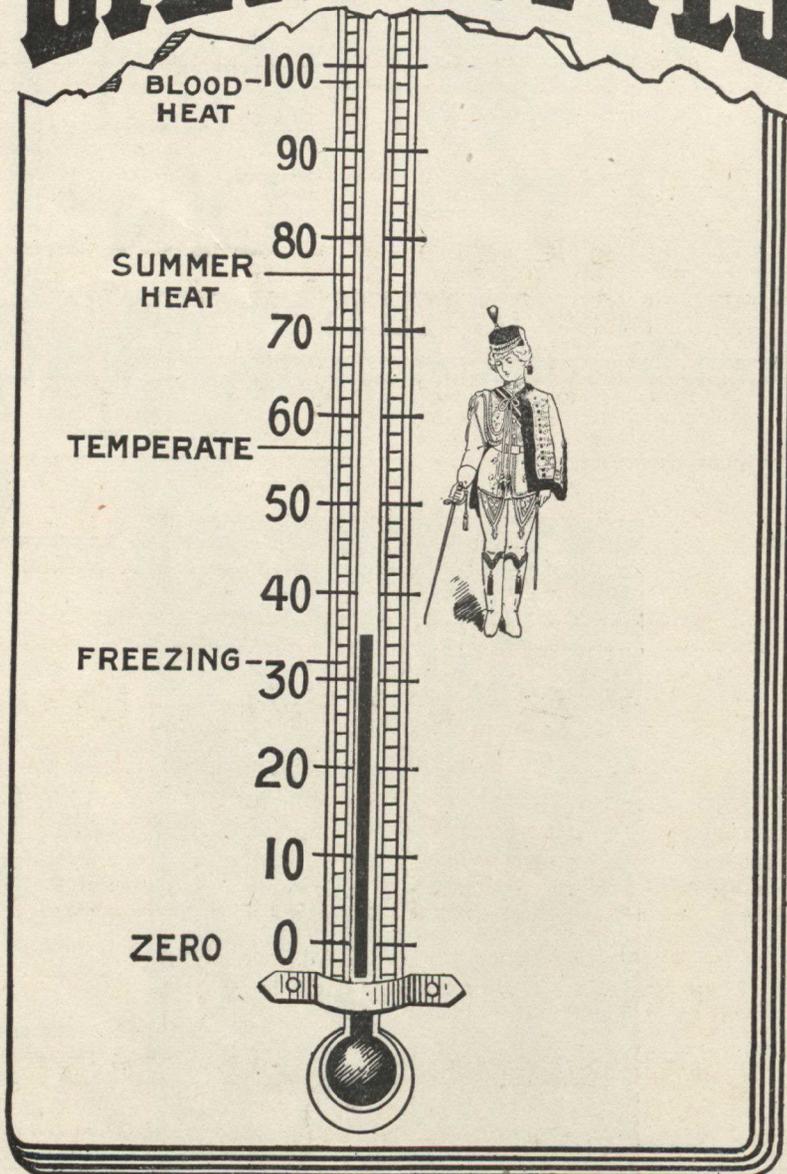


SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



The weather for the past week has been fairly mild. The average temperature was 35°, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

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Hen Lunches

AMONG the many innovations in Great Britain for which America is responsible, says an English writer, is that most paralyzing form of entertainment known as a "hen lunch." Of course, there may be women who enjoy lunches of this description, though personally I have never met one. At the same time, it is worthy of note that, although we may not all give them, most of us, at any rate, go to them.

You have only to watch the guests coming into the room on such occasions to realise the inherent suspiciousness of women towards each other. At an ordinary dinner party the average woman enters the room with an air of pleasant expectancy; she knows—especially if she is the last to arrive, and every self-respecting woman invariably endeavours to be that—how much depends on instantaneously creating a favourable impression on her fellow guests, and should she find herself among strangers she is all the more likely to redouble her efforts to be agreeable. At a "hen lunch," on the other hand, she enters the room with a protest, and after pecking the hostess on the cheek takes a rapid mental survey of the assembled guests. The moment lunch is announced every eye is fixed on the door to see who is going to lead the way downstairs. The consciousness of being the most important person present lends to the female who eventually heads the procession to the dining-room an air of superiority, which is only equalled by the suspicion with which all the others regard her; and woe betide the unhappy hostess should the matter of precedence not have been rigorously adhered to.

During the lunch itself conversation is apt to become either stereotyped or aggressive. It may be that the depressing conversation at "hen lunches" is due to the fact that nobody drinks anything but water. This, again, is an American innovation, but while in that country wine is frequently not even offered, here, at any rate, hock and claret are invariably handed round, though rarely partaken of. Now, to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of teetotalism is not my intention. I merely wish to state the fact that, if I ever found myself in the unfortunate position of having sixteen women to lunch, nothing short of a pint of champagne in my bedroom before they arrived and a cocktail in the drawing-room after they had gone would enable me to survive such an ordeal.

A Believer in Ghosts

ARECENT English lawsuit revives the question as to the "walking" of ghosts. Suit was brought by the owner of a house at Egham, claiming damages from newspapers for publishing the story that the house is haunted. Mr. Stephen Phillips, the poet-dramatist, left the house in 1903, on the plea that the ghosts on the premises were a disturbing element. The papers considered this too interesting an exit to pass unnoticed and gave the poet and the landlord much free advertising; but, needless to observe, refrained from publishing cuts of the ghosts.

Mr. Phillips refuses to say much on