



Courierettes.

HUMAN freaks are to be barred from the Toronto Fair. Too bad to thus cut down the attendance, and in a war year, too.

Corp. Craft, of St. John, N.B., has sent home a Bible that saved his life by stopping a bullet meant for his heart. Thus fact outdoes fiction.

A Prince Edward Island bridal pair were barred from entering the U. S. on their honeymoon for lack of funds. You may live a little while on love, but you can't travel far on it.

Chicago plans to enforce an 8 o'clock curfew law to clear children from the streets. Village laws are still good for metropolitan cities.

An Oregon preacher dropped dead in the pulpit while preaching on death. It's a grim thing to jest about, but that man mixed preaching and practice.

A man committed for insanity protested against being removed to Montreal. Toronto would urge this as proof of his sanity.

A plot to kidnap the Mormon chief and hold him for ransom has been nipped. It is peculiar that the plotters did not plan to kidnap some of his wives instead.

We note in the news the statement of a man who was 29 years in a church choir, that he never knew of a row in the choir or a fuss with the pastor in all that time. That choir is ready for heaven right now.

Also we notice a published statement that a new Methodist church "is to be in the neighbourhood of \$45,000." We would also like to be in that most desirable neighbourhood.

Sherlock Holmes is outdone. The Omaha chief of police discovered that a wrestling match was crooked.

The bald-headed barber nearly always knows a sure cure for it.

Baseball as a business is declining, says sporting authorities, and this leaves room for the hope that it may revive as a sport.

They say on the farm that wheat never looked better than this year. Feeling its oats, eh?

In order to be in harmony with this warlike age, the girls must wear those 22-calibre skirts.

Richmond P. Hobson, the much-kissed hero, denies that he is a candidate for the U. S. presidency. Unanimously acquitted.

Cowardice.—"I wish you to understand, sir, that I am still the boss in this house," said he, addressing his sixteen year old son and heir.

"All right, dad," said the boy, "but you are a coward to make such a boast behind mother's back."

Unidentified.—He—"When Black got married the other day one of his friends threw an old shoe at him through the carriage window and it hit him in the head."

She—"Couldn't he find out who owned the shoe?"

He—"No, you see it belonged to a horse."

An Exceptional Case.—Sue had lectured her little brother severely in regard to his habit of coaxing dimes and nickels from her young gentlemen callers.

But Johnny had had his ears open and thought he saw a loophole. The next time a young man called to see Sue, the small brother explained to him:

"Sis said I was never to take money from young gentlemen that calls on

her, but it's all right, I guess, because dad says you're no gentleman."

A Large Order.—The baby was not very well, and the family doctor had been called in.

"You must give the child one cow's milk daily," he directed the mother.

"All right, doctor," she replied, "but how will I get baby to take all of it?"

Quite Safe, Doctor.—Dr. Wiley, the noted pure food expert, has been lecturing lately on the care of the teeth—and kissing. He says there is more good than evil in kissing. Agreed. He asserts that babies should be kissed, but not on the mouth. Probably true. But when he avers that "women may be safely kissed on the cheek," we feel that the doctor is understating the fact. We are convinced that a considerable number of females can be conveniently kissed elsewhere without imminent danger of losing one's life as a result of their resentment.

WAR NOTES.

Woodrow Wilson's essays on the freedom of the seas are very interesting. But what is he going to do about it?

Kaiser William denies that Germany is short of food or ammunition. And he might have added—enemies.

The biggest reputation in the war is being made by the U. S.—in keeping out of it.

A German writer proposes a moratorium in Christianity during the war. The Teutons declared such a moratorium when they ravaged Belgium.

Owing to recent events, the Russian army cannot be aptly described as a "standing" one.

Turkey went into the war with her eyes open, said Enver Pasha. Ere it ends her optics are likely to be both closed and blackened.

That long-distance debate between Germany and the United States has become rather a bore.

Sea serpents have no chance to get into print this year. The submarine has displaced them.

The Censor.

The censor is a friendless man and always walks alone, His pencil is a faded blue, he cuts out nerve and bone, He slashes here and slithers there, the writers loudly groan; The censor is a brutal man, his heart is like a stone.

The censor takes a living line and leaves it cold and dead, He catches up a bit o' bunk and knocks it in the head, He cuts and carves and jabs the news and wipes it on the floor, I'd hate to be the censor when this cruel war is o'er.

The Difficulty.—"I see by the papers that all the European nations now want peace," said Brown.

"Yes," replied Hunt, "but each wants a larger piece than the others."

The Hero's Story.—The hero had just returned from the front on sick leave. He was asked by his hostess for a recital of his adventures.

"I'm so glad to see you safely back from the war," she exclaimed. "Sit right down and tell me all about it. I'm awfully interested. Wasn't it simply terrible over there? And did you

really live in the trenches for weeks at a time with the shot and the shell screaming all around you? I don't see how you could stand it. Were you ever hit by one of those 42 centimeter guns the Germans have? I mean by the bullet, of course, not by the gun. But then, of course, you weren't, or you would have your arm in a sling or something. Who do you think is going to win? I suppose I shouldn't ask you that though. You soldiers are not supposed to tell military secrets, are you? Did you ever really kill a man yourself, or don't you know? My uncle, who was in the Boer war, says you never can tell whether it's your bullet, or somebody else's, that hits the enemy. I should think that would be awfully annoying. Not that you would want to know that you had killed a man, but still one would want to know whether one is wasting one's ammunition. Oh, must you go so soon? I wish you could stay longer. I have been so interested in hearing your adventures. Call again, soon, won't you? Good-bye."

Defined.—She—"What is the 'bone of contention'?"

He—"The dollar that a man offers his wife when he gets his week's wages."

Vacation Rhyme.

By the lake, by the sea,
By the mountain or lea,
Something says a mosquito
Is waiting for me.

Legal, But Risky.—Down in St. Louis a judge has decided that a man is quite within his legal rights in criticizing his wife's clothes. Maybe so, but it seems to us he is taking unnecessary chances.

The Proper Way.—"Are you all ready for your vacation?"

"Yes, going camping. I have hired a pretty little furnished bungalow and have arranged to get my meals at the hotel."

"But that's not camping out."

"No, but it's camping in—in comfort."

He Is Convinced.—The former mayor of Terre Haute, who was recently sent to prison for six years, is by this time no doubt a pronounced advocate of the one-term plank for mayors.

The Modern Method.—Italy, it is said, has entrenched her entire frontier. In modern warfare a nation needs spades, shovels and picks almost as much as rifles and big guns.

How Kitchener Works.—Lloyd George called one day upon Lord Kitchener to explain to him that recruiting in Wales would be far quicker if the men were told that they would form a Welsh army and serve under a Welsh general who understood their traditions and spoke their language.

"But where is your Welsh general?" demanded Kitchener, who does not greatly like to be bothered with details of nationalism.

"We had better discuss that with Col. Owen Thomas, who has come with me and is now in your waiting room."

Kitchener rang his bell and gave orders for the visitor to be admitted. As soon as he saw him he said, "You were in South Africa?"

"Yes, sir," replied the colonel.

"Well, you're now brigadier general commanding the Welsh army; you'd better go and get to work at once."

The difference.—It is odd the difference that money makes. Plenty of money makes a tramp into a tourist. Lack of money makes a tourist into a tramp.

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