia feather, as a sign that he was a great "war chief" On the way back he called at the Cape, where he had a tremendous reception by 100,000 people.

From the Cape he crossed 7,000 miles of ocean to Canada, and thence went by rail to Vancouver. By the time the royal party returned home, they had travelled 35,000 miles, crossed three oceans and five seas.

Our late King Edward VII. was the first to set the example of royal progresses when, in 1860, he visited Canada and laid the foundation stone of the new Parliament House at Ottawa, and drove the last rivet of the great Victoria Bridge, at Montreal.

Nine years later, he visited Egypt, and in 1875 made his great progress through India where he stayed seventeen weeks, and travelled more than 10,000 miles.

In 1877 he returned to India for the great Durbar at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

Medicine From Trees.

Ask any physician what is the most useful and most used stimulant to the heart and nervous system, and he will reply strychnia.

Strychnia is an alkaloid found originally in the seed of the strychnos nux-vomica, an exceedingly poisonous nut-tree that grows in tropical climates.

It is the most bitter substance known, and to its presence is due the disagreeable taste left in one's mouth after taking a tonic pick-me-up.

A tree which has various species—several hundreds in fact—and is of some medical interest, is the acacia. The acacia senegal furnishes us with gum arabic, a substance that, while not possessed of any marked curative properties of itself, is of considerable importance in the making up of pharmaceutical prescriptions.

AMBITION.

Ambition's needed in your game if you would win success or fame. The gent without it seems a clod, content his treadmill way to plod while men who have the splendid spur fill all the air with smoke and fur. Ambition, when it's safe and sane, controlled by wisdom's curb and rein, is necessary to the guy who hopes to reach the places high. But if you say, "I'll never stop until I reach the gleaming top regardless always of the rights of other hopeful striving wights," perhaps you'll reach the top and then discover you're abhorred of men. I'd build mud fences all my days before I'd tread the higher ways, and hear some delegates exclaim, "He never played an honest game. To push himself to higher rank he'd rob his grany's savings bank. To gain a foot on other men, he'd swipe his mother's setting hen. His thoughts are always of himself; to gain renown or gather pelf he'd push a cripple from the road, or touch a poet for his ode." In Holland there's a lonely skate who hoped to be supremely great; the rights of men he laughed to scorn, and trod upon the nearest corn. What mattered it if legions died so he increased his pomp and pride? And now he sits in shadows gray, and swats cockroaches all the day. His fate's a lesson to us all, the fat, the lean, the short, the tall.

"Stafford's Phoratone" for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchial Troubles Croup, Loss of Voice.—feb14,tf

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