



War Notes.

NO burglars in Paris since Aug. 2, says a report. Paris awaits national burglars.

One of the next pages of the world's history is due to be a woman's page—and a sad one.

Latest literary rivalry among the nations is in the development of the best news-censors.

"The women and the children first!" exclaims the Zeppelin crew as it drops bombs in sleeping cities.

G. R. Geary, Toronto's Corporation Counsel, has joined the troops. He wants to fire something more effective than writs at the Kaiser.

Europe's fields are being fertilized with the most costly fertilizer that kings and emperors can find.

The Kaiser gives an occasional iron cross to some heroic relative, but it would keep him busy providing wooden crosses for the brave fellows who died for him.

The Russian steam roller was slow in getting a start, but it gathers momentum as it goes along.

The great thing for the British peoples to do is to keep their hearts as stout as those of their soldiers.

Like that greater warrior, Julius Caesar, the German Kaiser is over-ambitious. The allies must emulate Brutus and cut him.

If we remember rightly, it was two or three weeks ago that the German ambassador at Washington announced that the war was over, and that Germany had won.

The Czar has re-named the Russian capital Petrograd. When it comes the time for him to re-name Berlin he will put no "pet" in it.

Paying the Indemnity.

When the war's over Germania will get

A note that will rather surprise her,

And looking about for a way out of debt

She may suddenly say, "Hock der Kaiser."

Will Convince Him.—After the war, when he sees the Allies' polite request that he pay some rather large bills which he caused to be contracted, the German Kaiser may suddenly decide that it's time for a moratorium.

Sounded Like It.—He—"Does she sing for pay?"
She—"I should rather fancy that it is for spite."

Isn't It Odd?—Man is a nervy animal. He finds a nice girl, tells her that nothing is good enough for her, and then asks her to take him.

Young Men, Use Candy.—Doctors now assert that candy is a good heart tonic. Does this explain why so many young men buy candy when they go a-wooing?

Dogs of War.—Hereafter, in the list of dogs of war the German dachshund must be given a place. But the old British bull dog still holds top position.

Some Slaughter.—"Two thousand is the number reported killed and wounded by Sir John French."—Toronto Telegram.
The British General is a far more

bloodthirsty man than we had thought.

Every Convenience.—This is an advertisement recently inserted in a Toronto paper:

"Single beds \$1 each, steam heated, electric light."

About the only thing left to be desired about a bed like that is an automatic alarm clock.

The Solution.—Many a man would be perfectly satisfied these hard times if his wife had a good steady job.

Well Educated.—Hon. Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, the other day received a letter from a little child, addressing him as "Great Lord Sam."

There's no doubt about it, that child has been properly trained.

A Patriotic Poem.

I wish I were a German ship
Upon the great North Sea,
So that old England's fleet could
knock
The stuffing out of me.

Courierettes.

A MAN may be in advance of his age, but a woman is always behind it.

It doesn't help much if a man be regular in his habits, if said habits be bad ones.

Octogenarians in France recently danced the mixixe, proving that people are never too old to learn the modern fool dances.

Experiments in England showed that whiskey can be used as motor fuel. Not the first case, however, of auto-intoxication.

It took twenty-two years for a postcard to travel 30 miles in Scotland. Now we understand why jokes are reputed to travel so slowly there.

Soldiers sometimes find it necessary to trust more to their legs than to their arms.

"What is German honour?" queries a heading in a Toronto paper. And the answer is—it isn't.

Scientists say that the earth will last for 15,000,000 years yet. Think of all the new feminine fashions that can be contrived in that time.

German officers who fail to perform tasks set for them are expected to suicide. Will the Kaiser obey the rule?

And by a curious freak of fortune, the name of the Kaiser was on the list of nominations for the next Nobel peace prize.

Kansas City is to have a skyscraper from which men are to be barred. Truly the women will be up in the air there.

They tell us that the old Romans used to play golf. Now we begin to get some light on the death of Caesar. He probably boasted of his scores.

Every joker will now rise to remark something about the chaps that put the Rurria in Prussia.

There's always room at the top—and a woman can always find room at the bottom for a P. S.

Reversed.—Experts have figured that the cost of war is so great that it costs about \$15,000 to kill a man in battle. We used to hear a lot about the high cost of living, but it isn't

a patch on the present high cost of dying.

It Was New to Him.—Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, and one of the most noted musicians in America, while on a visit to Canada recently, related an incident that made his listeners smile.

It is said that America spends \$600,000,000 annually on music, but the millionaire that Mr. Stransky told about had evidently failed to contribute a copper to that total.

It was at a big hotel function in New York that the noted musician met the millionaire.

After the introduction, the man of millions asked:

"What is your occupation?"

"Conductor of the Philharmonic," replied Mr. Stransky.

"The Philharmonic? Why, I never heard of that railroad."

Parisian Politeness.—Now that Paris looms so large in the eye of the world, a little story told by a Toronto woman as illustrating the extreme politeness of the Parisian people may be interesting.

"No nation is as courteous as the French," says this woman. "When I was in Paris some months ago I was walking down the Champs Elysees and wanted to find a particular street called the Rue de la Cloche. Not knowing just where to turn off into the side streets I asked a young Frenchman who passed me if he could direct me. He assured me with a thousand pardons that he did not know.

"A few minutes later I heard hurrying feet behind me, and there was my Frenchman, almost breathless. 'Madame,' he said, sweeping off his hat and bowing profoundly, 'did you not ask me the way to the Rue de la Cloche? I was sorry that I did not know, but I have seen my brother and asked him, and I am sorry to inform you, madame, that he did not know either.'"

Just a Bit Sarcastic.—Sydney Rosenfeld, who writes poems and plays with equal ease, and whose comedy, "The Charm of Isabel," was recently given a try-out in Toronto by Miss Percy Haswell, tells with some zest a little story of the late Maurice Barrymore, the noted actor and wit.

Incidentally, the point of the joke is at the expense of Mr. Rosenfeld.

One day Barrymore was swinging down Fifth Avenue, New York, when Rosenfeld met him. The playwright, excited, began to pour a tale of woe into Barrymore's ears.

"Oh, Maurice, have you heard of my misfortune?" he asked.

"No," said the sympathetic actor, "is there illness in your family?"

"Not that, but almost as bad. My little boy, five years of age, got hold of my new play, and tore it to tatters."

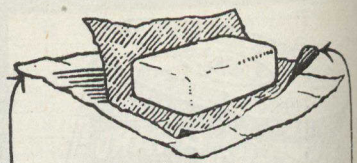
"I didn't know the child could read," said Barrymore, and continued his walk.

You Can't Be Sure.—When a man tells of being self-made, you can't always take it for granted that he is bragging. He may be apologizing.

A Slight Change.
She used to call him "loving spouse,"
But when he's on the spree
And she would fain describe him well
She drops the letter "p."

Consummate Block-Head.—The Kaiser is said to own timber in British Columbia to the value of nine million dollars. Some of it is believed to have gone to his head.

Revised estimates of the cost of The War coming from Paris place the price to civilization at \$22,000,000 a day. This does not include the navy, and is based on a census of 8,000,000 men in the field, each costing \$2.50 a day, as determined by the Balkan War. The balance of the cost will be for artillery and horses.



Ingersoll Cream Cheese

is a pure wholesome delicacy manufactured under ideal conditions. The same scrupulous care is observed in every detail of its preparation—even to the wrapping.

FIRST—Encased in the finest and most expensive silver-foil paper;

THEN—Packed in pure, damp-proof vegetable parchment.

HENCE—Always fresh and good.

The Finest and Richest Cream Money Can Buy

is used to make Ingersoll Cream Cheese. Its delicious flavour—its creamy consistency—its nutritive properties make it superior to any other cheese.

In Packets—15c. & 25c.

The Ingersoll Packing Co., Limited
Ingersoll, Ont.



The Luxury of a Turkish Bath

right in your own home, without the trouble or expense of attending a Bath House. Why fly to drugs for every little ache or pain? By keeping the pores free from dirt and sweat by helping Nature to do her work thoroughly, you have solved the good health problem.



Take a Turkish Bath at home every three or four days. You will be astonished how different you will feel—pains vanish, lassitude disappears, energy is restored, and life seems new while again. The Robinson Thermal Bath Cabinet provides a Turkish Bath just as invigorating and refreshing as any you can get, and at town at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 for only 2c. It cleanses the system through and through, helps the work of the excretory functions.

A splendid agency proposition in selected territory for real live hustlers.
THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., LIMITED
542 The Robinson Bldg., Walkerville, Ont.

Boys--

who are hustlers to sell papers are wanted in our circulation department.

Now is the time to sell. Never such pictures and reading matter.

Write
The Canadian Courier
Toronto