



Courierettes.

TORONTO schools may be equipped with air washers. It might be as well to fit up the Board of Education chamber, too, while they are at it.

Oxford University students are to establish and conduct provision stores on the co-operative basis. It seems as if Socialism is creeping into the cradle of Conservatism.

"Canadian weddings plentiful in London," says a heading. Canadian ministers will no doubt want to know why home industries are not given some protection.

It is worth remembering that what some people call their judgment is merely prejudice.

Montreal women are to organize a club which is to be without a nominal head. Thus the wise women will ensure peace in the organization.

Aviator McCaulay flew from Toronto to Hamilton in 32 minutes and back in 29 minutes. Hamilton people, on examining these figures, may think he has cast a slight on their city.

If the United States soldiers could only transmit the contagion of the tango to the Mexicans, the latter would perhaps be too busy to fight.

Some American suffragettes have been sending suffrage literature to Norway. Somewhat like sending coals to Newcastle.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman declares her opposition to the man dressmaker. All the husbands agree that Mrs. Gilman has good sense.

Coffin makers across the line have decided not to strike. Business is practically dead, you see.

It is announced that Uncle Sam imports \$5,000,000 worth of tung oil every year. The secret of United States eloquence is revealed at last.

After the South American mediators finish their job at Niagara Falls they might find further employment by applying to Premier Asquith and Sir Edward Carson.

One of the newest plays produced in New York bears the title of "What's Wrong?" It seems almost like an invitation to the saucy critics.

Another on Sir Richard.—Recently on this page we related an incident about Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia. Another has come to light.

It seems that the British Columbia premier is generally well aware when he is being seen or heard in public and he behaves accordingly. In fact, some of his political opponents go so far as to accuse him of posing.

On a recent trip by steamer from Victoria to Vancouver the premier had as a fellow-passenger the late Rev. Dr. Elliott Rowe, a Methodist preacher, well known in Eastern Canada, and who had since tried his hand at publicity work. He died only a few days ago.

Sir Richard was sleepy and retired to his stateroom for a nap. He was awakened some time later to find Dr. Rowe's big genial face at the door, and the doctor's eyes intently gazing at him.

The premier, of course, inquired as to the reason for the unexpected visit.

"Well, you see, Dick," replied Dr. Rowe, "I just thought I'd look in and get a peep at you when you were unconscious."

Squelched.—He was one of those young cads who make a specialty of "mashing" young girls in restaurants.

He walked in and seated himself in front of a pretty girl, who was mind-

ing her own business, i.e., eating her lunch.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he began suavely.

"Well?" she interrogated, quite calmly.

"Why, Miss, it is—it is this way, you see. I made an engagement with a young lady I had never met to meet her here. I thought you might be the girl. Are you waiting for me?"

She smiled. "I might be," she said. He was delighted. He thought the conquest was made. "Ah, indeed!" he said.

"Yes," said the demure maiden. "You see, I ordered lobster and it has not come yet."

Manoeuvres in Mexico.—The Mexican captain reported to his general.

"We made the enemy run, sir," he said.

"Splendid. Did you chase him over the border?"

"No, sir, but we beat him—we left him a mile in the rear."

About Names.—"What's in a name?" quoted the person given to poetry and philosophy.

"Most everything—sometimes," retorted the cynic, "particularly if it happens to be the wife's name."

Obsolete.

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

Was all very well on the copybook page,
But it doesn't fit in with this tangoing age.

Expert Advice.—"It is exercise you need, good vigorous exercise," said the physician.

"Yes, doctor, but what shall I do? Play tennis, golf, or take to bowling?"

"Never mind any of those games. Just walk down street every day and dodge the automobiles."

The Answer.—Sunday School Teacher—"Can any little boy give me a commandment with only four words in it?"

Johnnie—"Yes'm. 'Keep off the grass.'"

Quite Logical.—A bald-headed man of rather miserly disposition went into a barber shop and asked for a hair-cut.

"Couldn't you give me a cheaper rate as I have so little hair to cut?" he queried.

"Nothing doing," said the tonsorial artist. "Think of the search I'll have to find that hair."

Poor Beggars.—Some men, when they quarrel with their wives, have to be content to do the listening.

Explained.—Mrs. Brown—"Did you ever notice that Mr. Jones has worn the same dress suit for years and years while his wife has a new gown for every party?"

Brown—"Yes, that's why Jones has had the same suit for years and years."

Lost Track of the Score.—An Englishman who had just crossed the Atlantic was persuaded to go to see a professional ball game in one of the big cities.

Faithful to the traditions of the Saxon race, he fervently argued that there was no game like cricket, but after much coaxing he decided to at least take a look at the great American pastime.

He sat in the stand and watched intently. One team scored two runs

in the first inning. The other nine got one run. Thereafter there was no scoring.

The Briton was soon disgusted. He stuck it out, however, until the eighth inning, when the score-board was almost covered with "goose-eggs"—like this:

Giants 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Cubs 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

As the Englishman came out of the gate, plainly showing his disgust on his face, somebody asked him what the score was.

"My word!" he exclaimed, "I've completely lost track of the blasted score. It was away up in the millions when I left."

Ever Try It?—He—"Sleeping out of doors in the summer time is great fun."

She—"For the mosquitoes."

Inclusive.—"My boy, there are two classes of women you should beware of as you go through life."

"What are they?"

"Blondes and brunettes."

Publicity Note.—A casual glance at the Toronto evening papers makes it quite clear that the good people of the Queen City must be kept very much on the alert to prevent their pictures getting into the said papers.

Properly Described.—Theatrical business has been exceptionally bad in the United States during the past season. Many shows were forced to close, and some troupes were stranded. The other day a Canadian manager was discussing financial affairs of the theatre with an American theatrical man, and the latter told of one show that drew just \$4.50 to the box-office in one of the biggest Yankee cities at a recent matinee.

"Just \$4.50," said the Canuck. "That's what we in Canada would call 'gross' receipts."

Times Have Changed.—In the olden days there used to be a thing which literary folks called "poetic license."

Poets have lost their license long since, however. It is entirely used up now by the authors of the risqué novels.

Revised.

A little woman, now and then,
Will interest the best of men;
But too much of her, it's plain,
Drives the wisest man insane.

James and the Duke.—Hon. James Duff, better known as "Jimmie," is noted for his lack of frills. They tell a story about the visit which the Duke of Connaught paid to the O. A. C. at Guelph. Hon. Jimmie was there to show His Royal Highness round.

It had been arranged that the Duke's special train carrying him back to Ottawa was to arrive before Hon. Jimmie's train to Toronto. Some hitch occurred in the arrangements, and the Minister's train came in first. The presumption is that anybody but Mr. Duff would have let his train wait, until he had bowed the Duke into his own train.

Not so Jimmie. A porter came and told him his train was in.

"That so?" said he. "Well"—and he turned to the Duke—"Well, good bye, Duke. I must be going." And, grasping the gubernatorial hand—he went.

Some of us would like to see James and Prince Alexander of Teck in similar circumstances.

Ridiculous.—A brother was praying in a little country church. He prayed hard—for wind and rain. The country was drying up and rain and breeze were needed.

"O Lord," said the brother, send us a gentle zephyr."

Just then, a hurricane shook the building, and a couple of windows cracked.

"Lord, Lord," went on the brother, "that's ridiculous!"

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