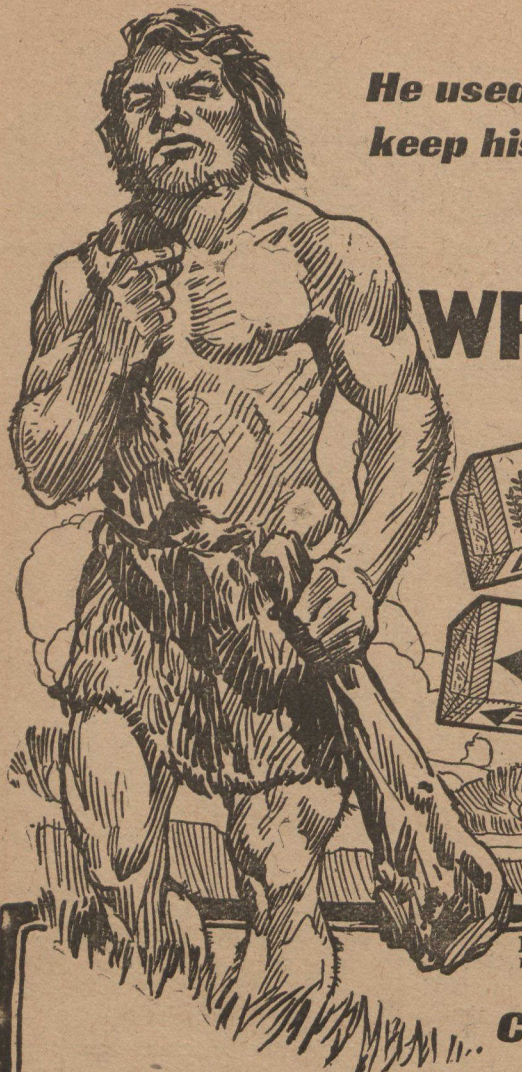
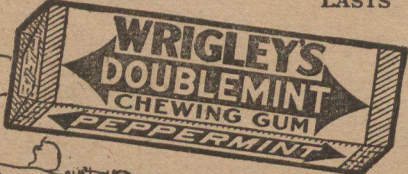


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men than to the men—and they would not be so likely to be corrupted. One element that will come to the front and have to be reckoned with is the feminine labour vote—it is these women who will study public questions more than, apparently, the leisure class."

On the Attorney-General's official desk was a great mass of white hyacinths in potted bloom. No, he and his wife did not go in for their culture, but he liked them about him. Golf, he hinted, was one of his distractions from the cares of state. Curling—and his tone was regretful—belonged to past days.

Turn of the Road

(Concluded from page 10.)

But there is a great gap that appears to be fixed. It is the thousand miles north of Lake Superior. Ontario is not particularly interested in it. Certainly it is not interested enough to build a road across it entirely at its own expense. The country through which it will have to pass is practically a wilderness and always will be. It is the one link in the federal highway which no province would be willing to undertake. The matter has been under discussion between departments for some time. In many quarters it is said that this would be a right and proper thing for the federal government to undertake. Possibly that government might assess the various provinces with proportionate costs for a stated portion of the outlay. It has been suggested that the work might form an excellent opening for the employment of returned soldiers after the war.

Two more feasible routes than following the north shore of the lake are suggested. One is to go north as far as North Bay and New Liskeard, and thence by joining the colonization roads of the clay belt, west through Cochrane. The other is to follow the route of the Transcontinental across this stretch. Either of these routes would serve a far larger farming population than a line along the north shore of Lake Superior.

Ten years ago motor-cars were luxuries; to-day they are almost household utensils. As they become more numerous they demand better roads and more of them. In reply to this demand the governments of all the provinces of Canada are working for better roads, and are linking up the roads which they have improved. It now remains to join these roads across their provinces to make a motor track across the Dominion.

Holy City Quartette

(Concluded from page 17.)

next to the lady soprano that she took him to task. Now, any tenor has got a sensitive soul, and Wilbur he gets grieved over this. He gets so despondent that one morning he goes out into the woodshed and tries to hang himself. He couldn't, because he stretched so! When they carried the news of this rash act to Miss Sue, it was her for the carbolic acid at once. She, too, escaped, and it was, I always thought, by reason of the borax in the near-sausage, which like enough proved an antidote. They didn't kill 'em-selves, but naturally enough they damaged their external or internal vocal works considerable for some time. Meantime the station agent allows his wife is as good as any circus performer that ever come up from Baraboo; and to make matters worse, Doty gets took down with pneumonia from going out in the night air while in a perspiration.

"In these days no man can achieve

success without getting jumped on. The rival social set in Sidonia Center, just to get even with me, started a fire company, and they persuaded Wilbur to run at the head of the team, where he didn't really need no voice nor no diaphragm. By'n' by they got Doty into the fire company, too, and soon after that the Jones-Adams Company ordered me south.

"It was too bad. If we'd got into any kind of concert pitch we'd have taken the money away from Sidonia Center that winter like robbing blind babies; but now—not! When you start a choir, as the French say, chassey le fam, which means, 'look out for the women folks.' The next quartette I start will be two, one for men and one for women, and several hundred miles apart. I'll bet Corried a month's salary he couldn't have floated the Holy City Quartette that winter, with J. P. Morgan for angel and Ed. Harri-man ahead of the show with the paper. There are some industrial undertakings which have to be tools at the physiological moment. Any such moment in the history of that quartette meant Miss Sue.

"I shall not go back to the scenes of my further activities. 'Jamais! Jamais!' as the French say. And, I'll tell you why. Something happened after I left; and you can bet a thousand dollars it was Miss Sue. Other day, down in Mississippi, where I was scaling logs for Jones-Adams, I idly turns over the pages of a Michigan Bible, and what do you think I see? Oh, nothing, only a special drive in National phonograph records, giving 'The Holy City, as sung by the Holy City Quartette of Sidonia Center, Mich.' I got one. Yep, it was my master's voice all right! I couldn't help knowing Miss Sue's metso even in a gutty-perchy choir invisible!"

What Brings Ye Merry Mining Boom?

(Concluded from page 24.)

booms and race track gambling and real estate speculation. There are always enough winners to encourage the other people to take a flier in the mining stock-market.

There ARE good mining properties now just as there always have been and always will be if the Guggenheims don't plumb poor old Mother Earth's pockets too soon. There is money to be made in the mining business, and made honestly by honest speculation. There ARE honest mining brokers and there ARE honest mining advertisements. But be careful. If you aren't going to be careful in reading the mining ads. it would be far, far better for you to stake out an acre of swamp up in York county and open an office at the corner of King and Yonge to sell shares in it. Heaven knows, even swamp water may cost us something before this war is over, and you would make more money selling that to the credulous than in buying certain stocks from the wily.

A Recipe.

An Irishman who is noted for his wit went into a public-house the other day and called for a glass of beer. The tumbler was not full enough for Pat's satisfaction, so he quietly asked the publican how many barrels of beer he sold in a week.

"Ten," replied the publican.

"I think," replied Pat, "if yer stand me a pint I could put yez on a plan to sell eleven barrels a week."

"Agreed," said the landlord, handing him a pint. "How now am I to do it?"

Pat, taking a big drink at his new pint, "Always fill your glasses."—Tit-Bits.