



Courierettes.

THE Bishop of London visited the militants in Holloway jail. There's a cleric who is willing to take a chance.

The Church of Rome has forbidden the faithful to "read, keep, borrow or sell" the works of Maeterlinck. We agree with the edict so far as the word borrow is concerned. We want to keep our set.

Toronto "Mail and Empire" the other day announced that the new redistribution bill would leave 134 members in the Dominion Parliament. The "Mail" guessed within about a hundred of the real total. That's not bad for the "Mail."

Italy's oldest poet has smoked for 95 years. Think how much older he might be if he hadn't smoked.

"Money will be plentiful throughout the year," says Sir George Paish, the financial authority. Past experience makes us doubt it, begging the knight's pardon.

General Villa announces that he will follow the methods of civilized warfare hereafter. We had the idea that his battle-playing for the movies was a bit ahead of civilization.

British scientist says that bees are colour blind. He does not question the effectiveness of their sense of feeling.

A futurist artist froze to death in his Paris studio the other day. Be sure your sins will find you out.

Gold is not all. A man locked in the U. S. mint at Philadelphia was mighty glad to get away from the coins with which he was imprisoned.

Germany, the other day, beheaded two women criminals. The Fatherland seems to find it hard to keep up with the times.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The tango has doomed tight lacing, temporarily at least.

Samuel Gompers emphatically denies the charge that he was once "gloriously drunk." Whether his denial covers the adjective or the verb is not made clear.

Canada's parcel post system starts in a manner that indicates its liability to be a little less than a pacemaker for the express companies.

Al. Jennings, ex-train robber, wants to be Governor of Oklahoma. Like Alexander, he is probably sighing for more worlds to conquer.

About Men and Women.—The man who talks best says least.

The man who wants to hear all sides of a question is likely to be bored.

Time is money—but most men and women are reckless spenders of time.

The average woman is apt to find her ideal of feminine perfection in her mirror.

The more a man knows about women the less he talks about them.

Love at first sight would be mighty infrequent if people had the gift of second sight.

The worst fault of some fellows is that they never tire of talking of things they did years ago. Man proposes, God disposes, woman decomposes, the divorce court interposes, and the press exposes.

Brave Men—War's Over.—Ten thousand of Canada's militia went to the front at the time of the Fenian Raid. Thirty-four thousand are applying

for the \$100 grant from the Dominion Government, claiming that they were in the fighting force in 1866 or 1870.

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men are liars. He may have been, as he himself admits, a bit hasty, but if he lived nowadays he would find in this circumstance a great provocation for such a statement.

Explaining Her Salary.—A Canadian, who has just returned from New York, tells that in the course of his theatre-going in the big city, he heard a rather good yarn concerning the New York chorus girl and her salary.

A well-known London actor-manager was seeing a musical play in New York, in company with the proprietor of the show, when the conversation turned upon the salaries paid to chorus ladies in old England, with the usual comparisons to the credit of America.

"See that girl there," said the American, indicating a gorgeous presence on the stage. "Well, I pay her £21 a week in your money. And she has only one line to speak."

"Is that so?" queried the Englishman. "And what is that line, may I ask?"

"She merely has to say, 'Hip hooray,' in the third act," was the response.

"I see," said the Londoner, thoughtfully regarding the fair show-lady, "You pay her £20 for the hips, and £1 for the hoorays!"

Answered.—"Do Men Want Efficient Wives?" is the query of a magazine.

We are inclined to think that they don't. The average young fellow now-



"The Elopement," by Dudley Ward, One of the Human-interest Pictures at the Little Picture Exhibition Now on in Toronto.

adays, we grieve to say, is more apt to be taken in thrall by a well-turned ankle than a well-turned head.

The Question.—He—"I have money enough to get married on."
She—"But have you enough to stay married on?"

An Exceptional Case.—Principal McKay, of Toronto Technical School,

has refused to accept an increase of \$1,000 in his salary.

His case is the exception which proves the rule.

As They Tell It.

WIVES of great men oft remind us We could make our lives sublime, If we had some woman like them With us on the upward climb.

Crushing An Opponent.—Dr. Alexander Mackay, well-known in Toronto Conservative circles and a prominent member of the Board of Education of that city, is not much of a debater.

He is seldom heard at Board meetings or at party gatherings, but when he does speak he is listened to, and when he enters into a debate he hits home and hits hard.

All this is apropos of a little incident at a Board of Education meeting when Dr. Mackay took issue with another member on some matter of policy. His opponent had made a fire-eating speech, full of bravado and bluster. It was all sound and fury and suffered from lack of logic.

Dr. Mackay saw this and made the most of it by telling a little anecdote about a man who had been out one night, celebrating not wisely but too well. When the rather befuddled fellow started home a storm was threatening. Before he had fared far on his way the storm broke in all its fury. The man fell on his knees and prayed the Lord to make the storm cease. But his prayers availed nothing. The tempest continued to rage. The poor chap staggered unsteadily on. The thunders rolled and the lightning played about him. It was pitch dark. He could hardly see his hand before him, and it was only the occasional flash of lightning that showed him his path. Realizing his plight, he dropped to his knees again.

"Then," said Dr. Mackay, glancing at his opponent in debate, "he prayed: 'Oh Lord, if we must have this storm, let us have less of the noise and more of the light.'"

What's in a Name?—That's what New York wants to know.

Recently two plays came to New York. They were entitled "Don't Weaken" and "Eliza Comes to Stay."

"Don't Weaken" did weaken, and soon died. "Eliza" did not stay long.

We ask again—what's in a name?

Oh, You Kids!—When Earl Grey was Governor-General of Canada he once publicly stated that Canadian children lacked manners.

The Duke of Connaught the other day said that children should be taught to be kind to dumb animals.

Seems to keep our Governors-General quite busy correcting our youngsters.

Cause For Joy.—A man named Street has been appointed in England as official Reader of Plays. The playwrights are rejoicing that he is not a narrow Street.

Cause and Effect.—The other day a hungry, workless man was found in the office of the Toronto Globe, and the editors had him arrested as a vagrant.

That was cruel of them. The poor fellow had probably been reading the Globe editorials about free food and wanted to look into it.

Expected Too Much.—Diner—

"This soup has a fly in it."
Waiter—"Well, what do you want for fifteen cents? A canary?"

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