



*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

LETTERS TO THE SEASON'S SAINT.

HOMER nods and sometimes Santa Claus goes to sleep, for this keen Canadian air makes the old boy drowsy. Here is what a "Courier" correspondent stole from his mail-bag one night last week:

Dear Santa: I really hate to trouble you again but that Beck boy won't be quiet. I wish you'd give him a good, stiff dose of lumbago or nervous prostration that would take him off to California for a season. You know it doesn't require much to drive a London member down south. If you'll only take Adam off for twelve months, I'll forego any little trifles you might have felt disposed to drop in my stocking.

Freddie N.

Dear Santa: How are you, anyway? There's a lovely toy donkey called "Public Ownership" which I'm just dying to have. It brays like real life if you put a penny in its mouth. Drop it down the shaft and I'll give you a free ad.

Billy Mac.

Dear Santa: Please send me a bright new chip for my shoulder. It's lonesome this Christmas since Adelard told me to go away back and sit down. Sir Wilfrid seems to be able to get along without me, the Premier of Quebec says, "Ah, G'wan," and no one wants to fight me any more.

Henri B.

SOME CHOICE LIMERICKS.

SEASONS may come and go, violets may come up and leaves may tumble down, but the limerick, like death, has all seasons for its own. There are some poor ones flying about and some of a more exhilarating order of which we quote a few:

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who chewed on his teeth till he bent 'em.
When he found they were bent
He said: "I don't care a cent,
For you know I don't own 'em—I rent 'em.

There were three young ladies of Birmingham
I know a sad story concerning 'em;
They stuck needles and pins
In the right reverend shins
Of the bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

A faithless young flirt of Dundee
Invited six sweethearts to tea;
But I'm sorry to say
They all came the same day;
Down the

steps
just
like
this
she
did
flee.

A LOAFER.

MR. WILL CROOKS, a British M.P., has a great dislike for the loafer; and the man who will not work may expect but little of his sympathy. In the House of Commons he once told two amusing stories of idlers whom he had met. A certain "out of work" went to a foreman for a situation, but he was told that there was scarcely enough doing to keep the regular hands employed. "Oh, that's all right, guv'nor," said the applicant, "anything I do won't make very much difference." Mr. Crooks also described the case of a lazy artisan who was engaged in some work which could only be done on fine days. When his wife called him at six o'clock in the morn-

ing he used to inquire anxiously if it was raining. When she said "no," he inquired if it looked like raining, and when she had killed all hope, he tumbled into his clothes muttering, "I wish to 'eaven it was Sunday!"

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HER PROTEST.

A LADY entered a railroad station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked, "Single?"

"It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man like you."

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UNLUCKY.

THAT was an unlucky thing that Peck, the engineer, done," said the brakeman. "They gave him one of them new engines yesterday, an' he named it after his wife." "How was that unlucky?" asked the track-walker. "Why, the blamed thing blew him up this morning."

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SHAKY.

"IS there malaria around here?" asked the stranger. "I should say so," observed Farmer Cornloss. "There's so much shakin' goin' on that all a man needs to do to shine his shoes is to hold a brush in his hand and stand still."

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A PITIFUL OBJECT.

"IT looks as if these trusts," said Mr. Sinclair, "will have to obey the law, or else their owners will find themselves as badly sold as the rich Bostonian who bought an estate in Scotland called Glen Accra.

"The Bostonian bought this estate without having seen it. He believed that he could trust the

man he bought it from. And last summer he went over to have a look at the place.

"The drive from the nearest railway station to Glen Accra was a matter of twelve miles. The Bostonian hired a Highlander to drive him.

"As the cart jogged along, the Bostonian said: 'I suppose you know the country hereabouts pretty well, friend?'

"Aye, ilka foot o' 't," the Scot answered.

"And do you know Glen Accra?"

"Aye, weel," was the reply.

"What sort of a place is it?" the American asked.

"The Scot smiled grimly.

"Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say, 'Poor brute!'" — New York Tribune.

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HIS CHOICE.

"NOW, Patsy, if it should come to a real issue, which would you rather lose—your money or your life?"

"Me loife, begorra. Oi'm savin' me money for me ould age." — The Bohemian.

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MIGHT BE MONTREAL.

FIRST Country Councillor: "Here's a fine-looking street."

Second Ditto: "You're right there. What's best to be done with it?"

"Let's have it dug up for a sewer."

"But wouldn't it be proper to pave it first?"

"Of course; I supposed you understood that. Then, after it is paved and a sewer put in, we'll have it repaved."

"All in readiness to be dug up again for the gas-pipe? I see you understand the principles of municipal economy. And after we have had it repaved for the second time, then what?"

"Well, then it will be in order for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways." — London Tatler.



"Well, Maria, what's wrong?"
"Why John, here's a letter from Sarah Matthews, an' she says she's been to Sunday supper at Delia Daly's (that's my sister's eldest girl, you know) an' she give them oyster cocktails. To think of our own flesh and blood comin' to that!"