



Courierettes.

In this decadent day it is refreshing to observe that the Irish policemen can still whack heads hard.

Toronto's Medical Officer of Health forbids unnecessary noises at night. That should effectually silence some civic politicians.

"To Manuel, King of Portugal," was inscribed on the wedding gifts the ex-ruler received. Wasn't that rubbing it in on the deposed kinglet?

Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes is to take a roll-call of the Canadian militia. What's the use? Nobody can estimate just how many men the Minister of Militia himself is equal to.

They had a blind pig at Toronto Fair, but it wasn't in the live stock exhibit.

A youth was prevented by the police from climbing the tall steel tower at Toronto Fair, so to speak checking his ambition to get up in the world.

Daily paper tells us that long distance racing is "on its last legs." Quite appropriate condition, that.

Somebody now suggests that the militant suffragettes be supplied with husbands. We fancy there will be no volunteers to go to the altar with the fiery females.

"What women are after" is the title of a long article in Harper's Weekly. We can give the answer in one word—men.

Sherbrooke people gave three cheers for the British flag when Thaw's lawyer won a point in court. What that old flag has to stand for at times!

It's getting so that every exhibition nowadays has a dog show. The canines are either alive and yelping or silent and inserted in rolls, with mustard dressing.

A number of Toronto business men are reported to have married chorus girls. Some chaps are so fond of adventure, you know.

About the worst thing that can happen a baby is to take first prize in a baby show. The poor youngster is never allowed to forget the incident.

Wireless telephone invention the other day carried a conversation 310 miles. Married men regard the possible development of this idea with something akin to awe.

Refusing to eat a copy of his own paper, a Kentucky editor was shot by an indignant citizen whom he had written up. It may have been an extra large issue, with a comic supplement.

A False Theory.—Who said that love is blind?

As a matter of fact a lover can see things that no ordinarily sane person can even imagine.

Then It's Different.—Many a man insists that there's only one head to his family, but he decides otherwise when he has to pay for his daughter's hats.

Just a Tip.—That old adage about putting something by for a rainy day is quite all right, but one should be careful that the "something" is not somebody else's umbrella.

A Misused Word.—One of the Toronto daily papers referred to the big Exhibition as having "occurred."

That writer evidently believes the Fair to be an annual accident.

Not Born to Blush—Unseen.—An actress who asserts that she lost 70 pounds of fat and is advertising her treatment, prints underneath her picture the words, "God's Masterpiece." That female may not die of obesity,

but her modesty is sure to kill her sooner or later.

Sandow Says So.—Sandow, the perfect man (physically) says that there is no such thing as "the ideal girl." This clears up the matter and saves a lot of time to many young men.

This is a New One.—London Times tells us of a man who has been accused of robbing his lawyer. New kind of crime. It seems the impossible sometimes happens.

A French Version.—There wasn't much comedy about the meetings in connection with the Geological Congress—no chance at all for "laughter," "more laughter," and "long-continued laughter" in the reports of the speeches or papers, but there was a species of grim humour in the occasion on which a very learned gentleman from France delivered an even-



He Made His English Sound so Much Like French.

ing lecture, which a large popular audience had gathered to hear, evidently anticipating an intellectual treat. The speaker, it had been announced, would use the English language, and the announcement had been cordially applauded. Well, he did, but he made it sound so much like French, and spoke it so persistently into the paper just below his nose, that the address soon developed into a joke—on the auditors. The humour was to be got by watching the faces of the people, and noting how many of them discovered, one after another, that they had important engagements elsewhere.

She Saw a Short Cut.—As the baseball season nears its close there comes from Ottawa one of the best yarns of the queer queries that fanettes put to their escorts at ball games.

The girl in the Sawdust City had never been to a game before and the whole thing was naturally new to her. Her young man, knowing the game well, tried to explain its fine points, but probably assumed her knowledge to be greater than it was.

One of the players made a hit and the girl gave a little cry of delight. She was learning. She watched him as he took a lead off first base, and finally saw him steal second by a desperate slide. Then he tried to steal third and was nipped by the catcher's throw.

Turning to her friend, the girl demanded:

"What's the matter with that fool? Why didn't he run straight back home from first base when he made the hit instead of trying to sneak around all those bases and getting out?"

Then he gave up his attempt to enlighten her.

By Way of Comparison.—A boy of four was lost for some hours in Toronto's City Hall.

That's nothing. We know of some civic statesmen in the same building who are hard to place at times.

A Courteous Reporter.—This from the Toronto Telegram:

"When approached this morning Mayor Hocken stated," etc.

Wasn't it very decent of the reporter not to shout at His Worship from across the street?

A Wise "Copper."—In St. John's, Newfoundland, they pay their policemen just one dollar per day. One officer, who said he was slowly starving to death on such low pay, has gone to New York.

Wise man. In New York he should soon become a millionaire—if he gets on the force.

Sad—But So It Is.—The average man nowadays is more interested in the delivery of his favourite baseball pitcher than in that of his preacher.

Such is Civilization.—When you come to reflect on it there are some odd things about our Canadian civilization.

We haul poor Chinamen into police court for playing a quiet game of fan tan, but we license racing clubs to do gambling on the wholesale, with the odds all against the player.

We prosecute the same Chink for pulling at an opium pipe while we share in the revenue derived from the sale of tobacco and whiskey to white men and women.

We have police who get after gypsies who read hands on vacant lots, but allow the same thing—or worse—to go on in parlours of houses in residential sections of our cities.

We prosecute a man who drives a lame horse, but allow deformed and suffering human creatures to be shown as curiosities at our fall fairs and circuses.

Some go to burlesque shows to see girls in tights, and then come out on the street and holler if we get a glimpse of a girl's ankle revealed by a slit skirt.

Some women wear one-piece bathing suits, and others, whose figures are not quite so fine, denounce the fashion.

Yes, when you come to think about it for a moment, we modern and civilized folks are a trifle inconsistent.

Did You Notice This?—When Harry K. Thaw was caught in Canada he proceeded to hire all the medical advisers and legal advisers within a radius of a hundred miles.

But it seems odd that he had no use for preachers.

A Rap at Canadian Theatres.—Wilton Lackaye, the well-known actor, was recently touring Canada with his company in "Fine Feathers." He found the Canuck theatres hardly as comfortable as could be wished, and tells of one show-shop in a Western city where his dressing room would have made the Count of Monte Cristo's dungeon look like Marie Antoinette's boudoir by comparison.

The actor noted that the theatre was named Victoria, and he left his card on the wall of the dressing room with the following verses scribbled thereon:

Owed.

O great Victoria, Queen of Queens,
Whose memory all revere,
What churl! dishonoured thee in death
To name this show-shop here?

Let John Drew rave to think his fame
Spoiled by a punk cigar,
Far worse thy fate, to know thy fame
This awful place may mar.

For was it not Queen Bess's will
Wished players "well bestowed"?
Alas! The mummings rate thy shops
The worst upon the road.

An Old Adage Justified.—History surely does repeat itself.

At the Toronto Exhibition they have been burning the city of Rome every night for the past two weeks—in front of the grand stand.

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