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“THE EFFICIENT FOOTMAN”

I. 49

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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sive Motherhood.” We skip that, too, not sounding quite nice. The next on the list is an article by a lady who explains how she persuaded her little boy not to say “Gottamit,” a very natural thing to say, we should imagine, in that particular household. Probably the cat said it, too, if the truth were known. The lady also recommends the training of the father, because “you can create habits in him as well as in the children.” So we should suppose, poor beast, and the habit of saying “Gottamit” among them. But at last we come to the real cream of the whole article. Now at last we know why the “Ladies’ World” was sent to us. It is an article entitled, “When You Have Eaten the Melon, Here Is a Use for the Seeds.” The lady says she does not know who made the first melon seed bag, and so we shall have to restrain our murderous impulses until the criminal has been detected, Gottamit. But the title is a suggestive one. How would it do to have a series? For example, “When You Have Eaten the Potato, Here Is a Use for the Peel.” Almost anything can be used nowadays for the gleeful and ecstatic squandering of time. What is time anyway? There is no charge for this suggestion.

But think of the criminal waste of melon seeds. First, says the writer, you eat your melon. You will notice that she begins at the beginning. You will also notice the precision of the process. A good many people would be simply bewildered to know how to get the seeds out of the melon. Then the seeds must be washed and dried. We are told exactly how to do this. Then you put them in a tin box until you are ready to use them. This, says the writer, is a “necessary precau-

tion.” You see you might be taken with an insane atavistic impulse to throw them into the garbage can, and a good job, too. Then you get a saucer with a little water in it. Not too much water, just enough, as they say in the cook books. You put fifty seeds into the saucer just to start with, and you “add a few from time to time.”

**B**UT it would be hardly fair to give away all. It is a minute, definite, precise, and detailed process, and it is described in that exuberantly confidential way so popular with lady writers. On no account use a sewing needle. Use a bead needle, but a sewing needle will do just as well. No, we will not divulge the whole secret. We will quote a single passage just to whet the curiosity of the Bricklayers’ Union and the Stock Exchange and let it go at that. Here it is: “Begin the next row by passing the needle through the thick end of one of the seeds, then through the pointed end of a fresh seed, through one bead, through the pointed end of another fresh seed, then through the thick end of the second seed in the first row (counting from the seed where this second row was started). Now through two beads, then through the thick end of the third seed in the first row, through the pointed end of a fresh seed, through one bead, through the point of another fresh seed, through the thick end of the fourth seed in the first row, through two beads.” Finally there are various pictures of completed bags, and naturally they can be decorated in any way you wish. For example, you could embroider the word Gottamit across the face or any little sentiment of uplift that may occur to you.

## A Case in Surgery

(Concluded from page 8.)

doctor had informed his brother and the nurse that the bandages were to be removed the next day.

As Major Staunton was leaving the tent, the nurse followed him.

“Major,” she said, “I think I have outlived my usefulness here. Your brother has almost completely recovered, and I would like to be permitted to return to the surgical ward.”

The doctor had missed her work in the surgical ward, and really required her there.

“Very well, nurse,” replied the Major; “but you have worked so hard on this case, that I should think you would prefer the duties of looking after a convalescent for a while. I am sure my brother and I can never thank you enough, but you are needed in the operation theatre. You may report for duty there to-morrow, if you wish.”

The nurse returned to the tent and told Billy that he would have a new nurse in the morning.

“What rotten luck,” said Billy. “I know that I will miss you awfully; you have been so kind to me.” The nurse appeared to be in high spirits at her return to the surgical ward. She joked Billy.

“What difference can it make to you. A nurse is a nurse, besides, you have never seen me. You will be so busy writing to your girl that you will not notice the nurse at all. You were interesting while you were sick, but you are not sick any longer, you know. Why, you will be out of here in a week.” Billy shook hands with her, and made her promise that she would come to see him before he left for the convalescent camp. She agreed, and laughingly said,

“Good-bye, Mr. Staunton. Give my love to Marion.”

After she had gone Billy thought, “I would like to see that girl. If she is half that Bob says, she must be a stunner.”

At nine o’clock the next morning, after a careful examination by three doctors, it was decided that Billy might be allowed the use of his eyes, when carefully screened by blue glasses. No reading or letter-writing was to be permitted for some days.

Three days after the removal of the bandages, Major Staunton was talking to Billy’s former nurse. He told her that his brother was engaged in writing

his first letter. He asked her to come over to the tent to see Billy.

“The boy is naturally very anxious to see you, and no wonder, after all you have done for him. Come along now, nurse. I have fifteen minutes to spare, and will introduce you.”

They found Billy seated with his back to the door, evidently writing.

“Is that you, Bob? Don’t bother me now. I’m busy.”

“Stand up, you brat, and make your best bow to the girl who saved your worthless life.”

Billy jumped to his feet and turned around.

“Marion,” said Billy.

“Billy Boy,” said the nurse.

“Well, I’ll be hanged,” said Surgeon-Major Staunton.

### German Comment

**G**ERMAN comment on Mr. Lloyd George’s speech is illustrated by the Cologne Gazette’s comment, which may be considered mild, in comparison with their current views on most things British. It says:

“As was to be expected, Lloyd George, who like his Ministerial colleagues is busily beating the recruiting drum, has quite outdone them in demagogic oratory. With utter impudence he has glorified sniping, though prohibited by international law, as the exercise of a nation’s holiest rights, and compared the German army of invasion in Belgium to a pack of thieves, whom anybody is entitled to shoot at sight. Lloyd George knows perfectly well that this comparison is absolute nonsense, and that one can give the civilian population of a country no more insidious advice than to adjure them to take arms against a hostile army. Nevertheless, this Minister, in order to make a deeper impression on an illiterate audience, has not scorned to use the arguments which hitherto have appeared only in letters of terrified peddlers or professional agitators to the Daily Mail or similar papers. We hardly expect that Lloyd George will encounter very emphatic protest against his lying speech, which was characterized on this occasion by gutter-boy wit, but the cultured Englishman knows in the privacy of his own mind just what sort of a fellow Lloyd George is.

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