



Courierettes.

SOMEBODY stole some naval plans at Washington. No danger of that sort of thing happening at Ottawa. Nothing worth stealing.

Statisticians tell us that a pair of flies will breed a family of a couple of million during a summer. Swat one now and think of the terrible slaughter you make.

A lawsuit that began in 1812 is nearing its end. What's the hurry?

A Toronto lad named Goodday ran away from home. He said "good day" to his pater and mater, so to speak.

The suffragette arson squad is doing its best to prove the Kipling assertion that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

U. S. Senators are no longer to be supplied with mineral water in the Senate. Who worries? Not the Senators.

Society women are taking up the fad of wearing the English monocle. And in spite of it some of them continue to look pretty.

A Texas girl posed as the goddess of Plenty for the design on the new issue of Yankee bills. She will be much worshipped hereafter.

Bars in Ontario now open at 8 a.m. Did you note what a large number of chaps are no longer early risers?

Some Toronto tax collectors forgot to pay their own taxes within the time limit. Ever notice how some folks are so busy making other people behave that they themselves forget their little duties?

Might Make a Deal.—Halifax, N.S. is hereafter to have a Board of Control. Halifax might get one at reduced rates just now by addressing "City Hall, Toronto, Ont."

The Pertinent Query.—"You are now at the end of your troubles," smiled the benign old preacher after he had tied the nuptial knot.

And there was wonder in the eyes of the young husband as he asked anxiously, "Which end?"

One Hundred Francs.—McGillivray Knowles one of our well-known Canadian painters, tells an amusing story of a curious artist character, Stettler, from Belgium whom he met in Paris. This artist was always hard up. He asked Knowles for a loan of a hundred francs, which he was to pay back in a month. He got the money and at the appointed time paid it back. In two days back he came again.

"M'sieu Knowles, I should lak to borrow from you one hundred francs, eh?"

"All right. Here it is."

Another month and the money was paid back. As promptly the request came again:

"One hundred francs, please to oblige, M'sieu Knowles?"

For a whole year Stettler kept on borrowing and paying back the hundred francs. When Knowles left Paris he was obliged to terminate the arrangement, but said:

"Look here, Stettler, if you want to keep that last hundred francs a while longer, do so, and send it to me when you make good."

"Ah, M'sieu Knowles, I must pay it now. I nevere make good. I was behind once one hundred francs. I have nevere caught up. Merci!"

Nonsense from the Pacific.—An adventurous correspondent in Victoria, B.C., sends the two following limericks expressing his separate regard for the girl of Victoria and the girl of Vancouver. These limericks were rejected by the regular humour editor of this page and turned over to the sporting editor, who thought they were too characteristic to omit. All lovers of the eternally feminine will probably agree that these effusions are well worth all the practical experience that the author had to live through before being able to indite such a concentration of fanciful ideas:

There was a young maid of Vancouver,
So sweet that you couldn't improve her;
But it rained there one day,
And she melted away:
With a shovel they had to remove her.

There was a young maid of Victoria,
So clever, she simply would bore ye.
When she spoke of a dream,
I thought I should scream;
For she called it a phantasmagoria.

The Testing Time.—The average man never realizes what an awful liar he could become with proper practice until the assessor comes around to ask him about his income.

An Apt Retort.—She—"Why is a man like a potato?"
He—"I give it up."
She—"Because they often get into hot water."
He—"And almost invariably it is the women who put them there."

Book Review Note.—Have you noted that some popular novelists are so very busy writing best sellers that they don't get time to turn out a good book?

Another Puzzle Solved.—We are just beginning to realize why the English suffragettes have taken to the use of bombs.

Other missiles have to be thrown with

some degree of accuracy to be effective. A bomb can be tossed by a woman with less control than a bush league south-paw and still do quite a bit of damage.

Profit by Mistakes.—He—"There are two classes of people in this country who particularly profit by the mistakes of other people."

She—"What are they?"

He—"The issuers of marriage licenses and the clergymen."

The Problem Solved.

SAID Churchill unto Asquith,
"I have a little scheme
To settle all this suffrage fuss
And let old John Bull dream.
Let us maroon the militants
On some isle—that's my plan!"
Said Asquith unto Churchill,
"Great! Let's choose the Isle of Man!"

That's the Question.—Ex-President Taft sent to the White House for the picture of Roosevelt that he left there. It would be interesting to know just what he wants to do with it.

Admiration.—"Bunkum is said to have cheated his lawyer out of a good round sum. What do you think of a man like that?"
"He must be a blamed smart man."

Tim Jordan and His Homers.—"Big Tim—he drives 'em in!"
That's the slogan that the fans at Toronto ball games raise when Timothy Jordan, first baseman, and champion home run hitter of the International League, steps up to the plate with the bases full.

But few of those same fans are aware that the big slugger is mightily superstitious about his circuit clouts. He is firmly of the opinion that he cannot hit a homer under certain conditions, or while anything is worrying him.

And thereby hangs this little tale of Big Tim and a Toronto sporting editor who had used a big double column cut of Jordan on his page. Of course, the player wanted a dozen copies of that paper and the photograph from which the cut was made. The newspaper man promised to bring them to the ball grounds next day. Tim went into the game and did some mighty swatting.

Next day the sporting editor forgot all about his promise to Tim. The first-sacker was disappointed. He was in the dumps all afternoon. He hit weak grounders to the infield or popped up flies into the hands of the fielders. His batting was away off.

But the picture and the papers came on the following day. Tim was tickled. He went to bat and smashed a homer into the right field bleachers to the great delight of the populace. As he trotted up to the plate he grinned at the sporting editor and gave him a sign that said, "I told you what would happen when I got 'em."

Then Tim took a notion that he would like two nice photographic enlargements of his picture for framing. The editor undertook to get them for him. But again there was a delay of a couple of days. Tim's batting average dropped again. He had hit a slump, due to his worry about those pictures. At last they came, just before a hotly-contested game. In that baseball battle Tim had two homers and his terrific slugging won the game for the Leafs.

As he came up to the plate after his second homer he was all smiles. He looked at the sporting editor in the press box and held up two fingers.

After the game he met the editor. "I told you, Bill," said Tim. "Two pictures—two homers. Nothing to it."

One of Jordan's pet superstitions is that he must sit on the same chair at the dining table for every meal. He believes that if he is forced to use another chair it will prevent him getting a hit next day. On one occasion his team mates put up a little joke on him by getting early to the table and occupying Tim's chair. Tim hung around for an hour or two waiting for that chair, but as soon as one player vacated it another was ready to take it and Tim was a very hungry ball player when he finally got his favourite seat.



The Royal Military College of Canada.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

H.Q. 94-5. 9-09.



Geo. P. Dowd
1913

Street Singer (very melancholy)—"An' I tell them they needn't come wootin' ter me!"



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