



Courierettes.

OTTAWA correspondent complains that the civil service employees need a fire drill. Some of them have had a taste of a "fire" drill they didn't like.

Dominion Grange farmers declare that Toronto's big Fair is almost a circus. Dr. Orr would like nothing better than to put his critics on as a sideshow.

Irish magistrates tossed a penny to decide a matter of costs. Why cannot other judges be equally candid?

Toronto always does the appropriate thing. It gave an Arctic reception to Capt. Amundsen, the Antarctic explorer.

New York is talking of skyscrapers 1,000 feet high. Gotham seems to be always up in the air about something.

Railway porters are to form an association. That's surely adding insult to injury on the part of the knights of the whisk.

An 11-pound Ohio girl baby, alive, was sent safely by parcel post to its grandmother. Mail carriers are now to be female carriers also.

Pool tables will not be provided for the prisoners at Toronto's Industrial Farm. Ah, those hard-hearted, inhuman authorities.

A Tip to Col. Sam.—A Montreal man prophesies that Hon. Col. Sam Hughes will be wounded in battle during 1913. Let's abolish sham battles for this year, Colonel.

Teetotalers in Toronto.—Harry Lauder, who recently appeared in some Canadian cities, depends for his laughs largely on songs and jokes concerning the Scotch weakness for strong liquid refreshment, but in Toronto, which is strong on temperance sentiment, he rather struck a snag.

He was singing the Scotch drinking song, "A Wee Deoch an' Doris," and trying hard to enthrall his audience into joining him in singing the catchy chorus. But the audience was shy, and Lauder's coaxing was all in vain.

After several ineffectual attempts to get the 2,500 people singing, the little Scot cast a look of mock scorn over the audience and turning away as if in contempt, said, "Teetotalers—every one."

Mattie—"I want you to know I don't stand on trifles."

Hattie (glancing at Mattie's feet)—"No, dear, I see you don't."

Sounding a Warning.—Sometimes one hears warnings in unexpected places. For instance, in a Methodist Bible class in Toronto on a recent Sunday, new Bibles were left on the chairs for the use of the members.

Just before the class was dismissed, the president turned to the class with the remark: "You fellows won't forget to leave those Bibles on the seats."

A Curious Parallel.—"Curious how closely the answers of maidens to marriage proposals correspond to the sentences of judges and juries," said the cynic.

"For instance, if she refuses you, it is death—at least so you swear to her. Really it is an acquittal, for you are then at liberty."

"If she accepts you, it is a life sentence."

"If she ask for time to consider, you are on suspended sentence."

Not That Kind.—Strange as it may seem to us, the Hungarian Diet has nothing abstemious about it.

Easy To Be a Hero.—"Jones is a real little hero. He ran out into

the street and, seizing a runaway horse by the bridle, stopped it and prevented an accident."

"That's nothing. I can step to the kerb, raise my finger, and stop a taxi."

A Consoling Thought.—It's always comforting to reflect that when you break a promise you can easily make another.

No Wonder He Worried.—Johnnie's face wore a guilty look as he puffed away at the cigarette.

"What you scared of?" queried his companion. "Would your mother lick you if she caught you?"

"Yep," said Johnnie. "She sure would. It's one of her cigarettes."

Her Tongue.—Jack—"Her mouth is like a rose."

Jill—"And the thorn is inside it."

Appropriate.—A teacher of one of the junior classes in a public school was in the habit of commencing each day's lessons by relating a story to the class and then asking for some scriptural text which would make a fitting moral to the tale.

On one occasion, apropos of cruelty to animals, she told about a wicked little boy who took the carving knife and wantonly cut off the tail of the family cat.

"And now," said the teacher, "can any child think of an appropriate text for such an act?"

There was an impressive silence and then a little girl arose and lisped, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

An old coloured couple in a small village in Virginia had been married many years. It was a well-known fact that their life together had not been one of peace, as scarcely a day had gone by, year in, year out, on which they had not had an open quarrel of some kind.

When, however, the old woman died, everyone felt sorry for her aged husband, and the attendance at the funeral was large. The deacon walked home with the old man and endeavoured to comfort his distress; during his talk he said:

"You had a long life together, Uncle; how long were you and Mandy married?"

"Well, sah," said the negro thoughtfully, "I dun' reckon Mandy has been my opponent in matrimony for nigh on forty years."

The Event of the Season.—Moose Factory social season is now on. The season at Moose Factory is not to be sneezed at. It is a very old place; was for a long while the official residence of Sir

James Simpson, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Co., an oil painting of whom, faded and torn, still hangs in the old dining room of the factor's house. And in his day Sir James Simpson was an exceedingly sociable man, who set the pace for many subsequent festivities.

A few weeks ago occurred the smartest event of all the modern seasons. "Moose," as they call it is, of course, not such a lively place for mere trade as it used to be. No, but bales of fur and York boats and old wooden ships were a sort of stupid thing; and now it's of very much more consequence to convert the heathens. Moose has a couple of mission workers, under a chief missionary, Mr. Hawthornethwaite. As may be surmised, he is an Englishman. Two of his head workers were English ladies, one of whom for some time past had been accepting the masculine advances of a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Co. to such an extent that a wedding followed; and this wedding was the noblest event in all the giddy whirl of the social season at Moose Factory.

There were half-breed bridesmaids and maids of honour; groomsmen toggled in buckskin and moccasins; music of accordeons and fiddles; a huge "dejeuner" and a cake big enough for a baby igloo. Guns were fired. There was a big dance. People came over the trails from the outermost confines of Moose Factory.

And for weeks this event was talked about; because it was the most remarkable ever known at Moose Factory.

The mission workers talked about it. So did the Hudson's Bay clerks.

So did the half-breeds.

Likewise the Indians.

It was discussed in three languages.

The wayfaring man in a kayak heard it. Because there is no newspaper at Moose Factory.

Therefore no social column.

But as social columns only exist to make people talk, there was no need of one; for they talked anyway.

Finally, when the great event had been reviewed by everybody and from all possible viewpoints, with all sorts of mutual titivations, the mission worker who had not got married talked of it again to the chief missionary.

"Really, Mr. Hawthornethwaite, don't you think it was one of the smartest weddings you ever saw?"

"Oh, quite. Yes, yes."

"Don't you think it was quite as smart as a wedding in London?"

He coughed in remonstrance.

"Well, I could scarcely say London," he replied. "No, I think I would say, however—that it was quite the equal of anything in Toronto."

A Comparison.—Canada now has on tour within its borders a play written by a Canadian, acted by Canadians, managed by a Canadian, backed by a Canadian, and booked by a Canadian. Yet Premier Borden thinks we can't build, man and maintain a few warships.

The Bible in the Theatre.—The wife of a Canadian dramatic critic tells a rather amusing little story illustrative of the attitude of some people of "the old school" toward the theatre. Knowing that a certain old lady who seldom went to the theatre enjoyed plays of an inoffensive nature the critic's wife asked the good woman to go with her to see that old pastoral play, "Way Down East," with its persecuted heroine, Anna Moore, thrown out into the snow-storm, its choreboy comedy, its village choir, etc.

They went. The old lady enjoyed the play until the scene in which the wronged heroine is turned away from his door by the New England squire, who is suspicious of strangers. Just then the tender-hearted professor interposes with the Scriptural quotation: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me." This, of course, is intended to soften the heart of the old squire.

It did not please the good old lady, however. She leaned over and whispered in her companion's ear: "It doesn't seem right to quote the Scriptures in a theatre, does it?"



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