

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

Political picnics are the popular recreation for August.

The merger of lake boats is coming on swimmingly.

The Consumers' National League of the United States is considering the question: "What is beer?" It ought to be referred to the Kaiser for final definition.

Sunday ice cream is a burning question once more in Toronto.

Mr. Henri Bourassa will support Mr. F. D. Monk. In spite of this decision, the latter has hopes.

An election is bad enough—but just think of what it must be like in Mexico or Montenegro!

Dr. Orr is trying to arrange for a Laurier-Borden debate on Reciprocity, to open the Canadian National Exhibition. Failing this, he may arrange for a dialogue between Mr. Armand Lavergne and Colonel Sam Hughes.

Mr. Charles Potticary is the Labour candidate in St. Thomas. Hasn't he the fancy name?

The Toronto Globe remarks in lightly optimistic style that Toronto is not really Conservative. This is the most startling news that a Canadian journal has published since the heated term.

The cruiser Niobe has come to grief. That is what comes of naming a boat for the classic lady of lamentation!

It is prophesied that diamonds will be manufactured at Niagara. Then these will be a little radium farm at Queenston.

The smile-that-won't-come-off-until-September-twenty-first is now being worn by each anxious candidate.

Hon. Richard McBride will now come out of the West and show the mettle of his good broadsword.

Patti is coming to America again to sing in vaudeville. O you Home, Sweet Home!

## The Boy's Wish.

I want to be a birdman  
And with the birdmen fly!  
And take, each summer afternoon,  
A trip up in the sky.

**What He Might Expect.**—A young church-goer was complaining to an older and more orthodox friend about the grievance of long sermons in warm weather.

"It isn't fair to inflict a discourse

of forty minutes on the people in summer time. What we want in such weather is a sermonette."

"Yes," said the elder, dryly. "But those people who want a sermonette will get a heavenette."

\* \* \*

## Her Bathing Suit.

There was a young lady of Lee,  
Who spent a short month at sea.

Her green bathing suit  
Was certainly cute,  
And her cap was as sweet as you'd see.

\* \* \*

**Many Like Him.**—"What does Jones do?" was asked of a man who knew Jones well.

"He's a manufacturer on a large scale."

"What does he make?"  
"Remarks."

\* \* \*

**Bad Writing Again.**—When the printer and the proof-reader combine, some funny mistakes get to the public. Such a mistake got into a Toronto evening paper a few days ago. The city of London, Ont., has, for quite a time, been trying to sell its City Hall. The matter came up at Osgoode Hall, and the newspaper started off the news item with a reference to "the application of Mr. John Parsons, a ratepayer of the city of London, for an injunction restraining the City Council from selling the Soudan City Hall."

\* \* \*

**The Point of View.**—A Toronto young man, who has made a reputation for himself as an amateur sailor, has taken up a homestead at Cardell, near Maple Creek. This district is noted for the velocity of the wind across the prairies. Writing home to his sister he said: "Dear Tess, I wish there was some water here. There is a helluva lot of good wind going to waste."

\* \* \*

**"Raising the Wind."**—"Where there's a will there's a way," seems to be true concerning an Edinburgh couple of whom a Scotchman, now in Canada, tells.

One Monday morning this couple, who were addicted to "cocking the little finger," found that they had no money in the house. Both wanted "a livener," and they began wondering how they could "raise the wind."

Suddenly the man hit on a bright idea. Quickly taking off his coat, he asked his wife for an apron. And, putting on the apron, he went to a public-house.

"I haven't any money," he said to the proprietor, but I'm going to a job

and I'd like you to let me have a wet."

He got the drink, and, as he was leaving the "pub," he saw his wife leaving a similar place across the street.

"Did you get your wet?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes," he answered.

"So did I," said the wife.

"How did you manage that?" he asked.

"When you went away with your apron," she answered, "I pawned your coat."

\* \* \*

**Echo Answers, "Why?"**—A Canadian recently heard with great relish a story told by a man not long out from London.

It appears that an American millionaire bought a house in London and furnished it expensively, but not in the best of taste.

The American was very proud of one room, and in showing an Englishman through the house he opened the door of that room with a great flourish, and said proudly, "This we call our 'Louis Quinze' room."

The Englishman glanced at the room and said, "Oh, really. Why?"

\* \* \*

## A Rush Sale.

There's the sound of eager voices  
And the fluttering of skirts,  
While the maiden fair rejoices  
And the golf links she deserts.  
Would you know the mighty reason  
Of this thronging from all parts?  
Crafty Cupid advertises  
"Here's a bargain day in hearts!"

There are hearts with gold all braided,  
There are hearts with fatal hurts;  
There are hearts, all torn and faded,  
Which are quickly sold to flirts.  
Swiftly disappear all sizes,  
Cupid's counters soon are bare;  
Every woman loves a bargain  
And these hearts are remnants rare.

Then a grumbling soon arises  
And a murmuring begins,  
For the buyers find surprises,  
While they suffer for their sins.  
All those hearts were badly damaged—  
Every one possessed a flaw,  
There are many tears and troubles,  
Wrathful maidens go to law.

But the days go flitting by us—  
That was quite a year ago—  
And the griefs no longer try us,  
They are gone with last year's snow.

Once more, comes a rush for remnants,  
And we hear upon the marts—  
Crafty Cupid advertises  
"Here's a bargain day in hearts!"

\* \* \*

**Paid For the Privilege.**—Some people have a great and clear idea of their rights, and don't fail to insist on getting them.

A Toronto woman was sitting near a front bedroom window in order to watch over her child, who was getting his first natural sleep after a severe illness. Worn out by work and anxiety, the mother fell asleep. She was awakened by an Italian pushcart man, who was loudly calling, "Banana ripe! Banana ripe! Ten cents a dozen!"

Leaning out of the window, the mother put up her hands and begged the Italian to be quiet.

"Aw, what's the matter with you?" he said. "I pay ten dollar fer holler round the streets."

\* \* \*

**Too Far Out of Town.**—On the removal of the Saskatchewan Government offices from their ramshackle quarters to the new capitol, the premises left vacant were eagerly snatched up by a Regina hotel to accommodate in part the hundreds who sleep bedless in that city. These offices are lofty and roomy and connected with the hotel by a long closed-in passageway, but one has to go up one flight of stairs and down another to get to one's room.

A regular customer of the hotel was given a room in the new annex, and next morning he remarked to the clerk that he had a very nice room, but he would rather have had one a little closer to Regina.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

# Sozodont

LIQUID POWDER PASTE

# EUROPE

Tours for the late Summer and Fall, the most delightful seasons abroad. Complete range of routes, prices, etc.

**PASSAGE TICKETS** by all ocean lines, and for rail travel to all parts of Europe, with or without hotels, etc.

**ROUND THE WORLD** tours leave August to January. Send for program desired.

## THOS. COOK & SON

65 Yonge Street  
Traders Bank Building, Toronto  
530 St. Catherine Street, Montreal  
Cook's Travellers' Cheques are good all over the world



More and more business men who have a mass of detail to attend to are using a bank account to keep track of their personal expenses. This provides a means of checking every payment without posting up private records. Every salaried man should have a checking account.

# THE TRADERS BANK of CANADA

INCORPORATED '885.  
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA.  
Capital and Surplus \$6,650,000

**Baldness is a Handicap**  
In business and social life.

**Toupees and Wigs**  
guaranteed to fit and match, made by experts from the finest materials

**Will give you an equal chance**

With Toupee  
Prices \$12.50 to \$18.00 for a quality usually sold for \$25 to \$50.

Order from the manufacturer and save middle man's profit.  
Call or write at once to  
**F. WEBER & CO.**  
27 Gerrard St. W., Toronto  
Mail Orders carefully attended

Without Toupee

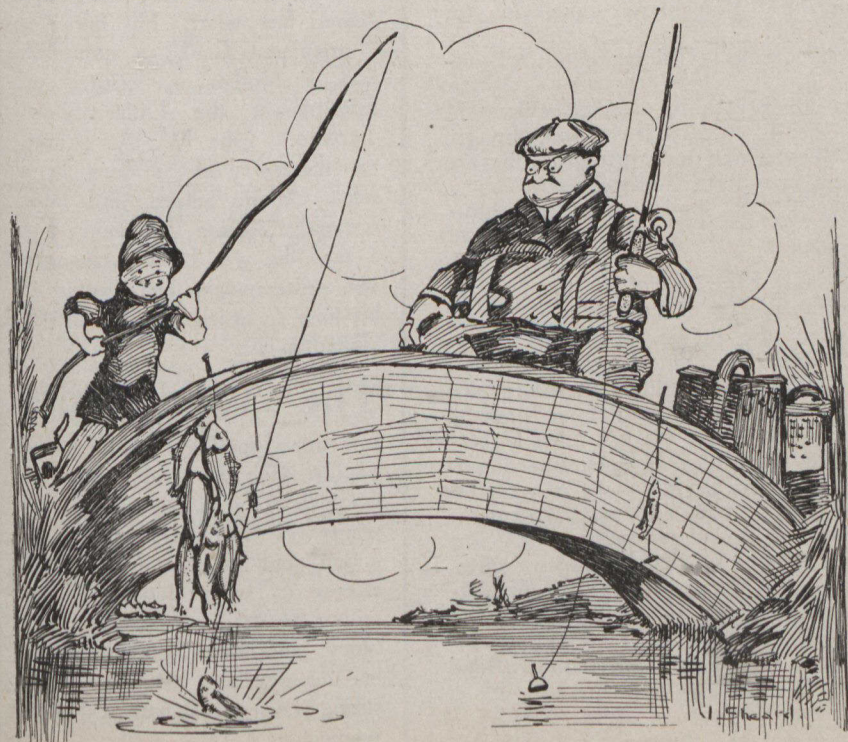
ESTABLISHED 1742

# WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Dealers



Fisherman's Luck