



Courierettes.

HISTORY records that George Washington once cussed. If he had to endure the present presidential campaign, history would surely repeat itself.

A horse they call Froglegs won a feature race at Hamilton. Again—what's in a name?

Over in England they have lady bookies at the race tracks now. Whatever small chance there once was of beating the books now goes glimmering.

A dentist says that American teeth are improving. Probably he merely imagines that because of having seen so many Roosevelt pictures.

Suffragettes got after Lloyd George in Marienbad, Bohemia. "Come to the land of Bohemia!"—No, thank you.

In Montreal a man bet a waitress that she couldn't take out of his clenched hand \$105 which he held in it. She opened his hand and his eyes were opened when he found that he couldn't recover the money by going to court.

Concerning Cleopatra.—The all too-prevalent ignorance of things historical was amusingly exemplified the other day in a drawing room of a big Canadian city when the conversation drifted to the topic of some recent scientific discoveries concerning the great Cleopatra, Egypt's famous queen.

A young society girl who never excelled in history was determined to keep in the conversation. Unfortunately she had confused Cleopatra with a modern "Pat"—Princess Patricia. Her remark concerning "Princess Cleopatra's appearance at the races" drew a smile from the others in the room.

Hard to Convince.—A certain Western M. P. was once city editor of a Toronto daily paper, and in Toronto newspaper circles they still tell a little story about his heated argument with the foreman of the composing room one day when they were crowded for space. There had been a rush of ads.—not enough for two extra pages, however.

The paper printed twelve pages daily.

"Well," said the editor man, "make it thirteen to-day."

The foreman tried to explain that this was an impossibility, and that if the paper were enlarged it must be to at least fourteen pages.

The editor could not see it, however, and all the emphatic and heated language of the foreman was in vain until in sheer desperation he hit upon the plan of getting a copy of the paper and demonstrating the plain proposition that each sheet has two pages.

And to this day that unfortunate editor-M.P. is "kidded" about getting out a thirteen page paper.

Adam's Worries.

NO Paris fashions! No milliner's bills! No dresses to hook or pin! No orders to buy Eve ribbons and frills!

How happy must Adam have been!

How happy? Indeed he was happy a while—

He understood women, he thought; But Eve had every feminine wile, And Adam—he learned a lot.

Though her complaint about "nothing at all to wear"

Wore out and became a joke, Had Adam but known, his lady fair Was like modern female folk.

"Are you going to keep me waiting all year?"

He'd say with a haughty stare, While Eve, pretending not to hear, With flowers decked her hair.

"Come on," said Adam. Said Eve, "Keep cool!"

When he tried to hurry her pace, And she loitered to gaze in every pool And smoothed her beautiful face.

"We're late again for the circus to-night,"

Poor Adam bitterly fumes; "I'll not," says Eve, "look a perfect fright While the ostriches have their plumes."

For the simple life the old man sighed; Society's whims he slammed; And once, in the heat of passion, he cried,

"The social lions be d—d!"

It took him almost a couple of hours To hush Eve's terrible sobs;



"Almost Persuaded."

Thereafter the getting of feathers and flow'rs Was one of his steady jobs.

W. A. C.

The Way of a Man.—A man may slam the front door when he goes out early in the evening, but the chances are that he won't when he returns later—much later.

The Self-made Man.

"I AM a self-made man," he said, And realized his "break," When one chap in the audience piped, "You made a great mistake."

Small Boy's Ambition.—That old gag about the average American small boy aspiring to be President is played out. The dizzy height of the average youngster's dream of glory is to carry bats for the home team.

Missed the Meaning.—Scotchmen are credited with being very slow at seeing the point in a joke or a funny story, but a certain traveller in Canada be-

lieves that some Englishmen haven't much more sense of humour than the most serious Scotchman.

"I heard this story told," he said, a few days ago:

"A young man, who had been sent into the country to steady him up a bit, got a job with a farmer one night.

"Next morning he was awakened by the farmer at three o'clock—quite a while before daylight.

"Tumble out!" said the farmer.

"What's the hurry?" asked the young man.

"A big field of oats to cut," answered the farmer.

"Are they wild oats?" was the next question.

"No."

"Then," said the young man, "why do you need to steal up on them in the dark?"

"Everybody, except an Englishman, laughed when the story was told," says the traveller. "The Englishman said, 'Well, I don't see anything funny in that.'"

Inappropriate.—J. Harry Smith, editor of "The Motor Magazine," Toronto, is being subjected to a little "joshing" by his friends.

In his official position, "Harry" has much to do with automobiles, but when he took his summer holidays he went on a long walking trip.

And no doubt the chief inconvenience he suffered was from the dust raised by the "benzene buggies" with which his day's work is so closely connected.

Aldermen Might Have It.—Montreal policemen, for the most part French-speaking, are also supposed to have a working knowledge of English, but in the East End one runs across officers whose English is limited, but who, like all policemen, are able to give some kind of an answer.

Two ladies going into town from St. Paul de Vincent on a suburban car forgot an umbrella. After asking the motor-man and conductor of the city cars where they might make inquiry about the missing article, and being met with shrugs, they at last approached a "blue coat."

After listening to their story, and not by any means comprehending what they meant, he stared at them for a moment in blank stupidity. Suddenly an idea penetrated his grey matter, and with a smile of awkward intelligence he said, "Go to de City 'All."

Queer Idea of "Sights."

—The heading writer has been at it again.

Recently the Toronto Globe put, over its Hamilton news, a heading the first two parts of which were: HEAD-ON

COLLISION OF HAMILTON CARS—Hibernian delegates seeing the city sights.

Her Reason.—Many a wife keeps on good terms with her husband because her gowns button down the back.

Another Version.

Drink, and the world drinks with you; Pay—and you pay alone.

"Free Translation."—Some people, who were seeing the sights of Montreal from a "rubberneck waggon" a few days ago, heard a remark which mightily amused them.

In front of one of the civic buildings is a line—made in flowers—"Dieu et Mon Droit."

A young lady in the party of sight-seers has a slight knowledge of French; so she asked, "What does that mean?"

"What do you think it means?" was the reply.

And the lady's guess was: "God and Montreal."

A Musical Number

Every man, woman and child is naturally interested in music. Every friend and acquaintance of the subscribers to The Canadian Courier should read the issue of

October 12th

All Music

There will be more interesting musical matter in this number than in any paper ever published in Canada, or likely to be published for some time. It will be the sort of stuff that naturally you will be sure to read; because it deals in an interesting human way with the people, the movements and the institutions that have made Canada as musical as she is. But,

Is Canada Musical?

That depends. The Canadian Courier of October 12 may throw some light on this. The story of what has been done in old and new Canada will help to determine. The fact that we have no real Canadian National Anthem, no really great orchestras, no celebrated maennerchoras as in Switzerland and Wales, no remarkable pianists, but few eminent organists, not more than three or four good bands—

Enough Said.

If we had all these things we'd be another Europe. At the same time, we have a musical development more rapid than any ever known in Europe or the United States. According to population we spend more on music than any other country in the world. We have a cosmopolitan musical population that is going very rapidly into the melting pot. What will it produce? We shall see. There is no necessity for boasting. Facts alone are eloquent enough. The musical number of October 12 will deal with facts.

The Reader's Part.

But with all the material that we are accumulating on this subject, we are still open for more. Hundreds of our readers have had or know of musical experiences that should be of interest to other readers. We shall be glad to get letters containing information in regard to any musical movement in your town or community. What is going on? What do you expect to happen? What is wrong with the musical outlook? What are people not doing that they should do? Is the local newspaper doing its duty—or not?

There are dozens of sides to this problem. Send in your opinions, and as soon as possible. No matter can possibly be handled in that issue unless we get copy before September 23rd.

Canadian Courier,
Toronto.