



Courierettes.

A MOTHERLY inquirer at camp at Valcartier reported that somebody or other's "Unshrinkables" were in general use there among the soldiers. This is a brand of underwear that strikes us as one of the sub-precautions the foe neglected.

Mexico has started another revolution, probably in the vain hope of getting on the front page again.

Giving a penny for the thoughts of some people is the rankest form of extravagance.

Three women claimed to be married to a Canadian hero at Valcartier. He had to be a hero to wed three.

That little old British Empire keeps on adding a patch of red to the map of the world almost every other day now.

The leader of the German Socialists is making speeches to the effect that his party opposed the declaration of war. He must be a good sprinter.

So far the Kaiser has handed out the iron cross to 38,000 persons. Iron crosses will soon be as common in Germany as "Colonels" in Kentucky or J. P.'s in Ontario.

"Mail and Empire" heading: "The 48th Paraded Minus the Kilts." The "Mail" should have added that they wore trousers.

In these days of war it is hardly safe to keep even a Northern Spy on the premises.

They are saying a lot of nasty and uncomplimentary things about Attila. The Hun, these days, well knowing that the gentleman, being some centuries dead, cannot make reprisals.

Britain's loan to Belgium will be without interest. Britain has other interests at heart.

That French bull which killed sixteen Germans has shown quite conclusively that the Germans are mis-cast as toreadors.

A man may whistle Wagnerian music and still be a patriot, while everybody that sings "Tipperary" may not be doing his duty.

Now that the war is on we hardly notice events which would ordinarily shake the earth—for instance the going dry of old Virginia.

Rev. Dr. Carman wants Methodists to adopt a militant policy. Militancy seems to be in the air.

The Czar has decorated the King of Belgium. Some of those monarchs, if they lost their thrones, could make a living in the decorating business.

All this decoration, however, should stir up the trade in medal-making.

It is said that what deterred Bishop Farthing from choosing as his subject "The Widow's Mite" when he recently addressed the Soldiers' Wives' League of Montreal, was that he feared the meeting would call him egotistic.

Distribution Day.

A Chicago doctor at present visiting in Toronto, is responsible for the following story. It shows that the Teuton is not without a sense of humour. Recently six or eight acquaintances met at a table in a restaurant in the Windy City for a mid-day lunch. They were of a varied racial ancestry; two were Canadians by birth, one a German, most of the others native-born Americans. The conversation turned on the war and the probable change settling day would bring to the map of Europe. One said Belgium would get Luxembourg; another that France would receive Alsace. "Who will get England?" asked one of the Americans in a bantering mood. The

German spoke up: "Oh they will give England to Ireland."

War Notes.

Germans destroyed rare Belgian paintings and works of art. The Teutons are mere copyists of the militants of Britain.

The Czar, having changed the name of his capital to Petrograd, will now endeavour to change the name of Berlin to Mud.

If the warring nations continue to take prisoners by the thousands they will soon be unable to feed their own armies.

England is to have a regiment of football players. This sounds like savagery to the Germans.

The claims and damages department will be rather busy after all this fuss is over.

Switzerland's navy has been cutting almost as big a figure in this affair as the others.

Paris has abandoned its night life. Does that supply a reason for the German retreat?

The Czar's promise to treat the Jews as he does his other subjects is not so awfully generous, is it?

It seems to be clear that the Kaiser put the "ague" in Hague.

Gymnastics.

The Kaiser stood upon his head. Said he, "What ails this planet? My eagle's on the floor instead of ceiling. Can't be, can it?"

'Tis clear, quoth he, I am O.K. For am not I the Kaiser? I'll turn the world the other way. Yea, nothing could be wiser.

He sought to turn it upside-down, His wrist was dislocated, The topsy-turvy Kaiser clown Had some miscalculated.

Getting Worse.—Europe used to fuss a lot over "the sick man" of that continent, but poor old Europe is looking more and more like a hospital every day.

A Feminine Trick.—You can depend on it that when a woman consults a phrenologist she is fishing for compliments.

Pardon This One.—German spies have been signalling by means of clocks in the towers. The allies should keep a constant watch for such clock-work methods.

But, after all, it's only a matter of time.

Another Adaptation.

The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year, For from the views of war experts There's no escape, we fear.

Not Just What He Meant.—Ald. David Spence, of Toronto, prominent in the ranks of the Irish Rifle Club, the Irish Protestant Benevolent Association, and the fruit commission merchants, is known to all his friends as a man of blunt speech and plain. He does not make many speeches in Council, and when he does say something it is short and to the point.

At a recent session, the aldermen were debating a motion to meet weekly instead of fortnightly. The length of the sessions was deplored. Ald. Spence arose.

"Yes," said he, "the Council sessions are too long, but there is no member of Council speaks as often and says as little as I do."

And then he looked around in sur-

prise when the aldermen roared in laughter.

A Call to Arms.—Bang! Bang! went the rifles at the military manoeuvres. The pretty girl screamed—a nice, decorous, surprised, little scream. She stepped back, right into the arms of a gallant young man.

"Oh," she said, blushing, "I was a little bit frightened by the rifles. I really beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it," said the nice young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

He Made a Mistake.—General Von Kluk, according to the papers, was facing both ways for a while when the Allies were pressing him. The general should have chosen politics instead of soldiering as his profession.

Another Theory Exploded.—There now seems to have been more poetry than truth in Rudyard Kipling's line about the female of the species being deadlier than the male.

We All Like It.

We have been often taught in schools That flattery is the food of fools; Nevertheless, you'll find wise men Who take a nibble now and then.

The Problem.—Fancy what the Nobel Peace Prize awardees are up against! They will hardly be able to find a blessed person in Europe to whom they can give that prize this year.

What Is Needed.—Wouldn't it be great for the busy reader if this war could be boiled down into a sort of box score, with the batting average of Sir John French, Joffre, Von Kluk, and all the rest of them appended?

The Inevitable.—These are the days when the war of the Braves and the Athletics rivals that of the powers of Europe.

The Same Thing.

"Let's take a trip to Niagara Falls," Said Freddy to his Flo, But she replied "If it's roar you want Let's go to a baby show."

The Line They Laugh At.—Many comedians are now trying to get laughs by various remarks anent the great war raging in Europe. Some of them have poor success, because it is not easy to make people laugh nowadays, particularly on the subject of war, unless there is a gleam of real humour in the lines spoken.

It remained for a burlesque comedian, Lew Kelly, the "dope" actor, to spring the most telling line of them all when he played in Toronto recently. It was just after the report had gone out that 7,000 Germans were gathered in Buffalo, ready to invade Canada and march on Toronto. Of course the report was a silly one and people laughed at it, but when Kelly heard it he saw a chance to turn it to good advantage.

In his show there is a battlefield burlesque entitled "Shenadoah," and in this scene Kelly has the role of a despatch-bearer. He came rushing into the presence of the General and saluted.

"Gen.," he said, "there are 7,000 Germans over in Buffalo who want to invade Canada and a big Irishman won't let them!"

The roar of laughter that swept over the house was his reward.

Can't Beat This.—From the Toronto "News": "Fine weather prevails throughout the Dominion, except in British Columbia, where a gale is blowing on the east coast of Newfoundland."

Some gale!

In the Game of War.—The methods of those German ships move us to remark that they must have studied baseball. They are strong on the hit and run game.



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