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Acid and grit, deadliest enemies of the teeth, abound in cheap dentifrices. Fine perfumes do not make fine dentifrices. Your teeth deserve better of you than to be offered up a sacrifice to your pocketbook.

SOZODONT

is of proven value. Sixty years is a pretty good test. No acid, no grit in Sozodont. The Liquid penetrates the little crevices and purifies them; the Powder gives a bright and polished surface.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE

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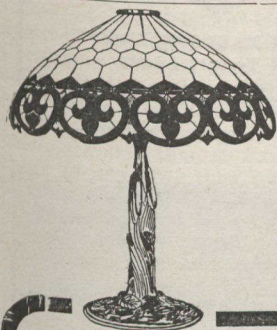
10 for 25c. 4 for 10c.



CANADA is now an Oxo Cube country. You would be amazed to learn how many clever women have adopted the Oxo Cube way of cooking.

The convenience, simplicity, economy of Oxo cubes make them invaluable in the kitchen.

Soups, sauces, gravies, meat jellies, stews, croquettes and all sorts of savory dishes are easily and quickly made with the help of Oxo cubes. Learn the Oxo way of making dainty novel dishes.



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What can I give that will be useful? This question arises in the mind of most people at Christmas time. A **PORTABLE LAMP** is a most acceptable and suitable gift. It is both useful and decorative. A large selection to choose from. If you want to make a present to your friend, or for the home, buy only

Gifts That Are Appreciated

Be sure and see our large assortment of **GAS APPLIANCES** suitable for **CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**—Domes, Lamps, Fixtures, Ranges, Water Heaters, Fire Place Heaters, Etc.

Prices Moderate. Terms Easy.

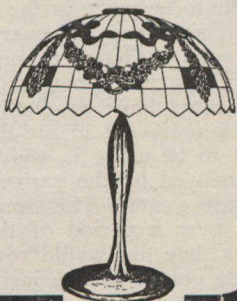
Send for booklet "Modern Home Lighting."

THE CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY

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OPEN EVENINGS



WINTER TERM

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SARNIA, CANADA.



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

The University of Oxford refuses to abolish Greek. It seems impossible to kill those dead languages.

The French have invented a puncture-proof pneumatic tire. What is really needed is some invention to make pedestrians puncture-proof.

There's hope for Champ Clark. A Yankee who was blind for fifteen years has had his sight restored.

A Toronto Irishman wrote a poem describing Princess Patricia as "Ireland's sweetest colleen, I ween," etc. Her father is English, her mother is German, her name is Irish. The poet has his license. Let him live.

J. Whitcomb Riley's writing hand is paralyzed. Poetic justice would have paralyzed the hand of the rhymester who pens the campaign songs.

Tom Longboat proposes to become a pugilist, and his well-known speed may possibly prove the truth of the old couplet—

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

German military authorities are planning to build an aerial cruiser that would carry three hundred persons. Soon there'll be an aerial cruiser big enough to lift society's "four hundred" above the common horde.

Newspapers on the Reform side of Ontario's political fence may get a little consolation from the fact that Liberals made gains in the recent elections in Sweden.

A Pathetic Plea.—Among the humours of the Ontario election campaign was the novel plea of Thos. R. Whitesides, M.P.P., for the labour vote in East Toronto.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Whitesides, "years ago my father walked from the east end of this city to Queen Street asylum in the west end every morning, worked ten hours, and then walked back home again at night."

On this record of his father's toil he based his appeal for the workingman's vote, and his plea moved a party worker to remark that all candidates should be compelled to "speak their pieces" into a phonograph, so that an astute party manager could hear the record and censor it before the speech was sprung on the electors.

One Mis-spelled Word.—An amusing example of what a telephoned advertisement frequently develops into was given by the Toronto Telegram recently. It announced that Rev. C. O. Johnston would preach on "Pearls of the City," but the pastor's sermon was on "Perils of the City."

The congregation was largely composed of young women, and a pillar of the church suggested that possibly their presence in such numbers was due to their having read the advertisement and taken it for granted that the sermon was to be about them.

A Pessimist's Wail.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year—
Of failing wads, defected dads,
And Christmas presents dear.

Fooling Himself.—That he could sleep far better if the head of his bed were to the north than if it lay in some other direction used to be the idea of a certain Toronto editor, who was the proud possessor of a good education. However, he had an experience that should have made him cease worrying about which way his head lay when he slept.

He and another Toronto man went to New Liskeard. They had to occupy the same room, but they had separate beds.

"Do you mind changing beds with

me?" asked the editor when the hour for retiring came.

"No," said the other. "Why?"

"Well," said the editor, "I always sleep much better if my head is to the north. If I take your bed my head will be that way."

The change was made.

Next morning his friend said to the editor, "Well, how did you sleep?"

"Fine," was the answer. "I always sleep well with my head to the north." "I thought you would sleep well," said the other. "You had the idea that your head was to the north and so you were prepared to sleep well. But, as a matter of fact, your head was pointing pretty nearly to the south-east."

And inquiry proved this statement to be correct.

"Business Is Business."

Mighty Jack Horner
Made market corner,
Tying up all the wheat.
It hardly seemed fair,
But he didn't care
If people had nothing to eat.

Neatly Said.—Piano Agent: "Are the people in the flat above musical?" The Lady: "They have a piano."

A Terrible Possibility.—Concrete furniture, indestructible, and only half as expensive as the cheapest wood, is the latest promise of Thomas A. Edison.

Aside from the upsetting it might mean to the furniture trade, the idea looks as if it may cause consternation in some quarters. No longer would it be possible for the valiant householder to snatch a leg from a chair for the purpose of driving out burglars, and no longer would one be able to turn a chair into a step-ladder by a few simple moves.

Then, too, fancy the despair of the women who would no longer have any excuse for making seats, bedroom suites, and wonderful tables out of a few old soap boxes!

The Early Birds.—Brown—"I'm not going to go in extra good time to any more meetings where there's likely to be a great crowd."

Jones—"How's that?"

Brown—"I arrived last night at a hall several minutes before a meeting was to start, and I got mixed up in the mob that went early to avoid the rush."

A Good Guess.—"I wonder why it is that when things go wrong, we say they are 'at sixes and sevens.'"

"Probably because six and seven make thirteen."

Knew His Business.—Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theatre with them. Mrs. Blank was sorry, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued:

"Hallo! Is this the Club? Is my husband there? Hallo! Not there? Sure? Well, all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name."

"There ain't nobody's husband here—never," said the wise attendant.

The Angry Answer.—Here is a story which has found its way over from England, and is being well received:

A man who wanted to obtain a chauffeur's license had been asked a great number of questions by the county commissioners. Some of the questions seemed foolish, and his patience was at last exhausted.

"What would you do if you met a restive horse on the road?" he was asked.

He answered thus: "I would stop the car, get out of it, take it to pieces and hide the pieces in the grass."