

"HABIT, kept me from a Real Shave."

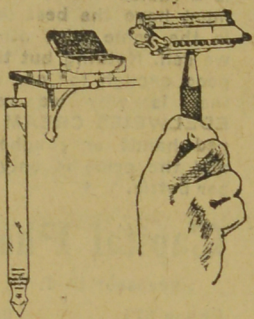
THAT'S what many men confess, once they've learned the advantages of the stropping feature of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

"I formerly used an ordinary safety razor," many say "but only the first few shaves with a new blade were good. After that it was a choice between a poor shave or a new blade.

Now I give my Valet AutoStrop Razor blade a few strokes on the strop without removing it from the holder, and thus enjoy many perfect shaves from the same blade."

Changing Habits

If you're in a habit rut, why not break loose and find out how superior shaving is so easily attainable? If you'll just switch to a Valet AutoStrop Razor you will never return to old ways, for it is the only razor that automatically sharpens its own blades without removing them.



Valet AutoStrop

Reg. in Canada

Razor

Sold the world over
Millions of satisfied users

Note:—
Leather strop for
sharpening blades
is supplied as part
of every set.

Prices:—
Complete Outfits, \$1.00
De Luxe Models, \$5.00 up.

A LITTLE THING

THE power called habit is a little thing * * * *
but it can pull your eyes open at a certain
hour every morning, determine whether
you dress the right or left foot first, drop a
fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee
—free your mind for thoughts that demand ac-
tual choice.

The little habit of glancing over these adver-
tising columns daily, checking this and that which
appeal to you, frees your mind from any guess-
work about the merits of a product; helps you
choose wisely when you buy. If you are familiar
with newspaper advertisements, you can discrim-
inate merits, weigh one product against another,
these truths against those. And the habit of buy-
ing only advertised goods takes the hazard out of
shopping; puts in a good, sturdy sure.

Be a Friendly Little Habit That Will Pay.

Read the Advertisements in These
Columns today.

HOW A CAPE BRETON SCOTCHMAN TOOK THE FLOOR AND EXPLAINED MATTERS TO A FISHING PARTY

(Stuart McCawley in Halifax Chron-
icle.)

A flock of heretics from Glace Bay were fishing one Sunday in June near Enon, one of the mountain lakes of Cape Breton. The local folk are all Presbyterian and not very fond of having the trout troubled on the Sabbath. So, you can understand, we were not very particular about being seen. But, as it always happens, we had a hungry chap with us who strayed from the pools and went nosing around the nearest farm house.

Glad Tidings.

He came back with the glad news that we could have dinner: boiled salmon with drawn-butter sauce, potatoes and ginger-bread pudding. Holy Cats! didn't we reel-up, wash-up and hurry-up.

The lady of the house was an old acquaintance of mine and I apologized for not calling earlier in the morning.

"Why, Mrs. McDonald," says I, "I thought you would be away to the kirk."

"Me to the Kirk," said she, "never again, that place is all cluttered up with Unions."

We had a very backward spring and we got to chattering about the weather and I earned an extra helping of ginger bread pudding by suggesting that we really had an old fashioned Presbyterian winter.

"How's that?" asked Jock, the oldest son.

"Well," says I, "it was continuing."

The Old 'Un Talks.

This quip made the old man prick up his ears. He enjoyed it hugely and he "took the floor."

"Men," said he, "they're so mixed up with 'Union' and 'Continuing' that I'm going to give them 'a spell' to fix-up. If I went now, while the fight is on I'm afraid I'd get cross and forget that The Sermon on The Mount was of more importance than a row between elders, and I would say something. It's hard for me to keep my tongue between my teeth and it's better to leave your neighbors alone then fight with them. My motto is give them time to get themselves together. They are mostly foolish, but solid in heart and when they get the bile off their stomachs they will wake up. An ounce of action is worth a ton of talk. So I says to myself let them talk for awhile. It has been going on for years. Everybody thinks he has some advice to give God, and the longer the prayer the more cockey."

"The same thing is in all history for thousand of years. Wait till I get you the whole religion of the world in a nut-shell; and you'll believe with me that Burns was right when he said 'A man's a man for a' that', and he meant Chink and Coon and Canadian. Here it is, I have been saving it for you:

"Confusian, 'What you would not like when done to yourself, do not unto others'. Now I have always had a sneaking idea that Confucius was of Scotch extraction. He is so sensible and decent and firm. Perhaps when the world was a farm surrounded by water some of the Scotch walked East. You know you can't keep them home. Anyway Confucius had some Scotch ideas.

"Then there's Buddah, he says: 'Eschew all evil, cherish good, cleanse your inmost thoughts.' Buddah left a rich home to go out into the world and get next to the people, and he did a lot of good. I respect the Laundry men for thinking a lot of him.

"The Hindu folk; and they were wise when we were ignorant; say: 'Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality.' What do you think of that? Ain't we all brothers under the skin?"

"The Toaist want 'The eternal is enlightenment'. The Zoroastrian says: 'The best and most beautiful of all religions, good thoughts, good words, good deeds.'"

"The Clothing Dealer."

"Then there is our friend the clothing dealer, who has come to us and taken our money and our business leadership; and who is more loyal to his church than any of us. Who keeps his holidays; and brings up his children in the faith of his fathers. He says: 'The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you.'"

"The Islamic: 'God created man and is closer to him than his jugular vein.'"

"We of the Christian religion teach: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.' Do we boys? Do we!

"Father has a great library—just the Bible and Burns—two great books and he knew them by heart. He rather preferred Bobby to Saint Paul and I think he was right. Even today more

people celebrate Burns' birthday than any other man that ever lived; barring of course, the Divine Master. Burns was human, and Scotch, and had a great influence in our family. It's a pity he didn't come out to Cape Breton with the rest of our sheep stealers and win a chance to live and eat and be happy. They didn't treat him right in the Old Country when he was with them in the flesh; but they are making an awful fuss when he is dead and his poetry is immortal.

"Mother used to say, 'it's better to send a bowl of gruel to them when they are ailing than a bouquet of flowers to the corpse.'"

Arms and the Man.

"It's all in the way you have been brought up! A returned officer of the old 25th was telling me, only the other day, that a big chap at the Halifax headquarters remarked to him in all good humor, that the Cape Breton soldiers were wonderful fighters, and the officers good leaders, 'but', said he, 'they are decidedly uncouth; one wouldn't care to introduce them in high society you know their table manners were, to say the least, not just the thing.'"

"My friend Mac felt like landing the speaker 'a pucker in the jaw,' but he said he just put the remark down to the other fellow's ignorance and ignored it.

"Mac was right. The Halifax chap saw life in the way he had been brought up. Our folks are different! They came over here as pioneers. They had little in the way of worldly goods but they had their health and their faith. They hewed a home out of the virgin forest, built fishing boats and settled down without fuss or fashion. Porridge and codfish, mutton and pork, and good scones were the bill-of-fare. We didn't have silver forks or knives and a dozen different spoons; but we had good teeth and a hearty appetite. Habits that are today considered good manners were then looked upon as effeminate. The life was rough but hardy and sincere. A neighbor was welcome if he came to the kitchen door. If he went around to the front, we at once became suspicious that he was either a peddler or a rogue. And we haven't changed much in all these years. I notice the small traits even in the grandchildren.

The Difference.

"Now Halifax is different. It was settled by the military. There is the difference, Mac. It's all in the way you have been brought up. The Halifax chap didn't mean any offence, he just didn't know any better.

"And Sam Hughes, when he was looking for fighters naturally didn't care about the handling of knives and forks as he did about the handling of men and guns; so he took along our Cape Breton boys and we are proud of them.

"So there you are men. I know you want to get back to the fishing. Did you try the Stirling Lake, they were jumping there last evening. Go along Jock and show them the way! Good-bye, men; never pass again without coming in. You know you are welcome. Ain't they mother! Good-bye again and God bless you."

ANOTHER FILM ROMANCE

New York, Nov. 18—Dorothy Mackaill, English motion picture actress, and Lothar Mendes, German film director, say their "I do's" at noon tomorrow before a justice of the peace, and a beautiful romance is thus revealed.

Dorothy, who is tall, blonde and slender, met her Prince Charming last September, when they discussed the "Song of the Dragon" which he was to direct with Dorothy as leading lady. Monday last Miss Mackaill announced their engagement and plans for the marriage which is set for tomorrow.

THE INCOME TAX.

Ottawa, Nov. 18—According to the Dominion Income Tax Branch 231,750 Canadians paid \$56,248,043 in income tax in the last fiscal year. Manufacturers to the number of 3,009 paid \$14,903,387; 168,984 employes paid \$13,973,094; 19,395 professionals paid \$2,230,080; 16,899 merchants paid \$7,097,163 and 3,068 agrarians paid \$166,138.

"What are Tom and Mabel quarrelling about now?"

"Oh, they can't agree on what to quarrel about."

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
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- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Symthe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunderson and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

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—Beau Brummell—

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WHY IS THIS WRONG?
Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed to memory. Consequently its mail will surely be delayed if persons who must reply to its letters are given no street address.