

# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

**P**RESIDENT TAFT would be so pleased if some one would ask Colonel Roosevelt to spend the winter in Madagascar.

Toronto newspapers were entertained in Hamilton, and haven't been able to talk about anything but the mountain since their return. High Park seems so flat after an upward spin in a red automobile.

A Canadian newspaper announces that the Chinese are a nation of cooks. Ten thousand Canadian homes will ring up Pekin next week and ask how much a good plain cook will charge for services including transportation. No exclusion for the Asiatic who can broil a steak and fry onions.

Hon. A. B. Aylesworth is to be made a knight and will retire as Sir Allan. Why not create him a peer and give him the resounding title, Baron of the Newmarket Canal, or Earl of the Alaskan Award. King George may as well do the honours handsomely.

The Mayor of London, Ont., has had his pocket picked. Rural crimes are becoming terribly common.

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## A Little Lather.

**T**HERE'S trouble in Ontario, The Globe is in a flutter, It really wants to know, you know, And makes a dreadful splutter.

The 'laundry' at Orillia, Is what it kicks about; It wants to have a laundry list And see the wash all out.

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## With Whitney's Compliments.

**U**NTO King George a basket went, "It did not fail to reach us, And thanks so much," the Sovereign said, "There were such lovely peaches."

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## The Exception.

**A** CYNIC had returned from a party in Toronto, given by some "new rich" citizens who were rather ostentatious but not given to the use of correct English.

"I suppose," said an inquiring friend, "that everything was very swell."

"It was," said the cynical youth with a yawn, "everything was observed except the rules of syntax."

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## Slightly Mixed.

**T**HE tourist from Chicago usually makes herself seen and heard in the Old Land. One lady of such tendencies announced to a surprised audience in a London boarding-house that her husband had written to say that he was going to buy an automobile.

"I don't know whether he'll go in for a towering-car, or a running-around," said the voluble lady. "But one thing is certain, we'll have our own garbage."

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## No Ice Palace.

**M**ONTREAL has decided to hold a carnival without an ice palace, since the latter structure is considered a poor advertisement for Canada.

Oh, no we never mention it, Its name is never heard; There's no one wishes now to speak, That once familiar word. In days gone by we took a pride In turrets cold and high, Which reared themselves in Montreal And pierced the wintry sky.

We may exult in carnivals, Upon the mountain side, But no ice palace rears its form O'er the toboggan slide. It gave us such a frozen look In photograph and card, That we discard Siberian stunts As something quite too hard.

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## As It Seems To Us.

**P**RESIDENT Taft's daughter Helen intends to stay home and help her mother this year instead of going back to college. Why doesn't she help her dad? He needs it more.

It is said that the hobble skirt is to be succeeded by the bolster slip or stove pipe gown, after which are to come the

## HARD LINES



Indignant Swimmer (to well-meaning, but misguided rescuers): Go away, you idiots! I'm not shipwrecked, I'm —I'm swimming the Channel.—*The Tatler*.

following dresses: The barber pole, the grain sack, the inverted cone, the isosceles triangle and the egg cup.

And now it's the public health that's to be conserved. Next we'll hear of Mr. R. L. Borden conserving Conservative strength in Quebec.

The civic authorities of Toronto are likely to put an end to vaudeville performances in the moving picture theatres of the city, but it appears that there's still no move being made to put an end to the V. P.'s in the City Council meetings.

Uncle Sam is trying to dissolve the sugar trust. Well, if he can't dissolve that one, it looks hopeless to attempt to make the other trusts melt away.

Teddy Roosevelt is to visit Toronto next year. The City Hall tower has been wired against lightning, a high-pressure water service has been installed and the sea-wall is being hurried along, so the damage is expected to be comparatively light.

Ottawa is to have peat for fuel, the By-towners having given up the attempt to heat their homes with cut and split sections of the long dry speeches delivered in Parliament.

It is reported that at the recent race meet at the Blue Bonnets track, Montreal, the bookies dropped \$200,000. But

don't worry; it will bounce back to them at future meets.

Canada's Thanksgiving Day has been set for the 31st of October, and with Hallowe'en also coming on that date it looks as if we're in for something like Uncle Sam's "safe and sane fourth."

Saskatchewan wants more men for threshing her grain, and if they don't soon appear, the Saskatchewan women may adopt the feminine scheme of looking under the bed.

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## Generous with Titles.

**Y**OU would have thought that the importance of the recent Eucharistic Congress and the prominence given to it in the press would have guaranteed that everybody would have had some idea of the position of the people prominent in it, but the experience of a Toronto publication says otherwise. The publication concerned was having cuts of Cardinal Vannutelli and Father Vaughan made at an engraving house. The foreman of the engraving firm was telephoned to and was asked what progress was being made on "those portrait cuts that are being made for us?"

"Wait a minute," said the foreman, and when he returned from a little trip of inquiry he sent over the telephone the startling question, "Was they two popes?"

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## "Carrying Coals to Newcastle."

**T**HE joke is on Hon. Geo. P. Graham, who represents the City of Brockville in the House of Commons, and it's on him good and hard. It was while he looked about in the Hudson Bay Company's store at Pas Mission, on the Saskatchewan River, while on his recent trip that the joke was hung on him, and he appreciates it all the more because it was put on him so innocently.

The Minister of Railways saw some long-sleeved driving gloves that interested him, and he remarked to a friend that it might be a good scheme to buy some to take home to "the boys." Turning to the factor he asked, "Where do these gloves come from?"

And the factor answered, "From Brockville."

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## Profanity by Proxy.

**A** GOOD solid type of Western Ontario gentleman not long ago told of the only time when he had been guilty of profanity. He and a friend had gone fishing, and for some time luck was dead against them. At last, however, they seemed to be about to get at the one time the reward for their patience. Both corks were bobbing beautifully, and it was in the excitement of the moment that the man who was very careful of his language was trapped into a lapse.

"I've got a—good bite," said the friend eagerly, and with fully as much eagerness the man who never had indulged in unprintable talk whispered, "So have I."

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## Insulted the Goldfish.

**T**HIS time it's the kindergarten that has furnished a school remark which deserves telling.

In the kindergartens of Toronto, globes of goldfish are an interesting feature, and the feeding of the fish is a regular part of the pleasant kindergarten routine. In the present instance the fish had been given breakfast, and the teacher had called the children back to their places. One little fellow who had started his school experience that morning, lingered near the goldfish.

"Come along, Bobby," said the teacher. "We're going to sing."

In a drawing voice, and with a tone that indicated greater interest in the fish than in the singing, Bobby said, "All right. I was just looking at your sardines for a minute."

## Good Cooking Makes

## A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

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