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MEN'S & BOYS' READYMADE CLOTHING.

Our Readymades are unsurpassed for QUALITY, STYLE and FINISH, and our PRICES are the LOWEST in the City.

Men's Tweed and Navy Serge Suits, Men's Tweed Pants, Men's Stylish Raglans, Boys' Tweed Suits, Boys' Tweed Pants. Full range of sizes and great variety of styles.

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100 Men's American Waterproof Coats; Value for \$7.00. Selling at \$5.00

Marshall Bros



Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

HATS OFF TO THESE MEN AND WOMEN.



Every now and then I feel myself filled with the hats-off spirit toward some example of the courage for daily living shown by that wonderful person—the average man or woman.

And, this the form of "that courage to which my spirit takes off its hat to— the courage and spiritual endurance to be thrifty and keep on being thrifty day after day, week after week, year after year, and remain thrifty. I know of few greater traits on character than the need of watching every penny one spends.

A friend told me recently of a widow who managed to send her daughter to college by hard work and thrift, and said that mother had told her in all those four years she never relaxed her watchfulness of the family purse strings so much as to herself a single piece of candy, a single ice cream. I think that is good picture of the sort of never relaxing thrift I mean.

But the thing which made me take my hat to-day was a letter from a friend. She says that "saving which is necessary if her family are brought up on a moderate income in the way she wishes them to be is distasteful to her and that she has some of the effects of thrift living on her."

Don't think she needs worry, do you? A mental and sometimes spoken question of every thing that comes to the house. For instance Auntie gave my daughter a hair ribbon and I said to her not a cent less in seventy-five cents a "hair." Are you disgusted? (Hardly.)

A man begrudging spirit toward robins in our cherry tree. It has cropped up in me. I caught a big red grown one the other day and put it safely on a high branch. Evidently the robins are not great robbers by that "mean begrudging spirit."

"A certain narrowing of hospitality in myself. We have had guests every summer but this, for weeks at a time. I would like to give my friend a good time in spite of old H. C. of L." (Yes, but I think anyone who has had guests for weeks at a time has the right to rest on her laurels in these days when entertaining absolutely must be curtailed by ninety-five per cent of us, don't you?)

"The taking in for sixteen weeks of a troublesome boarder just for the sake of adding to our income." (Most of us would count that effort a virtue.)

"I know," she concludes after this tale of her depravities, "that good spenders are bad lenders but I wish I could be one for a little while."

Honor to Whom Honor is Due. And I— I wish I might be a fairy god-mother and make it possible for her and all the thousands of women like her who somehow manage to keep up, year in, and year out, this daily harassing watch over every cent of expenditure without growing mean or ungenerous or petty, to have now and then a spending spree.

I don't think the man who turns away from some big temptation deserves any more praise than the woman who turns away from the daily temptation of spending a little money carelessly.

Here's hoping that my praise may warm her heart a bit if it cannot fill her purse.

Placing the Blame.

Listening to the Voice of Labor, a stranger might be excused for thinking that the sole aim of the British Government has been to find some excuse or other for declaring war on Soviet Russia. Certainly nobody can be expected to conclude from the attitude of Labor that the very reverse has been the case, and that we have for weeks been doing our best to get Russia to come to terms with her adversary and conclude a general peace. Yet such is the fact, and for whatever delay there has been in the opening of negotiations Labor has to blame her Russian friends, and not the Allies—least of all the British Government.—Glasgow Herald.

A pretty dance frock of coral pink string belt of light blue.

Preserving Plums!

Lowest wholesale prices on---

100 6 Quart Red Plum.

100 6 Quart Blue Plum.

100 6 Quart Green Gage.

100 6 Quart Ripe Tomatoes.

Now Ready for Delivery.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers.

Mainly About People.

In spite of all the jokes about William Jennings Bryan's fruitless political ambitions, he has a right to sign himself "President Bryan" if he wishes to do so. He is president of the National Dry Federation, which helps explain his conspicuousness in recent prohibition matters.

Nine years ago, the farm house and barns of Isaac Shipless, of Milton, Del., were burned. Six years ago he lost 1500 chicks in a fire in his poultry plant. Three years ago hog cholera killed 200 of his pigs. This year anthrax among 20 of his cows has put him out of business. He is wondering what is going to happen three years from now.

What is the value of a lock of Mr. Lloyd George's hair? What price a snip from Mr. "Bob" Smillie's moustache? Apparently these things have a market. My barber informed me the other day, says an English writer, that he has just received a letter from a "hair collector" offering good money for hirsute specimens culled from the heads of celebrities. The writer stated that he already possessed three hundred samples of hair, among his prizes being Lord Reading, Sargent.

W. G. Grace and the Prince of Wales. And all guaranteed genuine.

The assertion that King George is a direct descendant of King David may find some confirmation in a wonderful genealogical chart preserved at Hatfield House, wherein the ancestry of Queen Elizabeth is traced back not merely to the Psalmist but to Adam. As far as the nobility of England have concern in the family tree the coat of arms is given in every case, but his is necessarily abandoned long before Methuselah. The chart measures forty-five feet, and is believed to be the largest genealogical tree in existence.

"The country is full of old-timers who say that letter writing is a lost art," says Walt Mason, in September Hearst's Magazine. "It probably is," he continues, "and so much the better. The letter they used to write half a century ago would drive a modern reader to desperate deeds. When I left home to seek my fortune, old Mrs. McDarrow said she would write me regularly, and keep me posted as to the news in my native village. It is 40 years since I received her first letter. I have been reading it at intervals ever since, and hope to live long enough to reach the end. . . Mrs. McDarrow wrote across the paper from east to west, in a tall, angular hand; when a page was filled she shifted it halfway around, and wrote from north to south, right across the original writing; then she gave it another quarter-hitch, and wrote across it in a diagonal direction, a little west of south; and then she wrote all around the edge; and wherever there was some blank space."

Packing Oranges.

Oranges in California are picked by hand and wrapped by hand, but the business of sending them to market is done almost entirely by machinery. Very important is the mechanical arrangement by which the oranges, rolling along runways under the influence of gravity, are made to sort themselves, those of each size falling into a separate bin.

Alongside the bins sit a row of young women, whose business it is to wrap and pack the oranges in boxes. Each one has at her left hand a quantity of tissue sheets of the proper size on a tray. With her right hand she plucks an orange from the bin, with her left she grasps a sheet of paper. A few rapid movements and the box is filled and ready to be moved and nailed up, an empty one taking its place.

THE BAD COLD.



I find that by the summer seas one catches colds, just as at home; oh, come, my friends, and hear me sneeze, and see my whiskers flecked with foam. This climate is the brag and boast, the endless pride of quite a few; but all along the sunny coast I hear men say, "Kers-woosh! Kerchoo!" The pills I take are black and tan, the poultice is a sight to see; I do not care for any man who will not come and sneeze with me. Oh, when one has a summer cold, the old world's beauties fade away; the azure skies seem stale and old, the sun shows symptoms of decay. You see the starlight on the deep, and do not feel a single thrill; you merely shed a bitter weep, and take another blue black pill. My heart is filled with discontent as I sit here beside the sea; I've no respect for any gent who will not sneeze a round with me. The glands are swollen in my throat and every cough gives me a shock, and I have lost the saintly goat that came with me to Plymouth Rock. My thoughts are all of doom and fate, and will be till from skulls I'm free; I have it in for any skate who will not sneeze a tune with me.

60 Years Old Today. Feels as young as ever. PEOPLE who are able to talk like this cannot possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders. These diseases can be cured by Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters. A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Mandarin, Burdock and other medicinal herbs. Sold at your store, a bottle. Family size, five times as large 21.00. THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN'S, N. B. Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, in easily digested form, is easily absorbed, and is a sure cure for all ailments.

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Why Not Brighten It? CONGOLEUM WILL DO IT.

Bright, cheerful patterns laid upon the floors that will stand any amount of washing, as Congoleum (it is made to stand water (it is absolutely waterproof) as well as other wear, will help to make "the house beautiful", to which all good house-makers aspire. Our price is absolutely the lowest.

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HENRY BLAIR

Here's a Snap.

CONGOLEUM MATS,

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YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO JEFF. HE'S THERE WITH THE IMAGINATION.

By Bud Fisher.

