



Courierettes.

A CHICAGO policeman had his wrist injured when somebody hit his wrist watch. Some chap will be poking him in the eye and breaking his monocle next.

Jane Addams says that nothing can be settled by force. Jane might look up history, and history has a way of repeating itself.

"A human bullet" is one American writer's description of Teddy Roosevelt. He may be, but he's not a dumb-dumb bullet, anyway.

Alexander Graham Bell predicts that men will be able to think by wire ere long. In political circles they work by wire already.

Chen Yuang Cheng, the John D. Rockefeller of China, is making a tour of the States. He'll find it hard to teach John D. any new tricks.

A lot of the little nations of Europe seem to be hanging a long time around the stage door of the theatre of war.

The cafes are now displaying frogs' legs. A little variety now and then is really relished.

Methodist missionaries offered to work for reduced salaries to help bear the common burden in war time. That is a real proof of religion.

As Shakespeare said, what's in a name? The most daringly spectacular feat of the war—the destruction of a Zeppelin by an English aviator—was done by a young chap named Reggie.

One hundred tons of leaves for making absinthe were burned in France the other day. How Carrie Nation would have enjoyed that blaze!

Bryan may run for president on a "peace and prohibition" platform. But there's a little work to be done in the world before those ideals can be realized.

American papers still tell about Washington crossing the Delaware. If Bryan had been in G. W.'s place he would have double-crossed it.

It is said that 400,000 goats were killed for food in America last year. Still, everybody seems to have one.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, says George Bernard Shaw is a fool. Well, do we hear any argument about it?

Since Bryan resigned grape juice is no longer the official beverage at Washington.

Doctors Mistaken.—That tobacco shortens our days is the dictum of the doctors. We know some fellows who gave up the habit and now they say that their days seem infinitely longer.

Next Step.—Two British coroners' juries have charged the Kaiser with murder. Will some Irish policeman please go out and arrest the accused?

Where They Fail.—It was Paul who wrote, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith," but nowadays it seems easier for folks to fight the good fight than to keep the faith.

Explained.—Justice is blind, and she may be so because she has not enough nerve to look at the results of some of the cases in which she is supposed to have had a hand.

The Limit.—Marconi has invented, it is said, a machine which will enable people to see through solid walls. That means the end of apartment house life.

Is He Sincere?—Al Jennings, for-

mer outlaw, has been converted and baptized. "It will make a great difference in my life," he says. But will he quit politics?

War Notes.

Somebody has put a fist in pacifist.

Bryan wouldn't put a stick either in his grape juice or his official notes.

They should have sent Dernberg home on the Lusitania.

Europe seems likely to celebrate July 4 in real American fashion.

San Marino, which has just entered the war, has an army of under 1,000 men—about equal in strength to Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C.

"I'd rather be right than be president of Portugal," is the amended form of the famous saying.

Turks have met British troops on land for the first time since the Crusades. They probably think it's often enough.

The Kaiser refers to his navy as "that trusty shield." Surely he meant "rusty" and got an extra "t" in there.

Japan was hardly recognized as a civilized nation until she went to war. Germany was not regarded as uncivilized until she went to war.

I Remember! I Remember!

(Being a modernization of Tom Hood's reverie.)

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now.
For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific
From the back lot to the gate.

The house and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene,
The engine in the laundry
Is run by gasoline.
We have silos, we have autos,
We have dynamos and things;
A telephone for gossip,
And a phonograph that sings.

The hired man has left us,
We miss his homely face;
A lot of college graduates
Are working in his place.
There's an engineer and fireman,
A chauffeur and a vet.,
'Lectrician and mechanic—
Oh, the farm's run right, you bet.

The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn,
Now brightens up a bathroom
That cost a car of corn.
Our milkmaid is pneumatic
And she's sanitary, too;
But dad gets fifteen cents a quart
For milk that once brought two.

Our cattle came from Jersey,
And the hogs are all Duroc;
The sheep are Southdown beauties
And the hens are Plymouth Rock.
To have the best of everything—
That is our aim and plan—
For dad not only farms it,
But he's a business man.

Another Atrocity.—England now refuses to take any notice of Bernard Shaw or to give him the publicity he so ardently loves. That, to Mr. Shaw's mind, is the greatest atrocity of the war.

Reversed.—After touring in the play "Maternity," Richard Bennett,

the well-known American actor, started out to star in "Nearly Married." Mr. Bennett should have reversed this arrangement to get the proper time sequence.

Quite a Fall.—"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for six hours."
"Really! Where did you fall?"
"Asleep."

Not Now.—The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the makers of pens are not working overtime these days.

Words About Women.

A pretty woman may be a plain cook, but the chances are the other way.

Why do they refer to the ladies as the fair sex, when half of them are dark?

A woman should not marry a man so tall that she cannot easily reach his hair.

The average woman makes a fact of her birthday and a fiction of her age.

It's an odd thing that a man never encounters his affinity until after he is married.

A woman hates a male flirt—unless he is flirting with her.

Caesar's wife had to be above suspicion, but some modern wives are satisfied not to be found out.

When a man begins to work overtime a woman begins to search his pockets for the reason.

"Just as Good."

A few days ago, when he was still smoking cigars and wondering how he would ever have nerve enough to change off to a pipe, a frugal citizen dropped into a Toronto tobacconist shop to get another quarter's worth of his favorite brand. He made a resolution that he would not smoke another cigar till the war was over. He knew he would break it, but since the Methodist preachers at the Conference raised such a wail about sending tobacco to non-smoking young soldiers in the trenches, he felt that he had to make the resolution anyway.

"Oh, Tuxedos?" said the dealer. "Sorry—but I haven't got those. No, I'm just out. But here's a brand that's much better than Tuxedos. Oh, skins 'em a mile! New make—delicious—pure Havana filler—same price. Eh?"

The new ones looked so sleek and handsome that the customer took a quarter's worth. He was so eager to try them that he lighted one on the street. It tasted so good that when the trolley came along he put the butt in his pocket. When he got off at the other end and lighted up again he became suddenly conscious that something was wrong inside that cigar. He chucked it away and lighted another. This was very good for a few puffs, then it got worse than the other. Before he went to bed he tried the whole quarter's worth. They were all villainous.

"That settles it," he said to himself. "Now I know how to quit cigar smoking. I never could have done it if I hadn't bought Tuxedos."

War Must End Soon.—There is unconscious humour in some of the letters sent home by soldiers at the front. An instance of this found its way into print in a Toronto paper the other day in a quotation from a letter written to his mother by Arthur Keats, of the Queen's Own Rifles. Six young men, including three Keats brothers, went to the war from this home.

The young man wrote home: "The war won't last long. Italy is in with us, Charlie Stovall is going on fine, A. Jackson is all right, Charlie is all right, and I feel fine."

The Kaiser will surrender when he hears this.



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