



T H E

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.



THE CRAZE OF THE HOUR.

A broad expanse of shimmering straw,
A bird just like a bat;
A monstrous stretch of ribbon blue—
The Merry Widow hat!

A streaming loop of filmy stuff,
And lace in row on row;
It floats upon the April breeze —
The Merry Widow bow!

An awkward fence of bristling white
For just a half a dollar;
Alas! We see on every hand
The Merry Widow collar.

Two thick, loud soles of dusky brown
No dainty maid would choose;
And then we hear throughout the land
The Merry Widow shoes.

In fact, so far the fashion's gone,
So wide the fad been carried,
We'd like to see at early date
The Merry Widow married.

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PUZZLING.

THE *Daily Mail* of London, England, which is supposed to be an imperialistic publication, announces that "a new city in Winnipeg is to be named Kipling after the poet and novelist who visited the place last year." Does the English authority mean a street in Winnipeg or a city in Manitoba?

Kipling has said and written so many complimentary things about Victoria, B.C., that it is the duty of that picturesque city to name a few thoroughfares after Kiplingesque characters. "Mulvaney Avenue," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Park," and "Gunga Din Alley" are suggested, while the deported Orientals might be sent back to the tune of "Mandalay" or "Danny Deever."

THE TRAMP'S RULE.

There's nothing succeeds like distress.

A FEW HATS.

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST (Lady Randolph Churchill) has in the *Century Magazine* several interesting stories of the late Duke of Devonshire. She says his rather stern countenance belied a mirth-loving soul and he thoroughly appreciated a joke. His carelessness about his clothes became proverbial among his friends, and once, on his birthday, a number of ladies, thinking that he needed a new hat, sent him every conceivable sort of headgear, from the top-hat to the flannel cricketing cap. For hours the hats poured in, to the number of about fifty.

THE LIMIT.

ON one occasion, when in Congress, General Benjamin Butler arose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate.

"Why, general," said the member reproachfully, "you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined Butler grimly, "but I didn't divide eternity with you."

That member must be related to Allan B. Studholme of Hamilton, Ontario.

THE END OF EXISTENCE.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, the eminent British scientist, believes that children are often startlingly logical in conversation. In connection with this belief, says M. A. P., he tells the following story:

A little boy and a little girl of his acquaintance

were discussing, as children will, the mystery of human existence.

"I wonder what we are here in the world for," asked the little boy. His companion was a good little girl and she answered gently:

"We're put here to help others, of course."

"Um!" exclaimed the little boy after a moment's thought; "then what are the others here for?"

AFTER PROROGATION.

The members leave, their "programme" to rehearse,
The mace in solitude now gathers rust;
The lobbyist homeward plods with lightened purse
And leaves the corridors to stately dust.

MAJORITY RULE.

"A TIME will come," said Mrs. Sharp, after a protracted political debate with her husband, "when women will control all elections."

"Never on earth!" shouted Mr. Sharp.

"Perhaps not," said his wife calmly. "I was thinking of heaven."—*Smart Set*.

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE



She: "I'm told you believe in nothing."
He: "I never said so. I said I believed only in what I understood."—Punch.

WHAT'S THE USE?

IN an editorial on "The Money Fever," a writer on the *Toronto News* exclaims in lofty scorn: "Where is the sublimity in a dollar?" Evidently the financial strain is over and the editor has a goodly supply of yellow car tickets. Western crops must be in a fair way to abundance when a *Toronto* editor can toss such airy interrogations into a serious paragraph.

AN ESSENTIAL.

ONE night, as a Canadian doctor who lives in Eastern Ontario was driving into a village, he saw a chap, a little the worse for liquor, amusing a crowd of spectators with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor watched him a while and said:

"Sandy, how do you manage to train your dog?"

I can't teach mine to do anything." Sandy, with that simple look in his eyes said:

"Well, you see, Doc, you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothing."

BURIED.

A MERCHANT of a certain town of Illinois one day, entered the office of the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He was in a state of mingled excitement and indignation. "I'll not pay a cent for advertising this week!" he exclaimed. "You told me you would put the notice of my spring sale in with the reading matter."

"And didn't I do it?" asked the editor, with reassuring suavity.

"No, you didn't!" came from the irate merchant. "You put it in the column with a lot of poetry, that's where you put it!"—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

ADVERTAS.

The splendour falls on castle walls (labelled "Mennen's").

And snowy summits old in story ("Buy Zig's Rye—Very Oldest Procurable").

The long light shakes across the lakes (See Ivory Soap ad.)

And the wild cataract leaps in glory (Triscuit—Made at the Falls).

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying (Victor—His Master's Voice).

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying (Wiggins—Undertaker).

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

SOLOMON'S STABLES.

IT takes a woman to pare wonders to their original dimensions.

Beneath the Mosque of Omar, which may be on the site of Solomon's Temple, are great caverns known as the stables of Solomon.

"When we reached the entrance this morning," says Mr. E. W. Howe, the editor of the *Atchison Globe*, in a recent book, "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World," "Mrs. Bigger sat down.

"You go on down to the barn," she said. 'I will rest here, and join you on your return.'"

A WISE MANAGER.

I WAS amused at a little bit of humour at the end of the Opera House regulations on the programme:

"Any old ladies afraid of taking cold may keep on their hats or bonnets," read this serpent-wise notice.

Now who on earth in the shape of a woman would sport a hat under the circumstances? There are more subtle means than force to attain the banishment of the theatre hat, and Manager Brandon has evidently discovered the fact.—*Peggy in Edmonton Saturday News*.

THE MAGNATES IN JAIL.

"SO you people put a couple of magnates in jail on heavy fines, did you?" asks the investigating reformer.

"Yes," replies the native. "We fined them the limit; they wouldn't pay and we put them in cells."

"That's a good example."

"Is it? Within two days they organised the prisoners, guards and jailers into the International Penalty Company, issued five hundred million in bonds, paid the fines of all the prisoners, left us with a mortgage on the jail and the court-house—and stuck the surplus money in their pockets."—*Chicago Evening Post*.