



Courierettes.

ONCE more there's a play on in "the theatre of war," and—more's the pity—it's not a comic opera one like the South American revolutions.

King Alfonso of Spain has been quarreling with his mother-in-law. He is losing his reputation for doing things out of the ordinary.

Students entering McGill University are to be given a physical examination. Looks as if McGill wants a real football team.

Toronto libraries now feature a "story hour" when a woman tells stories to children. Few women could confine theirs to one hour.

"Those who can break windows, break them!" is Mrs. Pankhurst's order to her followers. Now if a mere man had insinuated that some women can't hit a window with half a brick—

War has been declared on storage egg men. To make a really picturesque war, the ammunition should be cold storage eggs.

Prehistoric cave paintings recently discovered in Britain are said to belong to the aurignacian stage of the upper palaeolithic epoch. All right, we won't argue about it.

Right Up to the Throne.—Now that Hon. F. D. Monk is leaving the Borden Cabinet, interesting stories concerning him and his work are being told. Here is one that indicates a line of worry faced by members with portfolios:

One day on the Minister of Public Works' door came a bold rap. Without looking up the Minister called out "Come in." When he turned round he gazed upon a youth of sixteen or seventeen in plain working attire and with a determined glint in his eye.

"When am I going to get that raise you promised me, Mr. Monk?" came the request from the Printing Bureau employee, without the least shade of embarrassment. "You know," he said, "I've been waiting on it for a long time and I need the money now."

It is said that he got it.

Majesty of the Law.—A good story is told of a judge who resides in the Ottawa district. Not long ago the judge's auto needed repairs and was promptly turned over to a garage mechanic.

It appears that in the course of testing the machine, after the repairs had been made, a young lady relative of the judge found the machine quite convenient, in fact so convenient that the auto was reported by an official of the law—who was unaware of its ownership—for speeding. Forthwith the judge summoned himself to court, mentally arraigned himself, exacted a fine of \$20 and promptly paid it. Oddly enough the car was found next morning to no longer need testing.

Hard to Break Away.—A certain Canadian miss of eighteen summers announced to a friend a few evenings ago that she was making an earnest, serious effort to cease using slang.

"My big sister told me very plainly," she said, "that I use too much slang, so I'm trying to cut—to avoid using it."

"Did your sister really call you down for using slang?" asked the friend.

"She spoke to me very seriously," answered the young lady. "Oh, I certainly got mine."

A Good Retort.—The Hon. Duncan Marshall, the fat, genial Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, and Mr. Michener, the thin, scholarly leader of the Opposition in the same province, were billed to speak on the same evening in a small town in one of the southern ridings. There were not enough people to make it worth while holding separate meetings, so it was decided to meet jointly.

Mr. Michener spoke first. He delivered

a real, old-style Opposition speech, just like those heard in Ontario. Among other things he accused the government of recklessness in the use of the people's money. It was an eloquent effort, and his friends were delighted.

"The present administration believes in giving every man a chance," said Mr. Marshall, in the heat of a vigorous reply.

"That's how you got your 'beef,' is it?" piped an excited Tory in the back of the room.

"Yes, sir," quickly returned the clever Minister; "and even your trusted leader, Mr. Michener, is secretly hoping the government will be returned for that very reason."

Lamb's Little Joke.—S. L. Bensusan, the eminent London journalist, has just handed out a new joke by Charles Lamb. It occurs in the brief biography of the gentle Elia by Mr. Bensusan, published in the Pilgrim series.

It seems that the forbears of the writer were at one time merchants doing business with the East India House, now remembered because it was the scene of the business career of Lamb. It was Lamb's custom when writing to these people to address them, as follows: Bensusan & Co: Sir, and Madam.

An Up-to-date Version.

First Boy.

When I'm a man, I'll be a politician if I can.

I'll give out great interviews every day, I'll tell party "organs" the right tune to play,

And if I don't like what the other men say

I'll form a new party to get my own way—

When I'm a man.

Second Boy.

When I'm a man I'll be a chauffeur if I can.

Like a king on his throne I'll sit on my seat,

I'll drive a machine that's weighty but fleet,

I'll rush past the ponderous cop on the beat

And scare all the people right off the main street—

When I'm a man.

Third Boy.

When I'm a man I'll be a capitalist if I can.

I'll make corners in cotton, eggs, butter and grain

And get to be known as a man of great brain,

And at last I may give away part of my gain,

To better the lot of the people called plain—

When I'm a man.

Sunday School Slang.—Here is an instance of slang having made its way into a Sunday school.

Last Sunday a Bible class teacher asked a Toronto young woman a rather puzzling question.

She looked frankly into his eyes and answered, "You've got my number."

Timid.—"The last suit I got from my tailor is one I will never wear out."

"How's that?"

"I haven't the nerve."

Born Single.—The Toronto Mail and Empire made a rather peculiar announcement on its front page the other day in summarizing the career of Mayor Geary. Its first item was:

"Born at Strathroy, 1873, unmarried."

Art Versus the \$ Sign.—Nahan Franko, the noted orchestra conductor, who made such a hit at the recent Musical Festival in the Toronto Arena, described in rather humorous fashion to some friends how the cost of living interferes with art.

Though he has held many position of

musical importance, and was for a time conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, he found that he was not putting any money away for the proverbial "rainy day."

"I thought it over, and it struck me that I had for years been playing the music that I myself liked," he said. "I was making no provision for my old age. Then I decided to begin playing the music that other people liked, and I have since provided pretty well for my declining years."

Mr. Franko is the leader of a large orchestra which plays at certain hours in one of New York's palace hotels, and his salary is said to be a magnificent one.

Terse.—A Canadian daily is offering prizes for the best answers to the query—"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

Answers must be limited to one hundred words. We could limit ours to two words, to wit, "Wake up."

Noisy.—"In the spring the young man's fancy—you get he is," says some wag, and in his new overcoat many a young man again looks quite a swell.

A certain young man arrived at his office the other day in an overcoat of a striking colour. His friends praised him and teased him concerning his choice.

"Is it water-proof?" asked one. "It may be," said another before the owner could answer, "but you can bet your life it isn't sound-proof."

Reputation to Keep Up.—Lionel Belmore, who plays the cobbler in the Faversham star company now putting on Julius Caesar, has had many years' experience training "supers," and he tells some interesting stories connected with that work.

For one of the plays in which he appeared he had to get a "super" in each city to take the part of a wrestler. In one of the smaller places he hired a big, strapping fellow, who gave promise of filling the part well.

Mr. Belmore explained in detail the wrestling, which was to end with him getting the "super" down.

"You get me down?" was the reply. "Not me."

"But that's how it happens in the play," Mr. Belmore explained. "I'm just telling you the part you are to take."

The big fellow shook his head and said: "To-night that gallery will be full of friends of mine. Now, I'm considered some wrestler in these parts, and you say you're going to—no, not me."

Startling Coincidence.—"Anything further about Roosevelt?" was the question asked by hosts of people both here and in the United States one day last week shortly after the flashing over the wires of the startling news that the leader of the Bull Moose party had been shot and might die as a result of blood poisoning. And it was in its last week's number that New York "Life," in announcing a "Bull Moose" number, said: "We come to bury Teddy, not to praise him."

Poor Drawing Card.—Many a good, catchy, seasonable advertisement looks foolish if allowed to meet the public gaze after its season is over.

In front of a moving picture theatre in a big Canadian city there has been hanging during chilly October days a huge sign, which is hardly appropriate to this season. It reads: "If we couldn't keep our theatre cool we wouldn't keep it open."

She Was Strong for Boston.—Interest in the world's championship baseball games was about as strong in many Canadian cities, as it was in the centres of population in the United States.

On the day of the deciding struggle the interest in an office in a big city on this side of the line became quite intense. One young lady was quite distressed on being told that the New York Giants had beaten the Boston team. A few minutes later she was correspondingly jubilant on hearing the correct news.

As the lady left the office that evening, one of the men glanced at the big red feather in her hat and said, "Little Red-Riding-Hood?"

"I don't know about that," she answered, joyfully, "but—little Red Sox."

After the Turkey



and other good things are eaten at the Thanksgiving dinner, why not top off that dinner with one of those delicious

Knox Gelatine Desserts

and have some pleasant surprise for your family that day, making everybody thankful and happy?

Thanksgiving Dessert

1-4 box Knox Gelatine; 1-2 doz. rolled stale macaroons; 1 dozen marshmallows, cut in small pieces; 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries; 1-4 lb. blanched and chopped almonds; 1 cup sugar; 1 pint heavy cream; vanilla or sherry; 1-4 cup cold water; 1-4 cup boiling water. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream beaten till stiff, almonds, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla or sherry. Turn into mould first dipped into cold water; chill. Remove from mould; serve with angel cake.

If the dessert given above does not happen to please you, send your grocer's name for our

Free Recipe Book

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," telling of other good things to eat in desserts, ice creams, sherbets, salads, candies, etc.

Pint sample for 2c. stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.,



Either package makes 2 full quarts of Jelly



Benger's Food, prepared with fresh new milk forms a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the necessary food elements.

If half Benger's Food so prepared, is mixed with half freshly made tea or coffee, cocoa or chocolate, its highly nourishing and digestive advantages are added with great success to the refreshing qualities of the beverage.



also mixes agreeably with stimulants when the same be medically recommended.

"Benger's Food and how to use it, for Infants, Invalids and the Aged" - a handsome 48 page booklet, post free from

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc. everywhere.