



Courierettes.

TORONTO Globe offers \$100 for a historical poem. Most editors would rather pay a policeman \$100 to keep the poets away.

The Globe further states that "blank verse is not positively barred." How could the work of any bard be barred?

A German firm has been awarded a big contract to build bridges in England. Now, what have the patriots got to say about the German menace? Will the bridges be shaky?

Princess Patricia is reported to be telling tales of Canada which keep her English listeners in roars of laughter. Are they laughing at us or with us?

Labour men object to Walter H. Page as American ambassador to Britain. They would prefer to turn over a new leaf.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, is making a big noise in this country, chiefly by reason of the fact that he makes a good living by writing poetry.

Most people fear the Black Hand, but Jack Johnson has come to realize that the White Hand has a pretty good grip when it tightens.

England wants France to send Christabel Pankhurst back to British domains. One would naturally suppose that England has had enough of the Pankhursts.

King George's secret telephone number has been betrayed to the suffragettes. What rollicking fun it must be to call up his Majesty and say "Good morning, King. Votes for women!"

Some Canadian M.P.'s are complaining of long sessions and want their sessional indemnity increased. Nothing doing. Talk is cheap, and they do the talking.

A Puzzling Point.—We confess that we are puzzled over one point in regard to Mrs. Pankhurst.

Cables say that Englishmen admired her for her persistence in fasting during her term in jail.

Can you imagine any normal Englishman admiring anybody who refused to eat?

A Notable Fact.—Have you ever remarked the fact that it is the weakest men who have the strongest habits?

Shocked the City Clerk.—William A. Littlejohn, City Clerk of Toronto, is a hater of slang phrases and a stickler for form and propriety in all things. He is precise and particular in every little thing he does. But once in a while some civic official does something that sends a cold shiver down the Littlejohn spine. One of these incidents took place in the City Clerk's office the other day when Mr. Littlejohn was busy in the important ceremony of swearing in a man who had just been appointed to an important civic office.

It happens that the new official is somewhat careless about forms and frills attached to official life, and he figures that much of it is so much red tape.

Therefore, after Mr. Littlejohn had most impressively read out to him the oath of office, that he was to truly and faithfully serve his

city and King, etc., the new appointee gave the City Clerk a severe jar when he smilingly and nonchalantly replied, "Sure, Mike."

The City Clerk, with due dignity, insisted that he take the oath properly with the words prescribed.

No Doubt About It.—John L. Sullivan asserts that money is a curse.

He may be right, but it is remarkable how many people we meet nowadays who show a great preference for that particular kind of profanity.

The Rivals.—Toronto's militia regiments paraded to church on a recent Sunday and tens of thousands of people saw them march.

But the Bulgarian brigade of women along the line of march was a counter attraction that more than held its own.

Domestic Tragedy in a Nutshell.

They were married.

In a few months there was trouble.

Soon they were divorced.

The reason was that neither of them tried half as hard to please each other as they did before marriage.

"A Duty"—No Less.—The other day three Canadian society women were on the car going home from an afternoon bridge party, and one remarked that it was getting rather late in the season for such social affairs.

"Yes, indeed," said another woman, "and at this time of the year one has so many other duties to attend to, you know."

The Decline of the Drama.—After a season of more or less regular attendance at the theatre, the Incurable Cynic is moved to remark that the women seem to go to a play to see what the actresses wear and some men go to see how much they don't wear.

The Tale of the Track.

AS the lambs that are led to the slaughter,

As the sheep 'fore their shearers are dumb,

Are the young men we know as "the talent"

When back from the races they come.

Is This Not Logic?—The Senate of Canada has been under discussion of late.

Some statistician has figured it out that the combined ages of the Senators totals something like 5,700 years. Nearly



Visitor to Lunatic Asylum—"Is that clock right?"
The Crazy One—"Certainly not or it wouldn't be here."

all of them are very old men.

Now, the copy books and the philosophers tell us that "the good die young."

If that is the case—

"Mr. Speaker, I move we adjourn."

A Crumb of Comfort.—A society doctor sounds a note of warning to women that it is dangerous to kiss bearded men, who may have deadly germs lurking in their whiskers.

Cheer up, girls. There are quite a few of us left who are clean-shaven.

Just One Word.

IT may be true that money talks—

(Pardon me while I sigh)—

The only word I ever heard

It whisper was—Good-bye.

Brief Essay on Mosquitoes.—Some mosquitoes are like swans.

They sing their little songs just before they are due to die.

Then, again, there are other mosquitoes that sing before their victim dies.

A Sure Sign.—"Bings seems to be tired of life."

"Why do you think so?"

"He is trying to get a job as a baseball umpire."

Baseball and Rounders.—Mr. J. M. Dent, head of the well-known English publishing house, Dent & Sons, is now on a visit to Canada. Much interested, as all progressive Englishmen are, in the development of this country, he went to Hanlan's Point to see a game of baseball.

Now it was fondly anticipated by his introducteur that this optimistic English gentleman who finds so much interest in travel, would show symptoms of the sudden conversion that often seizes Englishmen when they see baseball for the first time. This revulsion of feeling has been a characteristic of Englishmen who almost in a miraculous moment, dazed with the dazzling performance of a home-run hit or a catch-out on a high fly, have suddenly chucked cricket and Rugby, and all that sort of thing, to become real "fans."

But Mr. Dent was not so easy. He watched the game with intent interest. Where he was not clear on points of etiquette he asked questions of his introducteur—who also was an Englishman suddenly and incurably addicted to baseball. No detail was lost upon Mr. Dent. He admired all the gallery performances. He kept his gaze fixed on the ins and the outs. He even went so far as to get a preliminary personal interest in some of the individual players. He observed the manoeuvres of team work, the excitable rushes and counter-rushes between bases, the baiting of the umpire, the uproaring of the fans, the peculiar chumminess between the players and the grandstand—and all the hundred and one things that in the fan's estimation make baseball the greatest game in the world.

When it was all over, and the huge crowd was gliding home by thousands to the city; when he had time to collect his thoughts and get a perspective view of his sensations, his introducteur asked the publisher cautiously:

"Well, Mr. Dent, what did you really think of the game?"

"Well," he replied, genially and kindly and quite firmly, speaking as one who had judiciously weighed the pros and cons, "I'm bound to say, it's a very interesting game. But what is it after all, but a glorification of our good old English game of rounders?"

A Parson's Wit.—At a certain church there were four old men who persisted in ejaculating, in chorus, "Amen!" to every other sentence uttered by the preacher. As they were slightly deaf, it followed that the ejaculation was not always suitable.

The new minister bore it, uncomplainingly, for some time, until he could stand it no longer. Next Sunday, he announced his text, from the book of Revelations: "And the four beasts said Amen"—the four old men managed to get that!

A Fair Answer.—When Miss Carlotta Nilsson was asked last week if the fine imposed on her for playing in "Deborah" by the Toronto police magistrate, would not be good advertising, she quickly replied, "Notoriety is not reputation."

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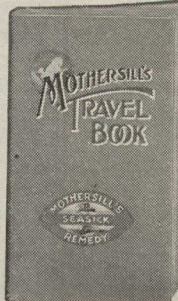
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