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**AN ASTOUNDING FACT**

Over 15,000 people have died in Ontario during the past five years, each leaving an estate but leaving no Will! Their good intentions to make a Will were never realized, death having intervened. Don't put off until it is too late having your Will made, if you have not already done so, and in order to secure careful and competent management for your estate, name as your Executor and Trustee

**THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION**

Head Office: Bay and Melinda Streets, Toronto

Ask for Booklet, "Making Your Will."

**DISRESPECT TO PARENTS.**

By Lillie Rice Stahl.

I AM horrified at the unfeeling attitude shown parents by children. It was brought to my mind only recently. Billy Sunday's sermon on the text, "Honour thy father and thy mother," drove the truth into many homes. I was down street and called at one of our small retail stores. The merchant is but a boy, and was set up in business by his father. He had not a cent with which to embark in business, and the good parent was his "backing." He spoke of this generous man as "the old man." I gave him an inquiring look, but he was not a whit abashed at this rudeness.

A lad recently recovered from a serious illness. It meant months of suffering and a heavy doctor's bill. His father paid it, of course. He, too, calls his parent "our old man." I know two boys who invariably refer to their parent as "the gent"—rather flippant for a dignified, white-haired man, an elder in the church for years. A young lady, home from her work in a department store, alludes to her pater familias as "dad." She is a kind daughter and often sends her people pretty and useful gifts, but she has absorbed the flippancy of the age.

A young teacher wrote a social letter to my eldest son and inquired cordially as to many old friends. He concluded thus: "Charlie, how are the old folks?" Old folks, indeed! Am I an old woman, and must the fact be flung in my face by "young America?" This query concerning my good husband and myself sounded as if we were a couple of overgrown woodchucks and lived in a hole along the river bottom. It is saucy to call an elderly man "the governor." I was getting into my carriage lately at a near-by town when a package slipped on to the pavement, and a pimply-faced youth wearing a peanut cap snickered and reminded me of it. He said: "Hey, there, granny, you're losin' some of your traps." I assured him I was not his "granny," and if ever I had a rude grandson I hoped I might have strength enough to warm his jacket.—Ex.

**EATING HIS WAY.**

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It made you ache all over to say your tables, and you couldn't remember.

Mother went out of the room. When she came back, she had a glass jar of tiny coloured candies. She opened it, and poured a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"Now," she said, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.  
"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!"

"Oh!"  
It was the most splendid way to learn your tables. Freddie went to work with a will, and, when the teacher—that is, mother—said, "School's out," he had learned his five table. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed the two table, and the next day after the three, and the next day after that the four.

One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.  
"Oh, yes'm," politely.  
"Oh, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication table is per-

fectly dreadful, too," she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm," eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"  
"I've eaten only as far as seven times seven yet," said Freddie; and he went home, wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—Annie H. Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

**LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.**

It was Murphy's first trip across the Atlantic, and he felt unspeakably awful.

He failed to connect the fact of his being on the briny ocean for the first time with his agony. The doctor came to him as he tossed about in his berth.

"Cheer up, man," he said, heartily. "I know you're feeling bad, but you're not going to die."

Murphy opened horrified eyes. "Not going to die?" he wailed. "Faith, doctor, I thought I was! That was the only thing that kept me alive."

**A DRINK CURE.**

"Grogan," said the head of a large drapery establishment, eyeing him sharply, "you've stopped drinking, haven't you?" "Yes, sor," answered the red-headed Hibernian who worked in the packing department, "I haven't taken a dhrink av annything sthronger thin tay fr three months." "I am glad to hear it, Grogan. But how did you break yourself of the habit?" "Be hittin' me thumb-nail wid a hammer whin I was packin' a box o' goods." "I don't see how that could cure you." "Well, Mither Barker, it was this way. If I'd been sober, d'ye moind, I'd never have done it, but I wasn't. Whin I whacked me thumb instead av the nail I was thryin' to dhrive, it made a black spot at the root av me thumb nail and I says to meself: 'Grogan, I'll punish ye fr that. Ye shan't have a dhrink av ayther beer 'r whusky until that black spot has gone.' Well sor, it was two months before it had grown out to the end o' me thumb an' I cut it off, an' be that time I'd lost all me appetite fr beer an' whusky. Then I says to meself: 'Grogan, I'll reward ye fr that. Ye're a sober man now, an' ye'll stay sober.' That's the whole story, sor."

The company marched so poorly and went through their drill so badly that the captain, who was of somewhat an excitable nature, shouted indignantly at the soldiers:—

"You knock-kneed, big-footed idiots, you are not worthy of being drilled by a captain. What you want is a rhinoceros to drill you, you wretched lot of donkeys."

Then, sheathing his sword indignantly, he added, "Now, lieutenant, you take charge of them!"

One day an Irishman approached a sentry who was stationed at a magazine gate with strict orders to admit no one.

Sentry. "Halt!"  
Pat: "Faith, an' what am I to halt fur?"

"No one allowed in there."  
"But, bejabbers, an' I must go. I've a note fur his 'anner the kurnel."

"No one allowed to go in there without a pass."  
"But I tell ye I must go in. Sure, Mr. Annerson himself sent me."

"Can't help who sent you; you can't go in."  
"Well, then, you gimme the gun, an you take the note, and we'll manage foinely!"

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