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## In Lighter vein.

### At the Grocery Store.

Bill Smithers was a talkin' of th' plans an' policies Which Roosevelt is pushin' to bring Wall Street to its knees: An' William, when he's started, slings th' language mighty free. "I tell you, boys," he shouted, "Teddy's just a suitin' me." Them Wall Street sharks he's hookin' an' a pullin' 'em to land, An' reducin' of their power in a way to heat th' band. But just then Tom Bobbins entered an' he says to Bill, says he: "Does Wall Street make objection to th' shippin' subsidy?"

That stumped Bill for a minute, but he caught his breath an' said, While cuttin' some terbacker an' a waggin' of his head: "Th' president is trimmin' of them gamblin' fellers' claws, An' showin' them they're subject to th' country's rules an' laws; He's a callin' 'em to order, an' they have to walk th' chalk— I tell you, Ted's a wonder, an' they jump to hear him talk." An' Bobbins, never smilin', looks at Bill an' says, says he: "Have you heard Wall Street objectin' to th' asset currency?"

Bill swallowed his terbacker, but he feel a sense o' shame An' shouted that Tom Bobbins ought to feel as sense o' shame For ever intimatin' that th' president was wrong, An' then continued talkin' with an accent good an' strong: "The president is bustin' every trust that shows its head, An' Wall Street is objectin' 'cause it kills their gamblin' dead." Then Bobbins, with a chuckle, looks at Bill an' says, says he: "Have you heard Wall Street objectin' to his tariff policy?"

Then Smithers rose a snortin' an' he said he wouldn't stay When Bobbins was insultin' Roosevelt in such a way. "He compelled them railroad fellers to give decent railroad rates, An' he's got 'em goin' plenty on th' matter of rebates; Which th' same is mighty pleasin' to th' honest men I meet, But is mighty bitter p'ison to th' schemers in Wall Street." But Bobbins he was ready, an' he says to Bill, says he: "Have you heard Wall Street objectin' to his federal policy?"

"You traitor!" Smithers shouted as he jumped up in air, But Bobbins wasn't flustered an' just tilted back his chair. "You weary me," said Smithers, "with your narrow politics, A fightin' 'stead of helpin' Roosevelt with your best licks. He's republican, is Teddy, an' th' best since Lincoln's day; That's the reason that you Bourbons won't give Theodore fair play." Then Bobbins shakes with laughin' an' he says to Bill, says he: "All them good things you have mentioned he got from democracy."

### A Record Breaker.

Three fellow-travellers in the smoking-room of a fast train were discussing the speed of trains. "I was in a train once," said the first man, "that beat everything I rode in for speed. Why, it went so fast that the telegraph poles at the side of the track looked like an immense fine-toothed comb." "That's nothing," said the second traveller; "I remember riding in an express on the — and — that went at such a gait that the telegraph poles looked like a solid board fence." The third man made an exclamation of impatience. "Ah, you fellows don't know what high speed on a railroad is. Why, I travelled west from Chicago last month in a train that went at such a pace that when we passed some alternate fields of corn and beans they looked like succotash!"

### Anecdotal.

The late Channing Clapp of Boston was for some years after the Civil War a cotton planter in the South. Mr. Clapp had on his plantation a little boy in buttons called "Sam." Sam one afternoon pointed to a bottle on his master's bureau, and said: "Mars Channing, an' dat hair oil?" "Mercy, no, Sam, that's glue," said Mr. Clapp. "I guess dass why I can't git mah cap off," said Sam, thoughtfully.

An actor in a London lodging house, who had discovered his landlady's propensity for "swiping," numbered and listed his things. One night he roused the household by shouting down from his attic a demand for "No. 8." "No. 8?" shouted the landlady back. "What

No. 8?" "I want cube No. 8 of my lump sugar," he replied. Thenceforth the provisions in his cupboard were unmolested.

There are few places that have given birth to more humor and wit than the court-room. Many have heard of the famous Lord Ellenborough. One day a young member of the bar rose to address the Court in a grave, criminal case. "My unfortunate client," he began; repeated it two or three times, and then stopped short. "Go on, sir, go on!" said Ellenborough. "So far the Court is with you."

In The Town Topics criminal libel suit there was much to contribute to metropolitan gaiety. In examining the talesmen for the jury to try the case against Norman Hapgood, who was charged with libelling Colonel Mann, they were all asked if they had ever read Town Topics. Three of them said they had glanced over it in a barber-shop. The next talesman had never heard of the publication. "I shave myself," he said.

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected. "Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?" "Y-a-a-s," admitted the dorky, "but a whale's different. A whale's got a mem'ry, but ef one o' dem gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."

An English gentleman had occasion to go often to an eminent physician, and said to James: "You will be tired of opening the door for me." "Not at all, sir," was the gracious reply; "you are but a hunt in the ocean." Another James was accustomed to say during his master's occasional absences: "You had better try hoppoosite. There's a very respectable man hoppoosite as we often sends to when Sir William is habsent. His name is Jenner."

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, was, every one knows, deficient in vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James, first and sixth, in 'he latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.' "Ods-chickens! he's at me already," exclaimed the king.

The following conversation took place the other day in one of the Scottish settlements in Ontario, whose pioneer life has been drawn by Ralph Connor. Marian Keith: "Are you a mechanic?" "Na, I'm no' a McKannick. I'm a McDonald." "What do you follow, then?" "I'm a Presbyterian." This is very similar to a little conversation that took place in a town not far from Toronto a couple of weeks ago. A five-year-old girl went into a store and one of the clerks began chaffing her. "You're Irish," he said. "I'm not," she replied, indignantly, "I'm a Presbyterian."

The highest grade of negro is the private car porter. It was such a negro, young and with many fine mannerisms and some money, who decided to take a trip to Europe. In London he made the acquaintance of several English-bred negroes. By these he was shown the sights and introduced into society. One evening he was invited to "sit in" a little poker game. He was well acquainted with the game as played at home, and did not hesitate to play. His limited acquaintance with English money cost him several good pots. At last he got four aces and knew exactly where he was, for four aces have their value the world over. His opponent "skinned" his hand carefully after cards had been "doled" and said: "Ah'll just bet yo' a pound, Mistah Johnsing." "Well," said the American, "Ah don't rightly know how much a pound is, but Ah'll just raise you a ton."

A school teacher in a certain town had recited to her class the story of the landing of the Pilgrims, and when she had finished she told each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, then at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

So far as we can ascertain, the phrase "Twenty-three" originated in the following manner:

(1.) Race tracks are so laid out as to accommodate not more than twenty-two horses at a time. The twenty-third

horse entered, the out of the race. (2.) The psychopue Hospital is was vernacular of the "Twenty-three for 'He's crazy."

(3.) In numbering certain new hotel, was inadvertently therefore used "Sh room 23" as a sign when an undesirable a room.

(4.) The express the twenty-third chapter of Genesis Lord sent him for of Eden, to till the he was taken."

(5.) The express a passage in "A She kisses his lips they solemnly bless spare hand does not leaves it; nothing bright constancy She goes next before knitting women co

The great trust queerly, and his f about him.

With a regular thrust his hand drew it with a dropped the dolla he kept up with n

The committee vain to ascertain Finally they ventu magnate. "Whist!" he his ing my dollar to gressional campai

Francis Baylies on returning from one Thanksgiving Tillinghast, one o and also one of the members of bar, in the sittin

In the course which ensued, Mr Tillinghast: "I have deposit the contribution interest until I r Mr. Tillinghast. "Ah, yes!" Th very large sum b mitted there."

A young minis was embarrassed. He sought cou an old and wise "Father, I am istry in the pulpiti cite anything I Prof. A., teacher before me. If I Roman mythology ready to trip me curacy. If I insta lish literature th covered by the p man that teaches shall I do?"

The sagacious "Do not be di Gospel. They pro of that."

### Notes of

They had been slowness of mess conversation dri general. Then in, and Kasson coast of New Je rate of three-quatury.

The hotel rate ing better," obs "But speaking of slowest thing in "What is it?" "An undergrou Judge.

Personally I turned the Major municipal under pected to get up saw a mounte catch an underg The Judge ign "You know, thret to live at Wh was—

"I told you to hurst-by-the-Gul Kasson. "I did go t Gulf-Stream fir with a touch of leading real est must have, of a Said he had jus minutes' walk f the half-hour it telling me how d dry they had to it, like a cigar-tatoes from shri Still raving abo dark—suddenly splash. I got d knees, and made ing around in s clinging to the were floating with the refrige kindling-wood.