

# THE PLEASURES OF THE ADVERTISER'S "TRIP TO EUROPE"

A Fair Member of the Party Narrates Her Experiences—  
Impressions of the Old World—Love-Making in Edinburgh—The Sights of London and Paris—Incidents of the Ocean Voyage—Beauties of the Iceberg.

I, one of The Advertiser's European pleasure of the trip that I feel I Travel Club, am so enthusiastic over must endeavor to give my numerous friends, who kindly escorted me with their wives, some faint idea of the enjoyment they thus combined to bestow upon me.

I wish I had the skill with my pen to so present the pictures left upon my mind as to enable these kind ones to enjoy with me the scenes through which I so happily wandered, and thus know how much more than fully realized was their generous thought for my benefit and pleasure.

When lagged memory refuses to bear the events of the day, a word, a look, will, for any one of the party, I am sure, win her to turn her flight backward to the merry days we spent together.

Now I think of it, I will not try to write you anything that you can obtain in a guide book or history, but just try to lead you through the fun this bevy of girls got out of their trip, leaving wisdom and education to more erudite members of the party.

## The Send-Off.

Those who waved us farewell will not soon forget the elaborate send-off given us by The Advertiser; we watched and waved back until London the less had completely faded from our sight, and with hearts so bounding with happy anticipations as ours were, time flew swiftly until we found ourselves at Toronto station. Here, again, was more bountiful provision for our comfort than we had expected, and were met there by Stoddard-Dayton touring cars, ordered by The Advertiser from the Automobile and Supply Company, of Toronto. To some of us this day had brought the first automobile ride, and we just did enjoy the two-hour drive to the city, and back to the Queen's with appetites sharpened to thorough appreciation of that most homelike of large hotels, and the good things its table supplies.

We arrived in Montreal just in time for breakfast at the Windsor, and entered Quebec at 3 p.m. and embarked at once.

## The Outward Voyage.

The Empress of Ireland is a floating palace, which contains everything requisite for comfort. By Sunday everyone of us was able to do ample justice to the good things provided from soup to meat, and everything after was enjoyed by all the party.

After dinner was usually spent in singing, until Mrs. Rumball, our gentle chaperon gave the signal to retire to our staterooms, and I am happy to be able to say we were all readily obedient, and tried to give her little trouble. We often wished we could get a snapshot of our staterooms, with four girls trying to beautify themselves at once and the same time.

## First Sight of Land.

Our first sight of land was dear, and, Old Ireland. There was a great rush for field glasses, to look at the green mountains, and the myriads of gulls that came from the dear homeland, seeking food from us, and which followed the ship until we were out of sight. The Emerald Isle, but before doing so hats were swung and handkerchiefs waved in farewell to that gem of the ocean. As we sighted Liverpool those who desired to do so were permitted to remain on deck until 1 a.m., and though we did not avail ourselves of the full privilege, it was with backward, longing gaze, we retired. Amid the gloom surrounding us, the city seemed to be a vast semi-circle of blinding light; a magnificent illumination from future beckoning joys for us.

Next morning at 7:30 we landed and met Mr. Bergen, the guide and director, detailed by The Advertiser to take charge of our party, and now our list of caretakers was complete, escort, chaperon and guide.

We had a very simple and cursory customs examination to endure, and were then transferred to the Exchange Station, where special cars, ordered in advance by The Advertiser, awaited us in readiness to be attached to the first regular train to Edinburgh.

## Liverpool to Edinburgh.

The journey there did not appear long, for we were constantly passing through such beautiful scenery while in the west of England, i.e., Preston and Carlisle. If there were only a tiny square in front of a humble home it was filled with lovely flowers. Roses and many others familiar to me at home seemed to flourish in that moist climate with a luxuriance that astonished me. Entering Scotland the ride was even more delightful to me, poor city resident as I am. The innumerable

## Baby's Teething Time Is a Troublesome Time

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are swollen and inflamed, and the poor child often cries day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, soothe the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. Jean Boutin, St. Marguerite, Que., says: "When I sent for Baby's Own Tablets my 8-month-old baby was suffering greatly from teething troubles and I hardly got any rest. A few doses of the Tablets relieved her, and the teeth seemed to come through painlessly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

able wild flowers were a never-ceasing joy; then the wondrous charm of the beautiful, grand old hills—I know now why the Scotch are so proud of their bonnie Scotland. Let anything should lack who that has when hungry, partaken of their oaten porridge and delicious shortcake, dealt with true, kindly, Scotch hospitality by some soft-voiced housewife, will ever forget to cast back a kindly thought to the gentle Scot and his grand and lovely land?

## Postal Cards and Poppies.

At every station our whole party with the exception of our guardian and our guide, bought postal cards. These were addressed on the car, and then the poor guide was pestered with "Will you be so kind as to post this" until he was nearly frantic, and the smile he tried to summon was a wry one indeed. As we drove through the glen to Aberfoyle how we did enjoy the antics of the urchins who sold great bunches of poppies or turned cartwheels for halfpennies. Remember, dear much-travelled reader, we were only green, young Canadian girls on our first grand trip abroad, so it was the less wonder that a lass of our party called out to one of the dirty little rascals, "Well done, sonny, that was a good one. Try it again." We were quickly enlightened by our guide: "That means pennies, ladies. Don't you see that is why he is doing it?" Well, the "game was worth the candle," and freely we let our pennies drop into the dirty outstretched hand, glad so many of them were new and bright to make a brave girl.

## A Baby Show.

In Edinburgh our party came across a pretty green spot by the roadway, which had been commandeered by a group of "little mothers," and their charges. The poor, overburdened, creatures, ragged and dirty, attracted the sympathizing attention of our escort.

He stopped to drop a penny into the hand of a tiny mite of a girl, juggling a big baby, then took the fat, little squirming in his arms to try how heavy was the little girl's burden, while the proud sister explained that on the whole bank there was not a baby of his age weighed near "sae muckle." Then several of the party paid pennies to be permitted to hold the "bonnie bairn," while others dropped pennies, but denied the pleasure of a nearer approach. We spent Saturday and Sunday in Edinburgh. On Saturday, Mr. Miller ventured to intrust his priceless charge to the sole care of chaperon and guide while he took the train to London, E.C. Here he visited an uncle and some great-aunts, the latter, with true Scottish hospitality, sent us each a charmingly pretty packet of bon-bons. We admired the Scotch coat-of-arms which adorned it, and now forms one memento of our pleasant trip.

## Courting in Auld Reekie.

On the Sabbath our guide and three of us mounted to see the view from Arthur's seat. One little adventure during this hour of hard climbing amused us considerably. Looking back as we strove upward, we could see little mounds, some of them half-hidden by ferns, but quite visible to our ever-restless, seeking eyes. In each of these mounds, happy lovers were seated, and endearments were much in vogue, "Tra-la-la-lu!" we called down to them, but that did not disconcert any of these blissfully happy beings, who, in the act of kissing his sweetheart, startled by our call looked up, turned back and completed the salute, then looked at us, and by signs, invited us to come and try how sweet it was.

But, no! We were of the same bevy, whose fellow passengers on the voyage over, had nicknamed the "Pretty Canadian Icebergs." So even the absence of our chaperon did not induce us to waver.

## Early Closing Indeed.

The early-closing movement flourishes in Scotland. In Edinburgh our chaperon, having obtained permission from the guide in the absence of Mr. Miller, ventured forth a short distance from the hotel, but beguiled by music and the twilight, we did not return until a few minutes past 10 o'clock. We were amazed to find ourselves locked out, and would have been in a quandary indeed but that the porter was entertaining his sweetheart, and his heart thereby softened to all womankind, he smuggled us in.

In Glasgow, too, after dinner, we rejoiced to hear someone propose to drive around and view the city by twilight. The night was cool and bright, and we enjoyed the treat so much it was prolonged until 10:15 p.m.—to find ourselves again on the wrong side of locked doors when we returned. They opened, however, to our guide's appeal, and we were informed that hotels in Scotland were closed at 10 p.m.

The only mishap occurred on our arrival in Glasgow. The guide most plainly ordered our cabbie to drive to the Alexandra, but Sandy, the cannie Scot, did not see why he should not do a stroke of business for his favorite, and took four of us to another hotel. Then there was consternation. Our escort and our guide each went over the roll-call of their charges, but even the clatter of four girls' tongues could not quite reach the height at which the fellow passenger on the voyage over, when we were all safe beneath their sheltering care. Meanwhile, the lost ones were being welcomed by a most smiling and urbane landlord, but fear came to them when they found not their faithful guardians, and, two standing on the sidewalk, two inside the cab, poured a stream of questions at the devoted heads of landlord and porters. It did not take long to arrive

at the conclusion that "Someone had blundered," so cabbie quickly turned and drove us to the Alexandra. There we discovered that the two temporary guardians, upon whose sweetness of disposition we had been so carelessly reliant, could, when need arose, say some very stern words, and we felt greatly relieved that not we, but cabbie, had offended.

## England and London.

From Glasgow we crossed the border to England. Of course we felt a little though not personal or ardent interest in viewing Hymen's altar at Gretna Green. The eyes with which we gazed were merely those of "Canadian icebergs." Perhaps that was why all we saw was a very ordinary blacksmith shop; the fire for the forge the only semblance of his godship's torch visible to us. The bridge that led to Warwick Castle as other places in England, made us aware that Scotland is not the only land in which public love-making is popular.

While we waited our turn to be admitted to view the castle, we divided our attention between efforts to escape the snapshots which were striving to get a view of these tame Canadian savages, and admiring the numerous peacocks strutting about on the wall above.

In London we were so fortunate as to see the opening and closing of the great bridge to permit of the passage of a vessel, and we could but wonder and admire this triumph of mechanical skill.

In the Tate art gallery, I was particularly attracted by Landseer's "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," a noble Newfoundland dog; "La Thangue," The Man With the Scythe, a sick child over which the anxious mother lovingly bends, while at the gate Douth as a ringer for one, and Scheffer's St. Augustine and St. Monica, in which the mother clothed in diaphanous white is seated by her son, directing his attention heavenward. It would have seemed impossible for man to so have put into a picture the ideal life of this ideal mother, had I not stood awe-inspired before it.

Frith's Derby Day is another that in its wonderful variety of facial expression, the vivacity, the whole lifelike appearance of the scene made me feel as if I too were enjoying the excitement and fun.

Guilford Hall, the scene of so many triumphs for England's tradesmen, the place whence went forth the edict that Englishmen would not submit to Dutchmen's avarice, and would not pay an exorbitant price for pepper and other spices, but that they, the men of the guild, would equip and send forth a ship to trade with India. Thus was started the chain of events that ended by England becoming ruler of that vast empire.

## France and Paris.

Crossing the Channel some of our party were not exactly happy, but their lack of enjoyment was not in the least due to any neglect or want of forethought on the part of our generous Advertiser friends.

Canada is certainly adopting French fashions in summer habits, for everyone seemed to live outdoors in France, and many were also in Canada, each year, more and more, and we have ourselves of every chance to have recourse to fresh air and sunshine, and all of Nature's beneficence we can possibly contrive to enjoy.

I think, however, our women have enough of the strenuous life, and will never imitate the incessant industry of the Frenchwomen. A book or newspaper, I trust, will continue to be more in evidence than the eternal knitting or needlework seen in France.

Paris, the wonderful, we of course enjoyed, but I will not weary you with a description of its beauty or its delights; the oft-told tale will but prove monotonous.

In the great horse-shoe shaped Palais du Trocadero, whose concert hall will seat 6,000, two of our number, by request (of the party) treated those present to a Canadian song. Their daring, not less, was their music, was greatly appreciated.

In the evening two of the young ladies, bold in their innocence, undertook to purchase some of the inevitable postcards. They were going such a very little way it could scarcely be disobedience to the strict orders of our escort and our guide. Just next the hotel they saw a shop window filled with such lovely blouse waists that they stepped in to investigate as to prices.

The party were just starting for the theatre and upon roll-call two of their precious flock were missing. The anxious guardians started out in search and soon Mr. Bergen, our guide, beheld, perceived them in earnest altercation with the bowing, smiling proprietor, who vainly tried to answer their English-French with his French-English. Just before they had quite driven him insane or worse for a Frenchman—impolite—they were startled by the guide entering and demanding: "What on earth do you girls want in this laundry?" followed by the familiar "Hang the postal cards!"

## Some Show Places.

At the Hotel des Invalides the sense of color is feasted by the beauty of the golden light shed on the cross, its altar and the dozen or more steps cut from one solid piece of marble that lead to it, and the exquisite blues that fall on the sarcophagus of Napoleon I. that stands below.

We were favored with an ideal day for our fourteen-mile drive to Versailles. Louis XIV. and the servile courtiers of his luxurious, gay and wicked court, could not have chosen a more delightful one.

Perhaps, however, we carried happier hearts than the famous beauties or the grand gentlemen of that magnificent court, though ours were simple lives and we were only permitted to stand wondering, admiring glances at the beautiful scenes amid which they spent their intriguing lives.

The numerous works of art, their bewildering beauty and costliness, surpassing our poor powers of description. We were so unfortunate as not to see the fountains playing; this costs thousands of dollars, and is only indulged in on certain days.

From France we went back by England and Wales, through lovely scenery and bright weather, to land in Cork, bending westward side. That, however, did not diminish our appetites.

## In Old Ireland.

Next morning dawned bright, and we had our first ride in a jaunty car, our destination being Blarney Castle. Three of our party were brave enough to kiss the Blarney stone. One of these was Irish, and two were Scotch, but though two more of us derived our ancestry from the "Old Sod," we would not dare the extremely dangerous-looking proceeding.

The next two days were to be spent at the far-famed and beautiful Lakes of Killarney. I will never forget the pleasant and happy time spent in the dear, sad, old Emerald Isle. On our way through the Gap of Dunloe, my Irish boy told us that his pony was trained to follow, not to lead, but I begged him to make it go faster. He said, "All right, miss, I will, miss," and gave it a resounding whack, and off it shot as if fired from a cannon. I bounced about like a rubber ball, and yelled to the gossamer, "Please stop him. He is going too fast." "All right, miss, I will, miss," and he caught the pony by the tail and bellowed, "Whoa," when, of course, it came to a dead stop, which almost threw me overboard. I begged him to stop, and he said, "Please stop him. He is going too fast." "All right, miss, I will, miss," and he caught the pony by the tail and bellowed, "Whoa," when, of course, it came to a dead stop, which almost threw me overboard. I begged him to stop, and he said, "Please stop him. He is going too fast." "All right, miss, I will, miss," and he caught the pony by the tail and bellowed, "Whoa," when, of course, it came to a dead stop, which almost threw me overboard.

Shooting the rapids at the old Weir bridge, our boatman told us if we dipped our fingers in the water and rubbed our eyes, we would never be troubled with toothache.

It looked funny to see us all rubbing, as if we had forgotten to perform part of our toilet, but we all live in hopes of deriving full benefit from our trip.

We had the advantage of viewing the beautiful lakes by moonlight. Our party sat on the old stone pier and sang a number of "Moore's Melodies," intermingled with Scotch and Canadian airs.

In Dublin, at the Royal Theatre, there were a thousand in the audience, to see the little dwarf comedian, Frith, who was very amusing, and the great sea of faces was well worth admiring, and we were greatly amused by his antics.

We were treated to a jaunty car trip around Phoenix Park, an eight-mile circle, and then visited other interesting places, and finally, in the morning, for Liverpool. Arrived in the morning about 7. At 11 we bade good-bye to Mr. Bergen, our faithful guide, and two of our party took the train to London, E.C. We had some time to spare before sailing for home, so we visited points of interest in London, The Art Gallery from our car.

## The Return Trip.

One evening the steward passed the word around among the passengers that there were icebergs in front, which we were not able to see during the night. Some of us recalled, if that occurred, to see the strange sight, and the steward promised to call us when the ship made land. We were, of course, very anxious, and sat in the grand salon, where a lady passenger, one of the sweetest and best of the party, told us that she had seen a highly cultured and much travelled, entertained us with—fairly tales! Yes, my dear reader, and never did a seven-year-old sailor, who had been a sailor, though they might have been more credulous. Then, some time in the "wee, sma' hours," the steward's step was heard, but it would not be long to call us, and, fearing we might have fallen asleep, our dear friend, still treating with the horizon, and then an ever-widening grin, drew from the recesses of a wonderful basket she carried the materials for a delicious cup of tea each, and served it with some dainty biscuits drawn from the same much-admired receptacle. Thus fortified against the piercing cold, we, at the steward's call, were soon—wrapped in jackets and warmly—ready to call us.

What, to me, appeared a vast, majestic, phantom city. Flooded by the rays of a beautiful full moon, it shone silvery and gleaming, and we were in a home of the blest, for castles and towers, spires, cupolas, domes, palaces and cottages were there, with many a giant, glittering statue ranged along the foot of the mountain.

## Beauties of the Iceberg.

It was all beautiful—beautiful beyond words—but so stilly, coldly pure, like the life of some too austere good saint, it scarcely induced one to desire to enter. A little after 3 a.m. the captain paid us the honor of sending us an invitation to come aboard the ship, and we were to be met by the crew. Soon the coming dawn sent heralds, whose many-tinted crimson flags were more and more plainly visible above the horizon, and then an ever-widening crimson circle proclaimed the approach of the King of Day himself. Our white arrayed itself in pink, in crimson, in gorgeous, many-colored, scintillating robes. Over its brow it flung a shower of ever-changing roses and gems; no pageant of man's device so multi-colored, so brilliant, so full of life and youthfulness to Him "who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters." Awe-stricken, I wondered if the Creator could make such beauty to gladden earth, what must the unspeakable glory of heaven be, where "they need no candle, neither light of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light," and my very soul melted within me in an agony of longing to gaze on that far land, when earth and her glories faded from my sight.

Lazily and happily the days flew past on the voyage, and though my heart beat to a faster time whenever anything recalled to me the scenes of my youth, I was surprised at the flood of excitement that swept my whole being as we drew near Quebec. To be sure, when we had landed, that we had heard spoken was in a foreign tongue, but the French words told from the lips of true Canadians, who were "proud of their French descent and grateful for its birth they were British."

Like our soldier lads in South Africa, I had been longing to "feel the pure, free air of Canada fan my cheek," and I fully realized that "through pleasures and pains as though we may roam, be it ever so humble there's no place like home." Soon the soil of dear little London was



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## BIRRELL'S BLEND OF ARGUMENT AND WIT

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

ciples of valuation are hard to determine. Each case has perhaps its own peculiar features. The interests involved are enormous. The influence of "the trade" is great, and it is of a kind which is able to exert itself with great force, particularly during periods of electoral strife. These difficulties can be removed, are being removed, and will be removed—(Cheers.) The trade has its "long pull." Well, the people have a long pull, too, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and the budget will be through this side of Christmas.—(Cheers.) Of course, we hear terrible things—Of shocking things.—(Laughter.) The consumption of whisky is on the decline. The great river of strong drink that goes pouring down the throats of forty-two millions of the people of the island is showing signs of abatement. Our Nile is falling. Terrible thought! Our brewers have put up the price of beer, and they intimate—they say in their trade circulars—that owing to the rise in the price of beer there will be a falling off in the consumption of it at least 15 per cent.—(Hear, hear.) O blessed 15 per cent.—(Cheers.) If it were only 30 per cent, so much the better for the wives and children.—(Hear, hear.) Well, as we have done with the land clauses so we shall do with the liquor clauses. We shall see them through.—(Cheers.) It is a tedious job—nobody need wish to be a member of Parliament—but it shall be done.

## Triumph of the Democratic Idea.

Then comes the last question. What about "another place"? Well, now, one thing we have noticed about that other place, and that is that we have now reached the triumph, and the final triumph, of what is called "the democratic idea," because the House of Lords itself recognizes that this is a matter which has to be decided at the polling booth by the voice of the electorate. All agree as to that. Lord Lansdowne and his conclave—(some booing)—what are they doing? They are sitting in their rooms and offices, getting reports as to the state of feeling of the country. You will be returned to them.—(Laughter and cheers.) The Tory Tadpoles and Tapers, all the brewers and the brewers' agents, and all the Primrose Leaguers have constituted themselves into a court of public inquiry to find out whether or not this budget is going down. If they are told and they believe what they are told—I express no opinion whether they should or should not—but if they are told and they believe that the budget is unpopular. Then, I dare say, they will put their best to force a general election.—(A voice: "Let them.") But if, on the other hand, the Tadpoles and Tapers tell them, "Well, you know, it is a popular budget after all; the sympathy with the great landlords and owners of land generally is not quite so keen as your lordships would desire, and we at all events are doubtful of the issue," why then these high and mighty potentates, these great patriots will simply obey the Constitution and do what they ought to do without being told by anybody and pass the budget into law.—(Cheers.)

## Defiance to the Lords.

But after all this is mere electioneering business. We have our duty to do. Mr. Asquith and his administration—(cheers)—will steer right on till we bring this great budget into its proper haven. Then the House of Lords may do whatever it likes. It is not for them to dictate to us—

(Cheers.) It is not for them to choose our time of dissolution. By the ancient rule of this Constitution the purse-strings rest with the representatives of the people.—(Cheers.) It is for them to raise the taxes. They have raised the taxes, and taxes are already being paid according to ancient usage, upon the assumption that the will of the people will become law; and Lord Lansdowne knows the Constitution far too well not to know that any interference outside his province in the delicate matters of finance will raise questions and create consequences he cannot, he will not, he dare not, overlook.—(Cheers.) But our minds are quite easy, whatever happens.—(Cheers.) We derive our authority from the people at the polls, and if we are to go back to the people at the polls we will make it our cause. We will ask for support for the budget, which, as I have already pointed out to you, exempts no class from taxation, but simply seeks, in a time when great demands are made upon the public exchequer from all quarters, to enlarge the area of taxation and make everybody pay according to his means, to enable no man to participate in the benefits, the credit, and the protection of the country, without paying his fair quota towards this expenditure. Animated by these principles, influenced by these truths, so far as I am concerned, their lordships may do what they like.—(Loud cheers.)

## QUALITIES OF THE ESKIMO PEOPLE

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

half-breed authors. Atsuagigilutik, meaning in English "the Eskimo univak" is the name of the Eskimo journal published for over a generation. The services rendered by the Eskimo race in the polar research are art to obscure other services to their credit in another, not less important line. It is a fact that it is well worth recalling that their manufactures, weapons, utensils and household conveniences, which in some respects are marvels of ingenuity, have furnished the most accurate explanations for countless objects found among the remains of pre-

## Mr. Herman Dying of Stone in the Bladder

GIN PILLS PASSED THE STONE.

513 James Street, Hamilton, "Four years ago I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the bladder—intense pain in the back and loins, great pain and difficulty in urinating. One pain was greatest in the region of the bladder, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony, and I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor. Doctors could do nothing to help me. My wife read in this paper about Gin Pills and sent for a box. From the very first I felt that Gin Pills were doing me good. The pain was relieved at once, and the attacks were less frequent. In six weeks the stone in the bladder came away and the pain stopped entirely. I have had no return of the trouble and have not lost a day's work on account of it. I cannot express myself strong enough when I speak of what Gin Pills have done for me. When I remember how I suffered, and how now I am healthy and well and strong and able to do a full day's work, I feel I should speak and tell other sufferers of my experience, and of the wonderful merits of Gin Pills."

JOHN HERMAN. You don't have to buy Gin Pills to test them. Simply write the National Drug and Chemical Company (Department G), Toronto, and a free sample will be sent you by return mail. When you have used the sample, and feel that at last you have found the remedy that will do you good—then buy Gin Pills at your dealer's—50c a box, 6 for \$2.50. Remember, please, that Gin Pills are sold on a positive guarantee of a cure or your money back. And this guarantee is backed by the largest wholesale drug house in Canada, who will take your unexpressed word if you want your money refunded.

historic and historic inhabitants of Europe.

Among the characteristic traits of the Eskimos, most explorers have been struck with their unusually keen sense of humor. If we are to have the pleasure of an early visit from some members of the race, we may perhaps look to them for that humor that seems so woefully lacking in our own appreciation of the great Arctic world now under discussion.—Boston Monitor.

## A POINTER ON MAKING SHOES WEAR LONGER

In this age there are many different forms of insurance against loss from almost every conceivable cause, and it is remarkable to note that we have now arrived at a point where it is possible to insure your new shoes against becoming prematurely worn out, and no doubt when people are aware of this fact thousands will take advantage of it. Shoe insurance in the form of "Nugget" Waterproof Shoe Polish is the best kind of an investment, for it will double the life of your shoes, because it keeps leather soft and pliable and prevents cracking. Your dealer keeps "Nugget"—why not insure your shoes? It costs but 10 cents, black or tan. The "Nugget" is a waterproof preparation which in wet weather retains its shine, and the polish itself will not rub off and soil the clothes under any conditions.

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