

AFTER all—nothing so conduces to a "well groomed" air, as immaculately fitting, modish linen—such style, and class, for instance, as are **Tailored** into Shirts and Collars marked

W.G. & R.



Shirts this year show wide striped patterns with or without figures: W. G. & R. Shirts show them best.

This is the mark worth insisting upon:

W.G. & R.

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Made in Berlin, Canada



Ask Your Physician Or Your Druggist

all about

NA-DRU-CO

We compound NA-DRU-CO Preparations according to the **best formulae** known, from the **purest ingredients** that money can buy. Our staff of **expert chemists** do everything that human skill and experience can do to make NA-DRU-CO Toilet and Medicinal Preparations **better than any others** that have ever been put up.

We give you our positive guarantee, backed by several Million Dollars of tangible assets, that everything bearing the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark is **absolutely reliable** and will give you satisfaction, and if it does not the druggist from whom you bought it will willingly refund your money.

But possibly you feel that, though we have a Wholesale Branch in every large centre in Canada, we are still a long way off, and you do not know us personally.

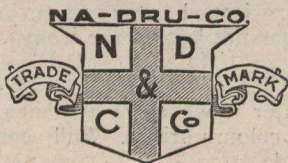
Then ask your physician or your druggist, who are men of standing in your community, and **in whom you have implicit confidence**, all about NA-DRU-CO goods. They can tell you, for we are prepared to furnish to any physician or druggist in Canada, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO Preparation.

If your druggist has not the particular NA-DRU-CO article you ask for in stock, he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale Branch.

**National Drug and Chemical Company
of Canada, Limited.**

Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London,
Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Nelson, Vancouver, Victoria.

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ONLY OUR PRODUCTS BEAR
THIS TRADE MARK



Lait-Larola

"Lait-Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use, allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by sun winds and hard water. It not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

but beautifies the complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

The daily use of "Lait-Larola" effectually prevents all redness, roughness and chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin surface in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and refreshing after motoring, golfing, tennis, cycling, etc.

Gentlemen will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON (Dept. C.)

GHELTENHAM, Eng.

"yearn" coming to him. If we don't look out Peary will be buying that ice palace in Montreal and Dr. Cook will want a lonely hut on the Hamilton mountain-side.

* * *

A Ready Lawyer.

PROBABLY no one had more ready wit than Sir Frank Lockwood, the lawyer. He was a tall man and an unruly member of his audience once called out to him in the middle of his speech, "Go it, telescope!"

"My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said. "He ought to claim it for himself; for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."

On another occasion one of his political opponents called, "All lawyers are rogues!"

"I am glad," Sir Frank quickly rejoined, "to greet this gentleman as a member of my profession; but he need not proclaim our shortcomings to the world."

* * *

THRIFTY.



"Now remember, Ikey, that vos a goot glass eye you've got. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't looking at noddings."—*The Tattler.*

* * *

Discovered!

IN the town where Dr. Emmons was pastor lived a physician tinctured with the grossest form of pantheism, who declared that if he met Dr. Emmons he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the home of a patient. The physician, says the *Nashville Banner*, abruptly asked Dr. Emmons:

"How old are you, sir?"

The doctor, astonished at his rudeness, quietly replied: "Sixty-two; may I ask, sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since the creation," was the reply of the pantheist.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "we all know there was a third person present."

* * *

Musing in Doggerel.

MY tastes run into autos, airships and the like; around the world in a palace yacht, I'd surely like to hike; with fifty-dollar banknotes I'd love to light my "dope," and have all through the winter-time my fill of cantelope. I wouldn't have the slightest fear I couldn't spend my "pelf," e'en though I had the income of John D. Rockefeller, himself. I'd joy in giving libraries, swell colleges and "sich," and help along my fellow man, if I was only rich. I think I'd buy a

laying hen and use up all her fruit—perchance, if pork came down a bit, I'd have a pig, to boot. The hugest kind of swath I'd cut—the truth of this I'll swear—and knock to splinters records made by any billionaire. I wouldn't be as mean and tight as some chaps that I know, and I'd do my little level best to give the poor a show. I'd side in with the under dog and help him to his feet—nothing would give me greater joy than to see the rout complete, of a lot of those trust robbers and coal barons who delight to raise the price of the poor man's needs away clean out of sight. A lot of other things I'd do if I but had the price, but then on only ten a week you cannot cut much ice.

W. A. E. M.

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The Person to Blame.

A SHEFFIELD tenor who had been invited out to dinner was asked to sing, and although he had no music with him and was nearly as hoarse as a frog, the result of a bad cold, he consented to try, but broke down. "Never mind, lad," said an elderly guest, trying to cheer him up, "never mind the breakdown, for tha's done thy best; but t' feller as asked thee t' sing owt t' be taken oot and shot."

* * *

Not the Right Colour.

A CERTAIN Colonel White, who kept two black servants, was very often absent from church. The two black men, however, attended with exemplary regularity. One day the vicar, who was a bit of a wag, met the colonel and said:

"I say, colonel, I miss you very often from your pew in church."

"Oh, yes," said the colonel, airily; "but you'll find that my two niggers are always there."

"Yes," said the vicar, "but you know two blacks do not make a White."

* * *

A Bad Mix-Up.

"SAY," remarked one Government clerk to another, "I'm up against it good and proper."

"What's the trouble?" queried G. C. No. 2.

"I got two medical certificates from two different doctors yesterday," explained the party of the first part. "One was a certificate of health for a life assurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to be sent to my chief with a petition for two weeks' leave of absence."

"Oh! that's nothing," rejoined his fellow-clerk. "I've done that myself."

"Yes," continued the other, "but I mixed the certificates in mailing. The ill-health certificate went to the assurance company, and the certificate of good health went to my chief. See?"

* * *

A New Breakfast Food.

HIGH and low he searched for the bag of confetti he had brought home on the previous evening for his son and heir, but his efforts were not rewarded with success. Where on earth had he put it? What had become of it? With every minute he became more irate, till finally he rang for Bridget. "Bridget," he exclaimed testily, "did you see that bag of confetti I brought home last night for Freddie?"

"Sure, an' Oi did, sorr!" brogued out Bridget. "But Oi didn't know it was only for Mhaster Fred. There's but half av it left now."

"Only half of it left?" he cried. "What on earth have you done with the rest?"

"Cooked it, av coorse," retorted Bridget; "an' it's for yer own breakfast, with cream, ye had it this mornin'!"