

Courierettes.

HARVARD has added a course on lumbering. List to all the merry quips now about block-heads and chips of the old block.

The suffragettes are now using carrier pigeons. It can no longer be said that the pigeon is a bird of peace.

Hello girls are said to be heavily charged with electricity during the winter. That's nothing to the way the telephone subscribers are charged.

Sherman once said something about war. With liquor banned from the U. S. army and navy some of the Yankee soldiers and sailors agree with the general.

Now comes the testing time for the June grooms, when they come face to face with the bride's cooking.

The Canadian Senate has granted a divorce to a couple named Merritt. No doubt on the merits of the case.

Given a pretty woman and a plain dinner the average man should be happy.

Some people seem to work on the idea that an ounce of fiction is worth a pound of fact.

Isn't it funny how anxious some politicians are to keep the preachers out of politics—when the preachers happen to be on the other side of the political fence?

A church in Toronto is to be converted into a garage. Yet they continue to call it "Toronto the Good."

Prominent vicar in England predicts painless extinction of old men because they are useless. Why restrict it to old men?

Man arrested for vagrancy in Toronto refused to talk in police court, so they sent him to jail. They should have elected him to the City Council as a foil for some aldermen.

Russia sent twenty-five lawyers to jail for roasting the Government. Let Leader Rowell ponder on what he is escaping.

In the words of the ancient joker, it now develops that a lot of candidates were just running for exercise.



Doctor's Orders.—"My husband is just getting over a spell of sickness, and I want to buy him a shirt," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk. "Do you want something in a stiff bosom?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Jones, decisively. "The doctor says Jones must avoid anything with starch in it."

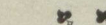


The Sense of Touch.—Jack—"They tell me that the blind have a very keen sense of touch."

Jimmy—"How is that?" Jack—"Well, I came across a blind chap the other day who told me that he felt blue."



Cattish.—He—"I think Mabel's hair is lovely." She—"Oh, she has some prettier than that."



Used To It.—Brown—"Taxi drivers and plumbers ought to make good cavalry soldiers."

Black—"What makes you think so?" Brown—"They know how to charge."



Easily Understood.—Mr. Brown had been out duck-hunting and came

back with big stories of what he had done. His little son had gone along with him and was supplementing father's stories.

"One day I was going along the road and shot seventeen ducks," said the hunter.

"Were they wild?" queried a listener.

"No," put in little Johnny, "but the farmer that owned them was, and paw had to pay for them."



Correct.—Two heads are better than one—when it comes to kissing.



Recipe For a Sweet Summer Night.—Get as close together as you can—take her hand in yours—give her a gentle squeeze—just enough to flavour the whites of two eyes—have them well rolled—let left arm go to waist—and don't stir!



Too True.—"Why is love like an umbrella?" "Give it up." "Many who take it forget to return it."



Prosperity Note.—There's one big advantage in being a carpet-cleaner—you can always raise the dust.



The Natural Inference.—Husband (who has been reading his paper)—"A fool and his money are soon parted."

Wife (excitedly)—"Oh, yes, dearie; how much are you going to give me?"



The Reason.—"Binks has sworn off." "Is that so? How on earth did that happen?" "He got a little more than usual the



REALISM IN EXTREMIS.

In Cincinnati they have appointed a blind man as judge. Perhaps they want to make the blindness of justice the real thing.

other night and went around to his creditors and paid them all."



And Why?—John Bull's drink bill increased by \$25,000,000 last year, And just listen to John howl when Lloyd George boosts the income tax.



In a Word.—Going to blazes—the fire brigade.



Distance Counts.—"What's a can of gasoline worth?"

"That depends on the distance to the nearest garage."



Anything For a Change.—He had set-

tled down to his after-dinner smoke. "John," she said, "I've got a lot of things to talk to you about." "Good," said her husband, in affable fashion. "I'm pleased to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me, dearie, about a lot of things you haven't got."



The Perfect Woman.

Her early education was attended to with care, When she was grown she did not have a rival anywhere; She'd learned to hark with deference to men whenever they spoke, And early they accustomed her to every brand of smoke.

They taught her not to ask a man where he had been at nights, They'd also taught her not to try to put his desk to rights; They'd given her to understand that she must never care If on his manly shoulder she espied an alien hair.

They'd tried to teach her not to fuss and not to talk too much, And that the sleeper's wallet she must never dare to touch; And, too, they made her see that it was safer, yes, by far To face the front when she got off a moving trolley car.

She learned these things and many more, and then she chose a man, And they together went through life as happy people can; No misery could enter where a woman is like this, And so they spent a carefree life in happiness and bliss.



Pulpit and Press.—A Canadian who has recently returned from a trip to Britain, tells of an amusing thing he heard while traveling through Wales.

It was just after a mining disaster in which there was considerable loss of life, and the catastrophe had cast a gloom over the little Welsh town. The story had been exploited in all its harrowing details in the papers, and the preacher in the leading church of the town thought it wise to make some appropriate reference to it in his prayer.

Kneeling, he began fervently: "O Lord, doubtless Thou hast learned through the papers of our recent and grave affliction."



The Old No-bil-i-ty. — Sometimes the American likes to get back at the Englishman because the latter builds so much on his parentage.

A young Englishman sought a position in an attorney's office in New York. Bye-and-bye one of the partners came in. Said the youth, putting his monocle in his eye: "I say, I'm the Honourable Tom Macfaddist, of Ripton Castle, y'know!"

"Indeed," said the attorney, "take a chair."

"Yes," went on the monocled one, "my father is Lord Macfaddist of the old no-bil-i-ty!"

"Indeed!" the attorney remarked again, "take another chair! You need two!"



No Doubt of This.—After years of experience, we have come to the conclusion that the most modest thing about the average man is his salary.

What Woman Wants.

- To love. To be loved. To be told about it—sometimes. To have something to do. To have somebody to do it for. To be petted—once in a while. To have a big-hearted boss who will let her have her own way until she is in danger of making a fool of herself.

Strange.—A rolling stone gathers no moss, yet birds of a feather flock together.

'IM COOL AND NEAT

IN HOTTEST WEATHER!

Advertisement for King Coatless Summer Suspenders. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and text describing the product's features and price (50c).



This dustless mop needs no oil

- cannot smear or stain. —collects and holds the dust. —gives a fine, high, dry polish.

TARBOX DRY NO OIL DUSTLESS Mops and Dusters

—are treated by a permanent chemical process which lives as long as the fabric. Washing renews their efficiency. Cleaner—safer—better—less costly than oil-soaked mops.

At your dealers.

TARBOX BROTHERS Rear 274 Dundas St. - TORONTO Phone College 3489

NEW DUNLOP 'PEERLESS' RUBBER HEELS

Advertisement for Dunlop Peerless Rubber Heels. Includes an illustration of a man and woman and the slogan 'I want a pair, don't you?'.

Should your copy of the Canadian Courier not reach you on Friday, advise the Circulation Manager.