



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.*



## AT A LOSS.

**A** CANADIAN speaker who was recently asked to say a few words to a club in a small town seemed to be much depressed before the hour for his speech arrived.

"What's the matter, old man?" said a sympathetic friend.

"You see, my wife's here and she told me before I left the house that I was not to say that this is Canada's century, that we have a glorious heritage, nor that this is Canada's growing time. Well, I'd like to know what is left to say."

\* \* \*

## CHORUSES FOR CONVICTS.

**T**HERE are some matters in which we may be instructed by the Old Country. Recently the one thousand inmates of Wandsworth Prison, England, were entertained by the Brixton Oratorio Choir who visited the prison and sang selections from "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The report says that the prisoners seemed glued to their seats. Here is an idea for the Mendelssohn Choir, the Elgar Choir, the Schubert Choir or the Festival Chorus. Dr. Gilmour would, no doubt, welcome a choral invasion and would be likely to see that all Central Prison inmates attended. The English paper says that if the practice of singing oratorios to prisoners is followed up it will act as a deterrent to crime. That is the most caustic bit of musical criticism we have yet noticed.

\* \* \*

## INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

**T**HIS column continues to give valuable and varied advice. We wish that it were possible to answer all of our inquiries this week, but we hope ultimately to keep in touch with all the dear interrogators who wish to know things.

Gladys. "Would you advise me to order a pale-blue evening-gown? I have chestnut hair and am rather large in the waist. How would you have the bodice trimmed? Can you tell me how to remove a large lump on the back of the neck? Do you think it right to marry without love? A gentleman who is the widower of my second-cousin Maude seems serious in his attentions but my feeling towards him is mere friendliness."

By all means, have a pale-blue evening-gown. Have it trimmed with bias bits of broadcloth on the front of the skirt and touches of wild and woolly rosettes on the bodice. Your chestnut hair must look perfectly sweet. I really don't know what to say about the growth on the back of the neck. Try rubbing it with coal oil for an hour or so. Perhaps you had better see a doctor. Of course you are not supposed to marry without love and a cabinet of silver. Still you may be happy with the widower of your cousin Maude. Some widowers make excellent husbands. You might send his photograph and a piece of his left ear and I should then be able to advise you.

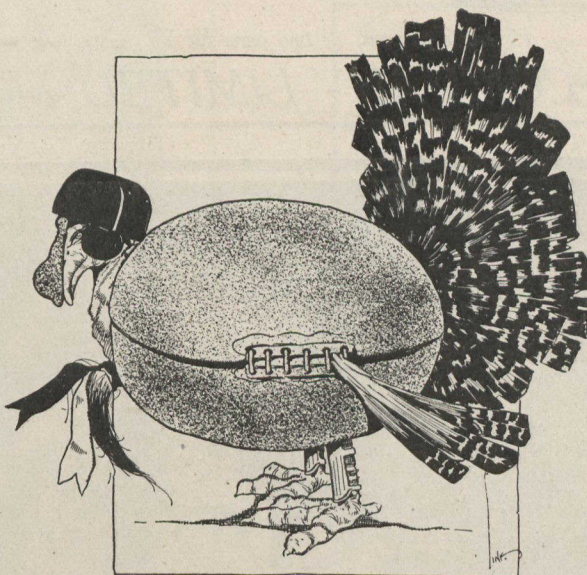
Ethelwyn. "Would you kindly advise me as to how to convert a wheel-barrow into a cosy corner? I have mislaid my copy of the 'Ladies' Home Infernal' and forget just how it is done. Do you believe that true love lasts forever? What is good for warts? Your column does me so much good. I feel that I have a true friend to whom I can tell all my private affairs. What would be a nice present for an elderly gentleman whose first wife died of small-pox?"

I've really forgotten about the wheel-barrow stunt but I think you turn the arrangement upside down and saw most of it off. Then you cover the remainder with several layers of wadding and myrtle green plush. It makes a nightmare of a corner if you follow these directions. So you read the 'Ladies' Home Infernal'! I am very fond of the cover. It usually has such a supremely idiotic

young couple spooning away that it makes one happy for a week. 'Heart to Heart Talks with Whirls' is my favourite department. Of course I believe that true love lasts until forever and the day after. It has excellent staying qualities. I don't know what is bound to remove warts but I should advise you to rub them with a mixture of bath brick and carbolic acid. Am awfully pleased that this column does you good. That's what it's for. Tell me all about yourself, like a bally simpleton. Really I hardly know what to say about the Christmas gift for the elderly person. That was very sad about his first wife. Perhaps you'd better send him something about golf or hockey. These old chaps are pleased to be treated like sports. Write again and do tell me if you get rid of the warts and whether the cosy corner is a howling distress.

ANABELLE.

\* \* \*



The College Bird.—Life.

\* \* \*

## A DIFFERENCE.

**B**ARNEY MALLOY and Mike Cairey were shingling a roof. "Barney," Mike asked, removing a bunch of shingle nails from his mouth, and settling back comfortably, "what is the difference between satisfied and content?"

"The difference? Sure, there's none," answered Barney. "If you're satisfied you're content, and if you're content you're satisfied."

"That was my opinion, too, Barney, me boy, up to now, but it struck me sudden like as I put that last nail in that I am satisfied all right that Molly Cairey is my wife, but I am durned sure I am not content."

\* \* \*

## SLIGHTLY MIXED.

**H**AMILTON is happy because a Toronto trustee perpetrated the following: "If you find a man prepared to strike out from the shoulder, no matter where the axe may fall, you will always find some snake in the grass prepared to knife him." That's the queerest snake which a Toronto citizen has seen in a long time.

\* \* \*

## COLD JUSTICE.

**A** POOR beggar in Paris, being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, till his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and the controversy was referred to the deciding of the next man that should pass by,

who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat.

\* \* \*

## A SAD SUBJECT.

**"I** MET a fellow to-day," said Gaddie, "who was simply dotty about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else."

"That reminds me of my wife," said Peckham.

"Why, does she talk of a buried treasure?"

"Almost constantly. I'm her second husband, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

\* \* \*

## GETTING MIXED.

**T**HE chairman of the school committee was addressing a meeting at the teachers' institute. "My friends, the schoolwark is the bulhouse of civilisation; I mean—ah—"

The chairman here became slightly chilled.

"The bulhouse is the schoolwark of civ—"

An invisible smile began to make itself felt.

"The warkhouse is the bulschool of—"

He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbul is the housewark—"

An audible snigger spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scow-school—"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh effort.

"The schoolhouse, my friends—"

A sigh of relief went up. A-h-h! Now he has got his feet under him again. He gazed suavely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the wulbark—"

And that was all.—Short Stories.

\* \* \*

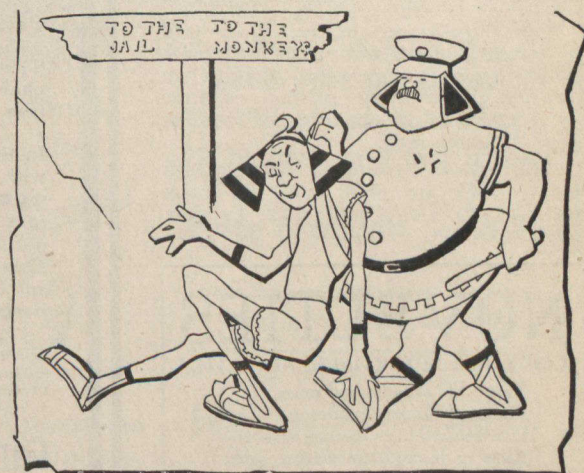
## WARNING TO SMOKERS.

**A** MISSIONARY travelling in the South, one day saw an old coloured mammy sitting on the doorstep of her cabin peacefully smoking a pipe as black as herself and filled with very strong tobacco.

Thinking he saw an opportunity to do some missionary work, he remonstrated gently with her, but with no apparent success. Finally he said: "Mammy, when you die, how do you expect to get to heaven with such a tobacco-laden breath as yours?"

She looked up at him and slowly replied: "Massa, when I dies, I 'spect to lose my breath."

\* \* \*



Weather Forecast.—Cooler to-night, fine to-morrow.  
—Metropolitan Magazine.