

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

It is well to remember that the Hero of To-day is the Has-been of Tomorrow.

The Toronto Globe, during the last few days has been wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Hon. G. P. Graham is to return to the journalistic fold. Printer's ink is, after all, much more alluring than "playing cars."

Uncle Sam is now remarking that Canadian grapes are a sour bunch, anyway.

Greece is seriously considering running off from Turkey.

The Bank of Egypt suspends payment. Condolences from the late Manager of the Farmers!

Thomas Lawson, Esquire, of Boston, will not be in the copper merger.

The pari-mutuel machine is not all that the anti-racetrack-gambling association believed.

The African continent is always getting European nations into trouble. Why can't it be cut up, without making all this fuss? If it isn't Tripoli it's the Transvaal.

There will be seventy-six lawyers in the new House of Commons. Think of the fees we'll have to pay!

There are thirty-one thousand telephones in Toronto—and not a single one of them is right.

Probably Madame Eames' press agent stirred up the ecclesiastical authorities to make all this trouble about the alleged wedding.

The International Club for Psychological Research is to open a clubhouse in London, England, where ghosts will be welcome. This is encouraging to those who are weary of life. "Spirits for the Spirits" may be the motto.

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Afterwards.

Brown is chummy now with Jones, And does not mind a bit If they exchange a few remarks, Although Jones is a Grit.

Jones has lunch down-town with Brown, Who tells a funny story, At which Jones laughs consumingly, Although Brown voted Tory.

Things are as they used to be, With losers and with winners; Citizens are thinking now About Thanksgiving dinners.

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A Slip in Translation.—During the recent campaign in Montreal, an ardent French-Canadian admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier undertook to translate into English for general distribution some posters which had proved effective among the Gallic citizens. Sir Wilfrid's advancing years had been one of the most effective features of the appeal, and what was the bewilderment of the English-speaking public when they read the heading—

"Our Veneered Chief!"

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Answers to Correspondents.

Marian: What kind of hat would you advise me to get for the winter? What would you advise as a course of reading? I am considered very literary in my tastes.

Any of the hats would do if you wish to look like a headless freak or a bold grenadier. Try a cerise aeroplane shape, trimmed with willow plumes, and, if you are arrested, don't blame me. I am almost afraid to recommend a course of reading to a young person who declares she is literary. George Ade and O. Henry ought to do you some good, and you might try the serial which runs in The Toronto Evening Telegram. It

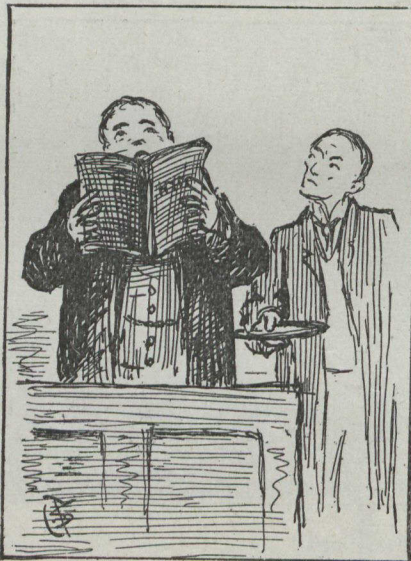
is sure to be a standard by Mary Jane Holmes or May Agnes Fleming. The poems of Robert Service should afford you some edification, although he is stronger on slang than on ideals.

Pearl: A young man has come to call as many as six times and has sent me chocolates—also candied violets. He has also said that he feels like leading a noble life when he is talking to me. Do you think he is in earnest and is a man to be trusted?

My dear Pearl, you are as good as congratulated. A young man who talks in this way is certainly sincere and probably has his eye on a nice little home in the suburbs at this very moment. Chocolates are rather commonplace, and may indicate no deeper sentiment than a cheerful comradeship; but candied violets tell an entirely different story, indicating that the deepest tenderness of the heart is stirred and is ready to be poured out like champagne or buttermilk—or any libation you prefer. I like the way he talks. It does not sound the least bit brotherly, and that is always an encouraging sign.

Winnie: What should I give my future mother-in-law for a birthday present?

If she is fond of jewellery, you might give her a string of amber beads, or an amethyst bracelet. These



A Mind Above Earthly Things

stones do not cost much, and they look quite well for the money. "Heart to Heart Talks With Whirls," being extracts from the Ladies' Own, is a little book which she might like.

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Her Opinion.—"You can't tell me anything about the foolishness of women, Josiah," says any Canadian woman, looking up from the evening paper. "No women at a bargain counter were ever half so ridiculous as you men in your election bets. When you see grown-up men trundling each other in wheel-barrows for blocks, just because a certain candidate got in, you wonder when the citizens of this country are going to grow up." "Women," says Josiah seriously, "have absolutely no sense of humour."

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She Did Her Best.—"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!" sighed a news-monger. "That's not your fault," replied the village cynic.

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What Defeated Laurier.—"Do you know why Laurier was beaten?" is a question asked by several men since September 21. The answer they make, when you have given up guessing, is, "Bad Fielding."

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Quite Calm.—"Was your husband at all excited on election night?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"He says he wasn't," replied Mrs. Twigg, "and that it really didn't make a bit of difference to him who got in. But all I know is that he was singing

'God Save the King' as he came in the door, and started 'Rule Britannia' at the foot of the stairs, and wound up with 'Annie Laurie.' Oh, no, he wasn't excited."

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Expected a Wild Night.—"Glad to see The Globe broadening out," said a Toronto Conservative a day or two after the election to a member of that paper's staff with whom he was chatting in front of The Globe office.

The reference was to the fact that The Globe is adding to its premises at Yonge and Melinda Streets, Toronto. The addition takes in considerable frontage on Yonge Street.

The Globe man smiled. Then he told of a remark he himself had made, previous to the election, concerning the addition.

"Not all of the windows had been put in," he said, and I said to Senator Jaffray: "Better not put in any more glass till after September twenty-first."

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Bad Spelling.—A certain Toronto business man got a big surprise a few days ago. In a bit of writing that one of his clerks had to do he discovered the word "trowsers."

"Say, how do you spell trousers?" he called to the clerk.

The latter wasn't sure.

"How do you spell trousers?" the business man said to another clerk.

"Why, there's only one way to spell that word—t-r-o-u-s-e-r-s," was the answer.

By this time the first clerk had consulted the dictionary.

"There seems to be a 'u' in it," he said.

The business man and the other clerk smiled, and the latter said to the man who had perpetrated the funny spelling, "Say, you had better never attempt to spell 'pyjamas.'"

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Warned in a Dream.—There's one man in Canada who seems to have had a straight tip on the elections. The story concerning it came out at Hon. George E. Foster's committee rooms on Yonge Street, Toronto.

This man showed up there on the morning of election day and volunteered the use of his automobile.

The official who was looking after the volunteered automobiles and carriages couldn't find the man's name on the list of the men who had promised such aid.

The man explained.

"I know I'm not on your list," he said. "It wasn't till this morning that I decided to offer the use of my auto. I dreamed last night that Laurier would be beaten. I talked the dream over with my wife this morning and decided that as Laurier would be beaten I'd better get on the Conservative side."

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A Falling Market.—A cowboy was told by his boss to drive a German nobleman over the ranch to take in the sights. All went well until they came to a steep hill. When making the descent the horses got the best of the cowboy. They went at a tremendous rate, thereby causing the occupants to hang on for their lives.

At that point the German yelled out, "I would give a thousand dollars to be out of this."

For answer the cowboy, who had sighted a pile of rocks ahead, yelled back, "Keep yer money for you will be out a dern sight cheaper in a minute."

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Hugh Clark's Sayings.—The wrestling of North Bruce from the Liberal stalwart, John Tolmie, has placed Hugh Clark, the wit of the Ontario Legislature, in the House of Commons.

Several of the latter's clever remarks made a great hit in the recent campaign.

"Mr. Tolmie," he said, "claims that he represents the masses and that I represent the classes. I want to tell you that I represent the masses, and there's some class to them."

Another remark that "brought down the house," was, "At the last election we were asked to give Laurier time to finish his work. We've given him three years, but we scarcely expected that in that time he'd work his finish."

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20.9%	21.9%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

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MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 27th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ENNISKILLLEN, ENFIELD and RETURN (Rural Mail Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Enfield, Enniskillen, Burketon Station, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 14th September, 1911.