# **PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT**

You can make from five to ten dollars per day taking subscriptions for the Canadian Courier. We want a live subscription agent in every town in Canada. If you are looking for employment that will yield large returns, write for particulars to CIRCU-LATION MANAGER, 61 Victoria Street, TORONTO.



The food that gives bounce and bouyancy to mind and body is Shredded Wheat. Made of the whole wheat, steam cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world—used by invalids, and athletes and everybody.

AT ALL GROCERS.

13c A CARTON-2 for 25c



# The Spur

Because of your strong faith, I kept

the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength
had well-nigh spent,

I could not meet your eyes if I turned back:

So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in

The threatening crags that rose, my

way to bar, I conquered inch by crumbling inch to see The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet

within,
"You can!" unwavering my spirit

And I shall win.

—Aldis Dunbar, in The Century Magazine.

### "The Smiths"

JOHN SMITH—plain John Smith
—is not very high-sounding; it
does not suggest aristocracy; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in dieaway novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Ivan Smithus. smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonloff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns into 'Ion among Greek ruins, he turns into 'Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—Phrenological

## Autumn Idleness

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, The lazy clouds lie basking on the

Foam circled islands in a peaceful sea

Scarce ruffled by the breeze, which carelessly

Wanders the arch of autumn heaven through.

Beneath, the quiet ocean stretches

wide, Out and beyond the end of everything;

The sunlight flashes from the gull's

white wing
Soaring and dipping eastward with the tide.

Above me, where the painted maples spread

A screen all wrought and interlaid

with gold, The shining gloom a silence seems to hold,

A hush that tells of Summer lately

I lie and hear the muffled monotone Of the great working world that calls to me

Claiming my freedom-but I am not free,

Th' enchantress, Autumn, chains me to her throne!

-Rod and Gun.