



## "Highly Recommended."

"I would certainly recommend that you get a Gurney-Oxford, Mary. Mother had one, and when I furnished my house, I got one. Every maid I ever had has been enthusiastic about the Gurney-Oxford."

"What are its good points?"

"Well, the best is that it cooks and bakes like a dream. I never tasted such golden brown biscuits or such flakey pastry as my Gurney-Oxford turns out, and roasts, fowls and puddings are always a success."

"Is it easy to operate?"

"My dear, it's simplicity itself. The Gurney Economizer, which you cannot get on any other range, regulates the fire simply by putting one small lever up or down. You never heard of anything so simple. And by a system of divided flues the oven is always uniformly heated. You know what that means—biscuits, bread, roasts, not one half overdone and the other half underdone, but properly done all through. Yes, my dear, you take my advice as I took mother's, and get a Gurney-Oxford Range."

**The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited**  
TORONTO - CANADA

MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

(1)

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**Great Chance.**—Artist (surprising a burglar)—"Stay just where you are for five minutes. The light effect is simply fine!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

**Necessary.**—"Why do you always eat a square meal before dining out?"  
"So I can give my entire attention to the management of the various knives and forks."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

**Admonition.**—The widower had just taken his fourth wife and was showing her around the village. Among the places visited was the churchyard, and the bride paused before a very elaborate tombstone that had been erected by the bridegroom. Being a little nearsighted, she asked him to read the inscriptions, and in reverent tones he read:

"Here lies Susan, beloved wife of John Smith, and Jane, beloved wife of John Smith, and Mary, beloved wife of John Smith."

He paused abruptly and the bride leaning forward to see the bottom line, read to her horror:

"Be Ye Also Ready."—*National Monthly*.

**Generous Lad.**—Old Lady (to newsboy)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Newsboy—"No, mum; but I kin give you a cigarette."—*Brooklyn Life*.

**Not Crazy.**—"Do you think Oscar proposed to me merely on account of my money?"

"Well, my dear, you know he must have had some reason."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

**Brilliant Idea.**—Artist—"I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose."

Critic—"Why not give it to an institution for the blind?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

**Surprised.**—"Have you ever been married before?" asked the license clerk.

"Great heavens, young man!" exclaimed the experienced prima donna. "Don't you read the papers?"

Whereupon she wired immediately instructions to discharge her press agent.—*Washington Star*.

**Pessimist's Definition.**—Freddie—"What's an optimist, dad?"

Cobwigger—"He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him."—*Lippincott's*.

**A Common Type.**—"What sort of a chap is Wombat to camp with?"

"He's one of these fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to somebody to get busy with the frying pan."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

**Mistaken.**—Mr. Timid (hearing noise at 2 a.m.)—"I th—think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house."

His Wife (scornfully)—"Not in this room."—*Tit-Bits*.

**Up-to-the-Minute.**—"Some class to our graduating exercises, believe me."

"Aw, roped in some senator, I s'pose."  
"Senator nothing. We had the diplomas delivered by a southpaw pitcher. Some class, eh?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

**Defined Again.**—"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagog?"

"A demagog, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."—*Washington Star*.

**Too Much Civilization.**—It is possible to over-civilize the ex-cannibal. The Hon. J. H. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, and brother of the Greek Professor at Oxford, has been telling a story to that effect.

There was a wreck off the coast, a lifeboat was being launched, and the village aboriginal constable was summoned to the scene.

"All right," he cheerily responded. "I'll be there as soon as I have had a shave."—*Daily Chronicle*.

## Straight Talk From the Big Desk

Supreme Excellence in  
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'Tis true that advertising is essential to the man that doesn't know us—but pretty near superfluous with those that have once been a patron.

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(à la Quina du Pérou)

A delicious summer beverage that is as good for you as it tastes. Just pure, fresh juice of selected Oporto Grapes combined with Peruvian Cinchona Bark in exactly the right proportions to make a delightfully good-tasting, delicately fragrant thirst-quencher that is cooling, revivifying and permanently strengthening. Blend with cold soda or any good, sparkling mineral water.



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