

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD has had the most peaceful time of his life down in Mexico. He has refused to attend a bull-fight, or to listen to the beguiling strains of the Toreador's song.

Jamaica wants closer relations with Canada—a sweet and strong bond, says Colonel George T. Denison. Sugar for sweetness and rum for strength.

The Maine battleship, when it was all in the air, was nothing to the State of Maine in a condition of Democratic eruption.

They're beginning to talk reciprocity over in Buffalo and Cleveland. Soon they'll have tariffs to burn.

Judging by the way the fair New York contrives to smuggle in pearl necklaces, the United States expects every feminine citizen to "do" her duty.

The Finnish parliament is nearing a close. We positively refuse to make a pun on this circumstance.

Professor Woodrow Wilson may be Governor of New Jersey. Now, watch President Falconer run for the Toronto mayoralty!

From Erin's Isle.

T. P. O'CONNOR sure has come To say a word or two Of Canada's surpassing charms And Ireland's wrongs, a few.

We give him warm reception And listen to his views; But to subscribe to all his "terms" We simply do refuse.

Its Reflected Glory.

THE relative importance of places is sometimes confusingly stated. For instance, Dr. A. S. Vogt was once asked in New York if "Toronto were not the town where you changed cars for Cobalt."

A woman innocently aroused the ire of a resident of St. Catharines by saying about that picturesque spot, "Oh, yes, that's where our automobile broke down on the way from Buffalo to Toronto."

As It Seems to Us.

BEGINS to look as if the letters "T. R." will soon stand for "Theodore Rex."

Germany's revenue for the present fiscal year will probably be nearly \$11,000,000 short of the budget estimates. Emperor Bill may believe that he rules by divine right but he finds that he still has some need of the almighty dollar.

Berlin police, armed with sabres, slashed several newspaper correspondents, which was a new experience for the latter, who had merely been used to having their reports slashed.

A Brantford horseman who was taken up in an airship at Detroit, says he wouldn't go up again for a million dollars. It's a sure thing that he won't do to lead any expedition that might be planned to pick the silver lining from the clouds.

Just by way of variety we're hoping to hear of some hunter letting a deer get away because he mistook it for a man.

A blue book says that wild beasts and snakes caused the death of 21,904 people in India in 1908. We don't like to keep harping at him all the time, but wouldn't it be a good thing to ship Teddy Roosevelt to India?

Wireless communication was maintained a few days ago between an aeroplane in flight and a land station. The value of that seems to be that in coming wars the ready-to-quit aviator will be able to say to the man below, "Don't shoot. I'll come down."

London says that muffs are to be bigger than ever this winter, and New York says that women's cloaks, skirts and coats are dearer because of the recent cloakmakers' strike. What the long-suffering husband and father says isn't fit to print.

An autoist at Winnipeg clipped over eight seconds off the best previous mile record, and it looks as if automobile speeding will be kept going in Canada till somebody clips a few dozen pickets off the fence and a few arms, legs and heads off the spectators.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy narrowly escaped being struck by an aeroplane, but we don't hear of any aeroplane attempting such leze-majesty on Bill of Germany.

Chinamen disguised as ladies are said to have been smuggled into the United States from Canada. Immigration officials learned that the smuggled ones were not ladies and have decided that they were "no gentlemen."

New "Prodigal Son" Story.

AT the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this time one of the most noticed pictures was one showing the "Prodigal Son." Standing on a hillock, with his back to people viewing the picture and with the swine and other evidences of his sad condition about him, the "prodigal" looked to be in a state of pure and hopeless dejection.

An old lady and an old man approached the picture together. They were "doing" the art gallery quickly without a catalogue, and they were making brief comments as they passed along. The picture of the prodigal son made them pause, and after they had given this



TELL IT NOT IN GATH

Canvasser: "Is the head of the house in?"
Mr. Weak: "Sh! Speak low! I'm the head of the house."
—M.A.P.

picture a better look than they had allowed for some others, the old lady said, "Shipwrecked, I suppose."

Fortune's Favourite.

FOR long his toil had not availed To open Fortune's doors;
But he struck it rich in a mining ditch,
And he's resting on his ores.

Stray Bullets.

THE following section of a news item in the Chicago Daily Journal has been going the round of the exchanges: "Cooper drew his re-

volver and fired two shots. One of the bullets took effect in the forehead of his assailant and he dropped to the cement walk. The other fled."

That serves to recall what is fully as funny a break that was made by the Toronto World on June 12, 1907. The World's report of a murder included the following gem: "It was in an inner compartment of Mr. Isaacs' room that Wandle was shot. Two shots took effect in the body and one in the wall."

A Song of Bacilli.

TORONTO city water
Is muddy as can be;
It isn't fit, the experts say.
To boil a cup of tea.

Toronto city politics
Are muddy as can be;
The dust from ward disturbances
Seems settled heavily.

In Nineteen Hundred Twenty,
The City Fathers think,
We'll have filtrated water
Which one may dare to drink.

Lines by William Taft.

O H, I love to think of the grand old times
Which I spent at Murray Bay,
When life was glad and fishing good,
And golf was simply gay.
When the strife is o'er, I shall swift re-
turn
To Canada's soil once more;
For the White House "stunt" is no
lightsome task,
And I sigh for the days of yore.

Pitied Poor Toronto.

THIS one concerns the time when "Polly of the Circus" was playing Ontario. This play tells the story of how Polly gets hurt and when left behind by the circus is taken to the home of a minister, who becomes much interested in her.

A little girl who, with her mother, was seeing the play in Kingston, anticipated the course of events by asking: "Is Polly going to marry the minister?"
"Yes," answered the mother.
"And won't she be in the circus any more?"
"No."

The little girl knew where the play was going next and she said feelingly, "Gee, won't Toronto get stung!"

Checkmate.

She—Would you die for me?
He—Do you want a dead one?

Real Disappointment.

"I'M sorry, but it's all off," she said, and the hopeful smile on the man's face gave way to a look of keen disappointment. He had hoped for a different message from the young woman whose "Yes" or "No" meant much to him.

He looked her fairly in the eyes, hoping to read there some less terrible tidings than her lips had given him; but he found nothing to give him hope. He saw that her face bore a look of sorrow instead of it's usual one of cheerfulness and happiness, but he knew her well enough to realise that while she might feel pity for him her answer would still be the chilling one that was hurting him so much.

"Really?" he asked mechanically.
"Yes," she said.

The man seemed to brace himself to face the situation bravely, and with a sigh of resignation he said, "Well, if you haven't any roast turkey bring me some pork and beans."

Salesmanship.

"HERE'S a splendid thing, madam—wear it and you'll know you're wearing something nobody else has. Yes, that other is a fine thing—everybody's wearing that."

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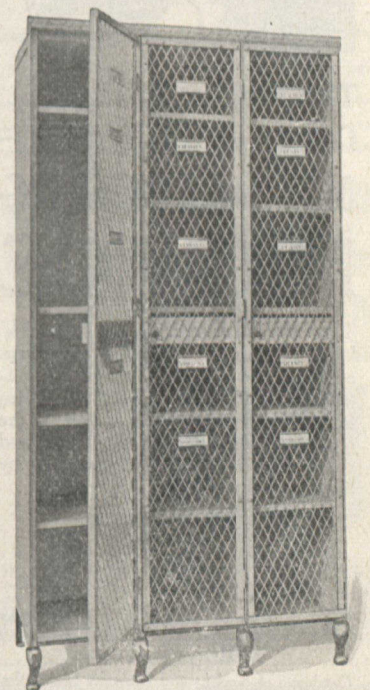
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