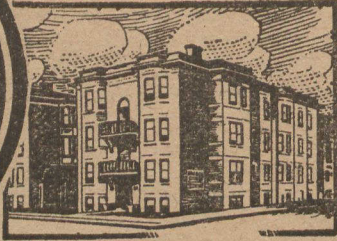
W. C. T. U. BUILDING,
TORONTO.HAVELOCK COURT APARTMENTS,
TORONTO.

If You Build Well, Paint Well.

YOU have got to paint your home, in order to insure it against the weather. Paint resists the destructive action of sun, wind, rain and snow. Of course the better you paint, the longer you are protected.

MARTIN-SENOUR

"100% PURE" PAINT

(Made in Canada)

is the greatest known protector of wood against weather because it is guaranteed to be made only of pure White Lead, pure Zinc Oxide and Pure Linseed Oil.

You insure your home against fire—perhaps against lightning and burglary. Insure it against wear and weather by painting it with "100% Pure" Paint—the cheapest because it covers more surface per gallon and lasts years longer.

If you are painting this spring, write for a copy of "Town and Country Homes" and "Harmony In Neu-Tone"—our books on home decorating. Mailed free—of course.

103

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co.
LIMITED
GREENSHIELDS AVENUE, MONTREAL.

There's the FLAVOR of the World's finest wheat in the bread and pastry made from

PURITY FLOUR

Also makes
More Bread and Better Bread

Have You Self Control?

If not, it is likely due to your not understanding your soul make-up. Why are you superstitious, depressed, or joyous? Why have you self-confidence or the reverse? What is the influence of your mind upon your body? Is SUCCESS possible for you, too?

Under the title "THE EDUCATION OF SELF" Dr. Paul Dubois, author of "Nervous States, Their Cause and Cure" and other works, has published a delightful volume dealing with psychical questions of the deepest importance. It is an education in self. Cloth, 349 pages, price \$1.75 postpaid.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO., 8 University Avenue, Toronto.

STORIETTES

An Encore.

Camera Man—"I'm sorry, Jack, but we'll have to do that business over again, where you fall off the roof into the rain-barrel and are run over by the steam-roller. My film gave out."—Life.

* * *

Could Afford the Newest.

Mrs. Casey (with newspaper)—"It says here that Mrs. Van Astor wore some lace at the ball last night that was two hundred years old."

Mrs. O'Brien—"Two hundred years old! Think of it now, an' thim with all that money."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

A 300-pound man stood gazing longingly at the nice things displayed in a haberdasher's window for a marked-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas. "Great Scott, no!" replied the fat man sorrowfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

* * *

For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of the annual cleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way. "And you," sobbed his wife, "you used to tell me I was your queen." "Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes; "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobacco-jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack-hammer he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."

* * *

Just One.

Said the manager of the gas company, who was questioning an applicant for the job of meter inspector: "I want it understood that we don't tolerate drinking in our employees."

"Yes, Sir; I can't drink, Sir; one drink always makes me see double."

"Well-er-we might permit you to take one drink each day before you start to inspect the meters."

* * *

His face was pinched and drawn. With faltering footsteps he wended his way among the bustling crowd. "Kind sir," he suddenly exclaimed, "will you not give me a loaf of bread for my wife and little ones?" The stranger regarded him not unkindly. "Far be it from me," he rejoined, "to take advantage of your destitution. Keep your wife and little ones; I do not want them."

* * *

The man who made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself. "All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!" He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively: "Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

* * *

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single. "No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated. "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamoured of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.' And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us?'"