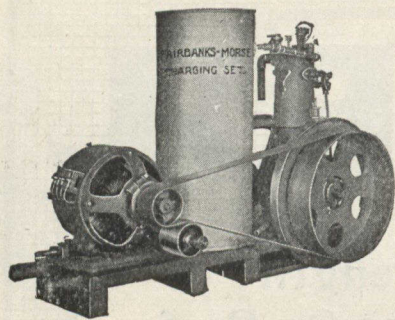




Make Your Own Light

The FAIRBANKS-MORSE Electric Light Outfit gives plenty of good light at a moderate cost.

Gas, Gasoline or Kerosene Engines for all purposes from 2 h. p. up.

Cut out complete advertisement and send to

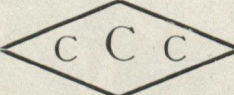
THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS COMPANY LIMITED

26-28 FRONT STREET W., TORONTO, ONT.

Please send me Illustrated Catalogue No. Gasoline Engines.

I may want a.....H.P. Name.....
To run..... Town.....Prov.....

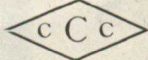
The Craig-Cowan Co., Limited

TRADE  MARK

GOODS ARE GOOD GOODS

We manufacture GLOVES, GAUNTLETS and MITTENS in INDIAN BUCKSKIN, HORSE HIDE (all colors), KIP, CALF and COWHIDE.

No. 1 Selection is used in all our output and all our goods are chrome tanned, wax thread sewn, and full welted where possible. The purchasing public will do well to look for the

TRADE  MARK

DEALERS SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT OUR DIFFERENT LINES.

Office and Factory: **58 & 60 STEWART ST., Toronto**

RUBBER BELTING

Highest Grade for Every Purpose.

RUBBER HOSE

All Kinds. To Do Any Work.

PACKINGS AND VALVES

For Every Grade of Service.

We Make and Sell "Everything in Rubber."

Rubber Clothing, Special Moulded Goods, Druggist's Rubber Sundries.

The Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal, Limited.

"LEADERS AND ORIGINATORS"

Sales Branches and Warehouses:

40 Dock St. - St. John, N.B. 155 Granville St. - Halifax, N.S.
Imperial Bank Building, St. James St. - Montreal, P.Q.
Front and Yonge Sts. - Toronto, Ont.
89 Princess St. - Winnipeg, Man. Alberta Block - Calgary, Alta.
Dewdney St. - Regina, Sask. 403 Cordova St. - Vancouver, B.C.
Wharf St. - Victoria, B.C.

MARK OF QUALITY
D. LORNE MCGIBBON,
Vice-President and Managing Director.

Write us when planning for purchases of RUBBER GOODS.

NATIONAL-TRUST COMPANY LIMITED.

18-22 KING ST.E. TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000 RESERVE \$400,000
ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$9,400,000

ACTS AS—

Executor and Trustee
under Will.

AFFORDS ITS CLIENTS—

1. Security.
2. Business Management.
3. Prompt Investment of Trust Funds.

DEMI - TASSE

These Dreadful Days

In the milk the microbes lurk,
Oysters are a deadly fare;
Dire disease is in the meat.
Ice cream is an awful snare.

Politics get worse and worse
Graft is in the very air;
'Gainst its wily influence
E'en the parsons breathe a prayer.

Licenses have funny ways,
Western land is queerer still;
And the scraps at Ottawa—
Really, they would make you ill.

This is such a wicked world
That we hardly like to stay.
P'raps in Venus or in Mars
Things are in a better way.

Yet the sun comes out to shine,
There's a hint of Spring about;
That it is a good old world
We have not a single doubt.

Other planets may be fair,
Politics all pure and white,
With a noiseless trolley line,
And their streets so clean and bright.

But this Earth we live upon
Has a home-like air, you see;
So her microbes and her mud
Are quite good enough for me.

* *

It Will Never Do

The Toronto "Globe," which calls itself "Canada's National Newspaper" and to which we frequently "point with pride," has lately given its readers cause "to view with alarm" its growing tendency to use unconventional headings. Who would have thought that the leading editorial of that Saturday issue which brings joy to thousands of innocent homes, would be capped with the stern assertion "Mr. Fowler's Bluff Must Be Called"? Shades of George Brown and Oliver Mowat! Is this the way for the Reform organ to speak its mind? The editor must have been reading some of those bold bad books written by Ralph Connor who makes fortunes galore by telling of the little games that are played in the wicked West. But the readers of the "Globe" are not accustomed to metaphors relating to any sport more strenuous than marbles or ping-pong and the "gobble-uns" will get the editor-man, "ef he don't watch out."

* *

A Famous Plea

There have been many witty Irish-Canadians in the legal profession. Chief among these was Mr. James O'Reilly, who was the Crown prosecutor in the case against the murderer of D'Arcy McGee in 1868. But Mr. O'Reilly had not always such stern matters to deal with and was known as the most brilliant wit at the Kingston bar. He was once employed by the plaintiff in a breach of promise case and, as his client was ugly, he saw that he must make a practical appeal to the jury.

The lady in the case was an elderly cook, fat as every good cook should be, and possessed of only one eye which had a peculiar and unpleasant glare. Her face was extremely red and as Mr. O'Reilly gazed upon her