

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

A daily paper tells us "fifteen ways to win a woman." In leap year most men want to know fifteen ways to avoid them.

Hull, Quebec, is going to have Sunday baseball. The Lord's Day Alliance will be moving to have one letter in Hull's name changed.

Barbers threaten to strike if they don't get the eight-hour day. What a lull there will be in the conversation!

For persistency there's not much to beat the way the little news items about Mexico's revolution keep straying in and finding a place among the news features with scare headings.

Britain is mistress of the seas, and France plans to be queen of the air, but the war scares will continue to be "made in Germany."

Yes, what's in a name? Ice-breakers keep on getting stuck in the ice, and many congregations are badly divided on church union.

China is becoming civilized. Suffragettes at Nanking are reported to have adopted militant methods much in line with those of London.

How to Know a Boom.—"What is a boom?" is a question that many people have asked. An interesting answer is given by the Victoria Colonist as follows:

A St. John paper says that some people in that city are asking: "What is behind the boom?" This is a needless question.

As a matter of fact, St. John is not having any boom at all. It is simply experiencing that healthy activity which comes with great public works which will be the precursors of great commercial activity. When St. John really has a boom it will experience something like what a former resident of that city said happened to him in Seattle.

"Some one rang me up over the telephone when I was at breakfast," he said, "and offered me \$1,000 for a lot of land. I said I only did business at my office, and that I would be there at 10 o'clock. He said he would be there. On my way down town I went into a store to buy a pair of rubbers. A man followed me in and offered me \$1,500 for the lot. I made the same reply, and he said he would be on hand. When I got to my office there was a man waiting outside, who offered me \$1,750. I said I only did business inside my office. When I got in, there was a man waiting who put down \$2,000 on the table and said he wanted the lot. He got it."

That's the way things happen when there's a boom on.

Especially in Leap Year.
OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.
Men.

The Original Jest.—Once more the April Fool joke is about due. Probably the earliest of that kind of thing was the joke which the month of March is said to have sprung. A cow, says the story, kicked up her heels on April 1st and said, "A fig for March!" And the

blustery month borrowed three days from April and skinned the poor cow.

The American Rooster.—People everywhere in Canada know of Andrew Broder, the member for Dundas in the Canadian Commons. They know of him as a long-trying and worthy Parliamentarian, a good Tory, a good Canadian, and a good story teller. They also know that had fate so decreed he would have made a capable Minister of Agriculture.

It was back in the days of the Tupper regime when Mr. Broder was Collector of Customs at his home town, Morrisburg. Even the hum-drum atmosphere of a Customs office did not fail to respond to Mr. Broder's ready humour and native wit, and while a good and honest official he often saw fit to temper justice with mercy.

It had been a quiet day at the port of entry. Very few of the officer's country friends had called to secure the miscellaneous bric-a-brac, which is constantly passing through, until there entered a lady, whose mission was important. Some of her good friends in New York State had sent her a fine rooster—a donation—and she desired to secure the release of her gift. Mr. Broder looked serious as she stated her case. She remarked that the bird had not been purchased, that the value at any rate was small, and that her neighbours had often told her how considerate the Customs officer was in such instances.

It was Mr. Broder's opportunity, and he grasped it. He inquired whence the bird came, the locality of the new home whither it was going, and asked sundry other questions, while the lady waited in nervous anxiety.

Finally, Mr. Broder, with an air of seriousness, remarked, "My good lady, I can permit the release of the rooster, and charge you no duty if you will agree to one condition, which promise however you must most surely abide by."

"And what might that be?" inquired the lady in astonishment.

"It is," replied Mr. Broder, "that you never permit this American rooster to crow in a Canadian farm-yard."

Theatrical Tastes.—There's an old adage about the impossibility of accounting for people's tastes, and it seems particularly true in regard to their theatrical tastes.

By way of illustration, the remark of a young man, supposed to be rather intelligent and well read, is worth quoting. He had just sat through that exquisite Maeterlinck fantasy, "The Blue Bird," and as he made his exit he said to his companion, "The scenery was good, but I like a good drama."

Another case in point.

Two young wives went to see "Pomander Walk," that quaint and dainty comedy of England in the time of the Georges, just like a page out of Dickens or Thackeray, and brimful of that delightful whimsical humour characteristic of those great novelists.

The young women were asked how they liked it, and their answer indicated that its beauty had in the language of the theater "gone over their heads."

"We were sorry we didn't go to a vaudeville show where we could have had a

good laugh," they said. "There wasn't enough comedy in it."

The Voice of the West.

The great, big, booming, wonderful West! Oh, list to its happy voice! "We're riding on prosperity's crest—Do you wonder we rejoice?"

"Here everyone takes off his coat—and vest, And pitches in with a will. The stranger always is impressed In this land where we don't stand still."

"Of all parts this is the very best; We can prove to you that we're right. It's only in the bounding West That towns spring up in a night."

"It's here that a man is put to the test— And the man worth while does well; But the chap who's lacking in push and zest In some other place should dwell."

"If you have a grouch get it off your chest And step to the tune of the band. Just turn each worry into a jest And grow with this wonderful land." W. A. C.

Joy Among the Angels.—It is sometimes hard to draw the line between broad humour and irreverence.

A breezy Westerner has a rather original wit, and is in the habit of giving utterance to the fancies that strike him without second thought.

On a recent Sunday, his wife was preparing to go to church, and asked him for a coin to put on the collection plate.

"Here's a quarter, honey," he replied, handing her twenty-five cents. "Five little angels may get into a moving picture show on that coin."

And his better half didn't know whether to laugh or be shocked.

A Pointer for Parents.

(A Toronto school-boy was sent home by a medical inspector because a hole was found in his tooth.)

Since medical inspection is the latest thing in school,

And the nurses and the doctors are allowed to reign and rule,

Busy parents must make certain that their kiddies are quite whole

Ere they truthfully can answer "Here" when teacher calls the roll.

Listen mother question Johnny: "How's your liver, dear, to-day?"

Are you sure your heart is beating quite in its accustomed way?

Tell me, is your tongue as active as it was at breakfast, dear?

Have you tested every tooth, love? Are they safe and solid here?

When you pulled your stockings on, boy, did you count your little toes?

Let me see if both your nostrils still remain within your nose?" W. F. W.

A Wise Son.—Some men are rather under-rated in their own homes.

It was a cold winter night. Little Johnny sat beside the radiator, reading a book.

Mother was about to retire upstairs. She called down to Johnny.

"Johnny, bring up the bed-warmer."

Johnny, without leaving his cosy corner, hollered to the kitchen:

"Father, mother wants you."

Latest Fashion Hints.

The newest thing in earrings are egg shells, carefully blown, though some criticize those who wear them for making such a vulgar display of wealth.

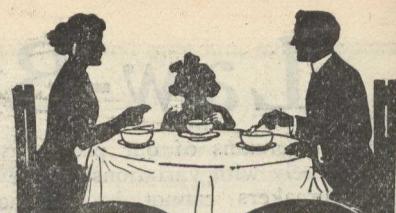
Stockings should have but one hole. That one should not be shown.

Much of the furs worn this spring have a light coat of hair.

It is not the thing to wear open work waists while one at the same time wears a porous plaster.

No matter how wealthy you are, never wrap your string of pearls more than 23 times around your neck.

Hips are returning. You may find an old pair in your clothes closet.



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hardest to
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After that you'll
always serve the
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just open the package
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Two More Members of the Black Hand Have Just Been Captured.