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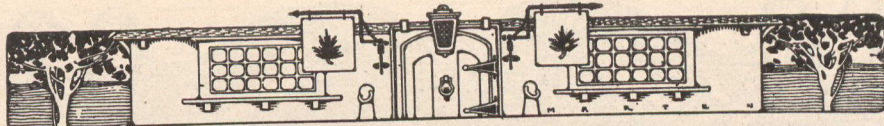
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

A WRITER in *Appleton's Magazine* has been considering woman's work in the business and professional world and has come to the conclusion that, so far, woman has accomplished little. That widely-read journalist, *Kit*, of the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, reviews the summarising article fairly and sensibly, remarking: "Fifty years from now will be soon enough to bring this topic into discussion."

This clever Irish-Canadian, (for *Kit* has been long enough in Canada to be almost one of ourselves) continues in amusing strain to reveal what the man editor thinks the woman's page should be.

"Very few journals permit the woman editor or contributor to write of larger issues than fancy work, love, marriage, how to take care of the baby, and cook hubby's dinner. Men have a crude idea that this is all women care to read. What do women want with a 'leader' on their page? Little paragraphs on the fashions, face creams, mince pies, and how to crochet booties—these are what the women want," says the Man Who Knows It All. . . . One would think male editors never married. . . . It is not paying women a very high compliment to suppose that they want only such stuff for their reading."

Every woman who has had anything to do with Canadian journalism will recognise the truth and justice of the remarks just quoted. When the man editor sits down and proceeds to inform you in all seriousness "what kind of stuff women read," you just yearn to tell him what you think of his estimate of feminine taste—and sometimes, if you are very brave and Irish, you do tell him—but it does not do one bit of good. He remains of the opinion that the only material of interest to women is deadly drivel about sweethearts, daisy chains and recipes for removal of wrinkles.

The woman who wants advice on domestic subjects is not going to seek it in the newspaper or magazine columns—not if she has any glimmering of common-sense. If the jelly won't "jell," or the dearest infant in the world has spasms, she is not going to sit down and write to "Marguerite," "Marquise" or any other conductor of a woman's department. She is going straight to a wise mother or a wiser grandmother. Should the affection of her husband show signs of diminution or disappearance, into whatever limbo contains husbands' vanished regard, she does not dream of writing to ask the newspaper person how to recapture what proved so fleeting, but concludes, if she be a woman of discernment, to hold her tongue about her troubles.

In these days, when woman sees nearly all gates thrown open before her eager young feet, it is too absurd to ask that paragraphs "of interest to woman" should concern themselves only with rice croquettes and cures for croup. There are cook books and medical books by the multitude. But, in the name of all that is wholesome and broadening, let the column for woman or the woman's page be something more than slush for the sentimental.

* * *

WHEN WINSTON WAS WED.

THE marriage of Mr. Winston Churchill has received a degree of attention from both the English and the United States press which could hardly have been greater, were he a belted earl or a Grand Duke. Mr. Winston Churchill, when he was in Canada about half a dozen years ago, made enemies wherever he went and whenever he opened his mouth. Tales of his colossal impertinence are told in London (Ontario), Hamilton and Montreal, to say nothing of Toronto, while the very best stories of the dear young man's bad manners have not been published. Wherefore, whatever Pretoria or Cape-town may think of the wedding, the cities of Canada wish the bride all (possible) future happiness and trust that she is not a weakling.

The wedding was on a magnificent scale, so far as invitations were concerned, as more than fifteen hundred "friends" were bidden to the feast and many of these went so far as to send butter coolers and cake knives. In fact, "knives" of all shapes and styles were a striking feature of the display of gifts and hardly betokened a friendly disposition on the part of the bestowers.

King Edward, we are informed, sent a beautiful malacca cane with a massive gold knob, richly chased and engraved "W. L. S. C." The bridegroom gave the bride a ruby and diamond cluster necklace, with pendant and a pair of diamond cluster ear-rings. Most of the presents sound dull and practical until one comes to the two Louis XVI. wardrobes, given by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's fair daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough. The bridegroom's beautiful mother, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, also from across the sea, gave one of the most admired gifts, a dressing-case of gold, while there was a very shower of cut-glass and solid silver. Lucky Mrs. Winston!

CANADIENNE.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Helen's lips are drifting dust,
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain—
Only one thing undefaced,
Lasts, though all the world lies waste
And the heavens are overturned;
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

HANDICAPPED



A bad skin, full of pimples, blackheads, etc., is a heavy handicap for any young man or woman to carry in the race for good situations.

Our HOME TREATMENT is a sure cure for these blemishes, make the complexion clear and pure and give it a healthy color. Consultation invited, no expense.

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Simply send your line in according to the rules published—that's all.

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Canadian Courier, Oct. 24th, 1908.

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To enjoy all your meals as you should
You must use Holbrook's Sauce, it's so good,
With soup, game and fish,
Or any roast dish,

Fill in last line here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature

Address.....

All replies to this Limerick must be received by Nov. 14, 1908.

RULES—Read These Carefully

- 1.—Cut out coupon above and write on it your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
- 2.—Send with each coupon or Limerick the outside paper wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
- 3.—Readers may send in as many replies as they like, only each one must be accompanied by a separate wrapper.
- 4.—The Limericks will be judged by a committee of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act:—
The Editor of The Canadian Courier, Toronto.
The Editor of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.
The Manager of Woods-Norris, Limited, Advertising Agents, Toronto.
- 5.—Address and send your communication "Holbrook's Limerick" care Woods-Norris, Limited, Toronto.

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