



Courierettes.

GREAT BRITAIN has had a June snowfall. Poetic justice for the country that produced a poet to call Canada "Our Lady of the Snows."

A certain church boasts that its rector has not been absent a single Sunday in three years. In the cases of some preachers that would be sufficient excuse for a change.

Irish suffragettes are now smashing windows. Rather a reflection on Ireland that they are mere imitators.

The Presbyterian General Assembly reports that young people are hard to attract. We move to amend the report by adding the words—"But not to each other."

The Ontario Government has opened up twelve new townships in the north-land, but has handicapped them by naming them after politicians.

Some Canadian cities are crying for traffic experts. In these days of rapidly-moving machines on wheels, the man who wants to save his limbs and life has to be his own traffic expert.

The railway commission has decided that gramophones are musical instruments. The commission ought to hear the one next door that keeps us awake till the early hours.

Her Prejudice.—A certain society woman of Hamilton has in her service a faithful coloured girl, who is a very competent cook, but doesn't know much about unusual culinary work.

A nice mess of frogs' legs was sent to the house by a friend, and as that was the first time for frogs' legs to be cooked in the house, the lady went to the kitchen to see if Martha knew how to cook them.

"Did you ever cook frogs' legs?" asked the lady, pointing to the dish on the table.

"No, ma'am," said the cook.

"Do you know how to cook them?"

"No, ma'am."

There seemed to be a note of objection in the cook's tone, so the lady asked, "Well, you don't mind cooking them, do you?"

"To tell the truth, ma'am," said the cook, "I never did like insects of any kind nohow."

Handicapping Time-pieces.—When asked the time, a certain Toronto man usually gives an answer in this form: "It's quarter after four by me; the

right time is seventeen minutes after four."

"Why do you always keep your watch a couple of minutes slow?" a friend asked him.

He answered thus:

"If my watch stops, I generally set it by the City Hall clock—Big Ben. Usually a little while later, when I compare my watch and Big Ben, I find them running neck and neck. So I put my watch back a couple of minutes, and I say to Big Ben, 'Now, you big son-of-a-gun, you've got to pace me.'"

Getting Even.—Did you ever live in the same neighbourhood as a man who complains that the neighbours' children spoil his lawn, that their chickens scratch up his seeds, and so on?

There's a Mr. Thompson in Hamilton who frequently makes such complaints concerning his neighbours.

One night Thompson heard a dog barking. He thought he knew whose dog it was, so he called up Neighbour Fisher and said, "Your dog is barking and annoying the neighbourhood."

"It's not my dog," said Fisher.

"It is."

"It's not."

Once or twice more before he turned in, Thompson called up Fisher and they had the same conversation.

Fisher, who stayed out very late that night, decided to get even. At 4 a.m. he called up the kicker.

"Is that Mr. Thompson?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Thompson, sleepily.

"Well, I want to tell you," said Fisher, "that that wasn't my dog."

Thompson was too tired to put up even a telephone fight, and Fisher added, "My dog has been down cellar all night, and he's scratching at the door now and whining to get out."

The Hold-Up.—It was hot—stifling hot. Diamond Dick, the desperado, wiped the perspiration from his bearded brow as he entered the grocery store.

Diamond Dick laid his two pistols on the counter. Also he took from his pocket a shiny half dollar.

"Hands up!"

It was not the bandit who spoke the imperious command. It was the grocer.

Seeing that he was at the mercy of the hard-hearted dealer, Diamond Dick raised his hands and murmured meekly, "Please sir, give me a pound of butter."

A Ready Retort.—James L. Hughes, Chief Inspector of Toronto's Public Schools, has a nimble wit, and but few

men can turn a phrase quicker or to better advantage in repartee than he.

The other day Mr. Hughes was discussing with a friend the views of certain would-be educationists, who happened to see things in the same light, and to Mr. Hughes' way of reasoning, a very mistaken light.

"But great minds run in the same channel, you know," quoted the Chief Inspector's friend.

"You mean the same ditch" was the ready and rather severe retort.

Impressionistic.—The great bit of "impressionistic art," by the new, unknown painter, was hanging in the gallery, and each of several other artists was asked to give the picture a name.

These were some of their guesses:

"A Quiet Evening."

"Mother and Child."

"Moonlight on the Lake."

"A Woodland Scene."

"The Twilight of Life."

"Scottish Highlands."

"A Dutch Scene."

"The Captive."

"A Woodland Nymph."

"The Happy Family."

His Vote.—A vaudeville actor who recently played in Canada tells of a stock company in a western town which produced the George M. Cohan piece, "Fifty Miles From Boston," and at the end of the week took a poll of its patrons to decide whether the company should play the same comedy the second week or produce something new.

One man who had seen the show sent in this ballot: "Play fifty miles from Boston. Don't play here."

Fashion Hints.

DINING in restaurants is very popular—particularly among those who have the price.

Umbrellas may be purchased very cheaply now. It is even cheaper to pick them up in offices or restaurants.

A great deal of hair is being worn this season. Some of it is native-born.

Summer shoes are usually worn two sizes small.

Bathing suits should never be allowed to become wet.

Explained.—"How is it I never hear you say a word about your old college days?"

"The college I went to didn't have a very good baseball team."

In "Toronto the Good."—In the Methodist Sunday school hymnal can be found a hymn with the refrain:

"Bring them in, bring them in,

Bring them in from the fields of sin."

The trustees of the Toronto Board of Education are going the admonition of the hymn one better. Their slogan is "drive them in."

Recently a teacher named Roy Harris applied for a position on the Toronto staff. He honestly described himself as undenominational. The trustees would not accept him until he was allied with some church.

Does this help to explain the title, "Toronto, the Good"?

The Difference.—This from a New York paper: In one year 33,000 offenders have been brought before the juvenile courts of England. They begin early over there and increase in criminal ability as the years pass.

The Gotham journal gives no figures by which the United States might be compared in this respect. The difference is that they catch the scamps in England.

The Unpardonable Pun.—The Bell Telephone Co. has an exchange in Toronto which is called "Adelaide," and, of course, this name prefaces every number in that district. Sometimes telephone users have difficulty in getting desired numbers as soon as they wish, and delays on the telephone are, of course, most annoying.

The other day a sharp-tongued subscriber tried several times to get an Adelaide number.

At last Central chirped sweetly: "What number were you calling?"

The punster was ready.

"Ah, delayed — again," said he.

But it was wasted on Central.

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