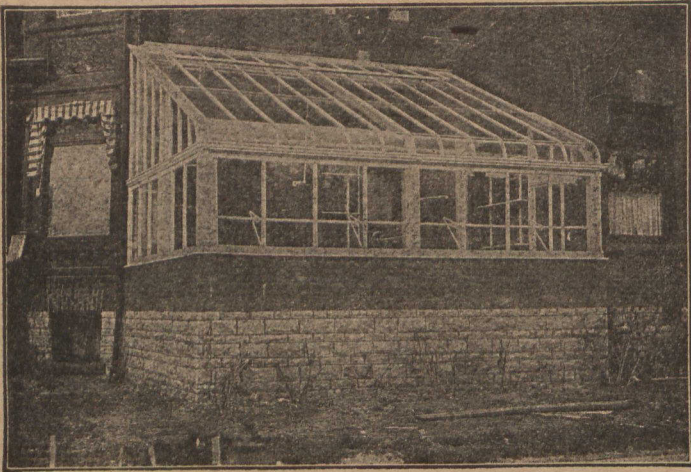




OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe
smokers, than any other
tobacco smoked
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES
"OLD CHUM"



BOOKLET ON REQUEST

If you are interested in beautiful gardens—especially in those that yield the greater pleasure of growing flowers out of season—we will gladly send you, without obligation, a book on "The Joy of Glass Gardens."

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GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED

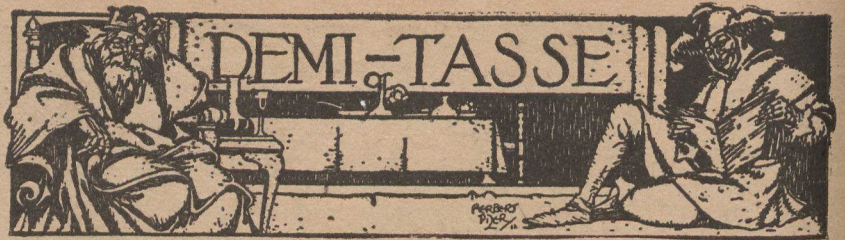
Kent Bldg.,
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If you are this week a chance Reader of the Courier and find it "good stuff" you may count upon it that it is so regularly. It improves on acquaintance. Your subscription solicited.

Circulation Manager



COURIETTES.

THE Ontario toper can't take any "interest" in two and a half per cent.

Austrians felt so safe that they opened beer gardens in their trenches. Then the Allies got the "bead" on them.

The mother of an Australian champion boxer won't let him enlist. She must be some fighter.

German prisoners in Britain are making pipes in their spare time. For their pipe-dreams of victory?

Men are fined in England for carrying matches in munition plants. It is not a "light" offence.

They are talking now of having all bread made in the round loaf form. To prevent a bread corner?

It isn't so much the moaning of the bar in Ontario that you hear now, but the moaning of the thirsty throats that once were wet.

Lloyd George cannot be reading the Hearst papers. He says Britain has only begun to fight.

And somehow there's a strange silence now among those Americans who were jesting and singing some time ago to the effect that "everybody fights but the British."

'Tis now said that Hon. G. P. Graham may run in a Toronto constituency. Mark the word "run."

How about giving the Ontario "up-

lifters" a chance to help in the third attempt to raise the Quebec bridge span?

It rather gives one a pain in these war days to see pictures of King Manuel playing tennis. He might better be repaying Britain for her kindness to him.

Uncle Sam spent \$100,000,000 on the hunt for Villa and then didn't get him. But look at the nice moving pictures they took on the trip!

Butter is \$3 a pound in Germany and now the Huns find they can't get Greece.

CONDITIONS REVERSED.

We read of a Bishop in Britain who could not make some distant calls because of lack of gasoline. This seems to be reversing the Scriptural phrase, for in this case the flesh was willing but the spirit was weak.

IN THE SAME BOAT.

Newspaper heading says: "Hughes finds Wilson wanting." Sure. Wanting the same thing that Hughes wants.

BY WAY OF ASSURANCE.

Of course the average wife trusts her husband—but nevertheless when the opportunity offers she can't resist the temptation to go through his pockets.

War Time Heroines

(Concluded from page 15.)

The cake referred to is one of the many ingenious ways Canadian girls have of raising money for patriotic purposes. Recipes for the Edith May cake (a truly delectable production) are sold for 25 cents each, and a girl who boasts of no "parlour tricks" is able to turn her very practical talent to good account. This letter was not written for publication, needless to say, yet we feel sure that Miss May will not object to our using it if it can be the means of making the needs of her work more widely known in Canada.

IN another letter Miss May describes in vivid contrast two of the hospitals she visited. One in the famous Chateau Clemenceaux, where queens and courtiers once made merry:

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to see that long hall of Catherine de Medici's built over the river, now turned into a ward for one hundred and seventy men! There are two operating-rooms, too, beautifully equipped and the X-ray room is the green tapestry room with the portrait of Catherine looking down from the wonderful mantelpiece. Monsieur Meunier, the present owner, has spent thousands in the equipment, and not a plank nor a nail, but has been so placed that when it is withdrawn or taken down it will leave no trace of having been there. I think the views from the wards and the operating room would almost make me well.

In vivid contrast to this she describes another hospital:

It was an abandoned factory of the most primitive sort, most of the staircases are open like ladders; the ground-floor is still a sort of lumber and storage place; ceilings are upheld by rough, unpainted posts; the floors are uneven, worn away, and without a vestige of polish or surface, I saw no electricity or

lighting anywhere save in the little operating-room. The only water is a tap in the lower entry. In one place, to close up an open loft, the directeur had begged of a theater in a neighbouring town a drop-curtain upon which were painted a castle and moat and a wonderful cascade. He was very proud of this piece of ingenuity—and I was proud, not only of his ingenuity, but of his courage everywhere. He said he had been discouraged when he first saw the building, but that he had begged and borrowed, and they had cleaned and painted, and that now it was really very homelike. The walls in one corridor were covered with life-size figures of soldiers cannon, scenes from trench life. One of their wounded had been a real artist, and had tried to do his part to render the place gay during his days of convalescence. . . . But, oh, it was a pathetic place! And all the more so because they were so bent on pointing out what they did have, and in showing how happy their men were. That tumble-down old place was full of smiling faces! For an instant I forgot it all. And then I felt as if I must do something for them, and I was so glad to feel that I could. I don't believe you can begin to realize what it meant to have some money in the face of such desperate needs. It is the very greatest happiness I have ever known. So then we went back to the little operating-room and sat down on three-legged stools and there we planned like children! I am going to put in running water for them, and linoleum on the operating floor, and give some tables and chairs to the wards (they have practically none); and the fund is to be asked for clothing and pillows (they have none), and some instruments. Somehow, when I came in to-night and found a letter waiting to welcome me from the medecin-chef, thanking me and my compatriots so genuinely and sincerely for what we were to do, I felt as uplifted as if I were walking on air. I wish every one who has helped me to give these things could know it.