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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

JUST TO GET IN THE SPOTLIGHT.



Here's a funny trick that people have, which has come to my attention several times lately. Maybe you've never run up against it, and it will interest you. It came to the Author's attention in this way: A friend of his sent him a letter she had received from her friend (who does not know him). In the letter the friend spoke highly of the Author's stories and said that although the name by which they were signed was masculine, she happened to know that they were written by a woman, the wife of a travelling salesman in her city. She said this woman signed that name because she didn't want her husband to know she was doing the work, but that she told her and a few friends because she knew they would be so interested.

Doesn't Want Her to Suffer.

The Author takes a very kindly view of the case affecting him. He says that the woman probably told her friend she was writing for the magazines. Then the friends wanted to see what she wrote in print and as she had not yet gotten into print and felt embarrassed to say so, she said she was writing under a nom de plume. He urged our mutual friend not to put the poor lady to shame by exposing her.

It's a funny trick though, isn't it? Just one more example of the sort of thing people will do to grab a bit of the spotlight for themselves.

Fortunately His Wife Knew.

The Author, who considered the matter a great joke, told the editor of one of the magazines he writes for about it, and the editor told him that sort of thing was continually happening. He spoke of several cases. One most startling one happened to a well-known author who lives in New York (like most well-known authors).

A young woman called at his house and wanted to see him. He was away and she saw his wife. Apparently she thought she had been invited to make a visit. She said she had met Mr. E. on a train in Texas and that she had had a long talk with him and he had invited her to come and look him up if she ever came to New York. As Mr. E. had never been in Texas (and his wife fortunately knew he had not) it was plain enough what had happened. Some other man who had sat with the girl on the train and gotten into conversation with her, to surprise her and interest her, had told her he was the well-known author.

Her Secrets Are Safe.

Even I have had my experiences along that line. For years a woman wrote to me under the impression

Find Shrine of Ancient People.

What appears to have been a shrine of the prehistoric people of New Mexico has lately been discovered and is now being explored by a party from the American Museum of Natural History. It is a sealed room in the Pueblo ruin at Aztec, New Mexico.

Dr. Clark Wissler, curator of the Museum's department of anthropology, makes this report on the discovery:

"The room is in perfect condition. The interior is plastered and painted in a brilliant white with dull red side borders and a running series of triangular designs. No room approaching this in beauty and perfection has ever been discovered in America. There are several adjoining rooms that seem to have some relation to this, but it will be some time before they can be dug out.

"What we have is obviously the holiest sanctuary or shrine of those prehistoric people. A sacred serpent is carved in wood over the ceiling. It is two and a half feet long and of the finest workmanship. Nothing like this has ever before been found, to

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my knowledge. On the ceiling beams are imprints of hands made by rubbing white paint on the palms and fingers and then pressing down upon the beams. Several strands of beautifully made rope hang from the ceiling, presumably for the support of a large number of nicely cut stone slabs, one of which was 2 1/2 by 1 1/2 feet and 1 1/4 inches thick.

Dr. Wissler writes that the ruin is now most impressive. A large part of it has been uncovered by the American Museum excavation party, which has for five seasons past worked under the direction of Earl H. Morris.

Dr. Wissler continues: "Our excavations have revealed one calamity that befell this city. The eastern part of the east and north sides were swept by fire. The ceilings were of wood, supported by great logs of cedar and spruce, overlaid by split cedar and bark. These fell down upon each other and lay in the lower rooms in great charred masses. We found the bodies of several unfortunate victims caught in the rooms.

"I have spent some time estimating the amount of timber used in building this city. There were the logs of some 200 pine trees, 30 feet long and about 12 inches in diameter. About 600 cedar logs of the same size but averaging 10 feet in

length. About 1,200 straight, beautiful poles of pine and cottonwood. Finally, there is not less than 100 cords of split cedar splints for covering the ceilings. All this wood was worked with stone."

TOLLING ON.



Each day I labor with my lyre, while neighbors go joy riding; my tears may fall, my hands may tire, but work is all a-blaing. My joyous neighbors as they pass, in every brand of lizzie, cry, "Come with us and burn some gas, and knock the speed laws dizzy!" When I have set this deathless ode upon the costly paper, in my tin car, along the road, you'll see me proudly caper. But not until the ode is done, and to the mails I've turned it; I don't believe in burning mon before a fellow's earned it. Don't spend your unearned money yet, I beg you, gents and ladies! That is the road that leads to debt, and debt is simply Hades. I would not tool my pea-green car and leave my work neglected; the thought of that would surely mar such bliss as I'd expected. My pushcart doesn't leave its stall till all my tasks are ended, and then I scorch

along the Mall in pomp that's truly splendid. Oh, then I feel I have the right to go around rip-tearing, and honk my horn throughout the night, and keep the peepers swearing.

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

THE BIG THING.

I've grieved a lot an' fretted over things I've thought were great. I've whimpered when I've suffered 'neath the buffet of fate. I've thought the most important that some dream or plan of mine should blossom to perfection to complete my life's design. But I've seen my hopes in ruin an' my proudest structures fall. An' I've learned they weren't the big things that I thought them, after all.

I've wondered what would happen should disaster come my way. I've thought my peace depended on the fortunes of a day. I used to think I couldn't stand the anguish of defeat. But I've always seemed to weather every storm I've had to meet; Oh, I've had to take my losses—some were great an' some were small. But life isn't built on money, fame, or conquest, after all.

Friends have met me after failures with the same old handclasp true. An' my own have kept on lovin' 'spite of all I've failed to do; I have come through disappointments which I thought would leave me lame. But the losses didn't matter—this old world was just the same; There was gladness all about me, I could hear the children call. An' I found that I'd been frettin' over trifles, after all.

All that matters, when it's over an' the battle's won or lost, Is the way it leaves your record, not its gold an' silver cost. Man has honest cause for grievin' if his hands are black with shame. But to-morrow he'll be smilin' an' his world be just the same. Spite of failure an' disaster, if he has the strength to crawl! An' pride lights the home he's keepin'—that's the big thing, after all.

Household Notes.

If the feet ache, bathe them daily in water in which there is a little bicarbonate of soda. Apples baked individually should be cored and the spaces filled with chopped raisins or dates.

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By Bud Fisher.

