

Courieterettes.

LOOKS from here, in baseball slang, as if the Germans would have to warm up a few new hurlers.

If this is civilized warfare, what must the uncivilized article be like?

As Kipling would now like to say, "the bear that walks like a man" is now doing so.

We do not hear Roosevelt's friends likening him to the Kaiser any more.

Flocks of storks are reported to be seen in France. Is that an omen for the Kaiser?

Somehow or other, the world seems to be worrying along without the stock exchanges.

Every once in a while we read that "the cream" of some army has been beaten. In other words, it's whipped cream.

Mme. Caillaux is a Red Cross nurse, but her proper place, it would seem in the light of recent events, would be the firing line.

Germans have their bands march in the rear of their columns. Perhaps German advances are thus accounted for. The poor men have to get away from the music somehow.

"One baby is born in Germany every sixteen seconds," says an American paper. That baby must be awfully tired.

Poor old Mexico's nose is badly out of joint now. The best she can get is an occasional paragraph on an inside page.

There never was a time when money talked in louder tones than it does now.

The Germans might find it worth their while to study French—Sir John French.

It seems odd, but Berlin seems to have no news to give out when the Germans are not winning.

Ontario apples are said to be going to waste. There are a lot of peaches that yet remain to be picked up.

It Looked Like a Scandal.—A practical joker got in his work on the notice board of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church, Toronto, recently, in very telling style.

It so happened that the poster announcing a big garden party had been posted over the announcement of the pastor's subjects for the previous Sunday. Now the pastor's evening topic, it so happened, was "Gambling."

Some wag had remembered this, and when the garden party poster went up, this joker caused consternation and almost a scandal in the church by tearing away the bottom part of it, leaving the whole sign to read as follows:

"Riverdale Presbyterian
—Church—
GARDEN PARTY
Tuesday Evening
Band, etc.,
10 CENTS
7 p.m.—GAMBLING.
Come."

Sufficient Answer.—"Why go to church?" was the theme of a Toronto pastor's sermon on a recent Sunday. Some preachers consider themselves sufficient reason.

Something Due.—We note in the war news that a French private who led a gallant attack on the Germans was kissed by his colonel, and then

promoted to the rank of corporal. After that osculatory salute, the colonel probably felt that he had to make amends somehow.

Tough.—Some people have such a disagreeable disposition that they sour the few drops of the milk of human kindness in their systems.

This Is Odd.—Why do they call her a "grass widow" when she isn't the least bit green?

Poker Wisdom.—Many are called— but more are bluffed.

Consolation.—Matrimony is not quite as bad as it is often painted. A man has at least a fighting chance.

War Notes.

To slightly vary the old line—"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the country."

Included in the horrors of war are the grand opera performances that will be given now that the best singers are fighting.

"The Hun is at the gate," sings Kipling. Yes, he is at the gate, trying like the deuce to shut it.

It was really a very ungalant thing of the Germans to attack Nancy.

With so many sounds of war to be heard in the world, there will be no need of Wagner music for some time.

Anyway, that famous "scrap of paper" started the biggest scrap that the world has ever seen.

There isn't any "thin red line" any more, but Tommy Atkins seems to be equally at his ease in khaki.

Every little movement has a meaning all its own, and the war expert tries his best to explain what it is.

This war has meant a lot to the cause of bilingualism. Everybody is studying French now.

Sign of the Times.—"To let—cheap" is now the sign of the times on the Palace of Peace at The Hague.

Ten Terse Truths.

The long-winded lawyer is often without a brief.

If you're counting reformers, don't overlook the modiste.

Be a good listener and you'll have a contented wife.

Many a man carries a concealed weapon—in his mouth.

There's one chap who isn't afraid to start something—the motorman.

The trouble with some fellows is that their favourite summer resort is the corner saloon.

The average woman loves a good cry once in a while for the pure joy of it.

Many of the self-made chaps are in sad need of a little renovation.

It takes a couple of weeks in the country to make a man really appreciate the city.

It is always after a fellow goes broke that he picks a winner at 100 to 1.

Danger.—When you find a combin-

ation of beauty and brains in a woman—watch out. There's no more dangerous combination in the world.

Those Tight Skirts.

A young woman we know went down town All arrayed in her new autumn gown— It felt tight round her neck, Then she saw that, by heck, She had put the thing on upside down.

Named It Well.—American play producers recently put on a new comedy entitled "Sylvia Runs Away." It lasted less than a week. Sylvia ran away, all right.

The Difference.—Since the Irish volunteers and regulars have been once more brought into prominence by the signing of the Home Rule Bill, a story concerning Queen Victoria and the Irish soldiers may be in order. It was a Royal review. Regiment after regiment, English, Irish and Scotch, passed before Her Majesty. When the Grenadier Guards went past she expressed the warmest of admiration for the faultless technic of the regiment. When a regiment of Highlanders marched past she became positively enthusiastic.

"Magnificent!" Her Majesty is reported as saying. "What splendid soldiers those Highlandmen are!"

Then came an Irish regiment; which one is not stated; probably the Dublin Fusiliers. This time it was not so much the faultless marching and the splendid physique that so impressed Her Majesty. For a moment she said nothing. Then in a low voice she turned to an officer and said:

"Ah! That is bloody war!"

Turning the Allusion.—At a luncheon given by the Ontario Association of Architects last week in the Golf and Country Club at Scarborough, Dr. A. S. Vogt, with half a dozen others, was a guest. A previous speaker had made a jocular allusion to the fact that for the first time in history two Napoleons were in the same company, seated at the same table. One was understood to be the chairman, Acton Bond, who in stature and physiognomy considerably resembles Napoleon Bonaparte; the other Dr. Vogt, who has frequently been called the Napoleon of Choral Music, and who is about an inch shorter than the chairman.

When the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir was called on for a brief speech he said:

"We have heard references to Napoleon I. and Napoleon II., which to whomever they refer, seem quite apropos of the occasion. Perhaps, from what reading I may have done on the art of war I may be pardoned for saying that so far as this speech is concerned I am more likely to resemble Napoleon III., who came to grief in the Franco-Prussian War."

A Poser.—Little Mary was much interested in the conversation of her elders on the subject of nationality. Finally she chimed in.

"What nationality would a baby be if it were born on the ocean?"

"Well, that, dear, would depend on the country from which its mother and father came."

"Oh," said little Mary, "but s'posing it wasn't travelling with its mother and father; s'posing it was just travelling with its auntie?"

Speaking of Crosses.—In this war some men will get the Victoria Cross, some the Cross of the Legion of Honour, some the German Iron Cross, and some the double cross.

Everybody who does not get one of these will find he has some kind of a cross to bear. There will be crosses enough to go around.

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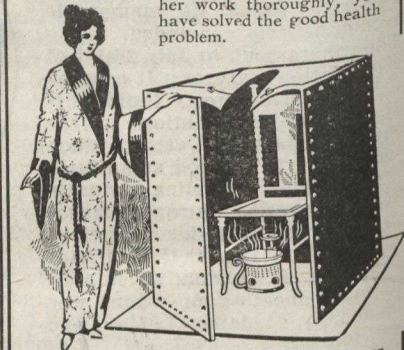
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