

Courieterettes.

NOWADAYS we are getting an inkling of W. S. Gilbert's meaning when he wrote his famous line, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

A New Jersey cow produced almost seven hundred pounds of milk in one week. If all the other cows did likewise—but no, the high cost of living is probably up to stay.

Lloyd George praises golf as one of Scotland's greatest gifts to the human race. It has certainly enlarged the world's vocabulary.

The price of boots and shoes is to join the upward parade. If there are any prices that haven't gone up, they must be feeling pretty lonesome.

Montreal prisoners are to be taken from the jail to the court house in street cars, but it is understood that they won't be given transfers.

Motor busses may be equipped with "cow-catchers." They might more properly be termed "calf-catchers."

An effort is being made to stop the Turco-Italian war. But for this published announcement the world would not have remembered there was a war going on.

A Polite Porter.—The most polite man in Toronto has been found.

He is a negro porter in a big warehouse, and he is so polite that when he talks to a woman over the telephone he always carefully removes his hat.

Not What Sir Wilfrid Said.—Montreal journalists tell a good story of a bilingual affair that nearly resulted in Sir Wilfrid Laurier being made to look somewhat ridiculous.

Some time before the last election the Liberal chieftain, speaking in French, delivered a lengthy speech in the metropolis on the navy question. An English morning paper, to make the best of the occasion, had engaged the services of several French stenographers who took the address verbatim and translated it later.

Throwing back his shoulders in characteristic pose, Sir Wilfrid eloquently declared in the midst of his speech: "If Great Britain should ever go to war, which God forbid—"

Now, it may have been that one of the French stenographers was tired, or he may have been unfamiliar with the

English language, but at any rate a proofreader earned his salary when he caught in the first paper next morning this daring announcement from Canada's Premier: "If Great Britain should ever go to war, we'll go to bed."

A Peculiar Proposal.—Probably one of the most peculiar proposals of marriage on record was made not long ago in a Methodist Church in a little Ontario village.

The swain was evidently a trifle bashful in taking the fatal leap, but he was certainly alive to the opportunity when it presented itself.

He and his sweetheart were seated side by side in the village church, and the pastor was slowly proceeding through one of those long prayers for which country pastors are noted.

During the prayer the young lover was perusing his hymn book. He happened on Hymn 519, written by Charles Wesley, and he was suddenly seized by a brilliant idea as he read it.

He took his pencil, marked the last three verses, and put a question mark at the end, then handed the book to the girl.

These were the verses she read:

"My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love."

"Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me."

Thy gifts alone cannot suffice—
Oh, let thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise
And where thou art is heaven."

No more eloquent proposal could be framed than this poetical one, and the girl quickly grasped his meaning. Then she grasped the pencil also and wrote "Yes" after his question mark.

Yes, they were married and lived happily always, agreeing that No. 519 was the best hymn in the book.

All-sufficient Reason.—The late Samuel Daniels, once proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa, who died a couple of weeks ago, had the happy knack of always expressing just what he meant in but a few words.

Always a great lover of horse-flesh,

he was driving down Sparks Street some years ago, when the colt he was driving started to run away with the buggy. For awhile Daniels held on to the reins. Several rigs it grazed and he still held on; a post was narrowly missed; yet Daniels clung. Suddenly a car shot right in front of the animal. Just as suddenly Daniels climbed over the back of the seat and lit on the pavement.

"It's lucky you jumped when you did," remarked a passerby as he helped him to his feet.

"I guess so," said Daniels. "I tried to save that horse at first. Then I calculated that I can always get a horse, but there's only one Sam Daniels."

Some Popular Song Hits.

"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money, too."

Sung by Henri Bourassa with great success in "The Englishman's Home."

"Crossing the Bar."—N. W. Rowell, in "The Passing of the Flood."

"Where Are the Boys of the Old Brigade?"—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

"Now I Lay Me."—Our Office Boy.

Questions of the Day.

DO you think that Roosevelt has a chance?

How many flies have you swatted?

Hasn't this been a cool summer?

What do you think ought to be done with those rampant suffragettes?

Got any cigarette cards, Mister?

Wouldn't Stay Put.—The spectacular fight that Roosevelt is making for the Presidency of the United States recalls a cartoon published at the time when Teddy first began to be thought of as a candidate for occupancy of the White House. The late President McKinley was the choice of the Republicans at that time, and it was thought that Roosevelt could be sidetracked—perhaps for good—by making him Vice-President. The cartoon showed McKinley putting Teddy in a cradle which was labelled "Vice-President."

However, as subsequent events have abundantly proved, Roosevelt is not the kind of man that will "stay put."

Personal Interest.

DOWN to the Panama Canal
My thoughts now roam.
Will't haste the happy moment when
My ship comes home?

Bravery Note.—A young man was seen walking Toronto streets wearing a "Taft" button in his coat lapel.

Takes some nerve to do that in Tory Toronto after that "adjunct" remark of the President.

Generosity of Sir James.—When Mr. N. W. Rowell, the Liberal leader in Ontario, went barnstorming through Northern Ontario recently, Sir James Whitney let him have the use of his private car to make the journey.

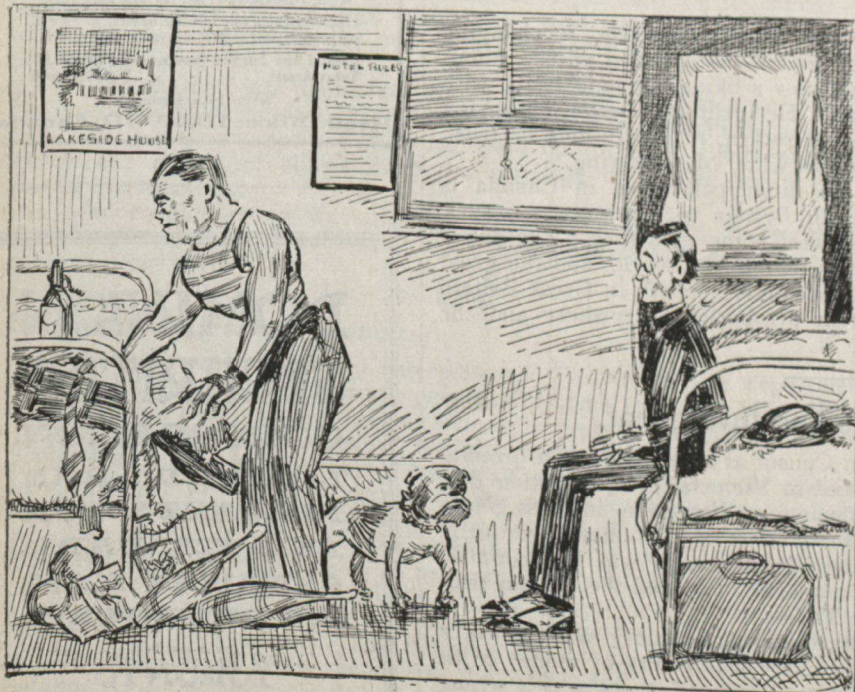
Which proves that the Premier is one of those good people who pour coals of fire on the heads of foes. Also it indicates that Sir James feels very much like the cat that has captured a mouse and likes to play with it a bit before the termination of its career.

The Make-up Man's Logic.—The type-setter has been blamed in his day for many an error, but the "make-up" man in the composing room of a daily paper occasionally perpetrates something that looks a bit silly.

The other day, in the composing room of a Toronto daily, it was found that there was a shortage of items for the "Society" page. At once the make-up man started on the hunt for something suitable on the galleys loaded with type.

"Ha!" said he, "here it is. Just the thing. This heading says 'society.'"

And he picked up and carefully placed in the society page a half-column story about Turkish politics, headed "Secret Society in Troubled Turkey."



THOSE CROWDED SUMMER HOTELS.

Perturbation of the Rev. Meekshanks on Discovering That His Room Has Been Sub-let to "Knockout" Gouger, the noted Pugilist.

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