



Courieterres.

New York woman is suing Mrs. Clarence Mackay for \$1,000,000 for alienation of her husband's affections. We doubt whether any New Yorker's affections are worth it.

We read of a couple who fell in love while in an airship. The fall might have been more disastrous.

Controller Foster, of Toronto, is said to be piqued because he was not asked to speak at a North Bay banquet. No protest from North Bay reported as yet.

Our American cousins are now agitating for a legal "Fathers' Day." If they keep on there'll be something doing across the line every day of the year.

A well-known political orator was stricken with paralysis while making a speech. Unfortunately others will not be warned by this.

Andrew Carnegie is held to be entitled to a vote in Britain. However, it counts for no more than anybody else's ballot.

European nations are talking loudly of universal peace—and spending a thousand millions on armaments this year. There are national as well as individual hypocrites.

The modern man can get lots of exercise by means of the motor car—not driving, but rather dodging it.

The human race is so called because men are running after women—and vice versa.

The increase in the price of radium to \$52,000,000 per pound just puts it out of active competition with coal.

The only things that look cheap at a bargain sale are the men who have to wait for their wives.

Rockefeller congratulated Ouimet, the young golf champion, on his victory over the British golfers. Ouimet, however, has not yet congratulated John D. on his oil winnings.

The United States got 1,200,000 immigrants in the past year. Uncle Sam is a great importer of humanity.

"Jack Canuck," the illustrious Toronto weekly, has now a yellow cover. Singularly fitting for a yellow journal!

Here's a Riddle.—"After all, what use is money?" queried Rev. C. E. Manning in the course of a sermon advising young men to enter the ministry.

All together now, just one guess!

Somewhat Crude, This.—Art is long, sings the poet, and it must needs also be long-suffering to endure the critical comments of some people who boast more cash than culture.

Which is apropos of a little incident in the Princess Theatre, Toronto, at the conclusion of a recent performance of "The Garden of Allah," that tragic drama of the renegade monk who married a woman, and by her was sent back to the monastery to spend the rest of his life there. Just as the big monastery gate had closed, and the noise of the shot bolt was heard, Dominie, the woman, was left alone on the stage.

At this point a newly-rich society bud turned to her escort, and remarked quite audibly, "Well, she is a grass widow now."

The Plight of the Poor.—Lord Salisbury declares that the labourers of England need neither baths nor parlours in their cottages, and that baths and parlours do not save souls, but rather increase expenses.

The noble lord might at least let the poor be clean, if they cannot be godly.

Here and There.—Over here in America we are chiefly concerned with the increased cost of living, but in Britain certain peers of the realm who have had to settle with some pretty actresses are worried more over the higher cost of loving.

Just a Suggestion.—Now that they are doing most everything, including cooking, by electricity, why not have some buns with electric currents?

The Similarity.—"Why are some men like a beefsteak?" "Because they need considerable pounding before they are tender to others."

Awkward for the King.—The Liverpool Echo tells us that the royal standard is the King's personal flag, "and should be used only where the King is himself."

But would it not be awkward for his Majesty to climb the flag staff so often?

The Other Side of It.—Students at Toronto University have been having their annual battles, in which the damage is limited to the loss of clothing and the misuse of much boot-blacking.

It's no doubt a heap of fun for the boys, but old Dad and Mother, back on the farm, fail to see the joke when they forward the price of more clothes.

Choosing a Preacher.—They tell a little story of the canniness of a certain Scotch Presbyterian congregation



"Well, did them picture people get moving pictures of everything on the farm?"
"Everything but the hired man; they couldn't ketch him in motion."

in Ontario which recently faced the problem of choosing a new pastor.

There came a long, thin clergyman first. He did not meet with approval. The second was almost as thin. He, too, was passed up.

The third was a stout man. "Let us take him," said one wise old elder. "Stout men are not too long-winded. And they took him."

The Preacher's Preference.—Rev. W. E. Hassard, who travels over the Dominion continually in the interests of the Bible Society, tells of a certain country congregation of the old school, who clung to all the old styles

and systems of church worship with persistent faithfulness. One of their ideas was that the preacher should not use notes for his sermons. His words should flow solely by inspiration from his lips.

Consequently, there was consternation and alarm when a new preacher came who was reported to use notes. The rumour of this awful misconduct on his part soon spread and threatened to become a church scandal.

Finally, one of the pillars of the church, more courageous than the rest, interviewed the pastor in order to clear the matter up.

"Is it true, Mr. —, that you use notes?" he asked in awed tones.

"To be perfectly frank with you, my dear fellow," said the preacher, "I prefer the cash."

Ever Notice This?—The editor of the Toronto Telegram never "talks through his hat." He prefers to use "caps."

Do You Know It?—"The Terror by Night" is the title of a new book, just published in England.

Probably about a baby.

Defined.—Light-weight champion—The coal merchant.

Old Motto Revised.—In days of old Cromwell and his Roundheads had for their motto "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

The good actress nowadays merely varies this by substituting "handy" for "dry."

Explained.—A Kentucky editor lived to the ripe old age of 89.

Which goes to show, not that he was particularly healthy, but that some people must have been mighty poor shots.

Here's Mary Again.

MARY had a stylish skirt,
It had a tiny split,
And everywhere that Mary went
The glance would follow it.

A Fable.—Once upon a time there was a church, and the minister resigned. He was probably called elsewhere. The congregation desired to have another reverend gentleman in their midst, and they sent a deputation to see the Reverend Mr. So-and-So.

He was not in. His good wife opened the door and told the deputation so.

"Then if we may not see the minister, we should like to see a pair of his pants," said one of the elders.

Greatly wondering, the wife of the minister acceded to the strange request and produced a pair of the reverend gentleman's pants for the inspection of the deputation.

The deputation retired a little way from the door. They examined the ministerial garment (or garments, if you prefer), and shook their heads. Then they returned to the minister's wife. And one said, "We had intended asking the Reverend Mr. So-and-So to become our pastor. But on examining his pants we find they are worn less at the knees than in some other places.

So we are sure that the Reverend Mr. So-and-So doesn't pray enough to make a good pastor."

The moral is, that the minister's wife was not up to snuff. For if she had been she would have seen to it that the nether garments looked worn at the knees, whether they really showed signs of much wear at that place or not.

Awful!

I F I were pun-I-shed
For every puny pun I shed
I should not have a puny shed
Wherein to lay my punished head,
If—[No more of that.—Ed.]

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