



Courieriettes.

BRYAN will lose his job on the Chautauqua circuit when the American war correspondents return.

Now that Henry James has become a naturalized Briton he will probably write his novels in English.

If Mr. James wrote about the war the censors would think his stuff was in code, and might hold it up, anyway.

Seems as if the main crop this world will harvest in 1915 is one of trouble.

A physician told the Kaiser to lead a quiet life. Yet they say the Huns have no sense of humour.

It is said that there is a decrease in mountain feuds in the U. S. Possibly the feudists have moved to the big cities.

We note that Montenegrins annihilated some fresh Austrian troops some time ago. It doesn't do to get fresh with the Montenegrins.

Bryan's new volume of lectures is published at 30 cents. The man who fixed the price had a peculiar sense of the fitness of things.

A lynching party in the Southern States drowned a man instead of brutally hanging him. Thus culture conquers.

Pretty girl kissed a policeman, say the papers, for directing her to her destination. Who said a policeman's lot is not a happy one?

Funny to find a man who wants to stay at Sing Sing. But then he's the governor, and wants to hold his job.

Teddy Roosevelt says that the noblest role is that of a mother. That's one strenuous calling the Colonel can't try.

America has sent millions of horse-shoes to the Allies. No, not as lucky charms, but as merchandise.

Every warring country is praying for victory. They can't all win, but the praying won't hurt them.

The Kaiser has given away thousands of iron crosses and he is leaving millions more to Teutons yet unborn in the form of war taxes.

The American eagle has taken quite a course in international cooing of late.

Every time the Germans capture a Russian soldier they also capture a healthy appetite.

Humour.—A writer in a Milwaukee paper asserts that the United States would be protected from invasion by her submarines and aeroplanes. That writer should be working on space rates for the comic papers.

A Real Test.—China's national hymn is so long that it takes half a day to sing it. It must test the patriotism of the Celestials to stand up that long.

Flighty.—There is no limit to American ingenuity. A man in the great republic is reported to have invented a fly trap with printed directions for the fly on how to enter.

Correct.—It is better to give than to receive, and this is particularly true when you are in a fight.

Great Expectations.—At the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association there was quite a discussion as to the qualifications which a reporter should possess.

Several wise journalistic magnates expounded their ideas and pictured a

newspaper man which would be a genius, an angel and a slave, all in one.

One editor man laid it down as his view that the reporter should have a grounding in all the main branches of education, a good knowledge of all the sciences, a comprehensive idea of political science, political economy, international law and relations, and should be able to speak at least two languages.

Thereupon one of the hard-working newspaper men at the table passed a note over to one of the debaters. On the note was written "How much do you want for \$6 a week?"

About Money.—Money talks. Nobody can shut it up. But it can shut most everybody up.

WAR NOTES.

How can Uncle Sam be said to be unprepared for war, with Roosevelt always ready?

The Huns will have a lot of trouble wiping the Russians off the map. There's too much map.

The Balkan States are hard put to it to decide just which is the under dog.

Looks as if Davy Jones will have quite a large submarine fleet when the war is over.

Some of these days the Sultan of Turkey will be issuing a blue book—deep blue, or perhaps black and blue.

It costs \$1,250,000 an hour if the Queen Elizabeth fires her guns at capacity. Gives us some idea of the high cost of firing.

Somebody has discovered that General Joffre is of noble descent. France is more interested just now, however, in where he is going than in where he came from.

It used to be the thin red line of Britain, but now it's the thin bread line of Germany.

Described.—We do not mean to be unkind to our American cousins, but the present vogue of "sport shirts" and other eccentric styles for both men and women across the line move us to the conclusion that the great U. S. is rapidly becoming "the land of the brave and the home of the freak."

Joy For Them.—These are great days for the small boy in the Germanic empire. The price of soap is soaring skyhigh in Hunland.

Her Aim.—Chicago man gave up his seat in a street car to a woman. Afterwards she married him. She probably figured on a permanent seat.

Very Likely.—"Men are what they eat," said the medical scientist. "Then," retorted the cynic, "I suppose critics live chiefly on roasts."

Mixed Metaphor.—Ald. Sam McBride, the stormy petrel of the Toronto City Council, always speaks to the point when he has anything to say, and he never minces words. His language is at times rather picturesque, and sometimes he even mixes his metaphors a bit.

The other day he was giving an interview on the matter of choosing a judge to conduct the investigation into certain charges made against an alderman.

"We want a judge who will get the facts out—who will dig and dig, let the chips fall where they may," as-

serted Mr. McBride, and then he wondered why the reporter smiled.

The Excuse.

I'm very fond of exercise,
I'm getting much too fat,
And I would take some exercise
If it were not for that.

Mistaken Identity.—"A burglar got into my house about 3 o'clock this morning, when I was on my way home from the club," said Jones.

"Did he get anything?" asked his friend, Brown.

"I should say he did get something," replied Jones. "The poor beggar is in the hospital now. My wife thought it was I."

Humour of the Battlefield.—Among the incidents of the fighting between the British and the Germans in Africa is recounted a rather humorous affair of the wireless.

It seems that the British and the Huns indulged in considerable badinage by wireless, the British being at Luderitzbucht and the foe at Windhuk. The German officer in command wirelessed to the British commander: "Stop your men playing football, and teach them to drill instead; Kolmanskop will make a good parade ground."

That night a reconnoitring party went out from the British camp, reached Kolmanskop, and killed four Germans and wounded another.

Next day the British colonel wirelessed to his enemy:

"Took your advice; scored four goals and a try."

Logic.—"Mamma, when people are in mourning, do they wear black night gowns?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, don't they feel just as bad at night as in the daytime?"

A Discerning Critic.—"Some time ago, when I was playing 'Drake,' my box-office keeper came to me in great perturbation," said Sir Herbert Tree, the English actor-knight.

"I think," he remarked, "you ought to reconsider your bills outside the theatre."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, it leads to confusion," he proceeded. "At the head of the bill is printed, 'Proprietor and manager, Sir Herbert Beerholm Tree,' while among the actors you are simply described as 'Herbert Tree.' They think you are two different persons. A gentleman came to the box-office after seeing 'Drake' last night, and said: 'I want to buy more seats for to-night. That young Herbert Tree is a fine actor. I never could stand his father!'"

Track Athlete.—Section hand on a railway.

Oh, to be a Man!—Little Willie wished he was a man. His kind-hearted uncle asked why.

"Well," said Willie, "I'm bossed around by pa and ma and the teacher. A man's only got his wife to boss him around."

Things You Ought to Know.

A good way to make your watch go? Let a pickpocket see it.

You want to know what a bone of contention is? Offer your wife one dollar out of your week's wages.

Will heaven protect the working girl? She doesn't need protection as much as the movie plays make out.

Are clothes closets convenient in a house? Why yes. You can hide in them when the rent collector calls.

Is it a lie to tell a woman she is as pretty as a picture? No, there are all kinds of pictures.

Can you tell a woman's age? Perhaps you can, but if you do you're taking big chances.



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161

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63