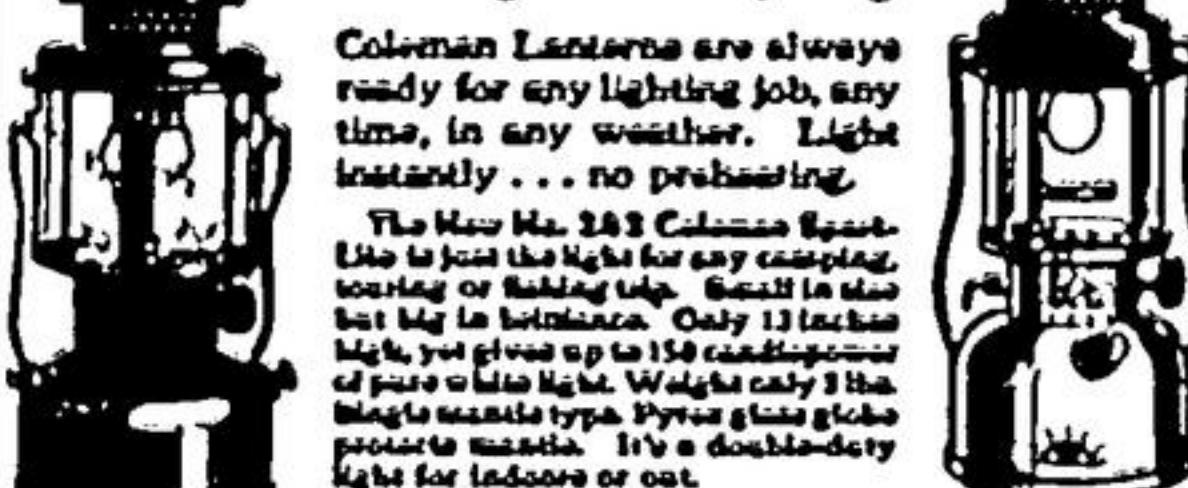


"Americans Come To Me".

George Bernard Shaw, whose present will has astounded the world at the Canadian Pacific Hotel, "Duke of York," when he arrived at his residence recently, decided he had better go back to America. "What I said," the Irish dramatist remarked, "was there was no need for me to visit America, all interesting Americans come to see me."

That this was true is proved by the picture, for here is the Mayfair lounge of the 43,000 ton liner, to be seen with Mayor Angelo Heaton who had only just seen Shaw, but dressed himself in his clothes and wore a carnation.

Coleman INSTANT-GAS LANTERNS**Good Light—Every Night**

THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE COMPANY, LTD.
TORONTO, ONTARIO
ASK YOUR DEALER

**- HE DID -**

William Wrigley, Jr., who was 70 years old, was a successful merchant. He convinced not only the United States that it was proper and beneficial to chew gum, but he spread his idea throughout the world despite the ridicule he had to overcome. He made the Chicago Cubs one of the most successful baseball teams, financially, in the country, setting record after record for attendance. He gave the philosophy of his salesmanship several years ago in these words:

"Tell 'em quick and tell 'em often. You must have a good product in the first place, and something that people want, for it's easier to row downstream than up." Explain to folks plainly what you have to sell, do it in as few words as possible—and keep everlastingly coming at them.

PLAN ADVERTISING

Advertising is pretty much like running a furnace. You've got to keep on shovelling coal. Once you stop stoking, the fire goes out. It's strange that some people's imagination can't compass this fact."

Wrigley "kept shovelling coal" into whatever he did, whether it was the merchandising of gum, the promotion of Catalina Island or Arizona real estate properties, the establishment of the Chicago Cubs in the hearts of baseball fans, the satisfaction of his greatest personal ambition—a World Series' pennant, or philanthropy.

The success of the Late William Wrigley Jr. was attained through Consistent and Present Newspaper Advertising

THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS AWAY

A mighty monarch in the days of old
Made off of high honor, wealth and
One who should produce in form
conducive
A motto for his guidance, time yet
A present soothing in his hours for
lorn,
Yet one that in his prosperous days
would warn.
Many lessons were sent the king, even
say
This one he chose: This, Too, Shall
Pass Away.

Oh, few sentence from the mind of
truth,
What richer it contains for age and
youth!
No mortal split measured and sublimed
No comfort, or council for all
time.
At these few words, Go, write them
on your heart,
And make them of your daily life a
part!
Has some misfortune fallen to you?
This, too, will pass away; absorb the
thought.
And wait your waiting will not be in
vain;
Time holds gold the iron link of
pain.
The day today leads into to-morrow;
There is no endless joy, no endless
sorrow.

Are you upon earth's highway? No
cloud is in the sky today;
Go now, poor mortal to your goal: This,
too, shall pass away.

Praise, glory, place and power,
They are but little bubbles of the hour.
Music by the hundred years down in
the dust;

This warning and to worthy of God's
trust.
Only the sunny soul respects its God;
Since life is short we need to make it
bright;
Then keep the old king's motto well
In mind,
And let its meaning permeate each
day;
Whatever comes, This, Too, Shall
Pass Away.

—Anon.

FOR THE PREACHER

A city woman and family enjoyed
visiting an old saint down in the
country who was a very good cook
but used a poor grade of coffee. On
one trip they took a pound of their
favorite brew and expecting to
have it would use it while they
were there but when they gave it to her
she said: "Yes, it does smell good.
I'll wrap it up and save it until the
preacher comes."

Hobson checked as he passed over
the steps of St. Paul's.

"Hobson! Hobson!" Down the stairs
came the old man's voice.

"Hobson! Hobson!" he repeated
presently.

Hobson moments passed. Then a
small figure came from a spot near
the stairs.

"Tim, that isn't so lazy bird," said
Hobson merrily.

"Tim, by gosh, I know I'd fetch
you if you woke up, I reckons!" Hobson
carried the long barrel of his rifle.

"Hobson! Hobson!" he repeated
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