



Courieterettes.

TY COBB, the ball player, had to pay a \$50 fine for striking a butcher. Ty always was somewhat of a hitter.

Anyway, even if N. W. Rowell didn't abolish the bars, he gave water a lot of advertising.

Queen Mary has been made a colonel in the British army. Now let the rival nations have a care!

The most pitiable looking object in July is a last season's Panama hat.

A Hamilton alderman wants eggs to be sold by weight. Some men's opinions would not bring much if sold the same way.

Temperance people of Wooler, Ont., will build a temperance hotel. They practise while others preach.

Street traffic in big cities has divided the population into two classes—heroes and sprinters.

Strange as it may seem, dumb animals had their say when a recent Sunday was set aside as Animal Sunday.

Irish folks in New York are not sending much money to aid the Home Rule cause. The patriotism that touches the pocket is almost out of date.

They have discovered several large leaks in the Toronto City Hall roof. There are other leaks, it is whispered, around the same building.

What a wonderful world this would be if all the seeds we sow came up and bloomed into flowers like the pictures on the packages!

Sir James Whitney had a popular majority of 55,000 at the recent election. It is decidedly a "popular" majority—with him.

Compensation.—Even if the stock broker is too busy to get away to the lakes on a vacation, he may take a plunge into the market if he can find a well-watered stock.

This is Tough.—It was all very well for Sir George Eulas Foster to get his title, but something should have been done to protect him from the sonnet that a Toronto lawyer wrote in his honour. 'Twas a wise man who prayed to be saved from his friends.

Uncle Sam's Quandry.—Teddy Roosevelt has resigned from the editorial staff of The Outlook. What on earth will the great American nation do without his advice?

A Trifle Premature.—Here's a bit of unconscious humour which was found the other day on the women's page of the Toronto Daily Star:

"A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Anne's Catholic Church, Gerrard Street East, on the 17th, the 'contending' parties being—"

This couple had lost no time.

Sporting Note.—Tom Flanagan, of Toronto, says the Johnson-Moran fight was the best heavyweight battle he ever saw. But we must not overlook the fact that Thomas had something to do with staging that spectacle.

Doherty's Five Roles.—For a few days recently, Hon. C. J. Doherty was

Minister of Justice, Acting Premier, Acting Minister of Labour, Agriculture and of the Interior. Some actor!

The Why of the Rod.—"Don't whip him," petitioned his mother's sister when Johnny had fallen half-way downstairs as a result of going against his mother's orders.

"I will, indeed," said that resolute parent. "I would very much rather whip him than see him hurt."

Passing It Round.—Strange, isn't it—the Liberals in Ontario have not accused Sir James Whitney of having waved "The Old Flag." That immemorial decoration was apparently sojourning in Manitoba. Later it will be returned to Sir Robert Borden who may need it later in the year.

Politics and Piety.—A man signing himself "Vote-as-you-Pray," wrote a letter to the Toronto Star last week. Judging from that letter the man prays Grit.

Named.—"The Million Dollar Mystery"—Ontario's new Government House.

A Great City.—Toronto is proving its own greatness by increasing its assessment and its taxes twenty per cent. every year. The people like the joke so well that the Assessment Commissioner's salary is also increased every year. Yes, the To-



"Ladies and Gentlemen—This little flea came off the battleship 'Dreadnought.' Now this—"

Sailor (one of the "Dreadnought" crew) interrupting—"Garn! what do you mean? I came off the 'Dreadnought,' and she's a clean ship, she is."

Performer (promptly)—"Yes, quite so—as I was about to say—the 'Dreadnought' is such a clean ship that this little flea couldn't stay on it."

Onto people are the most optimistic, happy-go-luckiest, t'hell-with-posterity-ist people on the continent of North America, only excepting the cities of Mexico, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Costa Rico.

Bad Language.—Speaking of the defeat of the Liberal-Temperance men in the Ontario elections, the editor of the Toronto Globe rings out the declaration: "Men who to-day, because of one rebuff, talk about quitting the field, will to-morrow spit on their hands."

Perhaps this is reminiscent of good

old Scotch customs, but the "Man from the Glen" should remember that such language is not in good taste. We don't spit on our hands any more—we hire Italians and Roumanians to do that while we engage in the more pleasant tasks of life.

The Davidson-Scotts, the Jones-Browns, and other leading Canadian-Scotch subscribers of The Globe will not appreciate this plain reference to their recent past.

Worth the Wait.—A Chicago man has to wait three years for a bride worth \$30,000,000. At the rate of \$10,000,000 we're all willing to join the Waiters' Union.

Sure Cure.—"Drinking is a bad habit, but it can be cured by walking."

"Remarkable! But how? Give us particulars."

"Every time you come to a saloon walk right past it."

Experience Teaches.—Because a Chinaman in a New York court the other day did not know how to swear and had never seen a Bible, his suit was dismissed.

After that he probably learned to swear.

Some Gift.—Down in an Indiana town a woman gave some eggs to help rebuild a church. Why didn't she give an extra dozen and let them build a new church?

Considerably.—An English writer, Francis Toye, declares that the American girl is "the most beautiful thing under heaven." Yes, a long way under heaven.

Exceeding the Speed Limit.—Now that the spotlight has been turned on Calgary, many and divers are the stories being told of lost opportunities and lucky holdings of oil stocks in that city. Here is one that is remarkable enough, and yet has a plausible ring to it.

The chauffeur of a certain gentleman in Calgary had many times put his employer to expense and inconvenience by his speeding propensities. He had been up before the magistrate more times than was healthy for him, and, finally, he was caught exceeding the speed limit on the main street, summoned, and fined fifty dollars and costs or sixty days. He appealed to his employer to extricate him, as he had not the funds to satisfy the fine. The employer refused, the offence had been committed too often. The chauffeur offered as security some oil stock which he held, supposed to be worth some forty odd dollars. His employer said no—positively, and the man went to jail. When the sixty days had elapsed and he was free, his forty dollars worth of oil stock had increased in value to something like seventy-five thousand dollars. The first thing he did was to buy an automobile, a good one, and speed down the main street at about fifty miles an hour. He fully expected to be caught and fined, but nothing happened. It's true, that luck invariably arrives in bunches.

Slightly Sarcastic.—An Irishman was showing an English friend round Montreal. "How many people are there here, Pat?" queried the Englishman.

"Oh, about a hundred thousand," said the Irishman.

"Why, I thought there were over half a million?"

"Well," said Pat, "there are—if you count the French."

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