



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.*



OUR LADY OF THE SNEEZE.

QUITE-A-BIT AFTER KIPLING.
Through all the grippy nation
We're chilled e'en to the bone,
We care not for toboggan joys
And ski-ing makes us moan.
The gates are ours to open
To every passing breeze,
"But, for goodness' sake, just close the door,"
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

Neither with laughter nor jesting,
But with bleary, saddened gaze,
Soberly into the drug store grand
My white men go their ways.
Not for a dread disaster
A furtive tear we squeeze,
But all on account of this horrid gripe,
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

Carry the word to my sisters,
Who cough in the east and west,
I have tried all syrups and balsams
And little I think of the best.
They that are wise will plasters wear
And hot-water bottles seize;
And I,—I shall send for more quinine,
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

Throughout this broad Dominion
We're chilled to the very bone,
We care not to hear of Russia's wrongs,
We've misery of our own.
The gates are mine to open,
But, lest our features freeze,
For goodness' sake, just close the door,
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

J. G.

A PERPLEXED POET.

IT is said that Mr. Stringer, the successful young Canadian novelist, was not a notable credit to his teachers in the London High School days. Upon one occasion he was called on to conjugate the verb, "to hold," in German. He arose with evident reluctance and looked helplessly about. After a weighty silence, the teacher remarked sarcastically: "Very good, Stringer, as far as you have gone." "Plural same as the singular," stammered the future poet and sat down amid the applause of the class.

M. M.

DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

How glad would be our public
How would relief be felt!
If in the heat of argument
Bad Harry Thaw would melt.

A NEEDED TONIC.

TWO Ontario public men were recently discussing the intellectual pre-eminence of the college men of Nova Scotia, who pick up presidencies as easily as in their youth they gathered the apples of Acadia. "I wonder what makes those chaps so keen," said the first citizen.

"It must be the ocean," replied his friend; "look at the men from Pictou! They could lead a forlorn hope at a moment's notice."

"John," said the first citizen impressively, "do you suppose it would be a good idea to have salt baths for our politicians?"

NOT THE RIGHT SIZE.

SOME years ago, says M.A.P., Mark Twain was in the habit of frequenting a certain hotel to have his hair cut. On one occasion, while having his white locks trimmed, he caught sight of a very diminutive boy in buttons, who was standing near

trying to attract his attention in order to present him with a card. With a twinkle in his eye, but looking profoundly solemn, Mark inquired: "Who are you?"

"A page, sir," the boy replied.

"A page!" exclaimed Mark with feigned scorn. "Why, you are hardly big enough for a paragraph."

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AN APROPOS REMARK.

A CANADIAN reporter, new to social duties, recently wrote of one of the most fashionable weddings in a small town: "The knot was tied in the bow window." How highly appropriate!

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THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

THE advice offered by the "saleslady" in some of the cheaper bookstores is often a display of considerable ignorance. According to "The Bohemian," Miss Ethel Barrymore is telling of an amusing episode of this sort. The heroine of the story was a young person who presided over the news-stand at a certain railroad station. Thinking to buy a magazine, Miss Barrymore went to the counter of the booth and looked over different publications. The salesgirl hustled to her officiously.

"Can I show you some books, ma'am?" she asked.

Miss Barrymore suddenly remembered a book which had been recommended. "Yes," she answered, "have you 'Joseph Vance' by William De Morgan?"

"Guess you've made a mistake," replied the purveyor of literature, "you've just naturally mixed the

title and the author. Joseph Vance is the name of the author and his book is 'The Brass Bowl.' Like to see it?"

Miss Barrymore did not like to see it, in that she had already read it. At first she was inclined to be angry. Then she started to explain to the girl and finally the humour of the situation overcame her. "No, thank you," she replied smilingly, "but it is good of you to have corrected me. You see I might have gone on making the mistake."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the guardian of the books benignantly, "people do make such funny mistakes, you can't imagine. And people you'd think would know better, to look at 'em. Guess they use up all their intellect getting their dresses on their backs. Do you love Robert W. Chambers? Ain't he grand? I dote on him."

Then Miss Barrymore thought of another title which had been mentioned to her. The impulse to use it became over-powering. "Have you," she said, "A Corner in Lemons? I think that is the title."

The Minerva-in-apron was equal to the occasion, besides, she was flushed with recent success. "Guess," she said, "you've made another mistake. This is what you mean." And she handed out a small book. It was "The Great American Pie Trust."

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ALL HE HAD.

WIFE—What do you mean by bringing those muddy feet in here?

Husband—'Scuse me, m'dear (*hic*); did'n' have any othersh t'bring. Had hard time gettin' thesh in.



Mr. Henpeck and the January Sales.