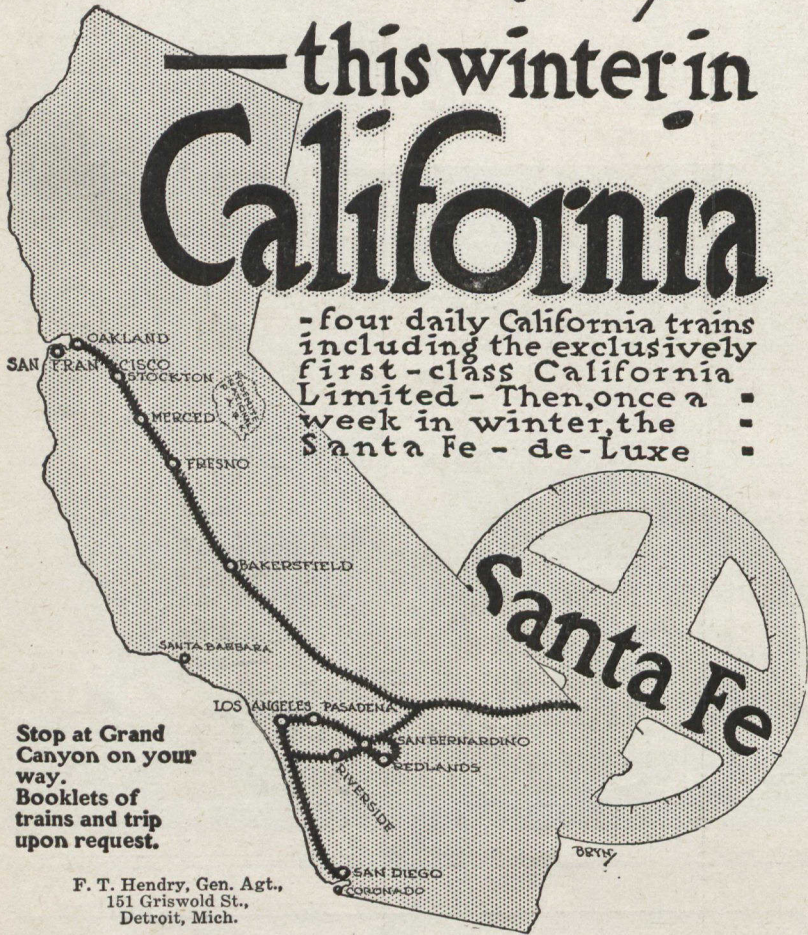


sunshine
flowers
orange groves
good auto roads
polo-golf
tennis-sailing
surf bathing
out-of-doors
every day.

—this winter in
California

- four daily California trains including the exclusively first-class California Limited - Then, once a week in winter, the Santa Fe - de-Luxe



Stop at Grand Canyon on your way. Booklets of trains and trip upon request.

F. T. Hendry, Gen. Agt.,
151 Griswold St.,
Detroit, Mich.



Travel via the
Canadian Rockies
to the
Panama Pacific Exposition

Through Trains to Vancouver
Equipment, The Finest
Dining Car Service Unsurpassed

Write, phone or call on nearest C.P.R. Representative
for full particulars

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



air, not a note of which has since been altered."

His later song, "Laddie in Khaki," strikes a catching note, but "Till the Boys Come Home" remains the favourite, in fact, there is no escaping it. Of this song Lady Tree wrote to Novello thus: "It must be a great pride to you to see the soldiers' delight in your music. How splendid of you to have written the war song! That half glad, half wistful song haunts one now wherever one goes and it will echo all over the world."

The Scrap Book

A Nasty Trick.—Old Lady (to wounded soldier in hospital)—"And did the shell burst?"

Tommy—"No, mum, it crawled up be'ind me w'en I wasn't looking—an' just bit me like, in the leg!"



He Went on Wanting.—The average boy is not a wonder of wit and wisdom, but most of them know a good thing when they see it. Also the contrary. Not long ago one of them saw a notice in front of the shop, "Boy wanted." He was looking for something of that kind, and walked in. There was nobody in sight and he stood gazing. Presently the proprietor, a somewhat ill-natured person, appeared.

"What do you want here?" he inquired.

"Well," replied the boy, disturbed by the man's manner, and hesitating, "do you want a boy here?"

"That's what the ticket says, don't it?" snapped the man.

"Yes," responded the boy, getting his second wind.

"Then we want a boy."

"All right," grinned the boy, backing away; "you git one; you can't have me," and, his thumb being placed in conjunction with his nose, he wiggled his fingers at the man and retired with some haste.



Big Enough for an Officer.—A man from Carnoustie presented himself at a Dundee recruiting office, and told the sergeant he wished to enlist. The sergeant surveyed him critically, then said—"But you're too small."

"I'm no sae wee as yon mannie ower there," answered the patriotic one.

"But," said the sergeant, "he is an officer."

"Weel," replied the son of toil, "I'm no awfu' pertickler. I'll be ane tae."



"Music Hath Charms."—When battle lines extend continuously for three or four hundred miles, almost anything maay happen somewhere along the way. The following pretty incident is one thing that happened according to a letter from a soldier in Belgium that is printed by a contemporary.

It was a miserable night. A heavy rain had filled the trenches. Suddenly out of the darkness came a voice. It was singing a Welsh ballad called "Hob y deri dando," and it was a fine tenor voice. It was the cheeriest sound I had ever heard. At the end, a round of applause came down the trenches; but imagine our surprise to hear clapping and calls for more, in good English, from the German trenches. Thereupon the Welshman gave "Mentra Gwen."

Meantime we realised that not a shot had been fired by either side during the singing. We had forgotten all about war. So a bargain was struck with the Germans, that if the Welshman would give us another song neither side would fire any more until daylight.

The third song was "Hen Wiad fy Nhadau." It was probably the first time that the stirring Welsh anthem was ever heard on this dismal Flemish morass.

"Comfort becomes second nature to wearers of C.C. la Grace Corsets."



Don't spoil the drape of a good gown by wearing a poor corset beneath it.

All first-class dressmakers insist upon their customers wearing



à la Grâce
Corsets

(Made in Canada)

over which to fit important new gowns and tailor-mades. The reason is obvious.

The Crompton Corset Company
Limited
78 York Street, Toronto



11

WHEN you buy "Cravenette" Regd. proofed cloth by the yard - for making showerproof Suits, Skirts and Coats - be sure that every yard of the cloth bears the name



"Cravenette" Regd. is not the name of a particular fabric - but is the name of the process by which cloth is rendered showerproof. The cloth will be right, if the name is right. "Cravenette" Regd. proofed Cloth for every out-door purpose. "Cravenette" Regd. proofed garments for men, women and children. At the leading dealers throughout Canada. If your dealer cannot supply the genuine "Cravenette" Regd. proofed Cloth and Garments, write THE CRAVENETTE CO., P.O. Box 1934, Montreal, P.O.

The "BEST" LIGHT

A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. **THE BEST LIGHT CO.** 443 E. 5th St., Canton, O.