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At Home with a Kodak

Make the most of the home side of photography. Let your Kodak, by daylight and flashlight, keep for you that intimate home story which to you will always be fascinating. Such pictures can by no means supplant the more formal studio portraits --- but they can delightfully supplement them, and make your whole collection more interesting to you and to your friends.

"AT HOME WITH THE KODAK," our beautifully illustrated and instructive little book on home picture making, free for the asking, at your dealers, or by mail.

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In Lighter Vein

The Test.—"So you want to marry my

The Test.—"So you want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any money saved up?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Could you let me have \$5,000 on my unsecured note?"

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"I guess you can take care of her all right. She's yours, my boy, and here's a five-cent cigar."—Washington Herald.

Reminding Him.—Peck—"You will never get the dog to mind you, my dear."

Mrs. Peck—"I will with patience.
You were just as troublesome yourself at first."—Boston Transcript.

A Famous Victory.—"I would have you to know, sir, we came over with William the Conqueror."
"It must have been some kind of a conqueror who could make you come over with anything."—Baltimore American

Possibly So.—The following item appeared in a morning paper: "The body of a sailor was found in the river this morning cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."— London Telegraph.

Insidious Scheme.—"Rosa, my mother-in-law is coming for a long visit to-morrow. Here is a list of her favorite

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us one of these you'll get a week's notice."—
Fliegende Blaetter.

Not Needed.—While a travelling man

was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri, a customer came in and bought a couple of night shirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant.

is boots, said to the merchant:
"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"
"Night shirts. Can I sell you one or

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian. "I don't set around much o' nights."—Lippincott's.

30 30 Southpaw Compliment .- The Woman -"My husband is forty to-day. You'd never believe that there is actually ten years difference in our ages."

The Man—"Why, no indeed. I'm sure you look every bit as young as he does."—Boston Transcript.

One of Many.—"A young man should learn to do one thing well. This is an age of specialists. Is your son conforming to that rule?"

"In a way. His specialty is rolling cigarettes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Familiar Term.—"Why didn't you arrest that man when I denounced him as a pickpocket?" demanded the irate

citizen.

"I thought it was just a little political discussion," explained the policeman.—Kansas City Journal.

A Back-Slap.—Husband—"I don't believe that fable about the whale swallowing Jonah."

Wife—"Why not? That's nothing to what you expect me to swallow sometimes."—Lippincott's.

Keeping It Secret.—"Why is it."

Keeping It Secret.—"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?"
"Well, suh," said the waiter, who was something of a philosopher as well, "looks to me like de po' man don't want nobody to find out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to find out he's rich."—Youth's Companion.

Think, Men.—"I don't know whether it is a good thing to encourage women to go into politics or not," said the man with a furrowed brow.

Surely you do not doubt their capability."

"Not in the least. But think of the appalling sums that will change hands if they get to betting hats on elections."

—Boston Transcript.









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