

Courierettes.

NOW that it is feeling pretty strong the moose may decide to make trouble for the stock market bulls and bears.

A Boston woman swam the Thames for sixteen miles, and an Amsterdam girl has finished a walk of fifteen thousand miles. Who said "weaker sex"?

Toronto has appointed an official water taster, to detect bad tastes in the water supply. The days of martyrdom are not yet over.

It has been said that drinking butter-milk prolongs life, and now German scientists say the same result may be had by eating eggshells. "Of two evils—"

Teddy Roosevelt says he wouldn't be a king for anything. He could be persuaded to become a President for \$50,000 per year, however.

Keir Hardie would prevent war by organizing a general strike, which would keep armies at home. He will need to hurry or the suffragettes will "beat him to it."

Tips for Reporters.—A big Canadian daily paper has a city editor who occasionally dashes off a few rules and regulations for the guidance of his staff on the use of pure English.

He had a long list of hints posted up recently, and one of them suggested that a "fight" was never an "argument," though some scribes used that word.

A witty editorial writer came along and wrote below: "A fight is never an argument except when it's between two professional prize fighters."

In the same office there is a reporter who is said to be always eager to break into any conversation going on.

One of the city editor's tips was to let up on the use of the words "crashed into."

Whereupon a wag came to the front with this:

"Use 'buted into' instead. For instance, it is incorrect to say that Mr. — 'crashed' into the conversation."

Competition With Cupid.

—The editor of a matrimonial paper recently visited Canada and advertised that he could arrange society marriages.

However, at last reports, Cupid was still in business at the old stand, doing the bulk of the "arranging."

Books You Mustn't Miss.—Not how to discover something good to read, but how to choose among the many worthy books offering will be the puzzle of gentle reader during the next few months.

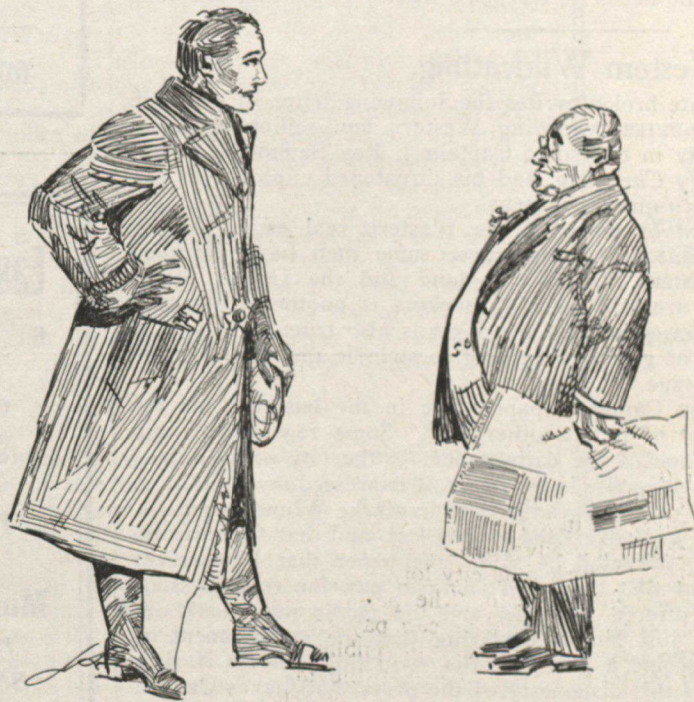
The following reviews of a few of the forthcoming literary feasts will indicate the high standard that has been attained:

"Love Letters of a Mud Turtle."—Of all the books of its kind this is undoubtedly the best. In simple, appealing language the author, Violet Muggins, has sketched, in a long preface to the book, the awakening and development of the divine passion in a creature whose affairs of the heart have long waited for the proper pen to do them justice. Miss Muggins has proved that, far from being the passionless creature that many of us have considered him, the mud turtle has a nature highly sensitive to feelings of love and its terrible complement—jealousy. "Pancake," the turtle whose love letters this clever authoress has so carefully collected and ably edited, was a greatly misunderstood

soul. Appearing to be merely a cynical sulker, "Pancake," in long periods of silence and having shrunk within himself, was brooding over the alternating periods of soaring happiness and killing anxiety that followed upon his having been pierced by Cupid's arrow. With wonderful skill, Miss Muggins penetrated "Pancake's" hard shell and has laid bare his heart with its load of love. The book throws a fascinating light on a phase of turtle life that comes as a revelation to enthralled readers.

Profusely illustrated. Price \$1.50.

"Half Hours in Bargain Rushes."—While an intensely practical work, this latest production of Mrs. Gladys Price-Tagg is so charmingly written that it will appeal not only to bargain-hunters but to all who value good literature. The book traces the origin of bargain days and bargain sales, and gives practical hints on how to tell a bargain and how to plan and carry out a campaign that will land the coveted article, no matter how many people are after it. Several chapters are devoted to the proper method of tackling in a crowd, getting the eye of the salesgirl, and preventing others from snatching for themselves any bit of merchandise that one has picked out. The writer draws greatly upon her own experiences for the material in her book, a fact which



"So you're the new chauffeur? What are your qualifications?"
"My last employer was a millionaire with six daughters, and I didn't elope with one of them!"

makes it more interesting and adds greatly to its value for the reader.

Superbly printed, double-wired, unbreakable cover. Price \$1.99.

"Fishing in Restaurant Pickle Jars."—A long-felt want is abundantly supplied in the delightful brochure under the foregoing title by Mr. Alfred Gourmand. Couched in choice language, this little work is wonderfully helpful to all patrons of restaurants. The difficulties of getting at the pickles are described in detail, and complete advice is given on how to overcome them. Mr. Gourmand rightly ridicules the notion of some people that the only way to get at restaurant pickles in some instances is to break the bottle. He shows how to pursue, tackle and land the most obstinate onion and the choice bit of cauliflower that insists on hiding beneath other pickles, and is—to those who have not read this helpful little book—so hard to lure through the neck of the bottle.

In red pepper covers, the text profusely illustrated from drawings by the author. Price \$20 per dozen.

"How to Know the Four-flushers."—Those whose good fortune it will be to obtain this splendid volume from the

pen of Walford Beaton will agree with us that it is by far the most valuable of the many "How to Know" books. Mr. Beaton was peculiarly fitted to write this vastly entertaining and immensely helpful work. He has divided it into three parts: (1) The Haunts of the Four-flusher; (2) How He Operates; (3) How to Beat Him at His Own Game. The book is especially suitable for presentation purposes.

Bound in imitation morocco and half-calf. Price four dollars.

Hard-Hearted.

SO merciless is Wilkins Smith
He oft turns down the light,
And goes to dreamless sleep but keeps
His window up all night;

The coward often strikes a match,
Cuts cards without ado;
He stretches curtains brutally
And beats the carpet, too.

The Saddest Words.

For the Lover: I'll be a sister to you.
For the Baseball Fan: Left on bases.
For the Debtor: To account rendered.
For the Horse-race Bettor: Also ran.
For the Writer: The editor regrets.
For the Fat Man: Elevator not running.

The New Woman's Motto.—What man has done, woman can do.

Another Secret of Success.—"There's always room at the top" but you need to "get in on the ground floor."

He Called It Right.—The man in the Information Office is supposed to know most everything, but it remained for the young fellow in charge of the information tent at the Canadian National Exhibition to become a weather prophet on short notice.

The Exhibition had the heavy handicap of wet weather on about nine days out of the twelve, and one bright morning during the second week a woman walked into the tent.

"Is it going to rain today, please?" she inquired.

The young man supposed to know all things peeped out. It was a bright, sunshiny morning.

"Yes, it will rain," he said.

It rained three hours later.

The Explanation.—English papers tell of a woman at Highgate who never spoke to a man in her life. She was probably tongue-tied.

A Great Want.—Canada's ad. in the press of the Empire:

"Wanted—A naval policy."

Almost Extinct.—At this late date in "high cost of living" times a certain man says that it is cheaper to live married than single. That kind of wife is rare nowadays.

Not a Popular Invention.—Now they have invented an automatic card-shuffling and dealing device. Why spoil the game?

The Faithful Clock.—Back from his summer holidays, a certain man tells of the following experience:

"I stayed one night at the home of a friend. I woke, at what was probably about an hour before sunrise, wondering just what time it was and wishing that my watch wasn't temporarily out of commission.

"A few seconds later the hall clock struck.

"I fell to thinking how good it was of that old timepiece to keep on working throughout the night. Being in a house in which I didn't feel free to wander down to the hall, even if I had felt energetic enough to get out of bed, I appreciated such faithfulness. I couldn't go down to the clock but, in a sense, it came up to me. I thought several pleasant things about the faithful time-marker—at least I would have if it hadn't been the half-hour that it struck."



Danny Deever

"What are the bugles blowing for?"

Said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out,"

The Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?"

Said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreading what I 'ave to watch,"

The Colour-Sergeant said,

"For they're 'angin' Danny Deever, you

can 'ear the Dead March play,

The regiment's in 'ollow square,

They're 'angin' 'im to-day;

They're takin' of 'is buttons orf an' cut

'is stripes away,

And they're 'angin' Danny Deever in the mornin'."

DAVID BISPHAM, the great baritone, will sing "Danny Deever," the song by Rudyard Kipling, which he has made world-famous, by special request in his recital in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, October 3rd.

Go to your Talking Machine Dealer and ask to hear David Bispham sing this and other splendid songs. They are beautifully reproduced on Columbia Records.

Look for this
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records.

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