Some More Thoughts on Advertising

By the Manager

WHY ADVERTISE ?

It pays.

It gives one business man a chance to get back at a competitor in a gentlemanly manner.

It provides the easiest way possible for anyone to form new business friendships.

It is interesting to see what effect telling about something new will have on the persons for whom the article is intended.

Expectation is more or less stimulating.

ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE

Copy for changes and new advertisements must be sent in from now on eight days preceding the dates of issue.

A. W. LAW,

Advertising Manager.



The Canadian Courier

For the Children

Story of St. Valentine

ONG ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was noted in all the good man was noted in an the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sor-rowing and was always ready to give help to anyone who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food or clothes were never turned away After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a, letter to-day." But after a time no more letters were received, and soon the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then every-one said that such a kind man was good enough to be called a saint and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people began to keep his birthday by sending lov-ing messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called Valentines. This all happened years are but

This all happened years ago, but good Saint Valentine is still remem-bered, for every year we keep his birthday on the 14th of February.

Dorothy's Valentine

Wee Dorothy sits by the little stand, With paper smooth and white, A pencil held close in the chubby

hand.

Her eyes with smiles were bright.

She has drawn a tree, and painted green

The leaves of a vivid hue, Her flowers are the brightest ever

seen Their size is marvellous, too.

She wonders if papa will ever know From whom the picture came, For mamma says that it must go Without the sender's name.

Her work, she thinks, is rather grand, For a little girl, you see, And secretly hopes he will understand "To papa dear, from me."

What is Ice?

"Susie, what is ice?" the teacher said, To the little girl standing at the head,

Who twisted each finger, and wrig-

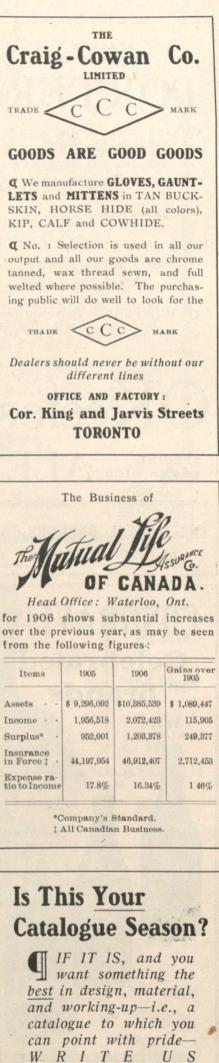
gled each toe, Then blushingly said "I guess I don't know.'

Then up went the hand of rosy cheeked May

"Well," said the teacher, "what do you say ?"

As if telling a secret that was too good to keep,

May answered, "It's water that's fast asleep."



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