



Courierettes.

IT'S a queer old world. Some folks resent being forcibly fed, and others are dying for want of food.

Conservative petition to unseat Reuben Truax, new M.P. for South Bruce, alleges that a man was given \$5 for a cigar. Think of it—and for a campaign cigar!

Queen Mary has reduced Prince Henry's spending money by 25 cents per week. Even the Royal household must be feeling the strain of the high cost of living.

In Ireland the people have a superstitious fear of the mistletoe. Everywhere else that we know of young men and maidens think highly of it. The Irish don't need its encouragement.

One peculiar feature of the fight in Toronto over the proposal to buy out the Toronto Railway is that those people and papers who shout most loudly for public ownership are yelling lustily against it when a concrete case to put their principles into practice comes along.

Liquor is not to be allowed to travel by parcel post in Canada. No, this is not a reflection on the postmen, though otherwise they might stagger under the loads.

Andrew Carnegie, determined to die poor, says he has but \$15,000,000 left now. He is too much worried over trifles like that.

Toronto Globe has a double-barrelled campaign cry—"Free Food and Abolish the Bar!" Is it not aware that there are already free lunches in the bar rooms?

Cable despatch says Britain values American friendship more than Mexican wealth. Seems to us that each is a sort of "intangible asset," as the experts put it.

Young British poet describes Toronto as a city of wooden houses. Toronto will now retaliate with a remark about his wooden verses.

It is announced that King George's speeches are very carefully edited, sometimes being thrice edited before spoken. His Majesty should make a proper city editor.

The Orillia Packet grieves because Judge Vance, in holding court, discarded the time-honoured judicial gown. We see no reason to complain so long as the judge did not wear a classic dancing costume.

Huerta's perpetual lack of money is rather tending to create a little sympathy for him among those of us who feel the same way about it.

Many mighty hunters come home with tales of slain deer, but in spite of the venison supply the price of beef stays up.

The Two Classes.—Around Christmas there are two classes of husbands.

One is unhappy because it is his first Christmas as a husband and he has to carve the turkey.

The other is unhappy because he lacks the price to buy a turkey.

Which is most unhappy?

A Sure Sign.—"Was the affair so dull as all that?"

"Was it? It was worse. Why even my foot fell asleep."

Are You a "Spug"?—There is a Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving at the Merry Christmastide.

It's doing a great work. Herewith we print a little list (unofficial) of some sensible gifts which we hope our friends will be good enough to peruse. It will be noted that they are all at least useful.

Sox.
Coal scuttle.
Soap.
Snow shovel.
Piano tuned.
Gas bill paid.
Insurance policy.
Suspenders.
Broken water pipe mended.
Subscription to daily paper.
Bag of potatoes.
Union suit.
Certain articles redeemed from pawn.
Cash—(any amount).

Some Christmas Definitions.

Too good to live—the fat turkey.
People make light of it—the Christmas candle.

Lead us not into temptation—the second helping of plum pudding.

On the desert air—Mistletoe in an old maid's home.

A winning campaign cry—the full stocking.

Full of Old Nick—the chimney Santa Clause uses.

The most pious swindle in the world—Santa Claus.

The acme of human happiness—a good wife, a cosy home, happy children and a good Christmas dinner.

A Christmas Toast.

Here's hoping life's
Best joys you'll know,
Where candles gleam
And Yulelogs glow;
A heart that loves
And tells you so—
A kiss beneath
The mistletoe.

It is Tiring.—Rev. John McNeill,



THE HOLD-UP!

the noted Presbyterian preacher, declares that he is tired seeing women trying to scramble on cars with their dresses lifted up to their knees.

Many other men who do considerable of that kind of looking also find it rather tiring.

Let's all refuse to look and save eye-strain.

A Plain-Spoken Preacher.—Rev. J. A. Rankin, the popular pastor of Wesley Methodist Church, Toronto, is a plain-spoken preacher, and is never afraid to say just what he means.

Sometimes he puts a phrase so bluntly that it hits some hard, and sometimes the plain phrasing brings a laugh from his congregation.

In the course of a recent sermon he was speaking of the American Indians, their customs, their paint and their feathers, and so forth, by way of making a point.

"Suppose we went back to the time of the Indians—and incidentally some of you would not have far to go, for you have the paint and feathers already," he remarked, much to the amusement of the male section of the congregation.

They Surely Do.—A railway president asserts that no man is worth more than \$25,000 per year.

All in favour of making \$25,000 the minimum salary for we workers say "Aye."

The "Ayes" have it!

Hard on the Hospital.—This is the way the Toronto Star tells of the mishap of two unfortunate chaps:

"Struck by a Dupont Car.—J. W. Cantwell and Malcolm Fearn were thrown with considerable force to the pavement. They were taken to the General Hospital, but escaped with minor cuts and bruises."

And that's the hospital that cost Toronto over two million dollars!

Most Miserable.—The most miserable woman in the world is the one who has been told a secret by some other woman—and then forgets it before she can tell it to somebody else.

Ban the Cornet.—That "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" message should be sufficient to prevent fathers from buying drums or cornets for their small sons at Christmas time.

As It Soon May Be.—The Shopper—"How much are your eggs?"
The Grocer—"Seventy-five cents."
The Shopper—"I'll take one."

Oil Versus Coal.—Now they say that oil is to take the place of coal as fuel for American warships.

Evidently the Oil Kings are about to put one over on the Coal Barons.

Those Mexican Names.—Nowadays you see such names as Salvador Mercado, Marcello Caraveo, Jose Manzillo, and Pascual Orozo in the papers. No they are not new brands of cigars—just Mexican generals.

Mistaken Identity.—Rev. Provost Street Macklem, of Trinity College, Toronto, was reminded the other day of a portrait painted by E. Wyly Grier of the late Professor Clark.

This portrait was hung at the Canadian National Exhibition. In another room at the same exhibition there was a portrait of Rev. Dr. Barclay, Presbyterian, who looked as much like Professor Clark as an ostrich plume resembles a dessert spoon. While the Provost was talking to some friends an inquisitive individual came over and said:

"I say, Provost, could you tell me," pointing to the portrait of Dr. Barclay, "if that is the portrait of Professor Clark?"

"No, that is certainly not his portrait," said the Provost.

"Thank you, so much"
In a few minutes he came back.

"Provost—are you sure that is not Professor Clark?"

"I am quite sure it is not," smiled the Provost.

The man went away again, but after a while came back.

"Provost—if that is not the portrait of Professor Clark, would you mind telling me who you think it is?"

"Why, it is Rev. Dr. Barclay."

"Oh! Thank you! Thank you so much! I promised Professor Clark I would take a good look at his portrait. Now I know that isn't his, I shall be able to find the right one."

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