

THE DEMI-TASSE

NEWSLET'S.

IF they keep on denouncing it, Professor George Jackson's book, "Studies in the Old Testament," will soon be as widely read as the naughty novels.

Judge Denton of Toronto is the bravest man in Canada. He has declared that the husband has the right to set the standard of the wife's living and dress.

Lord Kitchener has resigned because he found his job too easy. Better give it to one of the members of the Toronto Board of Control.

Mr. R. L. Borden has opened the picnic season at Campbellford, in the pleasant County of Northumberland. The extravagance of the present Government is something to make the country weep, declares R. L. B. And canny J. A. M. of the *Globe* responds in cheerful accents, "Hoot mon! Hang the expense."

There is a man over in Scranton, Pennsylvania, who says he can make silver. Yes; the "Arabian Nights" is an interesting collection of fairy tales.

A Kingston grocer has been charged with selling adulterated pepper. Such a man cannot be regarded as the salt of the earth.

On the first of July Halley's Comet will be 122,400,000 miles away from the earth. Who cares? It was an unsociable heavenly body at the best of times.

There seems to be a prolonged delay over the Alexander Muir memorial. Now if the author of "The Maple Leaf Forever" had only been a grafter instead of a mere patriot, what a bright and shining memorial there would be.

QUITS.



Mrs. Brown: "John, if you allude to me again before the Joneses as your 'better half' I shall speak of you forever after as my vulgar fraction!"

THE WRONG FIGHT

IN Queen's Park, Toronto, one glorious afternoon last week, a group of assorted loungers were discussing in heated fashion the news of the day. Another happy idler approached and wanted to know the matter of argument.

"It's the Jackson controversy," said an elderly orator. "What do you think of it?"

"Well, now," said the newcomer, "I don't really take much stock in it. Of

course, I ain't saying that a nigger can't be a white man's equal in some respects, but when it comes to a white man going into the ring against a nigger, I must say that I draw the line."

"Oh, go on," said the elderly orator. "This ain't the Jeffries-Johnson fight that we're talkin' about. This is theology. Jackson's a minister."

"Shucks," said the newcomer. "what on earth can a minister be in a scrap about?"

THE INEVITABLE MALADY.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH was decidedly fond of referring to his advanced age, and seemed to take a kind of melancholy pride in being among "the last of the Victorians." More than a year ago a youthful friend approached him and asked solicitously after his health. Dr. Smith smiled with that gentleness which always characterised him.

"There is nothing the matter with me at all," he said. Then he added thoughtfully: "Nothing except the incurable disease of more than four-score years."

AMONGST THOSE PRESENT

When comes the middle of July,
The brides will be returning,
And to the shops they'll swiftly hie,
To make "exchanges" yearning.

Their pickle forks they'll gladly
"trade,"

Because they have a score;
Of salad bowls they have a host,
And also spoon galore.

A CAUTIOUS HUSBAND.

A SCOTCHMAN who had at an early period of his career gone to London, and, as is proverbially the case with folk of his nationality, had remained in the metropolis, was at the bedside of his dying wife, who had originally come from the highlands, and had always retained a strong affection for the land of her birth.

"Promise me, Angus," she said, "that ye'll bury me in the Hiellands; I could never rest quiet down here."

"Weel," replied the prudent Angus, who did not relish the expense of removing the body to Scotland—"weel, I'll just see. If I find that ye canna rest quiet here, I'll hae ye removed to the Hiellands!"

MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.

OF Alexandre Dumas, father, and Alexandre Dumas, son, Mr. Edmund Yates tells the story that when the first successful novel of the son appeared the elder wrote to his son, as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and adding that he ought to know something about the difficulties of novel-writing, as he had himself been guilty of several. Alexandre, junior, replied in the same spirit, thanking his correspondent for his congratulations, of which he felt specially proud, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

RECEIVED IN COURT CIRCLES.

IN a speech in the Senate on Hawaiian affairs, Senator Depew of New York told this story:

When Queen Liliukalani was in England during the English Queen's

jubilee, she was received at Buckingham Palace. In the course of the remarks that passed between the two queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins.

"How so?" asked Victoria.

"My ancestors ate Captain Cook."

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OF COURSE.

ONE Sunday afternoon an English Church curate was walking along a street in the north end of Toronto, carrying his silk bag across his shoulder.

"I wonder what he carries in that bag?" asked a bystander.

"Thirty-nine articles, I suppose," was the reply of his companion.

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WHILE THE CHESTNUT STILL BLOOMS.



Traveller (with toothache): "Gentlemen, I haf der schmall pox . . . Him-mel! Vat to gootness iss der matter mit you? . . . I haf der schmall pox full of fancy goots, yes."—*The Tatler*.

* * *

REMEMBERED HIS MANNERS.

"YOU, boy, over in the corner!" cried the man behind the desk. The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," continued the examiner: "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar. "And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, "we l-leave them on the s-s-sides of our p-plates."—*Youth's Companion*.

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THE INCOME TAX.

AMONG other little witticisms of the Punchites which memory has set on record is a conversation among them on the subject of the payment of income tax. With most of them there was in the earliest days little income and less tax, and strange were the stories told. At least one, whose name had not been preserved, quietly asserted that he honestly filled in the declaration each year and honourably paid the demand which was regularly served upon him. The company's surprise had increased to contemptuous incredulity when their Quixotic friend proceeded: "I don't think I lose by it. I always take the average of three years, according to the regulation; so I take the present year and the two future ones—and you fellows know what a pessimist I am!"—*Life*.

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