

Your Dog — Some Lunch — and a Tobin Simplex Gun

Sounds like a good day's sport, doesn't it? Whether you are beating the bush for partridge, or bagging a few rabbits, or "jumping" duck in the marshes, it is good business to have a gun that answers accurately to your almost involuntary shooting impulse when, without any warning, your target presents itself. The

Tobin Simplex Gun

amply fulfils these requirements; and your quickest way of verifying this statement is to see the gun itself, or to ask any of the good shots—they all know something about the "Tobin."

We know all about it—every part of it. The most painstaking care is exercised in our factory in choosing material of known quality to go into these guns. That is one reason why, when you purchase a Tobin Simplex, you get a "money-back" guarantee, that assures you of either perfect satisfaction, or the full purchase amount refunded without question. The other reason why we guarantee it is because of its excellent records in the field and at the traps. Priced from \$20 to \$210. At your dealer's, or send for our new catalogue.



The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock Ontario

In Lighter Vein.

The Colored Band.

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street,
Don't you people stan' daih starin'; lif yo' feet!

Ain't dey playin'? Hip hooray!
Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey makin' can't be beat.

Oh, de major man's a-swingin' of his stick,
An' de pickaninnies crowdin' 'roun' him thick;

In his go'geous uniform,
He's de lightin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en de white ban's serenade,
And dey play dey high-toned music mighty sweet,
But hit's Sousa played in rag-time an' hit's Rastus on parade,
W'en de colo'ed ban comes ma'chin' down de street.
W'en de colo'ed ban comes ma'chin' down de street.

You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun' repeat:

"Ain't they han'some? Ain't dey gran'?"
Ain't dey splendid? Goodness lan,
W'y dey pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to dey feet!"

An' sich steppin' to de music down de line,
Taint de music by itself dat makes it fine.

Hit's de wakin', step by step,
An' de keepin' time wid 'Hep,'
Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an' hit's mighty good to hyeah,
An' hit sometimes leaves a ticklin' in yo' feet,
But de heat goes into business fu' to he'p erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'ed ban comes ma'chin' down de street.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar in Saturday Evening Post.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

"It didn't turn out as Jones figured," said the talkative man, with a grin. "He invited me to pay him a visit at his summer home in the country, and I accepted without any idea of what he had in store for me. No sooner had I arrived than he informed me that he had me booked to act as judge at a baby show that was to take place the following day. I laughed at him and told him that all babies looked alike to me, and that I would have to be excused. But he pointed out the fact that I had been advertised to act, and that it was now too late to withdraw; so I consented, although with a good many misgivings concerning the outcome.

"Well, when I stood up on the platform and saw twenty-seven proud mothers holding as many babies before me I came near losing my nerve and bolting. However, I took a brace and told them to form in line and march past me. They did, and the sight made me dizzy, and for the life of me I couldn't tell a white baby from a colored one. To catch my breath and gain time to collect my thoughts, I told them to march around once more, the result being that I was rattled more

than ever. I was about to ask them to parade once more, when I saw Jones grinning at me from the rear of the hall, and I realized the hand that he had had in getting me into the present situation. Like a flash I saw a way out of the trouble and a chance to even up matters with Jones at the same time. Clearing my throat, I addressed the expectant mothers as follows:

"I have asked you to pass before me more as a matter of form than any doubt concerning the winner of this contest. That the babies are all dears I think you will agree with me, and I also think you will concur with my judgment when I state that there is one baby here so much prettier than the rest as to place it in a class of its own, and to that baby it is my duty to award the prize. But to save the heartburnings of the other mothers I think it best not to publicly announce the winner at this time. If the mother who holds the winner at this instant in her arms—and she knows to whom I refer—will call at the home of Mr. Jones to-morrow morning at eight o'clock she will be awarded the prize that she so justly deserves.

"Then I left and caught the first train for home. I gather from the somewhat warm and incoherent remarks that Jones has made in my hearing since that there was a wildly exciting time when twenty-seven fond mothers called in a bunch to demand the prize that I had awarded. Jones refuses to tell how it ended, but as he appears afraid to go back, I rather imagine that the end is not yet."—Detroit Free Press.

The English Language.

A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises, the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard:

"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"

"It is pronounced 'tuff'."

"Eh, bien, 'tuff'; 'snuff,' then, is spelt s-n-o-u-g-h, is it not?"

"Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelt s-n-u-f. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."

"I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff' and c-o-u-g-h is 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff."

"No; it is 'coff,' not 'cuff.'"

"Very well; cuff, tuff and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?"

"No, not 'duff.'"

"Doff, then?"

"No; 'doh.'"

"Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?"

"That is pronounced hock."

"Hock! Then, I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'plock,' or 'plo?' Fine language—'plo.'"

The Human Geyser.

This story is about a man who is related to the man who didn't know the gun was loaded. Every few weeks readers of newspapers see something about a man, a different one in each case, who takes a seidlitz powder by drinking one mixture and following that with the other mixture, instead of pouring the contents of one glass into the other and drinking while the stuff effervesces. These stories are probably true. At least a case of this kind happened a few days ago out in Lester Park, according to the Duluth (Minn.) "News Tribune." The drug clerk gave the man the following instructions when he sold the seidlitz powder:

"There are two powders in the package. Mix them in separate glasses. Then pour them together and drink when the liquid begins to foam."

The man carried out the instructions, but the stuff effervesced so suddenly that it went all over his face and into his eyes and down his vest, and very little down his throat. So it occurred to him that the only way to best the effervescing qualities of a seidlitz powder was to swallow one section of the

the soap that
saves work
is this:—

Sunlight Soap

does
well what other
soaps only half do



—its bubbly, snowy lather makes the clothes smell sweet—dissolves out the dirt—helps hot or cold water do all cleansing—absolutely the easiest of soaps on fine fabrics—never will make the hands chap nor redden them—goes twice as far as common soaps—those are the reasons why it takes many millions of cakes a week to Sunlight the whole world's cleansing. Shun soaps loaded with chemicals that rot clothes—get the soap you know is pure—the soap that lessens labor and spares what it cleans. This does that.

try
Sunlight Soap
and be
really satisfied

Your grocer will show you the \$5,000 Guarantee of purity that goes with every cake, signed by Lever Bros. Limited at Toronto.