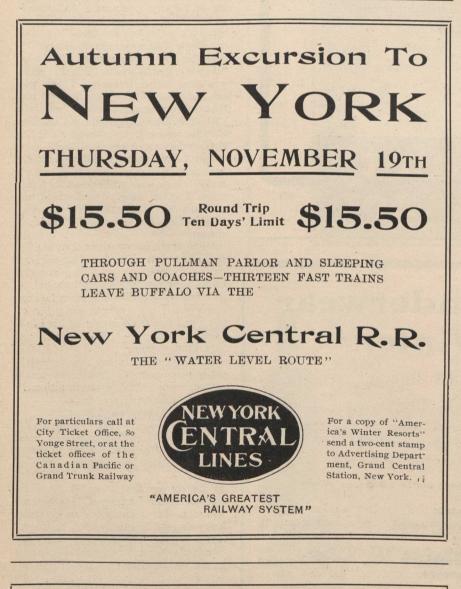
CANADIAN COURIER



It is the finest catalogue of its kind published in the world containing one hundred pages of beautiful illustrations of the very latest styles in Travelling Goods, Leather Goods and Leather Novelties in the well-known "Julian Sale" brand. We mail it free. Pay express charges on all goods in Ontario and Quebec and make liberal allowances to other points in Canada.

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO. LIMITED 105 King St. West TORONTO



Profitable Employment

You can make from five to ten dollars per day taking subscriptions for the Canadian Courier. We want a live subscription agent in every town in Canada. If you are looking for employment that will yield large returns, write for particulars to CIRCULATION MANAGER, 61 Victoria St., Toronto.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

"Now Who Shall Arbitrate."

T has been observed more than once that man and woman have essenthat man and woman have essentially different standards of judgment, especially with regard to the social proprieties. The difference is not often as shrewdly illustrated as it is in the following article by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly: I will call my wife Cynthia, in order that she may not reacenils hereaft

der that she may not recognise herself should her eye chance to fall on words so unworthy of her notice. Cynthia and I each have but a single comand I each have but a single com-plaint against the other — a pretty good record as married people go, or don't go, nowadays. She says I have no penetration, and I in turn quote her favourite George Meredith at her, and exclaim, "Destroyed by subtle-ties these women are!"

These these women are IShe claims to be the unique pos-sessor of a pair of invisible antennæ, with which she can feel impressions and touch the intangible. Now when I meet a person for the

first time I size him up by his con-versation—which reveals his ideas and standards—and by his general bearing—which tells me whether he is a gentleman or a mucker. Not so Cynthia. These obvious methods are not for her.

In my business I am thrown with all sorts of men, mostly good, honest fellows,—gentlemen I call them,— and I often bring one of them home to lunch; and then when I see Cyn-thia at dinner I ask her what she thinks of me friend

"Didn't you like Robinson?" I ask encouragingly. "He's a bully chap, honest as daylight."

honest as daylight." She merely raises her eyebrows. "My dear Jack, I do not question Mr. Robinson's integrity,—but have you never noticed how his teeth are set in his gums? No gentleman ever has teeth like that—they are some-times worse, but never just like that." I feel myself to be a coarse clod not to have noticed Robinson's teeth, but taking heart I next bring home my

taking heart I next bring home my friend Brown,-a man of perfect refinement according to my gross stan-dards, and with a set of teeth which Cynthia duly disposes of as "too good to be true"

""Well, how about Brown?" I tenta-tively inquire. "Don't you think he is a gentlemanly fellow?"

is a gentlemanly fellow?" "Why yes, he is a little like a gen-tleman." she replies; "but his hair, Jack! it grows just the way the hair of clerks in shoe-stores grows—right up out of his head. It's common." "Aye, madam, it is common," I cry with Hamlet, and without him I add,

"It is very common indeed for hair to grow right up out of one's head;" and I feel myself to have been very clever, in spite of Cynthia's pitying smile.

Jones is then brought to the bar of judgment and is banished to the limbo

judgment and is banished to the limbo apparently reserved for my particular friends, because, forsooth, he answers Cynthia's offer of salad with the words, "Thank you, not any." Gray committed social suicide by saying, "Pardon me," instead of, "I beg your pardon,"—apparently an un-pardonable offense in itself; and White, my trump card, proved him-self, if not a knave, at least a fool, by referring casually to a man of our acquaintance as "a gentleman whom we all know." In my masculine stupidity I asked

In my masculine stupidity, I asked Cynthia one day to call on my part-

Cynthia one day to call on my part-ner's wife—a very pretty and culti-vated woman; at least so I thought till Cynthia laid invisible tentacles on her. "Why, my poor Jack," she said after her call, "did you never see that Mrs. Black is simply veneered? She's not solid mahogany at all. Her 'cultyour'

