



Courierettes.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT says it's all over but the shouting. He is willing and able to attend to that little detail himself.

Boston's latest fad is furniture to match your soul. What will the poor "soulless corporations" do now?

Yes, we have fallen on evil times. Heresy won the King's Plate at the races at Toronto, and Superstition won a race at Louisville.

W. F. Maclean wants a mass meeting held to protest against the way Toronto is governed by its aldermen. Looks as if W. F. feels a speech coming on.

That little word "liar" used to be quite effective until this Teddy and Taft conversation began.

Smyrna wants to trade with Canada. All right, Smyrna, if you haven't designs of making us "an adjunct."

A Good Reason.—A certain big Canadian departmental store has a rule that when costumes or dresses sent C.O.D. to any address are returned, the driver of the delivery waggon must make a report on the case, stating the reason why the parcel is refused.

Naturally some peculiar reasons are given, but the oddest was turned in the other day by a driver who had taken a very expensive costume to be delivered to a lady in a rather fashionable neighbourhood.

This was his brief but exceedingly clear report:

"House was raided last night. Mrs. — in the coop."

Prescription Note.—Across the line, candidates are springing up here, there and everywhere, alleging that they have been pressed to run.

This "pressing" thing has been worked too often. What some of those "candidates" need is a good dry-cleaning.

Could Use Them, All Right.—Theatrical advance agents tell some rather amusing yarns about the peculiar ways of some newspaper people, and one of the "advance guard" recently related a case of exceptional interest.

"The firm of Wagenhals and Kempe," he said, "were cleaning up their press department, and had a pile of 200 old cuts of actors and actresses lying on desks, to be sold as junk. A young chap, who runs a weekly paper in a New Jersey town, dropped in to ask for a couple of seats for the show, and noticed the 200 discarded cuts. 'What are

you going to do with them?" he asked.

"Sell 'em as junk."

"Then I'll take a few."

"What will you do with them?"

"Oh, I can use them in my paper, and nobody will know the difference. For instance, I got a story about a woman in Paris who robbed a bank. I'll use it on Friday and a picture of some pretty actress would go well with it."

He didn't get the cuts.

A Common Complaint.

THE melancholy days have come When we awake at dawn, Because the wretch who lives next door At that hour mows his lawn.

Men and Women.

The wise woman knows that her real friend is the one who listens to her troubles without offering advice.

The man is as good as married who allows himself to be alone with a young widow when the talk turns to homes and hearth fires.

The reason why some women don't like bars may be that the mirrors are hidden by the bottles.

The average bride is a business manager, but happily the average bridegroom is too love-stupid to know it.

The conversation of some men is always about the things they are going to do. Otherwise they would have no topics for talk.

If your wife tells about some man who is always home at night, investigate the case. That man may be paralyzed.

Men procrastinate, but what woman was ever known to leave off till to-morrow what she could wear to-day?

Have You Tasted It Too?—Now they are charging that there is some sort of a merger of the Beef Trust and the Leather Trust.

We suspected it.

We have vivid recollection of certain cuts of beef which might serve as exhibits to prove it.

Sent Hymn by Telephone.—It's the managing director with a mind big enough to think of the little things that makes a success of a paper.

Which leads up to a little story they are telling about J. E. Atkinson, head of the Toronto Daily Star, and his capacity for attention to detail.

It was on the morning after the Carpathia landed in New York her 700

Titanic survivors, and the Star staff—at least part of it—was at work at 4 o'clock in the morning, handling the columns of copy coming in over the wires. Mr. Atkinson had read in a late edition of his own paper the night before that the Titanic band had played "Nearer, My God, to Thee" as the ship went down. Probably he slept little that night, for he was up with the rooster's crow in the morning, and calling up his office, with a Methodist hymn book in his hand he dictated over the wire to one of the reporters the lines of the famous hymn. That was how The Star came to be the only paper to publish the hymn in full. Of course no newspaper office keeps a hymn book on the news editor's desk, and Mr. Atkinson remembered that hymn books are not generally found in newspaper offices.

Remarkable Conduct of the Duke.

Toronto daily papers gave their readers some amazing information about H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught during his recent stay in the Queen City.

The Telegram related how he swung



Tragedian.—When I left home I promised my poor old mother that I would never become an actor.

Critic.—Well, you've kept your promise.

his umbrella "much like persons of more common clay."

The Star described how H.R.H. walked down Avenue Road in the rain. Also, like a wise man, he wore rubbers.

The News asserts emphatically that the Duke rises before breakfast every morning, and sometimes takes a walk after breakfast.

Other papers had equally startling announcements. It would really seem that the Duke is human after all.

The Unpleasant Fact.

"**FAINT** heart ne'er won fair lady"—So runs the ancient verse: 'Tis sad—the frequent winner Is one great greasy purse.

"People Who Live in Glass Houses."—That famous humorous weekly, "Punch," has a habit of getting much amusement from the printed "breaks" of its contemporaries.

Once in a while, "Punch" could find funny things within itself. For instance, an advertisement in it declares that a certain razor "reduces the danger of cutting yourself to a minimum."

Saving the Situation.—Among the crowd at the Woodbine races, Toronto, last week were two horse-breeders of the old school who had been so busy from their early years in training man's best friend that they never learned to read.

Naturally they try to not let that lack be noticed, and thereby hangs a good story.

A messenger boy delivered a telegram to one of the men. He seized it, held it upside down, and then looked mightily surprised.

Handing it over to the other man, he said impressively, "What do you think of that? WHAT do you think of THAT?"

The other man looked at the telegram, feigned great surprise, and said, just as impressively as the other had spoken, "Well, I'll be hanged!"



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Mrs. Wagg—"Now, I'd no more wear glasses than I'd fly."

Mrs. Hagg—"No more would I. I think they disfigure a body something awful."

Drawn by T. M. Grover.