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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG ST. JOHN HALIFAX

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

How the Farmer's Wife Got Even With Her Husband.

Perhaps Jonathan Higgs did not know he was a hard man with his family. It is possible to look at things from a selfish angle so long that you grow blind to everything except your own wants. One day early in spring, when Jonathan was ready to drive into town, his wife gave him thirty-five dollars that she had been saving for months from her butter and egg money.

"Go to the furniture store," she said, "and get the new parlor carpet. They know the one, for I had them lay it away for me a month ago."

"All day Mrs. Higgs went about her work singing. But when Jonathan came there was no roll of carpet in the wagon; instead, hitched to the back of the wagon, was a new cultivator.

"I found just the cultivator I needed," he explained glibly. "I didn't think I could afford to get it until you gave me that thirty-five dollars."

"But my carpet?" His wife's eyes were wet, and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling.

"Oh, the old one'll do!" he said, with light contempt. "What's the use of spending money for a carpet? It ain't good to eat, and it don't make you any money. Now that cultivator will make me a hundred bushels more corn."

"But it was my money." Tears at her disappointment and her husband's injustice could not be kept back longer.

"O pshaw," said Jonathan, lightly, "it's all in the family!"

The old carpet was full of holes, so Mrs. Higgs tore it up, and left the floor bare all summer. But

Jonathan did not mind at all. The crops were good, and one day in the fall Mrs. Higgs and one of the girls went to town to buy the week's supplies. All the men were busy sowing wheat.

The farmer wrote a cheque for a hundred and sixty dollars, and gave it to his wife.

"Maria," he said, "get this cashed at the bank; then go to the hardware store, pay them a hundred dollars, and tell them to send out that gasoline engine they were showing me. It is too hard work for me and the boys to pump water for all the stock this winter. And stop at the clothing store and tell Mr. Jones to send me that suit I tried on. Get him to take off two dollars if you can. And you can pay that thirty-dollar account at the grocery store, too."

It was dark when Mrs. Higgs and Mary drove up that evening, and when Jonathan went out he was astonished to see a new buggy trailing along behind the wagon. And there were other things in the wagon that gave him a further shock.

"Maria," he asked sharply, "did you order that engine?"

"No."

"Did you get my suit?"

"No." She handed the lines to one of the boys coolly. "You can't eat a suit or a gasoline engine nor a receipted bill, and they don't make you any money."

"I got a new buggy to save wear on the wagon, a new parlor carpet that will save coal by keeping the floor warmer, and a new range that'll cook food right. And I got a new churn and a lot of kitchen things to help me and the girls do the work—they will keep us from wearing out, and save funeral expenses."

"But it was my money, and I told you—" gasped the amazed Jonathan.

"Oh, yes," said Maria, lightly, "but it's all in the family. Take hold here, and you and the boys get these things unloaded."

There was something so resolute in her tone that he took hold, and held his tongue.

Easy Road in Music.

"My boy Louie is indolent," said the musician, "but I must say he is smart."

"Is he going to follow in your footsteps?"

"No. I learned to play the clarinet and I've got to march at least eight miles every time there is a parade. Louie is learning the harp, so that they will have to let him sit down."

In England, the first dock was constructed at Liverpool in 1708.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING GOSSIP FROM ONTARIO'S CAPITAL.

Some Characteristics of the City's New Mayor—The Duke's Popularity—Sir Thomas Lipton.

A dozen years ago Horatio C. Hocken was a reporter for a Toronto paper on the City Hall assignment. To-day he is Mayor of the town, with a salary of \$7,500 a year and a position of power and influence equalled by few men in this country.

Mayor Hocken is a real journalist. He began "at the case" and became a journeyman printer in the old Globe office under George Brown, as did his predecessor in the Orange Sentinel and in the Mayor's chair, the late E. F. Clarke. It is now thirty years since he left the Globe for the News, where he became foreman, and ten years later, when a lot of the News staff went out on strike, owing to the introduction of linotype machines, Mr. Hocken helped them found the Star, of which he was the first business manager. In a few months he returned to the News, where he remained until 1902, when for a year he edited the St. Thomas Journal, after which he returned to the News for a period and then purchased the Orange Sentinel, which he has since edited.

What is the secret of his success in politics? For one thing he is an optimist. Two years ago last January he was beaten for the Mayoralty by a large majority by Mr. Geary. It had been a hard fight and Mr. Hocken's friends had been confident. Some success might have been forgiven. Mr. Hocken showed none. "Oh, it will do my business good to have me out of the City Hall for a year," he said. "And, anyway, I'll be the next Mayor." And true enough he is. As soon as Mr. Geary steps out he steps in. He will be a candidate for re-election in January, and with the odds in his favor. Tommy Church says he will run against him, but nobody knows what Tommy will do. Maybe Tommy is just getting in line to succeed Hocken when he drops out.

Typically Torontoesque.

Mr. Hocken is a clean, creditable type of public man, not particularly brilliant perhaps, but an earnest student and conscientious worker. On the platform he is a ready speaker, and in debate puts his case clearly and well. He is not the wire-pulling type of ward politician who will sell his support in return for support for some pet measure. Nevertheless, he has several times proved his popularity with the electors by heading the poll for Board of Control. And the Council unanimously chose him for the Mayor's chair. He is a strong church worker, temperance man, a Sons of England (Cornish descent), and, of course, an Orangeman. So, in many respects he is typically Torontoesque. He is inclined to be tenacious of enemies. R. J. Fleming of the street railway is a personal bete noir of long standing, and he is inclined sometimes to embrace half-baked propositions, as, for example, his early advocacy of "tubes." But on the whole he will undoubtedly prove to be a credit to the Mayor's chair.

The Duke Was Hoarse.

The Duke of Connaught further popularized himself on his latest visit to Toronto, though he stopped off only long enough to have luncheon with the Canadian Club. It was not that he said anything important, but rather his democratic demeanor that pleased everyone. He intimated that he could not speak very well and excused himself accordingly, because he had a bad cold and was therefore hoarse. He said it just as would any other ordinary mortal who is called upon to make a speech, and it amused immensely the four hundred members of the Canadian Club who were present. It is the sympathy with the rest of mankind in little things that makes the Royal family of England so popular. The Duke's "cold" recalls the cheers that used to greet a scene in the cinematograph which showed his late brother, King Edward, on board ship, rise from his seat and walk a few paces past some ladies to the rail to flick his cigar ash overboard, just like any other man.

During the luncheon, Mr. J. S. Willison spoke, as always, gracefully and acceptably, dwelling specially on the growth of national spirit in Canada, but pointing out that this growth was not resulting in any weakening of the Imperial bond, but rather the reverse. The function throughout, at his Royal Highness' special request, was thoroughly democratic. The Canadian Club members attended, as usual, in their business dress, and absolute informality prevailed. As a matter of fact, however, they did go to a better restaurant and order a better luncheon than usual in honor of the occasion.

Sir Thomas Lipton and Royalty.

Sir Thomas Lipton was a guest at the luncheon to the Duke of Connaught, and his presence was quite appropriate, for the famous yachtman, no matter how numerous are his enemies in high places, he has not, in recent years, lacked for friends among the Royal family. The late King Edward was always a strong



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backer of Sir Thomas, though he didn't secure his election to the Royal Yacht Squadron, the premier yachting club of the world. The King and Queen of Spain, the Empress Eugenie, the Queen of Norway and other royalties are all friends, frequently accepting his hospitality and, it is said, being sometimes associated with him in business ventures.

This friend of Kings and Queens began life at the bottom as a grocer boy, but he never hesitates to talk of his early struggles, or of his "trade." They say he is too proud to attempt to hide anything. He has long held the reputation of being the foremost advertiser in England, and no doubt he is a good one. Even the money he has sunk in yacht races has no doubt returned to him many times over in the form of free publicity. A certain type of Englishman is contemptuous of advertisers, and of trades people, a fact which explains many of the rebuffs Sir Thomas has received in English society.

His First Employe.

Sir Thomas is a typical Irishman who talks Scotch. He always has a story on tap. Here is one he told in Toronto: "In my first little shop I was so poor I could afford only one assistant, a boy of fourteen, who was faithful, honest and willing. He was so good that his clothes were so shabby he was ashamed to go to church. There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year," he told me. "Dad's out of work and it takes all my wages to pay the rent."

"I thought the matter over and took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought that boy a set of, say, a suit. He was so grateful I felt rewarded. Next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother and asked her why. "Sure, Mr. Lipton," she said, curtseying. "Jimmy looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him around town to see if he couldn't get a better job."

Remembered Reporter.

Sir Thomas demonstrated his remarkable faculty for remembering faces during his visit. One of the newspaper men who called on him had been a reporter on a New York paper nine years ago, when Sir Thomas was challenging for the America Cup. Sir Thomas remembered him immediately, and recalled how on board the Erin he had spilled a cup of tea over the reporter's knee.

Dr. Herridge as Revivalist.

Something new in special services—"revivals" they may be called in other places and by other people—is being tried by Rosedale and Westminster Presbyterian Churches situated in one of the fashionable residential districts. Conducting the services is Rev. W. T. Herridge, D.D., of Ottawa, one of the most scholarly men in the Presbyterian, or any other church, in North America. The services are, however, distinctly evangelical, and much good is expected to result therefrom.

Dr. Herridge has been minister of St. Andrews Church, Ottawa, for nearly thirty years and is one of the distinguished alumni of Toronto University, of which he was for many years a Senator. He has numbered among the members of his church Lord and Lady Aberdeen, while Lord and Lady Minto, though members of another denomination, were frequent attendants, attracted by his eloquence, thought and learning. Ten years ago he was called to Frogan, a fashionable West End London church, but declined, other solicitations from the United States and elsewhere have not shaken his attachment to his church in Ottawa, which has been his sole charge since graduation. He is an author of repute, having written essays on Beethoven, Browning, Milton and "Woman—Her Work and Place." He has recently been placed in nomination for the position of Moderator of the General Assembly, at whose deliberations he has long wielded a strong influence. Naturally, the congregations at Westminster and at Rosedale church, which is one of the newest congregations in the city, are greatly pleased at having so distinguished a preacher to work among them.

INCORRIGIBLE.

Day by day, as Mrs. Worth's household and kitchen furniture and groceries slowly disappeared, she saw that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning, when Jimmy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boiler," Mrs. Worth determined to act.

"You tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed, I will lend her the boiler."

In a little while Jimmy reappeared.

"Ma wants to know what she has borrowed."

"There is a quart of flour," began Mrs. Worth, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors," she paused, recollecting,—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—"

But Jimmy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again.

"Ma says for you to write 'em down. I forgot some of 'em."

Mrs. Worth sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember.

Jimmy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more appeared at the back door, and announced:

"Ma says if you'll lend her the wash-boiler to carry them in, she'll bring 'em home."

WHEN BABY IS ILL.

When baby is ill—when he is troubled with constipation, colic, worms or cold; when his teeth are bothering him or when he is restless and cross and does not sleep well, give him Baby's Own Tablets. They are the mother's greatest aid in keeping her little ones well—thousands of mothers give their babies no other medicine because they know the Tablets to be absolutely safe. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to be free from opiates and other harmful drugs found in so-called "soothing" mixtures. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Eke—Is Mrs. Youngbride a good housekeeper? Mrs. Wye—Well, when I dropped in on her she was trying to make bread in a chafing dish.

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