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Well Boy's! We're Right In the Game

Every minute, don't miss an inning, and when you want something just a little different, and with plenty of ginger, call here and you will never be disappointed.

Look at this Cut, isn't it a hummer!

That's a Hart Schaffner, and no getting around it fellows,

"The Best Stuff Made"

Plenty of ginger and all "quality"

Our Entire Spring Stock at Removal Sale Prices

ONLY 4 MORE DAYS LEFT FOR YOU TO TAKE ADANTAGE

We are reducing goods all over the house. No exceptions. We must supply our customers before closing our doors, preparatory to moving. So Don't wait too long but come now.

REMOVAL SALE PRICES on our entire stock of Dry Goods. Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Etc.

Merchant Bros. "The Busy Store"

Preparing a Meal

Becomes a simple matter when the cook uses

Primrose Hams and Bacon

All Groceries and Markets

Favor Us and Yourself

By buying your furniture here. This is the only furniture store in the city where no second hand goods are carried and our prices are right too. A fair profit is all we ask, Anything in the furniture line to be had here.

SOME SPECIAL PIECES

of high grade furniture that just arrived are now on display at this store. Come and inspect the stock whether you wish to buy or not.

C. A. JOHNSON

FRONT STREET

COLUMBIA MACHINE WORKS

Cavanagh, Chapman & Co.

General Repair Work and Woodturning. Launches a Specialty Foot of Queen Avenue, Marshfield

THOMASON & HANSON

DEALERS IN

'Hay Grain and Feed'

Free Delivery Phone 1751

Chas. A. Stevens Coat & Suit House. Chicago

Mrs. M. R. SMITH, Agt.

Cor. First and B Sts. Marshfield, Ore.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

However hopeful one may be, whether one laughs or weeps, none can make thee speak, none can open thy hand before the time, oh, mute phantom, our shadow! Specter always masked, ever at our side, called tomorrow! — Victor Hugo.

"I have a friend. He's just as glad to see me when I'm broke as when I have the coin, egad, and that's no idle joke. He's never busy when I call; his mood is always gay. He is my friend whate'er befall; has always been that way.

He would not sell me for a price nor play a double part. He never offers good advice, and that has won my heart. You think I stretch the truth a bit; that such friends never were. This is all true, but I'll admit my friend is just a cur. — "Buckshot."

Out of Hand.



Voice From Above—Catch hold of that rope, my good man. My Good Man—Wot's up? Voice From Above—I am, you silly ass.

The shade became so intolerable that Satan had to rebuke him. "You swell round here as if you owned the place" quoth the father of lies, severely.

"Certainly," replied the shade. "Why not? My wife gave it to me before we had been married six months."

"Your honor," said the attorney for the landgrabbers, "I ask that the

jury be instructed to acquit. My clients are not guilty." "You speak with a confidence hardly warranted by the evidence," responded the court. "But, your honor," resumed the attorney, "I myself have visited the scene of the alleged crime, and I give you my word that the land is right there yet."

Always One or the Other. "But why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of the would be cook. "To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master an' the missus used to quarrel, mum." "Dear me! Do you mean to say that they actually used to quarrel?" "Yis, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me an' him, it was me an' her." —Everybody's.

Why the Blade is Curved. Corporal Sandhurst was drilling a batch of raw recruits. "Why is it," he said to a bright looking chap, "that the blade of your saber is curved instead of straight?" "The blade is curved," the recruit answered, "in order to give more force to the blow."

"Nonsense!" said the corporal. "The blade is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight, how would you get it into the curved scabbard, you idiot?"

The Waiter's Preference. At a dinner one day some men were discussing the merits of different species of game. One preferred canvas-back duck, another woodcock, and still another thought a quail the most delicious article of food. The discussion and the dinner ended at about the same time.

"Well, Frank," said one of the men, turning to the waiter at his elbow, who was as good a listener as he was a waiter, "what kind of game do you like best?"

"Well, massa, to tell you the trufe, almost any kind of game'll suit me, but what I like best is an American eagle served on a silver dollar."

Her Way.

Wife—Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?

Husband—None, darling.

Wife—Then I am determined I will have none from you, either.

Husband—You have secrets, then?

Wife—Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Husband (hoarsely)—Go on!

Wife—For several days I have had secret—a secret longing for a new dress, with hat to match, for summer. That fetched him. She was busy at the dress goods counter next day.

"I suppose if the fathers of the nation were to decide like the mothers to hold a congress, it would be something of a musical event," remarked

Dr. Toye who takes great interest recently in the rearing of children.

"Musical! How do you make that out?" asked Tom Hall.

"They would probably agree on things, and that would make their meetings "pop" concerts, wouldn't it?" replied Dr. Toye.

Too Rough.

A traveler in the dining car of a railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast.

"Can't give yo' fried nigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen yo' want to wait till we stops."

"Why, how is that?" "Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry nigs dey scrambles."—Life.

Bound to Cut There.

"I don't know whether to make a doctor or a lawyer of John," said the old man. "I've got a lawsuit to be settled an' a leg to be cut off, so I s'pose I can't miss it far either way."—St. Louis Republic.

Point of View.

Susto—Wouldn't you like to be as happy as a lark?

Johnnie—Naw! Think of the time they have to get up.—Truth.

Wisdom of the Young.



"Oh, Willie, don't yer wisht yer wuz a real horse, so's yer could wear a silver plated harness instead of dese old strings?"—New York World.

On His Way to Take the Waters.



The first heavier than air flying machine.—Sketch.

Frank Parsons' thinks he is something of an inventor.

"The thing I am working at now," he began to a little group who were not busy at the busy corner, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the alarm clock trust out of business. The idea is simply specially prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to arise at 5 o'clock you take five tablets; if you want to get up at 6, take six tablets; and so on." "But how will it affect the alarm clock trust?" "Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired—"

But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded.

"Is that you, dear?" asked a Coos Bay woman as her husband came stumbling into the house at 2 o'clock in the morning. "Yes," he answered sulkily, "who'd you expect?"

WITH THE WITS

"Your lankweedge," remarked the visiting foreigner, "it ees so strange."

"Why so, count?"

"When a man spend all hees money, one man say hee's all in. Another man when he has no money say hee's all out. I no understand."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Your father is in politics," said the stranger, "is he not?"

"Yeh," replied the boy, "but mom thinks he's getting cured of it."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, his stummick has gone back on him, and he can't drink like he useter."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Two girls returning from Sunday school were discussing their progress in the Shorter Catechism.

"I am past original sin," said the younger one.

The other immediately responded, "Oh, I am farther on than you, for I'm past redemption!"

A peasant insured his house against fire. When he got the policy, he asked the clerk:

"What should I get if my house were burned down tomorrow?"

"Three or four years' imprisonment," was the short and prompt answer.—London Tit-Bits.

"But can we live on \$1,000 a year?" asked he.

"Let's see," said she. "Theater tickets will cost about \$250 annually, flowers as much more and bouquets, say, \$200. Certainly we can do it, John, and save money into the bargain."—Kansas City Journal.

We are now prepared to store your goods, Bay Side Paint Co., North Bend.