



EDITORIAL

Watching the world through a mirror has its funny sides. The other day a perfectly darling young thing, of about seventeen summers (and winters), came dancing brightly along the roof. She stopped in maidenly embarrassment when she saw herself being solemnly regarded through half a dozen mirrors.

With downcast eyes she announced to no one in particular "O-o-o-oh! He sees me in his mirror." Then taking her courage in both hands she sidled cooly up alongside one bed and asked in dulcet tone "And can you see everything like that?" He answered a rather dubious "Yes."

A moments silence, then in another burst of confidence she said "I can see your face in the mirror but it is upside down." He explained the laws of reflection and added that he saw everything upside down. She waited a minute then came the frightened, whispered question "Can you see me upside down?"

His affirmative was followed by her precipitate departure her cheeks flaming and one hand frantically clutching her skirt. She allowed the poor man no time to explain that it was only an optical illusion and we have not seen her since.

Moral—Profit by the mistakes of others

The orderly has a lazy time,
His work is never done,
The Sister has to chase him
round,
She does not have much fun.

Society

WHO'S WHO & WHY

The wedding took place at high noon of Miss Olive Fifty of N. B. and Mr. Edward Chaisson (known to all as Frenchy) at the home of the groom Christie St. Toronto.

The bride, who was attended by Minnie De Sasters, was gowned in a beautiful creation of Georgina silk and carried a bouquet of rolling pins while the groom in a gorgeous suit of tan was supported by Mr. Fracture Board.

The happy couple are spending their honeymoon quietly at home.

The groom leaves a host of sad young lady freinds to mourn his loss



CRUELTY

"TO ANIMALS"

The other day I saw a slight determined-faced man coming down the street in evident difficulty. Attached to each hand was a clawing, kicking, squealing and just as determined youngster of about eleven years of age.

It was plain that the youngsters were trying to get away and it was just as plain that their captor was not going to let them.

But he was having a rough time of it. The kids were flying around like a couple of chickens with their heads cut off, and one finally worked around in front of the grim perspiring man, where he landed a beautiful kick on his shin.

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