

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

THE President of France is preparing for his retirement, and Teddy Roosevelt sometimes thinks that Bill Taft ought to do likewise.

Once more the Canadian Senate has done something that causes talk about "reforming or chloroforming" it.

When lovely woman stoops to folly the milliners and modistes rejoice greatly.

Maurice Maeterlinck has become a "passionate devotee" of boxing. Maurice will be losing his passion for the manly art along about the third round of a real fight.

A "Spring Maid" chorus girl has secured a divorce from her husband, who earned only \$6 per week. Now the poor chap will have to support himself.

Some short-sighted suffragette is liable to mistake Winston Churchill for a pane of glass some of these days.

At this distance it looks as if Teddy Roosevelt should cease trying to become President, and should sell his photograph as an advertisement for a good tooth powder.

Not "Exit March."—A good story is being told about a Kingston professor. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Grant Hall, Kingston, recently. They were due in the Lime-stone City between 7 and 8 p.m., but their train was late, and it was after nine o'clock when they were ready to commence the programme.

As usual, they first played "God Save the King." The audience had had a wearisome wait, and Prof. Goodwin had dozed off to sleep. "God Save the King" awakened him. He was used to hearing that piece as what most audiences seem to consider an exit number. So he got up and was starting to put on his overcoat, preparatory to going home, when somebody informed him that it was the first—not the last—number that had awakened him.

Ministry and Money.—Rev. Mr. Findlay, who leaves the pastorate of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, to become governor of that city's industrial farm, is a tall, big-framed man, with large vision and with great love and sympathy for his fellow-man.

His appointment as head of the institution that is expected to greatly benefit men who are sent to jail fits in well with his feeling that the cost of living is a serious thing for a minister.

"I have just been downtown buying overcoats for my two boys," he said to a lady whom he met on a car some time ago in Toronto. "When the clerk told me that the two coats would cost twenty dollars, I said, 'Twenty dollars! Bring me a fan or a cup of tea.'"

Then he added, in his deep voice and with his well-known, deliberative manner of speaking, "You know, I've pretty nearly come to the conclusion that the Presbyterian ministry at fifteen hundred dollars a year is no place for a man with a family."

Showing Up Fake Claim.—Many are the fake damage claims made not only against railway companies, but against civic corporations.

Toronto has to face many of them, and they are telling now of the nervy way in which Wm. Fitzgerald, the civic claims agent, showed up a fake case recently.

A woman had entered a claim for injuries suffered by a fall on a sidewalk.

She was confined to her bed and suffered greatly, according to her tale.

Mr. Fitzgerald went to the house to investigate the case. He was seen approaching, and there was some delay before he was admitted. He insisted on going to the bedroom, and he found the injured woman lying in bed, the coverlet up to her chin. She was groaning.

The agent was suspicious. He strolled around in an easy-going fashion until he reached the foot of the bed, and then, with a quick movement, he pulled the covers up enough to show that the lady had her boots on. She had been hustled into bed when he was noticed approaching the house, and she hadn't had time to undress.

Her claim dwindled away to nothing right there.

He Hadn't Time.—Old Uncle Mose sat on the bank of a tiny stream, apparently fishing, and certainly smoking.

"Surely there are no fish in that rivulet?" remarked a curious stranger, passing by.

"There aint none," admitted Mose.

"But you are fishing?"

"Yep."

"Why?"

"I just want to show my ole woman I aint got no time to sif' the ashes."

Generous to a Fault.—Fond Mother—



Literary Term—"The Best Cellar."

Drawn by Joe Sheard.

"My boy is the most generous in the school."

Nasty Neighbour—"Yes, the teacher told me that it was your boy gave the measles to all the boys in his class."

Often the Case.—"That young man has nerve and originality."

"But the pity is that he only shows those qualities in the choice of his clothes."

He Knows.—She—"I've just had my fortune told, Jack."

He—"And now it's up to me to get mine made."

A Puzzler.—"I see that N. W. Rowell, K.C., the Ontario Liberal leader, wants to abolish the bar."

"Why should he? Lawyers are always called to it."

Didn't Need to Worry.—"Are you going to buy me a drink?" said one Toronto man to another on Good Friday afternoon.

"Yes," was the answer. "I'll buy you a drink."

"But," said the first man, after a pause, "we can't buy drinks to-day. It's Good Friday."

The second man brought up several points to prove that the bars were still open, so the two went to a near-by hotel.

"I'm going to disgrace you," said the man who had been asked to buy. "I'm going to order ginger beer."

The man who was being treated ordered buttermilk, and the two are still wondering why they needed to worry as to whether the bars were open or closed.

Surprising.—James Whitcomb Riley used to tour the country with Bill Nye in lecture courses. One night, while the two were behind the scenes in the theatre of some Eastern town, Riley got tired of waiting while Nye tried to make himself beautiful, and, tiptoeing to the drop curtain, peered out into the auditorium. He came back to Nye's dressing-room in consternation.

"Great Scott!" he whispered, "this is awful! There aint a pesky handful of people out there, Bill!"

"I don't know why there isn't, Jim," replied Nye, dreamily, continuing to "wrassle" with his tie, "we've never been here before."

Pity the Girl.—The funny advertisement is still appearing. In the Toronto Globe a few days ago appeared the following from a Western Ontario hotel keeper:

Wanted—A porter to drive 'bus and a dining-room girl at once.

The Western Way.—Mr. W. F. Muenster, manager for James K. Hackett, who has been playing lately in Canada, tells an amusing little yarn about the unconventional ways of the Westerners when they want to see a show.

"It was out in Wardner, a little town in Idaho," said the theatrical man, "a few years ago, and I was with a musical comedy troupe. I was taking tickets at the door—the theater did not have a regular ticket-taker—when three men came up and were about to pass me."

"Tickets, please," I spoke up. "Oh, that's all right, I'm the sheriff," said the first man. "I'm the constable," said the second man. "And who are you?" I demanded of the third. "Oh, I'm their prisoner," said he.

"I let them all in free."

Mimico Humour.—Mimico Industrial School has been a centre of public interest lately by reason of the methods of punishment in vogue there. It is quite evident, however, that the sense of humour has not been thrashed out of the boys, even though it be but unconscious humour, for an instance of it came to light the other day.

The Mimico lads issue a monthly publication, called "Our Boys," which they write, make up, print and publish themselves.

In the last issue H. Cooper reported a concert given by the choir of College Street Methodist Church, Toronto, and after praising the singers, the report concluded: "The members of the choir really felt at home amongst us and promised to come again."

Many Playing It.—Newlywed—"I didn't see you Sunday. Did you stay home?"

Oldhubby—"Yes. My wife taught me a new game called 'Bashmarah.'"

Newlywed—"How do you play it?"

Oldhubby—"You hang a carpet on a line and see how many times you can hit it with a stick."

A Tip.—Wife—"How about the tickets, dear? I understand the theatre is packed at every performance."

Hub—"It is, but I managed to get seats for two weeks from to-night—and, by the way!"

Wife—"Well?"

Hub—"You might begin to get ready now."

The "HOOSIER" KITCHEN CABINET



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FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED
Canada's Largest Homefurnishers
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This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—"1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people will think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines the same way. I have sold over half a million of them.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing or tearing them, less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump.

So, said I to myself, I will do with "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't like the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight.

Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages.

If you keep the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till you pay for my money until the machine itself pays the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—D. L. Bach, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto.

