

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

J. A. D. McCurdy flew from Hamilton to Toronto. "Who wouldn't?" said the citizens of Ontario's Capital.

The Sheffield Choir deficit is over fifty thousand dollars. It must have struck some low notes.

The bean-growers are said to be optimistic over reciprocity, while Boston regards Essex county with covetous eye.

Now, if Mr. R. L. Borden only had a few followers like Lord Hugh Cecil, there would be a sure-enough Opposition at Ottawa.

Sir Alan Aylesworth is to retire to his baronial mansion on the banks of the Newmarket Canal.

Peers may become a drug in the market and be as common as the K. C.

Sir James Whitney is behind Mr. Borden. If Sir George Ross were only running in Middlesex this year, there would be language enough to set the Thames on fire.

Germany is to have a naval review next month, with Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the chair.

A bag of first-class mail matter has been found in the Welland Canal. This is a case of floating capital.

And that gallant champion, Mr. Henri Bourassa, is preparing to say that Canada has water on the brain.

The Duke of Sutherland is to spend a month on his Alberta farm. Perhaps he can be induced to run as a Conservative candidate.

It has been stated that the new cents, issued from the Royal Mint, Ottawa, are upside down. They will surely result in frenzied finance.

The melancholy days have come when hundreds of good men and true and explaining to anxious constituents that if it were not for the urgent friends the candidate would ever so much prefer to stay home and look after the shop.

Once more the west is skimming the cream off the east, as the transcontinental express moves out.

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**Too Emphatic.**—In common with other students, the boys of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, love to print in their college paper some joke concerning the heads of the college. So it was probably with much joy that the Guelph students printed in the O.A.C. Review for July the following supposedly true incident, in which President George Creelman figured:

President Creelman (to excursionists who are banging on the side door)—The other door, if you please.

Farmer (somewhat heated)—Go to H—!

President—No good. That's not the pass word.

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**About Umpires.**—"If I were an umpire," said a man who was watching an Eastern League baseball game at Toronto, and was feeling sympathetic towards the umpire, whom the crowd was abusing, "I would always pray that home team would win."

"My young son isn't big enough to get cross with the umpire," said the man to whom the first remark was made. "I had him at a game between Rochester and Toronto. He

could say 'The Leafs' all right, but he had trouble trying to say, 'The Hustlers.'"

"Don't worry about his not bothering the man in blue," said the first man. "Train up a child as a baseball fan, and when he is old he will throw pop bottles at the umpire."

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## The Campaign.

Once more the old familiar din And boastings that "We're sure to win"—

The country once again is in The throes of wordy strife.

The man who should to business stick Has heard that he's the party's pick, Has made his little bluffing kick And come into the field.

The candidate's committee room Is fitted up his cause to boom And seal the other fellow's doom.

Our man's as good as in. The chairman to the platform calls Shy stalwarts in the meeting halls, And speakers point to dingy walls Where gaudy mottoes hang.

Applause now greets the silver tongue, And greets also the leather lung When'er defiance hot is flung To other candidates.

The land is full of prophets now, Who pipe up sweetly in the row To show each anxious party how 'Twill sweep this mighty land.

The party papers wildly gloat As signs of victory they note, And very soon, "Get out the vote" Will be their eager cry.

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**If Laurier Wins.**—The election campaign is bringing forth some merry jesting concerning the great question on which the campaign is being waged.

A man, who claims that he votes for the man rather than the party, says that if Sir Wilfrid is returned to power he will feel so eager to praise the bridge that carries him over that he will try to change Ottawa's name to Reciprocity City.

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**A Costly Conversation.**—It is said that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the most reticent of modern magnates. He dislikes extremely, talking about himself or his success, and is given to hold commune with the goddess,



"Now then, move on and stop obstructin' the thoroughfare!"

Nicotine, being an inveterate consumer of stout and dark-hued cigars. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, on the other hand, is decidedly genial and "chirpy," being willing to talk on almost any subject, from peace to potatoes.

When Queen Alexandra visited Mr. Morgan's beautiful London home at

Prince's Gate, which contains a wealth of art treasures, the great financier forsook his usual taciturnity, and talked so entertainingly that her Majesty spoke afterwards of their "charming conversation."

On one occasion when Mr. Morgan was crossing the Atlantic, he was accosted by a clean-shaven young journalist, who said:

"Mr. Morgan, may I have five minutes' conversation with you for twenty-five dollars?"

"I have nothing to give the press," was Mr. Morgan's reply.

"I know you have not. I merely wish to have a five minutes' chat, and am willing to pay for it."

Mr. Morgan's dark eyes scanned the young man's ingenious countenance. Then, taking his watch out, he said: "Very well. Go ahead!"

The young man proceeded to decant upon the opera season in London and the monotony of ocean scenery. Mr. Morgan heard him with some slight show of interest, and contributed some stray monosyllables to the interview. As soon as the five minutes were up, the young man proffered two crisp ten-dollar bills and a five, which were accepted promptly.

"Will you be good enough to tell me why you asked for this interview?"

"Certainly," said the young man, casting a triumphant glance across the deck. "My friend, Billy Blake, bet me fifty dollars that you wouldn't let me talk to you for five minutes."

A smile dawned upon the magnate's grim face. "Young man, you'll go far," he admitted.

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**A Successful Sailor.**—A youthful Canadian, who is possessed of the romantic idea of "going to sea" is meeting with much parental opposition.

"The sailor never amounts to anything, my boy," urged his prosaic father. "He works hard, has few holidays, and never achieves great success."

"That's where you're mistaken," exclaimed Young Canada triumphantly. "Look at King George! He started out as a sailor, and now he's got to be the head of the Empire."

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**Well Watched.**—A small girl, who had been informed by her mother that every action of hers was watched by a great unseen power, was decidedly uneasy about this constant guardianship. One day, as she opened the front gate, she noticed that her little brother was close at her heels.

"Go back," she said sternly.

"I'm coming, too," he persisted. Whereupon, the small maiden gave way to wrath, and stamped her foot vigorously.

"You shall go back," she declared. "I have enough trouble already, with God watching me all the time."

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## Everyday Rhymes.

Sing a song of coming home,  
The nights are getting cool!  
It's time the carpets were put down,  
The children off to school.

The woods are full of orators,  
Long speeches now we get;  
And fools are busy, writing down  
Their last election bet.

Throughout our broad Ontario  
The Liberals have the hump—  
For they have heard that bold Sir James  
Is going to take the stump.

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**A Poor Choice.**—Pitfalls line the path of people who take liberties with foreign language with which they are not familiar.

This was well illustrated in connection with a visit to France of a Canadian lady and her family. They did considerable entertaining, and some of the party found their ignorance of French quite a drawback. This was evident to a dignified, white-haired, French lady who had sung several French songs for the party. She didn't understand English at all, but she knew by heart some English songs, and she suggested singing one.

The idea met with favour, and, without realizing what quiet amusement her choice of a song caused, she sang with what was intended to be deep feeling, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back."

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