



Courierettes.

BEEF at a dollar a pound is predicted ere long for the Canadian West. Mary will find even her little lamb too utterly expensive.

Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labour, says he would like to be Minister of Play. The Liberals say that he is playing at being Minister of Labour.

Toronto man got 30 days in jail for stealing a shaving brush. The magistrate will now be strong with the Barbers' Union.

J. A. M. Armstrong, the North York M.P., refers to the Canadian Senate as a lot of political scrap iron. He might have added that there's little scrap left in it.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will play the big acts from four of his best plays in one night during his Toronto engagement. That city always did want a lot for its money.

The Canadian Gas Association met recently and had considerable discussion. Which was quite appropriate.

Manager Muggsy McGraw, of the New York Giants, declares that he likes King George. One ray of sunshine in His Majesty's dreary life.

It was a woman named Mrs. Sharp that "Theo, the God," wheedled into marriage with him. What's in a name?

A Winnipeg man gave up 40 inches of skin to save the life of his friend who had been burned by nitric acid. Once in a while we come across an incident that renews faith in humanity.

Ambassador Page has had to explain to the U. S. Senate his recent speech in London. If the Senators start to throw mud at him he will be a sadly soiled Page.

It now turns out that the novelist Bertha M. Clay was a man. You never can tell, nowadays.

"Is there a change in woman's attitude toward marriage?" queries a noted woman writer. Not that we can notice. She is there with the orange blossoms on the least provocation.

Sir Edward Carson has been presented with a silver-hilted sword of tempered steel to be used in leading Ulster's army. No war is expected. If so they would have given him a repeating rifle. The only modern use of a sword is as an ornament.

A Woodstock girl of eighteen is already a bigamist. That's getting off to a good start in the matrimonial race.

Bright Prospects.—With Hon. Col. Sam Hughes building drill sheds throughout the Dominion, Hon. George E. Foster dotting elevators here and there, and Hon. L. P. Pelletier rearing new post offices in towns and cities, things should be looking up a bit in Canada this spring.

Get This One?—When does a suitor cease to be a suitor? When he doesn't suit her.

Villa's Ambition.—Now it is announced that General Villa is intent on becoming President of Mexico. There's a man who loves danger. He is determined to die with his boots on.

Trend of the Times.—Rev. J. W. Pedley, a Toronto preacher, delivered a sermon on Martin Harvey's play,

"The Only Way," drawing spiritual lessons from the drama. Does this mean an increased friendliness between the church and the theatre, or just keener competition between preacher and player?

One of Life's Tragedies.

He seized her, drew her to him, and deliberately struck her.

She made no sound.

Again, and yet again, the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no sign of suffering.

But when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for the fourth time, she shrieked aloud—and her head flew off.

She was only a match.

The Question.—It is said to cost just \$68 to equip a Toronto policeman, down to his belt and helmet. There are some critics who raise the question of whether the result is worth the cost.

A Spring Song.

Spring, Spring,
Beautiful Spring,
New bonnets for wife—
Ah, there's the sting!

—A Husband.

There's Only One Way.—"How to hold the older girls" was the topic discussed at a recent Sunday school



CHARACTER IN A NUTSHELL.

"What sort of a chap is your Colonel Joe?"
"Well, he's the kind of bloke as'd arst you a question, and when you started to answer him he'd bawl out 'SILENCE.' That's the sort of feller he is."

—The Bystander.

convention.. Any young man can solve that problem. He would use his arms.

Real Romance.—He asked her if she could cook. She admitted that she could not.

She asked him if he could afford to buy and keep a motor car. He said he could not.

They did not marry, and lived happily ever afterwards.

It's Sure to Happen.—London, England, is to have a woman's church to be run by women. Only women will be allowed to preach. But we can see

the finish of that church as soon as the choir leader selects her soloists.

Forgive This One.—We note by the papers that a Toronto young fellow named Wedd got married the other day. Now all together—he just couldn't help being Wedd.

Looks Like It.—Another daughter of President Wilson is to be married. Matrimony seems to be becoming a habit at the White House.

Just a Pointer.—Young man, you can never hope to understand a girl, but here's a straight tip. When a girl tells you that she won't allow you to kiss her, that's the time to do it.

Seeing Things.—A Toronto man who has a telescope says that he has seen a big black hole in the face of the sun.

That's nothing. We know other Toronto men who have seen several moons in the sky. They look through another kind of glass.

There's the Rub.—A judge in Missouri has declared that the man is the head of the family. It's all very well to declare it, but can he prove it?

The Exception.—It's quite impossible to please everybody. Most of us are glad to see Spring return, but there's the chap who takes his daily swim in the ice hole all winter. He's grouching now.

Judge Morgan's Humanity.—Judge Morgan has finally stepped down from the bench of the York County Courts, and his going will be regretted by many a man who has made a fresh start in life because the kind-hearted, white-haired old judge "gave him a chance to make good," as the prisoners themselves like to put it.

Wherever he could temper justice with mercy Judge Morgan did it. He was above everything else humane. An instance of how he judged the character of the men he tried, and how his estimate of their possibilities was borne out came to light during a recent sitting of the Sessions Court. A man was on trial for having attempted to hold up another man, using a revolver.

Into the witness stand stepped a well-set-up, clean-cut looking fellow of middle age. He told how he had wrenched the weapon from the hand of the prisoner. As he told his story the old judge watched him, and slowly his face lit up with a smile of recognition. This man had been before him seven years before—not as a witness, but charged with assaulting the police. He had a bad record then and was well known to the police. He had been convicted of that offence, but the judge had given him a chance and allowed him out on suspended sentence. He had behaved himself, and to-day is a prosperous butcher.

These facts the judge soon learned by a few queries as soon as he recognized the man.

Then Judge Morgan rose and reached out his hand to grasp that of the witness.

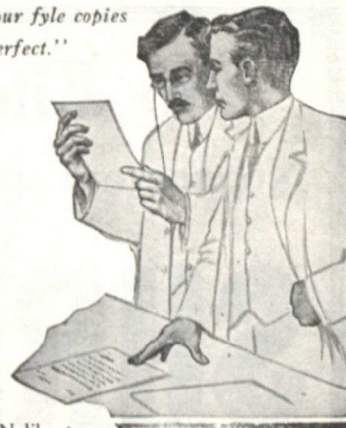
"I am proud to shake hands with you," he said. And then he remarked, almost to himself, "If I had sent him to jail this man might have become a confirmed criminal."

Better Than a Play.—James K. Hackett, the Canadian romantic actor, has inherited \$1,000,000. Sounds like one of his own romantic dramas, but James K. gloats over the fact that the greenbacks are not stage money.

Decoration Note.—The devil isn't black any more. He has been white-washed too often.

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