



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 arbitration 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 outside 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."—*Edmonton 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 precarious 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 parritch?"—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 Member 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.