

CANKER SORES

Obstinate cases of Cancrum Oris have been relieved after three or four applications of

SOZODONT LIQUID

A complete cure has been effected within a week from three applications a day. It is a wonderful dentifrice. Nothing to equal it.

IT CLEANSSES, HEALS, PRESERVES.

3 Forms: Liquid, Powder, Paste.

The Careful Housewife

will select the Bacon giving the greatest value for her purchase money and at the same time giving the greatest satisfaction to the members of her household.

That is one reason why she will ask for **Fearman's English Breakfast Bacon**.

The product of carefully selected Canadian pigs made under the inspection department of the Dominion Government, there is no Breakfast Food that will give as good value for the money spent nor will please the Consumer so well.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's English Breakfast Bacon

STAMPS 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 diff. U.S. 35c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wd., 50 per ct. List Free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5943 Cote
Brilliant Av., St. Louis, Mo.



The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

HOTEL VICTORIA

Fifth Ave., 27th Street and
BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEO. W. SWEENEY, President. ANGUS GORDON, Manager.

Advertised Goods Are the Standard The World Over. WHY?

Because to be advertised goods must be trade-marked or have an equivalent trade name. To be trade-marked they must be good goods.

Because common sense demands a uniform high quality, otherwise an advertised article not up to the standard claimed of it will not be purchased again.

The consumer who buys advertised goods rarely makes a mistake. Courier readers will be profited by a careful perusal of our advertising columns.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Wasn't it a sort of Sun stroke that knocked out the Manchu dynasty in China?

Champ Clark is ill. He has probably been reading his own speeches on annexation.

Nobody can call the shoe trust a sole-less corporation.

A woman one hundred years old says she was never kissed. Simply proves that women can't keep a secret.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen has been chosen president of the Chinese Republic, and one of these fine days he will come into the fullness of fame when somebody names a cigar after him.

Things are slipping away from the Chinese. They have cut off their pig-tails, and it has been reported that China is to lose control in Mongolia.

Appropriate Language.—A few days ago two men in an Ontario city were overheard talking about the odd jobs that are obtainable in Canadian cities in winter.

"You'll have to take to snow-shovelling again," said one in sarcastic tones.

"You're wrong there," said the other. "I didn't eat any snowballs last winter, and I won't eat any this one."

The Retort Vindictive.—They have merry little newspaper scraps on the Pacific coast. The following from the Victoria Times tells of one of them: "Speaking of journalism at a low ebb, the morning paper professes to despise a humorous cartoon in the Times of last evening. The cartoon was suggested by the burglarious theft of a cork leg from a man in Vancouver. We should think that a newspaper that has so persistently and successfully 'pulled the leg' of the people of Victoria as has our sanctimonious mentor would be reasonably anxious to forget such things."

Doing It Thoroughly.—Arthur Heming, a Toronto artist, recently overheard, in front of the National Club, Toronto, a conversation that startled him.

While passing two of the business men who belong to that prominent club, he heard the word "art" mentioned. He slackened his pace enough to catch a few sentences, and discovered that the two were talking about art in Europe.

"That isn't the way to go about it," said one, in answer to the other's statement about how to appreciate that art. "If you want to get the best out of European art, you ought to go at it seriously. Give a whole week to it."

A Christmas Mix-up.—Two Canadian men the other day were exchanging accounts of experience at the recent merry Christmas season.

"On the way home to the little town," said one, "I left my seat in the train for a few moments. A girl came along and put my suitcase out into the aisle and put hers in where mine had been. I grabbed what I thought was my suitcase when I got to my station. I had bought several things for the old folks, and you can imagine how I felt when I opened the suitcase and pulled out a pair of corsets. It took me several days and meant a lot of bother to get my suitcase back."

Of Course They Object.—Ald. Rowland perpetrated an Irishism when he gave notice of motion at the Toronto City Council's inaugural meeting for "a better system of water sprinkling for merchants on Yonge Street." The merchants are objecting.

"Said Sarcastic."—Picton, the little county town of Prince Edward, is reputed to be a sleepy little place, but

it never got such a cruel little knock in its life as one of its residents visiting in Toronto, handed it the other day.

The Pictonite and his Toronto friend were conversing when somehow the talk turned to the subject of death and burial.

"Well, where would you want to be buried?" asked the Torontonians.

"I don't want to be buried—I want to be dug up," was the answer.

Hot Campaign Stuff.—No other election campaigns in the world are quite the equal of the Toronto Press Club's annual battle of ballots.

The literature is in a class of its own, and the screeds, both in prose and verse, that are posted up in the various offices, would, if taken seriously, give ground for unlimited damages in a series of slander suits. But everybody treats the thing as a joke, and the more scurrilous the attack the keener is the enjoyment of all concerned.

The following, probably the best sample of "the doggerel that disgraces the campaign," to quote an opposing screed, gives a fair idea of the l'cense. that is taken and given in Press Club campaigns:

Issued by the McGiffen-for-President Press Agency. All rites reserved.

Watch your copyright notice.

Alas the day when mediocre chumps
Aspire to give the Great McGiff. his
bumps;
When Banks (that sycophant of Lau-
der) dares
To pose as savior of the Club's affairs!
Banks, who deflower'd our strong box
all unchecked,
Aspires—ye Gods—to rule the bunch
he wrecked.

With brazen Banks link up the wretch
McNeil,
At whose election Heav'n itself would
squeal.
Where was he on December Twenty-
Sev'n,
At midnight, or a quarter past
elev'n????
He CANNOT SAY. And if that weren't
enough,
'Twas he who wrote Tom Foster's
campaign stuff!

And Mogridge, Wrecker of the Farm-
ers' Bank!
A would-be critic, and a cross-grained
crank,
He's run for every office, barring none.
From auditor to guardian of the mon.
And now, with presidential aims he's
"took,"
Aw, say! It's too disgustin'. Get de
hook!

When mutts like Mogridge, monsters
like McNeil,
And brats like Banks conspire our
cash to steal,
Our only safety in McGiffin lies;
He's sharp, but honest, innocent, but
wise.

He—only he—can keep our cash away
From Mogridge, Banks, McNeil—those
birds of prey.
And he, as president, can overawe
The most unruly gang man ever saw.
His mien majestic, and his eye of fire,
They—they alone—can foil these
fiends' desire.

Beware of Banks. Of Mogridge, too,
beware.
Beware McNeil's false moustache,
and his hair.

The Press Club has been rotten.
Here's the cure:
ELECT MCGIFFEN! He alone is
pure.

Amen.

The Fun Factory.

The editors of the Toronto Globe and of the Canadian Courier says that our native authors have no humour. This is sad, of course. Why not have the secretary of the Society of Au-

thors get the address of that fun factory in Chicago where they write 'skits' for the comedians at so much per yard? If the monologue artists get money-maker "patter" there, why not the Canadian author? ARAB.

The Re-former.

A Western legislator
A law would like to make
Abolishing the corset—
He calls it fraud and fake.
This bold re-"former" quoteth
Statistics very dry
To try to prove that illness
Is frequently caused by
The wearing of the corset.
Sure he's a silly guy—
Of corsets he knows little
Or he'd know that figures lie.

Fashion's Latest.—According to the dictators of fashion, the very latest is for ladies to have gowns made of Turkish towels.

Some sense in that.
Not only is it cheap, but your wife need never be late for ball or opera. She can step out from her bath-room fully dressed.

He Wanted to Know.—There is in Toronto a certain theatre with three tiers of boxes. In the third tier boxes only those fortunate enough to



LEAP YEAR

sit beside the rail can see the stage, though there are about four other chairs in each box.

One night recently a man bought one of those top box seats—the last one left, for the house was sold out. He went up, and tried in vain to get a peep at the comedians and the chorus girls, but his attempts were in vain. He had paid fifty cents for a seat where he could only hear. So he sat back and listened to the music.

Then when the show was almost over, he went down, and as he was passing out he paused at the box office.

"Was it a good show?" he asked the ticketseller. "I didn't see it, so I'd like to know what I missed."

Correctly Named.—Supposing the married men were to form a club, what should they call it?

"The Home of the Brave."
"And if the bachelors found a club, what title would fit them?"
"The Land of the Free."

What's the Use?—What's the use of education, anyway?

In the Buffalo Courier the other day appeared this advt.:

"Help Wanted: Automobile washer, \$18; stenographer and bookkeeper, \$15."

A Contrast.—What's the matter with Montreal? From that city the other day went over the wires two news items, and these were the headings:
"Two million, spot cash, offered for a church site."

"Unknown man found frozen stiff huddled up in a doorway."

No comment is needed on such a contrast.