



Courierettes.

HAMILTON school trustees refuse to let school girls enter rifle-shooting competitions. They evidently agree with Kipling that the female of the species is dangerous enough.

Those South Pole expeditions are becoming almost a habit nowadays.

Canadian politicians are objecting to the too common use of detecto-phones. They should ponder over Tennyson's line, "Whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed."

Mexican rebels are ordering military aeroplanes. Another feature for the movie operators.

They are to hold another Peace Conference at The Hague next year. It seems that peace hath her conferences no less frequently than war.

Now they are trying to get George Ade into the United States senate. A sort of first-Ade treatment, no doubt.

A wealthy old farmer, who is blind, has married a young domestic in his Ohio home. This is clearly not a case of love at first sight.

Chicago women told their ages with a nonchalant air when registering to get votes. Somehow this vote thing seems to be changing the feminine nature.

A Toronto man named Murphy swallowed a dessert spoon. Some chaps, you know, are not even satisfied with their deserts.

Judge Denton allowed a woman bigamist to go on suspended sentence, evidently assuming that two husbands was sufficient punishment for her.

Heaven is the name of an Ontario assignee. Must give firms in trouble a comfy feeling to think they may go to Heaven.

Isn't it peculiar that women never brag, as men do, about being self-made? Can you guess the reason?

A New Jersey woman announces that she will explore Tibet. She may have had experience in exploring her hubby's trousers pockets.

A British peer is said to have paid \$2,000,000 for his title. It costs money to have the King call you names.

These are the days when the unfortunate word "coolish" is terribly overworked by newspaper poets in attempts to describe the weather humorously.

Yrotsih—Do You Get This? Dr. John Noble, of the Toronto Board of Education, wants to have history taught backwards. He would put Asquith before Arthur, Borden before Columbus.

It shouldn't be difficult for half the pupils—the female half—for they even get off street cars backwards.

Different Languages.—He: "So these two are married?" She: "Yes, but they don't get along any too well."

He: "How's that?" She: "They find it hard to understand one another. She talks golf and he talks baseball."

Christmas Aftermath.

With all the happy-hearted men I surely have a right to rank—
Holiday season's gone again
And I have money in the bank.

The Humour of Taft.—Apropos of the recent visit of Wm. H. Taft, ex-

president of the United States, to Canadian cities, they are telling a little story which Mr. Taft genially admits is true.

Everybody knows how stout he is, and how difficult it is for him to move quickly. His great girth is the topic of this story. He was trying to catch a train one day, and though he ran as fast as he could, he missed it. With a sorrowful sigh he turned to somebody he knew on the station platform.

"You see," he said, "it's the old proverb, slightly altered—the more waist, the less speed."

While he was in Toronto, Mr. Taft was asked by a reporter for his opinion on the question of free food, and other matters of Canada's tariff.

"My dear boy," said the big statesman, with smiling candor, "haven't I just been thrown out of United States politics, and wouldn't I be foolish to poke my nose into the affairs of Canada?"

Described.—They were looking at an Egyptian mummy.

"Hasn't he a tough look?" said the girl.

"Rather," assented her escort. "I fancy he must have been a hardened criminal."

The Tragedy.—He was a married man.

His wife was in the room with him. A letter was handed to him.

The address was in a lady's handwriting.

His face grew pale and his fingers trembled as he took it.

It was from his wife's milliner.

Something Wrong.—The Sydney Bulletin brings us a choice bit of news from Australia. It says:

"George Reid has received a Victorian deputation attired in his pyjamas."

As "Punch" would say, it must have been a deputation of one.

The Difference.—When Jones was getting \$40 per week his wife kept a "hired girl."

When Jones got his salary doubled



Sergeant—"Where are you going?"
Pat—"To get some water."
Sergeant—"What! in those pants?"
Pat—"No, Sergeant, in the pail."

a little later on his wife had "a maid."

A Slight Mistake.—Why talk about "the way the land lies" after you have listened to a real estate agent?

Hammock Hours.—James K. Hackett, the hero of many romantic plays, and one of Canada's most noted actors, delights to tell stories that have a humorous point. Here is one of his latest:

"When on a motor trip through

New Hampshire," said Mr. Hackett, "I was detained for a few days in a small country town which boasted of but one fly-haunted hotel. Among the other attractions was a hammock in the grove just behind the hotel, and one afternoon I took a magazine and climbed into the hammock prepared to enjoy a little solid comfort. But the flies tormented me so unmercifully that I climbed out again in disgust.

"Look here, landlord," I complained, as I entered the office, 'what's the good of a hammock in such a fly-ridden spot as that grove?'

"Oh," replied he, 'the trouble is, you didn't use the hammock during hammock hours.'

"What are hammock hours?" I inquired.

"Twelve to two, sir," said the landlord. 'You'll find no flies in the grove then, I'm sure, sir.'

"And why not?" I asked, in puzzled wonder.

"Why, because," he replied, 'twelve to two is dinner, and they're all in the dining-room then.'

Love.—Love's a funny thing. Sometimes it is said that love is blind.

Sometimes we hear of love at first sight.

Love is said to laugh at locksmiths. Yet often we find love crying over spilt milk.

Love's funny.

Sounds Like Slavery.—This from the Brandtford Expositor:

"For Sale: Team, waggon and driver."

The police should look into this evident attempt to revive the old slavery days.

Let It Go At That.—A British professor informs a waiting world that the sun will have cooled off 5,000,000 years from now.

Seeing that there is no speedy way of disproving his theory we won't argue the point.

A Truism.—Many a man who eloquently repeats that "there is no place like home" falls down badly when it comes to demonstrating his belief in the assertion.

A Trial of Courage.—Children in London who have performed deeds of bravery are being rewarded by gifts of seats to see certain plays at the metropolitan theatres. The kiddies may need all their courage to sit through some performances.

The Original.—A noted critic declares that the inscrutable smile of Monna Lisa has not been well reproduced in any of the copies of the famous painting.

In other words, it is the original smile that won't come off.

Are You Afflicted?—They say that money talks. Some of us are worried by an impediment in our speech.

Defined.—Marriage should be a refrigerator to cool love just enough to make it keep sweet and wholesome.

The Easiest Way.—Inspector Douglas Stewart told the Prison Reform Commission at Kingston the other day that it is no more degrading to wear a striped suit than a football uniform. The best way of changing the inspector's view of the matter would be to clothe him in one of those same suits.

Knew From Experience.—"I told him that two heads were better than one, but he did not agree with that."
"What reason did he give?"
"He said he knew better, because he was the father of twins."

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