



Courierettes.

THAT idea of the Baptist congregation in St. Louis of wearing calico and overalls to church will be all right so long as the ladies wear the calico.

Heading in a Hamilton paper: "Jesse Sipes Tried to End His Life." No wonder, with a name like that!

Mrs. Pankhurst has now been in jail twelve times. Will thirteen prove an unlucky number?

When you read the number of editorials nowadays on the fool and the boat, you understand how it is that editors never get drowned.

Now expect the anti-abolitionists to issue solemn injunctions about the tank of ginger ale that blew up last week in Windsor, Ont.

The shark that swallowed the alarm clock off the Fruit Liner Metapan did what many a man has felt like doing and didn't.

If revolutions and talk of revolutions don't begin to abate, either Mexico or Great Britain will have to be taken in hand by a foreign power.

In British Columbia they are trying to prove that the Pari-Mutuel system of betting is gambling. A chief justice of the Supreme Court says it is not. He's been putting his money on twenty-to-one shots at least.

From all over the country come reports of the invasion of the army worm and of farmers starting out in force to meet them. Fiddlin' work for husky farmers, killin' caterpillars.

The first breath of autumn blew over Toronto last week. We felt it when a man came into the office selling "Exhibition Tickets, Six for a dollar!"

Poetic Inversion.—Twisting poetry to make paradoxes is sometimes as much a modern pastime as juggling with the Bible used to be with certain covenanting persons. One of the neatest on record makes a hybrid verse of Scott and Pope:

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—
But seen too oft familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A Doubtful Compliment.—Philosophers of the witty variety usually manage to contrive bon mots about the fair sex. One of the most epigrammatic on record is:

"God made women beautiful in order that men may love them—and foolish in order that they may love the men."

Another Name for Them.—The little son of a school teacher was accustomed to see his father bringing home examination papers for correction. The father coming home one day met his little son at the gate with a large roll of papers under his arm. The father asked him what he had there. The reply was, "Daddy, dese are my damnation papers."

Must Have Been a Pippin.—Bilkins—"I hear you sang a solo in the first act last night. Did you get an encore?"

Milkins—"No, I got an apple core."

The Problem.—The statesman is not so much concerned about finding something new and interesting to say to his constituents as to find some way of reconciling what he has already said with what he has done.

An Impertinent Query.—The On-

tario Reform Association has moved its offices so that it can be closer to the Ontario Club in Toronto. Has the now famous "wine list" of the Ontario Club anything to do with this latest move in the political world?

He Knows.—Boots are now being made of paper. Every father of a growing family quite agrees with this statement.

The Ready Retort.—Phrenologist—"Miss Auburn, would you like to have your head read?"

Miss Auburn—"Sorry, Professor, but Nature has preceded you."

Proverbs Up-to-Date.

More hurry—less feed.
Better to serve in hell than reign in Mexico.

Every man may be the architect of his own fortune, but his wife is often the contractor.

There may be sermons in stones, but we often get them from "sticks." Whatsoever a man seweth that shall he also rip."

My Neighbour Defined.—"You ask what the family next door is like? Well, to-day they borrowed the garden rake, a pound of butter and the monkey-wrench. I guess they're going to be neighbourly all right."

Putty "Put."—He—"Man is but as putty in the hands of a pretty woman!"

She—"A substance woman delights to wash her hands of!"

Some "Safety First" Axioms.

Avoid automobiles and corners' juries.

Swat the fly—ere he swats you.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

Let others lie also—but be sure you don't.

Wear rubber-soled shoes, particularly when you expect to be returning home in the early morning.

Keep away from a canoe, especially if it contains a woman.

Keep your eye on the fellow who tells you how honest he is.

Described.—"Woman's costumes nowadays," remarked the cynic, "always remind me of the last chapter of Revelations."

Ambiguous.—Toronto Globe Headline: "March of Militants to See Mr. Asquith Broken Up."

Which was broken up?

THE LI(F)E EVERLASTING.

HOW many good, new stories are turned out each year? How many good, new stories are there to turn out? There can't be a very great number, judging by the stack of old ones that are resurrected every silly season.

There was a friend of my youth who was an adept at telling stories—tales, I mean. I don't think he made a practice of telling the other sort of stories, because he was a gentleman of the cloth, and had been for many years, when I knew him first. I think he was the best story-teller I ever knew. He once "warranted"—of course, he couldn't bet—that he would

tell sixty stories in as many minutes, and he won his "warrant," for he told sixty-three.

He was a cynical old man, too, and particularly on the subject of new stories. I remember he had a stunt, something like Morton's Fork, which was such a help in filling the coffers of the first Tudor King. He would offer a prize of a sovereign for a really good, new story. "But it must, of course, be a really good new one," he would conclude.

And, for a gentleman of the cloth, he was very wily. If, by any chance, you got hold of a story that was clever, and retailed it to the old man, he would gravely pull at his beard, and say, "Um, yes. It is a good story, but you know it isn't new. Why I heard So-and-so tell a yarn which had exactly the same point," etc., etc. And, if you despaired of earning the sovereign by that method, and manufactured a story on the spot, feeling certain that nobody had ever heard it, or one like it, before, the reverend doctor would say, "Well, I must confess that that is quite a new story to me. I have never heard it before." (And here your hopes would rise.) "But, you know, it's a wretched thing! It's so thin that it couldn't raise a laugh from a lady prone to hysteria."

So you couldn't win that sovereign either way. It remained safe in the pocket of the modern Cardinal Morton.

This resurrection of stories becomes a pest. A cat may have nine lives, but some stories I know have ninety-nine point nine recurring, particularly the recurring. You can take them to the 'nth power. Here's an instance. Last year "Lippincott's Magazine" had the following story:

"WHO'S LYIN' 'ERE?"

Richard Harding Davis had an amusing experience while on a recent visit to England. Whilst motoring through the country, his party stopped to see an old church. The native guide was showing the party through, explaining all the points of interest after his own style.

"In the far corner of this 'ere church," he said, "lies William the Conqueror; be'ind the organ, where yere can't see, are tombs of Guy Fawkes, Robin 'ood, and Cardinal Wolsey. Now, sir," he said, addressing Davis, "does that there guide book as I sees you 'ave in yer hand tell you 'os lyin' 'ere?"

"No," replied Davis, candidly, "the book says nothing of it, but I can guess."

Two weeks ago the "Saturday Evening Post" contained this:

SUSPICIONS WELL GROUNDED.

An English caretaker was showing a party of American visitors through an ancient English cathedral.

"Be'ind the altar," he said, "lies buried Richard the Lion-hearted. In the churchyard outside lies Queen Rosamund. And 'oo"—halting above an unmarked flagging in the stone floor and addressing a man from Pittsburgh—"oo do you think, sir, is a-lyin' 'ere on this spot?"

"Well," said the American, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

This "Who's Lyin' 'Ere?" story is an evergreen. It was finding its way into half-penny journals (after a long lease of life, or lives, in more expensive ones) when I was a boy. Whoever invented that story would have made a mint of money if he had been paid a cent a word for its every reproduction. In every version, the caretaker is English, and the visitor who scores is American.

I have got to the point now when, every time I see that story, I want to know, "Who's lying here?"

A. PAPERKNIFE.

Some Inducement.—From Calgary comes the word that one-third of the school teachers in that city get married every year. Now watch the rush of the eastern school ma'am.

Answered.—He—"Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

She—"Yes, and it's rather remarkable that she didn't laugh out loud."

Unnecessary.—In this modern day of slit skirts and other eye-attracting devices, it is no longer necessary to "hold the mirror up to nature."

Mismatched.—Many a man who asserts that he is wedded to his art is clearly mismatched.

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