



### Courierettes.

"LAURIER, with a reduced majority," was the guess of many people as to how last September's election would go, and one forecast of the outcome of the strenuous campaign across the line is "Taft, with a reduced waist measurement."

Women are to be barred from the general work of Canada's civil service, and naturally they consider that that's not civil treatment.

At their banquet in New York, the members of the Associated Press heard speeches over the telephone from Canada's Premier at Hot Springs, Va., and President Taft at Boston. At such distances neither of the speakers would know whether their hearers were wearing cut-it-short looks.

Ontario Liberals want to abolish the bar, and already a Toronto firm has started work on a huge drydock.

A man who robbed a Windsor house was traced by means of a postcard which he dropped in the house. If all thieves were as thoughtful as that the work of the police would be much simplified.

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Oh, You Chicago!—Canadian young men will no doubt be properly peeved when they learn how the Toronto school ma'ams who went to Chicago on the Easter excursion rhapsodized over the natty and neatly dressed young man of the Windy City.

Chicago is the young man's city, and the teachers give expert testimony on this point. In fact one of the latter went so far as to write some rather ecstatic verses about the classy young men of Chicago.

Here they are:

"Chicago men are dreams,  
Of this earth they're the creams—  
So long on stocks, so short on rocks,  
These lords, whom fortune never mocks,  
Such millions do acquire  
That women must admire.

"Chicago men have eyes  
That look so very wise:  
To talk with them is such delight,  
They are so handsome and so bright  
That Paradise seems tame—  
But they are not to blame.

"Chicago men have charm;  
In them doth dwell no harm;  
Distinguished, courteous and kind  
These gentlemen you'll always find.  
Then raise the goblet high—  
To them we'll drain it dry."

The wonder is that the young lady escaped to return to Toronto—and still single in Leap Year!

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Agreement.—At an election in Nova Scotia, a coloured voter, who was strongly suspected of taking a bribe, and who really was guilty, was being very severely cross-examined by the defeated member's attorney.

He stoutly maintained his innocence, stuck to an improbable story, and cunningly baffled the cross-examiner who in disgust dismissed him from the box with the customary "That will do."

"Dat's got to do," said the negro.

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Development of a Dunce.—That E. J. Lennox, the architect who planned Toronto's \$2,500,000 City Hall, was once known as the "dunce" of his class in school is not generally known, yet it is the sober fact.

Chief Inspector James L. Hughes is a firm believer in developing the individuality of boys, and he uses the career of Mr. Lennox to prove his theory.

Mr. Hughes had Mr. Lennox as a pupil about forty years ago. Lennox was known as the dunce of the class. He always trailed behind the other boys in every subject. The class was rather

backward in drawing, and Mr. Hughes noted this. The then system of teaching drawing did not give any scope for individuality, so Mr. Hughes decided to branch out on new lines and invited the class to come outside school hours for a drawing lesson along more free and easy lines. Only one boy came. He was the dunce. The teacher saw that he was interested and had latent talent for drawing and designing. Under the skillful tuition of Mr. Hughes the boy's talent developed rapidly and soon he was a most promising pupil.

To-day there is no better known architect in Canada than E. J. Lennox, and a few such buildings as Toronto City Hall, the new Western Hospital, and the new St. Paul's Cathedral will be his monuments.

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### Men and Women.

LEAP year is so named because the poor men are kept on the jump.

If the diaries kept by some married couples were truthful they would be properly classified as scrap books.

A woman can drive two men crazy by refusing to marry one and by marrying the other.

When a man behaves "like a fish out of water" it's a sure sign that he's hooked.

When your wife kisses you twice and tells you at length how much she thinks of you get ready for the information that a new hat is coming C. O. D.

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A Reporter's Strategy.—A young Toronto newspaper reporter cleverly brushed aside a seemingly insurmountable obstacle a few evenings ago.

At one of the larger hotels the clerk had refused to tell him the number of the room occupied by one of the Titanic wreck survivors. However, the clerk promised to have a note from the reporter delivered to the man whom the reporter was seeking to interview.

Noticing that the clerk was writing something on the envelope in which the note had been put, the reporter said, "Will you have a boy deliver that right away and wait for an answer?"

"I will not," declared the clerk. "I've strict orders not to disturb Mr. ———, and so this will go to him later."

"Then give me back my letter, quick!" said the reporter, somewhat sharply.

The clerk at once handed back the letter, and the reporter found that his guess was correct—the clerk had written on the envelope the number of the room. It was a battle of wits, and the reporter won.

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### A Peculiar Spring.

HOW doth the happy householder

Each morning throw the dice

In order to decide if he

Should order coal or ice.

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Dignity of Judges.—Some Ontario High Court judges evidently like to imagine themselves clothed with "the divinity that doth hedge a king" if their pompous entrance to Toronto City Hall, where their courts are held, may be taken as a proper indication.

Nobody may ride in the elevator with those judges when any one of them is ascending to the court floor. The elevator man has been properly trained, and he knows the hour at which the judge is expected. He holds his elevator in waiting for his Lordship's coming and other mere human beings may take to the stairways. The judge is met by the sheriff's officer, sword and cocked hat in hand, and escorted to his chamber. County Court judges have less dignity, and anybody may ride in the civic elevators when they are in them.

Once a stenographer in one of the municipal offices entered the elevator when the elevator man was every moment expecting a judge. She refused to leave it, and the elevator man in desperation made a record trip to the top

floor, hustled her out and then broke another record descending to the ground floor, only to wait ten minutes more for the dignified judge.

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Summed Up.—The New Brunswick Legislative Assembly, during its sessions at the time of the Boer War, rose and sang "God Save the Queen" on every occasion that a British victory was announced.

Towards the close of the war the members were at all times prepared to sing. About this time the Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Premier of the Province, was called to a Cabinet position at Ottawa. Mr. Tweedie fell heir to the Premiership, and Dr. Pugsley was to contest Mr. Emmerson's seat.

A French-Canadian member—now out of politics—a sharp-tongued wit, summed up the shift in speaking to the court stenographer:

"I hear dat Hemmerson goes on de Cabinet hat Hottawa, and dat Tweedie hees de new Premier, and dat Pugsley gets Hemmerson's seat—God save de Queen."

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A Safe Bet.—He was showing his friends his new watch, made of the new metal, unbreakable—cost him six hundred dollars.

His seven friends were dubious of its tensile strength.

"Tell you what we do, boys," he said. "You put up five dollars each against my six hundred dollar watch. I'll put it to the test. If it breaks I'll lose the watch. All you'll lose is the thirty-five."

They didn't think it out quite clearly, but the wager was made.

He hurled the watch against a brick wall. It broke into a thousand pieces.

"Well, boys, I lose the six hundred dollar watch," he said with a long face as he gathered up the money; dumb-founded they saw him do it. Knowing that all was not right they examined what was left of the watch; it wasn't even nickel-plated.

T. Ambrose Woods, Toronto, whose horse Kelvin won the King's plate, tells the story; he was one of the contributors.

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Getting in Wrong.—Mr. J. J. Ward, for many years Alderman, and for as many years Controller in the City Council of Toronto, was one of the few Roman Catholics to be elected in that Orange city. Many funny experiences have befallen him in his election campaigns.

He had an appointment to address an A. O. H. meeting at a local hall. The building had several lodge rooms.

Knocking at a door he was instantly admitted, but not to a Hibernian meeting. Instead, a roar of laughter greeted him as the tyler opened the door.

Mr. Ward had stumbled by mistake into an Orange lodge, which had just concluded its meeting. They asked him to make a speech, which he did, and they all promised to vote for him, too.

Another night he officiated at the opening of a poultry show, hastening from there to attend a lodge meeting of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Again he made a mistake, and found himself at another meeting of poultry lovers—a "coon" club.

The next Sunday he started out to attend a meeting of the Knights of St. John; on looking around the lodge room he discovered that they were all foreigners, but recognized an Italian tailor, a friend of his, in the chair. This time he had gotten into a tailors' union strike meeting. He made an election speech at the request of the president who interpreted it, as few of those present knew English.

All these mistakes made him votes.

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Comparison in Cost.—"Newsy" La-londe is to manage the Toronto lacrosse team and play lacrosse at a salary of \$4,500 for the season. We—the public—pay his \$4,500 indirectly.

A teacher in our public schools educates our youngsters for \$500 per year. We pay her \$500 directly.

Newsy's salary figures out at \$3 for every minute he plays.

The school teacher's salary figures out at 25-36ths of a cent for every minute she teaches.

Which is greatest—amusement or education?

## Which, Woollen or Cotton Underwear for Spring and Summer?



Non-wool underwear has serious objections. It absorbs and retains moisture, induces chills and is less sanitary than wool.

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