



Courierettes.

SO frequent have been the changes in the Toronto ball team of late that the fans are getting excellent experience in training their memories to remember faces.

Another defence for the wrist-watch. One of them saved the hand of a Canadian soldier at the front.

Dr. Dernberg's ship was taken into a Scotch port ere going to Germany. They should have forced Dernberg to listen to the bagpipes.

Britain is to use American yarns for soldiers' clothing—but none of the yellow press yarns.

An Austrian author refers to the Yankees as a lot of humbugs. Wrong again. There's only one Bryan.

War prisoners are being used to harvest British crops. They'll reap no wild oats there.

There seems to have been too much water in the "oil" flotations out west. And oil and water won't mix.

The Prince of Wales has passed his twenty-first birthday. He reminds us of the German Crown Prince by being so different.

Instead of footprints in the sands of time those Manitoba politicians are apt to leave a trail of slime.

Too much is not expected of Robert Lansing, the new U. S. Secretary of State. But, then, he should not have much trouble, following Bryan.

It seems that the bricks for Manitoba's new House of Parliament flew in all directions.

The hesitation policy seems to be as popular in America as the hesitation dance.

Heated discussions seldom bring us warm friends.

Poetry is no crime—otherwise we might have an uncomfortable time keeping out of jail.

So Alberta's gone dry! Yes; reaction after the flood.

Not Just Now.—No use those South American republics trying to stage any little revolutions these days. They might find a line for 'em in next year's almanacs.

Quite Effective.—French laughing gas bombs produce laughter, followed by tears. Won't the matinee idols be envious now?

Not Easy.—It can't be easy for Americans to be neutral when in New York they find on Amsterdam avenue the offices of the German-American Extremist Co.

Oh, Yes, Quite Neutral! — From across the line comes the announcement of another new and "strictly neutral" newspaper. Messrs. Kipper, Weiss, Stoehr, and Schweitzer are to conduct it. They should have no difficulty keeping it neutral.

A Tiring Job.—"Gosh! but I'm tired!" said the thin and elongated gentleman to his short and stout friend, as they met on the street.

"What have you been doing to make you tired?"

The thin man drew a deep breath and explained. "I have been over to my friend Smith's house, and they were just laying carpets. They had lost their yardstick. As I am just six feet tall, they asked me if I would help them, and I have been laying down and getting up all over their house."

She Meant Well.—A little Toronto

girl, though only three years old, has been extremely well trained to be always polite and to carefully say "please," "thank you," and "excuse me" as occasion demands. But nevertheless she has her troubles observing the rules of good manners.

The other day she was unfortunate enough to hiccup when company was in her mother's dining-room. The mother looked reprovingly at the little lass. "What do you say?" she prompted. The girl was perplexed for a moment. Then her face brightened, and she said: "Thank you."

War Notes.

Said the British airman to the Hun submarine: "After U."

Germany wanted a place in the sun, and she seems destined to get it in the shade.

"The German Navy" is just out. No, it's not the ships—just a new book.

German war widows are advertising for husbands. That's typical Teuton thrift.

War is like an automobile—the upkeep far exceeds the initial cost.

Ambassador Bernstorff says he will stay in Washington all summer, but he may find it too hot for him.

San Marino, the little republic with the army of 900, seems to have no trouble keeping its plans secret.

Britain keeps on blockading Germany without sinking her women and children, and the Huns can't comprehend such weak sentimentality.

The Kaiser is constantly building new ships, but the Kiel Canal is already overcrowded.

It Would Make a Change.—Alaska, it is said, may have prohibition. That would mean the death-knell of such fiction as that of Jack London and Rex Beach.

The Gist of It.—In a line, the attitude of the Kaiser to the United States is:

"If your ships would sail the sea, Let them get a pass from me."

Wonderful Work.—Great feats of derring do are coming to light in this war. We read in a Toronto daily the following:

"Arthur was ordered to go over their trench parapet and attack the German trenches. He jumped over, was hit in the leg and knocked down, got up and hobbled on, being shot by twenty bullets and killed, but he never stopped going on."

Sounds like slight exaggeration to us.

It Surely Is.—Britain's great fleet is said to have cost \$870,000,000. Cheap insurance.

Compared.—"Culture is a wonderful thing," asserted the artist.

"Yes, and agriculture enables you to eat, live, and enjoy culture," put in the farmer.

Just Like Her.—A Connecticut woman, after securing a divorce from her husband, threw her arms around his neck and wept. Report doesn't say what happened then, but we suppose they went to a movie show.

Head of a Goose.—A person threw the head of a goose on the stage of the

Belleville theatre. The manager, advancing to the front, said: "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, let him not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance."

Timely.—Unlike the Huns, most people are now looking for a place in the shade these hot days.

Not That!—America, it is said, has 2,000 young girls who are studying law. Surely they do not aspire to be mothers-in-law?

Correct.—All the world loves a lover—until his fiancée sends out the wedding invitations and it's time to buy the presents.

The Viewpoint.—Be an optimist. If you find a four-leafed clover in your back yard you are lucky. You might have found burdocks or dandelions.

Not Always.—An expert doctor recommends baseball as a cure for insanity. It doesn't always work that way. Ask Connie Mack and John McGraw.

New Version.—As the Kaiser would put it: "Tis the star-spangled banner—oh! long may it wave— But only where I shall direct—so behave!"

This Is New.—New York women suffragists have adopted a policy of silent protest. This has at least the charm of novelty.

It Would Be Unwise.—Says W. J. Bryan: "Some day the nations will place their trust in love, the weapon for which there is no shield."

For the present, however, we would advise Mr. Bryan not to try to make love to the business end of a German siege gun or a submarine.

Embarrassed.—Chicago now claims to have driven out all its crooks, and the good people don't know what to do to get a background that will show them off to good advantage.

A Word for Russia.—After all, we must award the "come-back" championship to Russia.

Thaw—and the Others.—Harry Thaw has been given his freedom, after a nine-year trial. Well, he deserves his freedom more than many of the smart chaps who have been trying to keep the litigation going in order to get a goodly portion of the Thaw coin.

If They Do.—Hon. Dr. Pyne is the latest honorary colonel. If the military ever mobilize the honorary colonels in Canada the Kaiser will be forced to surrender.

A Light Dinner.—The celebrated musician Rossini (1792-1868) had accepted an invitation to dine with a lady whose dinners were known to be arranged on a most economical scale. The dinner offered to the maestro formed no exception to the general rule, and he left the table rather hungry.

"I hope you will soon do me the honour to dine again with me," said the lady to him, as he was taking leave of her.

"Immediately, if you like," replied he.

A Precarious Living.—This is an announcement in the Toronto Daily Star:

"Fresh air picnics afford only glimpse of health possible—whole family taken to country and fed once a week."

That savours more of cruelty than kindness. Think of it, boys and girls—fed once a week!

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