

# SHREDDED

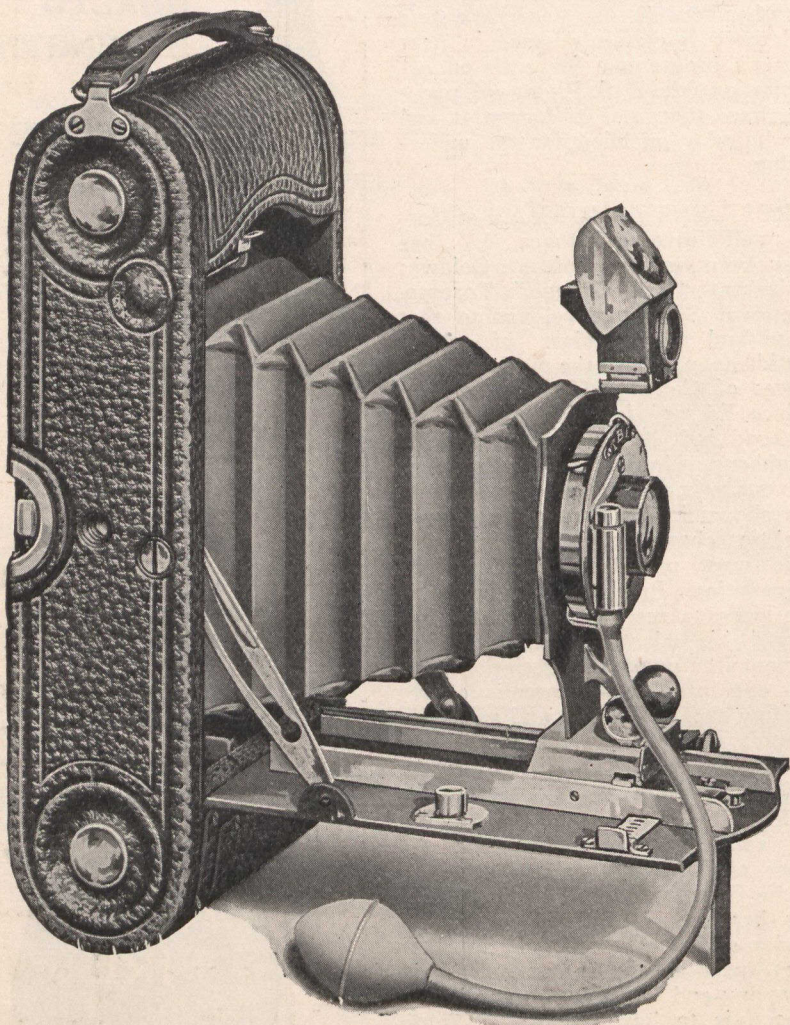
## NOW FOR STRAWBERRIES and SHREDDED WHEAT

Nature's purest and best food, insuring a clear head and healthy body.

**Is Invigorating without being Heating**

TRY IT. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

# WHEAT



## THE No. 1 A FOLDING POCKET KODAK SPECIAL

Just as good as a camera can be made  
—so small as to never be in the way.

There has never before been so much quality put into so small a Camera—in lens and shutter and mechanical precision it is right. Making the popular  $2\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, the camera itself measuring but  $2 \times 2\frac{3}{4} \times 8$  inches and with a high speed lens and shutter equipment it fills every requirement of those who demand a perfect combination of convenience and efficiency.

No. 1 A Folding Pocket Kodak SPECIAL with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, speed f 8 and F. P. K. Automatic Shutter **\$15.00**

Catalog of Kodaks free  
at the dealers or by mail

ALL DEALERS  
**CANADIAN KODAK CO. LIMITED**  
TORONTO, CAN.



## PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet.

**THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED**  
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.

WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG 219

## Sir Francis Bertie.

**S**IR FRANCIS BERTIE, the British Ambassador at Paris, who is on a visit to London to take part in the festivities in connection with President Fallieres' visit, is the brother of the Earl of Abingdon, and has had a long and varied diplomatic career. He was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State from 1874 to 1880, and has held such varied posts as Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, chairman of the Uganda Railway Committee, and British Ambassador at Rome. Both he and Lady Bertie are personal friends of the King and Queen, and Lady Bertie was a bridesmaid at the wedding of their Majesties.

Sir Francis is one of the most unassuming of men, and is no believer in pomp or ceremony. When he was Ambassador at Rome he was once the hero of an amusing incident. On the day of his arrival a large crowd had gathered to give him welcome, and were eagerly waiting for him to appear. Presently a train drew up at the station platform, and a short, stoutish man, dressed in a tweed suit with knickerbockers, hurriedly alighted, and, passing quickly through the throng, disappeared. No one took any notice of him, as all were looking for the elegantly-dressed individual who was their idea of a British Ambassador. But the stranger in the tweed suit was none other than Sir Francis Bertie, and leaving the crowd still expectant, he entered the carriage which was waiting for him and drove off, undiscovered. It is said that on another occasion an important official saw Sir Francis running along the street waving an umbrella, and shouting excitedly. The official in question expected thieves at least, but Britain's representative was only drawing attention to some small boys who were hanging on to the back of Lady Bertie's carriage.—*M. A. P.*

## Puzzled.

When I was little like you, Blue Eyes,  
When I was little like you,  
Three things there are you would like to find

Whether I used to do:  
Did I know when the sleep began to be?

Could I ever tell what wakened me?  
Did I ever dream on till a dream came true?

When I was little like you?  
When I was little like you, Fair Hair,  
When I was little like you,  
These were the things that puzzled me,

And none of the three I knew.  
And I can not tell when the sleep is here,

And I can not see what wakes me, dear,

And I never dream on till the dream comes true,

Now I am older than you!  
—*St. Nicholas.*

## The Triumph of the Nagger.

**S**OUND the loud timbrel in Perth and Dundee! The Nagger has triumphed and Woman is free! The Prime Minister has bowed the knee to the Belle of the Bell. I heartily congratulate Miss Maloney on the triumph of her tactics. She is La Belle Dame Sans Merci. With her bell she has rung out the old and rung in the new. Last week I pointed out that the Suffragette nonplusses the male politician by utilising the varied experience she has acquired in domestic warfare. I showed that her tactics are based upon a scientific study

of the guerilla warfare known as nagging. I warned Man that he was not taking the Suffragette seriously enough. Mr. Asquith evidently read my hint in the morning and took it in the afternoon. He may deny this. He may deny that he is afraid of Miss Maloney. He may deny that he has been nagged into surrender and heckled into humility. He may deny all these facts, and a thousand other facts, but nobody will believe him. Mr. Asquith is a married man. He knows that when a woman makes up her mind to have her own way no power on earth can prevail against her. He is ready to do anything for the sake of a quiet life. I have no doubt Mrs. Asquith has advised him to hoist the white flag.

The political Nagger is a holy terror. For years she has made the lives of politicians miserable. She began to play her pranks before the General Election of 1906. I remember being at the great demonstration at the Albert Hall, and seeing several suffragettes carried out by the stewards. It was not a pretty or a pleasant sight, and I came to the conclusion that the political Nagger would worry her lord and master into surrender. Man is a creature of sentiment, and in a quarrel with a woman his sentiments always get the better of his convictions. He is not really fond of a life of strife. He does not like to silence the political Nagger by brute force. He cannot keep her out of his meetings by fair means or foul. He is at her mercy. Your politician hates to be interrupted and therefore the Nagger has made a study of the art of interruption. She baits the best speakers and spoils the best speeches. The consequence is that the great, wise, and eminent ones of the Front Bench sweat with terror when they get on their hind legs. The Nagger is very crafty, for she hunts nothing but big game. Nothing less than a Cabinet Minister satisfies her. Ten really resolute Naggers can turn an assembly of five thousand men into a pandemonium. They sprinkle themselves artistically over the hall, so that they must be evicted one at a time. They choose inaccessible spots so as to make the business of ejection as tedious and as tantalising as possible. Is it strange that our eloquent orators long for peace at any price?

JAMES DOUGLAS.

## My Lady's Slipper.

"Oh, little satin slipper of a fashion passed away,  
Pray tell me of the winsome dames who graced your little day.

Who was it that once wore you? Was she young and slim and tall?  
A toast at ev'ry banquet, and the belle of ev'ry ball?

"You dainty little slipper, would you deem it indiscreet

To ask if you still dream about her arched and slender feet?

You never romped the 'Lancers,' nor learnt to waltz, I know,

But in a stately minuet did point your satin toe.

"I wonder if some gallant, in brocaded coat and lace,

Your blushing mistress courted for her beauty and her grace,

And if he bribed her waiting-maid, and stole your fellow shoe?

I rather think that at that date it was the thing to do!

"Or, did the couple marry? Did they have a house in town?

Was he a wit—a courtier? Was she of fair renown?

I want to know what happened! Ancient slipper, tell, I pray!"

But, no; it held its satin tongue, and nothing would it say.

—*Sheila E. Braine, in Cassell's Magazine.*