

Courieterettes.

NEVER mind the cost of living. Think of the cost of dying, now that they have a big casket merger.

In Paris they have established a bank for poets. We hate to be croakers, but we can see the finish of that institution.

They tell us at the summer resorts that the water is warmer than usual this summer. And just as wet.

Toronto ball team got an infielder named Pick from Terre Haute. It is almost too obvious to remark that they took the Pick of the Terre Haute team.

But while you are denouncing the modern fashions, remember that our mothers and grandmothers wore things called bustles.

Athabaska may provide the oil for Britain's fleet. Other Canadian provinces could easily contribute the gas for Britain's war balloons.

It's hard to be a hero more than a minute nowadays. Bill Hawkins won the King's Prize at Bisley and Toronto gave him a third of a cent per citizen as an expression of its pride.

A chap named Harper has just married a Miss Fidler. Will there be harmony or discord in that duet?

A Boston woman wants to establish a woman's colony—a real Adamless Eden. Give the women the ballot and see the finish of that idea.

Vest pocket diners in tabloid form are the form of slow suicide.

Lord Rosebery talks in strong terms of decayed manners. He might also include some decayed manors.

Controller Church, of Toronto, wants to dissolve the Toronto Railway Co., thinking probably that it is as thin and hazy as some of his own remarks.

Here Are Some Side-Splitters.—Canada's great wheat crop this year is almost rivalled by the wonderful crop of amusing answers in the examination papers which the examiners have been going over during the past few weeks.

Canadian pupils seem to need considerable coaching on history, according to some of the tales told by the examiners. Here are a few of the answers to queries in the History paper:

"The Boers tried to take Canada, but were defeated by a famous British general, John Bull."

"The Jesuits were so strict that a number of young men took to the woods and married Indians."

"General Braddock had five horses shot from under him, and was mortally wounded, but his men escaped, leaving their arms, ammunition, guns and baggage, and everything but themselves."

"Lloyd George is a Christian because he helps the cause of woman suffrage."

"Bosworth field is important because it was at this place that Mary blew up her first husband."

"Frontenac established royal government, the fur trade and other religious institutions."

One of the questions was a request to define a Papal interdict. List to one reply:

"An interdict was an edict from the

Pope forbidding all births, deaths, marriages and baptisms."

Another candidate for honors expressed his belief that the eldest son of the Pope always succeeded to the Papal chair.

Out in the west one pupil wrote that Hon. Robert Rogers was the Premier of Canada. Other guesses were Henri Bourassa, W. H. Taft, Sir John A. Macdonald, and General Booth.

One hopeful set down his conviction that the C. P. R. began at the St. Lawrence river, crossed the Great Lakes and goes through the Welland Canal.

Here are a few other odd answers: "The races of men are white or Caucus, Red or Indian, and Negro or Episcopalian."

"You should not feed a horse while it is eating."

"The robin lays between four and five eggs in her nest."

"The solar system was originated by Neptune, the English astronomer."

An Unexpected Oration.—"Eddie" Freyseng, of Toronto, was never known as an orator.

That's why, when his fellows in the Dufferin School Old Boys' Association were arranging to hold one of



Old Brown—"Yep, this is swell wine. I bought fifty dollars' worth of it."
Green—"Say, what a lot you must have got!"

their annual affairs, they chose Eddie to respond to the toast of "Canada. No long-winded oration was wanted at that stage of the evening's entertainment and certainly none was expected when it was determined to put Eddie Freyseng down as the speech-maker. He had never shown any glibness of tongue and the boys were confident that he couldn't make a ten-minute speech even to win a wager.

But Eddie Freyseng fooled the Old Boys. Having been duly notified that he was to respond to "Canada" his bosom thrilled. His head ran riot with patriotic emotion. He took the thing very seriously. His country must not be dishonored. He should do his duty nobly.

The night of the banquet arrived. It was a night of revelry and mirth. All went well and with a fairly good speed until the toast to "Canada" had been drunk. Eddie Freyseng arose to his feet—also to the occasion.

Three minutes passed. He still talked. Five minutes. The Dufferin Old Boys began to wonder. Ten minutes. They stared at him and started to shuffle their feet. When he had talked fifteen minutes they were astounded. At the twenty-minute mark they were wondering how much longer he could talk.

But there was no damming the flood tide of the Freyseng oration. Eddie had primed himself from a stack of geographies and histories and blue-books direct from the Government presses and he was overflowing with facts and figures to show how Canada was growing to be a great and beautiful and prosperous gem in the crown of Britain's empire. He began at the beginning of things and came right down to the last election. He told them of the wheat yield of the west and how many feet of lumber were taken out of the northern woods. He was a veritable fount of information. All of which bored the Dufferin Old Boys. They knew it all—or thought they did.

They sat there in dismal despair and waited for the end that never seemed to come. They tried to show the orator in polite fashion that he was talking a little too long, but he took no notice.

Finally, so the historian of the occasion asserts, after a full fifty minutes of the Freyseng oratory, one of the weary banquetters wrote something on a bit of paper and passed it across the table. The Old Boy who read it smiled and passed it down the line. It came close to where the orator stood. Thinking it might be for him he picked it up and glanced at it. Then he ended—forgetting his peroration.

The note read:

"This is what Sherman said war was."

Life's Ironies.—There are some odd little ironies in life. A young journalist, who wrote a series of books on "How To Be a Success," which had a large sale, too, by the way, has turned out to be a rank failure on his own account.

Can You Define It?—A solicitor's clerk in England left \$2,000 when he died recently to be devoted to the liquidation of the National Debt.

That's just our idea of doing useless things with good money.

He Is Too Modest.—Poet Laureate Bridges is said to be already shunning publicity.

Most poets nowadays like to get publicity—at least for their poems.

A Slight Change.—(In recent professional lacrosse games the police have had to use their

batons on players and spectators and serious injuries have been suffered by players.)

In days of old
None played for gold—
Lacrosse was then a game of skill;
But nowadays
They have a craze
To play it as a game of "kill."

The Difference.
NOT so very long ago
Women cut a dash—
Fashions change, as well we know—
Now they cut a slash.

An Acrobatic Actress.—The Toronto World seems determined to convert Miss Percy Haswell, the well-known stock company star in Toronto, into an acrobat.

In a recent issue, in the course of an announcement of Miss Haswell's forthcoming appearance in the leading part of a favourite play, it used this head line:

"MISS HASWELL
IN A FAMOUS ROLL."

Quite True.—They say that love makes the world go round.

Also it seems to make some young chaps' heads whirl.

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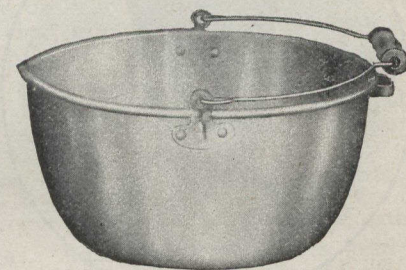
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