



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.*



## UNCONSCIOUS CUSSING.

IN the village of Exeter, Ontario, there lived some years ago a banker who was much given to profanity and who hardly knew when he was guilty of unorthodox expressions. A clergyman persuaded the banker to become confirmed and join the church, hoping that this step would help him to reform his expletives. Bishop Baldwin came from London for the service and delivered an excellent address which really affected the banker.

"Bishop Baldwin," he declared the next day, as he was driving the eminent divine out to Crediton, "that was an—an—infernally fine address."

The Bishop protested against the qualifying word and said that it was too strong.

"Really," said Mr. D— in surprise, "I'll be damned if I thought it wasn't mighty mild."

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ONE of the most popular songs in Centre York last week was: "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

A spinster of severe aspect, who went down town in a Yonge street car in Toronto last week, wondered why the masculine passengers regarded her with cheerful smiles. The lady was finally horrified to discover that her wicked young nephew had fastened a sprig of mistletoe in the front of her immaculate bonnet.

The conventional worrier of childhood was rather surprised on December 26th by a matter-of-fact youngster who replied to the playful question as to the contents of her stocking: "Why, there's toes in it, I guess."

By some strange coincidence, "His Last Dollar" was being played at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, on Christmas Eve.

"Knowledge is Power," said the Ontario school-teacher, "and it Beck-ons us on to the rainbow spray of cheap illumination that ever hovers o'er Niagara."

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## A HAPPY QUERY.

THERE is a happy household in a Canadian city which has rejoiced for some years in the services of a French-Canadian maid whose name, Isabelle Bellefontaine, recalls the Acadian village of Grand Pre. The master of this household has a failing, common to many excellent husbands, of appearing late for luncheon or dinner and "keeping everything waiting." The other day, Isabelle's patience was sorely tried and when Mrs. M— said plaintively: "Really, I wonder what can be keeping that man," the maid retorted in exasperation:

"If I were you, Mrs. M—, I would put crape on the door and also a card with the writing, 'If I ain't a widow, what am I?'"

Since the husband was told of Isabelle's brilliant suggestion, there has been a marked improvement in his attendance at the mid-day meal.

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## THE RED MAN AND RELIGION.

MR. ARTHUR HEMING, the clever Hamiltonian who has made a name for himself as artist, author and woodsman, visited his old home last week and assured the "Canadian Courier" that the following story, which was published in the "Saturday Evening Post," is a really, truly yarn.

While on one of his northern trips, Mr. Heming asked an old fur trader as to the outcome of the work of missionaries among the Indians. With a humorous twinkle, the trader said:

"Between you and me, I don't go much on the preachers. About all the good they do is to tell the noble red men about old Lazarus and to explain to them how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. So, whenever the preacher reaches that part of his sermon, the Indians, count-

ing me as the only rich man in the place, say: "Ugh, he's the only one here that's going to hell."

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## THE ONLY WAY.

He: "There's the great Russian composer."

She: "What's his name?"

He: "S-l-i-v-i-t-z-n-i-s-k-i-z-y."

She: "How do you pronounce it?"

He: "With a syphon, I guess!"—The Bystander.

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## WHAT HE SAID.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY'S intense dislike of swearing is well known. He was very strict against it, and officers were careful not to offend him when he was anywhere about. He went on a tour of inspection through an Irish garrison whose commander was a hard swearer, a veteran of the mutiny days, whose early habits had clung to him. This commander, of course, had his troops out for Lord Wolseley's inspection, and the parade was progressing satisfactorily, when the commander gave the bugler an order to sound the "charge." To his intense consternation the bugler blew the "retreat." The commander could hardly restrain himself; his face grew purple with rage, and he braced himself for the usual outburst of profanity. But before he could get started he caught Lord Wolseley's eye on him, and he choked the oaths back. Yet, somehow, he had to give vent to his feelings. He looked blankly around, dug his spurs into his horse, and, riding to the unhappy bugler, he yelled at the top of his voice: "Oh, you naughty, naughty bugler!"—The Argonaut.

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## A DANGEROUS COMPARISON.

"THE great corporations which control general necessities," said the man of unusual theories, "should be regarded merely as servants of the public."

"Yes," answered the weary-looking citizen; "but have you ever tried to control a house full of servants?"—Washington Star.

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## HORACE GREELEY'S PENMANSHIP.

HERE is what Horace Greeley wrote:

Dear Sir:—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3rd. On the

whole it seems to me I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

Mr. M. B. Castle,  
Sandwich, Ill.

And here is how the letter committee read it:

Mr. Horace Greeley:

New York Tribune.

Dear Sir:—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded, and would say your time, "third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity. If so, we will advise you.

Yours respectfully, M. B. CASTLE.

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## WEAK WOMAN AGAINST STRONG MAN.

MONDAY. He (of the iron will): "No, my dear. Not to be considered for a moment."

Tuesday. He: "Most certainly we will not. It is ridiculous, preposterous."

Wednesday. He: "Why, you must be crazy. It's the most unreasonable thing I ever heard of. It would bankrupt us, I tell you. It is not to be thought of."

Thursday. He: "Haven't I told you we cannot afford it! What is the use of talking about a thing that is already settled. Of course I would like to please you, but it is simply out of the question."

Friday. He: "How much did you say that thing would cost?"

Saturday. He: "Well, go ahead then."

—Life.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

Most of the candidates are now saying: "Well, I didn't want the thing, anyway."

