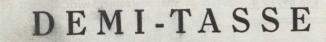
CANADIAN COURIER.



Courierettes.

There is a lady customs officer at Brockville, who is detecting feminine smugglers. She'll never get a gold watch for being the most popular girl at the picnic.

King William has once more cross-ed the River Boyne.

Colonel George T. Denison did not see the Coronation, after all. Well, what do you think of that?

Several mummies aged three thou-sand years escaped injury in the fire at Victoria College. What a tragedy if they had been killed!

Mr. R. L. Borden must have made some impression in the West, since the Liberal journals are beginning to call him names.

Newfoundland is ready to subsidize a line of steamers between that colony and Ireland. Sir Edward Morris is "the man for Galway."

The raspberry crop has turned out a lemon.

The Welshmen of Montreal sent a patriotic greeting to the Prince of Wales on his investiture. It was chiefly consonants, and made the minutes of an ordinary Gaelic Society look like kindergarten work.

The Evening Telegram, of Toronto, is suffering from asphyxiation and other simple ailments. One of the Or-ange bands played "O Canada" on the twelfth.

Judge Morson allows fight pictures to be exhibited in Ontario. This is likely to have a disastrous effect on the Universal Peace movement.

The last rose of summer is now on the ice.

The Mayor of Ottawa was person-ally, but not officially, de-e-lighted to see Sir Wilfrid at home once more.

* * * A Poor Memory .- They were watch-A roor memory.—They were watch-ing the moonlight on Lake Ontario, and he was quoting verses from Omar Khayyam. From the poets they drift-ed to personalities, and he finally made a reference to their happiness the summer hefore summer before.

"Last summer?" she echoed inno-htly. "Why, were you here last cently. summer?'

'Was I here?" he repeated in indigwas 1 here?" he repeated in indig-nation. "Why, we were engaged." She looked at him dreamily for a moment. "Oh, so we were. But I al-ways had a wretched memory for faces."

Sleeping In.—A couple of men, who don't get down to work till nine o'clock, were talking the other day about the trouble of getting up in the morning, and one of them told what he considers the funniest remark he

he considers the funniest remark he had heard concerning that trouble. It appears that one cold morning last winter in a barber shop in a West-ern Ontario town, a man who looked pretty tired said, "Say, I tell you I felt like sleeping in this morning." "What time do you usually get up?" he was asked.

he was asked.

he was asked. "I'm a milkman," he said, "and I usually get up at 4.30." The idea of a man who gets up at that time on a winter morning talking of "sleeping in" struck the man who rises late as being mighty funny.

"That man would have to lie half a day longer before talking about 'sleeping in," he said.

Blaming the Reporter.—There is a certain kind of humour which wins way more surely than any other icy. Sir John Macdonald was a policy. policy. Sir John Macdonald was a master in its use, and seldom resorted to it in vain. On one occasion Sir John delivered an address, which, for some mysterious reason, was slightly incoherent. The following day, a newspaper man called on him and difficulty church in cortain notes diffidently showed him certain notes

which he had taken of the speech. Sir John surveyed the notes for a moment and then turned to the re-porter in a kind and fatherly man-

"Young man, will you let me give you a word of advice?" "Certainly, Sir John," said the flat-tered scribe ner.

tered scribe.

"Well, don't ever try to report one of my speeches unless you are sure that you are perfectly sober. Now, I'll tell you what I really did say." And the young reporter was wise enough to say "thank you." sle *

Revised Rhymes.

Little drops of water And a stretch of sand, Make the sweel hotel bill Mount to figures grand.

Sing a song of picnics, A sandwich and some pies! And a glass of lemonade With some struggling flies!

A Bright Boy.—In most regular lines of work the old hands usually try to play some joke on each new boy that starts in at the business. That bank clerks are no exception to this rule was indicated by a joke played on the new "junior" in a bank in Collingwood.

The youngster was sent out to a merchant to collect two dollars on a draft, and he got back to the bank with two American silver dollars.

with two American silver dollars. "Where did you get those cart-wheels?" asked the collection clerk. "Don't you know that they're worth only forty-eight cents each?" The boy looked badly scared. "Better take them to the account-ant," said the collection clerk, with a wink at that official. "But I guess he

wink at that official. "But I guess he can't do anything for you." "No, only worth forty-eight cents each," said the accountant.

The boy was still more frightened, so he took the big silver pieces home, intending to turn in two bills if he could persuade his father to let him

have the bills. Next morning the youngster turned in two Canadian bills. He had a big parcel under his arm, and he proudly exhibited to the clerks a great collection of ties, stockings and other things

to wear. "Say," he said with a smile, "I put a good one over on that store-keeper down the line. I got him to give me two dollars worth of stuff for those old cart-wheels."

WHEN THE JOKE WAS ON ME

Mr. Thomas McNutt. who represents Saltcoats, Sask., in the Domin-ion Parliament, has been employing the days since the House rose in a reciprocity campaign in his district. He has been finding great enthusiasm in favour of freer trade relations with the United States.

At one of the meetings he made what he considers the best speech of his he considers the best speech of his life, and he seemed to carry his audi-ence with him in a thoroughly satis-factory manner. At the close of the meeting he asked that all those in favour of reciprocity stand up. With the exception of a map near the front the exception of a man near the front. everybody rose. Afterwards Mr. McNutt asked a local

Afterwards Mr. McNutt asked a local man why the man who had kept his seat was opposed to reciprocity. "He's not opposed," was the answer. "He's one of the most enthusiastic grain growers of this section." "Why didn't he stand up, then?" asked Mr. McNutt. "Well, the truth is," said the local

man, "that he went to sleep in the midst of your address, and didn't wake up in time to stand with the rest."



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