CANADIAN COURIER.



measured in the comfort, the happiness and the well-being of the whole country?

To produce them gives employment to over six hundred thousand workpeople, whose total wages amount to \$288,000,000 each year.

These workers, with their families and those who benefit by their purchasing power, number nearly one-third the population of Canada—supported by Canadian manufactures.

How readily it is apparent that the prosperity and happiness of every Canadian-of yourself-depend on the continuous employment of these people—on the consumption of goods "Made in Canada."

Canadian factories support one-third of our population. Are you helping to support Canadian factories?

## Employ Our Own Dollars to Employ Our Own Workmen.

9A

# In Lighter Vein

Rare.—"Sadie, what is a gentleman?" "Please, ma'am," answered the well-bred child, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."—Pittsburg don't know very Chronicle-Telegraph.

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He Knew.—Lawyer.—"But, if you were not present when the defendant threw the soup-plate at his wife, how can you swear that she aggravated him into doing it?" "I'm her ex-husband."—Life.

A Poser.—The faults you see in the other fellow are nine times out of ten your own faults; otherwise you would not recognize them. Just think that over.

over. Good Proof.—Daddy—"No, yer mother never dressed the way you girls do to-day to catch a husband." Daughter—"Yes, but look at what she got."—Boston Record.

## The Crisis in the Barber Shop.

The Crisis in the Barber Shop.
The barber to the right of me was hoching for the Kaiser,
The barber to the left of me was hacking for the Czar,
A gentleman from Greece was shearing of my fleece,
While very near a swart Italian stropped his similar.

And when presently discussion, polyglot and fervid, On political conditions burst about my chair, I left the place unshaven—I hope I'm

not a craven, But I sort of like to wear a head beneath my hair! —Don Marquis in the New York Evening Sun.

Enough!—Willie—"Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent?" Paw—"Talent gets paid every Satur-day, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dangerous Wit.—"What is the charge?" asked the magistrate. "Nuthin' 't all," snickered the prisoner at the bar; "this's on me."—Buffalo Express.

Women's Wrongs.—"Just my luck! Sez e' can't go to the front because 'e's a married man."—London Opinion. \* \* \* Again the Tempter.—The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden." "Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."—Tit-Bits.

Substantiated.—Her Father: "I don't like to say it, Marie, but I think your fiance is a brainless idiot." Marie.—"I'm beginning to think you're right, papa. He has been tangoing three months now and hasn't invented a new step yet."—Life.

Consolation.—"How did your novel come out?" "Well," replied the self-confident man, "it proved beyond all doubt that it isn't one of these trashy best-sellers."—Washington Star.

ngton Star. D. Dee, Digitarienne. Dorothea Dee did digits (That's what she was hired for), Dorothea made men igits; Eyes she had that gave 'em figits, Made 'em feel like bloomin' migits; That's what she was fired for. —Life.,

