ME WHITEST LIGHTEST

MAGIC

BAKIN

POWDER

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEED OF GOOD MANNERS Now, if one gets into a habit of disre-garding the small rules of etiquette, if one use one's fork for a toothpick, drink garding the small rules of etiquette, if one use one's fork for a toothpick, drink out of one's finger-bowl, reach over somebody's head for a piece of bread, all the kind hearts and simple faith in the world will not keep you in the company of well-bred people. You may answer that some very good persons blow their some with their breath, stick their own forks into the general dishes, and—the thing has been done once perhaps in some savage land — wipe their noses with their naphins. But if these good people paid more attention to the little things of life, their goodness would have more power over others. As it is, virtue loses half its charm when it ignores good manners. It is only old people and men of great genius who can afford to disregard manners. Old people are privileged. If they choose to eat with their knives, or with their naphins around their neeks — a thing which is no longer tolerated—the man who remarks on it, who shows that he notices it, who criticiess it, is not only a boor, but a fool. Young people have no such privileges; they must acquire the little habits of good society or they will find every avenue of cultivation closed to them.

It is foolish to appear to despise the little rules that govern the conduct of life. This appearance of contempt for observances which have become part of the everyday existence of well regulated people, arises either from selfishness or

observances which have become part of the everyday existence of well regulated people, arises either from selfishness or ignorance. The selfish man does not care to consider his neighbors; but his selfishness is very short-sighted, be-cause his neighbors, whose feelings and rights he treats as non-existent, will soon force the consideration of them on

A young man may think it a fine thing be independent in social matters. He A young man may think its antestang to be independent in social matters. He will soon find that he cannot afford in life to be independent of anything except an evil influence. If he prefers the society of loungers in liquor-salcons or as hotel-bars, he needs nothing but a limitless suppy of money. His friends there require the observance of only one rule of etiquette—he must "treat" regular ly. To young men who hunger for that kind of independence and that sort of friends I have nothing to say, except that it is easy to prophesy their ruin and disgrace. If a man has no better ambition than to die in an unbonored grave or to live forsaken in an almshonse, let him make up his mind to be "independent." The world in which you live is exacting, and you can no more succeed and defy its actions than you can stick your finger into a fire and you can stick your finger into a fre and escape burning.—From "A Gentleman," by Maurice Francis Egan.

PARABLE OF THE OXEN

A rather sporty young fellow got a position with a man who believes in exacting a full day's work from his employees. The new clerk who prided himself on his cleverness, decided he would like a little time off, so he saked his employer for a vacation of three or four days, in order that he might be treated for a nervous complaint. The

treated for a nervous complaint. The employer gave his consent rather sourly. That afternoon, while the young fellow was present, the proprietor casually told the following story.

"Once upon a time there were two oxen, one a hard working ox, the other a shiftless animal who preferred resting to working.

a shiftless animal who preferred resting to working.

"One morning the shiftless ox confided to the other that he was going to slip away for a day or two to sample some new pasture ground.

"On't tell the master I have gone, for I shall return before my absence has been discovered,' he said.

"The other ox assented, and the lazy one departed. Two days later he returned.

turned.
"Does the master know that I have

"'But are you quite sure that he did not make any comment?' the other per-" Quite sure, was the positive re-

"'Quite sure,' was the positive rejoinder.
"If that's the case, the other said,
'I may as well go again next week.'
"'Yes, I suppose you may,' the stayathome said quietly. 'By the way, I forgot to mention that I noticed the master in very earnest conversation with the butcher this morning.'"
Before he left that evening the employee who had asked for a vacation told his employer that he was feeling much better and had decided not to leave.

STICK TO IT

Some very interesting items have appeared here and there in the newspapers lately about men who have kept steadily at their occupations for an unusually

long time. Colonel Oliver Houghton, of Welmouth Massachusetts, was appointed on the police force there forty-eight years ago. He is now ninety years of age, and is said to be the oldest police officer in the Country.
Richard Terhune, seventy-three years

Richard Terhune, seventy-three years old, has recently resigned his position as telegrapher at Ossining, New York. He had held the position for fifty-two years, and never taken a vacation.

Captain Dodge, of Block Island, Rhode Island, has been a pilot in that vicinity for forty-four years. His father was a pilot in those waters for fifty-six years, and his grandfather served for a similar long neriod.

A farmer near Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has delivered milk to his customers in that city for twenty-six years

sets, has delivered milk to his customers in that city for twenty-six years without missing a morning.

Fifty-five years at the forge and never a vacation is the record of William Rhodes, of Saco, Maine.

These items are something more than mere curiosities; they are samples of a class of men that give stability and backbone to the country. Vacations are all right; sometimes the best thing a boy can do, when he has made a mistake, is to get out of one occupation and take auother. But the spirit of these take is to get out of one for every young man to have: to hold on to his work faithfully; to earn a reputation for staying power; to be proud of a record of service without a break or a fallure.

Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Bernard was born at the castle of Fontaines in Burgundy. The grace of his person and the vigor of his intellect filled his persents with the highest hopes, and the world lay bright and smiling before him, when he renounced it forever and joined the monks of Citeaux. Here his holy example attracted so many novices that other monasteries were erected, and Bernard was appointed abbot of that of Ciairvaux. Unsparing with himself, he at first expected too much of his brethren, who were disheartened at his severity; but soon perceiving his error, he led them forward by the sweetness of his correction and the mildness of his rule to wonderful perfection. In spite of his desire to liq hid, the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and many churches asked for him as their Bishop. Through the help of Pope Eugenius III, his former subject, he escaped this dignity; yet his retirement was continually invaded; the poor and the weak sought his protection; Bishops, kings and Popes applied to him for advice; and at length Eugenius himself charged him to preach the Crusade. By his fervor, eloquence, and miracles Bernard kindled the enthusiasm of Christendom, and two splendid armies were dispatched against the infidel. Their defeat was only due, said the Saint, to their own pains. All his brothers followed Bernard to Citeaux, except ST. BERNARD Their defeat was only due, said the Saint, to their own sins. All his brothers followed Bernard to Citeaux, except Nivard, the youngest, who was left to be the stay of his father in his old sge. "You will now be heir of everything," said they to him, as they departed. "Yes," said the boy; "you leave me earth and keep heaven for yourselves. Do you call that fair?" And he too left the world. At length their aged father came to exchange wealth and honor for the poverty of a mouk of Clairvaux. One only sister remained behind; she was married and loved the world and its pleasures. Magnificently dressed she visited Bernard; he refused to see her, and only at last consented to to see her, and only at last consented to do so, not as her brother, but as the minister of Christ. The words he then spoke moved her so much that two years later she retired to a convent with her husband's consent, and died in the repu-tation of sanctity. Bernard died A. D.

1153. His most precious writings have earned for him the titles of the last of the Fathers and a Doctor of the Holy SUCCESS

One of the best examples of the value of education that I ever met is the work of a boy, a neighbor, who used to come into my house occasionally to play chess. At that time be and his father worked

At that time be and his father worked in a small weellen factory, where the boy received 60 cents a day. He had a longing for an education, but could see no way of gaining one, for there was no money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving.

But when he was fourteen he came into possession of an old bicycle, and, with his parents' consent left the factory for a job as a telegraph messenger at a summer resort a short distance away. Our state agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. three miles from where the boy lived. This school furnishes a good education

absolutely free, the only cost being a small charge for the board of pupils who small charge for the board of pupils who live at the college.

But this boy was near enough to go back and forth on his wheel, boarding at home. When the season at the resort was over he took his small savings and started to school. In this way he had the full four years, course at practically the full four years' course at practically no cost, working at odd times enough to pay for his clothes and books, and to

pay for his clothes and books, and to recompense his parents in a measure for his board. He developed a liking for chemistry, and during the last year made it a special study. When he graduated he was given a place at the college as assistant chemist, at a small

He remained there two years, studybeen away?' he asked.
"'I believe so,' he asked.
"'Did he seem angry?'
"'N-n-no, I can't say that he did,"
"'N-n-no, I can't say that he did," position as chemist was offered then a position as chemist was observed in by a small concern in the West at \$300 a year. This he accepted, remaining there a year, living very cheaply, and saving nearly all of his salary. Then he left and went to studying chemistry he left and went to studying chemistry again, perfecting himself more thoroughly in some of the higher branches. This made him more valuable and he was given a position at \$1,200. But he would only accept for one year. Again he saved his money, and again, at the end of the year, he went away to study chemistry.

end of the year, he went away to study chemistry.

This was several years ago. Now he is chief chemist of a very large concern at Newark, New Jersey, and receives \$2,500 a year. But he is still studying chemistry and making himself thereby more valuable all the time. When the next step upward offers itself he no doubt will be ready. This boy, it seems to me, offers a very striking example of the value of study, of an education. He might have stopped at any one of the steps of his profession and considered his education finished, and have felt truthfully that he had made a success of himself as compared with the work at 60 cents a day. But the rest of his life would have leveled itself down to the plane where he stopped. — Catholic Bulletin. Bulletin.

A DOG WITH A BANK BOOK And when you have heard the story of Billy, for that is his name, I think you will all agree that he deserves to have a bank book.

A handsome collie is Billy, with a kind intelligent face, a white vest, and white stockings, and when he earned his bank book, with his master, he was away in the

the other man turned in a different

the other man turned in a different direction.

But Billy and his master were old friends and had confidence in each other. "I'il trust you, old fellow," the latter said. "Go shead, I'il follow." So he followed over the mountain, and, thanks to Billy, reached home safely.

And do you think that Billy lay down then and took the rest he had well earned? If he had been able to talk he might have said, "I've done my whole duty, I've saved my master. The other man kicked me when I was trying to do him a favor, now he may take care of himself the best way he can."

No; instead, Billy showed a nobleness of nature, a forging spirit, that we might well imitate. As soon as he had seen his master safe, out over the mountains in the night and blinding storm he went again, till he had found the other man, who, iby this time, was more hopelessly lost than he had been before, and in despair had given up to die. So this time he did not kick Billy, or spurn his leadership; instead he gladly followed where he led, and thus came safely to the cablin, to shelter and safety.

The rescued man knew that he owed his life to Billy. He never forgot this, and to show his gratitude he had made for him a beautiful collar studded with gold nuggets. Now this collar—like the king's crown—is not for everyday wear,

for him a beautiful collar studded with gold nuggets. Now this collar—like the king's crown—is not for everyday wear, even in Alasks where so much gold is found. It mightinot be safe for a dog to go about the streets, wearing so much of the precious metal, so the costly collar has been put in the safety deposit vault of one of the Nome banks, and Billy not only has the bank book for it, but it is said that the value of the gold nuggets makes him the richest dog in the world. Christian Intelligencer.

A MODEST HERO

Although the gallantry of our life-saving service is not only constant, but great, there are occasional acts of hero-ism so unusual that they stand out brightly even in the records of that famous corps. These are the exploits that are rewarded with the special gold medal of the government. The Phila-delphia Telegraph recalls one such delphia Telegraph recalls one such

Between midnight and dawn one Between midnight and dawn one August night the full fury of the hurricane that had swept the Atlantic coast broke over Hatteras, and gave Suriman Erasmus Midgett of Gull Shoal Station his chance to show the stuff that he was make of. At three o'clock he had set out to patrole the south beach, where the water rushing over the payrow strip of saud rese to his over the narrow strip of sand rose to his horse's saddle girths. Frequently he was obliged to rest in the lee of a dune o avoid being suffocated by the flying

All slong the beach bits of broken wreckage floated in, teiling of disaster somewhere out in nature's unloosed rage and tumult. At the farthest limit of his beat Midgett flung himself from his horse, and, rushing to the water's edge, caught sight of a vessel over which the

caught sight of a vessel over which the seas were breaking. In the stern he saw men huddled together. The station was three miles away. To Midgett's trained eye it was clear that the wreck would not last an hour. that the wreck would not last an hour. He surveyed the brutal surf, and decided that the wreck lay one hundred yards off shore. Using his hands as a megaphone, he shouted to the men to hold fast. One, in delirium, leaped into the sea and swam into Midgett's grasp. Instantly the foam smothered them. The deadly undertow threatened to suck both to destruction.

suck both to destruction.

Dragging his burden safely to land, Midgett plunged once more into the ses, and bore back the body of a swooning sailor. Five times he repeated this feat. The last sailor grasped out that three men, badly wounded by wreckage, remained aboard.

Midgett's strength was going, but he swam out to the wreck, and managed to crawl aboard. The captain, who had a hole in his breast from a broken spar, was dragged to land. Two seamen, less seriously injured, were helped to swim ashore by the tireless surfman.

Then leaving the ten battered, helpless

hulks of men to lie breathless on the

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MANY brands of Baking Powder contain alum, which is an injurious acid. The ingredients of alum baking powder are never printed on the label.

PAGILLA

DIRECTIONS.S

THE HOUSE OF GOD-

We are getting to be utilitarians with a vengeance—that is in some things. We read so much about the economic value of what was formerly discarded as

waste that we begin to cast rapacious eyes upon everything about us and reckon up its value in dollars and cents.

We hacked blindly at our forests till some one convinced us that we were committing suicide; we have lost our

sense of sublime poetry in gazing at Niagara because some dollar-bill man has been dinning in our ears his chagrin

at the waste of so much energy that could be so profitably employed in turn-

And now the profit and loss apostle

has taken out his pad and pencil to con-vince a wasteful world that every com-

munity is guilty of an economic crime in

munity is guilty of an economic crime in its attitude toward the church buildings. What a terrible waste! says the utilitarian gentleman. You have so many churches throughout the country; you have invested millions in them; yet they are used but a few hours of the week. What a deplorable economic waste! All this much must be changed!

The churches were built by the per and for the people, and they must be used by the people.

Now what use would the utilitarian

what the people make of the churches?
What other use but for the enjoyment of
the people. Let us, they say, have
dances in them during the week; let us
also have moving-pictures there, by

which we will instruct and amuse the

At a meeting in Philadelphia recent

ly this was the platform adopted by the Home and School League. Some of the

speakers went so far as to condemn the clergy as lacking in zeal for the welfare

of humanity because they would not turn the House of God into a vaude-

ville theatre or a dance pavilion.

But Philadelphia has not the mon-

throphy first. And he has many disciples, who sneer at everything erected to the glory of the living God from Solomon's temple down to the modern eathedral. Such extravagence, such waste of material, such a piling of stone for a few hours service, when we could so easily make of the same material barns and factories, and moving-picture houses.

houses.
It is a materialism run wild, even among Christians who profess to believe in Him who said that "man does not live

by bread alone." Bread and the circus; plenty to eat and plenty of enjoyment

Well enough for a pagen Rome, but surely one expects more even from a nominal Christian. But we never heard

of a pagan nation using their temples for

And it is only the man of cold, irreligious heart who could suggest that the churches erected to God's honor should be stolen from Him to serve the world

under the plea of serving humanity.
We do not believe that the non-Catholic sects will listen to these materialistic utilitarians. As for our Catholic

churches, it is a preposterous thought. The reason is simple. Go into one of our churches and behold the glimmer of

our churenes and behold the gillmer of the sanctuary lamp. It tells that God is there really present, that there is the tabernacle of God with men, that the church is not merely a meeting-house of the faithful for an hour or two on Sunday, but the holy place, sacred for-

er than the service of

ing the wheels of soap-factories.

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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

and, Midgett rode three miles to the "We thought him mad," said the men of the station. "It looked like a case of stark insanity from exposure—and we have seen such cases.

But ten half-naked, brine-drenched

But ten half-naked, brine drenched men up the beach corroborated his story, and the Treasury Department gold medal Midgett got was earned.

There is still another story connected with this medal. When the medal had been granted and engraved, a party of officials went to Gull Shoat to present it. They made speeches full of eulogistic reference to Surfman Midgett, and then, with due ceremony, gave him the medal.

Midgett, blushing like a school girl, and digging his toe nervously into the

and digging his toe nervously into the floor, then made his response. It was: "Why, I ain't done anything!"

HELPFUL THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN

Do we sufficiently realize the helpfulness that is stored up for our daily use in the daily thought of heaven? Do we not, alas! too often think of death as a rending and sundering of dear human ties, or as the passage to an unknown and untried future, when it is really and untried uture, when it is reasy the pathway to our true home and our dearest Friend, and to supreme and absolute joy? When a man is hastening home at evening after a hard day's work, is there not something that lightens his weariness, and makes his tired feet go

weariness, and makes his tired feet go faster, as he pictures to himself the welcome waiting him from his loving wife and children, or from his parents and sisters? But some men have no happy home. Only heaven is the perfect home. What says St. Cyprian?

"We reckoo Paradise to be our home; already we begin to have the patriarchs for our kinsmen. Why should we not make haste and run, to see our home and to greet our kinsfolk? There are a great many of those we love waiting for us there,—father, and mother, and brothers, and children, there in great company they await us, they who are company they await us, they who are sure now never to die any more, but not yet sure of us. Oh, when we come to see them and to embrace them, what gladness will it be both for us and for

them!
Yes, what joy this will be for us, but
there is a joy far greater. We shall
then behold our Heavenly Father, and
Jesus Christ our Brother, and the Holy
Spirit of Love Divine. Here will be Spirit of Love Divine. Here will be perfect joy. And with this perfect joy we shall be granted also the meeting with many souls whom we never met on earth, but of whom we read or heard; souls that helped us by their writings and examples, souls of whom we read in Scripture, yes, souls of whom we never heard at all, but whom we then hell brow in all their heavenly loveliwe never neard at all, but whom we then shall know in all their heavenly loveliness. For, there, will be that "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne; and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white pohes, and nalms in their hands." white robes, and palms in their hands."

and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."
Let us, even here, gaze in earnest meditation upon them, and so gain courage for our earthly trials; for "these are they who are come out of great tribulation."

Oh, when our own cross presses very heavily, let us fortify ourself with the fervent hope that we too are of that great, countless number in the future realm of absolute and tireless joy! Shall we not go up and down among these glorious ranks in most happy converse, finding out, up there in heaven, the full meaning of our belief in "the communion of saints?" Shall we not talk with our Guardian Angels face to face? Shall we not even talk with Heaven's Queen and with the great St. Joseph, hearing from them beautiful things about the earthly life of Jesus, things that now are unknown and mysterious, and yet are sometimes shadowed forth, in dim heavenly loveliness, in our hours of quiet prayer?

Heavenly we are trying to tell of its

shadowed forth, in dim heavenly loveliness, in our hours of quiet, prayer?
Heaven!—we are trying to tell of its joys; but its joys are beyond our telling. Heaven will be all that we can think or wish or imagine here; and it will be more, much more. Suffer as we may here indescribably, intensely, still St. Paul's starbling and triumphant words shine out, on the pages of Holy Writ:

Writ:
"I reckon that the sufferings of this
"I reckon that the sufferings of this "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us. . . . We know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good. . . That which is at present momentary and light of our tribulations, worketh to us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

of glory."

Let us then think of heaven,—of that Let us then think of heaven,—of that
"eternal weight of glory, above measure
exceedingly." Let us draw near, on
earth, to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; let us see His will in trial and in
bereavment. Let us look beyond time
and earth, and declare with the ancient
servants of God, that we "desire a
better, that is to say, a heavenly country," and let us remember the exhortation to the Hebrews:

"Patience is necessary for you; that,

"Patience is necessary for you; that, doing the will of God, you may receive the promise. For yet a little and a very little while, and He that is to come, will come and will not delay.——Sacred Heart Review.

ever to the Lord, where the clean obla-

ion is offered up.
The Catholic Church is not a "waste place. It is open from morning until late at night welcoming the faithful to visit the Lord in His own house. Could it serve humanity better by replacing the glow of the sauctuary lamp with t glare of the moving-picture?—Pilot.

From Without and Within

If you look at a stained glass window from the outside of a church it appears to you unsightly and grotesque, without to you unsightly and grotesque, without form or beauty. It conveys no meaning to your mind. But if you view the same window from within, how rich and beautiful it appears, especially when the sunlight of heaven is shining upon it! How it embellishes the church, and how admirably the group of figures is calculated to illustrate some scene of Sorintare or ecclesisatical history! In scripture or ecclesisstical history! In

regards our ceremonies as vain and meaningless.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Swift kindness is the best; a long de-lay in kindness takes the kindness all





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