

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD, of *The Globe*, has startled the universe by declaring that he will devote some of his surplus energy to the cause of international peace. Anyone who has heard that worthy Celt recite "The Pipes of Gordon's Men" will readily understand the soothing effect he will have in the cause of goodwill to everybody. George E. Foster, ex-Minister, seconds the motion.

A Chicago pastor and his wife have taken to the vaudeville stage. Another argument in behalf of higher salaries for the clergy.

One has to be so careful about diet in these days. A man at Port Stanley swallowed a wasp with his pie. It is not pleasant to have a yellow jacket for the lining of the stomach.

Hon. William Pugsley is the most "promising" politician of the bunch. He simply sheds pledges all over the smiling land, until the only song chanted by his audience is the old-time favourite "Oh Promise Me."

"The Star-Spangled Banner" has no encore with some of the Argonauts.

The natives of Lapland have just completed a census of the reindeer. This is good news for Santa Claus.

There is chaos in Nicaragua. Poor old Chaos! He's been such a long time at Nicaragua that he must begin to feel like the oldest inhabitant.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians have been meeting in Kingston. The Limestone City always did like a little excitement.

Gas has been found near Montreal. Toronto sneers at this report as so much hot air.

Restrictions on amusements may be removed by the Methodist Conference. Won't they lead the country a dance.

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A Tactless Friend.

AT a wedding, celebrated not long ago in a Canadian town, there was a woman friend of the bridegroom who had not seen him for two years and who impulsively kissed the bride on being introduced.

"You know, I used to know your husband quite well and he even read me extracts from the letters of his 'dear little Jessie.' I've wanted ever so much to meet you."

The bride drew herself up with a haughty dignity and froze the impulsive, new-found friend.

"Excuse me," she said coldly, "my name is Eleanor."

The bridegroom mentally resorted to mild profanity.

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Rising Republicans.

Taft burns with indignation
And stoutly does protest
That as for "queering" Roosevelt,
He did not do his best.

He smiles on Theodore, you know,
But wishes, with a tear,
That lions in far Africa
Had eaten him last year.

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Making It Hot.

THE *Globe* and the *News* are exchanging such compliments as make the warm weather more tropical. The former says that the latter is devoid of chivalry and reminds the editor of the evening organ that he once wrote a lovely life of Laurier.

All this fuss over a trifle of 250,000 acres which once surrounded a castle in Spain.

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The Canadian Cruiser.

We have a dandy cruiser
A navy of our own,
Which now doth sail the Seven
Seas—

Dominion colours flown.
The *Rainbow* is the name described
And may it prove us yet
A bow of promise in the fleet—
And not a warlike threat.

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He Did Not Know.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is credited with this, regarding a notorious financier:

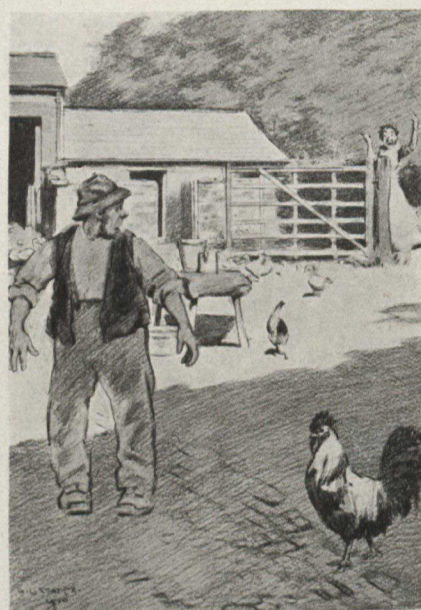
"He got rather a setback in a talk he had last session with one of his auditors. 'Money?' he said. 'Bah! There are thousands of ways of making money.'"

"'Yes, but only one honest way,' one man remarked.

"'What way's that?'"

"'I thought you wouldn't know it,' was the reply."

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Neighbour:—Hi! Come quick; your Mary's fell in t' pond.

Farmer (excitedly):—What has?

Neighbour:—Mary; your wife.

Farmer (relieved): Mary! Lor, you did give me a turn; I thought you said mare.—*The Tatler*.

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Spiritual "Mixer."

"A SPIRITUAL 'mixer'" is the name that is being given to Wm. O. Sealey, member for Wentworth County, Ontario, in the House of Commons. He has been given the name because of a speech he made recently at the new town of Osealey, which was called after him as a mark of gratitude for what he had done for the town.

The speech was made at a garden party in the new town. Mr. Sealey was chairman at the speechmaking feature of the party, and, after referring to the commercial and educational progress of the town, he expressed the hope that the various denominations would unite in building a church.

The rest of the story may be told by quoting a newspaper of the neighbourhood, which, in reporting Mr. Sealey's speech, says: As the community has honoured him with naming the new postoffice and town after him, he felt particularly proud and interested in its growth, and especially along spiritual lines. Therefore he

would take pleasure in laying a hundred dollars on the corner stone of the first church that was built, irrespective of denomination, because he was brought up in the Methodist church, his wife was a Presbyterian, he lived next door to a Catholic church, his nearest neighbour was an Episcopalian, while his grandparents were Baptists, and there was much good in them all.

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Staff Humour.

The Government estimates Canada's population at 7,489,871, and apologises for having to state it in such round numbers.

Substitution of motor-driven battle-ships may drive Dreadnoughts to the scrap pile, which, however, will be better than having statesmen drive the latter to the same thing but with pile struck out.

Should people who attend baby shows be described as spectators or audience?

The Province of Quebec has a surplus of nearly a million dollars, and in the nightmares of R. L. Borden that old province has a surplus of about that many Liberal voters.

And now listen to the captious critic asking if Canada's cruiser *Rainbow* will live up to the rainbow's reputation of putting in an appearance usually after the storm is over.

With still more denials being flung at his head, it would seem that Dr. Cook discovered only a pole of gold and scaled only the peak of popularity.

Roosevelt is reported to be showing fight, which was to be expected, because for a long time the magazine pictures have had him showing his teeth.

Italy has launched her first Dreadnought, and it's only a matter of time till some of these Dreadnoughts will be getting afraid of each other.

And now England knows the answer to the burning question, "Can Crippen come back?"

Japan may grab China and Russia by sections, but she has annexed Corea all at once in the belief that there's no sense in making two bites of a cherry.

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Church-going Prisoners.

WHILE talking to a former Governor of Illinois, who was noted for the quickness of his wit, an English tourist spoke with special fervour of a sight he had seen in another State.

"I attended a Sunday service for the inmates of the state prison," he said, "and I learned that of the two hundred and eight persons now confined there, all but twelve voluntarily attend religious services held in the prison chapel twice each Sunday."

"Most extraordinary," said the Governor musingly. "I am sorry to say it is not so with us. But then," he added soberly, "in Illinois, you see, most of the respectable people do not come to prison."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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Getting His Way.

"CHARLIE dear," said the young mother, "I have decided on a name for the baby. I shall call her Imogen."

Charlie seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. He didn't like the name, but if he opposed it his wife was sure to have her way.

"That's nice," he said presently. "My first sweetheart's name was Imogen. She'll take it as a compliment."

"Huh! Well, we'll call her Mary, after my mother," came the quick reply.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY

The publishers of the CANADIAN COURIER are at peace with the reading public of Canada, because every reader admits the growing value of the weekly issues. To produce a national weekly in a country of eight millions inhabitants is not an easy task. The competition from New York and London is almost overwhelming—to say nothing of Philadelphia. Nevertheless, we have nearly four years of tolerable success to our credit. When the first issue appeared, one successful publisher gave us nineteen weeks to live. Perhaps that was as much as we deserved—then. Sometimes we wonder what that gentleman thinks now. He would wonder if he could see our list of subscribers in Halifax and Vancouver.

The Future

But enough of the past. The future issues of CANADIAN COURIER will be more striking in many ways. No other publication in Canada is able to boast of such an excellent array of great writers. Indeed, with scarcely an exception, there is not a Canadian whose work is acceptable abroad who does not contribute to the CANADIAN COURIER.

Charles G. D. Roberts

W. A. Fraser

Arthur E. McFarlane

Herman Whitaker

Sir Gilbert Parker

Arthur Stringer

are a few of these great names. Then, among the writers with a purely national reputation, the best are on our contributing staff.

National Topics

The great difference between this journal and all others is that we consider only national topics, leaving all local subjects to be dealt with by provincial publications. Of course, most topics are both provincial and national, but there are two points of view. We take the national. Furthermore, our editors try to eliminate creed, race and politics, and see the underlying facts and principles.

Are You Friendly?

If you are friendly, tell your neighbour about the good things in THE COURIER. That is the best kind of advertising. Some people call it boosting—but never mind the term. Perhaps it would be as well to term it co-operation. We solicit yours.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly

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