

### Courierettes.

NO doubt some people across the line are now wondering why they kept on reminding Teddy Roosevelt, during his quiet spell, that he hadn't said anything for a long time.

Cobourg will now be known as the town of the stand pipe that didn't. Do you tumble? Well, at any rate, the pipe did.

Another "hunger strike" of London women who want to vote! Sufferin' suffragettes!

"Nobody loves a fat man"—at least Teddy Roosevelt is no longer passionately fond of Bill Taft.

Japan is reported to have begun the conquest of the air. Russia can plainly see the air's finish.

Home-work is denounced by the Ontario Educational Association; also by the suffragettes.

"Mud from Earls Court shown to Controllers" runs a Toronto evening paper heading. That's rather decent of the Earls Courters, since a lot of other people persist in throwing mud at those civic rulers.

**A Hot Time.**—Sometimes when a newspaper puts a heading over a budget of news the result of trying to feature more than one topic is an amusing combination.

An instance of this cropped up a few days ago in a heading, in the Daily Gleaner of Fredericton, over a half-column of news items from Marysville. Two of the important items were featured in the heading, and the result was this: NASHWAAK RIVER ICE MAKES MOVE—Easter Concert Given at Marysville Proves to be Highly Successful Affair.

### Human Nature.

**BOOST**, and the world boosts with you; Knock, and you—well, to be perfectly candid, you'll find that a lot of people are ready to help you do that, too.

**A Good Term.**—F. L. Fuller, of Truro, N. S., secretary and manager of the Maritime Horse Show, which is held annually in Amherst, N. S., has a little girl who has inherited her father's love for a horse. Mr. Fuller, strangely enough, doesn't own a horse.

The little girl was very much interested in the horse show recently held, and wanted to be numbered among the exhibitors. So she prayed one night that the Lord would send her a pony and send it soon. She ended her prayer by

saying: "God bless the rich; God bless the poor; God bless the middle money, Amen."

"That was a very nice prayer, dearie," said her mother, "but what did you mean by the middle money?"

"Why, that's us, mamma. We're neither rich nor poor; we're just middle money—can't afford a pony."

ONCE more the fan—and fan-ess—  
Are filled with joy and hope;  
Once more the daily papers  
Are full of wondrous dope.

Once more is conversation  
Adorned with startling terms;  
Once more the open season  
For active baseball germs.

Once more 'tween crowded benches  
The yelling youngster goes,  
With candy, gum and peanuts  
And no respect for toes.

Once more heroic sluggers  
Win momentary fame,  
Or smash the air to fragments—  
Repeating Casey's shame.

Once more the friendless umpire  
Is viciously put right,  
And told that strongest glasses  
Might help his failing sight.

Once more from office duties  
The boy tribe ask release;  
Once more their fathers' fathers  
Conveniently debase.

Once more the myriad faithful  
Are answering the call,  
And pitying such as never  
Rejoice to hear, "Play ball!"  
W. A. C.

**The Middy's Mother.**—Lieut. Aglionby, of the Royal Navy, loaned to the Canadian navy, and an officer on H. M. C. S. Niobe, tells the following story, which will be appreciated by some Canadian mothers who are not conversant with the duties of a Canadian midshipman.

The Niobe was just about to leave Halifax on a cruise, and, as is the custom in all navies, everybody on board, with the exception of the captain, had to turn in and coal ship.

A mother coming down to see her boy off was horrified when he appeared before her begrimed and dirty.

Unheeding her son's protests she straightway made for the captain and indignantly exclaimed that she had sent her boy to sea to fight and not to heave coal.

The captain, seeing the humour of the

thing, sent for his first officer to explain why this boy was trundling a coal truck instead of fighting.

The first officer, too, was far from being dressed as a fighting man should, and through the grime of his face expressed his sorrow, but, pointing to another disreputable object who was trundling his barrow up to a coal pile on the dock, he said, "If Lord Graham there, a duke's son, thinks it not beneath his dignity to coal ship, I don't see any reason for you to complain, madame."

Moral—The mother hates to think that her boy is "the goat."

**"Oh, to Be in England."**—How comforting it must be to live in England, where each really big question is settled by a poem from the pen of Kipling!

Canada has no Kipling. If she had, we might be given virile verse which would settle such burning questions as to whether Canada is to split into two countries. And we might at once find out for sure whether we made a mistake in turning down reciprocity.

**The New Spelling.**—Aside from the fact that current history is being made at a tremendous rate, these must be trying days for the poor school-boy. He hears rumours about simplified spelling, but he must be puzzled to read in the papers emphatic declarations that each of a host of Canadian town names spells opportunity, development, enterprise and progress.

### Seasonable Complaint.

HAVE you a stronger than usual dislike for work?

Do you experience a longing to go fishing?

Do you imagine that you see vacation booklets before your eyes?

If you have any or all of these symptoms you may at once make up your mind that you have spring fever.

**Timely.**—At the Ontario Legislature a member recently brought before the House the matter of castile soap. Very appropriate during the closing days of the session when all legislative business should be cleaned up.

**"Accidents Will Happen."**—"There goes young Brown. He'll never set the world on fire."

"I'm not so sure of that. He may if he keeps on throwing live cigarette butts around."

### The Misfits.

LIST while folk talk, and you'll decide  
That quite a mighty throng  
In picking out a line of work  
Got very much in wrong.

It matters not the least how well

Some kind of work is run—  
Outsiders claim that in their hands  
It would be better done.

Each city man offhand can tell

The farmer how to farm.  
We all can give the statesman tips  
In times of great alarm.

With other tasks it's just the same;  
Each of the outside mob  
Knows better how to do the stunt  
Than the man who's on the job.

**Cheerful.**—There's many a man who could give expert evidence that building up the circulation of a daily, weekly or monthly publication is usually no easy task.

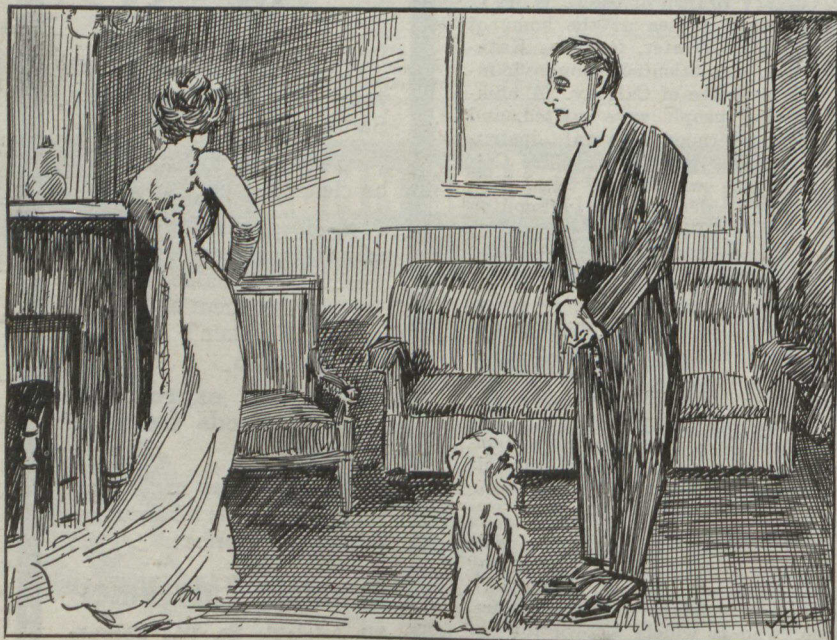
A man who started a trade paper in London, England, some time ago, had a hard job to get his publication going right. One day there came into his office four men friends, each of whom had bought a copy of the paper.

They produced the copies.  
The poor publisher was not feeling very bright, but he saw the humour of the situation.

"Boys," he said, "that's good of you. You've doubled my circulation."

**A Surprise.**—"Me no talkee Chinese well," explained the hostess, upon greeting the visitor from the newest republic.

"No matter," responded the latter, "I can converse tolerably well in English."



Leap-year Vaudeville—"I'll be a Brother to You."

With apologies to C. D. Gibson.

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