

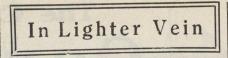
Whether in the office or the vault, Steel Filing Equipment unques-tionably provides the best protection obtainable for the safeguarding of every record.

We specialize in making steel vault equipment, also Steel Filing Cabinets for the office. Some exceptionally fine installations we have made are illustrated in our "Vault Equipment" folder. A copy is yours for the asking,—or a representative will call.

WE'RE AT 97 Wellington St. West, Toronto Complete Filing Equipment Stores: Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, Toronto (Head Office), Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver Factories: Newmarket, Ont. 569



IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."



Why?—For a whole solid hour the tim.

tim. "Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?" The Irishman scratched his head for

The Irishman scratched his head for a while; then an ingratiating and en-lightening smile flitted across his face. "Sure, captain," he said pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"— Boston Transcript.

2 2 Every Moment Counted .- Elihu Root was cross-examining a young woman in court one day. "How old are you?" he asked. The young woman hesitated. "Don't hesitate," said Mr. Root. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."— Ladies' Home Journal.

Hubby's Preference.—"Let us go into this department store until the shower is over."

"I prefer this harness shop" said her husband. "You won't see so many things you want."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Would Divide.—"Yes," said the eminent specialist to the tramp who had called upon him, "I will examine you carefully for ten dollars." "All right, Doc," said the tramp, re-signedly, "do that, an' if you find it I'll give you half."

Headed Off.—"Did you tell her when you proposed to her that you were un-worthy of her? That always makes a hit with them." "I was going to, but she told it to me first."—Houston Post.

Careless Talker.—"I thought you said, Grouch, that you would never permit your wife to run an auto?" "So I did; but she happened to hear me say it."—Judge.

## \* \*

It Was a Raincoat .--- A Kalamazooan

It Was a Raincoat.—A Kalamazooan was speaking of the story about the man who complained that the soles came off his new boots after he had worn them a week and who was told by the dealer: "My friend, those are cavalry boots; you must have been walking in them." The citizen said: "That sounds like a yarn, but here is something that actu-ally happened to me. I bought a rain-coat that was guaranteed and took it back because the color faded out in spots. And the storekeeper had the nerve to say: 'I sold you this for a rain-coat. You have been wearing it in the

coat. You have been wearing it in the sun."

How Sad.—Durng one of the aviation meets a young woman went through the hangars under the guidance of a me-chanic. After asking all the usual fool-ish questions that aviators and their assistants have to answer during a tour of inspection, she wanted to know: "But what if your engine stops in the air— what happens? Can't you come down?" "That's exactly the trouble." responded the willing guide. "There are now three men up in the air in France with their engines stopped. They can't get down and are starving to death."

\* \* Burnt.—"What a pity we have no ar-tists who can paint like the old mas-ters!" said the sincere lover of pictures. "But," replied Mr. Cumrox, who had just acquired a spurious signature. "the great trouble is that we have."—Wash-

ington Star.

Most Disappointing.—Gambart, the art dealer, sent Holman Hunt to the Holy Land to paint a picture similar to the "Light of the World." Hunt re-turned with "The Scapegoat," which so disappointed Gambart that he refused to accept it. Seeing Linnell, the painter, shortly afterward, he plaintively said: "I wanted a nice religious bicture, and he bainted me a great goat."

