

THE 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 festive youth now plays the races,
The track becomes his fate;
The dollars swiftly change to dolour
And he is wise too late.

There is a young statesman, MacKay,
Whose manner is certainly spry,
He writes every day,
For he has lots to say,
And the *Globe* thinks his copy is "pie."

There was a small boy of Quebec
Whom summer made nearly a wreck.
When asked: "Are you hot?"
He replied, "No, I'm not,
For we don't call this warm in Quebec."

Bourassa has had a good rest
Which was needed, his province confessed,
But now he is out
With a right merry shout
And any old seat will contest.



"Ow much, mister?"
"Half a crown, please."
"Wot! Why, it didn't take yer half a minute. The last bloke I went to pulled me all round the room for a quarter of an hour, and then only charged me a shillin'!"—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

NOT THIRSTY.

DURING the troubled session of 1903, when the Ontario Legislature had the most sensational debate in its history, Dr. Reaume, who has since risen to cabinet rank, arose from his seat in the back row of the Opposition members to make his maiden speech. Such an effort is always an ordeal to the member and sometimes to the audience, also. However, Dr. Reaume had a good supply of French fluency and said things about a nefarious Government envoy having offered him the Speakership if the worthy supporter of Whitney would only take a thought and turn his steps towards the Reform ranks. The Doctor became decidedly enthusiastic, when a page entered with a glass of water.

"Take it away," said the excited speaker, waving his hand at the unoffending refreshment, "I never drink water."

There was an innocent and unconscious emphasis on the last word which brought applause and laughter from both sides of the House and caused the new man from Essex, the county of peaches and peanuts, to hesitate in his career of denunciation.

NEWSLETS.

Liberals residing in North Toronto were startled by a dull sickening thud one frosty night in May. Candidate Hossack had dropped the "Rev."

Two English politicians have lately declared that they didn't see a drunken man all the time they were in Canada. But think of what they might have seen if they had only put on their "specs"!

It's all very well to talk about the fireworks of

Victoria Day. Just wait until Hon. A. G. MacKay sets off Roman candles and lovely crimson rockets on the night of June 8th and Owen Sound is one blaze of triumphant scarlet, in honour of the Leader of the—Opposition.

The *Toronto Globe* has offered one hundred dollars for a prize poem on a Canadian historical subject. Mr. A. W. Wright is said to be busy on verses concerning Mr. W. D. McPherson, while Hon. A. G. MacKay is polishing off a few lines on "that last awful week."

COOL.

SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM, who has been an English judge for twenty-one years and is also a renowned cricketer, is fond of telling a story against himself. He was once travelling by train, says M.A.P., when a man entered the same compartment and proceeded to light a cigar.

"Excuse me," said Sir William politely, "but this is not a smoking carriage." His companion took not the slightest notice but continued to puff away in silence. Sir William became indignant and handed the man his card, remarking, as he did so, that he would speak to the guard at the next station. The smoker coolly put the card in his pocket and went on enjoying his cigar. At the next station he alighted, and Sir William got out also. Calling the guard, he requested him to follow the stranger and take his name and address. That official hurried after the departing traveller and for a moment or two was engaged with him in earnest conversation. Presently he returned to Sir William.

"If I were you, sir," he said in a confidential whisper, "I don't think I should press the charge against that gent. I spoke to him and he gave me his card. Here it is, sir; you see he is the great judge, Sir William Grantham."

WHIST FOR HIGH STAKES.

"WELL, where's that cook?" demanded his wife. "Don't tell me that she wasn't on the train."

"She was on the train," timidly explained the commuter, "but I got to playing cards and a Lonelyville man won her at whist."

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address?"

Johnny—"Heaven."—*New York Sun*.

AN EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN.

MRS. BELLE DE RIVERA, president of the Equal Suffrage League of New York, said, at a recent dinner:

"We'd have had the suffrage, we women, long ago, were it not that, where women are concerned, men are inclined to be a little unfair, a little churlish."

"Their treatment of women is on a par with old Hiram Doolittle's treatment of his wife. He made her keep a cash account, and would go over it every night, growling and grumbling, like this:

"Look here, Hannah—mustard plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars. There's two dollars and fifty cents in one day spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I'm made of money?"

YOU SAVVY?

PRINCE ITO'S love of surrounding himself with thoroughly westernised attendants once led to an amusing incident. He was on a visit to America, and a young reporter was sent to interview him. The Prince—then Marquis Ito—was indisposed, and the reporter was received by his secretary, who happened to have been educated in England. The newspaperman was somewhat new to his profession, and

thought he would make the Jap at home at the outset. "Me newspaper man," he began, "me heardee Marquis velly ill. Is he better to-day? You savvy?" "Me savvy," replied the secretary with imperturbable gravity, and the interview proceeded for some time in the broadest pidgin-English. The reporter congratulated himself on his success, but he was less satisfied when the time for leave-taking came, and the secretary shook him by the hand, and smilingly remarked is the most perfect English, "The Marquis, you had better add, is considerably fatigued by his journey, and—" but before he had completed his sentence the reporter fled.

LIQUIDATING A CONTRIBUTION.

"I CANNA get over it," a Scotch farmer remarked to his wife, "I put a twa shillin' piece in ta plate at kirk this morn instead o' ma usual penny!" The beadle had noticed the mistake, and also the frightened face of his old friend, who had not the courage to retake the coin as the old-fashioned ladle-like spoon was carefully passed over to the next pew and one penny after another was dropped into the bowl. The old farmer sat in silence and said nothing. The old beadle allowed him to miss the plate for twenty-four consecutive Sundays. On the twenty-fifth Sunday, the farmer again ignored the collection plate, but the old beadle steadied the ladle in front of him, and in a loud, tragic whisper, said, hoarsely: "Your time's up noo, Sandy!"—*Short Stories*.

RECOGNISED HIM AT ONCE.

AMONG the many rebuffs received by solicitors for charity funds, that described in the following story from the *New York Tribune* illustrates a gentle wit which must have pleased almost as much as a generous contribution:

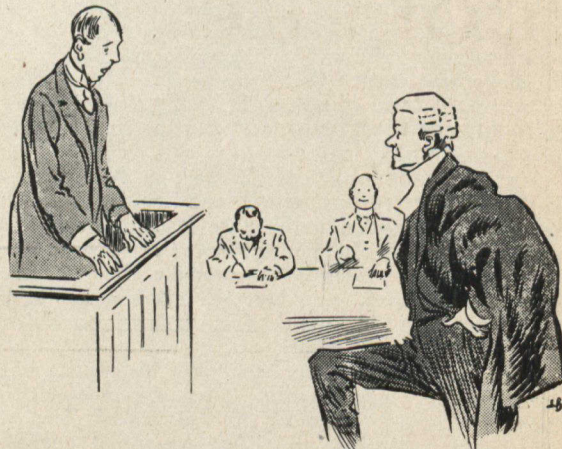
A clergyman in a small Western town entered the office of the local paper, and said to the editor:

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud to make his sufferings known."

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing back his chair, "I'm the only man in the village who answers that description. What is the gentleman's name?"

"I regret," said the minister, "that I am not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be I," said the editor. "It is I! It is I, surely! Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work!"



GOOD ADVICE

Barrister: Did your father, on his deathbed, give you no parting admonition?
Witness: He never gave much away at any time.
Barrister: I mean what were his last words?
Witness: That don't concern you.
Barrister: They not only concern me, sir, but they concern the whole court.
Witness: Father said to me and Jim: "Don't have no disputin' when I'm gone, boys, 'cos lawyers is the biggest rogues unhung."—*Windsor Magazine*.