

MADE IN CANADA



A happy Christmas thought—
KODAK

The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

The Kodak catalogue, free at your dealer's, or by mail, tells in detail about the various Kodak and Brownie cameras—from \$1.25 upward. Photography is really very simple and inexpensive. Kodak has made it so.



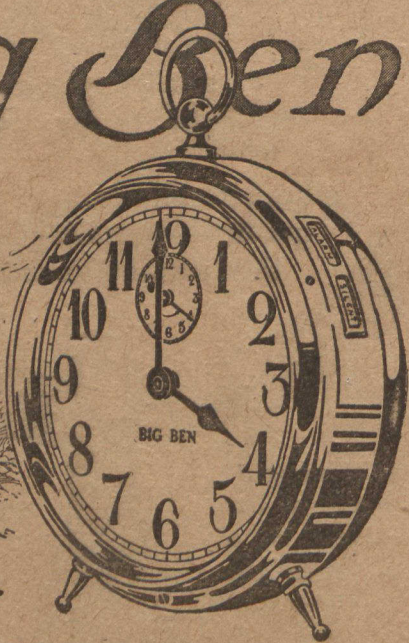
CANADIAN KODAK CO., LTD.
TORONTO, CAN.

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



4 a.m.—



The Gift of Time

BIG BEN'S the only time-clock the modern farmer knows—he helps the farmer beat the sun to work.

Four a. m., in growing time, starts the farmer's day—brings a bumper crop of hours, for chores and in the field.

That's why Big Ben goes to the farm, at Christmas every year—to lend a hand in preparing for planting days. Now days there's businesslike system on the farm. Where Big Ben's wound up every night, the farm cannot run down.

So it's Big Ben for Christmas, wherever you go—the gift of time that means good-will all year.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the States, \$3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

Western Clock Co.

Makers of Westclox

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad

STORIETTES

THE sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?" "Borrowing money, lady," was the reply. "But good gracious!" she exclaimed, "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money." "Not ordinarily," said the man, "but I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."

IT was his first play—a heavy drama along classical lines—and he was as nervous as a man sitting in a dentist's chair while the dentist is laying out the instruments he intends to use. After the curtain had rung down on the second act there was a long silence. Then came a wild outburst of applause. "Hooray!" cried the playwright, dancing a hilarious jig behind the scenes. "What are you hooraying about?" asked the leading man. "My play. It's a success. Don't you hear the applause?" "Certainly I hear it, but it isn't for your play. They're applauding because the manager has just announced that your piece will be taken off to-morrow night to make way for a new musical comedy by the author of 'The Girl from Piffleburg.'"

A TOMMY on furlough entered a jeweler's shop, and, placing a much battered gold watch on the counter, said, "I want this 'ere mended." After a careful survey the watchmaker said, "I am afraid, sir, the cost of repairing will be double what you gave for it." "I don't mind that," said the soldier. "Will you mend it?" "Yes," said the jeweler, "at the price." "Well," remarked Tommy, smiling, "I gave a German a punch on the bloom-in' nose for it, and I'm ready to give you two if you'll mend it."

THE famous botanist was pacing slowly along the country road, his eyes, as usual, roaming from side to side for new plants to study. Suddenly an eager look swept across his features, and he leaned over the low fence enclosing a cottage garden. He had found a plant he did not know. What could it be? If only he had a specimen of it to study! At that moment a shock-headed lad strolled along the road and stopped to gaze open-mouthed at him. "I say!" called the botanist, urgently. "See that plant there—that pale pink one in the corner? Do you know it?" "Aye," said the country boy, briefly. "What's its name? Do you know what family it belongs to?" The lad jerked a grubby thumb over his shoulder toward the little cottage as he spoke more briefly still: "Higginses!"

THE reform warden always made it a point to give each new arrival a chance to do the work with which he was familiar, if the penitentiary dealt in his line. A tailor named Levinski arrived, and it was ordered that he be employed at that trade, if there was an opening. There wasn't. He was asked if he was adept at anything else. "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I am a crackerjack traveling salesman."

AS rats did much damage to his papers, the Hindu clerk in charge of the official documents in one of the more remote Indian towns obtained permission to keep two cats, the larger of them receiving rather better rations. A few weeks later, the head office at Delhi received this dispatch: "I have the honour to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" To this problem there was vouchsafed no answer. After waiting a few days, the Hindu sent off a proposal. "In re absence cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations."

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AND

TOMORROW'S TEMPTATION

You can protect to-day's desire to save from to-morrow's temptation to spend by depositing your money with this Corporation, which, for considerably more than half a century, has been a safe depository for the savings of large numbers of our citizens.

If you have a deposit account with us, you will be relieved of all anxiety as to the safety of your money, you will be encouraged to add regularly to your savings, you will be allowed compound interest at three and one-half per cent., and your capital or any portion of it will be available when you require it.

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Moosoming, Sask.