



Courierettes.

"THE Camerons are coming" is not the favorite tune of the Rowell-McQuaker ranks since the North Grey ballots were cast.

Stranded chorus girls gathered a harvest of coin in their hats as they stood on Chicago street corners. Many a hen-pecked husband no doubt regarded it as quite an adventure to chip in a dime.

They say that one dollar does not go as far now as two used to go a few years ago. To us the regrettable feature is that they all insist on going—somewhere.

Incidentally, we might remark that the Bulgarian barbarities are not all in print. Some of them appear in other dress goods.

Torontonians complain that their tax bills were not checked. It is left to the citizens to do the cheque-ing.

Six hundred chers, cooks and waiters have left Britain to take service on the dining cars of the Canadian railways. The tips they take will be the "charge of the six hundred."

A Chicago bank is opened every morning with prayer. Probably the depositors need it.

Unionist members of the British Parliament want to cut off their salaries. If they are outvoted, however, their principles will hardly carry them to the extreme of refusing the money.

The Goddess of Freedom on top of the Capitol at Washington has been washed and gilded. If only the rest of the nation could get the same soap and water treatment!

New York bakers sent a 180 pound loaf to the striking mill-workers in Paterson, N. J. They do everything in spectacular fashion across the line—even feeding the hungry is made a spectacle for the moving pictures.

That Gettysburg reunion seems to have been engineered for the benefit of the movies.

The Balkan allies are very much like western real estate speculators in their strenuous struggle for land.

Toronto Globe takes a column to explain editorially why it preaches abolition of the bar and prints liquor advertisements. After reading said column, we still ask—why?

Ontario farmers are decreasing in number but their products are increasing. The hired man must be working overtime.

A toy pistol, discharged by suffragettes in the British House of Commons, caused more of a fuss than the broadsides of the big guns in heavy debate.

It Should Be Easy.—Burglars in New York got away with perfume worth \$5,500.

So far the police have failed to even get on the scent.

Why Not Try a Woman?—Arnprior's magistrate has resigned because he has to listen to too many details of petty quarrels for too little money.

Why not give his job to one of the town's gossip-loving women? She'd listen for nothing.

The Usual Supply.—Daily papers report a tremendous shortage of lemons this season.

Some managers of ball teams, however, assert that they find the supply up to the average.

Driven to it.—No sooner is a young man married than his bride drives him to equivocation and possibly falsification by embarrassing queries

as to relative merits of her cooking as compared with his mother's.

The Big Role.—The leading man in many a company—Dan Cupid.

A Good Reason.—She—"Tell me, why do you remain a bachelor?"

He—"I fear that matrimony would interfere with my profession."

She—"How could that be? What do you do?"

He—"I write love romances."

Isn't It Strange?—Peculiar that old maids are always imagining there is a man in the house while married women know there isn't. The latter have learned by experience.

Force of Habit.—These are the days when the blushing bride, as the train emerges from the tunnel, anxiously asks her hubby if her mouth is on straight.

He Just Wanted to Know.—One of the favourite amusements of campers in the Muskoka wilds is the playing of baseball games between teams representing different resorts on the lakes.



Emaciated Beggar—"Mister, would you please give a poor fellow sixpence to keep him from dying?"

Stranger—"You've struck the wrong man this time. I'm an undertaker."

A couple of players on Canadian League teams who were up there on a holiday trip last week tell of a game in which they played and which was umpired in rather unsatisfactory fashion by a Toronto lawyer.

The umpire's decisions on balls and strikes were particularly irritating to the batters. One hitter was disgusted when a ball two feet above his head was called a strike. There were many such cases.

Finally the umpire evidently began to have a few doubts himself as to what constitutes a strike.

Turning to the pitcher, he queried, "Say, how many inches above the batter's head may the ball go and yet be called a strike?"

Let's All Go To His Church.—At last has been found a ministerial marvel—a preacher who doesn't care whether his flock goes to sleep while he is preaching or not.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Rankin, pastor of Wesley Methodist church, Toronto, is the man.

"If any man goes to sleep under my preaching I won't try to wake him" said Dr. Rankin the other day. "If he goes to sleep it is a sure sign that sleep is what he needs most. Therefore I am satisfied to let him sleep."

Then he related the story of how a young man dropped into a church in England years ago to hear that noted divine, Rev. Dr. Kirk, preach. The young chap fell asleep and slept all through the great preacher's sermon.

He woke up just as Dr. Kirk was about to pronounce the benediction. It was pronounced in such an affective manner that it made a lasting impression on the youth and he was converted as a result. That youth was Dwight L. Moody.

Getting a Bite.—In the Sparrow Lake district of Muskoka they have a stock fish story that every new-comer is destined to hear and in all probability to "bite on" before he is long in that locality.

Somebody turns the conversation to fish, and the uninitiated finds himself addressed.

"Was out trolling on the lake last night," says the yarner, "and suddenly a big fish flopped out of the water and into the boat, then out again before I could grab him. He weighed eight pounds."

"Eight pounds!" exclaims the new-comer. "Why, he must have been a whopper. But how could you judge his weight when you just got a glimpse of him?"

"By his scales."

Then silence.

Paradoxical.
I LONGED for death. Ah, how I longed!

(Such fools we mortals are.)
I stepped aside—the way was thronged—

To miss a trolley-car.

I longed to sleep—Fate gave the word!—

Beneath the cypress' shade.

I vaulted nimbly to the curb

To 'scape a frightened jade.

To shuffle off this mortal gown,
I was in such a hurry,
That when the cyclist knocked me down,
I smote him in a fury.

For Chaaron hither side of Styx

I was an eager waiter;

Yet rue my cuticle which sticks

To that perambulator.

I longed for death. Ah, how I longed!
It's weary keeping shop.

I went into my boarding house

And ate a juicy chop.

How to Please the Host.—The Montreal Standard, in three part-columns, advances the reader some kind advice on how that person can make himself an agreeable summer guest. The Courier would have been more concise—would simply have said: "Don't Come."

The Strong Brothers.—Three Italians working on a railway were discoursing in camp upon the marvellous strength of their respective brothers who were all very strong men indeed.

"My brudder," said Pietro, "you should see him. I tole you—oh, bigga de arm, bigga de chest! He work in a quarry. He take a piece of rock between hees two han's, press them together—pff! powder!"

"Dat's noddin!" cries Michelangelo. "Oh, listen to me. My brudder, he work in saw-meel. He—gotta greata arm, and greata leg. He take a chunk of log, squeeze it by de ends—sawdust!"

But Dominique was very scornful of his companions' descriptions of strong men. He had a better story concerning his brother and he told it as follows:

"My brudder—you ask me? Ah! He works in de stock yards. He ees—very stronga man. Bigga de arm, bigga de chest, bigga de leg. Oh, I have seen heem—taka a bull by de horns wit one hand upon hees hips, squeeze heem compress—ah! Bovril!"

The Modern Match.—Matches they make nowadays are remarkable things. Here is a pretty fair average in six. First one makes a huge fuss when you strike it and goes out before your pipe is lighted. Second, breaks and the lighted end flies into a curtain. Third, tip sizzles off and burns a hole in your finger. Fourth, makes a frightful smell and doesn't light. Fifth—no good whatever.



HAVE a bottle waiting for you.

After the day's work, enjoy O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager. It will take all the tiredness away.

O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

"The Light Beer in The Light Bottle"

is concentrated vigor and refreshment. It is the ideal food-tonic, strength-giver and reviver.

Keep it in the house.

ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR DEALER. 307

Best for Clubs

Because of the hard and continuous usage to which English Billiard Tables are subjected to in Clubs, they should be equipped with Steel Vacuum Cushions. These cushions wear longer than the ordinary kind. They are impervious to climatic extremes, do not work loose, or require repair experience. They speed up the game, too.

BILLIARDS

played on tables so equipped are made doubly enjoyable. Champion professional players endorse Steel Vacuum Cushions. For further particulars, address

BURROUGHS & WATTS, Ltd.

34 Church St., Toronto

By Royal Warrant to H. M. The King
Montreal Agents: J. Hutton & Co., St. James St.
Winnipeg Agents: J. D. Clarke & Co., Portage Av.

LUXFER PRISMS

deflect a clear white out-of-doors light into obscure interiors of stores, offices, dwellings, etc., making them not only abundantly light, but dry and sanitary. They effect a material saving in the cost of artificial light. Let us solve your lighting problems.

The Luxfer Prism Company, Limited
100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.