

WHILE we are shoveling coal and wondering where to get it, we are told that the price of ice is already going up. Who's asking for ice? Who is worrying about ice? The ice-man. He tells us that we shall pay more for ice next summer. Why? Seat him on a block of ice and ask him, "Kind sir, is it scarcity of visible supply? Confound you! there is more ice and snow in Canada to-day than ever there was at this point of the calendar in the memory of man." So he wriggles and says, "Oh, no, not scarcity. It's cost. It's lack of competition. Artificial ice is going out. Cost of production too great—coal and chemicals. See? So we have to supply it all. That means hand-labor. You can't cut ice with a self-binder or a gasoline tractor. And labor is scarce. So you pay more next summer or go without." Which at present does not concern us. So far as we know, "There ain't no sich animile" as summer in the world.

LOOKING over his available wool underwear, the other day, a thrifty citizen was suddenly struck by an amazing example of camouflage in a pair of woollen sub-trousers. He had owned them for eight years, and for some years had not worn them. On the left leg he discovered a large spot of black. What was it? With all the washings, the spot was indelible.

He sat down to con over the mystery. Then he suddenly remembered. When he was courting his wife he was at the tender mercy of landladies who did not look after his clothes. One hot summer moths got in. Among the sundry holes they chewed was one about the size of a five-cent piece in the left leg of a pair of dark striped trousers. Those were the trousers he often wore when going to see the young lady. It would never do to patch them. The hole could not be darned. The trousers were too good for the rag-man.

Then and there his camouflage came into play. He superimposed the woollen garments on the trousers, and marked the spot on the sub-garments where the hole in the trousers fell. What made the hole visible, he reflected, was that the sub-trousers were light in color. Had they been black, the hole would scarcely be visible. So he decided to blacken the area of the sub-trousers immediately beneath the hole in the trousers. He did it with pen and ink. And that black spot which he found the other day in his discarded garments was the ink-spot with which he had camouflaged his company seven years ago.

FOR delicacy of satire and charming compliment couched in the form of a rebuke we submit the following letter of Lee Sing, who lives in Halifax. The letter was written on account of a picture of the Premier and Generalissimo of China which was published in this paper a few weeks ago. Lee Sing, of Halifax, saw the picture and read the lines underneath it. He did not like the lines, because they seemed to make some fun of the Premier. So he says:

toronto Cannada January 11 1918
Mr editor Canadian Currier
Toronto

Sir?

I am Lee Sing and i read your paper and see how you offer my people insult by making fun our great generlle Tuan Chi Jeu. He much respect premiere our Great country and should at least not be made game of by such a great paper as Coureir which go even to China. I send my brother sister and much respect father mother your Courierre I think so much about your paper; I send every week one clopy now I can not send clopy this week for I offend my much respect ftaher mother. Chinese people not do you no harm muchever why you do Chinese people much harm. You please take out picture premier Tuan Chi Jeu and me send many clopys of your paper to my people who will not be offen any more. Me florgive you you do that please.

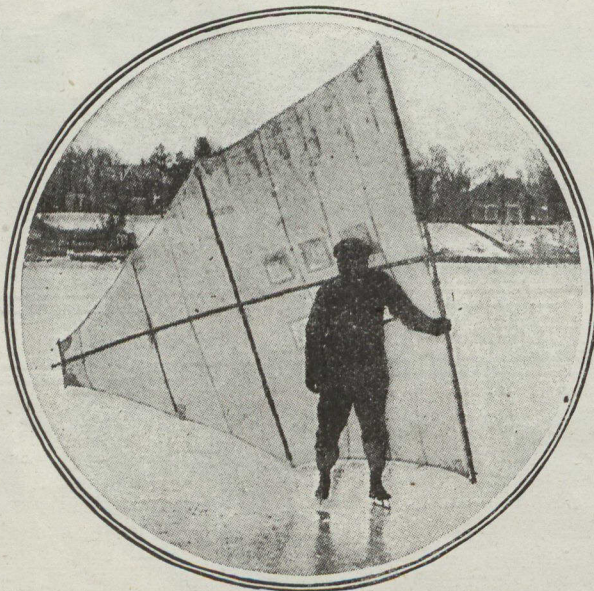
LEE SING.

Halifax, n.S.

The editor hastens to say that no insult was intended to the Premier of China, who is a very great man and the parliamentary head of a great people.

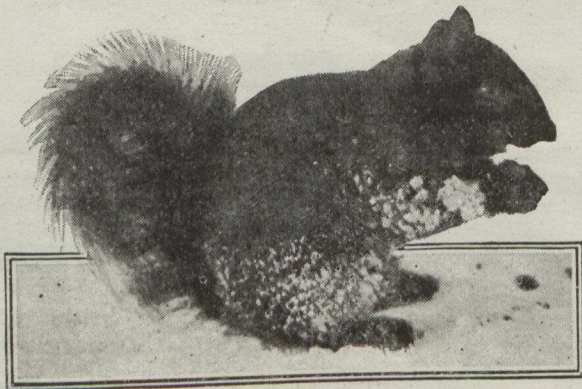
CAMOUFLAGE

FACTS and Fictions all woven together in an illustrated medley that can be enjoyed by every member of the family. Seventy-five per cent. of these little legends have never been printed before. And seventy-five per cent. of our readers may never have read any of them.



Flippancy should not be tolerated in dealing with so great a subject. And the letter of Lee Sing is so charmingly sincere, we think the Premier of China must be a very happy man, if he has so many millions of people so polite and kind as the writer. Now, we are assured that the Canadian Courier circulates in China, we shall take pains to cultivate a better acquaintance with the Chinese people.

NOTE the human ice-boat. Skate-sailing or sail-skating, or whatever it may be called, this method of getting to a fire seems to be highly popular on the Shrewbury River in New Jersey. Some novice comes along and thinks he has to by keeping time



RESIDENTS of a lake-shore suburban line of cottages were recently much mystified by something afloat in the icy water. They watched it from the bank with field-glasses. Hour by hour it swung and floated there between the ice-wrapt pillars of the bathers' safety-first shore line. It came up and went down; vanished and reappeared; never a sound. Was it weed, fish, or floating hair? Surely something of the kind. Some dead mariner in the cold; some derelict tired of life—poor chap! Some woman, weary of not being able to get furs, or dismayed because she must wear her boot-legs shorter. Who could it be? The world surely was full enough of sudden death without this ice-cold corpse to haunt the suburbs. And no one had courage enough to go out to fetch in the body—till somebody swallowed his fear and went; to find that it was nothing but a corpse of ice that had fastened on to the rope.

with the band and the sail at the same time. Which is where he gets into trouble. At 40 miles an hour—less or more—even the fastest "rag" would be a funeral march. So the wise skate-sailor uses his skates as a rudder—nothing more.

CAMERA-MAN who took below picture of tame squirrel was for a while the most startled man in seven counties. He was feeding Mr. Squirrel nuts from his pocket and in his gratitude the animal ran all over him. Gratitude deepened to curiosity when the squirrel popped into the pocket where the nuts came from. A chum of the squirrel's came along and being encouraged by the smiles of the camera-man, also got into the overcoat pocket. Presto! The squirrels fought like a pair of cats right in the pocket, and the camera man dare not put in his hand for fear of losing a finger; so he hastily pulled off the coat and turned it upside down till the squirrels fell out.

DURING King George's recent visit to the north of England he very nearly became the victim of the early-closing order. An official of his suite visited a local baker's shop after closing hours and asked for bread. The baker's wife refused it, pointing out the reason. "But it is for the King," said the official, "and there isn't a bit of bread on the train." "I don't care if it is for the queen," was the reply; "I dare not serve you." "But I demand it." "I am sorry," persisted the lady, "but I must refuse to serve you." "What can I do?" asked the official. "You might see the police," was the suggestion. This was done, and the King got his bread.

A DRAMATIC agent walked into the offices of a manager where she had placed a play.

"The author wants to know if you have any objections to his being present at the rehearsals?" the agent asked—rather timidly.

"Present at the rehearsals?" the manager growled. "What in thunder do we want the author at rehearsals for?"

The agent looked nonplussed.

"Why he thinks that perhaps he might be able to give some suggestions."

"And I think he'd only be in the way. Tell him to come around Tuesday night—we'll be having a dress rehearsal, and he can get a glimpse at the show before the first performance."

THE politician rushed into the editorial sanctum. "What do you mean," he roared, "by insulting me as you did in last night's Clamor?"

"Just a moment," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us, namely, that you had resigned as City Treasurer?"

"It did. But you put in under the head 'Public Improvements.'"