



Courierettes.

THREE soldiers were wounded in a sham fight in Prince Edward Island. It's remarkable, though, how some young fellows still stick to soldiering.

The Toronto Star is conducting a swat-the-fly campaign, seeking no doubt to destroy the pests attracted by its display of Buffalo bologna last fall.

"Is Marriage a Failure?" was played by a stock company in a big Canadian city last week. Just waited long enough to let the grooms sample the bride's biscuits.

By putting a comma in place of a decimal point, the Toronto Globe gave Canada's consumption of spirits last year as 1,030 gallons per head. That makes it look as if some people have been taking champagne baths.

King George has proved his skill with a coal pick, but it is thought unlikely that he will ever act as a strike-breaker.

It is said that clothes may be made from paper. They look very well—on paper.

"Eat less and you'll keep cool," says John D. Rockefeller. Many people can't avoid getting hot because the trusts force them to eat less.

A Puzzling Point.—Notwithstanding the nation-wide grip that professional baseball has won in Canada, there are still a few people who are slightly ignorant of some of the elemental facts of the great game.

This may be that sort of ignorance that is bliss, for, as in the case of a nice old landlady in a big Ontario city, those people are not apt to worry when the home team strikes a slump and drops to the "cellar position."

This particular old lady had a boarder who was somewhat of a fan. He came home late to dinner one evening and apologized, explaining that he had waited for the finish of an extra-inning game which the home team had won.

"It was a great game," he said. "I'm going back every day this week. See some good ball this series."

"Do they play every day?" queried the landlady.

"Certainly. Why do you ask a question like that?"

"Well, I was just wondering how so many men could find the time to play ball like that every day."

Their Best Ad.—Some summer hotels, which proclaim themselves to be ideal resorts for people with nerves, may be said to find their best advertisement in the prices they charge.

The Mere Man.—The jokesmiths have long harped on the comparative insignificance of the June bridegroom. Truth, however, to use a sporting phrase, puts it all over fiction at times.

Recently the Toronto Daily Star published an elaborate description of a wedding in that city, giving full particulars about the bride, the bridesmaid, the officiating minister, the organist who played the wedding march, the ushers, the dresses, and all the rest of it—but never a mention was made of the bridegroom.

The account of the wedding passed through the hands of the society editor without notice, but when one of the reporters found it in print, the poor woman had to endure a lot of "kidding."

The surprising discovery was afterwards made that the notice had been written by the father of the poor groom.

Modern Methods.—Competition is so keen among the various lighting companies in and around Toronto since the advent of the Hydro-Electric system that some surprising stunts are being done in order to land contracts of even trifling importance.

Recently a young couple bought a house in the west end of the city, and made a contract with a private company for light. There was some delay, and the house-owner told the company that if their connection was not made by a certain date he would sign up with the Hydro-Electric. The company had no poles on the street and for some reason could not get the necessary authority to plant them within the time limit.

Realizing that if they did not do something out of the ordinary they would lose that contract, they struck a bright idea, and in a few minutes had a gang of men busily at work stringing their wires on the brand new poles of the Hydro-Electric system. The connection was quickly made and the



"Give me a ticket to the seaside, please."

"Single, sir?"

"Ah—er—to all pretence and purposes, yes!"

happy householder has light. Such is modern competition.

Mary's Lamb Again.

MARY had a little lamb,
A bit just off the hip—
She made the waiter wealthy when
She gave it as a tip.

A Protest.

IN days that have gone, when a story we told,

"That's a good one," our friends used to say;

But those friends seem less courteous now—anyhow

Their comments are different to-day.

"That reminds me," some say, "of a very good yarn."

When the end of our story we're at;
Or, with air of superior wisdom, they say,

"There's a quite clever version of that."

They state that, the first time they heard our best tale,

With delight they did lustily yell;
Or, with look of derision, they sweetly declare,

"My grandfather told that quite well."

Only for the Irish.—Napoleon Champagne, who was chosen for Ottawa East, at the last Ontario election, as a supporter of Sir James Whitney, was much bothered, after the election, by office-seekers.

As the French member for Ottawa, he was tackled by a number of French-

Canadians who were looking for soft jobs.

The successful candidate's opponent at the election was an Irishman, whose father was governor of the Ottawa jail. One office-seeker tried to make a case for dismissal out of that fact.

"You don't want that job," said the much-pestered M.P.P. "A French-Canadian surely doesn't want a place like that. That's an Irishman's job—in jail."

Getting Acquainted.—They are telling a good fishing story which concerns two men of Stratford, Ont. One of the men was fishing for trout in close season. The other came up to him, and this conversation took place:

"Getting any fish?"

"No, not a bite to-day."

"Ever catch anything?"

"Oh, yes. I caught thirty trout yesterday and forty the day before."

The stranger went close to the fisher and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm the game inspector."

That information was backed up by the showing of an inspector's badge.

The fisher laughed—a trifle uneasily—and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the inspector.

"Well," was the answer, "I'm the biggest liar in Stratford."

Seasonable Version.

IT'S easy enough to be pleasant

When the weather's a medium grade,
But the man worth while is the one who can smile

At 90 or more in the shade.

A Woman and a Car.—When lovely woman takes a notion to do some things that are a matter of course among men, she isn't so hopeless a person as ungallant members of the sterner sex would have one believe.

At a busy corner in a big Canadian city a few days ago, a man and a woman made a dash for a street car. It started to move before they reached it, and the man half-turned away with the look a man has at such times. But the woman grabbed the hand rail, and hopped aboard, and the man had to move quickly to avoid being left behind.

The Stinger "Stung."—They tell at Toronto's City Hall of a certain alderman who never loses a chance to take a whack at the Works Department of that city—and of one occasion on which his best-laid plans did "gang agley," as Bobby Burns expressed it.

He noted that on a certain street in his ward the pipes for a new water main had lain for some time by the side of the pavement. While they rested there a new asphalt pavement was laid on that street.

"Now," said Mr. Critic to himself, "I'll just wait until they start to tear up that nice new pavement to lay that main, and then I'll raise a row in Council about it."

He waited. In fact, he waited some time. No move made to lay the pipe. At last he grew impatient and made inquiries.

"Why, yes," said the bland and smiling Works Commissioner, "we are going to drop that pipe into the boulevard in the very near future."

The rest was silence.

Peculiar Soap.—On many things in connection with the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, is printed "Absolutely Fireproof," an advertising phrase much used by the hotel.

That comforting phrase is printed on the hotel's soap, which is made by John Taylor & Co., and that firm was much surprised to receive from a lady a letter inquiring whether the soap were really fireproof as she didn't think that it could be made so as to resist fire.

A Smooth One.—She—"I don't see any sense in your objecting to Mr. DeBumville being invited to the house."

He—"Why, you know he's been shown to be a man of no principle or character, a man who had to leave his country to escape the law—"

She (impatiently)—"That's very true; but no one can say he's not a perfect gentleman."—Time.

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