



# 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.*



## TIMELY RHYMES.

A little snow, a stretch of slush,  
For spring is in no hurry,  
While April vanishes with shrieks  
Mid lots of wind and flurry.

Toronto smiles in confidence,  
For Doctor Orr is back  
From Europe's dangerous highways  
And ocean's stormy track.  
He's got some dandy pictures  
Likewise a gorgeous band,  
The "only" Exhibition  
Is sure to be on hand.

The rooms are all "took" at the Chateau  
By the Prince and the Yankees, you know.  
And Johnnie Canuck will have hardly a look,  
Because—Johnnie hasn't the dough.

There is a Commissioner Fyshe,  
Who served up a highly-spiced dish  
Of things in Marine  
Which shouldn't have been,  
And gratified Borden's fond wish.

## AN HONEST PLAINTIFF.

"MY client has come into this court with the  
mantle of honesty in his mouth; not to lure  
fifteen bullocks and costs out of the other side's  
pocket," remarked the Irish counsel in an arbitra-  
tion case heard in London this week.—*Daily Mail*  
(England).

## ONE LESSON.

SAID a sweet-faced young Sunday-School teacher  
to her class of bright little Canadians: "Now,  
children, what lessons may we learn from the life of  
Samson?"

"Not to let a woman cut yer hair," said a small  
chap whose uneven locks betrayed an amateur  
operator.

## CUPID AT THE HELM



A Spring Fancy.—Punch.

## A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

SAID a good Reformer to a strong Conservative:  
"Your party makes a mistake in not having a  
Presbyterian minister somewhere at the head of

affairs. There's a good deal of Scotch blood in  
Canada and the *Globe* never did a better stroke of  
business than when it put Rev. J. A. Macdonald in  
the editorial chair."

"It's a good idea," replied the Conservative  
cautiously. "If we had Rev. D. C. Hossack for  
the *Mail and Empire*, 'Ralph Connor' for the *News*  
and Rev. R. E. Knowles for the *World*, we'd be  
doing fine."

## NEWSLETS.

WHEN Caruso was in Canada, he was offered  
four positions—one in a church choir and  
three on newspapers as caricaturist, as elections will  
be on. But Caruso came too high.

Ralph Connor has been preaching in Toronto.  
Winnipeg papers say it was none too soon. Next  
Sunday a distinguished Methodist will address his  
congregation on the "Evils of Novel Reading."

A horrible outrage has been perpetrated! Some  
one has added the "lily" to Mr. Muir's song, *The  
Maple Leaf Forever*, and it is rumoured that the  
flower of ancient France is now entwined with the  
shamrock and the rest of 'em. A patriot demands  
that the leek of Wales shall be substituted for that  
modest but insidious *fleur-de-lis*. So there you are!  
Lilies or leeks? It would be a nice subject for a  
"tercent" debate.

A socialist lecturing in Canada says that man was  
originally a fish. That's why the modern woman  
likes to be in the swim.

Canadian detectives are ever so humane. They  
simply hate to catch a murderer. They'd rather  
detect little boys buying cough candy on Sunday.

## OUR FASHION HINT.

Dorothy. "I am to write a paper for our Home  
and Hearth Club on the Merry Widow hat. Can  
you tell me anything of its origin or history? I  
like to be up-to-date on a wide subject like this."

You have indeed chosen a wide subject, my dear  
Dorothy. There is nothing more broadening than  
the study of the Merry Widow headgear. In fact,  
it is an evolution, beginning with the Sad Spinster  
turban which was a narrow affair leaving room for  
only a few ribbon loops and continuing in the form  
of the Weary Wife toque, to emerge finally in the  
glad expanse known to womankind and cursed by  
mankind as the Merry Widow hat.

## FAILED.

THEY were on the mighty deep. The great ocean  
liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still  
love me?"

"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent  
answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly  
face away, "I thought that would make me feel  
better, but it doesn't."—*The Southwestern's Book*.

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

"COME in, William," said the daughter of the  
member of the Legislature who has his home  
down the C. and E., as her timid suitor halted out-  
side her father's study door. "Father, I wish to  
introduce my Bill in the house with hope that you  
will give due consideration to the same."—*Edmon-  
ton Saturday News*.

## SURE OF PORRIDGE.

LORD BUTE tells a good story concerning a poor  
Scotch widow and her family whom he used  
occasionally to visit. The old lady earned a pre-  
carious living with her needle, and she was in such  
straitened circumstances that she and her children  
lived almost solely on oatmeal porridge throughout  
the week. Sometimes on Sunday mornings, how-

ever, as a special treat, the children were allowed  
a cup of tea for breakfast. One Saturday night,  
Lord Bute called on the widow with the object of  
offering some temporary assistance, and during his  
stay a little girl came into the room and ran up to  
her mother. "Mither, mither," she cried, "will we  
hae tea for breakfast to-morrow morn?"

"Aye, dearie," replied the widow, somewhat sadly,  
"if we're spared."

"An' if we're nae spared, mither," inquired her  
little daughter anxiously, "will we just hae par-  
ritch?"—M. A. P.



The Husband of Woman Suffrage.—Life.

## THE FIRST OF MAY.

Fling up again the swearing pipes,  
Bring forth the coal-stove, cold and gray;  
Unpack your camphorated clothes—  
You'll need them, faith, this day:  
The flannels doffed with light excuse,  
The coat of fur laid well away;  
And when you've found your overshoes  
Come out and greet the May!

The unflannelled fool now gurkles thus:  
"By dose is dwice ids wodted size;  
Ad twid boiled gooseberries, by eyes,  
Butch, butch they greet, this day!"  
For, oh! the ground is white with snow,  
And of its passing none can say.  
But anyway, put on your mitts  
And come and greet the May!

S. English.

## POINTING THEM OUT.

AN American actor was once seeing London from  
the top of a 'bus. As they swung down the  
Strand he asked the driver to point out the places  
of interest. "Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver,  
touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they  
'ang 'em." A little later: "There's parliment 'ouses,  
where they make the laws wot does it, across the  
way. An' there's Westminster Habbey, where they  
buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

## EXPERIENCED.

AFTER a Suffragist riot outside the British House  
of Commons, a constable was asked by a Mem-  
ber if they had had many people in the row.

"Never saw such a sight here in my life, sir."

"Really? Were they very unruly?"

"Awful, just kicking and scratching, and going  
on anyhow."

"And you didn't get hurt?"

"No, thank you, sir. You see, I am a married  
man, so I know how to handle women."—Mrs. Alec  
Tweedie.