

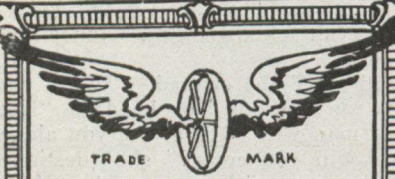
A FATAL ERROR

A man steps into your office, draws up his chair, and talks right into your face. His breath is offensive. Your only thought is how to get rid of him and his business. You cut him short with, "I am not interested."

SOZODONT

is essential to one whose breath is not pure and sweet. Penetrating the little crevices, it deodorizes, sweetens and purifies them, and makes you feel gentle and clean-cut.

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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Two examples of Rubens have just been found, and all the back townships are wondering which pair of their citizens was lost.

In the north of Ireland they don't call it hysteria any more. It's Ulsteria.

Many people worry themselves about their descent, but the aviator is the only man who has any excuse for it.

A Toronto magistrate fined a drover \$10 for overcrowding calves in a box car. The law looks after animals better than humans.

Hon. Mr. Monk shook his fist at Hon. Mr. Lemieux in the House of Commons. Hansard should be illustrated.

It was about 1812 that Napoleon dubbed England a nation of shopkeepers. In 1912 the Duke of Connaught finds the United States a nation of photographers.

The Dominion Liberal party, according to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is "both confident and cocky." So it seems to be convalescent.

Canada and Spain can now talk by wireless. This will make it much easier to look after our castles over there.

Clothing Dan Cupid.—The recent action of the Toronto play censors in ordering a stage Cupid to be clothed in a skirt has started another amusing yarn on its round.

This one comes from the office of a paper in Toronto, where there is a sub-editor of rather Puritanical strain. Not long ago this editor had occasion to use an article which was to be illustrated by two little Cupids. The paper's artist drew the two little archers in their proverbial condition of nudity. He took the drawings to the editor, who looked at them rather disapprovingly when he noted the unclad condition of the Cupids.

"I think," he said, while his brow puckered into a frown, "you had better take those back and put a pair of pants on each of them."

And the artist, being merely an artist, smiled grimly and proceeded to put the Cupid twins in trousers.

Up-to-Date Girl.—In Ottawa they are telling of a young "man about town" who recently became engaged to an up-to-date young lady whom he considered the best—well, everything that the young man in love considers his bride-to-be.

He decided that he should speak plainly to his fiancée, however, so that there might be no misunderstanding after marriage.

So he said—"Look here, girlie, I don't want to have to hide anything after we are married. That's why I want to tell you right now that I play poker, smoke cigarettes, drink, bet on the horses, and sometimes stay out rather late."

"I'm delighted to hear it," was the answer that surprised him. "You know I was hoping so much that you and I would be real pals."

His Danger.—Harry Robinson, secretary of the Canadian Hackney Society, was talking about horses with some other men interested in man's best friend at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, a few days ago.

A stranger broke in and soon monopolized the conversation. He talked much about his private affairs, great-

ly to the disgust of the men interested in horses.

At last Harry interrupted him with: "Say, you are liable to be sick. You're in danger."

"Why?" asked the stranger.

"Well," said Harry, "you might get typhoid and yet get better of it. You might get appendicitis and recover. You might even pull through if you got smallpox. But heaven help you if you ever got lockjaw!"

Chorus Girl and Chief Justice.—Of course she didn't know it, but a chorus girl in Gertrude Hoffman's Russian dancers troupe made one of his Majesty's Chief Justices shiver with nervous apprehension one night recently at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto.

In the course of the show the chorus girls come out, clad in bathing suits, on a darkened stage, and by means of mirrors in their hands reflect a strong spot-light on faces of men here and there in the audience, while they sing the Alice Lloyd hit, "Splash me and I'll splash you."

One little miss in the front rank of the chorus directed her mirror at one of the boxes, and it struck full and fair on the stately and dignified face and form of Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who was sitting in the midst of a party of ladies.

The spectacle of the chorus girl training the spot-light on the countenance of the Chief Justice and inviting him to splash her, while she in



"Mister, come quick! Bobby's fallen into a snow-drift up to his ankles!"

"Well, why doesn't he step out?"

"Cause he's in head first!"

return would splash his Lordship, was too absolutely ridiculous, and all the people in the pit who knew Sir Glenholme had a bigger laugh at this bit of by-play than at any other point in the play.

A Conundrum.—"What is the one thing in the world stronger at birth than at any other time in its existence?"

"A good resolution."

Why Don't They?—Charity Worker, Seeking Subscription: "There are many poor people freezing to death in this bitterly cold weather."

Mrs. Goldrocks—"Why don't the silly people go to California?"

Had the Habit.—An official of the Toronto Railway Company hired as his chauffeur a man who had been employed as motorman by the company. One day when the official's wife was driving down town the chauffeur slowed down his car almost to a

stop at a street corner. There seemed to be no reason for the slowing down, and the lady asked him what was wrong.

The chauffeur blushed.

"I forgot that I wasn't still running a street car," he said sheepishly, "and I thought that I should stop for that man on the corner."

The "Blawsted Country."—An Englishman recently formed a poor opinion of Canada because of the liquor laws.

Arriving at a Toronto hotel on a Saturday night he asked for something to drink, but was told: "Bar closes at seven o'clock Saturdays."

On Sunday morning he tried again, but was told that the bar was closed.

So he waited till the hour at which bars open on Sundays in England, but was told that in Canada the bars are closed all day Sunday.

His business took him up to the Porcupine country, and on a week day he asked to get a drink.

"Can't get it," was the answer. "We're under local option."

And here is what he said: "Well, if this is Canada, I wish I had money enough to get back to England."

Modesty.

I want to make a little list
Of twenty greatest men—
The chaps who've helped make history
With shovel, sword or pen.
Already I have made a start—
One name, known near and far—
But now I'm stuck, I'm not sure who
The other nineteen are.—W. F. M.

Unbeatable Make.—The drummer was trying hard to sell the store-keeper a cash register.

"Buy it and you won't be sorry. It will keep a strict and accurate account of all you receive and pay out. It will show what you save and what you squander, where you spend foolishly, where you spend wisely, where you waste, and where you gain—"

"I've got one that does all that and more," said the store-keeper.

"Whose make?" queried the salesman, glancing around in a vain search for the register.

"The Almighty's," replied the store-keeper, and he nodded toward the cashier's cage where sat his wife.

In Horse Terms.—Here's a little story which has to do with the facts that the late Judge Ferguson, a man "of the old school," was fond of having whiskey in the evening and was a great joker.

The judge was presiding at Assizes in Barrie, Ont. One of the men appearing in a case before him was a prominent K.C. who has since been made a judge.

He also liked a little whiskey, but was avoiding the judge through not wanting to drink while he still had the case in hand.

However, one evening there arrived at the door of the lawyer's room in the hotel a boy who announced: "Judge Ferguson wants you."

Reluctantly he wended his way to the judge's room, and after some preliminary conversation was asked, "Well, what are you going to drink?"

The lawyer protested that he did not feel like taking anything.

"Oh, tut, tut," said the judge. "Have something."

"I'll just take a pony of rye, then," said the lawyer.

"A pony?" said the judge. "What's that?"

The lawyer held thumb and finger a little apart to indicate the size of "a pony."

The judge thereupon turned to the boy and said, "Bring this gentleman a pony, and bring me a team of horses."