

PRESIDENT BRACES.

Men's Shirley President Braces, best Brace made. Gives to every motion of the body. Regular Price \$1.00. Friday and Saturday, 90c. pair.

Gents' SILK NECKTIES.

The greatest display of Gent's Neckwear in the city. Values up to \$2.50 each. Special Price Friday and Saturday.

Now is the time to Economize

And you can do so if you take advantage of our Cut Prices on Friday and Saturday.

Infants' Boots.

200 pairs Infants' Buttoned and Laced Kid Boots, Tan, Bronze and Black; sizes 3 to 8. Wonderful values. Friday and Saturday, 90c. pair.

Lace Curtains.

200 pairs Job Lace Curtains, full size; mostly White. Value for \$4.50. Friday and Saturday, \$3.50 per pair.

Gents' Silk Summer Hats.

1 dozen only Gent's Grey Silk Summer Hats, discontinued line. Just the thing for warm weather. Good value for \$4.00. Friday and Saturday, \$2.60.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Just in another big stock of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, best dental preparation in the market. Friday and Saturday, 15c. tube.

Sweeping Powders!

3 dozen only Disinfectant Sweeping Powders. Make the room smell sweet. Large tins. Friday and Saturday, 22c. tin.

Marshall Bros

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

"I WILL DROWN, NO ONE SHALL HELP ME."



RUTH CAMERON

"There," said the Authorman, I've put a precious half hour that I had forty-seven uses for, into telling him how I have overcome insomnia. And I suppose he'll just say, 'Oh, my case is entirely different.' That's all the good it will do."

"Isn't his case different?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Authorman, "and so mine. Every case is different, but they are all alike, too, or most of them. The man that helped me had insomnia because he had been working nights and changed over to days, but the principles that helped his insomnia helped mine, didn't they. And he'd help this man if he'd let them, but I'm betting he won't."

Household Notes.

There should be a drawer for recipe books in the kitchen table.

Wash black stockings in fresh suds and rinse in very blue water.

Clean window shades with a rough flannel cloth dipped in flour.

Left-over meats and mashed potatoes make a delicious shepherd's pie.

To make butter come out of mold more easily, pour hot water over mold first.

White kid gloves may be cleaned by scrubbing with Ivory soap and water.

Beating a rug destroys the fiber; it is far better to use a vacuum cleaner.

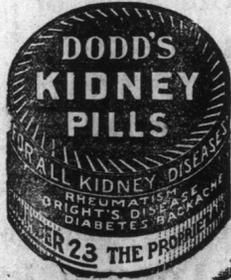
To wash a clothesline, wrap it around washboard and scrub with soapsuds.

Onion plants planted about one inch apart will not grow too large for pickling.

Serve Neufchatel cheese as a luncheon dish with stuffed dates and mayonnaise.

The Japanese sauce made from the black soy bean is excellent in flavoring gravy.

The child who does not care for milk could be offered it in the form of weak cocoa.



FRY'S Chocolates.

Now ready for delivery: 15 cases J. S. FRY & SONS' Famous Chocolates, comprising: Fancy Bon Bon Bags. 4 lb. boxes. Loose Foil Wrapped. 1/2 and 1 lb. Ass'd. Boxes. Five Boys' Bars. Choc. Cakes, etc., etc.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers. Please note our new address: QUEEN STREET, cor. of George. Phone 480. P. O. B. 425.

THE GREYBEARDS.



W. H. MARION

There's some delight in being old, for one is licensed then to scold and view things with a clear eye; I hang around the market place and let some brine run down my face, and talk of things that harm. I tear my hair and wring my fins and talk of all existing sins as though they were modern; and I denounce the thriftless jays who blow their coin in forty ways, and fill the air with fur. But truly, in the ancient times the giddy lads blew in their dime; and as they blow them now; and people mortgage their abodes for trotting nags to burn the roads, as graybeards must allow. The porchouse reared its front of brick and gathered in the thriftless hick, just as it does to-day; and pauper graves, behind the kirk, were made for those who wouldn't work, but spent their hours in play. I know these facts and many more, but when I'm in the Blue Front store, discussing timely themes, I boast the past as something bright, a noble structure, fair and white, on which the sunlight gleams. I knock the sawdust from the truth; they wouldn't stand it from a youth, but I am bent and gray; and as I ramble on and on, they merely sit around and yawn until I drift away.

Stamp Out the Fool Motorist.

The recent death of Mr. C. A. B. Brown, President of the Canadian National Exhibition, was the inevitable result of the impunity with which motorists attempt to run by standing street cars whenever they thing they "can get away with it." It has been a common practice after dark, and even in broad daylight at points uncovered by traffic officers. Most readers have seen many attempts of the kind in which by the merest chance accident was averted. Mr. Brown was struck just as he had alighted from the front platform of a street car, and the motorist must have been well aware when he resolved not to slow up that he was taking a chance of killing or maiming a passenger. The great majority of motorists are decent and considerate, but there are a certain number who think it smart to try and break the regulations and who have conceived the idea that pedestrians have no right to be on the pavement anyway. Of course any intelligent person knows that pedestrians have a primary right to use the pavement on necessity. While it is impossible to prevent all fools and bad citizens from owning and driving motor cars, or to place policemen on every corner to catch them, it is possible for magistrates to discourage the practice by severe penalties. It should be clearly understood that the next motorist caught trying to run by a standing street car shall receive one month's imprisonment, cancellation of his license and condemnation of the motor itself for either use or sale for a period of six months. Then fools and bad citizens would think twice before trying to beat the regulations.—Saturday Night.



LEADER OF THE GANG.

Seems only just a year ago that he was toddling round the place in pretty little clored suits and with a pink and shining face; I used to hold him in my arms to watch when our canary sang, and now to-night he tells me that he's leader of his gang.

It seems but yesterday, I vow, that I with fear was almost dumb, living those dreadful hours of care waiting the time for him to come; And I can still recall the thrill of that first cry of his which rang within my soul—and now that babe tells me he's leader of his gang.

Gone from our lives are all the joys which yesterday we used to own, The baby that we thought we had, out of the little home has flown, And in his place another stands, whose garments in disorder hang, A lad who now with pride proclaims that he's the leader of the gang.

And yet somehow I do not grieve for what it seems we may have lost, To have so strong a boy as this, most cheerfully I pay the cost; I find myself a sense of joy to comfort every little pang, And pray that they shall find in him a worthy leader of the gang.

A Son of Great Britain.

(From the London Morning Post.)

The Prince of Wales' arrival in the first stage of his second great tour as a missionary of the Empire. The splendid work he is doing in knitting even more closely together the component parts of the King's dominions recalls the striking speech made by Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords just after the prince's birth. In moving an address of congratulation to his parents and grandparents, the then prime minister recalled the fact that, by old traditions, the title given to the sons of the French monarch was that of "Sons of France"—a name which, he said, had always seemed to him the noblest and the most pathetic that any prince could bear. "May we not," he added, "hope that this new-born child may come to be in truth the Son of Great Britain, and be adequate to the high duties and responsibilities which that noble title involves?" Lord Rosebery has lived to see his hope more than realized. The Prince of Wales has come to be the much loved son, not of Great Britain only, but of Greater Britain; and who would venture to deny his adequacy to the high duties and responsibilities he so cheerfully and so charmingly fulfills?

60 Years Old Today

Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can not 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, Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store in a bottle. Family size, five times as large size.

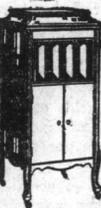
THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters, in candy form, is also available.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

Since 1894

the Columbia Graphophone Company, pioneer, leader and creator of the talking-machine industry, and owner of the fundamental patents, has been making the best sound-reproducing instruments in the world.



Today

the Columbia Grafonola is the sum of all that has been done so far by science to perfect sounds and harmonies. Come in and let us play for you any Columbia Grafonola you want to hear.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co. Grafonola Department.

For Sale!

BUILDING LOTS ON MERRYMEETING ROAD.

This is an excellent opportunity to purchase a site for the building of a house. Avail of the chance afforded. Particulars on application to GIBBS & BARRONS, Solicitors, Bank of Montreal Building.

The Cockney Accent.

Mr. Charrington, the well-known temperance reformer who recently celebrated his jubilee, has many good stories to tell of his experience in the East End of London, where his work has mostly lain.

One of the best concerns a living bridge tournament at which he chanced to be present.

A certain well-known lady worker

(says Mr. Charrington), was impersonating the Queen of Hearts. Presently she was accosted by a fellow-performer, a typical East-End factory girl.

"I'm looking for the ices," she said. "Have you seen them?"

"Ices?" said the Queen of Hearts. "I'm horribly thirsty!"

"Are there any ices? How delightful!"

"I don't mean them kind of ices," was the rather curt rejoinder. "I'm looking for the ice of spades."

Reg'lar Fellers



Had ship's anchor fall on my knee and leg, and knee swelled up, and for six days I could not move it or get help. I then started to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, and two bottles relieved me.

PROSPER FERGUSON.

Gave Himself Away.

"These profiteers make me feel positively ill," said George Graves, laying down his paper with a sigh. "They are always protesting, yet they give themselves away every time."

"They remind me of the man who entered a famous West-End restaurant and asked the waiter: 'Gustave, did Tom Blank dine here last night?'"

"Yes, sir," answered Gustave.