



**Courierettes.**

OF course some kind friend will tell us that "dry farming" doesn't mean just what it says, but all the same it sounds queer to read of a dry farming congress being held after the summer we had.

"What's in a name?" The Council of "Toronto the Good" in appointing a Mayor for the rest of the year passed over Controller Church.

War with the "unspeakable Turk" is forcing us to notice a lot of unpronounceable names.

A woman in England left another woman \$500 because the latter smiled on her. "Laugh and grow fat" will be dropped for "Smile and grow rich."

Constantinople recently admitted a Bulgarian victory but declared that the Turks' retirement was a "strategic move!" Was Turkey doing Kurapatkin's trick of "luring them on"?

Apparently some people believe that a contribution to Britain of \$30,000,000 would make Canada "look like thirty cents."

**Not a School-given Degree.**—Keen wit is a characteristic of the Spence family—the famous Canadian temperance family, of which F. S. and Rev. B. N. are the most widely-known members.

But in the family is a sister, who is quite as bright in the way of wit as her better-known brothers, and the men and women who attended Toronto Normal School in days "lang syne" will enjoy this little anecdote about Miss May Spence.

Before the time the following incident happened, Miss Spence had become a happy wife and mother—Mrs. (Dr.) Reid, of London, Ont. It was some years after her graduation from the Normal School that Inspector James L. Hughes, who had been a teacher there, wrote to the ex-pupils, asking for a brief synopsis of their careers, to be used in an official record.

Mrs. Reid replied to his query, giving names, dates and all necessary details. Then at the end of the dry facts and figures she appended this bit of humour: "Graduated in 18—, married in 18—, since when I have taken the degree of 'MA' several times."

**Miss Innocence.**—Louis Robie, the well-known theatrical manager, tells an amusing little story about a 20-year-old Canadian chorus girl who joined his company recently.

"She had never been out with a show before," said Mr. Robie, "and of course there were a few little things she had to learn. After we had travelled six weeks—a week to a town—I happened to hear her back stage one day talking to another chorus girl.

"Say," she said, "isn't it odd that they have the same scenery in every theatre we play in?"

"She had failed to notice that we carried our own scenery."

**Consolation.**—Better be disappointed in love than in matrimony.

**No Wonder He Smiled.**—Sometimes, quite innocently, a person is made to feel very cheap. Here is a Montreal man's account of an incident that made him feel cheaper than anything else he ever experienced:

"I dropped into a shoe store one day several years ago, selected a pair of boots and, when paying the clerk, said to him,

"Will you please put a pair of laces in with those boots?"

"The clerk smiled. I was nettled. I had always understood that a pair of laces was given with a pair of boots.

"However, when the parcel was delivered I realized why the clerk had smiled. My purchase was a pair of boots with elastic sides."

**Foolish Question No. —**

**N**OW, speaking of foolish questions, here

Is a puzzle which makes me flounder: If a baby's known as a "bouncing boy," Will it grow to be a bounder?

**A New Wrinkle.**—Compressing an idea into a heading for a newspaper item often results in giving an odd turn to it. For instance, the Toronto "World" put this heading over a bit of football news: "Varsity Practice Many New Faces."

**The Premier's Worry.**—If even half of the rumors published by the Liberal papers turn out to be true, it won't be long before Premier Borden will find it necessary to insert, in the "Help" columns of the papers, this advertisement: "Wanted—Good cabinetmaker."

**An Apt Comparison.**—"They say Miss



**Teacher:** "Now, can you tell me what the hide of the cow is used for?"

**Pupil:** "Yes, ma'am—it's to hold the cow in."

Richleigh is much sought after by marriageable young men."

"Yes, she has had so many offers of marriage that now a proposal sounds in her ear just like the minutes of the previous meeting."

**Turning the Joke.**—"Jimmy" Simpson, who is editor of the weekly Labour paper, the "Industrial Banner," and is a member of the Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education, once neatly turned an elaborate joke back on the would-be perpetrators.

While he was attending a convention, in Norfolk, Virginia, of the American Federation of Labour, a certain other Toronto Labour man was appointed to a government position.

Jimmy had opposed the appointment. At that time he was a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto "Star." So, for a joke, several other men on the "Star" sent him, collect, a long tele-

gram informing him that the appointment had been made.

For some days the people in the telegraph office at Norfolk were unable to locate their man. Finally he dropped in one day to see if there were any messages for him. A girl was in charge of the office. She handed him the telegram. He saw the point of the joke and handed the message back to the girl.

Soon afterwards the "Star" office received word that "Simpson cannot be found," and when Jimmy returned he played the part of "He who laughs last laughs best." He saw a collection being made among the would-be jokers to pay the cost of the long telegram.

**Lucky Red Sox.**—Twenty-two Boston ball players got \$4,024 each as their share of the receipts from the world's series of games.

That is enough to buy their winter's coal, two dozen fresh eggs, and still leave a few odd coins for the collection plate.

**Montenegrin War Song.**

**H**AND it to 'em,  
Sword and shot—  
Make 'em dance the  
Turkey trot.

**War's Horrors.**—Yes, war is a terrible thing. Look at these two headings from a recent issue of the Toronto "Globe": "Bulgarians closing on Adrianople. Heavy fighting along an extended front." "Carrying the fight into heart of riding. No quarter being given by Liberal campaigners in East Middlesex."

**Yes, Quite a Little.**—Once when Lord Dufferin delivered an address before the Greek class of McGill University, a reporter wrote: "His lordship spoke to the class in the purest ancient Greek, without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good heavens!" remarked Sir Hector Langevin to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, "how did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," was the Conservative statesman's answer.

"But you don't know Greek," said Sir Hector.

"True," said Sir John, "but I know a little about politics."

**A Long Wait.**—The other day in a restaurant in a Canadian city the talk turned to the subject of the long wait sometimes experienced in getting served.

The prize incident was told of by a young lady. She said:

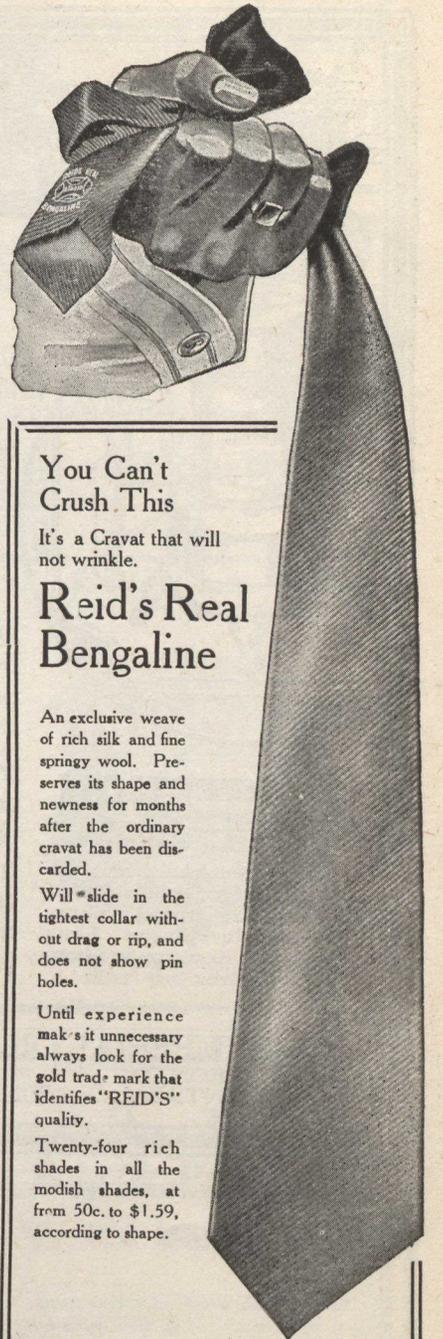
"Four of us were dining at a place where a specialty was planked steak. We ordered that. After a long time I remarked that I was getting very hungry and that we had been waiting a long time. Another member of the party advised me to be patient. So we waited about twenty minutes longer. Then we called a waitress and told her our trouble.

"She got us to describe the girl who had taken our order. Then she said, 'Oh, that girl fainted about an hour ago and had to be taken home.'"

**His Worship's First Caller.**—The City Council of Toronto one day last week promoted Controller Hocken to the Mayor's chair, Mayor Geary having been appointed Corporation Counsel of Toronto.

Mayor Hocken is president of The Sentinel Publishing Co., which publishes the "Sentinel," the official organ of Canada's Orangemen. But it happened that when he took possession of the office quarters of the Mayor his first visitor was Father Minehan of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church.

**Has to Admit It.**—"Well," remarked the boxer, as he walked the floor with his first-born, "some of my enemies have said that I couldn't put a baby to sleep, but I never believed it till now."



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