

THE DEMI-TASSE

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

A DOUBTFUL CLIMATE.

There have been many witticisms at the expense of certain localities, but perhaps this description of Sierra Leone was most suggestive: "This is a district which always has two governors—one coming out alive and the other going home dead."

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TOM AGREED.

The Ottawa wife gently rustled the evening paper.

"Tom!"

"Yes."

"Do you think Harry Thaw was insane on his wedding day? The paper says his wife's going to try to prove it."

"Any man's insane on his wedding day," said Tom gruffly and a great silence settled over that happy home.

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NOT REASSURING.

AN old lady refused to be comforted by her pastor's assurance that, when he left, she would have a better pastor as his successor. "Na, na," she said, "I have seen fourteen changes in the meenesters since I attended the kirk, an' every ane has been waur than anither."

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UNDER ARREST.

THE *Argonaut* is authority for the statement that in Kansas City the police even arrest on Sunday musicians who give concerts and that a marshal recently said to the grand jury of that city: "Several persons who participated in the Philharmonic Orchestra's concert this week got away. We were unable to catch Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Chopin and R. Wagner, whose names appeared upon the programme. I would suggest that warrants

be issued for them." The distinguished musicians are probably enjoying the comforts of *The Houseboat on the Styx*, which comes under no extradition law and may continue their discussion undisturbed by the legislators of Kansas City.

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THE PLUMBER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the plumber's daughter,
Her father's work, so dear, so dear,
That I would like to be the man
To whisper in her ear.
That I might win the gold again
Her father stole from me,
And I'd leave his beauteous daughter
When far across the sea.

It is the plumber's daughter,
Her diamonds are so bright, so bright,
I'd like to be the burglar
To break in her room at night,
And hoping that she was asleep,
I'd gather in the brilliant heap.

It is the plumber's daughter,
And she would grow so mad, so mad,
At the cruel way I paid her
For the thieving of her dad,
She'd try to tear my raven hair,
And I? I'd laugh at her despair.
—From "Heather to Golden Rod."

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A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

THERE is a club in a Canadian city which contains an aged member, who takes advantage of his many decades to bully the younger habitues. The hectoring member goes by the nickname of "The General" and is especially averse to gossip of a sordid sort. On a certain January afternoon

two of the junior members were discussing a certain Smith whose obstinacy they united in condemning.

"I tell you," said a large and loud-voiced friend laying his hand on the other's knee, "Smith positively exults in his stubbornness. Even after you've proved him wrong, he goes on hugging his error."

"Eh! What's that?" said the General, suddenly rousing from a doze, "pon my word, it's simply scandalous the way you chaps talk. What did you say her name is?"

The week following this episode saw one of the youngest members, of the cheerful name of Higgs, get even with the General, who is fond of telling interminable yarns with the point of the joke so blunted that even the most deferential listener finds it weary work to smile. Higgs had suffered much from the General's long-winded narratives and when the latter paused in his story to say reminiscently: "Let me see now! What did the bishop say? Dear me, where is that joke?" Higgs mildly suggested:

"Perhaps it's gone to the barber's, sir, to have its whiskers trimmed."

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LIMERICKS OF THE DAY.

Our Press, from St. John to B. C.,
Thought they'd bought Kipling's work with much glee.
But a cute Yankee weekly
Stepped in, soft and sleekly,
And said: "Rudyard's stuff is for me."

There was a proud Kaiser named Bill
Who gave fair Britannia a chill.
He wrote of the Navy
In lines neat and wavy,
And made poor Lord Tweedmouth quite ill.
J. G.

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HIS REPUTATION.

A CERTAIN shrewd lawyer of London, Ontario, was visiting a Hamilton man, named Mac-Gregor or something equally Celtic, and in the course of the evening a small daughter of the host made the London man's acquaintance.

"I heard about you, Mr. L—," she said solemnly and the guest felt flattered by her earnest gaze.

"I hope it's all been good, Miss Dorothy."

"Um-m," she murmured, while her innocent blue eyes took on the seraphic expression of reflective childhood: "I heard Daddie tell Mother the other night that he couldn't understand how you kept out of gaol."

The guest turned his attention to the family portraits while it was discovered that dear little Dorothy's bed-time was over-due.

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SPRING FEVER.

Oh, spring is here again with the warm yellow sun,
I can hear the birds a-singing in the dell.
(And the spring house-cleanin' is awaitin' to be done
And I ain't a-feelin' extry well.)

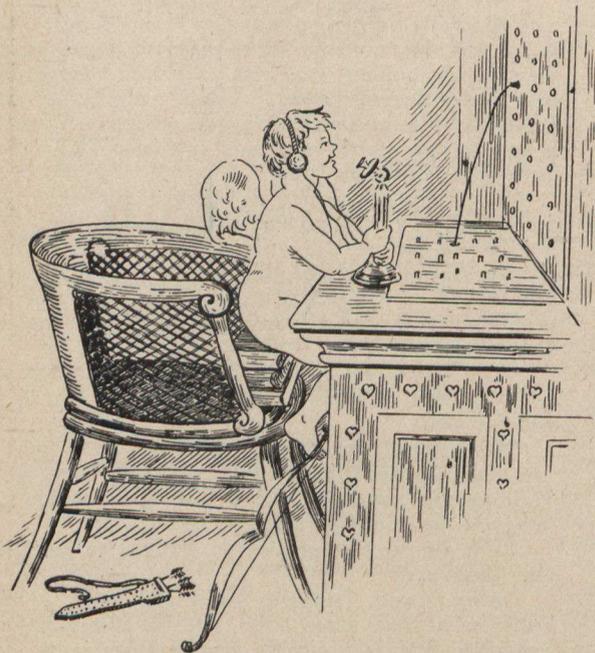
The crocus and tulips have come out so bold;
The buds are bursting on the maple tree.
(There are cobwebs in the top-mast and ashes in
the hold,
And I know that work ain't good for me.)

When everything is wearing such a bright, springy
look,
And all the birds and flowers seem so glad,
(And all the rugs and curtains are awaitin' to be
shook,)

Oh, I wonder why I feel so bad!

Louise C. Glasgow.

Cupid at the Switch



A MUCH-USED HEART LINE

He: "Give me Miss Coquette."
Cupid: "Line busy."

Drawn for the "Canadian Courier" by F. P. FitzGerald