

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

DR. CRIPPEN'S photograph is once more reproduced by the newspapers of two continents. It is dollars to doughnuts that he did not take a prize at a baby show in the days of his infantile innocence.

The Toronto *Telegram* arouses from the pleasant dreams of summer vacation to demand in stern tones: "When will Ontario be as wise in the polling booth as Ontario is at the plough?" This is an easy one—when editors are brave enough to defy the advertising manager.

What no one can understand is why Hon. W. J. Hanna is saying sweet things about Mr. J. P. Downey. We should not be at all surprised to discover in the next place that the Provincial Secretary for Ontario has a sneaking regard for Colonel Hugh Clark and would not allow the *Globe* to say one word against him.

The Directors of the Canadian National Exhibition wish it to be understood that their presiding deity is not Jupiter Fluvius.

The fool who rocks the boat will soon be put away in moth camphor.

A girl who was wearing a hobble skirt had a serious fall and is now suffering from concussion of the brain. You would wonder how a girl who would wear such a costume got the material to "concuss."

Sir Wilfrid went to a bronco-busting contest by local cow-boys when he was at Medicine Hat. Wouldn't it be dreadful if he were to come back in a Rough Rider suit.

Eve's Daughters.

"IT is curious how seldom a woman is really popular with members of her own sex," said the masculine philosopher.

"Not at all curious," said the ardent suffragette. "When you consider the mean trick that the first woman of us all played on her sex. Eve was the most unpopular woman that ever lived, and I am sure that none of her daughters has ever said a good word for her."

"She wouldn't care A-dam(n) for that," was the horrifying reply, which reduced the suffragette to a fainting condition.

A Trifle Incoherent.

THE English acquired by foreign immigrants is not always such as Dr. John Seath would consider pure

and undefiled, and the school teachers sometimes come across some queer specimens of composition. In one district there had been a bad storm which kept many pupils at home. The following was the "excuse" sent by "William's" parent on the day following:

"William was allowed to went. But the goings was so bad that he could not came."

After the Show.

The Exhibition's over,
The band has gone away,
No longer does "O Canada"
Refresh us every day.

The beauteous gowns and needlework
Last week they turned to pack
And all the lovely pictures
Have just been freighted back.

The Exhibition's over,
The wondrous things have flown,
And now we think at leisure
Of how our country's grown.

Now that our vanished glories
Are one with Greece and Rome,
We deeply thank our lucky stars
Our friends are going home.

The Wrong Bag.

A YOUNG Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden, whose father's hut was near his own, but, as is so often the case, her parents would not hear of the match. One night a great storm ripped up a crevasse in the ice, and between the two huts there yawned an abyss bridged only by a slender strip of ice. Here was the chance which the young lover sought. He crossed the frail bridge in the dead of night and crept to the home of his sweetheart to steal her from her cruel father.

The Eskimos sleep in bags of seal-skin; and with bated breath and loudly-beating heart; and, hoisted on his back the one in which his lady love slumbered. With his precious burden he recrossed the strip of ice, and safe on the other side broke it down with a blow of his axe so that no one could pursue him save by the aid of a boat. Regaining his hut he opened the bag to gaze upon the fair one, when he staggered back, dumfounded—he had stolen her father!

Gloom.

"YOU seem very gloomy, Bridget."
"Yes, mum. Faith an' I'll niver be happy till I read me death notice in the papers."



Artist to Friend: "Yes, I use the palette-knife a good deal. Knocked a child's head off in the morning and sold it in the afternoon." (Nervous old gentleman gets out hurriedly at next stop.)—M.A.P.

Staff Humour.

The garment workers' strike at New York has been settled. We had an idea that they would patch things up.

"Kaiser Bill isn't the only one," muses Jack Johnson. "I also rule by divine right, not forgetting my handy left."

Ambassador James Bryce is studying botany in South America. Isn't it awful the risks some statesmen have to take?

The United States Government has ordered 600 more maxim silencers, but as yet nobody seems to be able to attach a soft pedal arrangement to one Ted Roosevelt.

Canadian postmen are asking for a bigger wage. This is the 746th time that request has been made since a howl for more pay was raised by the rural mail delivery men in the Garden of Eden.

Canadian humane societies have decided to establish a literary department, and there was great joy among writers till they learned that that did not mean that "S. P. C. A." would henceforth stand for "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors."



Photographer (who, for the first plate, has taken a great deal of trouble to get his sitter to relax the unnaturally stern expression which men assume under the ordeal, and now prepares for a second exposure). "I shall leave the expression to you this time, Sir."—Punch.

Mayor Evans of Winnipeg was elected president of the Association of Canadian Clubs, or, to put it plainly, has been made the clubs' "big stick."

The world is getting better. The fisheries dispute between Britain and the United States has been settled without embodying a provision that another slice of Canada must be given to Uncle Sam.

On his Western tour Sir Wilfrid Laurier addressed only three less than sixty meetings, and an unkind Opposition press is about to remark that the speeches were "57 varieties," according to locality.

Greater New York's census returns show her to be second only to London. Now watch New York hire a couple more pitchers and a fielder or two and put London out of first place.

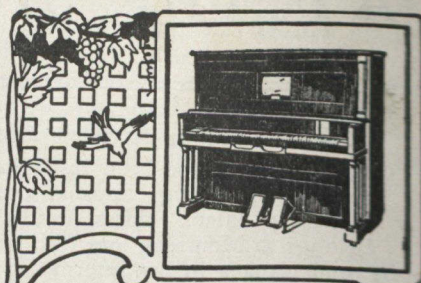
There's certainly a time for everything. A man recently tried to walk on the water at Detroit. He was nearly drowned, whereas he would have got along beautifully if he had waited four or five months.

Sweet woman wears a hobble skirt, and may know where she's at; now will woman, lovely woman, kindly wear a hobble hat?

The Test.

RANDALL: Did she urge you to stay to dinner?

Rogers: Oh, yes, indeed! She urged me as hard as if she'd been told I had another engagement.



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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 7th OCTOBER, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between EARNSCLIFFE and ROSEMONT from 1st January, next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Earncliffe, Rosemont, Station and Mulmur and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 19th August, 1910

G. O. Anderson
Superintendent

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier