



Courierettes.

A MONTREAL preacher warned a Toronto congregation against self-depreciation. Some people say the most unnecessary things.

J. H. Burnham, M.P., wants elections held on Sundays. No, we can't see that the change would make them any purer. And it might disturb some Sunday slumberers.

Silver salt cellar is said to have brought \$28,000 at a London sale. Perhaps the tale may be taken with a grain of the same salt.

Some of these days those chaps down in Mexico are going to have a real battle and kill somebody.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, admits that he likes to get good pay for his poems. Money talks—in fact it makes Noyes.

The consoling thing in all this row over Home Rule is that there hasn't been a peep out of the poet laureate so far.

Toronto police have been raiding the quarters of fortune-tellers in that city. Raids are evidently in that class of events that cannot be easily foretold.

England is now thinking of admitting women to the bar. They have had women behind the bar and behind the bars over there for years, though.

Kaiser William recently congratulated a German tailor who boasts that he is the father of 35 children. Raising a family must be that man's only diversion.

The Kaiser, incidentally, hopes no doubt, to form a regiment yet out of that tailor's family.

New York has a new jail for women, without cells. Let them put in a tango parlour and a millinery shop and the dear prisoners will be happy.

Ontario Legislature is considering a bill to prevent ticket speculation. A man may safely speculate on any big job or article, but when it comes to a 50 cent ticket—let him beware.

Toronto tax bills are to be typewritten in neat form hereafter. This won't make the tax-payer feel any better about it, however.

Paris women are taking to smoking pipes and cigars nowadays. Cigarettes are so dreadfully effeminate.

Suffragettes sold white mice at a bazaar in New York. No longer can women be called cowards.

Scientists have invented a new casing for sausage. We hear nothing, however, of a different kind of filling.

The Way of the World.—He was a great statesman. When he was alive and active in politics, the papers of the opposing party practically called him a crook, and intimated that jail was the proper place for him.

He died. The same papers paid long tributes to his wit, worth and wisdom, and accorded him an honoured place in the nation's Hall of Fame.

Choir Against Parson.—It looked like a duel between the parson and the choir, and at the end of the ninth innings the score seemed to be in favour of the singers.

It was at the morning service, and the minister, sitting in the pulpit, with a dignified expression, listened to the singing of the usual anthem. Then

he arose and announced in a loud, clear voice:—

"My text will be, 'Now, when the uproar had ceased.'"

For a moment the members of the choir looked as if they had been fed on persimmons instead of peaches, and then they got together and, in the softest kind of whispers, began to talk it over. As a result of the subdued conference a slight change was made in the musical programme, and when the sermon had ended and the organ pealed forth, the choir sang, "Now it is high time to awake after sleep."

Modern Education.—A few months ago on this page was printed a series of amusing answers to examination questions, supplied by Canadian pupils. Here are a few more, culled from compositions, and other papers:

"By the Salic Law no woman can become King."

"Poetry is when every line begins with a capital letter."

"The great winter flower is the 'Christmas Anthem.'"

"The Chartists were men who com-



Minister: "Remember, Mr. Kenny, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

Mr. Kenny: "Well, they've got me hypnotized, then—that's all."

pelled King John to sign Magna Charta."

"The Lord Mayor was presented with an aluminum address."

"Sir Joseph Chamberlain invented fiscal policy, and generally wears an orchard in his coat."

"Wat Tyler was the leader of the Pheasants' Revolt."

Always the Way.

ROWING down the stream of life
With a charming little wife
Would be lovely if the dear
Didn't always want to steer.

To Be Expected.—Exiled Irish-women in America have issued their protest against the proposed partition of old Ireland under Home Rule, as amended. You just can't keep the women from having their little say.

What's In a Name?—Mrs. Amelia Love sued her husband, Henry Love,

for alimony, and their two children testified in a Toronto court. Still, it would seem that there wasn't enough Love in the family, after all.

Much Too Long.—An English paper refers to a clergyman "who has been preaching for 73 years."

Rather long sermon, that!

The Woman Of It.—Mary—"But, my dear, it is a secret. I vowed on my honour never to tell."

Jane—"Well, I'm listening."

Got the Bills Mixed.—A most amusing mixup was made by an English bill poster recently, according to a letter received by a Canadian from an Old Country friend.

It seems that the bill poster was putting up sheets about a moving picture play at the same time that he was pasting up the notices for a Unionist meeting.

This was the result:

"Conservative mass meeting. Lord Hugh Cecil. Dante's Inferno. Speeches by Sir Horwood Banner and Mr. Jersey de Knoop. Come and see the agonies of lost souls."

This Is Some Hen.—This from the Toronto Telegram: "A St. Clair civic car motorman has an egg laid by a Rhode Island Red hen which measures eight inches long by six and one-half inches in circumference, weighing one and one-half pounds."

Quite a peculiar hen. Should be in a museum.

How Was Pat To Know?—On board a ship one day the cry went up, "A man overboard!" and the captain gave orders to a new sailor, who was an Irishman, to throw out two buoys.

The sailor, seeing two boys walking on the deck, threw them overboard.

The captain, in a state of excitement, declared that it was cork buoys he wanted thrown overboard.

"Bedad!" said Pat, "how was Oi to know whether they came from Cork or Tipperary?"

The Reincarnation.—When Mr. W. D. Howells, the famous American writer, was editing an American magazine, a young man called on him at the office and offered him a poem. Mr. Howells read the poem and thought it was good, but somehow it seemed rather familiar.

"Did you write this unaided?" he asked.

"I did," replied the youthful poet. "I wrote every line of it." "Then I am very glad to meet you, Lord Byron," said Mr. Howells. "But I was under the impression that you had died some years ago!"

Some Definitions.

Money—Society's vindication of vulgarity.

Barber—A brilliant conversationalist who occasionally shaves and cuts hair.

Failure—The quickest known way of making money.

Dynamite—The last word of an anarchist's argument.

Credulity—Virtue in a man and vice in woman.

Woman—(It can't be done.)

Sabbath Observance.—Eighty-seven burglaries were committed in one year by two brothers, recently convicted in Britain. The evidence showed that they had every Sunday attended church services at least twice. They believed in resting on the seventh day.

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