CANADIAN COURIER.





T. 107

In Lighter Vein

Expectancy.—Old Man—"What are you fishing for, sonny?" Sonny—"Snigs." Old Man—"What are snigs?" Sonny—"I don't know; I ain't never caught any yet."—Birmingham Age-Herald caught Herald.

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Assisting the Sale.—"Yes, sir, I repre-sent the largest button house in the country. Why, only last month one o' my orders alone was for one thousand gross, an' that's no josh." "I can quite believe it. The number of buttons my daughter's baby swallows must be something enormous."—Life.

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Not Granted.—One night, when her Not Granted.—One night, when her grandmother was putting her to bed, three-year-old Olive said, "Grandma, every night when I go to bed I ask God to make brother Fred a good boy." "That is right," said her grandmother. "But He ain't done it yet," replied Olive, soberly.—Harper's Magazine.

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Headquarters.—"Do you have as much trouble finding cuff and collar buttons as you used to?"

"No; I always find 'em in one place." "Indeed!" "Yes; I go to the vacuum cleaner."— Judge.

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Contrariwise.—Mrs. Beat.—"Tell the gentleman I'm not receiving to-day, Nora." Nora." New Maid—"But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'!"—Puck.

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The Little Ball Player. With legs apart and shounders bent And sparkling eyes he stands, The magic sphere of his delight Clutched tightly in his nands. With all his strength he sends the ball, And views its rapid flight, A frown upon his chubby face So softly pink and white.

His aim was true, he straightens up And feels himself a man Who hears upon a crowded field The plaudits of the fan. Tricycle now, and teddy-bear, And choo-choo cars and all, Are toys he'll never want agam-He's learned to play baseball!

-MINNA IRVING.

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Honest Sam.—Teacher—"Did anybody help you with this map, Sam?" Sam—"No, sir. My brother did it all himself."—Life.

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An Ominous Adage.—When a lady pa-tient living far from town had to tele-phone for her physician she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," said the doctor cheerfully; "I happen to have another patient in that vicinity and so can kill two birds with one stone."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Never Do This.—"India, my boy," said an Englishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is just the finest climate under the sun, but a lot of young fel-lows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die, and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies and say it's the climate that has killed them."— Sacred Heart Review.

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Pork by the Yard.—The summer is generally known as the bachelor's para-dise, so far as Washington is concerned, because, while most men remain behind, the women go summering where it is cool. For this reason many men have fun going to market, cooking, keeping house, merely by way of advertisement as the French would say. Now, Tomp-kins, although a millionaire, is fond of many vulgar dishes, and taking advan-tage of his wife's absence undertook to be a bohemian. One day he went to Centre Market (where Secretary of State Bryan goes regularly), and approached a counter where a woman with overabun-dance of avoirdupois stood at the cash register and a meek young man served customers. customers

The millionaire wanted to have some fun, and so he asked, "Madam, can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "John," she cried, "give the gentleman three pig's feet!"



Why that pain, when Blue=jay would stop it instantly?

Why have a corn, when Blue-jay would remove it in two days?

Why that discomfort, when millions of people could tell you a way to get rid of it?

These are the facts: Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant all pain is stopped.

Then, while you work or sleep or play, **Blue-jay** undermines the corn. In two days you can lift it out, without any pain or soreness.

Think how easy, how simple.

While you pare corns, or doctor them in other petty ways, **Blue-jay** is taking out a million corns a month.

It is simply folly, in these modern days, to suffer from a corn. A single test will prove this.



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