

### What's in a Name?

A WOMAN will never be convinced that it is wrong to smuggle. What business has the Government with her small shopping affairs? If she chooses to buy shoes in Buffalo or a shirtwaist or two in Detroit, it is entirely her own business and her sense of injury is deep when the eye of the law inspects her purchases. Nothing gives more exquisite joy to the feminine heart than the bestowing of foreign goods in such a manner that "those horrid creatures at the customs" cannot detect their presence. "If woman is not allowed to vote for law-makers, why should she be worried about such trifles as the tariff?" asks one fair dodger of the duties. Many are the delightful stories told in Windsor, Sarnia, St. Catharines and Chatham of ladies who have brought back gowns and gloves, hats and lace, "all for the joy of the working" that tire-some Government.

Last week the story was told in Toronto of a quick-witted young Canadian woman who was returning to her husband in the United States and who wore the conventional expression of infantile innocence when she informed the customs man that she was taking nothing dutiable into Uncle Sam's domains. Upon the lid of the trunk tray being raised, two goodly-sized bottles of "Canadian Club" met the officer's gaze.

"And you said there was nothing dutiable," he remarked sternly. "What do you call those?"

"Those," said the Canadian woman with a bewitching pout, "why they're my husband's nightcaps."

The officer tried to preserve an attitude of righteous indignation, but finally with a decisive bang he closed the trunk, made the mystic chalk study and handed the lady her keys with an appreciative bow.

J. G.

### They need the Money

Said Whitney: "Eggs are awfully high

And butter's up a bit;  
And steak is worth its weight in gold  
While salaries never fit.

"And really, something must be done  
Or else the ends won't meet;  
I think that just two thousand more  
Would set us on our feet."

### Mr. Bryce Gets Lost

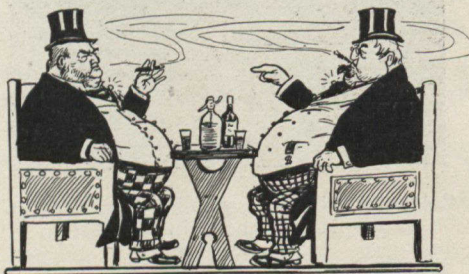
When His Excellency, Ambassador Bryce arrived in Toronto the other day, a peculiar accident befel him. He was met at the train, which brought him from Ottawa, by the servant of Professor Goldwin Smith whose guest he was to be, and was escorted to the Professor's carriage which was waiting in the place allotted to vehicles. On the way out, the Ambassa-

dor discovered that a new female servant who had just arrived from Ireland and who had been "attached" at Ottawa, was missing. She had seen another little white-haired, white-bearded man and followed him. The Ambassador, with his accustomed democratic energy, bustled back after her, and he too got lost in the mazes of a station which is the craziest of its kind on earth.

The Ambassador had to appeal to some employees to take care of him and pilot him to the waiting carriage. In the meantime, the green Irish girl was discovered and gathered in. Finally, the party started off united and happy. It will be some time, however, before the employees at the Union Station stop talking about the incident. Perhaps the railways will now appoint a corps of guides to prevent Prominent People being lost in their wonderful maze.

### We Wonder

A United States authority informs us that there is some curiosity in Washington as to whether President Roosevelt is sufficiently familiar with Ambassador Bryce's book, "The American Commonwealth," to recall



Vested Interests.

(Drawn for Canadian Courier)

chapter eight in the first volume. It is entitled, "Why Great Men Are Not Made Presidents." The author asserts that not a man since Madison except General Grant who has reached the presidential office would have been remembered had he not attained the chief magistracy, and "no President except Abraham Lincoln has displayed rare or striking qualities in the chair." But Theodore the First has come to the throne since the days when chapter eight was penned and will probably have a supplement all to himself.

### An Unnecessary Thirst

Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular Gaiety comedian, has told a funny stage sea story, says an English paper. Mr. Lester, like most comedians, started his stage career as a player of heroes, villains, "heavy fathers," and other familiar figures of melodrama, and one night, at a dirty little theatre in a third-rate Welsh town, or village, while expiring of thirst on a raft, the actor felt to his annoyance that the scene, intended to be most pathetic,

was provoking explosions of unsuccessfully suppressed laughter. The more he raved of the thirst that was consuming him, the more the people in front were consumed with laughter. Mr. Lester thought them the hardest-hearted wretches he had ever played before—until he knew what had been the cause of their merriment. It appeared from information received from the manager that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a back cloth of verily rocks, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn, with fields of ponies in the distance. The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watah" while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.

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### The Aged Liberal to Sir Wilfrid

Take Care of Me when I'm Old.

I would ask of you, Sir Wilfrid, a question soft and low.

And it gives me many a heartache, as the moments come and go—

You know I've been a fighter,  
and a Liberal stern and bold,

And it's only this, Sir Wilfrid, Take care of me when I'm old,

So please, oh please, Sir Wilfrid, take care of me when I'm old.

When my hair shall shame the snow-drift and my eye shall dimmer grow,

And I lean upon the party, to the Senate as I go,

I claim of you a promise, worth to me a lot of gold:

And it's only this, Sir Wilfrid, take care of me when I'm old,

So please, oh please, Sir Wilfrid, take care of me when I'm old.

Contributed.

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### Drawing the Line

A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was reminded very forcibly, the other day, of his increasing baldness.

One of his rural friends, looking at him rather hard, drawled, "It won't be so very long, judge, fo' you'll hev to tie a string round your head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."

—Green Bag.

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### He Might

Two Irishmen were recently overheard discussing the ill health of the pope.

Said one: "Yes, an' if he dies, it 'd be just loike Thaydure Roosyfelt to appoint some dommed Protestant to his place."

—Frank B. Elser.

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### A Flattering Illusion

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,

And then she pouted, blushed and drooped her head.

"Forgive me for the words I spoke last night;

The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right."

Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,

Sealed her forgiveness with the old, old sign;

And as we wandered through the dim-lit bowers,

I wondered who had really sent the flowers.

—New York Tribune.