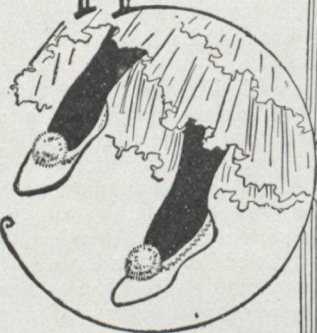


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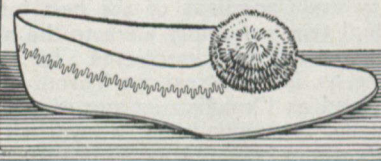
Mustang "Never-Slip" Sole—with carded cotton wool cushion, and heavy felt inner sole. The uppers are finished in the softest leathers, in dainty colors, with or without pom-poms.

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

KING CHULALONKORN of Siam has died. One by one the chums of our babyhood are removed—and Chu was one of the best.

Farming is declared to be a fatal industry, judging from the list of September accidents reported from Ottawa. Almost any industry is dangerous, says Weary Willie.

A Winnipeg journalist protests because an account of his death has been published in Eastern papers. If such obituary notices must be published, the alleged corpse should be allowed to read the proofs.

Germany is lending money to the Turks—not that she loves Constantinople more, but that she loves London less.

Sir Oliver Lodge has just declared that death is but emigration. There are many citizens who should be encouraged to emigrate. And then death has no deportation system.

The Black Hand has been raised against that genial citizen, Mr. John C. Eaton. It is safe guessing that the Black Hand is married to a bargain fiend.

The Portuguese Finance Minister has intimated that all the employees of the old government will be dismissed. The spoils system so soon.

Remodelled Hymns.

"MOTHER, may I go out to fly?"
"Yes, my darling daughter:
But be sure that you keep quite clear
of the sky,
And don't fall in the water."

The farmers down in old Quebec
Are flustered as can be,
For every evening aeronauts
Are dropping in for tea.

Said the Board of Education,
"You are no longer mine."
Said the haughty little doctor,
"Oh, did you say 'resign'?"

Some Correspondence.

AUGUSTA: Will you kindly give me Dr. Crippen's address? Is he a widower?

You might address him care of almost any English morning paper, but the Daily Mail would be sure to find him. He is to the best of our knowledge a widower, of some months standing. The late Mrs. Crippen was deeply mourned.

Henry B.: What is the tariff policy of *The Globe*?

My dear sir, it is not fair to ask a question like this, just as the Christmas puzzle season is coming on. We have studied the subject carefully, but must admit that it is bewildering to the ordinary mind and gives it almost as much confusion as the eyes of the Mexican senorita caused in the heart of J. A. M. The Sphinx may know about that tariff policy, but it preserves a stony silence.

A Lamb: Is it true that the Sheldon, who turned a few dishonest pennies in Montreal, was once a barber's apprentice?

We believe it to be the case. It was while in that humble calling that he became an expert in sharp practice and in the use of soft soap. He also learned the gentle art of saying "Next" to his victims. It was while reading the *Toronto Saturday Night* during his hours of ease that the idea occurred to him of having a financial career.

Some Irish Bulls.

IN an Irish newspaper a letter written by an old Indian officer of Irish birth defending the climate of India contained this: "The way is that a lot of young officials and military officers come out here, and they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat and

they die; and then they write home to their friends saying it was the climate that did it."

"I think it will be admitted," said a man at a dinner party, "that vast numbers die in India."

"Very true," was the answer, "but if you tell me of any country where people don't die, I will go and end my days there."

A Bit of Bunting.

THE Irish priests in Lisbon
Had foes upon their track,
And loudly revolutionists
Admonished them to pack;
When calm came o'er the clamour
The mocking crowd turned back,
While o'er the cries and tumult
There rose the Union Jack.

It's just the triple crosses
The crowd is looking at—
St. George and brave St. Andrew,
And ever-loved St. Pat.
But in the strife it flutters
In red and white and blue,
The centuries come back to us
And speak of things to do.

We talk of reciprocity,
And tariffs and all such,
We wish to be so neighbourly
And love the U. S. much.
But when it comes to ties of home,
And days of stress and rack,
The only flag we hanker for
Is just the Union Jack.

Mixed.

A MIXING of sentiments gives an odd effect to an item published by *The Evening Post*, of Lindsay, Ont., from one of its correspondents. With the name left out, one sentence reads: "We are all sorry to hear that Mr. — passed away from this world to a happier home."

Had Experienced It.

AT the recent appearance in Massey Hall, Toronto, of the famous Russian dancers, a couple of ladies who had waited fully half an hour in the "rush seats" line-up in the lane beside the hall were fortunate enough to get other than "rush" seats, and incidentally were enabled to sit with some friends. During one of the long waits one of the party who was reading the program informed the others that the star dancers would perform the "Bacchanale." And, replying to that, one of the ladies who had endured the long wait brought down the little circle's part of the house with "They can't tell us anything about 'back an alley.'"

Father Takes to Flying.

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now,
The altitude record you've bust;
You promised to drop when you'd hit fifty miles,
And I'm choking in all this star dust.

Beaten.

KIN yoh tell me, Mistah Drummah, what's de diff'nce 'tween a bass drum and a c'nundrum. No, of course yoh can't. Yoh beats one, and the other beats yoh. (Mr. Johnson, the velvet-voiced tenor, will now sing that touching ballad, "I'll be with you in the sweet hay fever time.")

Getting Even.

THIS is the story of how a jibe was given to "Busy Berlin"—before that happy town got into perpetual limelight by being the first place to get Adam Beck's Niagara power.

A man belonging to Berlin and one from Toronto were travelling from the latter place to the former. The Berlin man showed great eagerness to get back home from "Hogtown," which is a term that other Ontario centres of population sometimes tag to Toronto. After a spell of restlessness he looked at his watch

and at his time-table and said wearily, "Heavens, we're only half way to Berlin."

"Well," said the Toronto man, "isn't that near enough?"

Baseballitis.

HOW baseball grips was shown by a recent issue of the *Brandon Weekly Sun*. On the front page was a double column heading, "The Cubs Lost Again To-day." On the next page was an item telling of a cyclone striking the Island of Cuba, and the article was headed, "Great Cyclone Visited Cubs."

Prospecting.

"TORONTO," quietly remarked a visitor from across the line, "is one of the greatest mining towns I know. It's streets are torn up pretty much all the time."

Rr-r-r-venge!

WHEN you've listened your best and not caught what they've said, This proposal should please you well—Let's have the railway conductor wed The waitress at the hotel.

Public Enemies.

HE was one of the fellows who live up to the Golden Rule in several little ways. Kicking a banana skin into the roadway, he said: "I don't like a man that will throw a banana skin on the sidewalk—and I don't like a banana skin that will throw a man on the sidewalk."

A Bright Schoolboy.

TEACHER—Give me an example of a concrete noun.
City Boy (suddenly inspired)—Side-walk.

As It Seems to Us.

RECENT experiences of balloonists and airshippers have convinced the average man that for a little while longer he had better confine his aviation to going up in the elevator.

The "bearded lady" has wedded. If she takes to shaving, she and hubby may disagree as to who should get first chance at the family razor, but it will be a comfort to the man in the case to know that the razor won't be used as a can opener.

For a long time man sailed on the ocean, later he laid cables under it, and still later he ran his submarines through it. Now he flies over it, and Neptune wonders what's next.

The sports are looking for someone to lick Jack Johnson. Now, if Teddy Roosevelt weren't so busy—

Somdeth Phra Paraminda Maha Chulalongkorn, king of Siam, is dead, and the printers who had to set up the obituary announcement are not very well.

The Cunard Steamship Company is to build a steamer one thousand feet long. Some day we'll have an ocean liner so long that while people on the stern are calling good-bye to friends in Europe, the people on the bow will be waving handkerchiefs to friends in America.

Now let the beaver screech—our navy has arrived.

Mark Twain left an estate valued at \$611,136, but his greatest legacy is laugh-producing literature worth several times that amount to a sad world.

No wonder King Manuel is sore. He has been cut off from a salary of \$800,000 a year, or almost as much as is paid to a star of lesser magnitude in vaudeville.

One of these days an enterprising farmer will set out a lot of electric light plants and have the hired man work right up till bedtime.

Next revolution promises to be in the kingdom of playing cards. Some day Uncle Sam will become enterprising and turn out a deck with the places of King, Queen and Jack taken by President, President's Wife and Vice-President, and in which the Joker will be "the Roosevelt."