

Courierettes.

HENRY FORD, multi-millionaire auto manufacturer, says it is a disgrace to die rich. If he could but convince a lot of other rich men to that view, the rest of us might have an additional dime.

"Yes" and "No" are two of the shortest words in the language—and sometimes the most difficult to say.

Villa, the Mexican general, had his troops fight a battle for the moving picture war. No longer can we deride Mexican wars as comic opera affairs. They have dropped to the level of the movies.

Canada's national debt is now over \$300,000,000. Yet nobody worries because everybody owes it.

Noted American doctor suggests the holding of "human stock shows." Good idea. Why not have people pedigreed the same as horses, cows, sheep and pigs?

These are the days when a lot of well-meaning people go about dealing out charity when the poor beneficiary really needs a job.

Ottawa is now the wind centre of the Dominion. Parliament is in session.

Toronto Fair yielded a profit of \$100,000 last year, it is announced. First thing the Fair directors know the city will be turning over its civic government to them.

Ontario apples beat the world's best at a Rochester exhibition. Just by way of reminding Uncle Sam of what happened one hundred years ago.

Dairy expert announces that the doctoring of milk is still prevalent. That's not news to the unhappy householder.

A cat may look at a king, but human beings must be mighty careful how they glance at German officers.

It used to be "love laughs at locksmiths," but in this modern day of eugenic laws it is more like "love laughs at legislators."

Women, according to a recent court decision, cannot practice law in England. They have to be content with obeying the law.

It is a moot question whether women can keep secrets. The fact is, however, that few of them try.

A woman in Massachusetts offers to sell her husband for \$1,000. She may be trying to drive a hard bargain at that.

Just a Query.—Why is it that when we get advice free we invariably refuse to take it, and when we go to somebody who charges us a big fee we hasten to do what he tells us?

The Pot and the Kettle.—Polaire, the French variety actress, wrote an article for a Paris paper in which she stated that American women were ill-bred and wanted to measure her waist.

Such a charge is more amusing than Polaire's playing, coming from a woman who advertised on the billboards the fact that she was the ugliest woman in Paris and had the smallest waist in the world. Such tiny claims to fame!

Where We Split.—"Laurier and lighter taxation" is the Toronto Globe's new war cry.

We are unanimous for the latter, though we may differ about Sir Wilf.

A Sure Sign.—When you see a man wearing the tie his wife gave him as

a Christmas present you may reasonably assume either of two things: He loves her—or he fears her.

Some Prophecies.

Paris has a prophetess, Madame Thebes, who has of late been very busy prophesying what terrible things are to happen in this year of our Lord, 1914.

She predicts wars and rumours of wars, floods, famines, etc. We are not so sure of those, but here are a few predictions that we are willing to stake our reputation on:

There will be changes in women's styles.

Col. Sam Hughes will make a speech.

The cost of living will continue to increase.

Mrs. Pankhurst will be imprisoned and released again.

Home Rule will still be discussed.

Some actresses will get divorces.

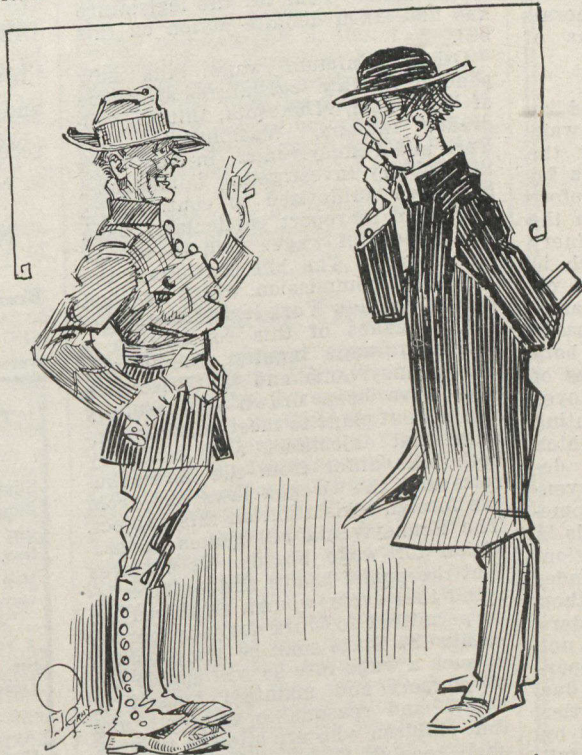
Mexican revolution will continue to revolve.

Good fresh eggs will still come from cold storage plants.

The Added Touch.—Certain dudish males in Paris are now wearing decollete shirts.

To make the outfit harmonious all they need now is a skirt.

Another Crushing Blow.—It is now announced that the diamond mine owners have decided to limit the out-



"And, I suppose, like a brave soldier, you followed your colours."
"Yes, whenever there was an engagement, I noticed the colours were flying, so I fled, too."

put his year in order to keep the prices up.
Curses! Another cruel blow at us—the common people.

Riddle Me Right.—"Why is a cigar like an intoxicated man?"
"Because it is sometimes picked out of the gutter."

Montreal's Oliver Twist.—Montreal has a writer, who, like Oliver Twist, is always wanting more. Now he claims that Montreal is entitled to twenty-five members of Parliament. Why not give the eastern city a little Parliament of her own? Then, again, judging from her re-

cent water famine and other regrettable experiences, it is quality more than quantity that Montreal needs in the matter of public representatives.

What Is It?—Andy Carnegie has just given away another ten million dollars.

Henry Ford is dividing ten millions among his employees.

What's the matter with modern money that millionaires seem so eager to get rid of it?

This is Terrible.—Men are now said to be about to ape feminine styles in dress, tight-fitting coats and all that sort of thing. And still we have the nerve to deny them votes. Out upon us!

Sporting Note.—If any baseball manager has so far failed to claim a 1914 pennant it is high time he was fired by the owner of the club.

His Wife's Suspicion.—Controller J. O. McCarthy, the well-known Toronto insurance manager and temperance advocate, who has just entered on his fourth year in the City Council of the Queen City, tells an amusing incident concerning the beginning of his civic career.

Four years ago several citizens came to his house one night and urged him to run as an alderman candidate in Ward Six, where he resided. He told them how impossible it was, but suggested that they see another man whom he named, and who would be sure of election.

"But will you run if he refuses?" queried one of the deputation.

"Certainly," said Mr. McCarthy. He said it lightly and easily because he thought that he had it all fixed.

He had seen the other man on that very morning and secured his promise to run.

The deputation, accompanied by Mr. McCarthy, set off for the man's house, and presented to the latter their request. To the surprise of Mr. McCarthy the man refused to run.

"I could not qualify for a pound-keeper," he said. "This afternoon I sold all my property in Toronto, and I cannot be a candidate."

Of course, this put the matter up to the to-be controller, and he had to make good his promise to enter the fight.

As he walked home Mr. McCarthy did considerable thinking. When he entered his house it was rather late, and his wife was sitting in a little alcove at the head of the stairs, reading.

He called up to her, "I'm going to run for alderman in Ward Six, dear."

In calm, cold tones floated down his wife's command: "Come up here and let me smell your breath."

This is a Certainty.—The yashmak veil, worn a la the Turkish harem style, is now popular with society women. But not long will they be popular with pretty women. The latter will refuse to hide their facial charms.

Oddly Named.—There is a comedian in vaudeville by the name of Andrew Tombs.

Was this the man the poet had in mind when he wrote:

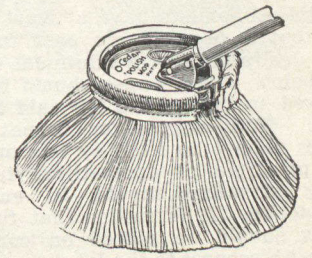
"Hark, from the tombs a joyful sound!"

He's a Real Hero.—Just a few days of 30 below zero weather, such as we had recently in Canada, convinces us that Sir Ernest Shackleton, who soon starts on an Antarctic expedition, is a real hero.



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