

Vol. III

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 51

# GOBLIN

P.  
K.E.  
&



NOVEMBER . . .  
PRICE 20 CENTS

W.L. Johnston

UNSURPASSED  
Chocolates, Pecan  
Roll, Fudges, Nut  
Toffees and Wrap-  
ped Caramels.

*Holly's*  
**Candy  
Shops**

Particular Attention  
Given to Mail  
Orders.

**TORONTO:**

81½ Yonge Street,  
Adelaide 6478

443 Yonge Street,  
at College

1530 Queen Street W.  
Parkdale 6895

Fiction's most interesting character  
is now played by

JOHN BARRYMORE in  
"SHERLOCK  
HOLMES"

GRIPPING! — ASTOUNDING!

WEEK OF  
OCT. 30th

**Allen**  
DOWNTOWN

The national anthem of Sweden is  
not "Oh, Say Can You Ski?", de-  
spite reports to the contrary.

—Widow.

G—G—G

"Mineralogy is bound to be the  
most popular course in college."

"How so?"

"It is the only way a fellow can  
import a case of quartz and get by  
with it."

—Panther.

G—G—G

**Between You and Me**

New Yorker: "You see, the dif-  
ference between you and I—"

Bostonian: "Yes, that's the differ-  
ence."

—Fivol.



*The Bounteous Crop  
of the  
Canadian Harvest*

will have a far-reaching effect on every walk of life in every section of the Dominion.

Railroads and steamships will be busy transporting the crops—all kinds of manufactured goods will be in greater demand—more and more labor will be employed—financial obligations will be discharged—and a feeling of confidence and optimism will permeate the land.

Bumper crops in the country mean more business in the cities; and when business is good in the cities, the farmers get a wider market for their produce.

Prosperity is indelibly associated with efficiency, whether it be agriculture or commerce—and the use of

**Waterman's  
Ideal  
Fountain Pen**

means more efficiency for everyone who writes, whether in office or factory, farm house or school house.

There is a shape to fit every hand—a point to suit every style of hand-writing—a size for every purpose

Regular - Safety - Self-filler

**\$2.50, \$4, \$5 and Up**

*Selection and service at best stores everywhere*

*Waterman Company, Limited*

179 St. James Street - Montreal

New York Boston Chicago  
San Francisco London Paris

**Then the Trouble Began**

Maid: "A young gentleman just called, Miss Doris, but I have forgotten the name. I can show him to you, though, for you have his picture in your bureau drawer."

—Ex.

**Ride 'Em, Beggs**

Art: "Where have you been, Beggs?"

Beggs: "Been putting a bridle on my horse, Art."

Art: "How'd you get the bit in his mouth?"

Beggs: "I waited till he yawned."

—Whirlwind.

# Now They

IT WON'T BE VERY  
LONG  
BEFORE



You  
Will  
Have To  
Start

## Working On That List Of Christmas Presents!

Are you going to display the same startling originality you showed last year? Hanky for Ma, slippers for the Guv'nor, an unwearable tie for brother Bill and a most horrible string of near pearls for your girl?

And you remember how you got squashed all out of shape in the last minute crowds while doing your Christmas shop-lifting!

SERIOUSLY. Why not give presents which will be a source of joy to the recipients for one entire year! You

know the Guv'nor's slippers won't last long and Bill probably won't have the nerve to wear that tie!

### Here's The Answer

Send us your list of names and we'll solve your Christmas problems for you.

No gift is more appreciated than a subscription to Goblin, and just think of the work it saves you!

*Subscription Price, \$2.25 a year*

**GOBLIN, 153 University Avenue, Toronto**



## The Joy of Playing Yourself—

The majority of small musical instruments are easy to learn to play—many of them may be picked up without the aid of a teacher. Why not drop in and choose your favorite instrument? We will gladly give you every possible assistance.

Come in and ask to see any of these instruments. We have a wonderful range to choose from, and can give you a great deal of helpful advice about the choosing of an instrument.

*Musical  
Instruments  
of  
Quality*

VIOLINS, CELLOS  
MANDOLINS  
GUITARS  
UKULELES, BANJOS  
SAXOPHONES  
CORNETS  
CLARIONETS  
DRUMS  
XYLOPHONES



**THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO.  
R.S. WILLIAMS LIMITED**

ESTABLISHED 1849

145 YONGE STREET

### The Bishop Was There On The Trigger

At a recent conference, a certain speaker began a tirade against universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes, the bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted respectfully:

"Do I understand that the speaker is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," answered the speaker, "if you wish to put it that way."

"Well, all I have to say," said the bishop in an amused way, "is that he has a great deal to be thankful for."

—Lehigh Burr.

G—G—G

A prolonged study of statistics leads to the inference that more automobiles were stolen in this country last year than were manufactured in 1899. This is progress.

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

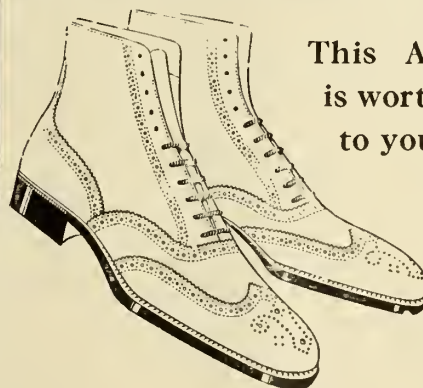
G—G—G

### Taking a Chance

Magistrate of Irish Court (after a turbulent scene amongst general public): The next person that shouts "Down with England," I'll have thrown into the street.

Prisoner (excited'y): Down wid England!

—London Opinion.



This Advertisement  
is worth One Dollar  
to you—

**CLIP  
IT!**

Oxfords \$10.00 Boots \$12.00

**!! EXTRA !!**

SPECIAL OFFER secured for GOBLIN readers bringing in this advertisement —ONE DOLLAR off the purchase price of shoes valued at \$10.00 or over.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD  
LIMITED**

286 Yonge Street

Opposite Dundas E.

# Winsome

## Where Beauty Smiles and Wit Delights

There Miss Priscilla Dean moves with "the youth and freshness of a Grecian Queen," radiating gaiety and cheerfulness. How she preserves her complexion's radiant charm through her long and strenuous days of work is here disclosed in her own words:—

*"I find 'Winsome' Toilet Soap excellent—  
Winsome in name and Winsome in deed.  
It is refreshing to use for Toilet and Bath  
after the day's work."*

*Sincerely yours,*

*Priscilla Dean*

Winsome is the most delightful soap imaginable, and a beautiful skin will result from the following simple Winsome treatment. Make a lather in warm water with Winsome Soap, and massage every inch of the face and neck gently and thoroughly. Rinse carefully and dry with a soft towel. The daily practice of this Winsome treatment will make the skin naturally robust, and glowing with colour and beauty.

*Sold at all good drug and department stores.*

W 13



Miss Priscilla Dean  
Universal Star  
VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED  
*Soapmakers to H.M. The King*  
LONDON PARIS TORONTO

## English Collars

by Welch, Margetson, London

The superfine texture of Welch, Margetson collars is responsible for their distinctive appearance and long life. Once worn—always worn. \$4.00 per dozen.

**Holt, Renfrew & Co.**

Limited

Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

A colored preacher in Alabama was one day talking to one of his aged parishioners, who ventured to express the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid.

"I'se sho' glad to hear yo' say dat," responded the parson warmly. "I'se pleased dat yo' think so much of de ministers. So yo' think we'd ought to get bigger salaries?"

"Sho' I does," said the old man. "Den we'd get a better class o' men." —*Legion.*

G—G—G

### Middle Name Felix

June Bride: "I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman: "Morris?"

June Bride: "No, Clarence." —*Sun Dial.*

G—G—G

### That's The Idea

Excited Voice (over the telephone to physician)—"Doctor, my mother-in-law is at death's door. Please come and see if you can't pull her through."

—*Tiger.*

G—G—G

Neer—"I told her I adored her. I compared her to a beautiful girl on a magazine cover."

Beer—"How did she take it?"

Neer—"She said she'd noticed I only saw her once a month." —*Tiger.*

# Ford

## Prices Again Reduced

Effective October 17th, 1922

Second price change within three weeks by The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Limited---New prices are lower than ever before in history---\$50.00 off open models and \$85.00 off closed models establishes a New Low Price Level.

|               | Old Prices | Prices Effective Sept. 26th | Present Prices | Total Reduction |
|---------------|------------|-----------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Chassis - -   | \$445      | \$395                       | <b>\$345</b>   | <b>\$100</b>    |
| Runabout -    | \$495      | \$455                       | <b>\$405</b>   | <b>\$ 90</b>    |
| Touring - -   | \$535      | \$495                       | <b>\$445</b>   | <b>\$ 90</b>    |
| Truck Chassis | \$575      | \$545                       | <b>\$495</b>   | <b>\$ 80</b>    |
| Coupe - - -   | \$840      | \$780                       | <b>\$695</b>   | <b>\$145</b>    |
| Sedan - - -   | \$930      | \$870                       | <b>\$785</b>   | <b>\$145</b>    |

The above prices are F.O.B. Ford, Ontario. Starting and Electric Lighting on Chassis, Runabout, Touring and Truck Chassis \$85 extra. On Coupe and Sedan Starting and Electric Lighting are standard equipment.

Ford Motor Co., of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.



*A Monk, ascetic, well might leave  
His lonely cell behind;  
Confirmed bachelors, I believe,  
Would gladly change their mind,  
As I who had no song to sing  
Have gaily tuned my lyre,  
An angel might on urgent wing  
Desert the heavenly choir  
At a glance  
from those  
Black Eyes.*

*Dark eyes that hold a mystery  
Of holiness or sin,  
I know that there shall ever be  
A riddle deep within.  
A wonder stirs within my heart,  
A wonder at my brain;  
Nor rest nor ease shall be my part  
Until I can explain  
Who gave  
you those  
Black Eyes.*





## Private Stock

The street vendor's business is no trade. It is a calling.

G—G—G

That new orchid called "Sophrolaeliocattleya" makes it a little more difficult to say it with flowers.

G—G—G

The Anglican Synod has endorsed early marriages. All that now remains is for it to provide each prospective nineteen-year-old bridegroom with a house, coal for the winter, some infant's clothing and a four thousand dollar a year income.

G—G—G

Peace was declared some months ago in Ireland.

This is undoubtedly "the peace that passeth all understanding."

G—G—G

It takes a master stroke to smooth down a rebellious school-boy.

G—G—G

A man can always depend upon being remembered by people he is in a position to help.

G—G—G

SAYS CITY EXPERTS  
ARE ON WRONG TACK

—*Mail and Empire.*

Stand up, gentlemen, and sit down on this chair.

A noiseless pistol has been invented. People in Chicago should now get a little sleep.

G—G—G

As Mustapha Kemal plans to enforce prohibition throughout all Turkish territory, Mr. Kipling's roving gentleman had better remain west of Suez to raise his thirst.

G—G—G

"Stops at nothing"—your bank credit.

G—G—G

Constantine of Greece was fired from the throne once before. He did not know when he was well off.

G—G—G

The watch maker is the only man who knows as much about spring cleaning as his wife.

G—G—G

The bill poster gets rich by sticking to business and hoarding.

G—G—G

The average husband is either in bed or in bad at eleven P.M.

G—G—G

In a Saskatchewan church recently a number of coppers appeared on the collection plate whereupon the minister prefaced his sermon by extending a welcome to the visitors from Ontario.



# GOBLIN

## Nautical

"O, luff the jib to windward,"  
 Came the captain's booming roar;  
 And the chanteyman "aye, aye" 'd, sir,  
 From the quartermaster's store.  
 The spoon-drift splice, the spanker  
 And the sextant soon were set;  
 While the first mate reefed the royals  
 And put them in the lazarette.  
 "Caulk beams, the storm's athwart us,"  
 Bilged the Captain rigging joints  
 Of the loxodromic bowsprit,  
 With fresh-swabbed quadrantal points.  
 First the mizzen-mast in falling,  
 Pinned the boatswain to the prow;  
 Then the super-structure scuttled,  
 From the sick-bay to the bow.  
 "We are lost," the captain shouted,  
 "But I do not care a fig.  
 "Jib the cat-head to the mizzen!  
 "Hoist the crow's nest! Man the gig!"  
 And I should have gone below with that  
 Top-gallant barquentine,  
 Had not a doctor said, "Here, boy,  
 You come to quarantine."



"Do you like corn on the ear?"

"I don't know. I never had one there."

G-G-G

### Take This Case

"Is that my club bag?"

"No, it belongs to a drummer."

"Ah, it must be a band box."

G-G-G

People who say sharp things get the reputation of being blunt.



**Barn-stormer:** "Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in that death scene? Everybody in the house was crying."

**Stage Manager:** "Yes, and I don't wonder. They knew you weren't really dead."

## OBITUARY



### One of Those Men

"Yes," said McCartigle, "I'm absolutely through with poker. Last night I lost another ten berries. That's the finish. I don't know why it is, but I always lose. It doesn't matter how much I'm up during the evening I'm sure to be down when it's time to cash in."

"Well," I said, "you know the old saying—"

"Stop!" he cried, "I've heard that twenty times in the last week. 'Unlucky at cards, lucky in love!' Believe me, boy, if that's the right dope I'm a three star Romeo. At any rate I won't be unlucky at poker any longer because I'm through."

It was a week before I saw McCartigle again. Then one day I dropped into his office between twelve and one and suggested that we lunch together.

"Right," he said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

We were on our way out the door before he spoke again.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "you'll have to buy the lunch to-day; I haven't been to the bank this morning and I haven't any money. I was out playing poker

"Wal, brothah Hambone, ah hopes youah constitution doan't need no amendments to-day?"

"No, brothah Snowdrop, the state of mah health has been suah imperturbed lately."

"Is you-all heard how death has undertook brothah Jaspah?"

"Mah goodness, no. Is that-all such?"

"Poah brothah Jaspah done catch a bad attack of pulmonary harmonium and the doctor, he done tole sistah Jaspah foah to calc'late his temperature with a thermometer. Of cawse, sistah Jaspah she done have no thermometer so she done reckon his temperament with a barometer."

"How she-all do that?"

"Wal, she done allocate the barometer on brothah Jaspah's chest and the barometer done registrate 'Very Dry.' So when sistah Jaspah have deciphah this she done infuse a pint of gin down brothah Jaspah's elementary canal. Brothah Jaspah, he done jine the angels immedjit. What do you conspecute on that, brothah Hambone?"

"Wal, brothah Snowdrop, Ah always did say you cain't nevah trust them doctors."

last night. But that's the last time. After last night I've decided to give the game up. I don't know why it is, but I always lose. It doesn't matter how much I'm up during the—"

G—G—G

### Quartier Semitique

Dilapidated wagons  
Laden with  
The tatters of filthy mattresses  
Which are scarcely to be distinguished  
From those adorning the chins  
Of the solemn drivers.

— H. A. Stevenson.

G—G—G

The Lubber: "Er—sorry I haven't had a dance with you earlier this evening. May I have the next fox-trot?"

The Lady: "Yes, indeed! What is that they are playing now?"

The Lubber: "Er—'Home Sweet Home.' "



## Why Go To College?

### An Inquiry

by

Joe Taylor

Having graduated from college with a borrowed fountain-pen and a library of French plays, I considered myself as unfit for a business career as any chorus-boy in America.

General opinion is that a university graduate, especially a recent one, thinks himself capable of immediately becoming president of anything from an abattoir to a coffin-factory. In reality this is not the case.

Personally, I was so staggered by the idea of having to work at all that I took one glance over the obituary and police-court columns and then went to bed for a month. Warm weather rendered this uncomfortable and I decided to join that class I had read about in the economic text-books called WORKERS.

Throwing aside all scruples as to intellectual superiority, I approached the nearest business-house and demanded to see the manager.

I do not compliment myself upon looking like a wealthy buyer from Pincher Creek, Alberta, but it would seem that my identity was mistaken, for I reached my man almost immediately; that is, on the same day.

Hidden behind a battery of dictaphones, telephones, multigraphs, and adding machines he presented that unscrupulous appearance so commonly found among our business men. I coughed and proceeded to examine the inside of my hat.

Five minutes flowed by, during which time he seemed to experience all the horrors of watching a movie-drama of American society or a fresh massacre of the Huguenots. If his facial expression could have conveyed the essence of his thought I would say that he was silently resigning himself to the inevitable fate of all business men. For indeed they all know that eventually a university graduate will snatch their business from them and run it to ruin.

But in reality it was only my tie and fraternity hat-band which were causing this distortion of countenance. He knew I was a college man. I felt it as soon as he spoke, for he used that language of efficiency which cows all who are educated.

"T's a nice A. M., ain't it?"

"Yes," I agreed, "it is."

"S'pose you want work?" he suggested.

I admitted that I did.

He then told me how he had started business without a car-ticket, how he had usually worked all night,

how he had scarcely eaten for twenty years and hardly slept for thirty; then he finished by an inquiry into my education.

I stated that I was a Bachelor of Arts.

"That's too bad," he replied, "you should have quit at high-school, it's the only way; come around in the A. M. of the 15th ult. and I'll give yu' a try."

The day I reported for duty proved one of singular bewilderment. I did not know an invoice from an out-curve, nor a filing-cabinet from an anvil.

A strictly uneducated book-keeper tried to teach me how one should balance the ledger. It appeared that it might be necessary to do this at any moment. But our lectures in Political Economy had omitted to mention this important factor of business life, so I decided to join a gymnasium and get my balancing eye in.

Not many days passed before my scholarly ignorance and inefficiency were discovered, and after a rapid resignation I fled northward for the summer. Now I have entered myself for post-graduate work and the degree of Ph. D. Thus I shall qualify to write movie sub-titles and will be forever free of the embarrassment of having to think concretely or sanely.

G—G—G



He: "Who was that beautiful girl I saw you with this afternoon?"

She: "That was my sister."

He: "Really? I hadn't noticed any resemblance."

### How to Lose an Ear

The street car was crowded. I was tired. I was seated. Before me stood an amazon of about thirty, clinging to a strap. Should I surrender my seat? As I said, I was tired. She did not look the least fatigued. If women are to have equal rights with men, why should not men have equal rights with women? And yet I was uncomfortable. With a burst of gallantry I arose.

"Madam," said I, "won't you be seated?"

She smiled at me.

"Young man," she said in a thunderous voice that attracted the attention of every passenger, "Young man, this is splendid of you! This is the sort of thing that makes one believe that the age of chivalry is not dead. I regret that I am unable to accept your offer. I am quite as able to stand as you. You look tired, whereas I am as fresh as a daisy. Moreover, I am getting off here."

She left. Under the burning gaze of a car-full of eyes I turned to sit down. A nondescript individual had slipped into my place and was securely ensconced behind a newspaper.

When they finally pulled us apart it was discovered that he had lost an ear.

G—G—G

'Tis plain to see  
 She loves another.  
 I know because  
 I asked her brother.  
 Another chap  
 Is slyly smiling,  
 On whose lap  
 She sits beguiling.  
 Another chap  
 Fawns on her mother!  
 Yes, it is true,  
 She loves another!  
 Yet on my face  
 No grief you'll see,  
 Which is because  
 The other's me.



**Yvonne:** "He wore my photograph over his heart and it stopped the bullet."

**Anatol:** "I'm not surprised. It would stop a clock."

I have heard (wrote Cardinal James de Vitry in the thirteenth century) of a certain knight who had a tree in his garden upon which two successive wives had hanged themselves. Accordingly a neighbor remarked to him: "That is a very lucky tree of yours! I have a terrible wife (uxorem pessimam). Can't you let me have a cutting from your tree to plant in my own garden?"

A modern, or vaudeville, version of the same wheeze might run as follows:

Rastus: "Brother Jones, Ah heah as how both the wives you done had have cut their throats with a razah."

Sam: "You done heered correct, Rastus."

Rastus: "An' Ah heah they both used the same razah, Brother Jones."

Sam: "That's right, Rastus."

Rastus: "Well, Brother Jones, that suah is a lucky razah. How 'bout you selling it to me?"

G—G—G

**Well, I always told you it was some sort of a patois they talked in Montreal.**

Jeanne paused. I said

"Que voulez-vous?"

She smiled and lisped

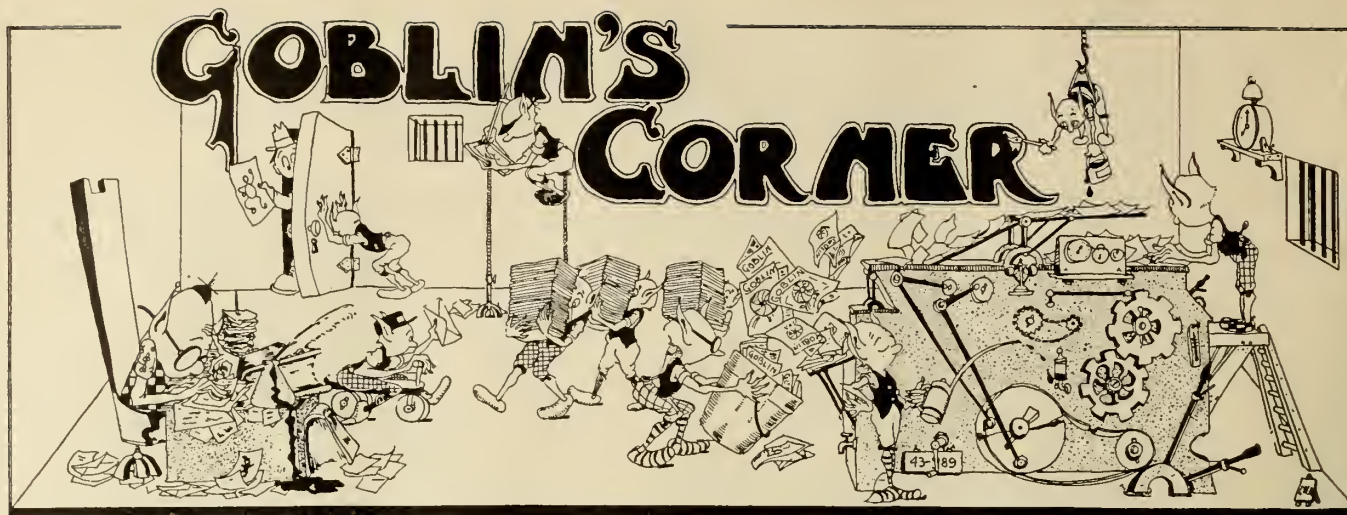
"How nice of you."

I tried again.

"Comme ci, comme ca."

She blushed and shrieked

"I'll tell my ma!"



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## Sure, we read All the Newspapers

—Don't You?

William Lyon McKenzie King at the time of the recent Turkish atrocities perpetrated by the press, showed not only mature judgment in foreign affairs but also a sublime lack of brains. On this point all critics un-animously disagree. As a result of the action which the Cabinet took, this country was disgraced in the eyes of the whole world and raised to a high position among her sister nations. The decision showed the wisdom of a Solomon and a sap, the acumen of a Napoleon and a nut, the high ideals of a Socrates and a sandwich man. In running the risk of plunging the country into a glorious and disgraceful war in the east, "the country in which the sun never sets," the government would have earned for itself everlasting honour and eternal ignominy.

The Turks, that chivalrous race of blackguards, were plundering and were being plundered by the despicable and heroic Greeks. What should Canada have done? With one voice the country shouted,

"Nothing! Everything!" Did the country's leaders obey the will of the people? An answer is not needed.

Almost before word of the crisis had reached Canada, Hon. Mr. Meighen was in Montreal preparing a speech on the subject. Coming immediately to Toronto several days later, he delivered this.

But what had the Premier done in the meantime in between time? He had also delivered a stirring address at Sharon, Ontario, before an agricultural audience of 351.

Each of them was quite clearly to blame for everything you could think of. But who, during the whole period of the crisis, were always in the right? Who were continually half an hour ahead of the times? Who were able to explain everything? Who couldn't go wrong?

Why — the newspaper editors!



## Potage Canadien

### A Suggestion in Economics.

As time goes on it becomes increasingly likely that the Allies will not be able to collect their indemnities from Germany. Something is wrong. To our mind the trouble lies in the fact that the whole thing is regarded in too impersonal a light. Too many people think of the reparations payments as a species of high finance in which they have no interest. Actually Germany owes Canada \$287,000,000. Estimating the population of this country at 10,000,000 that means that each one of us is owed \$28.70.

Our proposal is this: Let everyone collect his own personal account. If there are 60,000,000 people in Germany then each one of them owes us approximately \$4.78. Supposing that every Canadian were furnished with the addresses of six Germans. Then he could bill them in the ordinary way:

"Herr Fritz Doppelstein, Munich, Germany, in account with John Smith, Brantford, Ontario.

To one war . . . . . \$4.78.

Not payable in marks."

Of course, some of the Germans might defer remittance and that would be the signal for the establishment of Canadian collection agencies in Germany. We know a couple of collection agents we would like to send to Germany for this very purpose. They would do well there.

Both the Canadian and German governments should jump at this suggestion because from all we hear of the economic and diplomatic difficulties in the way of collecting the indemnities the task of distributing a complete list of German names and addresses would be as nothing compared to them.

At any rate Canadians would stand just as much chance of collecting from Germany as they do now.



—Drawn for *Goblin* by A. Proctor.

## Fame

"I see by the papers that the notorious Madame X has just been taken by the police for forgery."

"Do you suppose that will end her wicked career?"

"Who knows? She may yet go into the movies."



## Getting Together

The Editorial and Advertising Departments of a daily newspaper join forces with the following result:

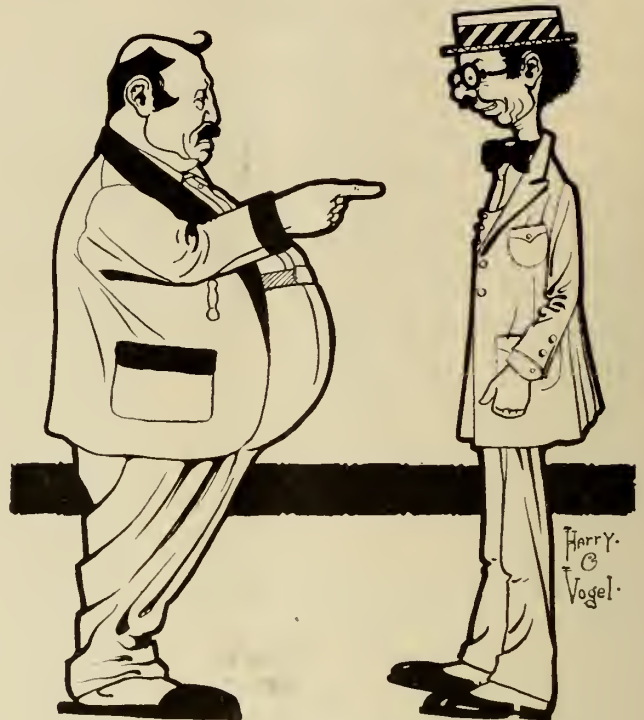
### THIEF SHOT WITH SPIT AND MESSEM

Purse Snatcher Pursued and Killed by Patrolman Joe Spivis who is a Constant User of Happy Dog Foot Ease.

Stepping from her Sput Electric (\$3,000 F.O.B. Akron, fully equipped with one dozen batteries and four wheels) to the side walk (which, although laid in 1907 by the Concrete Bros., Contracting Co., still reveals no sign of deterioration) Mrs. Stupor Van Blow, of the Spendall Apartments (where rentals have been reduced from \$350 to \$345, free air and choice of three temperatures) was entering the exclusive Henna Shop (honest workmanship on false fronts) when a young man struck her with a bludgeon (later identified as having been stolen from the Lead Pipe Plumbing Co., whose slogan is "We Remember Our Tools") and snatched her purse (a beautifully jeweled job sold by Sterling & Sons for \$75) given her recently by Mr. Van Blow (who is opening a new subdivision in Bull Frog Acres, lots \$500 down, with sewer gas and free fishing privileges).

Patrolman Joe Spivis (a daily user of Happy Dog Foot Ease, sold by the Carbolic Drug Co., at 25 cents the package) gave chase. The pursuit led past the clothing store of Fray & Rip (who are holding the most stupendous inventory sale in history), past the new lingerie shop of the Pink Pantie Emporium, where two men left a crowd (engaged in watching a demonstration of the Non-Creak Corset, \$10 up to and including size 40, each additional inch 50 cents) and joined the chase. The thief ran on past the Chicory Coffee Inn (where one of his pursuers stopped to read an attractive menu at popular prices) and crossed through traffic where he nearly was struck by a Silly Six (\$1,875, including round disk wheels and everything) driven by Herman Abdomen, former saloon proprietor (inquire at the office).

Reaching the opposite side of the street (where the Aching Tooth interests expect soon to open another high class candy store) one of Patrolman Spivis' shoes (both of which are equipped with the famous Spring-High rubber heels, sold by the Corn Shoe Co., at 60 cents the pair) tripped on a baby carriage, (now obtainable from the Vener Furniture Co., in one, two and three passenger models) throwing him to the walk (also laid by the Concrete Bros. Contracting Co.).



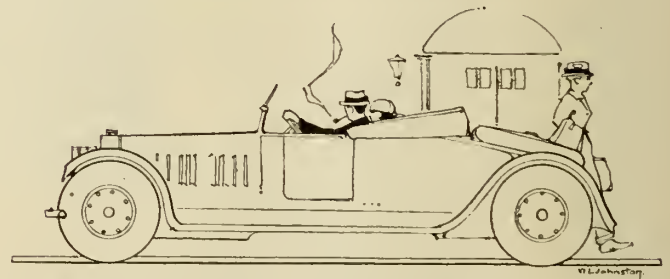
"Do you care for horses?"  
"No, what do you think I am? A stable boy?"

Firing only one shot from his Spit & Mess'em revolver ("Hammer the Handle," sold by Bang Brothers at \$25 for the nickel finish, \$28 for the blued) Patrolman Spivis killed the thief in front of the Cheerful Undertaking Co., (who laid the body out in their usual efficient manner).

—Dudley Carson.

G—G—G

### Speaking of Automobiles



Kings and emperors, princes and lords—  
What are they all when glory has fled?  
Here's to Democracy—rank and blood scorned—  
With only two classes—the quick and the dead.

Florence Jones Hadley.



# GOBLIN



Ethyl: "What in the world are you wearing a straw hat in November for?"  
 Lethyll: "Oh, I'm studying weather conditions."  
 Ethyl: "Studying weather conditions?"  
 Lethyll: "A straw shows which way the wind blows, you know."

G—G—G

### Out of the Mouths of Babes

"What animal," said the teacher of the class in natural history, "makes the nearest approach to man?"  
 "Please, sir, the flea," answered little Bobby Jones.

G—G—G

### Industrial Slogans . . . . . No. 3



"He won't be happy till he gets it."

### Is Your Child Normal?

Recent statistics show that the number of abnormal children in the country is entirely abnormal. Many of them do not know enough "to come in when it rains." Does your child know enough "to come in when it rains?"

Dr. C. Carbutt (who was "crowned" by the president of the French Academy for some of his remarks about the latter's children) has compiled a compendium of tests by which it may be discovered whether or not a child knows enough "to come in when it rains." Try them out and see if your child is normal.

### Tests to ascertain whether (or not) a child knows enough "to come in when it rains."

1. Taking the child by the right hand, lead him into a zoo and pointing to the polar bear say: "There is a zebra." Now count the number of seconds before the little fellow gives you the horse-laugh. The number will be his score. Two is par for this hole.
2. Having placed a five dollar bill in each of your pockets, seat yourself in a Morris chair, and allow the child to climb over you for two minutes. Then count the number of bills left. Par for this hole, three.
3. Ask him if he believes in Santa Claus, fairies, matrimony, prohibition, St. George and the Dragon, a solution to the Irish problem, painless dentistry, racing tips and the League of Nations. Count the "yes's." If he gets under the par of three, he is good. After playing the first three holes of the course you should have a pretty fair idea as to whether (or not) your child is normal.

However if there is still room for doubt one last test is advocated. Holding him suspended by the left heel smite him twice upon the back of the head with the blunt side of a hatchet. Then drop him and if at the end of two days he has not moved you may rest assured that he was normal.

G—G—G

Prof.: "My boy, you should not give up your Greek or Lat.in, a knowledge of them is essential to the correct writing of English."

Harassed Student, who has done time as a cub reporter: "Yes, but what's the use of learning to write English correctly when you read on every wall, 'Space is Scarce, Put a Punch in Every Paragraph!'"



# GOBLIN



HO, BEAU!

G—G—G

## On the New Art of the Theatre

"The Art of the Stage"  
 Is the prevalent rage  
 With Andy, my friend intellectual,  
 He expounds the delights  
 Of first rows and first nights  
 And he finds other joys ineffectual.  
 No use pulling his leg  
 About E. Gordon Craig,  
 He will smile with an air full of sorrow.  
 He will sigh, "What's the use?"  
 And calmly produce  
 Two box seats for the "Follies" tomorrow.  
 Said I, "Andy, my boy,  
 If you find so much joy  
 In pursuit of your objects dramatic,  
 In shows that are musical,  
 Tragic, reviewsical,  
 Comic, burlesque, operatic.  
 Let me in on the game,  
 I would know them by name;  
 I want to know Lewis as 'Teddy,'  
 Learn how Gest got his start,  
 How Jane Cowl learns her part . . . :"  
 He said, "Pat, get your hat, are you ready?"  
 Now I've frolicked and dined,  
 I have danced, I have wined  
 With soubrettes, with the chorus so sweet.  
 Though the gay midnight suppers  
 Put me on my uppers,

I know that my learning's complete.  
 As I wake to the dawn  
 And I find my cash gone  
 I reflect on the "Art" of the Show.  
 But I sadly declaim  
 That the game is the same  
 As the highwayman used long ago.

G—G—G

## Incongruity

Crawling across Yonge Street  
 A load of hay:  
 Its crisp draperies sweep the road all around  
 Like the crinoline  
 Of our grandmother's wedding dress.  
 What is she doing here  
 Among the flappers?

—H. A. Stevenson.

G—G—G

Bystander (to men digging furiously): "Watcha dig-  
 ging for?"

Digger: "Lord, dontcha know? They's a guy buried  
 here under fifteen feet of earth!"

Bystander: "Watcha gonna do with him when you  
 get him out?"

Digger: "Bury him, of course!"

G—G—G



"Some of the members of Parliament at  
 Ottawa drink more than they can stand."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Why, I read the other  
 day in the paper about one member who  
 made a speech from the floor of the House."



# GOBLIN

## Goblin's Calendar for November



By Messrs. Kauffdroppe and Condiment

- 1—W.—All Saints' Day. Methodist Conference puts ban on darning needles, 1926. Shaved scalp craze breaks out among debutantes, 1950.
- 2—Th.—The First Parody written, 540 B.C. First 'Do your Xmas shopping early!' sign appears, 1922.
- 3—F.—Adolphe Sax invents saxophone, 1844; American public discover it, 1916. Mother-in-law joke invented by Cain's wife.
- 4—Sa.—Marriage of William and Mary, 1677. Moving picture audience is silent during orchestra selection, 1920.
- 5—Su.—The Gunpowder Plot, 1605. Elmer Oak, who started repeating, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better," under Dr. Coue in 1919, reaches perfection, 1922.
- 6—M.—Kiwanis Club of North Bay decide on Fair Margin of Profit for merchants for coming year, 1922; outlook for coming year said to be fair—very fair indeed.
- 7—Tu.—Death of last Ford joke, 1921. Work on tower of Babel discontinued owing to foreign labor situation, B.C. 2900.
- 8—W.—Death of John Milton, poet, 1674. Birth of Squoof Dorwaldsen, Nebraskan free verse writer, 1855.
- 9—Th.—Fernandez y Madre, toreador, born, 1775; invents phrase: "It's a great life if you don't weaken." Bobbed hair introduced by Samson, B.C. 1000.
- 10—F.—Mahomet born, 570. Toronto Union Station opened, 1983, as an art gallery.
- 11—Sa.—European War ends, 1918; Fifty-seven popular songs fall into obscurity. Radio concert enunciator without false teeth discovered, 1924; presented with a set.
- 12—Su.—Canadian press declare William Randolph Hearst menace to Humanity, 1906, 1908, 1911, 1914, 1922, 1955.
- 13—M.—Great display of shooting stars over Niagara Falls, 1833. Man attempts to wish himself across English Channel, 1928; falls and breaks his wish-bone.
- 14—Tu.—Pullman company run out of names, 1943. Adolph Tomkins delivers lecture on birth control, Town Hall, Oakville, 1925.
- 15—W.—Halley's Comet, 1682. Quadruplets born to Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Tomkins, Oakville, 1925.
- 16—Th.—Medical student, on opening cupboard door, finds pair of black and white rabbits lost in 1920, 1922; campus over-run with piebald rabbits. Spats appear in large numbers, 1922.
- 17—F.—T. L. Church, M. P., delivers first speech, 1877; invites audience to ride in his go-cart. Song, "Nobody Lied" reaches hand organs, 1929.
- 18—Sa.—Smoking in all forms forbidden by act of Parliament, 1928. University president declares use of toothpicks in public to be vulgar, 1922.
- 19—Su.—Dominion Parliament Buildings go up in smoke, incendiarism suspected, 1928. Cake of Ivory Scap sinks with all hands, 1937.
- 20—M.—Cape of Good Hope rounded by Vasco Da Gama, 1497. J. D. Rockefeller puts first penny in penny bank, 1839.
- 21—Tu.—Coles Phillips draws picture of girl in cotton stockings, 1924. McGill chess team defeat Queen's in grueling contest, 1943.
- 22—W.—Death of Robin Hood, 1247. Pot of paste does not dry up after third day, 1910. Visitor to art gallery knocks arms off Venus de Milo with umbrella, B.C. 45.
- 23—Th.—Traffic policeman is polite to erring motorist, 1912; is discharged from the force. Jackie Coogan begins writing memoirs, 1923.
- 24—F.—Charlie Chaplin plays Hamlet, 1924. University student hangs first pennant on wall of his room, 1844.
- 25—Sa.—First cold weather; open season for chesterfields starts, 1922. Genevieve De Claire, first chorus girl to sing through her nose, born 1840.
- 26—Su.—Santa Claus reaches Nome, Alaska, 1922. 5,798 married couples decide "not to give anything this year," 1922.
- 27—M.—Great storm over British Isles, 1703. Prophets foretell mild winter, hard winter, no winter, coal shortage, peace by Christmas, etc., 1922.
- 28—Tu.—Great strike of 50,000 bootleggers in Ontario ends in failure owing to large number of efficient strike breakers, 1927. Harold Lloyd buys first pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, 1910.
- 29—W.—Telegram arrives at destination with all words correctly spelled, 1909. Firms of Alfred Dunhill and Sasieni go into liquidation owing to entrance into the field of a pipe bearing round heliotrope spot as trade mark, 1924.
- 30—Th.—St. Andrew's Day. 35 newspapers reprint articles used ten years ago about the early Scotch settlers, 1922. Actor in Hollywood accepts offer of drink, 1924; is promptly expelled from the city.



# GOBLIN



**Ignorance:** "What queen used garlic to excess?"  
**Knowledge:** "Queen Street."

G—G—G

Income Tax Official: "And is the separation from your husband an official one?"

Kate: "I dunno about 'official.' All I knows is as when 'e comes to our 'ouse we calls the police an' they chucks 'im out!"

G—G—G

The men who think they are paid as much as they earn could hold a convention in a telephone booth.

## Drama in the New Style

Scene: the Zoological Gardens. The monkey cage.

First Bystander: I tell you, Wallie Reid's got it over Rodolph Valentino like a tent.

Second Ditto: Keep on talkin', you gotta nice voice. I guess you didn' see good ol' Rodolph with Gloria Swanson las' week at th' Odium.

First Bystander: Yes I did, and I'll tell yu what I think of him. I think he looks like that there monkey there. Yes, and Gloria Swanson looks like the other.

Second Ditto: G'wan, I'll give yu a sock in 'e eye! Gee, them monkeys looks ignorant! I wonder if their chatter means anything?

First Bystander: Not on your life. They ain't got brains.

First Monkey: I wonder if those humans are saying anything?

Second Monkey: Not likely.

First Monkey: It's a good thing they keep them behind those bars. They might do a lot of damage if they got loose in here.

G—G—G

"So," sobbed Ilma Vladofffovitchskioffsky, "Ivan Ninespotsky died in battle! You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

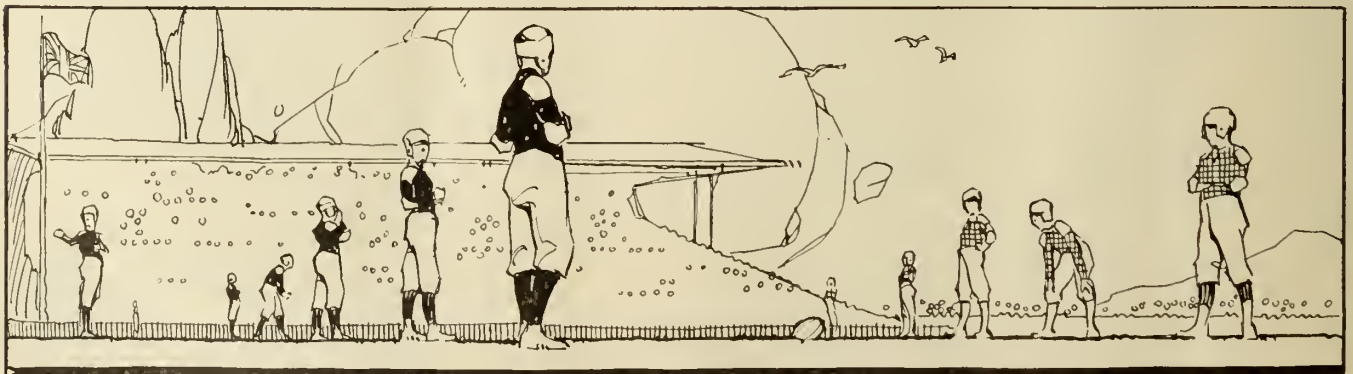
"Part of it, he did his best," replied the returned soldier.

G—G—G

## Mercenary Thought

The silver moonlight on the tombs of kings,  
 The silver radiance of a thousand wings,  
 The silver thoughts of half-forgotten things  
 Won't buy the bliss a silver quarter brings!

G—G—G



"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE MOTHER."

# GOBLIN

## Extra!

"Click" went a Remington,  
 "Zip" went some "copy"  
 To the composing room  
 Busy but sloppy.  
 And the managing ed.  
 Stuck out his head,  
 "News, news, we must have news."

In strolled reporters  
 With stories of lunches,  
 Fires, post-mortems  
 And City Hall hunches.  
 But the managing ed.  
 Still racked his head,  
 "News, news, we want real news."

Up came a yarn  
 Of a big legal suit  
 For a northern pulp mill  
 And a million to boot.  
 Said the managing ed.  
 "The public's fed  
 With this sort of thing. We must have news."  
 Ho! a photographer,  
 Breathless but happy,  
 Came in with a picture  
 Cried, "Here's something snappy."  
 The managing ed.  
 Raised up his head,  
 "News, news, have you got news?"  
 "Yep," said the other,  
 "This girl, it's a fac',  
 Has had Einstein's Theory  
 Tattooed on her back."  
 The managing ed.  
 Stood on his head,  
 "News! news! Hurray, real news!"

## A Botanical Song

Rosae damascenae are red  
 Viola cucullatae are blue,  
 Lilia speciosa are white,  
 Rosemary Menkelberg, I love you.

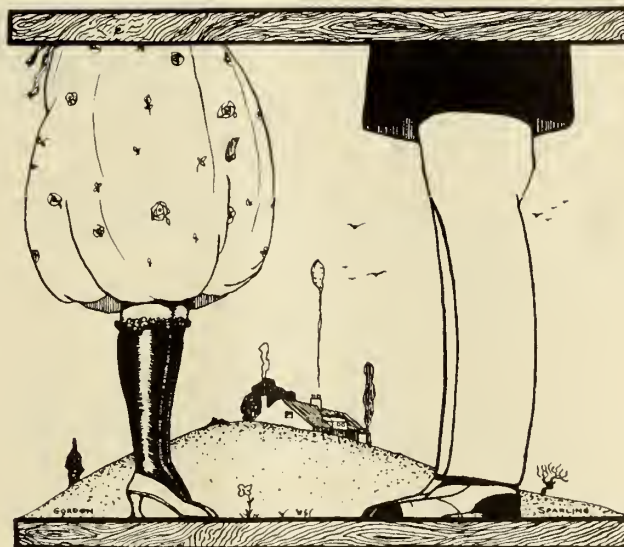
G—G—G

## Do Tell

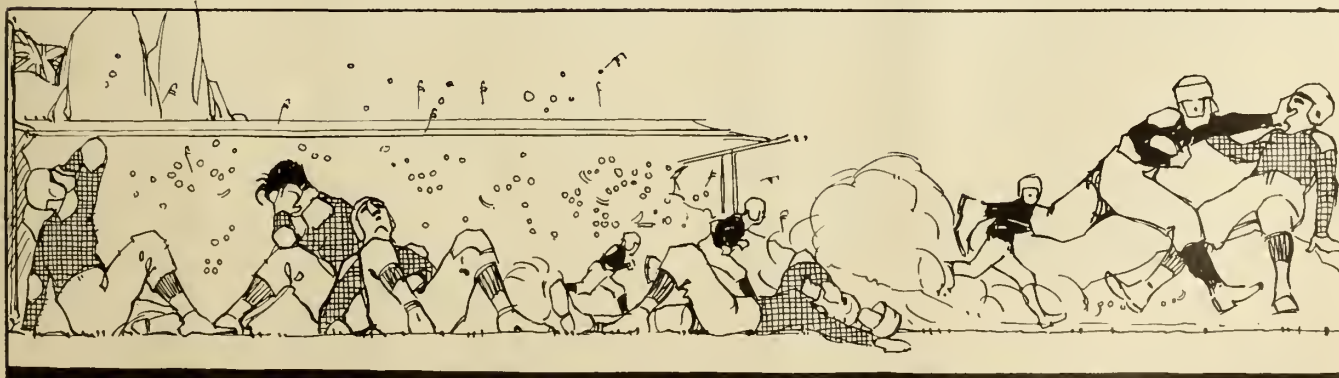
Model Essay for a Toronto Freshman in Arts.  
 Who I am and why I came to college.

I am Percival Aloysius Nobbs III, and I came to college because my father, P. Aloysius Nobbs II, who came to college because his father P. Aloysius Nobbs came to college, came to college. —D. M. Halliday.

G—G—G



"My dog knows as much as I do."  
 "What a blessing he's muzzled."



"WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS PASSED AWAY."

W.L. Johnston



## Away With Them to the Crocodiles!

The thing is very simple. You spot your victim from the clear description given below. You approach and tap him lightly on the shoulder, saying: "Sorry, Old Man (or Madam, as the case may be,) but the nation's crocodilli must be fed and you look to be very suitable food." With a little persuasion, your point is soon won. You beckon to the nearest Nubian slave, hand over the now unresisting victim and pass on to the next. A splash, a cry, and the world becomes a better and a fairer dwelling place. Study the types and commence the work of elimination without delay.

### SPORT

People who hoot when they go in swimming.

The spotty Hebraic gentleman in the bleachers, who hails the football players by name until he makes them look at him—such a look!

The ultra-generous opponent, who takes all the fun out of winning and makes you want to bash his horrible head in.

The camp cooking expert who tries to make scrambled egg from egg powder.

The Judas who didn't bring cheesecloth into the woods "because he wanted to sleep under the stars," and who forces you to share your fly net with him on the hottest night of the summer.

The keen tennis partner in doubles who plays every ball to make sure it is played *right*.

### BUSINESS

Beautiful canvassers for futile publications, who cease to be personal the moment they get your subscription.

Those who really believe in the self-improvement element of business men's luncheons.

The chairman of the Business Man's Club, with his periodical conviction after every luncheon that "I think you'll agree that we've just listened to about the best address that has ever been made to this club."

Live-wire executives with their "who the hell" and "what the hell," their conferences and their cuspidors, their silly slogans on office walls, and their determination to be rewarded as fighters in 1922.

### SOCIETY

Girls who have so many things to shout to people in distant parts of the room that they have no conversation left for their supper partners.

The life of the party (male), who never gets a hand from his own sex.

Owners of wiry bobbed hair that crawls down your throat when you dance with it.

The demonstrators of new dance steps.

The enamoured couple at the picnic who refuse to play with the rest of the party, and who presently disap-

pear through the trees leaving a strange chill in their wake.

Women who don't know whether 2 per cent. is beer or bank interest.

Women who only vary "What do you *mean*" with "I *do* think you're funny."

Cutters-in who combine a thump on the shoulder with a shove to perdition, who say neither "may I" nor "thank you," and who dance away with your partner, whistling nonchalantly.

Religious worshippers of "it isn't done."

Graduates of a certain Girls' School, who all write the same and spell differently.

The Sympathetic Woman who acts as a clearing house for your most sacred confidences.

Women who get their great thoughts from little calendars.

Loud fellows who cry "whoop" at parties and throw paper streamers.

### SOCIETY (Low)

Owners of pinch back suits and lapels that show from the rear.

Owners of gold teeth, neck shaves and yellow buttoned boots.

Men (and women, alas!) who wield a mean toothpick. Particularly men who, in talking to women, feel that a toothpick in one corner of the mouth adds force and virility to their conversation.

People who can't call it a meal without soda biscuits, sweet pickles and a bottle of tomato ketchup on the table.

The gentleman who is still wearing his dress shirt with street clothes a week after the night of the party.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Preachers of jazz sermons, particularly the efficient church filler, who first thinks of featuring the radio.

People who cultivate the habit of happiness so aggressively that they make everyone near them entirely self-conscious and miserable.

The woman who considers a dirty look sufficient reward for the tired business man's seat in the street car.

Terrifically pure people who "retire," but never, never go to bed.

Parents who refer to their brats as "kiddies" or "little ones."

Visitors who try to put you at your ease in your own home.

Female Bohemians who think they prove their point with rained-on hair, flat chests, wrinkled stockings, and egg on the dressing gown.

—Langlois Lefroy.



## All the World Loves a Lover

And all the world over it is the custom of lovers to seek for their loved ones the best that money can buy in the sweets of the earth.

That is why, even in far-off Japan, as in Canada, when lovers keep their tryst beneath the moon, you will find a box of NEILSON'S Chocolates nearby.

The finest fruits and nuts, gathered from the ends of the earth, the richest creams and caramels, the smoothest chocolate, go into NEILSON'S. No gift of sweetmeats brings such rare delight as

# Neilson's

*"The Chocolates that are Different"*





**IT'S ALRIGHT!!**  
**HE'S JUST GOT**  
**THAT**  
*Forsyth*  
**FEELING!**

He's wearing a "Forsyth" Shirt for the very first time. Consequently he's having his first taste of real shirt comfort. Sleeves just the proper length, neckband just right, and an easy fitting body, allowing absolute freedom of movement and yet retaining its smart appearance.

Really, you can't blame him for not wanting to wear his coat, even though it is a bit chilly.

It feels right, it looks right, it IS right, and it's fully guaranteed by

**John Forsyth**  
*of Kitchener, Ont.*

**"THEY FIT BECAUSE WE MAKE THEM."**

### Little Anecdotes of a Great Monarch

(After the manner of our best historians)

King Alfred the Great was renowned for his keen wit. It is related that once, to test his repartee, one of his courtiers remarked, midst the silence and attention of the entire court: "Your Majesty, it is raining."

Titters ran through the court, as the knights and ladies prepared to have a hearty laugh at the King's expense. But the King turned the tables on them, as is witnessed by his sparkling reply:

"Not so you could notice it."

The same king was also well known for executive ability and his capabilities for lightning decisions. His subjects loved to relate how once when the entire nation was waiting breathlessly for news from a crucial battle, a messenger staggered blood-stained and panting into the royal presence and delivered an urgent call for reserves.

All eyes were on the king, everyone realizing the tremendous import of the decision that must be made, to send reserves and risk the capital, or save the capital and risk defeat. The king pondered, and then spoke:

"Go take a shower," he said, while a wave of admiration swept the throng.

—Chaparral.

G—G—G

"I'm nobody's fool," she declared.

"Be mine," he offered generously.

—Tiger.

### That's Right

Attorney—"And where did you see him milking the cow?"

Witness—"A little past the center, sir."

—Gargoyle.

G—G—G

### Silence Is Golden

Girls do not like to be reminded of some things.

A prominent suffragette from New York was trying to interest the two upper classes of a well-known boarding school in things political.

"You young women," she exhorted, "should bear in mind that your votes are needed at the polls, that your influence and leadership are invaluable."

"Really, girls," she continued, "with each one of you more often than you realize there rests a chance of a very good party."

She was not invited to stay for dinner.

—Tiger.

G—G—G

"I say, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the floor this morning?"

"Yes, suh. Thank you, suh."

—Brown Jug.



"Do you play bridge?" she asked as they stopped  
before the swollen brook. —*Williams Purple Cow.*

G—G—G

**Social Science**

She was a charming maiden, of manner debonair,  
With such a sweet and winsome face, and most expensive  
hair.

To see her was to love her, if the party was select,  
And the chaperon was occupied, and the setting quite  
correct.

I fell hard for this lady, she surely knocked me dead.  
In fact, quite absent-mindedly, I completely lost my  
head.

But scarce were we acquainted, when came the time to  
part,  
And she took with her to lands afar, my broken, bleed-  
ing heart.

So soon I wrote a letter, replete with words of love,  
Wherein I pulled that good old stuff, "my little turtle  
dove."

An answer came back promptly, and my heart was  
filled with joy,

For it started quite emphatically with, "Dearest, dearest  
boy."

I read with deep emotion, and tears welled in my eyes,  
But when I reached the finish, ye gods, what a surprise!  
For where she should have written, "Love from your  
very own,"

She had, "In your reply refer to File X-61."

Although this phrase was startling, surprise was turned  
to hate,

When roomie got a letter, "Refer to File B-8."  
I wouldn't care much generally, for I've had jars a-  
plenty,

But she might at least have listed me among the leading  
twenty. —*Cornell Widow.*

G—G—G

**Classified**

"De no've o' dat guy," complained Jimmy, the of-  
fice boy, "offerin' me six dollars a week. What's he  
tink I am—college graduate?" —*N.Y. College Mercury.*

G—G—G

**"Say it with Flowers"**

There is sentiment in Flowers.  
that the recipient appreciates.

*Dunlop's*  
Limited

8 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Canada

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST AND  
QUALITY THE BEST.

**PURE JAEGER WOOL**

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

For Men, Women and Children

|            |                |
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| SWEATERS   | BATHING SUITS  |
| GOLF HOSE  | HOSIERY        |
| OVERCOATS  | GLOVES         |
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| WAISTCOATS | UNDERWEAR      |
| SCARVES    | SLIPPERS       |

Blankets, Travelling or Motor Rugs, Sleeping  
Bags and numerous novelties of finest pure  
wool.

Catalogue mailed free upon application.

**"The Jaeger Shops"**

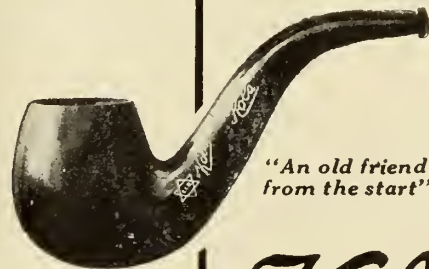
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**MILTON'S LIMITED**

84 Yonge St.  
At King

707 Yonge St.  
At Bloor

They  
Are  
Good  
Lookers  
Too!



"An old friend  
from the start"

*Kola*

Price:

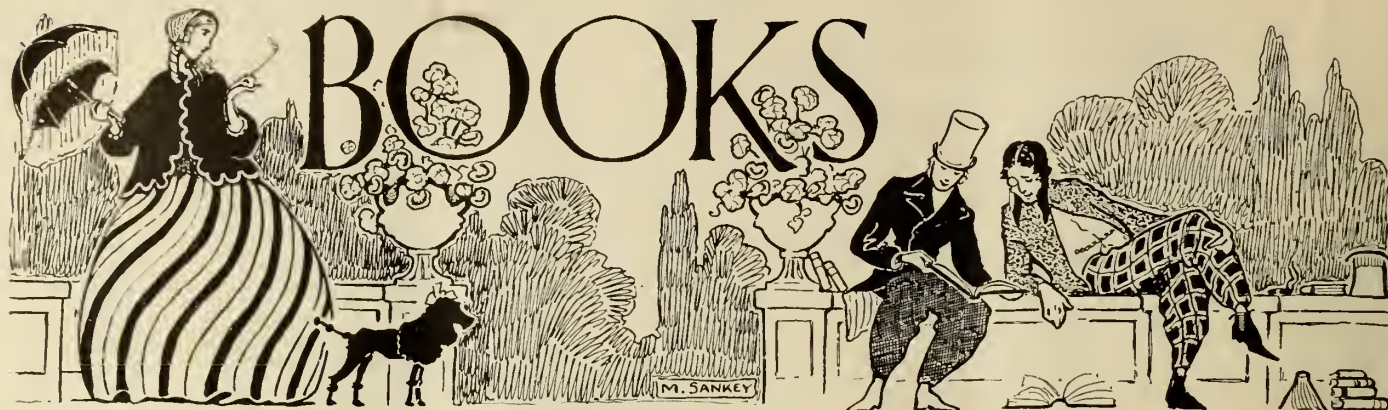
*Kola Standard  
or Kola Krust*

**One Dollar**

Not only selected quality  
briar root bowls but beauti-  
ful stylish shapes as well,  
designed by the world's fin-  
est pipe craftsmen, and a  
mellow, rich "Kola" color  
that you will never get with  
any other pipe.

They smoke as good as they  
look.

*At all good tobac-  
conists in all shapes  
and sizes.*



**DON RODRIGUEZ: CHRONICLES OF SHADOW VALLEY**—By Lord Dunsany. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, Publishers. \$2.00.

Of Don Rodriguez Trinidad Fernandez Concepcion Henrique Maria—Lord of Arguento and Duke of Shadow Valleys—and the crude and earthy Morano, his faithful servant, of the adventures that befell them, how they came to the House of Wonder, how they travelled far, how they won a Castle in Spain and came at last to rest. A tale of mystery and imagination, a tale of moonlight and enchantment, of quick thrusts of the sword and soft melodies played on a mandolin under balconies.

Dunsany has woven the monstrous and the beautiful, the humorous and the philosophical into a fairy tale of such rich and delicate texture that it has a right to stand with the Arabian Nights and the haunting yarns of Edgar Allan Poe.

In no land but in Spain and in no time but in the Golden Age (whenever that was), could these adventures have taken place.

It would be a good book to read to adults were not adults too old these days for myths, and a good book to read to children were it not a bad thing to fill the minds of the young with unrealities. But to those who are neither adult nor child, but a little of both, it will be a source of joy and a book to treasure while they remain so.

**BABBITT**—By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

On the reputation which "Main Street" brought him, Sinclair Lewis could have taken to writing Pansy Books or Robert W. Service ballads and still sold his work to an eager and palpitant public.

However, he didn't. "Babbitt" is good, a cynical and painstaking inquiry into the life of a modern American business man.

George F. Babbitt is a real estate agent (or, as he prefers to be called, a "realtor") in Zenith, a city of 300,000. He is virtuous. He praises both prohibition and the laws against motor-speeding and obeys neither; he cheats only when such

actions are "sanctified by precedent." He is "live"; he belongs to the Boosters' club and the Zenith Athletic club; he reads the *American Magazine* and believes that something called "vision" is the "key" to business success. He makes six to eight thousand a year, is somewhat of a toady and is convinced of the wickedness of labor unions.

"All labor agitators who try to force men to belong to a union," he says, "should be hanged. There oughtn't to be any unions allowed at all; and as it's the best way of fighting the unions, every business man ought to belong to an employers' association and to the Chamber of Commerce. In union there is strength. So any selfish hog who doesn't join the Chamber of Commerce ought to be forced to."

When Babbitt comes to some realization of the vapidness of his life—oh, read the story for yourself!

**THE IMAGINARY MARRIAGE**—By H. St. John Cooper. Toronto: Musson Book Co., Ltd., Publishers. \$2.00.

This is really too bad! Our review of "The Garden of Memories" by the same author should have been a warning. But now he has done it again. "The Imaginary Marriage" is just the slightest shade worse. We found it difficult to finish. The following quotation from page two may shed some light on the subject:

"Don't talk to me, Miss!" her ladyship said to the silent girl.

"I know what is best for you; and I know, too, what you don't think I know—ha, ha!" Her ladyship laughed terribly. "I know that you have been meeting that worthless young scamp, Tom Arundel!"

"Oh, aunt, he is not worthless—"

"Financially he isn't worth a sou—and that's what I mean, and don't interrupt. I am your guardian, . . . ." etc., etc. Pretty, but is it Art?

**WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS**—By Christopher Morley. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, Publishers. \$1.75.

An amusing allegory, a satire without venom and a delightful fairy tale. Although totally different from anything

Christopher Morley (or anyone else for that matter) has ever attempted, still it has the unmistakable atmosphere of that writer's philosophising. There is beauty, wit and charm, of adventure with enough philosophy and questioning for the afternoon tea hour. Passages of it are poetry.

The exploits of that blithe creature, Gissing, are often pathetic, more often amusing but always refreshingly irresponsible. He is a dog in a world of dogs. He is possessed of a naive curiosity. The location of that distant and elusive land where the blue begins is the object of his questing. His magnificent search, through domesticity, through business and across the blue seas is the theme of the novel.

By his choice of allegory the author has avoided the difficulties of complication of character. The figures in the story have the spiritual aspects of men with the simplicity of dogs. Altogether, it is a charming book.

G—G—G

MY NORTHERN EXPOSURE—*By Walter E. Traprock.* Toronto: The Ryerson Press, Publishers. \$2.50.

Captain Traprock will be remembered by many friends as the intrepid navigator who, some two years ago, in command of the *Kawa*, discovered and explored the Filbert Islands.

It had been supposed that on her return from that voyage the *Kawa* went into drydock, but such was not the case. In her Captain Traprock made another voyage, this time to the North Pole. Surely the name of Walter E. Traprock will be ranked by historians with those of Peary, Amundsen and Will Rogers, for "My Northern Exposure" marks him as an explorer of consequence.

The expedition led by Captain Traprock was sent out at the  
*Continued on Page 36.*

# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT

# CIGARETTES



"Greatest Value in the World"

Package of 10 ~ 20¢  
" " 20 ~ 35¢  
Enamel Tin " 50 ~ 90¢  
" " " 100 ~ \$1.75

## Have You Read

The Sky Line of Spruce

*By Edison Marshall*

In this splendid new story of adventure, Edison Marshall depicts the wilderness of British Columbia and its life with the same sure touch that won for him the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story of 1921. THE NEW YORK TIMES says of "The Sky Line of Spruce": "There is no lack of thrilling episodes. A wild canoe ride down the rapids of the Yuga River, a titanic battle with a huge grizzly, and other fights with even more savage human enemies, these, together with the remarkable exploits of Fenris, the wolf, cannot fail to make the reader's pulse beat faster."

The Man Who Lived in a Shoe

*By Henry James Forman*

This entrancing romance is sure to appeal to all who liked "Daddy Long Legs" and similar human-interest stories. MAY SINCLAIR says "The Man Who Lived in a Shoe" gave me great pleasure. I feel the charm of such a book and I think it is very beautifully done. Alicia is enchanting and so is Uncle Ranny. I simply loved them." THE PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER says: "There is a flavor of William J. Locke in this new novel. It is indeed a story that will make a multitude of friends."

\$2.00 Per Copy at Your Bookseller

**Longmans Green & Co.**  
PUBLISHERS  
210 Victoria St. Toronto

## Buy These Now for Christmas

Three fresh new books to suit different classes of your friends. See them at your booksellers'

**Jeffery Farnol. PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS**

Here is the period of "The Broad Highway," some of the same characters and a good deal of the same style, in a rollicking novel which you will want to finish before you go to sleep. Mighty good for a Christmas gift for either Uncle Jim or the girl around the corner. \$2.00.

**Ridgwell Cullam. THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT**

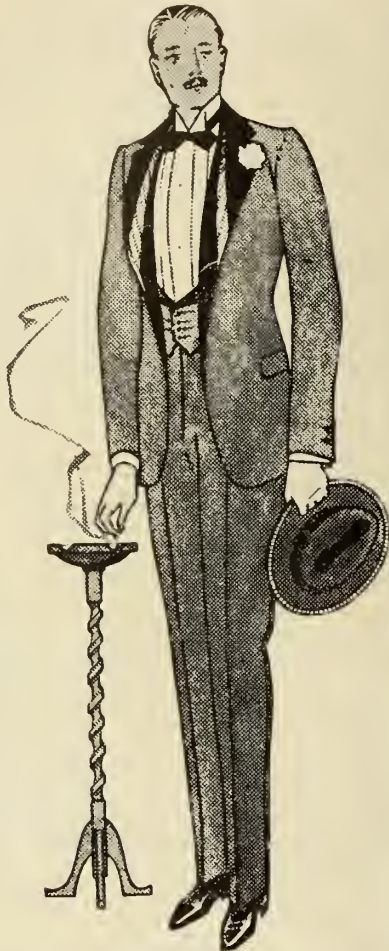
The Canadian pulp industry, a new theme, is covered in this novel of thrills and human interest, with adventure, passion and romance to add spice to the recipe. \$2.00.

**Hector Malot. NOBODY'S GIRL**

A book of a different type, this, a French classic—not of the Daudet Maupassant type—but one of those delightful, appealing romances which sisters, little and big, and appreciative wives enjoy. \$2.00.

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PUBLISHERS TORONTO

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the clothes he wears."



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LIMITED**

We can fit you  
to perfection  
with the smart-  
est of evening  
dress suits.

Special Values,  
\$52.50 to \$65.

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and FURNISHINGS**

28 KING STREET WEST

### In The Shade

I'm not a local merchant

With prices out of sight;

Nor yet a union plumber.

(Their methods are a fright.)

I sell no ice cream sundaes;

I scorn that pirate clan.

Please know I'm none of these, but  
just

A respectable hold-up man.

—Cornell Widow.

Prof.: "Where do you get mer-  
cury?"

Stude: "From H. G. Wells."

—Ski-U-Mah.

G—G—G



HE:—"Did you see me put that ball  
right in the basket?"

SHE:—"Yes, but it went right  
through . . . if you want me to, I'll  
sew a bottom on it for you."

—Voo Doo.

G G—G

"The wicked man used to have  
cloven feet."

"And now?"

"He has a cloven breath."

—Cracker.

## The Queen's

TORONTO

Canada's Distinctive Hotel.

A Home when away  
from Home.

Comfort and Refinement  
Combined with  
Moderate Charges.

### New Adam Room

Sorority and Fraternity  
Teas, Dinners and  
Supper Dances

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For  
**MEN**



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determining  
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popularity of  
Dack's Shoes.**

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FOR OVER 100 YEARS

73 W. KING ST. TORONTO

Branches:

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Windsor Arcade Bldg., Montreal

### Slam!

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Thorpe,"  
drawled the fashionable youth, "that  
I forgot your party last Friday night."

"Oh," remarked Miss Thorpe in-  
nocently, "weren't you there?"

—Lehigh Burr.

## Miss Edna Hinch

Teacher of Modern  
Dancing

PRIVATE LESSONS ONLY

STUDIO:

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Phone: Coll. 37

## Fall, 1922

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Dear Sir:

We are showing a beautiful range of WOOLENS for Fall and Winter wear. We carry in stock only first-class material, use good trimmings and have all garments well made.

A call from you would be appreciated.

Sincerely yours,  
BERKINSHAW & COLLIER  
Merchant Tailors.

Phone:  
Main 1499

### A Nursery Rhyme For The Practical Mind

The rub-a-dub trio of men in a tub  
Were a curious close combination.  
Were they close to success? Nay,  
alas, there's the rub,  
They were close to commercial crea-  
tion.

You see, it was summer, and each was  
a drummer

Of very thick red woolen undies.  
They could not make a sale by ap-  
pointment or mail

In a couple of decades of Sundays.  
With much S.O.S. of financial distress  
They floated through shallows and  
channels,

For what could be dumber than drum-  
mers in summer

Of very thick red winter flannels?  
—Lampoon.

G—G—G

Father to co-ed (after examining  
his expense account): Do you think  
silk stockings are absolutely necessary?

Daughter: Certainly—up to a  
certain point.  
—Humbug.

### YOU READ GOBLIN

Because you seek the best  
humor of the day.

IF you are equally zealous  
in your search of nourishing,  
well-cooked food you will  
patronize

### Goblin Restaurant

For amusement read Goblin,  
for your well-being patron-  
ize Goblin.

"The College Man's Rendezvous"

472 Spadina Ave.,  
Just Below College



At  
Hart House  
Tuck  
and most  
good shops

# M'LAUGHLIN'S GINGER ALE

Census Taker: How many children  
have you, Madam?

Madam: Four.

Census Taker: All together?

Madam: No, one at a time.—

—Jester.

G—G—G

"So you've sold out three dozen  
pairs of garters since morning?" cried  
the lady customer. "I don't see where  
they all go to."

"Neither do I," blushed the male  
clerk.  
—Whirlwind.

G—G—G

### Unanimous

Judge: "What brought you here?"

Prisoner: "Two policemen."

Judge: "Drunk, I suppose?"

Prisoner: "Yes, both of them."

—New York Times.

ALL RIGHT, fellows,  
come on! See these Walk-  
Over Brogues at a price  
that can't be beat!

Scotch  
Grain  
\$8.50



## Walk-Over

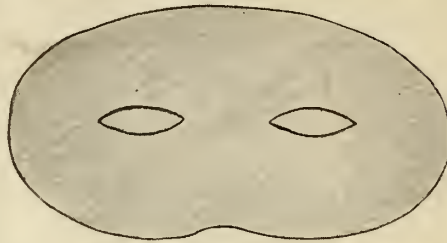
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*Hunt's*  
THE BETTER KIND

## Candies and Ice Cream

5 Toronto Stores

King Edward Hotel  
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Hire or Purchase

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One Block South of Bloor

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Open Sundays College 5691

Rooms Available for Ban-  
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Merchant Tailor

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Main  
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## Whitborne Inn

169 COLLEGE STREET (Two Doors West of McCaul)

Phone; College 9354



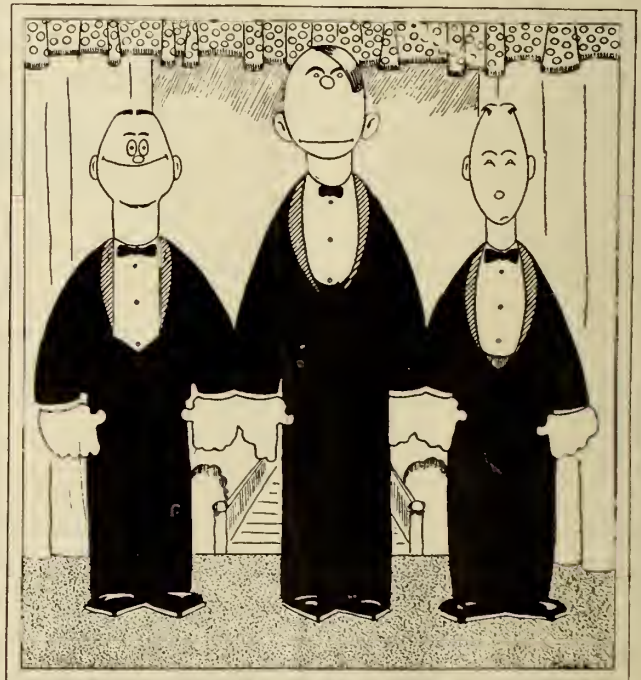
The handiest rendezvous in Toronto; just  
across the street from the University, and  
half way between the residential and shop-  
ping districts of the city.

|          |                            |
|----------|----------------------------|
| LUNCHEON | 12.00 to 2.00, — 35 & 50c. |
| TEA      | 3.00 to 5.00, — a la carte |
| DINNER   | 5.30 to 7.00, — 40 & 65c.  |

Nurse—"Well, it's a girl."  
Father (with keen foresight)—"And I just sold the porch  
swing this morning."

—Mugwump.

G G G



1st Roomie—"What would you do if you caught another  
fellow kissing your fiancée?"  
2nd Ditto—"I'd knock the devil out of him."  
1st Roomie (absently)—"That's what I told Jack."

—Tiger.

## KNITTED GARMENTS

have much more of style and character when they are

### Knit By Hand

Hand-knitting is our speciality. Let our staff of experts knit that garment you have in mind. Or, if you prefer to knit it yourself, select the material from our complete range of

### Monarch Yarns

Full instructions in knitting any style, free to customers.

Also Monarch Knitting Instruction Book No. 10—80 pages showing the latest styles of hand-knit garments and novelties with full instructions, only 25 cents.

See our large selection of Ladies' and Men's Wool and Silk Hosiery from the best makers.

**Jeane Duncan Yarn Shoppe**  
235 Yonge St., Toronto

### Hard Times

Boarder: "My landlady is going to raise my rent."

Bored: "Well, that's more than you have ever been able to do."

—Frivol.

G—G—G

Inebriated Gentleman:—"Shay, d'juh know they was Chevrolets in Chicago?"

Second Inebriated Gentleman: "Sh'lie! S'only one!"

—Ex.



Three Schools  
in One



DANCING  
ART  
DRAMATIC



*Special Rates to Students*

Mosher  
School of Dancing  
Related Arts

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### TORONTO

"Close to Everything"

The students of Toronto will find here arrangements and facilities charming in every detail for

**Class and Society Functions**  
of all kinds

Every evening (except Sunday) from 10 to 1 o'clock the

## SUPPER DANCE

provides the most delightful recreation in an atmosphere wholesome and refined

Music specially arranged for the new  
**KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA**

ROLAND TODD - - - DIRECTOR

GEO. H. O'NEIL  
Gen. Manager



L. S. MULDOON }  
E. R. PITCHER } Managers

He was a coal-black negro on trial for making whiskey.

"What's your name?" asked the judge.

"Joshua."

"Are you the Joshua that made the sun stop?"

"No, suh, yo'h Honah; I'se de Joshua dat made de moonshine."

—Dodo.

Ole: "Tillie, will ye marry me?"

Tillie: "Yaas, Ole."

A long, deadening silence falls. Finally, it is broken.

Tillie: "Vy don't you say something, Ole?"

Ole: "Vell, I tink Oi say too muche already!"

—The Sour Owl.

## On Cold November Days



Is felt additional need of sustaining, nourishing foods.

Peanut butter, besides being unsurpassed with respect to its tissue-building qualities, has a zest and a delicacy of flavour which commends it to everybody.

When the children come in from a buffet with a north-west gale, let them have peanut butter on their bread; they will love it and, besides, you will have the assurance that they could eat nothing better.

Remember! MacLaren's is the superior brand.

### MacLaren - Wright, Limited

Toronto, Canada

#### Insinuation

Contrib: "Who's that girl our staff artist is out with?"

Dumbbell: "That's another of his bad drawings."

—Frivol.

#### Financial Note

"I see a ship went down with several millions in gold — some catastrophe!"

"Yeh—regular sinking fund!"

—Record.



## ARROW SHIRTS

THE neckbands will not shrink—the sleeves come in the length you want—the patterns and fabrics reflect fashion's smartest tendency, and the make is of the highest class.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. of CANADA, LIMITED



### Down to Business

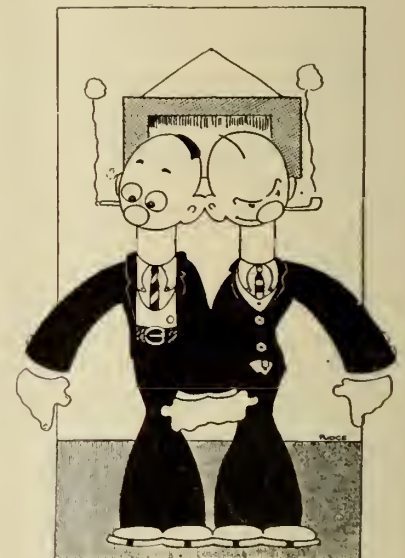
Vacation behind you, the cobwebs gone and ready to do some clear thinking.

Make the year one of real progress with something to show at the end.

Set aside a definite amount monthly. \$10 at 6% will amount in ten years to \$1,612.22. \$25 a month to \$4,030.55, \$100 a month to \$16,122.22. Build up an estate by regular investing.

*Securities of the most dependable type may be procured in amounts ranging from \$50 upwards.*

**A-E-AMES & CO**  
DEPENDABLE INVESTMENTS — ESTABLISHED 1889  
MONTREAL TORONTO NEW YORK  
VICTORIA, B.C. CHICAGO, ILL.



Tut—"Lew Tilden plays the piano in the third act."

Fut—"How strange! I thought he played a valet."

—Tiger.

G-G-G

Teacher: Who can tell me what a postoffice is?

Johnny: A place where a Scotchman fills his fountain pen.

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.



Store:  
Main 6862

Tea Room:  
Main 2473

## BINGHAM'S —LIMITED—

146 Yonge Street

Noon Luncheon  
11.30—2 p. m.

Afternoon Teas  
2.30—5 p. m.

Evening Dinner  
5.00—7.30 p. m.

Makers of  
"Polly-Anna Chocolates"  
"The Glad Candies"

Sunday School teacher: "And Nebuchadnezzar was in the midst of his riotous orgy, when, looking up, he saw the handwriting on the wall. Now can any of you little girls and boys tell me what words he saw?"

Bright one: "Watch your coat and hat."  
—Phoenix.

G—G—G

"So brother Jack is dead;  
That is a pity.  
I trust his funeral  
Will be pretty."  
—Jack-O-Lantern.

## Are You From HURON?

Do you think of this county as your own, your native land? If you do, every week you will enjoy reading the news from home. Keep in touch with the old associations.

Read

## THE SIGNAL

and follow the activities recorded in its pages from week to week.

"The Signal is a conspicuous success," writes an Old Huron Boy now living in Toronto. "We are delighted with every issue which we receive every Saturday morning with remarkable promptness."

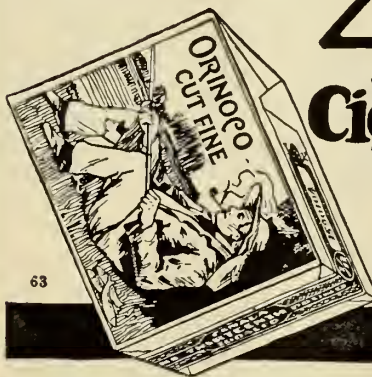
Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. To United States, \$2.00 per year.

The Signal Printing Co., Limited  
Athol McQuarrie, Managing Editor

## You're as clever as the other fellow ~

He "Rolls his own" with ORINOCO. He learned the knack with a little practice ~ So can you ..... You'll save money and you'll get a better cigarette ..... ORINOCO is the best southern grown Virginia tobacco. Freshly rolled in a cigarette it is at its best ~ Try it

## Roll your own with ORINOCO ~It's easy



# 43 Cigarettes for 15¢

Since prohibition the nineteenth hole has now degenerated into the missing link.

—Lampoon.

G—G—G

"Well, Margaret is engaged."  
"Who's the happy man?"  
"Her father." — Columbia Jester.

Well, Hardly Ever

Lady of the House—"The milk you left this morning was sour, Mr. Jones."

Aggrieved Dairyman—"There you are, Mum! If there's any complaint the poor milkman soon hears of it; but you never tell 'im when the milk ain't sour, do yer?" —Punch.

Society  
Brand



"Society Brand"  
Clothes  
\$25 to \$60.  
Guaranteed Haberdashery from  
the World's Best  
Makers.

## LEADERSHIP

is the tribute Toronto men pay to the Dunfield store; to its clothing; its furnishings. This leadership has never been so clearly demonstrated as now in the sterling character of our fall and winter stocks. No well-dressed man or young man can choose a better shop for his style headquarters.

**Dunfield's**  
TORONTO'S GREATEST STORE FOR MEN

102 Yonge Street

He—Dear, if I can't return for dinner, I shall send you a note.

She—Do not bother yourself; I have already found the note in your inside pocket. —Widow.

Deb—Have you read "The Beginning of Wisdom"?

Sub-deb—Nope; sounds like a waste of time after attending two college house parties. —Lord Jeff.

**Always Delicious**  
**Always Refreshing**

**"SALADA"**

**TEA**

**Sold in sealed aluminum packets only**  
**Never in Bulk.**  
**BLACK-GREEN-MIXED**

H287

### Pages From a Summer Diary

- July 1. Arrived at Glenwood Springs.  
July 2. Played golf. . . . Met Marie.  
July 3. Played golf with Marie.  
July 4. Danced with Marie.  
July 5. Kissed Marie.  
July 6. Played golf alone. . . . Met Jane.  
July 7. Tea with Jane.  
July 8. Sailed with Jane.  
July 9. Kissed Jane.  
July 10. Golf alone. . . . Met Suzanne.  
July 11. Golf with Suzanne.  
July 12. Tea with Suzanne.  
July 13. Danced with Suzanne.  
July 14. Sailed with Suzanne. . . .  
.. But, I couldn't kiss Suzanne and the whole darned vacation was ruined!!!  
—Jack-o-Lantern.

G—G—G

OUR IDEA OF ULTRA-MODERNISM  
Cutting in on a petting party.  
—Purple Cow.



Smart double-breasted model.



Long line sack. Extra trousers at slight additional cost.



Norfolk sport model. Extra trousers at slight additional cost.

ONE PRICE  
\$24  
To Measure

No matter what fabric  
or style you want—

## Tip Top Tailors have it \$24 Made-to-Order

Tip Top Clothes are designed by men closely in touch with the latest style ideas. Every Tip Top store is a style headquarters for men who want **THE NEW STYLES WHEN THEY ARE NEW**—made to measure.

Considering fabric for fabric, style for style, fit for fit, Tip Top Clothes are genuine economy from every point of view. We do not believe values such as we offer in these new Fall Suits and Overcoats can be equalled anywhere else in Canada for less than \$35 or \$40.

Men like the way we do business—the same price all the time. Not one to-day and another to-morrow—\$24.00 is our standard price. We back up every purchase; if there's dissatisfaction after purchasing, we'll refund your money.

Men's Suits — Topcoats — Evening  
Clothes — Ladies' Man-Tailored  
Topcoats — All Made to Measure — All \$24.

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A Chain of One-Price Stores From Coast to Coast

Toronto Store

245 Yonge Street



Big, roomy ulster for the coldest weather.



Half-belted model, with convertible storm collar.



Double-breasted Town Ulster that's "different."



The light that says: "There it is"

**EVEREADY**  
FLASHLIGHTS  
& BATTERIES

### Books Continued

instance of the Explorers' Union, whose headquarters are at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It included representatives of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Lucy Stone League, the Dutch Treat Club of New York, the National Geographic Society, the New Bedford Chamber of Commerce, and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.

The history of the affairs de coeur of the Captain and his followers with the fair ladies of the frozen north has only been equalled by the record of their previous conquests in the Filberts.

But affairs of the heart were not the only interests which engaged the attention of the expedition. Far from it. The geological, anthropological and otherwise scientific discoveries of the little band were of a nature formerly undreamed of by scientists.

Joe de Pencier says "My Northern Exposure" is "most ridiculous." It is, and very amusing, too.

Incidentally, its value is increased greatly by the really fine series of double exposure and otherwise faked photographs with which it is illustrated.

**MILLIONS**—By Ernest Poole. Toronto: The Mac-Millan Company, Publishers. \$2.00.

Mr. Poole has conceived an original situation. Madge Cable, a thirty-two year old cashier in a small town store, is called to the bed-side of her brother in New York. During his life he has paid practically no attention to her. Now that

he is at the point of death she is faced with the prospect of inheriting a fortune from him.

The elapsed time from the beginning to end of the story is only a few days, the period of her brother's illness. Time enough, however, for a group of eager relatives to gather, uncommonly and unwittingly like vultures, about the prostrate man. The author's delineation of the mixed emotions of these righteous people, who felt bound to pray for the patient's recovery and who yet inwardly hoped that the pliant, soft-hearted Madge might inherit his money, is superficial but convincing as far as it goes.

Mr. Poole is particularly to be complimented on the restraint of his conclusion. It would have been so easy to give the book one of those hyper-conventional, sugar-coated endings which are as common in current fiction as murders in Chicago.

**CRYDER OF THE BIG WOODS** — By George C. Shedd. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, Ltd., Publishers. \$1.75.

"Cryder of the Big Woods" came as a surprise. There is much more to it than the title might suggest. It is a cracking good story, written with strength and sincerity and a nice choice of words. The hero, Dr. Cryder, brilliant and egotistical, is the big man in Kettle Creek. His self-esteem is shaken by his rejection at the hands of the attractive Frances Huff. He sides with the villagers in what he realizes is a hopeless battle for their timber rights against the powerful neighboring lumber company. It is in the struggle that he reveals himself for what he is worth and vindicates himself in the eyes of the girl.

(Continued on Page 38)



The Herald  
has something  
to say.

Listen to Him!

“Know all ye who are buyers of  
chocolates that  
**The Gold Box**  
is the best that can be obtained”

THE GOLD BOX represents the epitome of perfection, the acme of excellence, every superlative quality that chocolates can possess.

When choosing a box of chocolates its selection is merely a matter of course—and a matter of good taste.

*The* **Patterson Candy Co.** *Limited*



**"I love you, Sweet Angeline"  
and  
"Hot Lips"**

are both on Columbia Record A-3676. These are only two of the many fascinating dance records in the November Columbia list.

Don't let another day go past without having your dealer play some of these records for you:

**Dance Music**

- |  |          |
|--|----------|
| Early in the Morning and Dixie Highway—Fox-Trots. Ray Miller and His Orchestra.                                    | } A-3690 |
| Tricks and Are You Playing Fair—Fox-Trots. Eddie Elkins' Orchestra.  | } A-3688 |
| Hot Lips and I Love You, Sweet Angeline, from "Strut Miss Lizzie"—Fox-Trots. Ted Lewis and His Band.               | } A-3676 |
| Coal Black Mammy and Tempting (Gumblé and Monaco)—Fox-Trots. Eddie Elkins' Orchestra.                              | } A-3697 |
| Mary Ellen and Who'll Take My Place (When I'm Gone) (Fazioli)—Fox-Trots. Ray Miller and His Orchestra.             | } A-3695 |
| Don't Bring Me Posies and State Street Blues—Fox-Trots. Frank Westphal and His Rainbo Orchestra.                   | } A-3693 |
| Wonderful You—Fox-Trot. Ray Miller and His Orchestra.  | } A-3689 |
| Suzanna—Waltz. Prince's Dance Orchestra. Incidental Singing by Lewis James.  |          |
| Thru' the Night and Love's Lament—Waltzes. Prince's Dance Orchestra.   | } A-3681 |
| Hawaiian Nightingale—Waltz (De Leath) and Isle of Zorda—Fox-Trot (Nureberg-Hagen). Xlyophone Solos, Jess Libonati. | } A-3680 |

# Columbia Records

Columbia Graphophone Co. Toronto

**THE HAWK OF REDE**—By Harry Harding. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., Publishers. \$1.75.

An American cowboy returns to his home in a little English village, lassoes the rascally squire, Sir Anthony Blackcross, stands drinks for the village, falls in love and generally wakes up the district. Stir up with a large measure of wild adventure, add a pinch or two of sadness and you have it. A good book for high school pupils and the occasional freshman.

G—G—G

**STUBBLE**.—By George Looms. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, Publishers. \$1.75.

Not an unpalatable viand for people with a taste for devouring a novel an evening.

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**A Stoic**

It was in the little but overcrowded classroom of an East end New York public school. The teacher looked out upon a group of eager faces as she put the question:

"And now, children, can any of you tell me what is a stoic?"

Only one hand went up.

"Does only Abie Glutz know what a stoic is?"

Silence.

"Well, Abie, tell your classmates what is a stoic?"

"Please, teacher," said Abie triumphantly. "A stoic is a boid what bring it th' babies."

—Judge.

*Marjorie Elliott Wilkins R. O.*

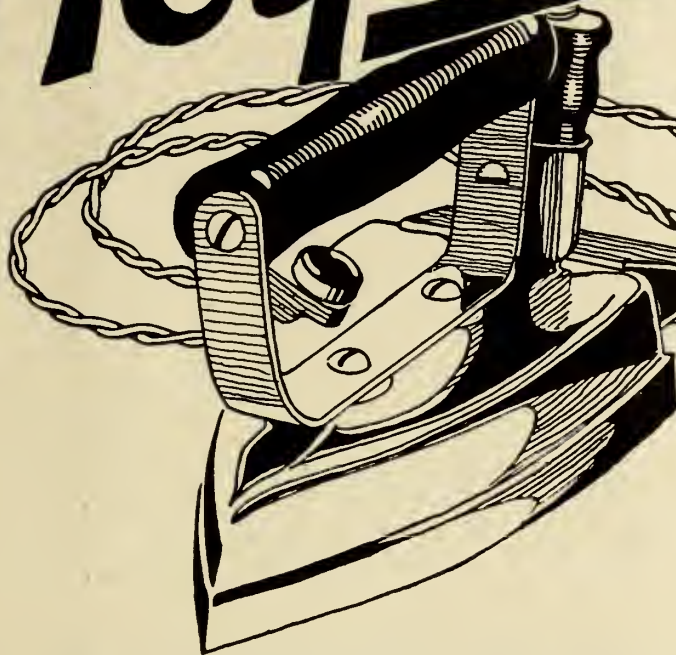
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