

Father has given them a superb Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table. They now have plenty of pleasure and excitement, of a whole-No need to go elsewhere to seek it. some kind, right at home.

One of these magnificent tables would make any home more interesting to the boys and girls. English Billiards is the most fascinating and thrilling indoor game in the world.

It is a game of brains as well as skill. It sharpens the wits, develops a greater precision in the movements of the arm, trains the eye in accuracy. At the same time it satisfies the inborn craving of the young for action, contest, excitement.

But only when English Billiards is played on a real billiard table are the full possibilities of the game realized. A cheap table is only a provocation. It limits you to half a game. There are lots of shots you cannot make at all.

Burroughes & Watts' Tables are acknowledged to be the finest in the world. A list of Kings, Emperors, Dukes, Princes, Rajahs, etc., using these superb tables will be mailed on request. Also names of champion players who have them in their

These champion players say that our Steel Vacuum Cushions are the only absolutely perfect cushions. No matter how hard the ball is shot against these cushions, it never The rebound is always accurate. jumps.

Another advantage is that these cushions are impervious to weather conditions. They will not warp, stretch or work loose under Arctic cold or Southern heat. This has been proven beyond question.

Every single part of Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Tables is of the finest material. Every step in their manufacture is done with extreme care and precision. The tables are mathematically correct, beautifully finished, superb in appearance. You will be proud to have one in your home.

Make the first step towards that end by writing for further particulars and prices. State the dimensions of your room and we will advise you as to the size of English Billiard Table, Combination Billiard and Dining Table, or Pool Table most suitable.

BURROUGHES & WATTS' BILLIARD TABLES

Burroughes & Watts, Ltd., 34 Church St., Toronto. By Royal Warrant to H.M. The King.

Montreal Agents: James Hutton & Co., Shaughnessy Bldg. Winnipeg Agents: J. D. Clark & Co. - - - Main St. Head Office: London, England

102



THE DOUBLE TRACK WAY CHICAGO DETROIT Leads Everywhere From the Atlantic to Chicago BUFFALO MONTRE.

NEW YORK BOSTON HAMILTON PORTLAND TORONTO QUEBEC MONTREAL

Lines radiate in every direction. Scenic Route through Canada. Unexcelled Road Bed. Superb dining car service. Courteous and attentive employees. The

THE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED.

The train de lux of Canada. Runs daily between Montreal and Chicago. One of the finest and fastest long distance trains in the world. Finest equipment. Electric lighted.

Winter Tours to California, Colorado, etc. Apply to your nearest agent for copy of Grand Trunk "Winter Tours Folder." Sent free on application.

For advertising matter and all particulars apply to any Agent of the System, including J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, MONTREAL.

In Lighter Vein

Hon. "Sam" Blake and the Camel.— The Hon. S. H. Blake, in spite of his eighty-nine years, carries on a large correspondence with friends and strangers in all parts of the world. He has largely retired from business affairs, but retains a keen interest in missionary movements and other missionary movements and other Christian work. Many of the letters he receives each day are from missionaries in various parts of the word who endeavour to interest him

sionaries in various parts of the word who endeavour to interest him in their enterprises.

One morning recently Mr. Blake received a letter from a missionary in southern India asking him to supply the necessary funds for the purchase of a camel, which the man could use in making the round of his district. The distinguished jurist was puzzled what to reply.

"Now, I don't know what a camel costs," he reflected, "and if I bought one, I suppose I would be liable for its support. Then, also, there might in time be little camels, which would also have to be cared for. In the end, when my camel died, I should certainly have to give him a Christian burial, considering that he had been a missionary camel. Altogether, I think it problematical whether the necessary money could not be invested to better advantage for the good of the ter advantage for the good of the

Yet some persons say that jurists have no sense of humour!—Toronto Star Weekly.

He Got a Job.—When Sir Edmund Walker, now president of the Bank of Commerce, was general manager of that institution, he was rather unpleasantly surprised one pusy morning. In response to a brisk knock at his private office and invitation to come in, there appeared a bright boy about fourteen years of age, poorly but neatly dressed.

"Well, sir," said the banker, not unkindly. "What can I do for you?"

"Please, I want a job, sir."

"How did you happen to come in here, and who sent you?"

"No one, sir."

"Then how did you find your way

"Then how did you find your way

"By the same way as you did, sir."
"What way is that?"
"Why, you have it printed on the door downstairs," remarked the ur-

"What's on the door?"
"Push," replied the lad. The clever chap was given a position before ne left the building.—Toronto Star

Weekly.

Slow Growth.—Barefaced Junior—
"Yes, I'm trying to raise a mustache and I'm wondering what colour it will be when it comes out."

Miss Green—"Gray, I should say, at the rate it appears to be growing."—
Yale Record.

Outclassed.—On a street railway job two gangs, Italian and Irish, were at work in the same block. The former were smaller than their Hibernian neighbours, and when it came to lifting a section of track they were unable to raise it. Their foreman then called the Irish crew to assist. "We don't need any help," said their leader. With a united heave they ifted the rails, ties and all, and carried the mass to one side. As they walked away their foreman jerked ried the rans, the and an, and carried the mass to one side. As they walked away their foreman jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said contemptuously: "An' thim's the fellers they make Popes av!"—The Argonaut

Nothing in the Name.—A Spug by any other name would give as little.

—New York Tribune.

Hard Times.—"We don't have honest elections in dis town like we used to," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Like you used to?" "Yassuh. It used to be dat when dey promised you \$2 foh yeh vote you'd get it. Now dey won't even promise!"—Washington Star.