



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.*



TIMELY RHYMES.

The powers which truly reform
Remarked: "It is getting quite warm,
With Courtney to say
That we're in a bad way,
It looks like a fierce thunder-storm."

Said Hanna: "We kindly shall wipe,
From the convicts, disfiguring stripe.
They shall go out and farm
And come to no harm
While they watch the green lettuce get ripe."

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ANOTHER NAME FOR IT.

THERE is a hotel called "Boundary House" just across the line from New Brunswick in that part of the State of Maine which Lord Ashburton kindly handed over to Uncle Sam. The manager is a worthy Dutchman who knows little of the equipment of a modern hostelry and who is also ignorant of the subtleties of up-to-date slang. A Canadian politician recently spent a week at this hotel and in conversation with the manager referred to the appropriateness of the name.

"Yaw," said the innocent Dutchman, "but some theatre folks who were here last month kept on calling it *De Limit*."

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THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

IT was a lovely morning and the editor of a certain Canadian publication felt at peace with the world, the flesh and the printer's "devil," when unto him there entered a sweet young girl bearing a manuscript.

"Poetry!" said the editor to himself, and prepared to read something about love and violets. The maiden explained just how different her work was from anything else the editor had ever encountered and indulged on departing in the flying remark:

"You won't find any maple leaves in it."
"Indeed," said the canny editor who has Scotch blood in his veins. "But maybe I'll find some chest-nuts."

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CONGRATULATIONS.

IN a small town of Western Ontario there lived a widower who for many years was regarded as one of that class whose heart is buried in the dear wife's grave. But this gentleman, who was a vivacious young thing aged seventy, finally decided to wed a charming brunette about forty odd years younger than himself and wrote announcing his betrothal to his son George. The latter vouchsafed no reply to this burst of confidence but the preparations for the wedding went on merrily.

The happy day arrived and, after the ceremony and the Mendelssohn, came the breakfast, to which half the town had been invited, for the widower was a prominent manufacturer, a church trustee and a member of Parliament. The chicken salad had been consumed, the ice cream had disappeared and congratulatory speeches were being made when a telegram was handed to the blushing bridegroom. He promptly passed it to the clergyman with a request that it be read aloud. The latter, who was decidedly absent-minded, fumbled for his eye-glasses, then read aloud in sonorous voice:

"There's no fool like an old fool.

"George."

There was a deadly silence ere the bridesmaid giggled and a pearly tear stole down the bride's fair cheek.

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NOT IN CANADA.

THERE was a tingle at the officer's telephone. "Say," said the voice at the other end, "I would like to get three or four of the members of your bugle band to parade down the street behind a large ad. of mine. I think it would be a great scheme, don't you? When can I get the men?"

The officer gradually regained his breath and held on to the receiver with difficulty.

"Might as well try to thaw out the North Pole with a spirit lamp."

"But they do it in the States," the voice persisted.

"Possibly, but not where they wear His Majesty's uniform. If you see the officer commanding his answer will be the same, I can assure you."

That enterprising merchant, according to latest reports, has not yet reached the officer commanding and doubtless never will until he can satisfy himself why they do things so "peculiar" in Canada.—*B. C. Saturday Sunset*.

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HE KNEW.

A YOUTHFUL witness appeared before a British judge who is an ardent golfer. His lordship, fixing his eye on the boy, inquired: "My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?"

The reply was somewhat disconcerting: "Yes, my lord. I am your lordship's caddie."

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"WE WILL PUT YOUR NAME ON FILE."

Needy One: "I say, old man, could you lend me a dollar for a day or two?"

The Other One: "My dear fellow, the dollar I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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A LONG DROP.

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jones, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I had ever committed in my life."

"H'm!" growled Thompson. "You must have fallen an awful distance!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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COMING EVENTS—

A TRAVELLER waited at a certain provincial town in vain for the much over-due train on the branch line. Again he approached the solitary sleepy-looking porter and inquired for the twentieth time, "Isn't that train coming soon?" At that moment a dog came trotting up the line, and a glad smile illuminated the official's face.

"Ah, yes, sir," replied the porter. "It'll be getting near now. Here comes the engine-driver's dog."—*London Daily Mail*.

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A GOOD FARMER.

Hall Caine, according to a London journal, is a successful farmer. Nearly every one can do something well.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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SO CONSIDERATE.

Assistant (to country editor): "How's this obituary?"

Editor: "Why, it's my own."

"Yes. That Haskins chap—the dead shot—was in here yesterday looking for you with a gun and I thought if anything should happen you might like to correct the proofs beforehand."—*Life*.



"Really, Mary, I can't have so much of hilarity every night in the kitchen."
"Hilarity, the constable, ma'am! Why, he hasn't been to see me the last week."