

BOVRIL

IS A GREAT BUILDER UP OF

THE SYSTEM.

It is palatable when other foods are refused—It can be digested when other foods can not—It is assimilated at once without effort—BOVRIL is essentially a summer food.

C-6, 10



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between ALLISTON and ELMGROVE from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Alliston, Elmgrove and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 15th July, 1910

G. C. Anderson

Superintendent.



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The tale we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box. SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.

Cosgraves Half & Half

is as mild as the lightest lager yet it does not have that lifeless taste that causes many to tire of lager quickly. The life and body of the pure malt and hops are there. It stimulates during the hot weather without leaving any drowsy after effects. Keep a few bottles in your refrigerator to be served at meal times, the whole family will be the better for it.

At all Hotels and Dealers.

The Cosgrave Brewery
Co. of Toronto Ltd.

DEMI - TASSE

EARL GREY has said that Canadians are sane, sober and strenuous. Is not that the pleasing collection of sibilants? He might have added Scotch, sombre and successful.

Andrew Carnegie has been asked to be head of a committee for celebrating a peace jubilee in 1914. Johnson and Jeffries will not be on the executive—neither will Kelly and Burke and Shea.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid in the West.

Oh, noble Sir Wilfrid's gone out to the West,
Through all the Dominion, his tongue is the best,
He tells all the farmers he loves them to death
And the farmers just hang on his silv'riest breath.

George Graham's gone with him to see how it's done,
And George is so Irish, he finds the work fun;
The tour will be followed by harvest so great
That the West will "go" Laurier, as certain as fate.

* * *

Lord Rosebery has been scolding the Scotch for their extravagance. The next thing we know, Ireland will be rebuked for its parsimony and its reluctance to go into a fight.

What's in a name? The Bureau of Stationery at Ottawa is thoroughly upset.

Hon. S. H. Blake is worried about the Coronation Oath, but he hasn't written to "My dear Foy" on the subject.

The Toronto Telegram is authority for the statement that bakers may manufacture only 1½ and 3-pound loaves. What perfect dears they will be!

A man's hair turns grey earlier than a woman's. That's because he's married to the woman.

An automobile will now be taken as first payment on a monoplane.

* * *

Third-Term Roblin.

Oh, Rodmond Palen Roblin,
Is premier again
Of the golden prairie province,
Where he's ruled for summers ten.
He felled the grave professor
Who went against him hard,
For Roblin has a "way" with him,
That proves the winning card.

* * *

Once more has a dealer been charged with selling adulterated pepper. This is not a charge to be sneezed at. The bird men out at Weston have no association with a cold bottle.

Now they say there's boris acid in the ice cream cones. Why can't the food reformers let us be happy?

* * *

High Old Times.

They's flown so high at Weston,
In Aviation Park.
De Lessep gently went aloft
And seemed a shining mark.
And Johnstone also biplaned
And festively he soared;
Alas, the poor reporters
Were not allowed on board.

* * *

A Toronto man has secured the contract to widen the Welland Canal

at Welland. Probably a Hamilton man will be so lucky as to get the job of deepening the Newmarket Canal.

The Johnson-Jeffries pictures are the most forbidden works of art ever "taken." As studies in black-and-white, they have a "fighting" chance.

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At Last.

There were some aldermen weird
At whose antics the people all jeered.
They hemmed and they hawed
And eternally jawed,
And finally said "We'll have Sheard."

* * *

The One to be Pitied.

A TENDER-hearted little girl was looking at a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. She suddenly began to cry, whereupon her mother said: "Are you crying for the poor man, dearie?" "No; I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any at all."—*Harper's Weekly*.

* * *



Cupid: This one I can recommend very highly; an aeroplane and two automobiles go with it.—*Life*.

* * *

Secure Possession.

TALKING of happiness at Holland House, Lord Holland said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. "There's Moore," he said, "you couldn't make him miserable, even by inflicting a dukedom on him."

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Beyond the Reach of Law.

MR. PIGOU, the Dean of Bristol, has for long had the reputation of being one of the brightest humourists in the church.

One of his stories turns upon the deceased wife's sister. It appears that a vicar of Dr. Pigou's acquaintance had, in ignorance, solemnised such a marriage, and he interviewed the old verger whose business it was to look after such things.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man, "I knowed the parties. I knowed them."

"Then, why in the world didn't you tell me?" exclaimed the vicar.

"Well, vicar, it was this way, you see," replied the old fellow. "One of 'em parties was 83 and t'other was 86. Says I to myself, 'It can't last long; bother the laws and let 'em two wed.'—*M.A.P.*

* * *

Saving His Life.

A STORY is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

"Sing Loo, gleatest doctor," said his servant; "he savee my lifee once." "Really?" queried the Englishman. "Yes; me tellible awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He givve me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life."—*Birmingham (England) Post*.

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The Modern Miss.

A LITTLE miss riding on a Boston trolley car the other day tendered the conductor half-fare.

"How old are you, my little girl?" he queried, gingerly handling her fare.

She pursed her lips for a moment, then calmly opened her purse, dropped two more pennies into the conductor's extended palm, snapped her purse, and demurely replied:

"You have your fare, sir; my statistics are my own."

* * *

The Remedy.

"MY husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his j'nts with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

* * *

Got His Receipt.

HE had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll never be askin' for it agin'?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket."

"But, I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

Staff Humour.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier hasn't added to his great reputation as a stage manager by taking to Western Canada his sunny smile when what the Westerners really wanted was a heavy rainfall.

Aviation—the "heavier-than-air" term for flying.

Wheat may threaten to fail, the peach crop is "ruined" annually, but, alas! there's no failure of the strike talk crop.

Some fine day an aviator who has a sense of the appropriate coupled with a wish to get a balky machine up in the air will call his air craft "Price of Flour."

If Mr. Roosevelt will promise to not come over here and lecture us nor try to twist the beaver's tail, we may venture to remark that "Teddy" is almost steady.

Exhibitions of views of the Johnson-Jeffries fight being prohibited in many districts, it looks as if those views will soon be in the same class as the "pictures no artist can paint."