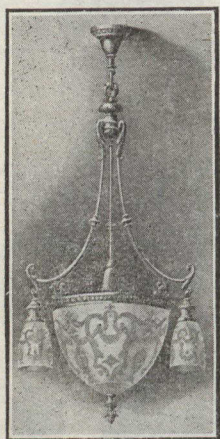


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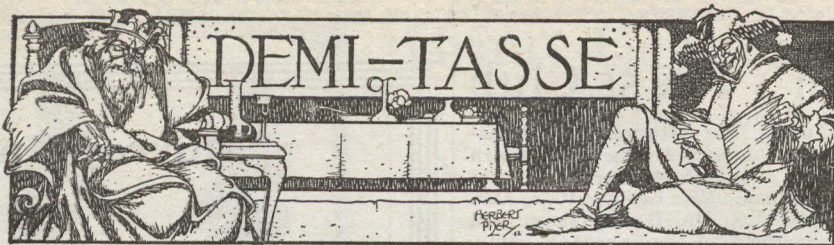
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Courierettes.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" has made a million in America. She can afford to be merry—and to remain a widow.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was cheered loudly while he was in Toronto lately. Toronto has a tricky habit of cheering Sir Wilfrid and voting for the other fellow.

Sir Rodmond Roblin is reported to have said that "Britain is on her knees beseeching us for help in a time of trouble." If the weather reports are true, she must have contracted rheumatism.

Maurice Ireland says that Ulster wouldn't pay the taxes if Home Rule passed. If he could guarantee that, a lot more people would be in favour of Home Rule.

Rather mean of Montenegro to start a war just when the World's Championship ball series wanted the whole front page in the sporting extras!

Elections, 'tis said, are not won by prayers, but we doubt that many people who say that are speaking from experience.

Theodore Caesar.—After a week of playing it to capacity houses in Toronto, a star company is acting Julius Caesar to audiences across the line.

Rumor has it that the Republicans who didn't "progress" to Roosevelt have had something to do with bringing on that Shakesperian production at this particular time. It is said that the Grand Old Party hopes to benefit by having the people see in Roosevelt an ambitious Caesar. Others in the cast of the suggested play are Woodrow Wilson as Cassius, and Taft as Brutus.

Are We Part of the U. S.?—This is how New York "Life" states its subscription rates: "One year \$5.00 (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)." As it doesn't class Canada with foreign countries, perhaps "Life" imagines that this country is merely "an adjunct."

The Almighty \$.—Some people go so far as to say that Western Canada thinks only of making money. That, of course, is hardly true, but here's a bit of evidence tending to prove that money figures largely in the Westerner's thoughts. A press sheet, received at this office and giving items showing the progress of the Dauphin district, bore this date line: "\$ep. 25, 1912."

Teasing the Navigator.—Henri Bisson, a Montreal business man who is fond of entertaining his friends, had a yacht, the "Belle Amie," and he frequently took a number of people for trips.

One hot August evening the boat was practically becalmed in Lake St. Louis. M. Bisson was at the tiller, and a very prominent civic official of Montreal offered to relieve him.

"But can you steer a boat?" asked M. Bisson.

"Certainly," said the other indignantly. "In France I studied navigation and took the 'long cours.'"

"Then you ought to be able to take care of the 'Belle Amie,'" was the reply.

The owner resigned his place to the very confident civic official and called his guests to the bow of the boat where a consultation was held and further arrangements made.

Members of the party made frequent trips to the man who had taken the "long cours."

"Are you sure we are on our course?" they asked, and the answer each time was "Certainly."

"But it's growing dark," said the anxious ones.

"We're on our course," the helmsman replied. "I steer by the stars."

After about two hours of merriment at the bow, the party adjourned in a body to interview the man at the stern.

"You're not making any mistake about our course are you?" asked M. Bisson. "No," answered the much-pestered man. "I told you I had studied navigation."

"Well," said M. Bisson, "if you really took the 'long cours' it is somewhat surprising that you've not realized that the boat has been at anchor for two hours."

Sunday School Was Suspicious.—Parliament Street Methodist Sunday School has in its day turned out many a noted citizen of Toronto. There are scores of them scattered all over Canada, and most of them have figured in the world of politics—civic, provincial or federal.

Controller Hocken, who aspires to be Mayor of Toronto in 1913, and Ald. Yeomans, who is trying for a Controller's chair, are both ex-pupils of the



"Say, old chap—don't happen to have any—scented candles, do you? I don't want my wife—know I've been drinking."

old school. On a recent Sunday Ald. Yeomans arrived at the school just before the session was over, and of course was asked to speak. There were smiles on many faces as he was invited to the platform, and the alderman did not quite grasp what those smiles meant. Afterwards he asked one of the officials about it.

"Oh, nothing much," was the explanation. "We are having quite a busy day of it. Controller Hocken was here just before you."

Revised Versions.

**"THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year"**—
But, cheer up, 'twill be long before
Spring poets we must fear.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods—
And coal is so darn dear!

Sounds Too Good to be True.—Thirty-four brides in New York have formed the "Never Nag Society," agreeing to get hubby's breakfast every morning, to dress neatly for the morning meal, to kiss him when he comes home from work, to account for every cent she spends, and to give him a night off every week, to be spent how, when and where he pleases.

They might as well have gone the rest of the way and hastened the millennium by agreeing to support the thirty-four blessed benedicts.

Passed With Honours.—Sir William Mulock is one of the many city men who take an interest in farming. Another gentleman who does farming on the side

is Dr. Miller, principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines.

Both have been connected with educational work, but when they met on a train from St. Catharines recently much of their talk was about farming. Sir William asked the doctor about soil, fertilizers, sheep, cows, rotation of crops, what use to make of land under apple trees and many other things concerning the farm.

"This answering your questions," said the doctor, "reminds me of my university days."

Sir William smiled, and said: "Perhaps so. At any rate you've certainly passed a very creditable examination."

Canada's "Bull Moose."

"YOUTH must be served," but now old age

Must have its fling—
The Liberal chieftain's famed white plume
Is in the ring.

A Little Mixed.—The writer of newspaper headings and inscriptions has been at his funny tricks again.

The following inscription, which the "Montreal Star" used in connection with the picture of a battleship, would seem to indicate that a certain lady could be a terror to statesmen if she adopted militant suffragettes' tactics: "The Audacious, which was christened by the Countess Lytton. She is 555 feet long and has a displacement of 23,000 tons. She is the thirty-sixth Dreadnought in the British Navy."

And the "Toronto Globe" seems to have forgotten for a moment its political bias in running the following line over a page of pictures in a recent issue: "PREMIER BORDEN BANQUETTED—SIR WILFRID LAURIER IN THE NORTH—WRECKS ON THE GREAT LAKES."

A Clever Touch.—Taking the Toronto "Globe" for it, Hon. Geo. P. Graham evidently knows the proper way to make a statement to produce the greatest effect. Reporting his references, at a Laurier meeting in Mount Forest, to Premier Borden's policy, that paper says: "His navy floats in London speeches and Canadian interviews; it has never taken to water," he commented dryly."

Have You Noticed It?—Orders have been issued that cashiers at the pari mutuel betting machines at race tracks must make up their accounts nightly.

It seems almost superfluous to remark that few of the fellows who were tipped off to "sure things" have to linger while the shades of night are falling to count their cash.

A Woman's Way.—She was dressing for the opera.

"I'll just be a minute, dear," she called down to her hubby. "Call a taxi now."

He did.
Next day he was declared a bankrupt.

A Neat Hit.—Returning from a cheerless summer home to his cold and dismal apartment in the city a tenant rang up his landlord asking why the heat was not turned on by October first.

"Why!" exclaimed the landlord, "it isn't customary to do that before the middle of the month. You know I live in an apartment house too, and we never get heat before then."

"Well, all I have to say," said the tenant, "is that you and I have very cheap landlords."

His Loss.—They had just broken to him the news that his wife had eloped with his chauffeur.

"Hang that chauffeur," cried the husband. "I just bought the car last week."

Clashing Colours.—Lo, the poor landlord whose untutored mind is not equal to pleasing all his tenants no matter how hard he tries.

In renovating an apartment house a Montreal landlord instructed the paper-hangers to do one bedroom in each suite in pink. Some of the tenants were pleased, but one woman raised strong objections to that colour. "With my red hair," she said, "I know that room will look a perfect fright."