



Courierettes.

DAILY papers report phenomenal catches of fish in Canadian waters. They also report phenomenal high prices. Somehow the two don't seem to go well together.

"Now you get it and now you don't," seems to about fit the case of Guelph and the big arena that it thought Hon. James Duff had promised to build for its Fat Stock Show.

Some aldermen should consider themselves mighty lucky to get elected, considering that they printed their pictures in their election cards.

The Bible is now printed in 500 languages. In fact, it is so easily and cheaply obtained nowadays that a lot of people seem to be neglecting it.

There are a lot of badly cracked slates outside school walls the day after a civic election.

Now that Mona Lisa has been rescued and restored to her proper place, it will be more than ever fitting for her to wear that smile that won't come off.

Winnipeggers were complaining a couple of weeks ago of being bitten by mosquitoes. Somebody is always being bitten—somehow—out there.

Britishers are said to spend \$30,000,000 yearly on golf. Would it not be a nice neighbourly thing for John Bull to give up the game for a year and hand the thirty millions over to Toronto for the purchase of the street railway?

"The Glad Eye" recently played several Canadian cities, but the box office takings were none too large. Change the name to "The Sad Eye."

We note that a man was charged in Police Court the other day with hitting his wife with an electric iron. It would seem that electricity is coming into too common use.

By this time old Santa Claus may be safely reckoned among the also-rans. However, a year hence he'll come out of cold storage as fresh as ever.

An English mob sang ragtime songs as a murderer was being hanged. Straight case of adding insult to injury. He surely did not deserve double punishment.

They have invented the "fool-proof" aeroplane. Very soon there won't be anything left in this old world for a fool to fool with.

In this penitentiary probe there seems to be an odd inclination to deal more severely with the guards who sold tobacco to the convicts than with those who "hosed" them with ice water.

The Main Point.—Most any chap can write a poem, but it takes a mighty clever fellow to sell one.

The Transformation.—Many a poor chap gets into the stock market, is treated like a lamb, and finally becomes the goat.

The Unhappy Husbands.—Jones—"My wife always has the last word." Smith—"And my wife always has the last dollar."

The Sweetest Song of All.
I LOVE to hear canary birds
Their blithesome ballads trill—
I love to list to nightingales
When all the world is still;
I love to hear most any bird
His job of warbling tackling—
But none that I have ever heard
Such joy within my heart has stirred
As our old hen a-cackling.

Explained.—There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in

Heaven, says the Good Book.
And the cynic rises to remark that that's why it is Heaven.

Christmas Aftermath.

LAST night as by his bed I went
I heard my small boy thus
lament:
"Oh, gone are all my Christmas joys—
I licked the paint off my Christmas toys."

This is a Surprise.—It is announced that the total wealth of the United States is one hundred and thirty billion dollars.

This is good news. We had thought that Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan, Jr., had it all cornered, but a dollar or two seems to have escaped them.

Two Kinds of Conductors.—There are all kinds of street-car conductors, just as there are all kinds of people in general. The history of modern civilization could probably be written from a study of conductors. And the contrasts between some of these very obvious people are interesting.

A few days ago a citizen of Toronto found himself on a car with four miles to reach a suburb and nothing but ten dollars in his pocket.

"Sorry I can't change that," said the conductor, a genial, fair-haired gentleman.

"No, I thought you couldn't," said the passenger. "What'll I do?"

He had visions of getting off the car, but he was already late for dinner.

"Well, I guess I'll have to lend you a ticket," said this very dead-game conductor.

And without a quiver he slipped from his pocket a blue ticket on behalf of a total stranger who, however, took his number and handed him a cigar.

Next morning the same citizen left home with the same \$10 bill in his jeans, and no change. He boarded a car on the same line, but with a different kind of conductor. The man scowled.

"Can I get this ten changed at the car barn?" asked the passenger.

"I dunno. They don't allow us to do it."

"Well, I don't want you to do it."

"I can change your ten. But I've got no bills."

The "con." began to unload his wallet of all the silver he had; and there was about a pound and a half. "Great Scott! I can't carry all that junk."

"Well, get off the car and get change at the bank," snarled the conductor.

The passenger went to the bank. But the teller's cash was not yet opened. He went to a hardware store. The owner had just paid her taxes. But between herself and her daughter she managed to get the change.

"Deduct ten cents commission," said the grateful customer.

"Oh, that's all right. We're glad to change the money. Some conductors are unreasonable."

He Overdid It.—A Milwaukee dentist is being sued for \$5,000 damages because he kissed a girl while she was in his chair, having her tooth crowned. She merely objected to the superfluous treatment. Some dentists would have the nerve, however, to add a few dollars to their bill for an attention like this.

What is So Rare?—William Deering, millionaire harvester manufacturer, of Chicago, who died recently, left his \$13,000,000 to his family, stating in his will that he had during his lifetime done enough for charity.

It must be great to have such a well-satisfied conscience.



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