



Courierettes.

NEW YORK suffragettes turned down the suggestion of an English visitor to go on a "kiss strike." There are some things women won't do even for the vote.

Mexico and Ulster have a hard time holding the public attention now that the baseball season is well begun.

Weather man tells us that the sun rises now before 5 a.m., and we are not prepared to rise early enough to test the truth of his assertion.

Sir Ronald Ross complains that scientists are poorly paid. The complaint seems to be fairly general.

Scientists now declare that laziness is a disease. It seems almost epidemic about this time of the year.

The Chicago couple who wrote "Years of Discretion" have followed it with a play called "The Call of Youth." Seems like going backward.

An English paper comments on the large number of pretty girls to be seen everywhere nowadays. Of course. The other kind are not so keen to show themselves.

More and more it begins to look as if it is a man's job to straighten out that Mexican tangle.

A Toronto lawyer was rebuked by Chancellor Boyd for insulting a witness. A few more instances of this and the blind goddess will be opening her eyes.

People who make friends too quickly are apt to lose them just as speedily.

The English butler is said to be disappearing into the past, but the playwrights will see to it that he remains with us on the stage.

Toronto Telegram tells us that the man-eating shark is no myth. Such intimate personal references are in doubtful taste, to say the least.

All this talk of gay New York is bunkum. There's no city with more sad-looking citizens than Gotham.

You Bet They Are.—Congressman Moore, of Pennsylvania, declares that the American people are "money-spending mad."

But you can bank on it that they are ten times as mad when they haven't the money to spend.

Zelaya, the Pianist.—Zelaya, son of the ex-dictator of Nicaragua, is now earning a living by playing the piano in vaudeville. If he plays as badly as his father ruled the Central American republic, the vaudeville stage has a lot to answer for.

The Eternal Grind.—Life is just one thing after another, as somebody has said.

No sooner do we get through shovelling snow off our walks than we begin to coax the grass up on our lawns. And no sooner does it grow to a decent height than we mow it down.

It's a funny world.

Reckless Prophecy.—Those sporting prophets take awful chances of shattering their reputations for foretelling results. Here's Tom Flanagan, the Irish landlord-athlete, writing in a Toronto paper regarding the new Toronto baseball team as follows:

"They will lose many a ball game

before the season is over, and they will also win many a one."

In view of the fact that the team has to play 154 games, this deduction seems quite reasonable.

The Choice.—A man down in Kansas secured a pardon from the penitentiary by getting married. Out of the frying pan—

Adam Beck's Answer.—Ontario knows Hon. Adam Beck mainly as the leader in the Hydro-Electric power enterprise. Few outside his personal friends know of him as one of the most devoted of husbands. The Minister of Power is very fond of his home, and the answer that he gave a newspaper reporter recently, when asked for his opinion on some big public issue, showed what was first in his thoughts.

It happened that Mrs. Beck had been away in England for an extended trip, and had just returned when the scribe found Mr. Beck and began to query him on public matters.

"What do I know of that question?" returned the Power Minister. "I don't know anything except that Mrs. Beck is back."

The Quick Retort.

"My dear," he said, "I dote on you."

Said she, "Don't rock the boat. I'm sure we'd all feel better if You took an anti-dote."

Let's Organize It.—Seems to us that there is a great need for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Readers. The following is one verse of a "pome" published in a Toronto



Mistress—"Are you not rather small for a nurse?"
Nurse—"Oh, no, mum. The babies don't fall so far when I drop them."

paper on "Trafalgar":

"Every bullet seemed to come with more force

From those they were trying to beat,

And now they had no leader

For their little British fleet."

Mr. Fleming's Inconsistent Critic.—In the days when Mr. R. J. Fleming was active in Toronto's municipal politics, and was an aspirant for the Mayoralty, there were lively campaign battles, and the orators who flourished on civic platforms were often better equipped with more fancies than facts.

Mr. Fleming had one opponent, however, who worked out a rather ignominious defeat for himself. This man took the stump in an ardent effort to beat the Mayoralty candidate, and the chief fault he could find in the Fleming character was an un-

bending, unchanging stubbornness. He harped on this theme quite freely.

One night he was attacking Mr. Fleming with his usual vigour on the usual line of stubbornness.

"That man is too stubborn to see that there are two sides to a question," he declared. "He never changes his mind, and, my friends, you know that the man who never changes his mind is a stubborn ass. I never voted for him for any public office and I never will vote for him."

The roar of laughter that followed this made the poor orator wonder what he had said.

Looting Note.—We note in the news that the Mexicans looted a refinery at Vera Cruz. They don't seem to want any kind of refinement, do they?

The Slit Sort.—Apropos of those modern skirts, it must be admitted that they are more than merely amusing—they are really side-splitting.

A Trite Truth.—Some people should have been flowers instead of human beings—they seem so fond of staying in their beds.

His Means of Support.—"He lives by his pen."

"I didn't know he was an author."

"He isn't. He keeps pigs."

Beauty's Secret.—A noted English beauty asserts that the secret of being beautiful is to get up at 4 a.m.

We are content to remain as we are.

Playful Nature.

(A new style of spring poem.)

The thunder rolls, the lightning plays,
The streams and rivers run,
The warm winds whistle and the buds
Are shooting, one by one.

How the Dramatic Man Did It.—A Californian tells how, in the absence of the regular society reporter, the dramatic critic of a sheet in a town of that State was detailed to cover a wedding. He said he would do the best he could, but seemed doubtful of the result, an apprehension that was justified, since this is what he turned in, after describing the size of the house and the delay in beginning the ceremony:

"Mr. Smith, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice. Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

"It should be pointed out that both Miss Jones and Mr. Smith were deficient in their lines, and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance."

He Didn't Understand.—A young man was walking down a street in Toronto one Sunday afternoon. He was dressed in his Sunday best. A Greek came to the door of his restaurant and asked the young man where he was going.

"To Sunday school," replied the youth.

The Greek pondered a minute. Then, "You no speak English?" he said.

Which?—The newspapers make a fuss over a fellow who saved a girl's life and afterwards married her. He got a medal for his bravery.

What for—saving her or marrying her?



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