

Does your
face feel
like a board?



That drawn, wooden feeling is due to an excess of caustic in your shaving soap. So is the biting and smarting. "Rubbing in" the lather with your fingers works this irritant into your pores and makes matters worse.

Mennen's Shaving Cream requires no "rubbing in" and contains no free caustic.

A few strokes of the brush works up a rich, creamy lather which softens the toughest beard.

No re-stopping; no re-lathering; no after-lotions; no time wasted; no sore, burning skin.

Read this strong commendation from a man whose shaving troubles are over: "I am a mechanic and my beard is usually full of dirt and grit, which, before using your cream, required from ten to fifteen minutes' application of

lathering. I used your cream as per directions on same, and procured a clean, close, velvet shave in less than five minutes. It does not irritate the skin and is pleasant to use."

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary air-tight tubes with handy hexagon screw tops.

At all dealers—25c. Send 10c for a demonstrator tube containing enough for 50 shaves. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.



Mennen's Shaving Cream



Out-of-date and out-of-use go the heavy cars. The Ford has always been light and strong, which no doubt accounts for its increasing sales the world over. It's the standard and universal car, having proven itself most fit.

Runabout \$600. Touring Car \$650. Town Car \$900—f. o. b. Ford, Ontario. Complete with equipment. Any branch manager, or from Ford Motor Co., Ltd., Ford, Ont., Canada.

In Lighter Vein

Small Choice.—Pat: "Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars."

Mr. Goodman: "What! you broke the Sabbath?"

Pat (apologetically): "Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us had t' be broke."—Boston Transcript.

Too Big a Chance.—The magistrate had asked all of the customary questions, about taking "this man" or "this woman" for a lawful, wedded companion, and about "promising to love, honor, and obey." The ceremony was finished. The couple were married. The bridegroom, a western Kentuckian, started to reach for his wallet. Then he stopped. "Squire," he said, "I got a proposition to make to ye. I'll give you \$2 now or I'll wait six months and give you what I think my wife's worth then, even if it's \$200." The magistrate looked at the bride for a moment. "I believe I'll take the \$2 now," he said.

Pass the Vinegar.—A gaily gowned and garrulous housemaid sat down by an acquaintance on a trolley and at once said: "Hello, Sadie! Where you livin' now?"

"Nowheres," was the reply.

"How's that?"

"I'm married."

"You ain't!"

"Sure thing. Look at that!"

She held up her ungloved left hand in triumph; for there on the third finger was a shining new wedding ring.

Staring at it in wonder for a moment, the other girl asked, "Well, who got stung?"—Associated Sunday Magazines.

The Fisherman.

Cautious, at morn, he lies about the pool,
His rod and line a-swish;
Boldly, at eve, astride a tavern stool,
He lies about his fish.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Going Some.—"Miss Gluck only arrived in London from New York after a tour in America earlier in the morning, and proceeded to Richmond to rest."—Times.

Which she must have wanted after her busy morning.—Punch.

Wanted a Change.—"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?"
"Well, I dunno. She's failin' dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or some-thin'."—Puck.

Wanted a Little Praise Himself.—Following a disastrous fire in a Western city, many men and women gathered to look at the ruins. Some of the men, seeing that a wall near which they were standing was toppling, made haste to get out of the way, and narrowly escaped being crushed.

Johnny Brabison, a good Irish citizen, was so near the wall that he could not escape with the others. So, whirling about, he made for a door in the wall, burst through it, and came out on the other side safe, and evidently very proud of his exploit. Women who had shut their eyes and shrieked when they saw his danger now gathered round him in great joy, and cried out:

"Praise heaven, Johnny Brabison! Down on your knees, and thank heaven!"

"Yis, yis," said he, "and I will, but wasn't it injaneyous in me, now?"—Youth's Companion.

Cause for Excitement.—A minister, spending a holiday in the north of Ireland, was out walking and, feeling thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a large bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs got round about him. The minister noticed that the pigs were very strange in their manner, so he said: "My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?" She replied, "Shure, 'tis no wonder they're excited, sor; it's their own wee bowl yez are drinkin' out av."

Could Sympathize.—He was a long-suffering traveller on a little single-track railroad, and he complained bitterly about the lateness of the train and the irregularity of the service. The employee remonstrated in virtuous indignation. "I've been on this here line, sir," he began, "upward of eight years, and—"

"Have you, indeed?" interrupted the traveller sympathetically. "At what station did you get on?"

It has
Ended
60 Million
Corns

This little Blue-jay is removing a million corns a month.

It is doing that for hundreds of thousands who used to doctor corns in old ways. And every one of those legions of people would gladly tell you this:

That Blue-jay stops pain instantly. That the corn comes out in 48 hours without any pain or soreness.

That Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant one forgets the corn.

That the corns never come back. New ones may come, but the old don't reappear.

Think of that, you who pare corns, you who use old-time methods. A famous chemist, in the one right way, has solved the whole corn problem. And that way—Blue-jay—is at every drug store waiting for your use.

Don't you think it time you tried it—now that sixty million ended corns owe their fate to Blue-jay?

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

NEW
DUNLOP
"PEERLESS"
HEELS
(CANVAS PLUG)



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No Hay Fever.

Summer temperature averages 70 degrees at noon. First-class hotels and boarding-houses. Boating, salt and fresh water fishing, shooting, golf. Excellent roads.

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Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.