



Courrierettes.

THE war is shoved temporarily into the shade while the Red Sox and Phillies fight it out.

War steps in the Balkans seem to be mostly side steps.

Prohibition is making such headway in the world that the water wagon is apt to be mistaken for the band wagon.

The plow horses that didn't get away to the war are no doubt better pleased to be dragging a plow.

Chicago wants a submarine stationed there. What is it doing with the East-land?

Chairman Walsh of the U. S. Industrial Commission, thinks that no man should save more than a million. Carried by a large majority.

Uncle Sam has a battleship named after the state of Georgia. If it's built and manned no better than a Georgia jail, it isn't up to much.

The English pound is soon due to recover its weight in the world's financial markets.

A Kansas City woman who has 21 children, wants to adopt two more. Looks like 23 for her all right.

Why doesn't Britain levy fines on German colonies, is a question asked in print recently. Because the Huns have none.

Mrs. J. J. Astor fed a \$2 beefsteak to her dog the other day. Another text for the Socialist orator.

Dr. Dumba completely overlooked the eleventh commandment of the diplomat—"don't get caught."

Doc Cook nearly froze to death on Mount Everest. Somehow there seems to be a coolness wherever he goes.

Woodstock, Ont., has a chief of police by the name of Killing. That should be enough to keep the crooks out of Woodstock.

Archibald finds that carrying a message for Dumba is not quite as glorious as carrying a message to Garcia.

Have you ever noticed that the hen-pecked man wisely does all his crowing away from home?

All kinds of possibilities in the jitney. Striking street car crews in Pennsylvania operated a jitney service to beat the railway company.

The Turks are said to be building railways. That's all right. We'll find them useful later on.

A 72 year old woman in New York is charged with having alienated the affections of a 60 year old husband. Well, that's easily explained. The woman is wealthy.

A MOAN ABOUT HORNS.

I list to the tooting of autos,
Till the heart within me mourns—
Oh, take me away to the country,
Where only the cows have horns.

Of Course it is.—Kissing will be a barbarous practice fifty years from now, declares a Boston doctor. It's barbarous now—to those who have to look on.

Appropriate Material.—You will find that most castles in the air are built of gold bricks.

We Believe This.—A taxi driver in Detroit was held up and robbed. P.S.—It took four men to do it.

Very Much.—Speaking of things that have stayed up during the past

season, we might mention the umbrella.

Anything Will Do.—An actress just back from Europe has gained some publicity by reason of bringing back with her the smallest dog in the world. Possibly her talent is equally small, but anything will do to get her name in the papers.

WAR NOTES.

The "terrible Turk" seems to still be in terror.

Europe is trenching and America is retrenching just now.

Nobody can deny that the Turkish fleet retains its fleetness.

Britain held up a Standard Oil ship. Britain is afraid of nothing.

This war was made in Germany and we've got to see that it is finished there.

To make this fall a perfect fall all that is needed now is the fall of Constantinople.

It's rather hard on Bryan when he finds war munitions for the allies being made in Lincoln, Neb.

The Krupps subscription of \$10,000,000 to the German war loan was a mere transfer of that amount from one pocket to the other.

In Russia the young idea has to be taught not only how to shoot, but how to scoot.

The Kaiser declares that beer is indispensable for the army. That's hard crack at his ally, Wm. Grape juice Bryan.

The Query.—"How will the shirker face his conscience?" asks a Toronto minister.

Well, answer it with another question. "How can a man face something that isn't?"

This Decadent Age.—Now along comes a chap who recommends that talcum powder be used on mules. Alas, we fear we live in a mollycoddie age.

The Need of the Hour.—Some of these days President Wilson will be asking Thomas A. Edison to invent a machine for writing diplomatic notes.

Wise and Otherwise.

One of the best boards of education is the shingle.

Pessimists are misfortune tellers. Lovers need never be too good to be true.

A lighthouse is a good place to learn light housekeeping.

A man who is truthful about everything else will lie after he goes on a fishing trip.

A little learning is a dangerous thing—and to know it all is even worse.

Never say that a man cannot be bought until you have heard the price offered.

A wife who uses face powder and hair bleach should not object to her husband spending some coin on cigars.

Puzzle—Find the Man.—Teddy Roosevelt says he is willing to back any good man for President of the U. S. If he were pressed for an answer, he might be able to find the right man without going far.

He Surely Is.—Connie Mack, the Philadelphia baseball manager, says

he is building up a new team. A glance at the league standing must convince the observer that Connie is beginning at the right place—the bottom.

It's Due.—According to the Cologne Gazette, Von Tirpitz has stated that "the German fleet will soon come out of hiding." Then it will be getting a hiding.

MOTORISTS.

(Being the more modern American national anthem.)

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant;
I blew a pile of dough
On you two years ago,
Now you refuse to go—
Or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside
You were my joy and pride,
A happy day;
I loved the gaudy hue
And the nice tires so new—
Now it seems you are through
In every way.

To thee, old rattlebox,
Came many bumps and knocks;
For thee I grieve.
Badly thy top is torn,
Frayed are thy seats and worn,
Whooping cough's in thy horn
I do believe.

Thy perfume scents the breeze
While good folk choke and sneeze
As we pass by;
I paid for thee a price,
'Twould buy a mansion twice,
Now everybody's nice—
I wonder why.

Thy motor has the grip,
Thy spark plug has the pip,
And woe is thine;
I too have suffered chills,
Ague and kindred ills,
Trying to pay my bills
Since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank roll now—
No more 'twould choke a cow,
As once before;
Yet, if I had the yen,
So help me, John (amen)
I'd buy a car again—
And speed once more!

Sure Sign.—It's easy to tell that John D. Rockefeller has been a successful man. He keeps a lot of guards around his place and is rather scared to venture out.

A Truth About Truth.—Some folks like to tell the truth only when it is unpleasant for somebody.

Embarrassing, At Least.

Polaire, the French actress who boasts the tiniest waist in the world, is now prattling on odd war-time economy. She refuses to wear stockings while the war is on, and she is creating somewhat of a sensation in London.

Toronto has a preacher who refuses to wear a hat until his church is completed.

If this sort of thing continues, the scarcity of clothing is bound to be more or less embarrassing.

Appropriate.—In Britain they have a new breechless rifle.

It would seem to be the proper kind of a weapon for the kilted Highlanders.

Too Much.—Prof. Graham Bell suggests that we follow the German example and extract food from sawdust. When next you go out to dine, do not be surprised if your host invites you to help yourself to a splinter off the leg of the table.

Why Of Course!—The London Daily Mail has an article headed "Why Women Speak Well." Why shouldn't they speak well? With all the practice they get we should be surprised if they were not good talkers.

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