



### Courierettes.

THE British suffragettes wrought considerable havoc to the Christmas mails by pouring black ink into the pillar boxes. Would this offence come under the head of blackmail?

Some enterprising person in the States recently sent a coffin through the parcel post. What could be more appropriate as a Christmas gift for an aged and wealthy relative?

Thomas A. Edison has managed to combine the phonograph with moving pictures. Actors taking part in these film dramas should be much gratified now to behold real "speaking likenesses" of themselves.

The Lord's Day Alliance may not be entirely to blame for this. A travelling man was asked if he had ever been in the city of Toronto. "Yes," was the reply, "I spent a week there one Sunday."

The following ingenious legend lately adorned the window of a florist's shop in Kingston: "Our mistletoe brings results." Needless to say, the ad. did, too.

Since it has been decided that tobogganing on Sunday led in a downward direction, people in Toronto have taken to skating on Grenadier pond. We look for some allusions to be made about those who stand in slippery places.

Men are discontented because they are not appreciated; women because they are not understood.

There is an old Chinese proverb, "If a man cheat you, the fault is his; but if he does it a second time, the fault's yours."

"Is your wife entertaining this season, old man?" "Not very, old chap."

Breakfast foods are now controlled by a trust, 'tis said. And it takes another kind of trust to eat 'em.

An American collar maker left a fortune of \$6,000,000. It would seem that somebody "got it in the neck."

Chicago reports that marriage is on the increase there. The divorce mills are probably clamoring for more grist.

No sooner does a song become popular nowadays than it immediately begins to grow unpopular.

Deadly rivalry is now on between the eagle and the turkey as to which is the national bird of the United States.

Then, again, it may be that Sir John Willison was knighted because of his undoubted bravery in defending the Borden naval policy, and also Sir James Whitney's attitude on tax reform.

If all the people who could run the country better than the Government were to be given the chance there wouldn't be anybody left to govern.

The Modern Lover.—Just as the aggressive young lover was kissing the girl her father entered the room.

"Did I catch you kissing my daughter?" said he sternly.

"You sure did," was the indignant reply. "Are you not going to apologize?"

The Seeing Eye.—Otis Skinner, the actor, during his recent visit to Toronto, related the following anecdote.

Two rather bibulous friends met for the first time in some weeks at a cafe. After a drink had been ordered by way of mutual greeting, one of them asked where the other had been for the past month, as he had not seen him around the usual haunts.

"I'll tell you," said his friend. "I've been up the country at a sanatorium, on doctor's orders. Been going it a bit too strong, don't you know; got to seeing things—pink alligators, yellow serpents and little brown lizards crawling all over me. I stayed away for a month, and now, thank goodness, I'm cured."

"Cured, nothing!" said his friend, as he made a violent clutch at the man's

sleeve. "There's one of 'em crawling up your arm right this minute!"

One Was Enough.—When Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humourist and political scientist, was engaged in writing his latest book, "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," he came to a part which he felt might be enlivened if he could think of a new joke. While out walking, in the hope that the inspiration might strike him, he was met by an old friend of his who is a professor at Queen's University.

"Hello, Leacock," said his friend, "you look troubled. What's worrying you?"

"Oh, I'm trying to think of a joke for my book."

The other looked puzzled.

"Why," he said, "what was the matter with the one you had?"

TELL me, pretty Gaby, How shall we pronounce your name? For I've heard it mentioned many times, But never twice the same.

Do you make it rhyme with "Bobby" Or with "Cabby" or with what? Or it maybe rhymes with "Baby," Is that right or is it not?

And also tell us, Gaby, How the second part should go. Do you rhyme it with "release" or with "delays?"

For we don't know. Oh, we'd like to render homage, We would loudly chant your fame—

We would like to, but how can we, When we can't pronounce your name?

Hopeless.—John was a good boy who went to college. John's mother, who was a dear old lady, though somewhat deaf, very much desired to meet some of her son's college friends; so one day John brought a classmate home to lunch with him. The classmate was a serious-minded youth who bore the curious name of Specknoodle.

"Mother," said John, presenting his friend, "I want you to meet one of my fellow-students from the University, Mr. Specknoodle."

The mother put a hand to her ear as a sign that she had not quite heard.

"Mr. Specknoodle," said John in a louder voice. "Mr. Speck—noodle."

"I don't quite catch it," said she. "Say the name again."

John tried again and again, growing louder each time, while Mr. Specknoodle stood awkwardly by. Finally the old lady gave it up.

"It's no use," she said, "I can't catch it. What you're saying sounds just like 'Specknoodle' to me."

Excuse me.—Blase youth to stranger—"Awfully dull party, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Let's go home."

"I'd like to but I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I live here. My wife's giving this party."

Expurgation.—Winnipeg man objects to books in public library which contain the word "hell." That Puritan descendant probably would, like the Toronto play censor, take the "dam" out of "confederam."

Advice Was Belated.—"Doctor tells me that I should not take anything that does not agree with me."

"Too late now. He should have said so when you were single."

Too Much to Expect.—A Yankee professor prophesies that half the nation will be insane fifty years hence. That may strike some people as being too great an improvement to hope for.

Gaby Deslys and the Critic.—Discussing the recent Canadian tour of Gaby Deslys, ex-King Manuel's charmer, and the methods used to advertise her, a Canadian critic got off this little epitome of present stage conditions:

"Nowadays it seems that every man

on the stage has a future and every woman a past."

New Use of Old Phrase.—"I am pressed for funds," said the knowing husband as his better half embraced him, preparatory to a request for ten dollars.

A Tabloid Tragedy.—He came to a marriageable age. So did she. He consulted "Who's Who." She delved into Bradstreets. They met and were married. They are living unhappily ever afterwards.

The Maiden of 1913. I HAVE a dainty maiden, I see her noon and night— Her lips with laughter laden— Dear Lady of Delight. When first we met she won me, Her conquest was complete, She always smiles upon me, She knows nought of deceit. Her days and nights she giveth To me to make or mar— This maid of mine—she liveth Upon my calendar. —W. F. W.

A Joke on Sir John.—Though he has been a score of years in the public eye, Sir John Willison, who was knighted by the King on New Year's Day, is not as well known as he might be, even in his home city of Toronto. Perhaps that is because he is a modest editor, but on the fact of his limited fame hangs this little tale which is now being told with gusto by Sir John's friends.

It seems that the news was wired to Toronto on the last day of the year of the new honour for the editor of the News, and a reporter from another paper was the first to inform the Willison household of the fact, when he called to ask for a photograph of the new knight.

Later in the evening Sir John's son went down street and dropped in at a newsdealer's to buy a late edition of an evening paper. He wanted to see what the paper had to say about it.

"Say," said the newsdealer, who, of course, was quite ignorant of the young man's identity, "who is this man Willison who has just been knighted by the King?"

The son of Sir John made a rather evasive reply to the effect that Mr. Willison was a newspaper man.

"Well," grumbled the newsdealer as he handed over the paper, "all I've got to say is that honours are pretty cheap nowadays."

A Two-sided Argument.—An old coloured woman came in to see the Justice of the Peace the other day, exhibited several bruises on her forearm and stoutly declared that she wanted a divorce from her husband.

"Did Rastus ill-treat you to the extent of those bruises?" asked the Justice.

"Yas, sah," said she tearfully. "He done beat me with the poka on account of an ahgyment we had."

"Well, well, that is bad! But I am busy just now and won't be able to attend to the case till Friday. You send your husband here on Friday and I'll investigate."

The woman hesitated, "I'd be much obliged, sah, if you could postpone dat vestigatium till some time next month."

"Why, how's that, Chloe, I thought you wanted this settled right off?"

"So I does, sah, but I'm 'fraid Rastus won't git out o' the hospital for some odd weeks yit."

Remembering Irving.—Mr. James Dodsworth, who takes the part of "Jasmin" in "A Marriage of Convenience," now on an extended tour through the whole of Canada, was for fourteen years in close association with Sir Henry Irving; and up till the time of the great actor's death in Bradford after a performance of "Becket." He played "Launcelot Gobbo" in "The Merchant of Venice," and a large number of most variegated roles, according to the mood of Sir Henry, who in his later years was a master of whims and caprices. There is no man living able to tell so delightfully such a variety of excellent stories about the most humanly interesting actor of last century—in any country. Mr. Dodsworth is himself considerable of a genius. And when he remembers Sir Henry Irving, his old master, he forgets that there is such a thing as a clock in the world.

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