



Courierettes.

OTTAWA claims to have increased its population by 5,000 in the past year. All the office-seekers that flocked to the Capital must have settled there.

New York has finally prohibited smoking on open street cars. Old Father Knickerbocker may be a bit behind but he gets into the procession before it's past.

Judge Morgan, of Toronto, declares that a long vacation is not necessary. He would probably be satisfied with half a loaf.

How the new play titles seem to play on the anatomical side of the line. Here's "Peg O' My Heart" coming into Canada, followed by "Hop O' My Thumb."

"The Blindness of Virtue" is a play title that should appeal to Toronto, which has a population of two official censors and some 475,000 unofficial ones.

Prince Palatine, the race horse, has been sold for \$225,000. That steed is almost as valuable as a good heavy carcass of beef nowadays.

Hon. Col. Sam Hughes takes twenty officers to Britain to see the army manoeuvres. Ere they return Winston Churchill should be convinced that he will not need those Canadian dreadnoughts.

An American paper states that the United States is worth \$130,000,000,000. The conversation of some U. S. natives leads us to believe this a most modest estimate.

The beef trust is said to be faking meat famine reports in order to raise prices. This is the first intimation that they deem some excuse necessary.

Why?—Why is it that at a wedding the men wear black and smile, while the women wear white and cry?

An Apology.—Certain creatures—commonly called men—are now wearing slit trousers, the latest freak in masculine fashions.

We hereby withdraw in deepest humility all the horrid things we have said about feminine fashions.

Just For a Change.—Talk is so cheap nowadays, and there is so much of an over-supply that it would be really refreshing to find a parrot that couldn't converse.

Just a Suggestion.—What a welcome change it would be if the police in Washington suddenly took a notion to enforce the law against unnecessary noises, now that this Mexican crisis is being so loudly debated.

A Course of Training.—Sylvia Pankhurst and some of her followers have now taken up the idea of "sleep strikes" and refuse to lie down or close their eyes.

Probably in training for a visit to Toronto's big Fair.

Sad—But True.—The modern girl is so busy with beauty culture and flashy dressing that she doesn't get much time to help mother do the house work.

Test of True Love.—The supreme test of a young man's devotion to his adored one is the occasion on which he calls for her and she

keeps him waiting in the taxi for 45 minutes while she completes the final touch to her toilet.

Pardon Us.—When asked what he thought of the Thaw case, our office boy said he thought it was a Frost. He added, that if there was going to be another trial, it would be better to wait till it thawed again.

The Human?

WOMAN'S a wonderful creature—
Something odd about her—
Some of us can't live with her,
And some can't live without her.

This is Tough.—John D. Rockefeller declares that he is still but a boy. That's what we call bad news. If he has made such progress in cornering the money market in his babyhood how will anybody be able to hold a nickel by the time he is grown up?

Quite Natural.—When we take a good look at some of the chorus girls whom the comedian glibly describes as "chickens" we instinctively want to order fish.

The Danger.—An enterprising journal of London, Ontario, is advertising for photos of "bouncing babies" in that city. It is most explicit about the "bouncing." Now elasticity has one test—there is just one way to test if a baby bounces. Possibly, in London, as in Montreal, there is noted a startling rise in the infant death-rate.

Hawkins' Nationality.—When "Billy" Hawkins, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, was asked his nationality, he answered: "Well, I was born in Canada, but I believe my parents were of Scotch descent, and as I shot for an Irish team yesterday, I reckon I am an all-round Empire man."

Asquith's Lucky Ancestor.—An English historian has dug up the fact that one of Premier Asquith's ancestors was hanged and quartered in 1664. They might have omitted the quarter-



NATURE STUDY.

Farmer (to one of his men)—"Say, what did you do with them pups?"
Farm Hand—"Drowned 'em!"
Farmer—"Drowned 'em! Why them pups was worth two dollars apiece. Why did you drown 'em, you boob?"
Farm Hand—"Cos they was all born blind."

ing, but even at that the fellow was not so badly off. He lived before the time of Mrs. Pankhurst.

Ever Notice It?—This world seems an awfully big place when we go looking for our debtors.

And it seems a confoundedly small, little hole when we want to avoid our creditors.

The Power of Sentiment.—Dr. James L. Hughes, who has just retired from the post of Chief Inspector of Toronto public schools, after holding it for 40 years, is one of the few men who manage to make a proper mixture of business and sentiment. Sometimes when all other forms of argument fail to move him, a suggestion of sentiment, a hint of romance, works the magic in a moment.

An ex-alderman of Toronto relates an incident that well illustrates this characteristic of the well-known educationist.

"One of my boys was attending a school in the east end, and my wife and I thought he was not doing well there. We wanted to get him into Dufferin school, where we had both been educated, by the way, but it was filled. The principal referred us to Dr. Hughes. I went to see him and stated my desire. He leaned back and said 'For what reason?'"

"He has to cross the street car tracks to get to the school he is attending now," I said.

"Many other children also have to cross car tracks. That reason won't do," said he.

"Well, we don't like the progress he is making under his present teacher," was my second plea.

"Reason No. 2 won't do either," was his reply.

"Well, I'm a Dufferin school old boy and I would like him to go there," was my next.

"He shook his head. 'Can't do it for that reason, either.'"

"Those were the only three reasons I had thought of using and every one of them had failed to move the inspector. I was beaten. But suddenly I thought of another—one that I had previously discarded as of little weight—and I decided to try it.

"My fourth and final reason," I said, "is that my wife and I first met and grew to love each other at Dufferin school."

"Dr. Hughes brought his fist down on the table with a decisive smash."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "That's a sufficient reason. Your application is granted."

Great Expectations.—Call these two lake sailors Mutt and Jeff, just to be familiar. It was down the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Prescott, where the decks of the river saloons are usually full of sailors, no matter what happens to the ships. The weather was hot. The master of a boat sailing from Rutland, Vt., to Chicago, desired to ship a couple of sailors. So he went into a river saloon, where he found as capable a pair of sealegs as ever rolled home at two a.m. with a side-walk for a deck. They were laying in a cargo of refreshments, not knowing the minute some shipmaster would wander in.

"Hey, you fellows—I want a couple of sailors. Ready to ship?"

Each looked at his glass and heaved anchor with a sigh.

"Yep, pardner, I guess we be," said one. "Where does she run to?"

"Chicago."

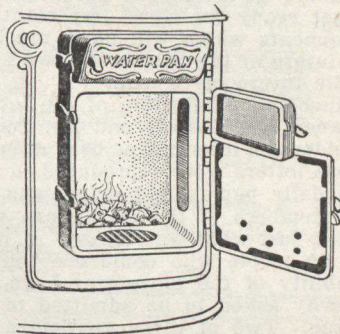
"Oh—oh! Good town for beer. But, say, it's a long run to Chicago."

"Yum, and dang hot weather," said the other.

"Say, cap'n.—there's on'y one question I'd like t' ask 'bout that boat. Seein' as the weather's hot an' it's a long run to where the beer flows free—has that boat got any shade trees on 'er?"

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