



Courierettes.

Woodrow Wilson has intimated that he wants to be addressed as plain "Mr." Evidently he is afraid that Sam Hughes had designs of tagging a "Col." on him.

Indian boys in the west are becoming Boy Scouts. History merely repeating itself.

Kansas City priest who conducts matrimonial bureau says 85 per cent. of applications for partners come from women. The old style of women fleeing and men pursuing is sadly out of date in this age of suffragettes.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says that 50,000 New York women support their husbands, which helps to explain where the burlesque theatres and ball games get their crowds.

Calgary is booming an anti-treating movement, and didn't even ask Sir James Whitney's permission to use his patented temperance policy.

London is said to have 90,000 deaf people, not including the Asquith Cabinet, which won't listen to the suffragettes.

The Inevitable Pun.—Frank Chance, former manager of Chicago Cubs, is the new manager of New York Americans at \$20,000 per year. Now listen for the chorus from all the smart paragraphers to the effect that New York is taking a costly chance.

The Afterword.—Christmas comes but once a year—and clears parental pockets clear.

Another Use For It.—Toronto has bought a snow plough for its civic car line, but may need it on New Year's night to dig out certain by-laws and candidates who are destined for burial beneath a snow-bank of ballots.

The Witty Wife.

"WOMEN are the weaker vessels"—So the haughty husband spoke, But his better half retorted, "Nix—the men are oftener broke."

Her Exploration.—"Wife explored my trousers' pockets last night." "What did she get?" "What explorers always get—material for a lecture."

The Difference.—Before marriage man is a free talker. After marriage he is a free thinker.

Politeness Pays.—Governor of Arkansas pardoned 360 prisoners the other day. They have very polite prisoners in Arkansas. Whenever they speak to the Governor they say: "Pardon me."

Getting Out of a Corner.—The gentle art of "stalling" is one that in these days of hecklers and interrupters nearly every candidate seeks to master.

Controller J. O. McCarthy, of Toronto, tells a humorous little story of how when merely "sparring for time" at a ratepayers' meeting he got out of a rather ticklish situation.

"It was in my first campaign for aldermanic honours, and I was speaking to a big audience of West End voters. I got along very well until a chap half way down the hall spoke up: 'How do you stand on the question of single tax?'"

"Now what I knew just then on the single tax question was mighty little, and I was, so to speak, up against it. But I had to give some kind of an answer, so I looked straight at the questioner and replied, 'Now, before I answer your question, will you please define what you mean by single tax?' This single taxer was an enthusiast and he proceeded to explain what he meant in detail, taking nearly five minutes to do it. The crowd was not

disposed to listen to a speech from him and soon there were shouts of 'put him out!' 'sit down!' etc.

"When I could make myself heard above the uproar, I said: 'I'm sorry, my friend, but the audience does not seem to want to hear about single tax. You and I will have to talk it over privately some other time.'"

"The crowd was content and there was no more mention of single tax."

A Joke On the Comedian.—Clarence Harvey, the comedian who is one of the fun-makers in "The Passing Show of 1912," and who is well known in Ontario cities, where that show is now appearing, tells an amusing story, the point of which is rather at his own expense. Harvey has also had a weakness for the race-track, and likes to place a little bet with the bookies occasionally. Not long ago he dropped into a New York pool room to look over the betting sheets and perhaps put up a dollar or two. He had chosen an inopportune moment for his feat in high finance. The police at the same time were swooping down on the resort. Harvey was just looking over the sheets when the doors were smashed in by axes in officers' hands. With employees and patrons of the place, the comedian was bundled off to the police station. There the usual questions were asked of the prisoners. Each in turn answered, "Bill Jones" or "John Smith" or some such fictitious name, and gave vacant lots as their addresses. When Harvey's turn came he answered rather petulantly that he was Clarence Harvey, son of Harvey, the well-known Washington restaurateur.

The police were not quite satisfied with this story. They wired Mr. Harvey in Washington about his son. This was the answer that came back and crushed the comedian:

"I have no son, and if I had, his name would not be Clarence."

Popular Bibles.—When Inspector MacDonald, of Calgary, was a plain policeman in the Royal North West Mounted Police, and seeking a chance for promotion, he noticed one day on a Canadian Pacific train a traveller appearing to bite a Bible, highly tooled in gold. On closer investigation he discovered that he was mistaken—the man was drinking from it—not words of wisdom, but something of a liquid nature. The drinker, looking up, tried guiltily to hide—not the Truth, but what resembled it. MacDonald's curiosity was not to be denied, and the "book" was produced, as fine an imitation as could be desired and containing a very good brand of imitation whiskey, the sale of which in the then Territories was without the pale.

The source of publication was sought and one hundred and fifty bibles were found in the care of the news agent, which MacDonald took out of circulation.

When it became quite safe and legal to sell the real liquor in the Territories, the oldtimers longed for the old order of things, when they used to get whiskey with some fire to it.

Lost Opportunity.—They were on their honeymoon trip.

"You have never been over this road before, have you?" asked the young wife as her lord and master resumed his seat after a moderately lengthy stay in the smoking compartment.

"Oh, yes, several times," he answered.

"Well, then," said his better half somewhat icily, "why weren't you here when we went through that tunnel?"

The Origin of Clinking Glasses.—What is the origin of clinking glasses before drinking? Various theories have been advanced to explain this. But the most ingenious was that of a connois-

seur who explained it to a Canadian friend in this way:

"You see, it's all a matter of psychology. A good drink must make its appeal to all of the five senses."

"I don't see how that can be?"

"Well for example—Your real fastidious drinker takes hold of his glass, and if he is a connoisseur he will observe how delicately the glass is moulded and balanced. His sense of touch is satisfied. He raises it to the light and notices how the colour scintillates. His eye is pleased. He passes it under his nose—deftly. Before he gratifies the sense of taste, he clinks the glass with his neighbour's—and his sense of hearing is delighted."

Courtesy Saved His Life.—A smoking-car passenger relates how politeness once saved a friend's life. His friend was changing from a train to an electric car in the town of Cairo, Ill. In front of him was a woman with a huge bundle. He stooped to lift the bundle and carry it to the car. Just on the instant four pistol shots startled him in rapid succession. When he straightened up to see what had really happened, he found that a negro porter in a quarrel had sent four bullets in the direction of the conductor. By actual measurement, he discovered that if he had not stooped to lift the bundle, he would have got at least three of the four bullets—none of which hit the conductor.

An Interview and—Some Bumps.—Controller Geo. H. Wilson, of Ottawa, who is this year a Mayoralty candidate, was formerly a newspaperman. They tell a story of the days when journalism in the capital was quite unpretentious and Wilson was a "cub" reporter. A well-known citizen's wife had eloped, and Wilson was delegated to get the story. More important still his city editor insisted on Wilson interviewing the irate husband.

"Ask him if his wife has eloped?" admonished the city editor.

Wilson did. It was a case of bearding the lion or losing his job.

Some few minutes later Wilson, standing not at all upon the order of his going, bumped every step from top to bottom of the citizen's residence.

The lady of the house had indeed eloped.

Reliable Statistics.—H. Franklin Wentworth, who has been stirring up citizens and civic authorities on the subject of fire cost and prevention, tells how he lost his regard for what is popularly known as statistics. His investigations led him into close corners with a lot of dry figures which it was his business to make interesting to other folks.

"But I haven't got the same unqualified regard for statistics that I once had," said he reminiscently. "No, I've heard people say that figures are the biggest liars in the world, and that whether a government or a municipality or a company has a profit or a loss is all very largely a matter of expert book-keeping. But I was never officially convinced of the utter fallaciousness of mere figures till one day when I was digging round in the statistical department at Washington."

"A messenger came in and said to the chief clerk, 'Senator Jones wants to get some reliable statistics on'—I've forgotten the subject, but the clerk looked puzzled and I didn't understand why."

"Don't see just what it is the Senator wants," he said dubiously. "Hanged if I do!"

"Why it's plain enough. What he wants—is—the most reliable—"

"Yes, yes, young man, I know," interrupted the clerk. "I've heard that kind of thing before. Most any kind of man some time or other in his life wants to get back to figures as a first principle. I guess even the poets find figures pretty handy things once in a while. This is an age of statistics."

"The messenger just stood back and looked blank."

"Well—can't the Senator get the statistics?"

"The clerk twiddled his spectacles. 'Young man,' he said with a dry humour, 'you tell me what it is the Senator wants to prove, and I'll get him the figures. Yes, sir, I can get figures in this department that'll prove anything. What I'm lookin' for is something that'll prove the reliability of the figures.'"

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