



### Courierettes.

THIS is an age of miracles in business, but we defy anybody to obtain moving pictures of some office boys we know.

King George and Queen Mary saw a sham battle at Aldershot. Now, if Emperor Bill would only be satisfied with that kind of fighting, the dove of peace would sleep better.

Right on top of the Gouin victory in Quebec the Toronto Globe again asks for poems telling about some outstanding bit of history. Draw your own conclusions.

A Harvard professor prophesies a noiseless world as the result of science. This means the abolition of politics and grand opera.

The price of writing paper has gone up twenty per cent. Another proof of the high cost of loving.

A woman wants separation from her husband because he left her, while on the honeymoon, to go on a hunting trip. Foolish man, he went after the wrong deer.

**Ald. McBride's Latest.**—Ald. Sam McBride, the talkative member of Toronto's City Council, was vigorously denouncing the granting of licenses to Chinese laundries at the last session of that body.

Idea flow so fast into the McBride brain that the McBride tongue sometimes trips, and this time the alderman pictured the Chinese as being a menace to the health of the community.

"They are," he declared, "addicted to tuberculosis."

"What's that, Sam?" asked a fellow-member. "A disease or a habit?"

### Signs of the Times.

If you hear a sweet girl, wearing a white veil, say softly, "I do," it is a sign the Ananias Club has gained another member.

If you see a jolly-looking chap who weighs 289 pounds, it is a sign his intimate friends call him "Skinny."

If you see a large crowd in front of a newspaper bulletin it is a sign the home team is winning.

If you hear a woman telling other women about the excellent qualities of their mutual female friends it is a sign that you should consult an aurist.

If you see a fat old gentleman slip on a banana peel and crush his silk hat it is a sign that he isn't going to sing.

If you meet a nice young lady wheeling a fine pair of twins on the avenue it is a sign she is not the mother but the nurse.

If you see a story on the sporting page about a star lacrosse player getting \$5,000 for the season it is a sign that he will get as much as \$32 in real money.

If you see an angry woman with a switch in her hand and a yelling youngster wriggling on her lap it is a sign that she is about to start something.

If you observe that a meek-mannered chap hurries home at Saturday noon and hands a little brown envelope to a woman it is a sign that he is married.

If you find a man buying a sirloin steak, a peek of potatoes, a pound of butter and a dozen eggs in a store it is a sign that his rich uncle has just died.

If you discover a hole in the ground, with bits of canvas, splinters of wood, broken wheels and wires lying about it is a sign some aviator came down too soon.

**A Nervy Veteran.**—There can no longer be any doubt of the courage of the men who fought in the Civil War. Samuel J. Killow, a Confederate army veteran, has just married his tenth wife.

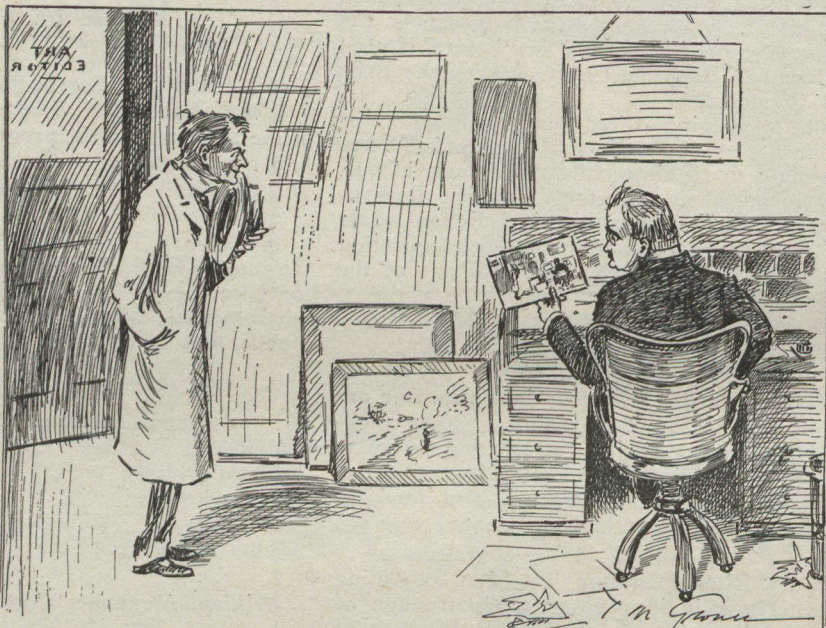
**Unkind Kindness.**—Where ignorance is bliss, someone is sure to try to "put you wise," is how a business man starts the telling of an experience he had one day last week.

His story goes on as follows:

I was sitting in the office when — came in. Now, — I have always regarded as a decent sort, but this time he did me deep wrong.

"Those matches you are using," he said, "are not nearly as good as the kind I use. Yours are too thin and often when you strike them they break and the lighted head flies where it might start a fire."

"I don't remember ever having had that experience," I said. But — wasn't gone half an hour when one of the matches acted exactly as he said. And on the street a while later my last match broke off so close to the head



Editor—"Did you get this idea out of your own head?"

Artist (eagerly)—"Yes, sir."

Editor—"Do you feel any better?"

Drawn by T. M. Grover.

that I had to postpone smoking till I could borrow a light.

Now, I suppose I'll have to look up —, let him gloat in I-told-you-so fashion, and let him tell me which brand of matches he uses.

**The Epidemic.**—"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." And the other day we heard the office boy plaintively whistling the tune of:

"Darling, I am growing older;  
Silver threads among the gold."

**Umpire-Baiting.**—A baseball game between teams representing Montreal and Toronto was a feature of the day spent at Espanola, Ont., last week by shareholders of the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Co. and a number of brokers.

The game was for fun and so had unusual incidents. The first umpire left his job to pitch, and his successor was treated to such cries as greet a big league umpire when the fans become "peevish" at him.

At the close of one innings, four of the spectators made a mad dash for the umpire. That official was in no condition to make a fast run, so, after getting half-way to second base, he was over-

taken by the four and had to submit to a burlesque of being mobbed.

So realistic was the dash to seize the umpire that one spectator pleaded with the supposedly angered fans to not hurt the official.

"He was doing all right," said the pleader, and he naturally felt a little silly on realizing how he had been fooled.

**The Answer.**—"Why is an automobile like a child?"

"Because it runs about so much?"

"No—it needs something new every other day."

### The Sure Harvest.

**POTATOES** may suffer from awful blight

And yield but a sickly crop;  
And tender flowers, set out too soon,  
By frost may be made to drop.

The yield of wheat may disappoint,  
And tomatoes by rot be struck;  
The bugs may make it look as if vines  
Are playing in horrible luck.

The neighbour's chickens may scratch up your seeds,

And peach trees, it seems, may freeze;  
But there's never a failure of one spring crop—

The hon'rary LL.D.'s.

**Heavy Consumer.**—"Cheaper than ready-mades," said a man who was making his own cigarettes.

"The rate you smoke them," said a friend, "you ought to buy by car-lot."

**An Actor's Bad Guess.**—Some of these days some legislative body will pass a law to prevent actors giving interviews to newspapers.

Few classes of men more regularly look foolish in print than actors, and sometimes it is due to the good sense of the interviewers that they do not seem more so.

A case in point happened in Toronto recently when an actor was giving material for copy to a dramatic critic.

Thinking to make a hit locally, the actor remarked, "About this Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, do you know I don't think you Canadians will be able to get him back across the line. You know you Canucks turned down reciprocity very hard, and the Yankees are apt to hold Nesbitt over there just to get back at you."

Nesbitt was back a couple of days after, and his capture and extradition were entirely due to the good offices of the Chicago police and the United States authorities.

**Concerning Plumbers.**—In a big office building in Toronto last Sunday a leak in a water pipe was discovered, and, as two floors were being flooded, there was a hurry-up call for the office heads and a plumber.

Going about the building, an office man, bare-headed, was asked by another office man, "Are you a plumber?" "Plumbers look more prosperous than I do," was the answer.

A little later, the man who had been mistaken for a plumber told of this incident and also of having been mistaken for a certain Toronto man who is known to be well-off.

"Well," said one of those who heard the tales of mistaken identity, "in either case you would have been in the millionaire class."

**Score a Hit.**—In a recent conversation wherein the retort—courteous and otherwise—was being handed out, a man who is good at the conversational come-back said, "Now, wait a bit; there's a lot to be said on this question."

"Well, don't say it," retorted a listener.



The finest fabric ever loomed, in the hands of unskilled designers or indifferent craftsmen, will make a shapeless suit. While the same materials manipulated by a master of the craft will produce a garment that closely approaches perfection. We carry the largest and most exclusive line of suitings in Canada.

PRICES RANGE FROM  
\$22.50 to \$45.00

Write to us for samples and self-measurement forms.

**Brodericks**  
LIMITED

113 King St. W.  
Toronto, Ont.

**"I'm Cool and Neat"**

In  
HOTTEST  
WEATHER!



"I wear  
"KING COATLESS"

Summer Suspenders  
out of sight under my  
shirt.

Give this cool, neat  
shirtwaist. Hold  
trousers up and shirt  
down. Belt discom-  
forts vanish.

**"KING  
COATLESS"**

Summer Suspenders  
patent button loops,  
can't slip off buttons.

Three Styles

2 button loops fasten 1 at each  
side, as photo. 3 button loops fasten 1 at  
each side, 1 at back. 4 button loops fasten 1 at  
each side, 2 at back. Genuine have "KING COAT-  
LESS" stamped on buckles.

50c at your dealer's, or mailed anywhere on receipt  
of 50c. State style.

The King Suspender Co., Toronto, Can.

**ARTISTS SUPPLY CO.**

Will save you 33 1/3 per cent to 60 per cent  
on Oil Colors, and will give you  
best prices on all Artists' Materials.  
Write for Catalogue and  
particulars. The trade  
solicited.

77 York St., Toronto.