

The Scrap Book

Usually.—Little Elmer—"Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great?"
Professor Broadhead—"Death, my son."

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Knew Him.—Mr. Botts—"I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success."

Mrs. Botts—"Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Innocent.—"There's Mrs. Merry-girl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?"

"Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."—Topics.

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Well Placed.—"George says he loves that little curl over your right ear."
"I'm glad to know that. I was just about to hang it on the other side."—Kansas City Journal.

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Candid.—Doctor—"Do you talk in your sleep?"

Patient—"No. I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman."

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Why They Were In.—"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow-prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things."

"And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself."

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment."—New York Call.

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Husky Boys.—There was an Irishman who lined up his family of seven gigantic sons, and invited his caller to look at them.

"Ain't they the fine boys?" inquired the father.

"They are," agreed the visitor.

"The finest in the world!" exclaimed the father. "And I niver laid violent hands on any of them except in self-defence."

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Starting Trouble.—Mrs. Henpeck—"You know the saying: 'Unlucky in love, lucky at cards?'"

Henpeck—"And yet you won't let me play poker."—Boston Transcript.

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Well Defined.—Tommy—"Pop, what is a monologue?"

Tommy's Pop—"A monologue, my son, is a conversation a woman carries on with her husband."—Philadelphia Record.

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The Point of View.—"What is home without a baby?" demanded the lady orator; and when an irresponsible bachelor in the rear of the audience shouted, "Quite quiet," she didn't like it at all.

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The Chauffeur's Idea.—Hobbs (to chauffeur)—"Under no circumstances must you run over twenty miles an hour."

The Chauffeur—"You don't want an auto; ou want a man to take you out in a baby carriage."—Life.

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Getting On.—Mrs. Citibred—"Is my husband improving in golf?"

Caddie—"Well, I should say so. When he started he used to say, 'Oh, fudge,' when he missed. Now he can cuss like a man."—New Orleans Picayune.

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A Wise Man.—First Agitator—"How do you manage to be so popular with the people?"

Second Ditto—"It is very easy. Instead of trying to show the people I meet how much I know, I make it clear to them how much they know."

Raising a Roof For a Rainy Day

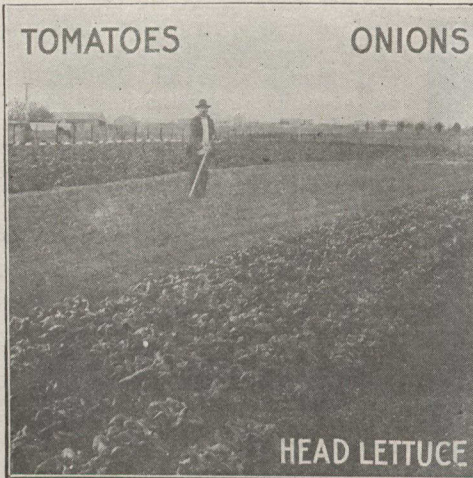
By FRANKLIN O. KING

"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," said Long-fellow, and I believe You will agree with Me, Mr. Reader, that it is a Wise Man who Knows enough to Come in out of the Wet. If You haven't the Prudence and Foresight to take advantage of Good Weather and Raise a Roof for Your Family that will Protect them when the Storms come, it will be Up to Them to Find Shelter where Best They may. The wisdom of "Laying by Something For a Rainy Day," was never Better Exemplified than it is at Present, and if that **Something** is properly Invested in an Income-Producing Farm Home in Gulf Coast Texas, Your Children some Day will Rise Up and Call you Blessed.

How much Better off are You than Last Year, or the Year Before That? How much have You Actually Got that You could call Your Own? A little Furniture? A Piano, perhaps? A Few Dollars in the Bank? And how many Weary Years has it taken You to get Together that little Mite? Don't You see how Hopeless It is? You come Home each Night a little more Tired, and Your good Wife can see the gray coming into Your Hair—if It isn't already There. Chances for Promotion grow Less and Less, as each Year is added, but Ever any Always Your Expenses seem to Grow.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless His Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent., earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year, on the Same Soil, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.



The Man with the Hoe---and the Bank Account

If every Man who reads this Article would Take the Time to THINK, and the Trouble to INVESTIGATE, every Acre of our Danbury Colony Land Would be Sold Within the Next Three Months. If Every Woman who glances through this Advertisement but Knew the Plain Truth about our Part of Texas, You couldn't Keep Her away from There with a Shot-Gun, because the Woman is Primarily a Home-Seeker and a Home-Maker, and the Future of Her Children is the Great Proposition that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in Our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1,200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbours of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund Your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space below with Your name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1362 People's Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read It carefully, then use Your Own Good Judgment.

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Please send me your book "Independence with Ten Acres"

January issue CANADIAN COURIER.

BRODERICKS SUIT SALE

Every January for the past ten years we have successfully pursued the course of using the month of January to clear up our season's business.

The bigger the season's business the larger the stock, of course, and the larger the stock the greater the January Sale.

Last year was our greatest business year by many thousands of dollars. Materials were bought with a lavish hand, and

OUR ANNUAL SALE WHICH IS NOW ON

accords you the largest and choicest array of materials that you, or any other man ever had the pleasure to select from.

Every yard of our entire stock of Scotch Tweeds imported by us for this season's high-class trade goes into the sale, and with them we include all our West of England and French Worsted Suitings.

This immense aggregation of high-grade Suitings must be cleared this month, as we are advised by our Mr. Broderick, who is now in England, that purchases for the coming season are so great as to demand every inch of room at our disposal.

Select from a multitude of all the Season's Most Desirable Designs. Choose Now

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\$31.50 Suitings, all at one price \$22.50

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"THE MAN AT LONE LAKE."

By VERNA SHEARD.

Next week there will begin in the "CANADIAN COURIER" a new serial story---a Canadian story by a resident Canadian author. The scenes are laid in the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains, on the outskirts of western civilization. An Englishman of birth and breeding comes to America but fails to rise to any height because of a secret vice. He realises that he must abandon the busy haunts of men and seek isolation where he may fight against this habit. He becomes a lone trapper in the Northland---he is the Man at Lone Lake.

The story is full of exciting but wholesome incident, and at the same time indicates the wonderfully curative effects of the outdoor life as it may be experienced in the Northland. Francois, the breed, supplies the contrasts. Nance, the granddaughter of another lone trapper, gives the romantic touch. The author's wonderful descriptions of nature and wild life give character and distinction to the story.

It Begins next week.

Canadian Courier, Toronto.