

### Courierettes.

**BRITISH M. P.'s** can't afford to throw stones at the glass houses of the suffragettes' behaviour since that riot in "the mother of Parliaments."

America is once more an also-ran. In Africa they grant divorces for a dollar.

It is said that people in small towns in Ontario will have to go back to wood stoves because of the high price of coal. And if the high cost of living doesn't quit going higher many people in big cities will have to go "back to the woods."

A German engineer is said to have invented a bullet-proof shield for infantry. Now it's the turn of men who invent bullets that can pierce anything.

Hatpins are to be made to fit women's hats. Now all that mere man asks is that women's hats be made to fit humble purses.

**Choosing a Name.**—"Naming a new play is sometimes harder than writing it," said George C. Tyler, the famous play producer, who was in Toronto recently with Madame Simone and her company, putting on Louis N. Parker's drama of the French court in Revolution days.

Mr. Tyler tells rather humoursly of his troubles in choosing a title that would suit the play and be popular also.

"The Yellow Domino" was at first proposed. This was too close to "The Yellow Jacket," another new play, and it was discarded.

"Then we tried 'At Versailles—1780,'" he says, "but after finding that nine out of ten did not know how to pronounce it correctly we have finally decided to make another change and call it 'The Paper Chase.'"

This fits the play, as its plot concerns the search for an incriminating document, and it has also the virtue of novelty.

**The Limit.**—"The most absent-minded man I ever saw came up and bought a ticket the other day," said the box office expert. "Yes."

"One ticket. He came back later and asked for another, explaining sheepishly that he and his fiancée were so used to occupying only one chair that he had forgotten to buy two."

**Cannibalism.**—"Another case of dog eat dog," commented the cynic as he watched the canine consume the sausage.

**A Worried Wife.**—A prominent Canadian artist was discussing pictures with a beginner in painting at the latter's home.

"I don't see all those things you say you see in these pictures," declared the beginner.

"There are a lot of things you don't see," said the visitor who then called attention to the fact that many right angles in rooms of a house seem to the eye to be either acute or obtuse angles.

The two talked angles for some time. A few days later the wife of the beginner in art met the older artist, and this conversation took place:

"What have you been doing to my husband?"

"Nothing much. Why?"

"Well, the other day I saw him going all over the house looking at the walls

and ceilings. Every little while he would hold a cane crosswise in front of his eyes. I said to him 'What are you doing?' He seemed to be annoyed at me and said, 'I wish you wouldn't interrupt me. I was just getting that right when you came in.'"

The artist told of the little talk about angles.

"Oh, is that all it is?" asked the wife. "I thought for a while that John was losing his senses."

**How to Review a Book.**—A man who has reviewed many hundred books was asked how that work is done.

He smiled and said: "First you open the book about the centre, grab half in each hand, give a quick jerk that breaks the book's back and—well, that's the main thing about reviewing a book."

**A Peanut Farmer.**—At a recent flower and fruit show, Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, stated that he grows peanuts at his summer home on Toronto Island.

People who wish to "josh" the Mayor are asking if growing peanuts has any connection with "peanut politics."

And other people are advising him to



### CAUGHT.

"Henry, were you at lodge last night?"  
"Yes, my love!"  
"H'm! You wore your silk hat to bed—another of those absurd rituals, I suppose."

beware lest he antagonize the voters who push peanut carts about the streets.

**Earning a Vote.**—J. J. Ward, who for many years was a member of Toronto's City Council and of the Board of Control, and who is again seeking a seat on the Board of Control, recalls an amusing experience which he had while canvassing for election as alderman several years ago.

In one house at which he called there lived a coloured man who had a white wife. The rest of the family was a dusky baby, and the would-be alderman lived up to the tradition that the baby of the house must be kissed.

On polling day the coloured man went to the booth with just one idea. He couldn't read nor write, and when asked whom he wanted to vote for he said, promptly and emphatically, "Mistah Ward."

"All right," said the returning officer, "and whom do you want to vote for as Mayor?"  
"Nobody," was the answer. "I jes' want to vote for Mistah Ward."

"But don't you want to vote for anybody else?" asked the returning officer.  
"No, sah," answered the free and independent elector. "I jes' want to vote for Mistah Ward."

### The Office Boy's Worry.

**WE** missed the office boy last week. For nearly half a day, And feared for quite a while that he For good had fled away.

We thought at times he might have gone To a moving picture show, Or jumped his job, believing that All office work was slow.

Dime novels might have turned his head And made him turn us down; We feared we'd soon be told that he Was shooting up the town.

At last he came. We learned the truth. He told—with looks quite glum— He'd read a poem on "wanderlust" And had to wander some.

W. A. C.

**The Defender.**—Slang has crept into the highest-class newspapers, even in cultured Boston, and almost all public speakers occasionally use slang terms. But a certain young Canadian lady so carefully avoids it that a friend proposes to paint a picture showing her standing as the last defender of "the well of English, pure and undefiled."

**"Actions Speak Louder,"** Etc.—I asked old Bootem for his daughter's hand last night.

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing. His pantomime performance, however, was quite moving."

### A Few Definitions.

**FAITH**—Something you need when you enter a restaurant.

**Courage**—That quality which in another you would name "nerve."

**Charity**—A rare thing, which accounts for the many multitudes of sins left exposed.

**Convictions**—There are two kinds, those of which you have the courage, and those to which you never refer.

**Hope**—That which the doctors give up and the patient gains.

**Justification**—Our excuse.

**Repentance**—The right-about-turn which many profess but few perform.

**Meekness**—A characteristic of a few folk who believe that something is coming to them.

**Love**—No standard definition. Everybody has his own.

**Endurance Note.**—Trousers were invented a hundred years ago, and some of them look it.

**Convincing Proof.**—Professor—"How many reasons can you state in opposition to the theory that Solomon was the world's wisest man?"

Student—"Several thousand."

Professor—"What do you mean?"

Student—"Wasn't he married several thousand times?"

**Preventing War.**—Some time ago we were told that women should be allowed to vote because, through their influence, war would be abolished.

Then a Labour orator declared that if the workingmen got together they could make war practically impossible.

And now we are told that the great bankers who control the purse strings can prevent conflicts between nations.

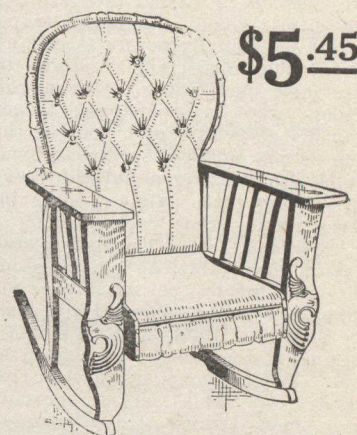
But meantime the dogs of war are running loose and the poor dove of peace is despairing of ever getting the assurance of a perpetual nice quiet time.

**Limited.**—A young man had paid a compliment to a pretty girl.

"Do you talk that way to all the girls?" she asked.

"I don't know them all," he said.

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