



Courierettes.

PRICE of automobiles keeps on dropping. Very soon the rich folks will have to find something more expensive and exclusive than motor-ing.

We would like a villa for the summer, but not a Mexican Villa.

The world war is costing \$2,000,000 an hour. We feel sure somebody is being bruised.

We read that the Balkan countries are mountainous. Everybody knows they are not on the level.

Bryan is a prohibitionist. How could his statements have any punch in them?

In the Note Writers' League old Uncle Sam has a high batting average.

Mexico has been having mob rule—otherwise known as the omission form of government.

Now it is declared that Harry Thaw was never insane. When he murdered White he was just in a queer mood.

London women have formed a stay-at-home league, to last during the war. We know a lot of people who might form a Canadian branch.

Roosevelt is using the word "piracy" again, just as if he never had a libel suit on his hands.

The average schoolboy's great regret is that this war will make it imperative for him to study Europe's geography all over again.

The United States is said to be worth \$187,739,000,000, and many of its citizens could count their share in the final six figures.

It would be an interesting test of a woman policeman's nerve if she were assigned to the motorcycle squad.

China is told by Uncle Sam to keep "the open door." But Japan seems to have swiped the door.

Obedient Orders.—A British captain on the firing line in France was greatly annoyed by the awkward fashion in which one of his men behaved. The soldier did not seem to fire at anything, except at random, and the captain got mad.

"Confound you!" he cried. "You've fired nineteen times and made nineteen misses. The best thing for you to do is to go behind the wall yonder and take a shot at your head."

The soldier saluted and fell back. A shot rang out a moment later.

"Good Lord!" cried the captain excitedly. "Did that fool take my advice?"

He glanced around and saw the soldier approaching, at the salute.

"Missed again, captain," he said.

What Does It Signify?—Harry Thaw's friends in New Hampshire say he is a good bridge player. Does that indicate sanity—or what?

Did You?—In America every year \$500,000,000 is spent for candy. Little boy—did you get your share?

A Chip Off the Old Block.—Col. Garnet Hughes, son of Gen. Sam Hughes, Canada's Militia Minister, is said by those who know him well to be "a chip off the old block." He has the same brusque humour, at least, that his famous father displays not infrequently.

General Sam's grandson is also named Sam, and it was in connection with his advent into the world that Col. Garnet showed a trace of the Sam Hughes humour.

The boy was born out on the Pacific

coast, just about the time that General Sam arrived home after an Atlantic voyage.

So the proud father telegraphed to the grandfather:

"Sam Hughes on the Pacific welcomes Sam Hughes on the Atlantic."

The general understood.

"Watchful Waiting."—For five years De Wolf Hopper refused to act for the movies. Now he has signed up at \$125,000 per year. That was a policy of "watchful waiting" that proved profitable.

War Notes.

Bryan evidently means to talk the God of War to death.

The Kaiser found that Dr. Dernberg "came across" all right, but he didn't deliver the goods.

So many of these short retreats are made in Europe that one would think the jitneys would find good traffic there.

Bryan, though always crying for peace, seems quite unable to hold his own peace.

The Grand Duke Nicholas is pictured as having very long legs. Handy when he orders a quick retreat.

German papers resent the proposal for the Teutons to cease their submarine warfare. Uncle Sam merely asked them to confine their submarine exploits to real warfare.

These battles in the air may be said to have raised warfare to a higher plane.

It would be just like the crafty foe to blow the 6 o'clock whistle just as the Italians were charging.

When the Austrians held it it was Przemyśl; when the Russians got it they made it Przemyśl, and now the Austrians will hold it for another spell.

Reversing the Order.—Yaqui Indians took \$50,000 in gold from a pack train and melted it into bullets. Gold now seems to be worth its weight in bullets.

Inclusive.—The Krupp factory has produced many big guns—including the richest family in Germany.

Another Need.—Japanese officers are said to be serving on the Russian staff. Perhaps Russia would be better pleased if Japanese soldiers were serving in the Russian ranks.

In Sore Straits.—Lemonade is now being used in Munich to offset a shortage in beer. This reveals how terribly bad the foe's condition must be.

Just a Slip.—A country editor the other day informed his readers that the preacher had addressed his congregation on his "experiences as a circus rider," and there was almost a schism in the church until the next issue explained that it should have been "circuit rider."

Correct.—"I am a common Indian," declares old Huerta. Correct. Very common, in fact.

In One Year.—The war is just about one year old. What an ugly yearling it has become!

A Query.—If it's a fair question, we

would like to know why a motorcycle makes a hundred times the noise of an automobile, while being about one-fortieth the size of a car.

Proof Positive.—The Pere Marquette Railway has been swindled, which establishes the fact that it must have taken in some money.

A Comparison.—Jess Willard, heavyweight champion, has insured his arms for \$50,000 each. They are as precious to him as her limbs are to a ballet dancer.

Impossible.—An ad. man declares that Chicago tells the truth about itself. We can hardly credit that. The postal authorities would not permit it.

One on Billy Sunday.—While Billy Sunday, the slangy evangelist, was in Philadelphia conducting his eleven weeks' campaign, it is said that he stopped a newsboy on the street to enquire the way to the post-office.

"Go one block up and turn to the right," directed the lad.

"You seem a bright little chap," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope."

"I'm Billy Sunday. If you come to my meeting to-night I'll show you the way to heaven."

But the youngster was scornful. "Aw, go on!" he said. "You didn't even know the way to the post-office."

The Stork's Song.—On one day recently there were three birth notices in the Toronto papers—all named Campbell and all in different families.

It would seem that "The Campbells are coming—hurrah! hurrah!" is likely to be the stork's favorite song.

The Supreme Test.—"My husband never lies to me," declared the wife of ten years.

"How do you know?" queried the bride.

"He says I do not look a day older than I did when he married me, and if he would not lie about that I am sure he would not about less important matters."

An Old Rhyme Revised.
How doth the busy little gun
Improve each shining hour;
And scatter death to demonstrate
The pride and pomp of war.

Their War Cry.—"Half a league! Half a league! Half a league onward!" is now the war cry of the champion Boston Braves, who find themselves in the second division of the National League.

Russia's Advantage.—The Russians may have to retreat now and then, but it has to be admitted that they have lots of room for retreats.

Henry Miller is arranging to put three companies on the road next season with "Daddy Long-Legs." This production should now be able to crawl all over the continent.

A lot of men were so near tuckered out this time last year they simply had to have a two weeks' camping trip or get neurasthenia. This summer they have probably worked half as hard again, if they worked at all—and they don't seem to need any holidays at all.

Most people's ideas about clothes and heat are all wrong. Keeping cool is merely a case of keeping the heat out. Therefore, the hotter it gets, the more clothes people ought to wear.

Which?—The young man had a melancholy mien. "I wish I were dead," he muttered.
Had she refused to marry him—or had she married him?



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