



Courierettes.

THE Russians evidently figure that if Hindenburg goes far enough he will catch cold as Napoleon did.

If the Americans could only get Harry Thaw, W. J. Bryan, Richmond Pearson Hobson, and one or two others into one regiment and send it into Mexico—

Things have changed. It used to be long engagements that were unfashionable. Now it's long marriages.

New maxim—one touch of peroxide makes the whole town grin.

An Ohio man says that he shot a squirrel in self-defence. We expect to hear next of somebody being bitten by a goldfish.

The way it usually is—a place for everything and everything all over the place.

It seems that in Haiti only one president has served out a full term. That chap must have had his eyes open and been mighty quick on his feet.

Unearned increment, says the boss, is the pay he hands out to you for your holidays.

There are worse things than war in the world. Hank O'Day has gone back to umpiring in the big leagues.

Newspaper tells us that Edison has invented a new whistle that wakens babies in the morning. That must be an early whistle.

The cabaret fad seems to be passing. Now the cafes may give some attention to the serving of food.

The stock market, though still heavy, is going up. Defying the laws of gravitation, as it were.

Headline has it that "U. S. Congress may shut Bryan up." If it can do that, Congress is equal to almost any emergency.

Boston doctor says that half a century hence kissing will be considered vulgar. We shouldn't worry. We don't expect to live that long.

The pessimist is always with us. If he can't spot a crop famine he's sure to find a freight car shortage.

War has its blessings. We are informed that no new dances are to be introduced in America this season because of it.

The press humourists have been meeting in 'Frisco. They found the prices no joke.

Looks Like It.—Uncle Sam threatens to have more war experts on his defence boards than he has soldiers and sailors in his defence forces.

A Hot Weather Ditty.

If the good old-fashioned doctrine of a real and burning hell is the true one, then perhaps they may reserve a little cell, heated by the hottest furnace, for the frying of the fool
Who is constantly advising us to
"just
keep
cool."

And perhaps within the realms of his Satanic majesty
May be found the fiendish fellow who would chuckle in his glee
As he asked us all the question—
which we give to him anew
In his present situation—
"Is
it
hot
enough
for
you?"

Where?—U. S. papers tell us that in the American Navy Department

they have had "a mobilization of brains," but it worries some of them to find out just where Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, comes in.

Nearly Due.—"I am speaking," said the long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity."

"Yes," put in one of his suffering hearers, "and if you keep on much longer posterity will have arrived."

While the Wind Howled.—The cruel winds tore at the sad sea waves as if to whirl them away.

The man and the maid sat close together on the beach and watched the storm.

"How the wind howls, darling!" said she, yelling to make herself heard.

"Yes," said her lover.

"Why does it howl?" she screamed.

"Dunno—perhaps it's got the toothache," he bellowed back.

"The toothache?" she howled.

"How—"

"Yes," he roared, "haven't you ever heard of the teeth of the gale?"

Then the wild wind howled worse than ever as she handed him back the engagement ring.

WAR NOTES.

American vaudevillians won't go to English music halls until German submarines quit torpedoing ships. That's one thing Britain should thank Germany for.

Lord Crewe says the country needs some amusement to keep up its spirit. Well, there are the arm-chair strategists—and the censors.

There is to be a Cobblers' Battalion now. The foe will say we are using our last reserves.

The horrors of unpronounceable warfare have been lessened a bit by the fighting on the Bug and the Sam.

The Russians have one consoling thought—no matter how far they are forced to retreat it means there is always a little farther to go.

The American who invented the fox trot has left the Allied army after ten months' fighting. He seems to like the "hesitation" better.

W. J. Bryan wants a year of discussion before warlike action. At that rate where would Belgium have been by now?

Brazil's envoy recently left Mexico. Another disciple of "Safety First."

A Retort in Kind.—Victor Ross, financial editor of the Toronto Globe, and one of the most popular newspaper men in Canada, is noted among his friends and acquaintances for a bubbling of humour that makes itself felt even in the most depressing circumstances. Vic's middle name is Optimist. He can smile as he suffers. And he does.

In the last few years he has had more than his share of suffering. He was in the automobile accident in which R. A. Smith, the Toronto financier, lost his life. Ross came out of it with a badly injured leg. There were months and months of hospital treatment and several operations. At last he got around with the aid of canes. Recently he hurt it again. Back to the hospital. More operations. He'll probably be on his back until October. But for every one of his friends who calls to see him he has a jest and a smile.

They say that one of the surgeons

who operated on him originally called to see him lately. Ross had never met him, and as he was under the anaesthetic when the surgeon worked on him, they had not been formally introduced.

"Seems to me that when I saw you last you were a trifle cool towards me," joked the surgeon as the men shook hands.

Vic's eyes twinkled and a smile chased itself over his face as he replied:

"I rather think that it was you who cut me!"

She Certainly Can.—"Can your wife keep a secret?"

"Yes—she can keep it going."

TO ARMS.

(Dr. D. A. Sargent, of Harvard, says that women are as fit for soldiering as men. Sex is no handicap in shooting).

It would hardly be wise
For the women to fight;
You have heard the old adage—
And isn't it right?
That the arms of a man
Are for woman's defence,
But the arms of a woman
Are man's recompense.

Defined.—"What is this call of the wild I hear them talking so much about?"

"The honk honk of the joy rider, I guess."

The Fortunate Farmer.—Down in West Virginia the farmers are using cream separators to distil whiskey. Somehow the farmer always seems to have the best of it.

One Use For It.—Thomas Edison has invented a portable searchlight of 3,000,000 candle power. No doubt the politicians will all want it turned on them.

About Fishing.—A friend of ours who fishes, says it's no fun if one has to fish for a living. In that case the fisherman has to prove his fish stories by showing the catch.

The Lesser Evil.—A story is going the rounds of a fond mother in California who got the notion that an earthquake was coming to the region in which she lived. Therefore she sent her two precious boys some distance away to visit friends and be out of danger. In a few days came the message from her friends—"Take your boys home and send the earthquake here."

Taking No Chances.—Their boat was drifting idly, the sun shone above, soothing the soul, and the sea was serene; while she—she was sitting snugly not on the same side of the ship.

Then he proposed.
From the opposite side of the craft she gazed at him calmly. Then she spoke:

"As a matter of common sense, realizing that we are in this boat on water which is more than fifty feet deep, and that if you were to act as you should act if I accepted you we would be capsized, I will decline your proposal at the moment—but, George, row as fast as you can to the shore and ask me again."

That girl will make a good wife.

Evidence.—He had just carried to the grate and burned a packet of the love letters he had written her.

"Jack, why on earth did you do that?" cried the little wife.

"I have been reading them, dear," he said. "After I die someone might get hold of them and try to contest my will by proving that I was insane."

In a Word.—The eternal problem—Woman.
The answer—Man.

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