



Courierettes.

**T**HE worst foe this country has is the man who makes a big contribution to the Patriotic Fund and then closes down his place of business or lays off his employees.

Newspapers in Paris are forbidden to publish more than one edition in 24 hours in war time. Such protection to the public might not be amiss in some Canadian cities.

"British bear the brunt" is getting to be quite a common heading in the war news now. History repeating itself.

Twenty centuries ago Julius Caesar complimented the Belgians on their bravery. It is clear that the good strain of Belgian blood has not grown thinner with time.

Toronto, having given nearly 5,000 men and nearly \$1,000,000, to help the Motherland, cannot now be referred to as "Hogtown."

With tales of atrocities and murders pouring in, the glory of war is becoming a pretty shoddy old thing nowadays.

The Kaiser insists on having a military tutor for his eight-year-old grandson. The lad may learn enough in that line by watching his grandfather for the next few months.

The war correspondent seems to be having a hard time earning his salary these days.

If you have troubles, just think how happy you should be that you're not a buffer state in a European war.

Country life is ideal so long as you live in the city—and vice versa.

If a rolling stone was able to gather moss, what in the deuce would it do with the stuff?

Dressing on one's slender income is like dressing in an upper berth—rather awkward.

Many employers show their belief in the minimum wage for women by paying it.

Love may be blind, but its hearing is generally good enough to hear money talk.

Rome wasn't built in a day, but it might have been if some of the real estate agents we know had been living then.

**Definitions.**—A modern chaperon—A good shock absorber.

**Waist-line.**—The most changeable thing about a woman.

**Society.**—Those who don't want what they have and those who want what belongs to other folks.

**Manicure girl.**—A trimmer of men.

**Preachers Please Note.**—In Chicago the other day a bridegroom knocked down the preacher who had performed his wedding ceremony because the cleric kissed the bride. In war time the clergy should be satisfied with their fee.

**Disappearance Note.**—Has anybody seen a German band on the streets lately?

**Kitchener's Humour.**—Many stories and anecdotes are told about Lord Kitchener, who is now Britain's War Minister, and one of the most talked-about men in the world.

As illustrating the grim and satirical style of the great general's humour, a Canadian military man tells of an incident which he says is well authenticated. It happened in South Africa during the Boer war. The son of an English nobleman

had enlisted in London soon after the war broke out, and on account of his position he was given the post of orderly in the quarters of the commander-in-chief. This scion of nobility was a rather superior sort of person, and title loomed larger to him than mere military rank.

One day there was a conference of officers in Kitchener's quarters. The orderly was sent for to carry a message.

He came strolling in with a nonchalant air, smoking a cigarette, and not seeming to notice the other officers, remarked, "Did you want me, Kitchener?"

The group of officers almost gasped for breath, and waited for the storm that they were confident would burst on the head of the offender.

But Kitchener merely smiled. "Why be so beastly formal?" he replied. "Call me Herbert."

**Horrors of War.**

Among the horrors of war may be included:

Some scare-head "extras."

The man who knows what they're going to do next.

The chap who insists on arguing about it.

The sensation-seeking preacher who sermonizes on it.

Increased prices on smokes and drinks.

Poems—of all sorts and sizes.

Jingoistic speeches of politicians.

**Wise Precaution.**—At Toronto Exhibition for the past two weeks a man and woman have worked together without discussing the war.

They are married. She is French. He is German.

"No war news in our house," said the careful husband, when a friend jollied him on the subject.

**What They've Missed.**—We judge by the behaviour of the German Uhlans that they are not the clever cavalrymen they should be. They have not read Col. George Taylor Denison's book on Cavalry Warfare.

**He Liked Her Looks.**—A Hamilton man tells a rather good joke at his own expense, and it is safe to say that he will guard his tongue more carefully in future.

He went into a quick lunch place the other day where ladies are served. While standing at the counter he turned to take a long last lingering look at a remarkably pretty young woman. The man at his elbow turned to look, too.

"Some chicken," said the Hamiltonian in low tones, and the man beside him repeated the phrase as an order to the waiter behind the counter.

"No, no," said the young fellow. "I did not mean that as an order. I referred to the girl behind me."

"Looks good to you?" queried the other man.

"Some girl," said the admirer. "She looks good to me, too," was the answer "That's why I married her."

When the Hamiltonian's order came he had lost his appetite.

**The Young Officer.**—A slim, fair-haired youth was standing amongst a crowd of men in a military outfitters' shop in London. Bye-and-bye he said to the salesman, "May I be attended to now?"

"You must wait your turn," snapped the salesman, while a tall, pompous officer turned and said scorn-

fully, "Who made that boy an officer?"

At last the boy was measured for his outfit and gave his instructions as to where it should be sent. The salesman bowed low. "All right, your Highness," he said. Then he turned to the man who had referred to the boy so scornfully, "That was the Prince of Wales," he said.

**In Sad Shape.**—The poor man was making his first ocean voyage. He was very sick. A friend tried to comfort him.

"What seems to be the matter?" queried the consoler.

"I can't keep anything on my stomach," said the ill one.

"Nothing at all?"

"No, absolutely nothing except a mustard plaster and my hands."

**Had Enough Of It.**—"Why didn't Jack enlist?"

"Several reasons."

"But he comes of fighting stock."

"Yes, that's just it. His grandmother was a U. E. Loyalist, his aunt is a Daughter of the Empire, and his mother is a militant. He's just naturally soured on fighting."

**The Proof.**—It seems to be a fact that a man doesn't really love women or children unless he lets them impose on him.

**A Fishing Recipe.**—"What is the best way to get brook trout?"

"Drain the brook away from them."

**Described.**—Often before the public—the motorman.

**Fine Idea.**—Why not get the Chinese laundrymen to form a Canadian-Chinese regiment and go to the war. They should be able to present a stiff front.

**The Difference.**

She wore a dainty bathing suit  
And dipped into the drink—  
But summer girls are not like  
suits—  
It did—she didn't—shrink.

**The Cost of War.**—Some newspaper statistician has figured it out that a big European war would cost \$54,000,000 per day.

At that rate we could name a few nations whose war chest would survive just about one shot.

**About Twins.**—We are acquainted with the father of twin babies. He is quite proud of them. He thinks they are cute and clever, and so on. He says they look alike, and coo alike, and cry alike. Whatever one does the other does, too—with one exception. Here comes the bitter blow. They do not sleep at the same time.

**Defined.**—Teacher—"What is a kiss?"

Apt Girl Pupil—"A conjunction."

Teacher—"Decline it."

A. G. P.—"I can't."

**Household Hints.**—Since the war began, the price of granulated sugar has risen. Well, anyone who doesn't like it, can lump it!

When you go to buy apples this fall, take care that there aren't any spies amongst them.

**Could Be No One Else.**—At the wedding of his daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, the Kaiser, it is said, was several minutes late and kept the assemblage waiting. One of the guests growled under his moustache, "Wish the fool would hurry." A guard standing near said, "Be careful, sir, or you will be arrested for Lese Majesty."

"How do you know of whom I was speaking?" asked the guest.

"There is only one fool in this country, sir, and that is His Imperial Highness."

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