

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

A British editor says that the Government of the United Kingdom is characterized by "parochial unimaginativeness." At the very worst, Canadians never had a Government with such a complaint as that.

Ontario breathes freely and British Columbia wears a Pacific smile. Sir James will remain the pride of Toronto, and the Honourable Richard is himself again in Victoria.

Port Hope may be a rather quiet town; but we'd rather be there than in Stamboul.

Turkey is at boiling point, says the press. It may turn out a roast.

And Portugal has had a small rising. These republics are the restless little things.

The Duke of Sutherland's yacht appears to be a rather pleasant craft, if you don't mind roughing it.

The trouble in the Balkans looks as if it really might happen.

Some Montreal buildings are said to be sinking into the earth. Architecturally it would not be a calamity if the Legislative Buildings at Toronto were to take a notion to disappear.

The Kaiser is unhappy because there is a prospect of a war in the Mediterranean. Isn't he the gentle soul?

Just as we rejoice that the ice bill is paid, we are made aware that it is necessary to order coal.

There has been a strike in Ireland. Talk of taking coals to Newcastle!

The Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist Church is being held in Toronto. Sir Wilfrid Laurier considers this meeting highly necessary. Toronto souls need saving.

King Manuel is quite busy these days, looking after the interests of his ex-throne.

Baffin's Land is now declared rich in gold. It will probably be annexed to New Ontario.

The Nationalist Party now has an opportunity to enlist in the Turkish army and learn how to conduct a naval war.

"Our Lady of the Snows is not to be sneezed at," says Uncle Sam thoughtfully.

One Test.—A missionary who has been as far North as Alaska was recently telling Ontario audiences of the people to whom he had ministered. "But are the women at all civilized?" asked a curious lady. "Well, I found them reading Eaton's catalogue," was the answer.

The Plum Tree.

Oh, fair are apple-blossoms
Which sweetly flush and drop;
Fairer the pink bloom of the peach
Which mean a luscious crop.
But of all orchard products
That ripen in the fall,
The softly-gleaming purple plum
Is hailed the best of all.

Canadians love the maple
Which burns in scarlet hue,
On every autumn hillside,
'Neath skies of clearest blue.
But in our festive Capital
The politicians throng.
To watch the plum-tree bending,
When shaken good and strong.

A Royal Feast.—Dr. G——, one of the most venerable figures in the Methodist Church of Canada, was speaking at a great banquet in terms of praise of the viands served to the delectation of the clerical guests. "Never," he declared, "have I seen a finer spread."

The next speaker arose, and, although a learned judge, lapsed into

reminiscence of old days when Cobourg was a college town, describing a forbidden midnight feast, at which the most appetizing dish was fried chicken—which had not been paid for. "Dr. G—— is mistaken. That spread was finer than any at which we have since sat down. And he must remember it—for he secured the chickens."

A New Ottawa Industry.—One of the jokesters at Shea's Theatre, Toronto, worked off an election joke on an audience last week. He explained that reciprocity might possibly increase the cost of living, and since it was defeated it was found necessary to establish a Bordeng House at Ottawa. The audience had no bricks nor any of last spring's eggs, and the jokester is still alive.

His Ex-Excellency.

Our worthy Governor, Earl Grey,
Has packed his goods and sailed away
To England's shores, where, home at last,
He'll ponder o'er the glories past
Of hunting deer and shooting duck,
And all the sport which by good luck
Does unto governors befall
Who come to reign at Rideau Hall.

He's had a happy, gladsome time
In this broad land of pleasant clime,
Rejoiced in all the Woodbine's fun
Where best of "gees" do swiftly run.
Then back to Ottawa he'd go
Where Members sit in joyous row;
With gracious mien he'd read the speech
Which lofty sentiments would teach.

He patronized dramatic art,
And took the orchestra to heart,
By giving trophies rare and fine
Which in our city clubs do shine.
He also talked about the care
We need concerning good fresh air,
That we may keep our lungs all firm,
Without tuberculosis germ.

In fact, we found him of the best
And only hope that all the rest
May find in Canada a home,
Like him, who speeds across the foam.
May all Grey days be turned to gold,
His heart be kept from growing old,
His spirit ever full of pluck,
Good-bye, Earl Grey—and best of luck!

Disconcerting.—Ald. J. O. McCarthy, one of the most prominent members of Toronto's City Council, was somewhat disconcerted the other night by the witty interruption of a Hamilton alderman, Dr. Davies, at a dinner given by the Torontonians to the visiting Hamiltonians.

Ald. McCarthy was reminiscing about the last time the two bodies had been together.

"It was a ball game, I believe," remarked the Toronto man, "and I remember that I made a great catch that day."

"What was her name?" queried the Hamiltonian quickly, and there was a laugh all round the table.

Now, if there is one man in Toronto whose reputation is stainless as far as flirtation goes, it is J. O. McCarthy, and the question so upset his oratorical equilibrium that he could not proceed for several minutes.

At 'Varsity.

The Exhibition's over,
Election cries are hushed;
The next sensation comes along
When "Freshies" green are rushed.

A Straight Tip.—"What can I do," roared the fiery orator, "when I see my country going to ruin, when I see our oppressors' hands at our throats strangling us, and the black clouds of hopelessness and despair gathering on the horizon to obliterate the golden sun of prosperity?"

"Sit down!" shouted the audience.

A SENSIBLE MOTHER

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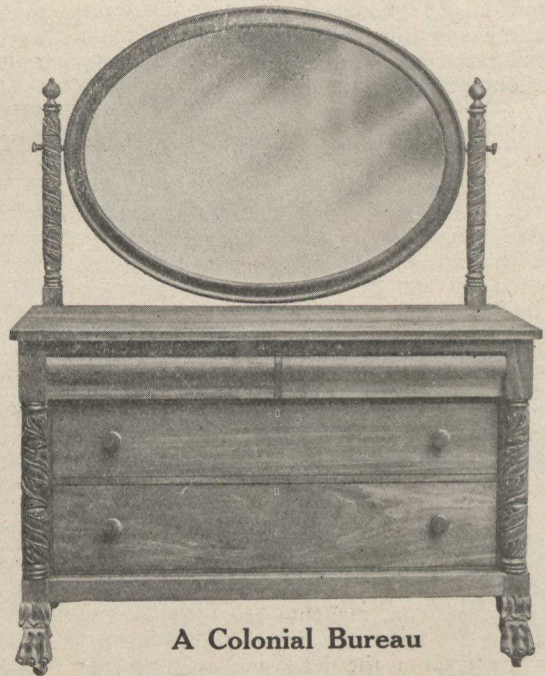
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