



Courierettes.

THESE sweltering summer days, when you're pitying yourself, save a little sympathy for the politicians who have to keep on swinging the axe.

Across the line, convention seems to be synonymous with contention.

A railway company has discontinued its practice of distinguishing vice-presidents by numbers. The prisons, however, refuse to follow suit concerning their inmates.

That Montreal youth, who goes to jail for three months for eloping with a girl three hours under age, now grasps the significance of the song, "Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make!"

Suggested motto for Uncle Sam's Progressives: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

Electrical farming has been tested in Ontario. No doubt it will be most useful in shocking grain.

Canadian autoists complain that some people have sown tacks on country roads. The latter are evidently not the kind of people who are given to "sowing seeds of kindness."

Where His Paper Went.—It was at a newspaper men's banquet, and the editor of a paper published in a little country town of Ontario was speaking.

Some joker asked him where all his 6,000 papers went every week.

"Well," said the old chap, "my paper goes pretty well all over, mostly in this province, of course, but quite a few go into New York State, some to Michigan, a dozen or so to England, and two to Australia."

Then he scratched his grey head and added with grim humour: "And, do you know, I have trouble sometimes to keep it from going to h—."

Is This the Reason?—A couple of ministers declare in favour of Sunday band concerts.

Having heard some of the bands they probably do not fear competition.

A Few Puzzles.—Will someone kindly tell us:

Why what the other fellow gets in a restaurant usually looks better than what we order?

Why some people make a habit of squeezing in between two people sitting half a foot apart when there's lots of room in other parts of the street car?

Why the day we miss seeing the morn-

ing paper is the one on which—to judge by people's conversation—a lot of very important items of news have been published?

A Heavy Matter.—A kingsway project calls for a strip of land six hundred feet wide from Toronto's City Hall to the city limits, and then out into the country.

So impressed was the Evening Telegram with the importance of the proposal that it says, "Big proposition has been under weigh for years."

New Worries.

THAT light and darkness can be heard A scientist makes known; The new machine that does the trick Is called an optophone.

A certain rasping sound he finds Made by electric light; The sun, it seems, doth roar by day, The moon makes noise at night.

Undoubtedly this new machine Doth give us cause to fear; Each night the burglar's lantern dark All timid folk will hear.

Far worse than auto horns will be The auto lamps' fierce bark; And soon 'twill be no use to give The tip, "Say, keep it dark."

Those Conventions.—It seems practically certain that Harry Thaw should be released from Matteawan, in company with many others. They've got to make room somehow for a lot of delegates to Uncle Sam's party conventions.

Lines on Life.

YOU need not detail your faults to your friends. They have probably done it already.

Give yourself an even chance and others are more likely to do so.

The man who hesitates doesn't always lose. He may be watching others and profiting by their mistakes.

Those things we get for nothing are generally the most expensive in the end.

The trouble with most self-made men is that they left their tongues too long.

A Matter of Names.—A merry jester is springing this: "You know the tea-rooms of Toronto, don't you? Well, can you tell me whether the Brown Betty has anything to do with the Black Maria?"

No Wonder They Laughed.—The orator was combatting the arguments of those

who argued that capital punishment should be abolished.

He decided to end his speech with a telling peroration, so he declaimed:

"Yes, gentlemen, the death penalty was good enough for my forefathers, and it's good enough for me."

And then he wondered why the audience laughed.

Answered.—At a little dinner in an Ontario city a few evenings ago, the talk turned to the Liberal party's "Banish the Bar" platform, and what some men, who "like an occasional glass" or more, would do if that policy came into power.

From that, conversation went on to experiences with the cup that inebriates.

"If I go to any function where there's likely to be much drinking," said one of the party, "I don't wear a dress shirt—it's too stiff for comfort."

"Do you ever have the same trouble?" another man said to a third, who almost always turns his glass down.

The answer of the man to whom the question was put amused the diners. He said, innocently, "I never wear stiff shirts."

Caught.—"Say, you'd make a good street-car conductor," remarked the jester to the man who has pronounced opinions, and is not backward in giving advice.

The latter couldn't decide whether or not he was being teased.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, you're constantly telling people 'where they get off at.'"

A Revised Proverb.—People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

Juvenile Logic.—"Mamma, do the Chinese go to heaven?"

"Why do you ask such a peculiar question, child?"

"Well, I was just wondering who would do the laundry work for all the angels who wear white dresses."

Tip to June Bridegrooms.—Much of the matrimonial woe in the world is the direct result of the failure of the young men who stole kisses before marriage to return said kisses after the wedding—with interest due.

The Ruling Passion.

"SAY, what's to-day's best word?" I asked

A friend I chanced to meet.

He said, "The way our pitchers work They'll sure be hard to beat."

I met a fellow at the club

And asked him what was new.

He said, "I saw the team at work And really think they'll do."

"What's new?" I asked a newsboy next; And this he had to say,

"Ain't nuthin' to it; it's a cinch We'll cop the game to-day."

I telephoned a man and said, "Things going well, I hope?"

"First rate," he said, then handed out The latest baseball dope.

His Choice.—"Everybody should have a hobby," declared the man who uses much of his spare time at amateur photography.

"Yes," agreed his friend. "I have the best hobby of all."

"What's that?"

"Guess."

"Photography?"

"No."

"Trying to invent something?"

"No."

Several more guesses were made, and then the guesser gave up.

Then the friend gave this answer to the puzzle: "My hobby is not having one."

A Cheerful Giver.—The contribution-box was approaching.

Stingy old Simpkins reached hastily for the penny he had provided and quickly tossed it in.

Being surprised at the astonished look on the face of Deacon Jones, he looked after it, and was horrified to the point of petrification to see that it was a five-dollar gold piece.

"Gosh dern it!" he muttered wrathfully, "Four dollars an' ninety-nine cents gone ter Tunket, an' I'll only get credit up yonder for the penny I meant tew put in!"



OBVIOUS.

She—"The man I marry must be brave as a lion."

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