



BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY

From left (at back), The Stadium, Canadian Pacific Building, Canada, Australia, The Ornamental Lake, Palace of Engineering and in the foreground entrance to Palace of India.

A Smile or Two

"Willie, can you tell me why Labor Day always comes the first week in September?" "Because that's the week school begins."

Husband—What on earth do you look like, with your hair cut short like that? You're a fright! Wife—"You're right. I took a good deal like a man."

"Are you engaged to Algernon?" inquired Miss Cayenne. "Yes. I have promised to marry him as soon as he makes a fortune." "That isn't an engagement. That's an option."

"Go, my son, and shut the shutter!" A mother to her son did utter, "The shutter's shut," the son did mutter, "And I can't shut it any shutter."

Surely the Place to Get it. "Is this a second-hand shop?" asked the man. "Can't yer see it's a second-hand shop?"

"Well, I want one for my watch."

"So your daughter's married, I hear. I expect you found it very hard to part with her." "Hard! I should think so. Between you and me, my boy, I began to think it was impossible!"

A little boy and girl were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. "I wonder what God put us here for?" asked the little boy. The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her, and replied, sweetly: "We are here to help others." The little boy sniffed, "Then what are the others here for?"

Too Many Home Cares

One Reason Why so Many Women Are Weak and Run-Down

The work of the women in the home makes greater demands on her vitality than men realize, and there is always something more to do. No wonder women's back ache, and their nerves are worn out. No wonder why they get irritable, suffer from headaches, and always feel out of sorts. But of course all women are not like that. What is the difference?

A woman with plenty of healthy red blood in her veins finds work in the home easy; her vitality is at par. This points the way to health in women who feel run-down and depressed. Make new rich blood. You can do it with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have the marvellous property of building up the blood and toning up the nerves. That is proved by the case of Mrs. H. Espinger, Scott street, Vancouver, B. C., who says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought back my health and strength and restored my nerves to normal condition after other medicine had failed. It was after the birth of my second child that I became so anaemic and nervous that I thought I would lose my mind as well as my strength. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using a few boxes of these I could see a change. I felt stronger; my appetite was better, I slept better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued the use of the pills for some time, and again found myself a well woman, and I can sincerely say that my health has since been the best. I can cheerfully recommend the pills to all weak, run down women."

You can get these pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In his announcement on a Sunday morning the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough—but he was no pessimist. "We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."

"How's this?" asked the lawyer. "You've named six bankers in your will to be pallbearers. Of course it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms?" "No, judge, that's all right. Those fellows have carried me so long they might as well finish the job."

Was Addicted to Water

"Who belongs to de army of de Lawd?" shouted the colored preacher.

A man in the back seat jumped up and said: "I does."

"To what branch ob de army do you belong?"

"To de Baptist."

"Get out, yo' don't belong to de army, yo' belong to de navy."

A colored mammy came into the office of the estate for which she worked to receive her monthly wages. As she could not write, she always made her mark on the receipt—the usual cross. But on this occasion she made a circle. "What's the matter, Linda?" the man in charge asked. "Why," Linda explained earnestly, "Ah done get married yesterday an' changed mah name."

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinderby raised her hand, warning the members of the bridge club to be silent.

"Hush!" she said softly. "The children are going to deliver their good night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them, Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence, then: "Mamma," came a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bed-bug!"

An American sat in a Roman barber shop while a Roman barber worked on his face. The razor was dull and he felt like an early Christian in the Coliseum. Bleeding freely, he began to wave his hands and emit what he thought were Italian words which only hastened the barber and the flaying and the bleeding. The more he yelled the faster the barber worked and the more the victim bled. Then he thought of an Italian word he really knew and shouted: "Pianissimo, you son-of-a-gun; Pianissimo!" "Damn!" said the barber. "What for you no spik American before? I t'ing you Franchman in hurry."

An English tourist travelling in Scotland visited a rural village named "Auchingray," which was famous for the longevity of its inhabitants. Shortly after getting off the train he saw an old man crying. Immediately sympathetic, he inquired the cause and got the answer: "Ma father licked me." "Why," said the tourist, "how old are you, my man?" "80," was the reply. "80," said the tourist, "aghaast, 'well, could I see your father?" "Yes," said the other, "I'll show him to ye. He's digging his garden." The tourist went along and found a still older man, hale and hearty, digging in his patch of garden. Leaning over the fence he shouted, "Why did you beat your son, Mr?" "Huh," replied the old man, "the young beggar's always throwing stones at his grandfather."

For years she had been an ardent prison reformer. "You say you are perfectly happy here," she said, with frank disappointment, to the man whose cell she was visiting. "You like the food. They give you every-

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thing you want. In fact, you haven't a single fault to find." "That's quite true, mum," replied the man nodding. "Then perhaps," she went on sarcastically, "you'd rather stop here than be set free?" "Oh, yes mum,"

he retorted quickly. This quite staggered the good lady for a moment, but at length she inquired. "What were you sentenced for?" "Bigamy, mum," he answered; "and there's five of 'em waiting for me outside."

"OLD HOME WEEK"
August 17, 18, 19, 20
COME ON HOME!