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As soon as an engine reaches the roundhouse after a run, it is minutely inspected and groomed for its next run. Valve gears and bearings must work smoothly, the dark fire box must be examined for broken grates, and the boiler searched for even tiny cracks or leaks that might mean wreck if overlooked.

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All leading electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, and auto accessory jobbers and dealers stock Daylo. Or write us.

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Toronto - Ontario



HERE IS THE GRANDEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE

BOYS, you can earn this big, handsome racing Automoto

and be the pride of the town.

Automotoing is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the self-starter, put your feet on the pedals and go spinning along to beat the band. In fact, the Automoto will do everything a real auto will do but burn up gasoline. Beats bicycling all hollow, and just think of it, boys, you can get a racing Automoto absolutely free and a jim dandy electric flashlight as well, that anybody would be proud to own. It has a real bullseye searchlight and is fully 7 inches long.

If you are a live go-ahead boy and these two grand prizes interest you just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for "Daintees," the delightful new cream candy coated breath perfume that everybody just loves.

Write to-day and we'll send you FREE, a big 10 cent package of "Daintees" to try yourself and with it just 35 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10 cents a package. Open your sample package,

try "Daintees" yourself and then ask all your friends to try them.

They'll like them so much that everybody will want to buy a package or two, and you'll sell them all very quickly. It is easy. Return our \$3.50 when your sales are completed and we'll promptly send you the magnificent flashlight all charges paid, and the big Automoto you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry Boys. Be the first Automoto driver in your town. Other boys are earning these fine searchlights and great cars and you can too. You take no risk. If you cannot sell all the "Daintees," you can return them and get prizes or cash for what you do sell. Write today to:

GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO.

Dept. W. 66 Toronto, Ont. 2D

Too Old to Dress Well

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the deepest shade." Mother Stone laughed, while the children, quite like children, gave the new mother a squeeze, then ran off to inspect the supper menu in the kitchen.

'Twas Father Stone's turn now. His eyes were moist and his voice husky, as, clearing the intervening space, he clasped his wife in close embrace and whispered, "Tis my own sweet wife once more."

"Do I really look nice, husband mine? Not so pretty or alluring I know as Susie Barker, but I mean to try and —"

Mrs. Stone was interrupted. "Darling, is it possible you have been jealous of Susie Barker? Manlike, I have blunderingly tried to make you understand whence you were drifting by quoting the fair widow. Susie Barker never meant anything to me. There never was nor never will be but one woman in the world for me." Bending, Mr. Stone kissed the tremulous lips of his happy wife. "Keep those horrid collars from your pretty white neck, get back the roses and the dimples, sweetheart—"

"Here, dad, quit the love stunts, there's chicken for supper," called Percy entering at that moment from the kitchen.

Flossie, accompanying her brother, suddenly ran to the sideboard and, producing a small parcel, exclaimed, "This is a lace handbag for your birthday, mother dear; we have forgotten all about our presents." "I got you a bag of chocolates," announced Percy, producing from his pocket a crumpled paper sack; "they're good, I ate one to test."

Around the slender white throat Father Stone clasped a shining necklace. "I expected to be scolded within an inch of my life," he teasingly remarked. "Don't worry any more," laughed Mother Stone, "I'm just going to revel in pretty things! Flossie place that bowl of pink roses in the centre of the table." Then, mischievously, she whispered, "Hubby, dear, did you notice my silk stockings and my skirt just a bit, a very little bit over my boot tops?"

"Last call for supper," cried Percy in stentorian tones.

A Soldier's Wife

By Mary Caroline Davies

I looked out through the window to the street

The lights made silver and the rain made black,

To see at last if you were coming back. But there were only other people there, Not you, not you! My eyes searched everywhere,

But no one's shoulders had that reckless swing And no one's hat was tilted quite so much

Too far. The dusk had laid its wistful touch

Upon each tree within the little park. It is hard to be alone when it grows dark

On the first, strange, wild days of any spring.

Spring is a pitiless season—gay and sweet

But very pitiless. I saw a pair Of lovers walking, speaking, unaware

That some one at a window up above Was hating them because they were in love.

And there were soldiers passing, proud to be

Soldiers, and not unwilling we should see.

A girl went rushing by, with something warm

In her smiling, and with books beneath her arm;

A group of small boys loitered past, and then

In eager, confidential chat, two men;

Then some one disappointed and alone, Whose business hadn't gone the way it should.

The secrets shoulders tell! when if we could

We would silence them as firmly as we do

Our mouths and eyes. How wary mine have grown!

Then came two shoppers, in their high, tense jargon

Each boasting to the other of a bargain;

Then others, women, men, a child or two; A poet with his hat off, striding out Against the world, his every step a shout;

And people in the distance, who, I knew Were people, but who seemed like blurs of blue.

I looked out, out, to where the lights and rain

Were putting silver on the street, and black,

To see at last if you were coming back Who never can come back to me again.

But as I stood alone and watched for you With bitterness and pain—before I knew, The bitterness and grieving all were gone.

The spring wind touched me. I looked down upon

The little tragedies of shoulder, and Slow feet, tired head, and languid, listless hand;

The little comedies of birdlike, fleeting Quick glances, and of glad eyes boldly meeting.

You gave your life that these young things might sate

Their thirst for spring, might laugh, and weep and mate.

That life might still go on like this, you died.

To save their youth, your youth was crucified.

You live in them, and shall forever after Be one with love and youth and joy and laughter.

Something of you lives still in all that meet

And smile and touch and speak within this street.

Love in my eyes, I looked again, and knew

In each that passed there was a part of you.

And now each night I lean out, out, and see

Once more, my lover coming home to me.

WHAT RUDOLPH LEARNED

On the Sunday when Rudolph made his debut as a Sunday-school scholar everybody about the house was interested in the event, says a writer in the New York Times, and for several days preceding Sunday various members of the family had taken pains to coach him for the ordeal. They had taught him the "golden text" and the story of the lesson and finally Rudolph, arrayed in his best suit of clothes and with a brand-new penny in his pocket to be dropped into the contribution-box, was directed into the path which all little boys are supposed to tread.

When he came home his family was anxious to hear a report of his experiences.

"Well, Rudie," said his mother, "did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Rudolph.

"Did you say the text?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you remember the lesson?"

"Yes, ma'am; I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny into the basket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Rudolph's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically.

"Oh, you little precious!" she said.

"Your teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved you. She said something to you, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I knew she would," said the fond parent. "Come, Rudie, darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man."

"She said," was the startling reply, "for me to bring two pennies next Sunday."

BLACK-CAT LUCK

A certain resident in a country suburb, says the Guardian, makes a point of keeping open the doors and windows of his house. As he sat in one of his breezy rooms the other evening, waiting for dinner, his wife came in from the kitchen.

"We've just had a visit from a black cat," she said.

"Ah," he replied, "that's good. Black cats are lucky, you know."

"Yes," answered his wife, who dislikes cats. "This one was certainly lucky. It has run off with the cod steak I was just going to cook for you."