



Courierettes.

MILITANT suffragettes have taken to playing barrel organs in the streets of London. A new form of public torture.

Toronto had a gas explosion. Inevitable, with City Council and Ontario Legislature in session simultaneously.

The Mayor of Cincinnati put his ban on a play entitled "One Day." In fact, he would not allow "One Day" to last one night in Cincy.

Statistics show that there is one telephone to every eight persons in Canada. We have completed the list of the seven who help us use our phone.

The Lenten season is blamed for a big decrease in Toronto weddings. No longer can we scoff at the sackcloth and ashes idea. The girls are really sacrificing something.

A Scottish chief is to go on the American vaudeville stage to make money to recover his castle. Anybody who needs money seems to immediately take a shy at the poor old vaudeville stage.

Toronto Globe makes a news item of the fact that one preacher praised another. Is it so strange as that?

The main feature about this much talked-of money-trust is that nobody seems willing to trust it.

U. S. Government now seeks to dissolve the Thread Trust. To wind it up, so to speak.

Bearing the name of Madero in Mexico is our idea of a most unhealthy job.

Now that we have Mrs. Pankhurst with us daily in the despatches Carrie Nation's exploits are quite forgotten.

The riot in Washington rather indicates that though all women should not have the vote there are some men who don't deserve it.

The Cynic Says.—That virtue may be its own reward, but few business men accept it as part payment on account.

Horse Sense.

THE fellow who has horse sense, they say, is the chap who can sometimes answer "nay."

Ask Teddy and Taft.—"The United States is an exception to the rule that history repeats itself."

"How do you make that out?"
"Has it produced a successor to George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie?"

The "Dead" Past.

I HAVE one of those long-dead pasts, And that is why I'm worried—I fear me that the nasty thing May not continue buried.

Song of the Suffragettes—(on the "Hike").

SING a song of suffrage,
Parading up the pike,
And don't forget your corn-salve—
A hundred miles we hike.

Through dust and damp we trudge and tramp

But, for the love of Mike,
Dear General Jones, list to our moans,
And let us ride a bike!

Terse Criticism.—When Maria Gay, the Spanish-American prima donna, of the Boston Opera Co., sang the role of Carmen with the Montreal Opera Co. at Ottawa and Toronto recently, she surprised the natives of those cities by her novel interpretation of the character. She played Carmen as a daughter of the common people—no silk-stockinged heroine, and her acting was a bit rough. She tossed tambourines about the stage heedless of whether they hit the chorus people or not. She ate half an orange

and rubbed the rest of it in the face of a chorus man. She ran her fingers through Don Jose's long hair and ruffled it. She mixed things up a bit and gave a generally tempestuous performance.

At the end of the opera, a meek musical critic was asked by the manager what he thought of Maria Gay's performance.

"Seems to me that she plays Carmen like a militant suffragette," he said.

Guilty on the First Count.—In China a husband may get a divorce for any one of seven reasons. The first is talkativeness. The other six don't matter.

An Old Classic Parodied.

A DEAR little boy sat under a tree Crying as hard as he could, for he had realized that he was quite unseen And ate several apples remarkably green.

He Meant Business.—The anxious father regarded his spinster daughter intently after the young man had taken his leave.

"Does he mean business, Jane?" asked the parent.

"I am afraid he does, father," replied Jane wearily. "He is the agent for a new make of sewing machine, and he wants to sell me one."

Where He Belonged.—"Father," said the youth who had been reading about G. Washington, "I cannot tell a lie."

"Then," said the wise pater, "you may as well give up all thought of a political career and prepare to be a Toronto policeman."

Practical Optimism.—He—"I am an optimist. I believe that things will come my way."

She—"Yes—when you go after them."

A Preacher's Epigram.—Rev. E. W. Halpenny, an Ontario Methodist preacher, is credited as the author of an epigram which is now being much quoted by his ministerial brethren. He was preaching in a big city church, noted for its many social and literary organizations, its clubs, classes, societies, and leagues. There was something on for every night in the week—sometimes two or three events on the same night. Mr. Halpenny read the long list of announcements.

Then a little later, in the course of his sermon, he remarked that "some people were so terribly busy with church work that they hadn't time to be Christians."

"Avoid All Appearance of Evil."—A Parry Sound farmer, who, by the way, is a staunch Methodist, sent his 17-year-old daughter to Toronto recently to complete her education. She had been religiously trained, and was inclined to be a very good little girl, but before she had been in the big city very long friends invited her to go to the theatre. The temptation was too great to be resisted. She went to see a Shakespeare play and to hear a grand opera in French, and enjoyed both.

But with a certain amount of fear and trembling she wrote to her father and informed him of the facts.

His letter makes the point of this little story. He had never been in a theatre himself, and, therefore, lacked first-hand knowledge of the subject. Yet this is how he counselled his daughter:

"You must not let anybody influence you. Let your own conscience be your guide. But I do not think that any good can come out of the theatre. It is well, as the Good Book tells us, to 'avoid all appearance of evil.'"

His two clinching arguments against the theatre were reserved for the last.

"Remember that Abraham Lincoln was shot in a theatre, and that it was in a theatre that King Edward caught the cold that led to his death."

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