

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

UP to the time of our going to press, Inspector James L. Hughes has not remarked that Dr. Helen Mac-Murphy is a nice, bright, little woman.

The Toronto Board of Control has once more considered a Medical Health Officer. It looks as if the Battle of Hastings has been fought to a finish.

Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, has been asked by certain Toronto firms to prohibit the sale of rotten eggs. Theatrical stock companies who play Hamlet will be grateful for this action. The Hon. Sydney occasionally needs a little egg on.

Professor Marshall is not exactly chummy with Dr. Daniel Gordon, of Queen's University. In fact, he had an uncomfortable time being a lion in Daniel's den.

The Portuguese have asked Theodore Roosevelt and J. A. Macdonald to spend a week-end in Lisbon to settle their little disputes. Washington and Toronto will prepare to have a nice quiet time for a few days.

Marie Corelli's latest novel, "The Devil's Motor," is said to be a warm number. The book ought to go rapidly.

King Manuel says he has not resigned yet. Neither has R. L. Borden.

Dr. Sheard is going to Atlantic City for a rest. Inspector James L. Hughes is thinking of going to St. Catharines for a week-end. Mr. R. J. Fleming is staying right in Toronto.

At Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, they want the Law for the Gospel. But the college "Knox" the invitation.

The University of Berlin, Germany, is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary. But Berlin, Ontario, is away ahead with power from Niagara.

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The Fashionable Garb.

HOBBLE, hobble little skirt,
How I wonder what you are,
Or whatever you would do
If you had to catch a car.

* * *

The Boys at Berlin.

HON. ADAM BECK, as Power Minister, was simply radiant, and remarked that he had come from Waterloo but had not met it.

Sir James Whitney was as affable as if he were in Morrisburg, and gave Adam a chance to press the button.

If only Dr. A. S. Vogt had been there to "raise" the national anthem, "O Canada."

Hon. Mackenzie King, as one of Waterloo's whiteheaded boys, proceeded to get into the electric light. Power and Labour succeeded in making the night luminous.

Mayor Hahn might have said to Mayor Geary that, for once, Toronto was completely in the shade.

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The Dumb Dominion.

UNCLE SAM is thinking deeply,
O'er the ways of tariff walls.
While he wonders, long and vainly,
How the voice of "duty" calls.

He would like some light and leading
To be shed upon the South,
But Miss Canada demurely
Opens not her dainty mouth.

* * *

Answers to Correspondents.

JOHN: What is lawfully regarded as racing information?

We really cannot say, as this is a most obscure question. We should recommend you to a committee composed of Dr. Sheard, Rev. T. Albert Moore, and the President of the Ontario Jockey Club for technical decision. We believe that the reports of Y. M. C. A. athletic events are considered as fairly legal.

Lucinda: Don't you think women should be allowed to vote?

We heartily approve of every woman having just what she wants and doing just as she pleases. Let the lovely women of this land ask for a vote and man will be only too ready to hand it over—and then purchase it at bargain rates.

Miranda: What will be the fashionable blue this winter?

It is difficult to tell so early in the chilly season; but Borden blue is almost certain to be worn in certain circles. Another shade of an electric tinge known as the Adam Beck is likely to be popular in Western Ontario.

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As It Seems to Us.

THE master of an Arctic trading schooner at Seattle says that chewing gum is of more value than gum drops in dealing with the Arctic natives. However, in telling us natives about his tracking down the North Pole, Dr. Cook found gum drops quite effective.

Toronto is becoming a big consumer of pig iron; and echo, in the form of other Ontario cities' newspapers, answers, "Hogtown!"

Ex-King Manuel, of Portugal, says he didn't abdicate. Well, the advice of an anxious world is that if he didn't he'd better.

Rev. Dr. Endicott, of the Canadian Methodist Mission Press, at Chengtu, states that the Chinese are reading translations of the works of Spencer, Darwin and Dickens. That's nothing. Chinamen in Canada read the laundry checks that they hand us.

Reciprocity, somebody says, is to be a case of "give and take," and we're hoping that it won't be a case of Canada giving and Uncle Sam taking.

Much to the delight of the Old Guard, Theodore Roosevelt went up in an airship at St. Louis, and much to their disgust he came down safely.

Emperor Bill's nation refuses satisfaction to the newspaper correspondents who were slashed by the police. It thus appears that apologies are not numbered among the things "made in Germany."

Thanksgiving Day and Hallowe'en come on the same date, and all the other little boys and girls will be in a position to understand why a howl has been raised by the little boys and girls who celebrate their birthday and Christmas on the one day.

Insanity is said to be on the increase, and the statement is not disproved by the actions of Uncle Sam's family while a world's championship baseball series is in progress.

The *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, is still shouting the praises of "The Maple Leaf," and pouring derision on "O Canada." Let's compromise by singing "The Maple Leaf" while the maple leaves are on the trees and "O Canada" the rest of the year.

* * *

How It Appealed to Pat.

AT the next session of the Ontario Legislature they will miss Joe Downey, who has forsaken politics and South Wellington to be superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane at Orillia. The other day in the Parliament buildings he told this one:

The priest of the parish had preached a sermon on the Day of Judgment. He impressed on his hearers what a great event it would be when the last trump should sound and the dead should rise. It would be a great demonstration of the strength and glory of the Roman Catholic Church. Every Pope since St. Peter would be present and so would every saint and martyr who had suffered and died for the advancement of Christianity. Not only that but every human being from Adam down would be on hand. The discourse would not be limited to the faithful only. All those misguided brethren who had sep-

arated and become Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists would also be there.

Patrick met his pastor next day and began discussing the sermon. "Shure, yer riverence," said Patrick, "I had no idea till ye prached yisterday that the day o' judgment wud be sich a demonstration. 'Twill be an awful jam."

"It will undoubtedly be a great day," the priest assured him.

"Will that Ulster gang of Prodesans be there?" inquired Patrick doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed they will," said his reverence.

"Well, father, will th' Ancient Order of Hibernians be there?"

"Why certainly, Patrick."

"Will the Orangemen be there?"

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"Well, father, I'm thinkin' there'll not be much judgin' done the first day."

* * *

As a Tail Light.

'T'WAS "Hitch your waggon to a star"
That used to fire the youthful brain;

But times have changed, and now the tip

Is "Hitch a star to your aeroplane."

* * *

"Intelligent" Parrot.

DURING a visit to the old homestead in Western Ontario a Toronto man was much interested in a parrot that was the pride of his father. At breakfast one morning the elder gentleman had the door to the kitchen opened, and they could then distinctly hear "Polly" calling out, "Pat, you're a bad dog! You're a Tory, Pat! You'll be whipped!"

"That's a very intelligent bird," said the father proudly. "Polly understands everything we say to her."

"Where's this dog Pat that Polly is scolding?" asked the son. "I'd like to see Pat."

"Oh, Pat has been dead for two years," explained dad.

"Well," said the son, "that's a 'very intelligent bird'—talking to a dog that has been dead two years."

Jumping up quickly and shutting the door, the father whispered, "But we haven't told Polly yet."

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The Retort Stinging.

THEY'RE telling a good story of a Toronto man who is fond of the cup that inebriates and that is supposed to cheer.

A bartender in one of the hotels at which this man "gets his moisture" noticed that the customer was pouring an exceedingly generous quantity of whiskey into a highball glass.

"You ought to go into the hotel business," remarked the bartender.

"Why?" asked the customer.

"Well, I think you ought to go into this business," said the man behind the bar. "I'm sure you'd make a success of keeping hotel."

"How do you make that out?" asked the heavy drinker, who was a trifle afraid that the other man was trying to "put it over" him.

"Why," answered the bartender, "you can buy this stuff so much cheaper than we can."

* * *

Sam the Wheeler.

COL. SAM HUGHES was in command of the militia camp at Kingston last summer. He gave both officers and men a regular back-breaking course of training, but so long as they showed intelligence he was not economical of praise.

One major, though, got on the Colonel's nerve, and Brigadier Hughes called him down good and plenty. Finally the major's commanding officer interceded for him with the brigadier.

"You're pretty hard on him, sir," he said. "Yet he's a decent fellow."

"Decent!" roared Sam. "He may be decent. What I want is sense. Did you see how he mixed up that wheeling movement to-day?"

"It was pretty bad, I'll acknowledge." "Bad!" howled Col. Sam. "Bad!" That fellow hasn't sense enough to know how to wheel around in a swivel chair!"

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.

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