

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Scientists have photographed a frost on Mars. The Martians must be enduring an Americanized English musical comedy.

A Toronto man, who killed his wife, fell asleep during his trial. Our courts should try to make their proceedings more interesting.

Glad tidings for hungry people! Andrew Carnegie has given \$25,000,000 more to build libraries.

Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, is talking of adding an aerial corps to Canada's army. It may amount to no more than a flight of eloquence.

Toronto City Council was invited to attend a burlesque show. Another case of carrying coals to Newcastle.

Germany and France have exchanged notes concerning the Moroccan question—a much more sensible game than exchanging bullets.

A big feature of the opening of Parliament appears to have been Sir Wifrid's "speech from the thrown."

Automobile men suggest requiring chauffeurs to pass an examination. That won't bother reckless drivers if they can do that as fast as they pass people wanting to cross a street or board a car.

Nasty, Mean Man.—At a certain Ontario educational institution—the name is not given lest The Courier office be wrecked—the "freshman" girls of this college year are said to be less noted for beauty than for intellect. The men and girl students had their first meeting as a body at a masked ball. A student, whose chief virtue is not gallantry, was asked how he had enjoyed himself at the ball. "Well," he said, "I liked it all right till the girls took off their masks."

An Amusing Admission.—"That is the most candid confession I've heard in a long time," said a Toronto man the other day after discussing with others some points concerning the Orange Order. A second member of the little group had said to a third, "You're an Orangeman, aren't you?" "No," the one questioned had said, "I'm not. But—well, yes, for all practical purposes I'm an Orangeman."

New Nursery Rhyme.

Mamma's started Christmas Shopping—
Papa's bank account is Dropping.

Lazy.—The proprietor of a Toronto quick lunch counter recently dismissed a waiter, who had something of the lazy feeling that characterized the store-keeper, who is reported to have said indignantly to a tiny customer, "Am I the only man in town who sells molasses?"

This waiter had given several evidences of not trying to please customers. A customer said to him, "Let me have a hot egg sandwich." The waiter didn't want to take the trouble to fry an egg, so he said, "Say, take a ham sandwich."

The Right Locality.—There is a tradition in Vancouver that all successful citizens come from Bruce county, Ontario, as so many Bruce Old Boys have "made good" in British Columbia.

One day a Vancouverite was asking a Chinaman about his former

home, in the endeavour to find out what province of the Celestial Empire he hailed from. At last, the Oriental countenance brightened somewhat and assumed a knowing expression. "Oh, yes!" he said. "Me comee far-off. Once lived in Bluce!"

His Specialties.

Now doth the busy candidate
Wax eloquently warm—
He's either "pointing out with pride"
Or "viewing with alarm."

More Bluffs Called.—Opportunity had grown a little tired of the monotony of calling once at every man's door. So she glanced over one of her most recent lists and decided to make a few second trips. She made the second round of visits to men who—be-



WHEN BRUTALITY IS ABOLISHED

Oh, I beg your pardon, old man. Did you fellows want the ball?

fore her first call—had often prayed to her to grant the darling wish of their hearts.

The man who had wished for a million dollars so that he could be good to his friends was much upset on seeing her a second time.

"I suppose," said Opportunity, "that since I showed you how to make a million dollars you have been planning to make your friends happier?" "Well," he answered, "I have been so busy at other things that I—I didn't—"

Opportunity had glanced at the papers spread out in front of the man.

"I see," she said sadly as she turned to go, "you have been figuring out how you could make another million." "Sad, but interesting," she said as she made her way to the home of the man who had declared that he wanted to become a hero.

He rose from his chair with a start as she entered. He looked worried. "You didn't follow my advice?" said Opportunity reproachfully.

The man decided to be frank. "I didn't realize what my request to you meant," he said. "I thought that—"

Opportunity had vanished.

As he walked down the stone steps of his house to his huge automobile, the great financier looked as if he had forgotten having said, "I would rather have written a sonnet that would rank with the works of the immortal poets than have made all my wealth."

Opportunity reminded him that she had offered to grant his wish if he would give away even half of his great fortune.

The great financier frowned. "Call some other time," he said. "I'm very busy to-day."

She turned away sorrowfully, say-

ing to herself, "I have already called on him too often."

Opportunity decided to make one more second call. She went to the home of the worried business man who had sighed for a quiet country home.

He was not at home. He would not be home till late that night. Opportunity laughed and gleefully clapped her hands.

"He has gone to the country?" she said joyfully to the worried business man's wife.

"No," answered the wife. "He went down town early, and he said he wouldn't be home till late because he has to go over the plans for the addition to the factory. They are doubling its capacity."

Opportunity went back to her one-visit schedule.

Placing Himself.—There's one man in Toronto who has a never-failing fountain of wit and good humour bubbling within him. That man is R. J. Fleming, once Mayor of Toronto, once Assessment Commissioner and now managing the Toronto Railway Company. At the City Hall they tell a story that aptly illustrates his sense of humour. It was when he was Assessment Commissioner that a Toronto paper accused him of favouring a rival daily in the giving out of civic news. The late O. A. Howland, a most dignified and precise man, was then Mayor. He had Mr. Fleming summoned before the Board of Control, and questioned him about it. Mr. Fleming admitted that it might be true—he might favour one paper more than another if that paper were inclined to favour him. At this Mayor Howland was shocked. No civic chief, he said, should know any favourites among the newspapers. But he was curious.

"Now, Mr. Commissioner, might I ask just which paper you would suppose favoured you?"

The big Fleming countenance wreathed itself in a huge smile as he answered, "Well, I think the Christian Guardian would have a friendly feeling toward me."

Absent-Minded Member.—Not long after Hon. W. J. Hanna's appointment to the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, he was in the office of Premier Whitney, when there entered a certain Methodist minister of Conservative "leanings." The Premier introduced him to Mr. Hanna, remarking "Mr. Hanna is a strong Methodist, Dr. C—."

The Doctor beamed on the Provincial Secretary and asked: "Let me see! Who is in charge in Sarnia now?"

Mr. Hanna replied: "Oh, he's all right. Mr. —, Mr. —. Oh, hang it all, I've forgotten his name."

The Little Widow.—A Toronto editor tells the following story—therefore, it must be true.

To a certain Ontario city, there came a charming widow on a visit and her victims were many and moneyed. One of her most ardent admirers was about to make a trip to Winnipeg, and she asked him to go to the cemetery and place a wreath of flowers on the grave of her Dear Departed. He promised to fulfil this mournful mission and, faithful to his trust, proceeded to the Winnipeg place of burial carrying a profusion of chrysanthemums.

What was his surprise to find two graves in the lot, each provided with a stone on which were inscribed the virtues of the beloved husband. The later one, however, conveyed a shock in the final quotation: "Be Thou Also Ready!"

SINFUL NEGLECT

How is it possible for a sane man with good teeth to destroy them through careless neglect! SOZODONT is positively beneficial. It has made the toothbrush habit a real pleasure.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

the natural complement of SOZODONT Liquid, is a beautiful polisher, absolutely free from grit and acid. Are you using it? You ought to be.

3 Forms: Liquid, Powder, Paste.

This Broadcloth Suit ONLY \$5.50

BLACK or NAVY BLUE

Express charges prepaid by us.



Nobby Ladies Suit made of very good quality broadcloth, coat has semi-fitting back, coat sleeves and collars are beautifully trimmed and outlined with heavy silk braid. Finished with trimming buttons. Entire coat lined throughout with heavy serge lining. Length of coat, 30 inches.

Skirt has all seems stitched to hip length, heading wide vent plaits, insuring perfect fit.

This is an elegantly finished and dressy suit, generally sold at from \$10.00 to \$12.00. Colors, black and navy blue; sizes 34-44 bust measure.

With every order for suit we will include absolutely free of charge one year's subscription to "Art Needlework Magazine." Send in your order to-day.

AVALLONE & CO., INC.

Dept. J.
49 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

HOTEL VICTORIA BROADWAY

Fifth Ave. and 28th St., NEW YORK



RATES

Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

"Canadian money taken at par."

American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEORGE W. SWEENEY, President
ANGUS GORDON, Manager,
Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.

A MONTHLY FEATURE of the CANADIAN COURIER IS ITS COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT

containing special articles and illustrations of a character to suit such a number.

The Courier of Dec. 2nd will contain the next Country and Suburban Life supplement. Advertisers should prepare their copy to suit the character of the issue.