



Courierettes.

CANADIAN banks have \$676,000 of unclaimed money. We are poor but honest. We admit it is not ours.

Advices from England say there are too many women in the Old Land. Evidence on this point can be supplied by Premier Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill.

"You are no gentleman," said Woodrow Wilson to a photographer. Spoken like a professor—not a President.

Her hired man is suing a Western widow for breach of promise. She probably concluded that he'd be worth more to her as a hired man than a husband.

The Toronto "Globe" is trying to find out who got the heavy end of \$5.75 which a Winnipeg man paid for a barrel of Ontario apples. "Where did the money go to?" makes a good companion to that paper's former puzzle—"Where did the money come from?"

"Your Vote and Influence."—It happens that Toronto's Mayor and four Controllers are all Orangemen. It happens also that civic election day is Jan 1; and, as New Year's Day nears, this quintette are very busy attending meetings.

The most remarkable incident of the campaign to date took place in an Orange lodge on a recent evening when Mayor Hocken and three members of the Board of Control were duly in attendance, cultivating the acquaintance of the "brethren," and exchanging fraternal greetings.

Of course, the Mayor was first called on to speak. He had just begun by the jocular remark that he was sorry to miss one member of the Board of Control—otherwise they could hold a full meeting of the Board in the lodge room, when the door opened, and in strode the fifth in the person of Controller Church, who is the champion campaigner of the City Council. "Tommy" had been to a few other meetings and was due to attend a few more ere midnight. He is known to have "covered" a dozen gatherings in a night, from one extreme end of the city to the other.

At a recent session of the City Council the members failed to get through in the afternoon, and free-flowing oratory made a night session necessary. Some of the members slipped away for an hour and met each other unexpectedly in various Orange lodges, then came back to Council before it was through with its labors.

Signs of Progress.

SAID Jones, returned from lengthy stay:

"It's growing, my old town—They're tearing half the pavements up And half the buildings down."

His Trouble.—"Never again," said Walker, "will I go ahead of time to anything at which there is expected to be a big crowd."

"Why?" asked Wilson.

"Because," said Walker, "I arrived ahead of time at a meeting last night and got mixed up with the crowd who 'go early to avoid the rush.'"

The Printers' Joke.—Printers are the busiest, most pestered people in the universe. That statement doesn't need proving; they admit it.

But they manage to get a little fun into their busy days at times.

For instance, the other morning the foreman of a big Canadian printing office learned that an interesting event had taken place at the home of one of his men.

So "Mr. Foreman" forgot for a few moments the many jobs that had to be gotten out sooner than seemed possible, and, getting the biggest type in the house, he printed on a cardboard: IT IS A BOY. Then he placed the card on the machine at which the proud father turns out many galleys of type every day.

The father is a member of a Loyal Orange lodge, and carrying the fun farther, one of the men filled out an "application for membership" card for the new citizen. Thereon it stated that the infant's age was one day, and opposite "occupation" was written "unknown."

A Neat Thurst.—Like the people of other cities, Toronto folk hand out considerable criticism of the street car system of their city. One would imagine that Manager "Bob" Fleming's left ear must be burning all the time, but he doesn't seem to be getting thin over his worries.

All of which is introductory to an amusing incident which happened on a Belt Line car a few days ago.

The car was making slow progress, and a near-sighted, old gentleman glanced



THE VERY PLAIN TRUTH.
"I was sorry to see that your husband was not at Church last Sunday, Mrs. Perkins."
"No sir. He's taken to sleepin' at home on Sundays."

out of a window to discover the cause.

He noticed that a number of men were standing near the track as the car passed, and that the motorman was ringing his gong loudly and insistently.

"I wonder if there has been an accident?" the near-sighted man said as he walked to the front of the car.

He saw that track repairing was the cause of the slow speed.

And, turning back to go to his seat, he said—in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the other passengers: "Everything's all right; 'Bob' is mending his ways."

Limitations of Wireless.

WONDERFUL is the wireless, But this sting with us sticks— They'll never be able to use it In the realm of politics.

A Great Colour Scheme.—"There," said the young man as he handed his mother a copy of a magazine, "I guess that completes the colour scheme."

"What do you mean?" asked mother. "Well," said the son, "that's the 'Red Book' I've just got for you. Sister is busy devouring the 'Green Book,' I was looking over the 'Pink Un' in the store, and father—I guess father has been look-

ing up some old 'Blue Book' as usual."

Precocious.—In many cases the small boy of to-day is a self-possessed creature who "knows his way about."

That, at least, is the opinion of a prominent business man to whom a very small boy had applied for a job.

"How much are you going to pay?" asked the youngster.

"Four dollars a week," was the answer.

"Four dollars?" said the tiny applicant disgustedly. "Say, you don't want a boy. You want a one-armed man."

The Truth About Father.

EVERYBODY works poor father, Drives him with a lash— Chasing him the whole long day

With pleading calls for cash; Mother wants a lot of it,

So does sister Ann; Everybody out at our house

Works my old man.

A Funny Complaint.—Some amusing things are said by customers in stores.

A clerk in a store in a big Canadian city found something laughable in the complaint of a woman who had bought a medical battery.

"That battery you sold me doesn't work at all," she said. "It worked all right for a day or two, but now it won't bat at all."

Looked Unfamiliar.—The Bennett-Knoblach play, "Milestones," is now touring Canada, and the manager of the company is telling an amusing yarn

about a woman in a Canadian city, who, without any previous knowledge of the play, attempted to classify it when she saw it advertised on the bill boards.

Walking along the street with a friend, the good woman studied the title "Milestones" for a moment, and then attempted to pronounce it.

"I guess that's one of those classical Greek plays," she said. "Miles-to-nes — that's Greek, isn't it?"

You Never Can Tell.—"That man has many medals." "He must be a hero?" "No—he's a pawn broker."

She's Right.—Hubby—"You seem to forget that I have to foot the bill."

Wife—"I can't forget it. You always kick at them."

A Strange Start.—In Ottawa they are telling a little story about the start of Sir George Ross—the newly-elected leader of the Liberals in the Senate—in political life a generation ago.

Few folks are aware that Sir George found it necessary to borrow his campaign funds in his first political battle from his opponent for Parliamentary honours, yet such is the fact.

Sir George—of course he was then plain "George W."—was a personal friend of the Conservative candidate in the riding, a Strathroy banker named Johnston. The former obtained a loan of several hundred dollars from the obliging Tory candidate to carry on the Liberal campaign.

As the fortunes of war would have it, Ross beat out Johnston with the aid of Johnston's own cash.

It was with a smile that Mr. Ross paid his debt to the banker-candidate after the election.

A Guess at It.—Apparently the motto of the suffragettes is: "What man has done, women can do—better."

Half—or Less—Truths.

"CENTRAL, I've been trying for half an hour to get you."

"Yours truly."

"I'm sorry I'm late, but the car just crawled along."

"I tried about a dozen times to raise you by phone, but your line was busy every time."

"If I were you I wouldn't let a little thing like that worry me."

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