



Courierettes.

"I TYPIFY and embody the great cause which can only be furthered by supporting me," says Theodore Roosevelt. Looks as if Teddy will keep on praising himself until he imagines that he is "the white man's hope."

The high cost of living seems to have affected Cupid. The latest drama is "The Hungry Heart."

An American capitalist declares that a family of five can flourish on \$15 per week. Nobody talks that way until he is a capitalist.

It may be—and not inappropriately—that the name of the big candidate across the line will go pounding down the ages as Adjunct Taft.

Dr. Hastings, Toronto's Medical Health officer, states that one "wintered over" house fly, laying eggs 120 at a time after May 1, will in five months mean 5,500,000,000,000 eggs. We move that the doctor take the next Dominion census. Carried.

An English aviator says that the hydroplane of the future will carry one thousand passengers. We know somebody who will not be one of the first thousand.

Classy Entertainment.—Parliamentary procedure and decorum are not the most notable characteristic of the Toronto City Council's sessions. In fact, the aldermen and controllers take great liberties with rules of order and slang-whang one another in strenuous style.

Recently a Toronto citizen went to a Council meeting. He was a fairly busy man, but he sat through the long session.

He was on hand again at the next session, and the one after that.

"Why are you so regular in your attendance at our meetings?" an inquisitive alderman asked him.

"Why, Alderman, I'd rather come here for an afternoon's fun than go to the theater," was the candid answer.

A Cruel Joke.—The last word in cruel practical jokes was recently perpetrated on a well-known society man whose name shall be mercifully withheld in the course of this narrative.

Mr. Blank has a very fine silky moustache—an adornment of which he is pardonably proud. All his friends are aware of his weakness in this respect. He coaxes and coddles that lip covering with great care.

Recently he went to another city to attend a meeting. His friends gathered round him, and he drank unwisely and too well. At last they took him to his room and put him to bed. Then they carefully combed out his moustache and filled it with liquid glue and flour. In the morning it was as firm as a rock. The owner was a surprised man when he awoke; and he spent half a day in front of a basin of hot water, melting the glue and flour out.

He is now holding down a seat on the water waggon.

Sensible When Sober.—In the old days when gambling was winked at to a certain extent in Toronto, a man of that city, having been out celebrating his birthday, wound-up at a famous gambling resort. Recklessly staking his money in a "crap game" he soon had run up his pile to twelve hundred dollars.

Stuffing his money into his pockets he made for the door. The proprietor naturally was in ill humour that luck

should be with a drunken man, and as he showed him out he said: "Don't you ever come in here again in that state."

The man answered, "Why, you ossified ostrich, do you think I'd come in here if I were sober?"

Roosevelt.

I AM the boss of the bosses;
I am the person they fear;
I alone can prevent losses;
I am the man without peer.

I am the national hero;
I stand for justice—all kinds;
I can reduce wrongs to zero;
I have the greatest of minds.

I am the hope of "the masses";
I e'er embody their cause;
I can abolish "the classes";
I can devise the best laws.

I—you must readily guess it—
I possess all the true worth;
I—let me haste to confess it—
I am the salt of the earth.

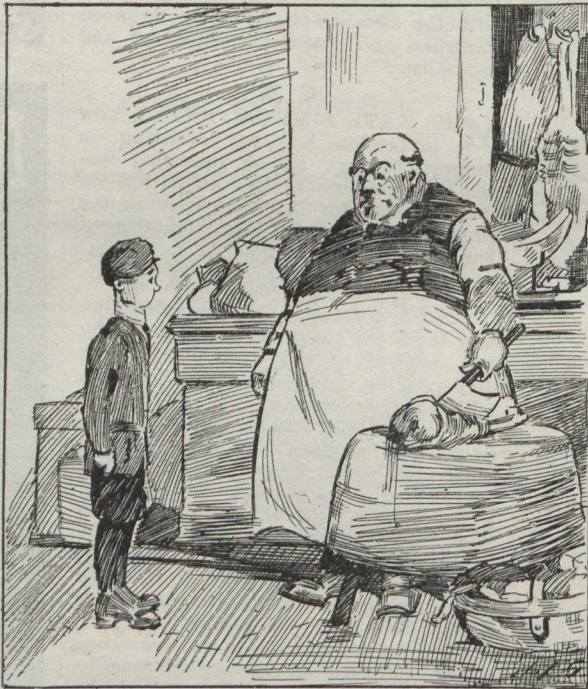
W. A. C.

Essay on Spring.

SPRING is the season when:
Poets have a rush of words to the point of their fountain pens.

The average man disguises his laziness under the label of "that tired feeling."

A host of well-intentioned men spend precious moments kneeling in damp earth and depositing seeds therein—knowing full well that it is labour lost.



"I'd like half a pound of sausages, if you please; and mother says would you mind wrapping them in the society page of the Evening Post?"

But they must do it to satisfy their wives.

The whack of the carpet beater is heard in the land—sometimes accompanied by the steady buzz of the more aristocratic vacuum cleaner.

The average man goes broke paying for his wife's millinery outfit.

A warm day teases the unwary man into shedding his winter underclothing. Forthwith cometh a snowfall and he catches a cold that lasteth half the summer.

In the immortal words of the first spring poet—

"Be not in haste to get encased
In underwear that's new,
But rather stick to flannels thick
Until they stick to you."

Golfing Judges.—Mr. Justice Duff, of the Supreme Court of Canada, fell a victim to golf last year. His Lordship took up the game with great enthusiasm, and

in a few weeks developed into a fairly good player. The only trouble about him was that while he could play, he did not know much about golfing etiquette.

One day he challenged his brother, the Senior Judge of the County of Carleton, to a round, and the deft was promptly accepted.

The two distinguished members of the bench got along famously, except that Judge McTavish was bothered by Judge Duff picking up his bag immediately after making his stroke and running ahead to find his ball, lest it might escape him. It took Judge McTavish all his time to avoid hitting his opponent.

Going up to the thirteenth green Judge Duff once more grabbed his clubs and raced after the ball. He was right in the way of Judge McTavish, who promptly called out the warning note "fore."

Judge Duff stopped in his tracks, and answered back, "Now, Mac, that is a d—d lie, it is only three."

Judge McTavish could not proceed for two or three minutes, his sense of humour being so greatly tickled by Judge Duff's earnest protest.

A Neglected Hymn.—"There is a good old Methodist hymn that is completely out of fashion this year," remarked a preacher the other day. "I announced it at a recent service and I noticed that the female portion of the congregation were singularly silent. Then it dawned on me that this is Leap Year. This is the first verse of the hymn:

"Bid me of men beware
And to my ways take heed,
Foreseeing every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread."

Pardon, Please.—George Primrose, the famous Canadian minstrel, was in a railway wreck near Cincinnati the other day.

It seems so awfully obvious, also in bad taste, but we can't help remarking that it was almost the end of the end man.

Well Named.—It was Hon. Clifford Sifton's horse, Confidence, which won the high jump and established a new world record at Toronto Horse Show.

Yet some people repeat that silly query—What's in a name?

"A Daniel Come to Judgment."—A Pennsylvania judge has ruled that women may, if they so desire, burn folks in effigy.

Wise judge.
He knows that the emotional sex must have some safety valve for their pent-up feelings, and effigy burning is easier on the nation than window-smashing, as they have it in England.

Effigy burning harms only the effigy, and does the burners a heap of good. Window-smashing is bad business, and the smashers end in durance vile.

Hard Hit.—A Canadian business man recently decided that he would put in his young son's bank all the American coins he received in change. But he received three Yankee half-dollars in two days and wants to drop the scheme.

An Explanation.—In this department of the "Courier" there appeared last week an item concerning a petition sent to Toronto City's Council by the Local Council of Women. It was stated that some of the names were written on little slips of notepaper which were pasted on the pages of the petition.

The president of the Local Council of Women has made the following explanation concerning this matter.

"Some hundreds of names were properly signed on Local Council paper, and those pasted on were on the advice of a clerk in the City Clerk's Department. Myself, doubting the legality of signatures so presented, took time to ask over the telephone, and was informed by the clerk that 'it would be better to have them signed, but that the pasted signatures would be accepted.'"



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