



Courierettes.

It seems that all the warring nations are praying to God for victory. They will not all get it, but the praying won't do them any harm.

The principal diversion in Europe just now seems to be the "shell" game.

A Toronto boxer has gone to the front. Jack Johnson is there. Now the allies should win.

Berlin and London disagree on most everything except the fact that there is a war going on.

The mother who sends her only son to the war and keeps a brave heart deserves the V. C. as much as the hero on the field.

Now the managers of the big league ball clubs are due to win the pennants for 1915—verbally in anticipation.

Ralph Connor has written a war poem. As a poet Mr. Connor is a very good fiction writer.

Many a poor girl remains a miss because she cannot make a hit.

Dr. Frank Crane, the writer, says the names of the poet Hogg and the essayist Lamb are ridiculous. What about Crane?

Henry Arthur Jones declares that he is proud to call himself English. He seems to concur in the majority report.

It seems that some practical jokers tried to have some fun with the sentries at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. Jokers in war time are apt to get shot.

If Canada sends half a million men to the front, as Col. Sam Hughes intimates, there won't be much more for Kitchener to do.

The Kaiser loses his British royal garter. He need not worry. Pretty soon he won't have any hose to hold up.

Harry K. Thaw gets another \$142,000 out of the Thaw estate. Now watch his lawyers get busy.

There's more interest in the batteries working in Europe than those of the Boston and Philadelphia ball teams.

Regrettable.—We regret to report that so far in this war General Nuisance has been very conspicuous in the conversations, insisting on explaining just where the other generals erred.

About Scraps.

"Pshaw! A little scrap of paper!"
And the German fingers snap,
But that little scrap of paper
Caused a darn big scrap,
And that little scrap of paper
Will change old Europe's map.

War.

How strange do seem the policies
Of nations now and then—
Europe conserves her forests old
And Europe wastes her men!

Mr. Dewart's Description.—Mr. H. H. Dewart, K.C., the well-known Toronto lawyer, was Liberal candidate in West York some three years ago when the reciprocity campaign was on.

Feeling ran rather high in the riding, and when the Conservatives in the village of Weston tried to get the skating rink for a big meeting, they found that the owner, a staunch Liberal, refused to let them have it.

Mr. Dewart's supporters, however, engaged it for that same night, as the Tories had arranged their meeting for the Town Hall.

Some of the younger Conservatives

resented the outcome of their effort to get the rink, and consequently there was a more or less constant rain of pebbles on the roof of the rink, to the evident annoyance of the Liberal speakers.

Weston's police force did his best to surround and protect the building, but the pebble-throwers were well concealed and the shower continued.

Mr. Dewart tried to speak, but even his clear voice could hardly be heard. Finally he raised his voice and exclaimed:

"My friends, those are the arguments of our Conservative opponents!"

War Notes.

If the Germans begin to boycott Scotch whiskey, we will simply have to quit eating wieners. Tit for tat.

Wonder if all this fighting on the Meuse is responsible for the surplus of war poetry?

Lots of papers would like to have Sir John French on their staff just now.

Peace hath its victories—but we hear very little of them at present.

Among the horrors of this war is the campaign of William Randolph Hearst to make peace.

Description of Austrian army's movements would necessarily be a running account.

It's an absolute waste of money to get out new geographies for the schools until this war has settled what the map of Europe will look like.

Thanksgiving Day seems to be this year one of those "times out of joint."

The war could almost be paid for by a tax on war talk and war verses.

Nancy and the Kaiser.—In his hurry to get away from Nancy, says a despatch, the Kaiser left his purse behind. Nancy must be a suffragette.

But the Kaiser was wise. He left behind the thing that would interest the average Nancy.

Only Natural.—The brave Russian soldier was fired with enthusiasm. He led the charge, shouting "On to Przemyśl!"

He was arrested afterwards and court-martialled for hissing the Czar. He should never have tried to pronounce it.

The Last Resort.—Since this is not to be a humanitarian war, if the worst comes to the worst Britain can mobilize the militant suffragettes and sic 'em on the German hordes.

The Limit.—The Kaiser has commissioned German artists to paint pictures of his bloody battlefields.

Why not include Louvain and Rheims? Why not the babes and women of Belgium whose hands were severed by his soldiers?

The Kaiser might as well go the limit with this thing, and get some satisfaction out of those pictures when the affair is over.

The Retort Courteous.—Rev. John Coburn, Orangeman, Methodist preacher, temperance campaigner, moral reformer, and Legislature candidate, is fairly well known throughout Ontario as the possessor of a sharp tongue and an Irish inclination to hit back when there's fight in the air.

His friends relate that one day Mr. Coburn met a man on the street in whom he had been interested. The

fellow was a rather surly chap, however, and rather resented the preacher's friendly interest.

"Well, how are you getting along?" was Mr. Coburn's friendly query when they met.

"What business is that of yours?" replied the man.

Then came the cut.

"Oh, my friend, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

A Real War Poem.

(A classic modernized.)

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Then draw their salary—
Posing for "movies."

He Certainly Should.—She—"I am told that in some cities a man must have a license before he can push a baby carriage along the street."

He—"Yes—in some cities they insist on him having at least a marriage license on him."

Well, Rather!—Francis Toye, an English writer, declares American girls to be the most beautiful things under heaven.

Yes—a long way under.

Practical Work.—Out in Chicago a church society is building a skyscraper.

One way to get nearer heaven.

A Silly Steed.—We read in the papers about a horse that ran away with a society girl. That poor beast did not even have horse sense.

Value Rises.—Woman in New York is suing another woman for \$100,000 for the alienation of her husband's affections.

None of us ever imagined we were worth so much, did we, fellows?

Well Done.—A Brooklyn woman, we read in the papers, poured alcohol over her sleeping husband, and set fire to him.

That was the last roasting he had to stand for.

It Surely Would.—If a man's name were misspelled on his tombstone, would it not be a grave mistake?

A Humane War.

(In spite of a certain defect in rhyme, is not the author of this verse deserving of the Nobel peace prize?)

Respectfully we recommend
To Emperors and Kings and
Kaisers*
That if they would make war
again
They arm their men with
safety razors.

*The I is silent. Wilhelm never uses it.

The Amendment.—Rudyard Kipling may now ask the world's leave to amend a poem he wrote away back in 1898, in which he gave warning against "the bear that walks like a man," the said amendment being to the effect that the bear aforesaid now walks like a gentleman.

Conspicuous.—An Englishman was being shown the sights of New York by an enthusiastic resident of the American metropolis.

"This is Broadway—a veritable blaze of light," said the Gothamite. "Why, there is one sign on this street with 100,000 lights."

"Well, well," said his English friend. "Doesn't that make it rather conspicuous?"

Makes Things Hum on Washday!

This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by motor power at a cost of 2 cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line hours ahead of the old way! It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in Six Minutes—or even less! Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and better than by hand! It's more like play than work to use this wonderful washer.

1900 Motor WASHER

Sent on Free Trial!

No trouble to keep servants when you have this Motor Washer. They delight to use it. It is the finest washing machine in the world. The trial will prove its supremacy. We gladly send the complete outfit, including wringer—at our expense—to any responsible party for four weeks' severest test in the laundry. Try it on heavy blankets, rugs, dainty laces—everything! Study its design and construction; unlike any other washer. We take it back at our expense if you decide you can do without it. Terms, cash or small monthly payments.

Electric or Water Power—Take Your Choice
If your house is wired for electricity, you can use the Electric Motor Washer, which attaches instantly to an ordinary electric light fixture. If you have running water, of sufficient power, you can use the Water Motor Washer. Each style does perfect work.

Write for Fascinating FREE Books.
Read the amazing story of the 1900 Motor Washer. Then send for one on trial and see the wonders it performs.
M. E. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

Neave's Food

FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through The First Year

"We put our Maurice on Neave's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen".
Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN,
133 Boulton Ave., Toronto.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS.—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby", to the
Canadian Agent—EDWIN UTLEY,
14 C Front Street East, - TORONTO.

Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

IRISH LINEN

Yes You know from "Hear-say" that it is unrivalled, but you can know by Experience, by writing to a House that has a record for straight trading of almost a century.

MURPHY & ORR'S name associated with DAMASK TABLE LINEN, BED LINEN, HOUSE LINEN, LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS LINENS, IRISH LACES, etc., is an absolute warranty. Illustrated Price Lists Free.

MURPHY & ORR, Box 18, Belfast, IRELAND

G.H. MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

Is The Most Exquisite Dry Champagne Imported

AS SUPPLIED TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.