



COURIETTES.

IN Illinois they have organized a "Famous Fathers" club. The house fly should be a charter member.

Chicago boasts that it is building a model police station. But it will be a long time getting a model force to fill it.

C. W. Morse, the bank-wrecker, was released from jail because he was about to die. He is now operating a line of 30 steamships—while he awaits the end.

Italy's king had a horse shot under him the other day. Got to beat Sir Sam Hughes to the front page somehow.

One of the main points of difference between a man and a woman is that a man can pick out his winter hat in less than two and a half hours.

The price of milk has risen in some places. We wouldn't mind if the cow got the difference, but she doesn't.

The Swiss herders are said to be missing the tourist this year. More money in the imported goat.

Vice-President Marshall says he is for Woodrow Wilson. Well, what of it? So is Mrs. Galt.

Now that Britain has destroyed nearly all the Hun submarines, Germany is willing to make all kinds of concessions to Uncle Sam, re undersea warfare.

A New York man paid \$1,000 to "have the devil knocked out of him." Salvation is not free to him.

Health experts say that one kiss out of every hundred is laden with germs. Well, 99 are quite enough for us.

Bulgaria's premier says she "must wrest from her enemies all that she has lost." The Allies will give her no rest.

Recently they organized a Baby Show in London and a Zeppelin raid followed. The Huns could not miss such a fine chance.

Germany is rather short of cotton, but she is still able to spin some fine yarns.

Price of radium is now \$15,000,000 per pound. This does not include postage.

A Melancholy Moan.

As soon as the ice-box
Gets over its thirst
The furnace gets hungry
And wants to be nursed.

Their Purpose.—Grandmother was scolding about modern girls and how little they know of housework.

"Why, I don't believe they know what needles are for," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes, we do," replied Geraldine, her grand-daughter. "They use them to make the gramophone play."

Philosophical.

This world is but a fleeting show,
And no wise man regrets it;
For man wants little here below
And generally gets it.

The Impossible.—They have done a great many startling things in this world war. The improvements in the art of making war are wonderful.

But so far we have not heard of anybody being able to cut the wireless.

The Eternal Feminine.—A Brooklyn woman poured alcohol over her sleeping husband and set fire to him. If a

woman can't roast a man one way she'll try another.

A Problem Solved.—A reader writes to ask us if he can get married on \$8 per week.

Why, of course, man.

You can get a license for \$2 as good as the best; for \$5 you can square the preacher who ties the knot, and then you'll have \$1 left for a wedding breakfast.

And after that?

Oh, well, why worry about the future?

WAR NOTES.

A young French soldier, wounded in the trenches, was found to be a laundress. She no doubt preferred war to the wash tub.

Among the horrors of war might be enumerated the kisses that generals plant on the cheeks of heroic privates.

These are the days when the map-makers of Europe are busier than a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives.

The baby submarine seems to be the latest infant industry.

Most popular officer in the Allied armies now is Major Offensive.

There's one thing about the Turkish army—it's always in good running order.

There is one thing recently floated that the Hun submarines can't get at—the Anglo-French loan.

By this time Henry Ford seems to have reached the conclusion that it's a wise man who can hold his tongue.

Entries on the European war track may be made at any time.

Contrary.

They offered him a seat 'way back,
It was a foolish stunt,
He wouldn't take the same, alack!
Instead he took affront.

The Way To Get It.—There is a great deal of discussion as to the possibility of peace-making in Europe these days. Britain's determination to get peace by conquering the enemy is well illustrated by the case of the man who found himself in the police court as the result of his attempt to settle a quarrel.

"I was only acting the part of a peace-maker," said the man.

"But you hit one of these men and knocked him senseless," remonstrated the magistrate.

"Yes, I did," admitted the accused. "But that was the only way to get peace."

In a Sense, He Does.—There's just one man who may fairly be said to enjoy poor health. He's the doctor.

An Autumn Verse.

Woodman, chop that tree;
I'll burn it everyough.
In youth it sheltered me,
But coal is dearer now.

Wanted A Wide Range.

He had just proposed.
"The man I marry," she said, "must be a hero—brave, daring, gallant; he must have enough to support me com-

fortably; he must have a country home; he must have kindness and courtesy, and above all, honesty."

The suitor took up his hat.

"That's all very good," he replied, "but this is love—not a department store."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

If you see a woman looking in at a millinery window it is a sign that hubby is going to be touched.

If you hear a public speaker begin by saying, "I had not expected to be called on," it is a sign he will talk for 40 minutes.

If you hear a man say that he is absolutely neutral it is a sign that he is a liar.

If you meet a plough-manufacturer who has become wealthy, it is a sign that it pays to beat your plow-shares into shrapnel shells.

If you see a man smiling happily as cold weather approaches it is a sign he is a coal dealer.

If you catch the youngsters looking at the calendar and counting on their fingers it is a sign that Christmas is coming.

If you hear a man proclaim his honesty it is a sign for you to keep your eyes peeled and both hands in your pockets.

Easy.—"How do they tell if the newly-built ships are good ones?"
"They take them out to sea."

Changing Fashions.

She bought a smart new hat in haste,
And took it home (no time to waste)
To wear that very night. Meanwhile
The hat had quite gone out of style.

The Retort Courteous.—Mr. Jones—"Women must consider it a terrible fate to be an old maid."

Mrs. Jones—"They do, John. Look at the human excuses they marry to escape being old maids."

In a Scotch village, where a young doctor had lately started practice, a workman had the misfortune to get his finger bruised badly in one of the mills. A doctor was sent for, and, on properly dressing the finger, the man nearly fainted. He was asked if he would take a little spirits to revive him.

"Mon," he exclaimed, with feeling, "that wud just be the very life o' me!"

The doctor gave him a good glass, which he greedily swallowed, and, on recovering his breath, his first words were:

"Weel, doctor, I ken unco' little about yer skill, but, mon, ye keep grand medicine!"

Why He Didn't.—In a certain Sunday school the teacher was endeavouring to explain that a man could not expect to reap if he never took the trouble to sow. "But what he does sow he will reap," he continued. "To make matters plainer, I will ask you a question. If I planted turnip seed, what do you think I should get?"

"Turnips!" shouted several.
"Right," said the teacher.
"But it doan't allus come off," put in one precocious youth. "It didn't wi' neighbour Wurzel."

"Indeed!" remarked the teacher.
"Yis," went on the bright scholar. "E sowed some taters a little while ago, but 'e ain't reaped none."

"Well, perhaps he's gathered them?"
"No, 'e ain't gathered 'em."
"Well, dug them up, then?"
"No, nor dug 'em up, naythur."

"Oh, I see," smiled the teacher. "The potatoes are not ready yet? He will gather them by and by."

"No, I don't think as 'e will," persisted the scholar.

"Why?" asked the puzzled teacher.
"Why, yer see," responded the other, calmly, "we gathered 'em when he was in town, the day before he was going to."

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