



# 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.*



## A BRIEF DEBATE.

IT is a popular belief that women are averse to war or anything resembling a conflict. But, as a matter of fact, women are deeply interested in whatever approaches a "scrap" as their attendance at Rugby games and their deification of the football hero will readily show. A former Speaker of the Ontario Legislature tells an amusing yarn about an occasion on which Lady Aberdeen paid a visit to the local House and found a deadly dull debate in progress. The Speaker noticed her disappointment and quietly had a message sent to Mr. Whitney, at that time Leader of the Opposition, telling him "to pitch into Hardy—about anything—only make things lively." Mr. Whitney, who can always rise to such an occasion, complied with the request and revived an ancient grievance upon which he dwelt with such force and eloquence that the late Hon. A. S. Hardy, who was not in the secret of the attack, also aroused to wrath and replied with all the vivacious sarcasm of which he was master. The whole affair was explained to the Government afterwards but Lady Aberdeen thought it was all genuine politics and declared that she had "enjoyed the animated discussion so much."

## A GOOD DOSE.

IT is told of an old Highlander who was rather fond of his toddy that he was ordered by his physician during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old man was dubious about the amount and asked his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drams," was the reply.

"A guid doctor!" exclaimed the patient. "Run and tell Donald Mactavish and Big John to come doon the nicht."

## AFTER ELECTION.

In city halls throughout the land  
A busy sight is seen,  
For all the new mayoralty brooms  
Are sweeping very clean.

Among the rubbish heaps are found  
Strange fragments, cracked and cleft—  
They are the broken promises  
Which last year's Council left.

## AN EASY CONDITION.

THE young man gazed at his fair one in dire suspense, for not yet had she uttered the wished-for monosyllable.

"George," she faltered winsomely, "I am yours, dearest—on one condition."

"Name it," he said eagerly, for he would have risked many dangers for her dear sake and he was willing to challenge Longboat or do any other deed of prowess, like the knights of the olden time.

"Promise me—promise me," she pleaded tearfully, "that nothing will ever induce you to run for mayor of Toronto."

A bright smile illumined his features and he clasped her slender form in his arms. "Darling," he answered rapturously, "why don't you ask me to do something really hard for you?"

## JUST A COLD.

MR. E. C. TOWNE is a tenor singer from Chicago with whom Canadian audiences are familiar. Last week he was singing in "The Messiah" at Massey Hall, Toronto, and on the conclusion of the first part of the programme, while the Chicago artist was absent from the stage, Dr. Torrington explained that Mr. Towne was really quite afflicted with influenza and had been forbidden by the Chicago doctors to come to Toronto but had persisted in filling his engagement. "In fact, ladies

and gentlemen," said Dr. Torrington, "Mr. Towne is singing under difficulties. He is now spraying his throat." This innocent explanation provoked the audience to open mirth, for Toronto is not a local option town and "between the acts" is sometimes employed in less innocuous performances than gargling. On Mr. Towne's return to the stage, he appeared, stroking his moustache carefully, and evidently was surprised and pleased by the vociferous applause with which he was greeted, and to which he responded by repeated bowing.

## TIMELY ADVICE.

To any politician, on dreams of Power intent,  
You'd better go to Sunday-school and mind what  
you're about  
And keep away from County Perth where life gets  
sadly bent  
Or the Editor will get you  
Ef  
you  
don't  
watch  
out.

You'd better heed the curfew's call, where'er your  
lot be cast  
And e'en in cheerful Ottawa, where life is gay,  
no doubt,  
You'd better ponder on your ways and with the  
good be classed  
Or the Editor will nab you  
Ef  
you  
don't  
watch  
out.

## NO BAD LANGUAGE.

SEVERAL Canadian communities have become interested in anti-profanity leagues and are studying how to avoid strenuous language. It remains, however, for a Montreal paper to quote a unique piece of roundabout naughtiness in "a travelling whitesmith's execration."



**Exceptionally Dense.**  
Mr. Binks [more than usually shortsighted after attending a friendly gathering]: "Bless my soul! 'Worsh fog I ever 'member. Positively coming down in lumps!"—The Bystander.

## SOMEWHAT REDUCED.

A FRIEND once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, whither he had gone to reduce himself by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days. He was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size and said, "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last."

"Yes," said he, "I have been here only ten days, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

## HIS FIGHTING LIST.

MIKE sat busily engaged in copying the names of the male population of the immediate vicinity. His good wife, noticing the apparent industry of her lord, asked what he was doing.

"Begoira, an' it's wroitin' the names o' the min phwat Oi kin lick, so Oi am!" he exclaimed.

A few minutes later the woman put on her shawl and went to Pat O'Leary's humble home where she informed Pat that she saw his name was on the list.

Without waiting to don his coat, O'Leary sallied forth in search of Mike, who was found still engaged at the list.

"Moike," said Pat in a tone that sounded like the thunders of heaven, "they say as how yez air makin' a lisht o' the felleys yez kin lick an' thot me name's on it."

"An' so 'tis," retorted Mike.

"But, rist yer sowl," exclaimed Pat, shaking his fist close to Mike's proboscis, "yez can't do it."

"Thin Oi'll scratch yer name off," said Mike, feebly, and he continued adding to the list.—Democratic Telegram.

## NOT TO HER TASTE.

THE young man pleaded humbly. "I know I've been rather too much given to drink but don't you think it's a noble thing to reform a man?"

"Not on your life," said the cynical modern maiden, "the gold cure's in the next block."

## HIS JOB.

A YOUNG graduate of a Canadian university who is engaged as reporter on a city newspaper in the course of the day's work recently came across an old friend of the family who regarded the youth with some curiosity when he learned of his employment.

"It's a great responsibility, John, to be employed on the press. It has a wonderful power for good or evil."

John, who was in a hurry to "do" the police courts, agreed promptly.

"Tell me," urged the elderly monitor, "do you realise that you may be writing for eternity?"

"No," said the boy, as he made a rush for the car, "my job is to write against time."

## BITS OF BIOGRAPHY.

AN English authority says that the following biography of the patriarch Abraham was furnished by a Board-school boy who was competing for a prize: "He was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagur; he kept one at home and he turned the other into the deserts, where she became a pillow of salt in the day-time and a pillow of fire at night." The grave and comprehensive simplicity of this tale is quite impressive. Equally attractive is the life of Moses as presented by another Board-school boy: "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a ark made of bullrushers and he kept a golden calf and worshipped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of his head while riding under the bough of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bough. His end was pease."