

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Security

THE Security to the Policyholder in an "Old Line" Life Insurance Co., is not Capital Stock, but is the "Legal Reserve" which is fixed by Act of Parliament and must be maintained by Mutual and Stock Companies alike. This "Legal Reserve" is sufficient to guarantee payment of every policy contract issued by any "Old Line" Life Insurance Company.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA HOLDS A LEGAL RESERVE OF OVER \$25,000,000, which is \$1,000,000 in excess of the amount required by the Insurance Act and has, in addition, a Surplus of \$4,764,000, all of which is invested in first mortgages, bonds and debentures and other "Trustee Securities" including Canadian and Anglo-French War Loans, amounting to \$5,546,600.

The history of one hundred years shows not one failure of an "Old Line" Life Insurance Company operated on a purely Mutual principle.

One of the most competent of Canadian writers on insurance comments as follows:

As a matter of fact, The Mutual Life is probably the finest life insurance company in the Dominion today. Its securities are real securities.

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RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

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Genuine Ford Parts For Sale Here

E. W. ANDERSON--

ON THE
CORNER



Engineer and Fireman of Locomotive Drawing the Prince's Train

AGENT GAVE IT UP

Nothing for Him to Do but Hand Out Ticket.

Now He Makes Pleasantly Apparent the Rule by Which He Can Tell a Minister From Ordinary Man of Mankind.

"Sky pilots! Who-o-w!" whistled the ticket agent of a Missouri town the other day, so the story goes. "Well, it seems to me there are just ten times as many as there used to be in this neck of the woods, and I tell you some of the guys who come up here to this window sayin' they're ministers and askin' for half-fare tickets look more like ballyhoo men 't a street fair or circus than sky pilots."

"The trouble is when a fellow comes up here to the window and says 'I'm a preacher,' there ain't any rules laid down for me to go by to tell him from a professional crook, or mail hunter, or a right reverend, and so I have to hand out the ticket."

"The other night I was talking to my wife about it, and we hit on a scheme, and when I went down to work next morning I had the family Bible tucked under my arm, and when a sporty-looking old chap, puffing a cigarette, with a plaid suit and a necktie so loud it was screaming at you, came up to the window, and says 'minister's ticket to Kansas City, please,' I said respectful like:

"Please excuse me, sir, but will you please tell me who wrote the second book of St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians?"

"He smiled at me friendly, and said pretty quick, 'Why Paul, of course. Now get busy with a ticket.'"

"Nope," said I, just as cold as you please, looking him hard in the eye. "You're dead wrong there. Paul didn't do any such thing, and nobody else ever wrote a second book to those Galatians, for there ain't any such book, and I thought I had finished him."

"But, mind you, he just sort of looked at me and-like for a minute like he felt sorry for me, and then he reared back and said in a voice just like he was playing: 'Sir, I am a minister of the holy gospel, whether or not this little thing called mind tricks me in reference to the number of books written by the blessed saint, Paul. I teach the philosophy of rational thought so as to co-ordinate with the elucidation of internal forces upon the outward or extraneous matter which operate in opposition to the complete domination of the purely physical to the intellectual—the soul, some call it—and that the elevation of the spiritual retards the development of disease and error on this terrestrial planet on which we live and move and have our being.'"

"I looked at him a minute, and then I said out loud, 'Well I be damned! For I was thinking all the time to myself how a ten-dollar-a-week ticket man was ever going to get wise to a line of talk like that even with a Bible in his hand. And I handed out the ticket.'—Kansas City Star.

Quiet Island.

Elmsley, one of England's oddest little islands, though only 48 miles from London, is a parish where roads, shops, lamps, telephones, motor cars, public houses and postoffices are unknown. The island, which lies off the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, has an area of about 2,000 acres, and is the property of Oxford university. The inhabitants are mostly shepherds of large flocks of sheep. The oldest man of the village is in his seventieth year. He has yet to see a motor car. The school and church are the two chief landmarks on the island. The reason they were built in such a sparsely populated spot is that in winter it is almost impossible to leave the island, as the ferry which runs to and from the island is dangerous.

A novel method of obtaining the services of the ferryman, who lives opposite to the island, is the opening of the white door of a hut facing the shore. At night a lighted candle held aloft serves the purpose of the open door.

Stonewall's Plan.

As an American troopship pulled away from a New York dock on its journey to France, Stonewall Jackson and Welcome Brown hung over the forward rail and looked with solemn faces down into the choppy waters of the Atlantic.

"What you'll gwine to do, Stonewall, if one of dem pow'ful mean torpedoes smash into dis here boat?"

Stonewall remained silent for a minute, then he turned a sober face toward his brother in sorrow.

"What I gwine to do? Listen. Welcome, my ole mammy done tole me dat dere nebber wuz but one man dat eber walked on de water an' got away wid it—but ef one ob dem chasers ever smash into dis boat—say, Welcome, Ah'm goin' to be de second one."—John E. Scroggins, U. S. N., in Judge.

Rats Cause Losses.

Losses from rats in cities are enormous. In 1908 the biological survey made a careful study of rat infestations in two cities, Washington and Baltimore, with the result that actual losses of produce and other property amounting annually to \$400,000 and \$700,000 respectively, were revealed. These sums are nearly in ratio to the populations. The Woman's Municipal league of Boston recently announced that losses from rats in that city amounted to \$1,350,000 each year. Losses in Pittsburgh, Pa., have been estimated at over \$1,000,000 a year.

SHE HAD NO PATIENCE LEFT

With a Shock of That Community Pretty Well Exhausted in Effort to Reform William.

A Chicago lawyer said at a banquet: "Let me tell you a temperance story."

"A long, rangy woman said one day to a parson: 'Parson, Bill was drunk again Saturday night.'"

"But the parson answered in a soothing tone: 'Dear sister, if you would try being patient with William! Patience and forbearance work miracles, and I have faith to believe that in dear William's case it would be even so.'"

"But the long, rangy woman shook her head. 'Looks to me,' she said, 'as if I'd tried patience and forbearance about long enough. Talkin' of forbearance, don't I go weeks at a time without speakin' to the cuss, no matter what he asks me? Yes, hull weeks, but it don't seem no good. Then, when it comes to patience, who, parson, I've locked him out of the house all night more often than I get fingers and toes, and time and again I've scowled him up in a sheet when he was full and walloped him with a rope till I felt fair dropped with tiredness; and I've belted him in the backside three days runnin' in the patient hope he'd sign the pledge, but he wouldn't; and I've doused him all over with cold water on many a frosty winter's night, and I've had him run in twice, and I've mixed vinegar with his booze so as to make him sick, and then waited with the patience of Job to see if he'd repent when he came round, but, parson, nothin' done no good. No sires, it'll take more than patience and forbearance to straighten that man out.'"

Who's Who?

In making the interesting portrait collection of Americans earlier than the eighteenth century, recently published by the Boston Athenaeum, the librarian of that oldest history in the New England capital had to take into consideration the tricks that time has a way of playing with the identity of ancient portraits. Several pictures of men and women who lived in the original group of colonies were excluded because it is no longer possible to say with certainty that the names by which they are known are those of the sitters. It is now known to be more than likely, for example, that the English poet, Charles Churchill, was the original of the picture long believed to represent the American soldier of King Philip's war, Col. Benjamin Church. The portrait generally thought to be that of Miles Standish is open to the suspicion of really representing somebody else, and some of the surviving pictures supposed to show the features of Roger Williams have been plausibly identified as the portraits of other persons.

Astronomers Puzzled.

Some astronomers are of the opinion that the moon was once upon a time part of the earth, and that, while the latter was in a plastic state, our satellite was thrown out from it. They point to the Pacific ocean as the gash from which it was rudely rent.

Maybe so. But nobody knows why the surface of the moon, of which we never see much more than half, is covered with so-called "craters" that bear no likeness to anything on the earth. They are bowl-shaped, usually circular, and rimmed by cliffs 5,000 to 10,000 feet high. There are at least 25,000 of them visible to the telescope, the biggest being 900 miles in diameter.

The late Professor Pickering of Harvard was convinced that the moon has a little moon of its own, a few hundred yards in diameter, which can be seen only when the earth passes between the sun and the lunar orb, throwing the latter into its shadow.—Exchange.

In the Days of the Bustle.

I was making a new dress for myself. It was a good many years ago, in the days when we wore bustles. The bustle which I wore was a home-made, crude affair. When fitting the dress, I had put on the bustle in order to get the proper hang to the skirt. So, to save time, I tied the bustle around outside of my house dress, and then tried on the new skirt.

During the morning I found it necessary to go to the store, and while waiting in the crowded grocery for my parcels, a friend, came up to me and said, to the amusement of the bystanders: "Why, Lillie, what have you tied around your waist?"

I found I had forgotten to take the bustle off, and had worn it on the outside of my house dress all the way to the store.—Exchange.

Americans Near, Many Towns.

A number of views of the up-to-date village, built by the American Red Cross near Pima, Italy, are shown in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The village has been built to provide homes for artisans and their families who fled from Venice during the war and since have not been in a position to return. The village will accommodate 2,000 persons.

Handicapped by Law.

"You are suffering from brain fog and ennui," announced the specialist. "You should take more interest in your business."

"I would like to," replied the patient.

"Then why don't you?" demanded the specialist.

"The law won't let me," replied the patient. "I'm a pawnbroker."

Store Directory

of One of the Best Stores in Ontario— -Falls' Store, Simcoe

MAIN FLOOR

Linens and Staples
Dress Goods and Silks
Linens and Trimmings
Corsets
Hosiery
Gloves and Laces
Embroideries
Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas
Books
Women's Underwear
Children's Underwear
Fancy Work
Bancy Goods
Ribbons
Notions
Toilet Articles
Drug Sundries
Stationery
Rubber Goods
Men's Hats and Caps
Men's Clothing
Men's Furnishings
Boys' Clothing
Boys' Furnishings
Private Office
General Office

BASEMENT

China and Cut Glass
Toys
Brass Goods and Bric-a-Brac
Basketware
Pyrex Goods
Aluminum Ware
Granite and Tin Ware
Oilcloths and Linoleums
Springs and Mattresses
Men's Toilet

SECOND FLOOR

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
Children's Ready-to-Wear
Millinery
Fugs and Sweaters
Whitewear and Blouses
Women's Toilet
Women's Rest Room

THIRD FLOOR

Carpets and Rugs
Home Furnishings
Furniture
Beds and Beddings
Baby Garriges (etc.)
Curtain Department
Upholstering Dept.

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