

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

The papers say that Premier Borden had a popular majority of 43,383. Sir Wilfrid Laurier could name some men with whom it wasn't popular.

A woman testified in court in the United States that her husband had sold her to another man for a cent and a half. Was it a swindle or a bargain?

According to the Liberal papers the Ottawa Opposition is getting the Government into about forty knots an hour on the navy question.

East Hampton, Mass., reports the engagement of a man to a lady who is reported to have mastered fifty-four languages. He gets our vote for a Carnegie hero medal.

On the advice of Great Britain, Persia has decided to apologize to Russia. There seems to be some fitness in the term "Persian lamb."

It looks significant that, after getting nicely started on his campaign in Ontario, Liberal Leader Rowell made a strong plea for good roads.

Football Elegy.

I.

"Smash it over!" sang the crowd,
"Over for a try!"
Harry seized the pigskin in
The twinkling of an eye.
Sturdy friends were at his back;
Sturdy foe before,
So he charged with main and might,
In the chance to score.
Was he over?—Sure he was,
With a yard to spare!
How the cheering from the stand
Rent the autumn air!
All the fence around the field
Was splintered by the jar.

At Harry's service, someone sang
"The crossing of the bar."

II.

The stadium re-echoed with
A loud, discordant roar;
As down the field the half-backs came
And swept the team before.
James, our full-back, braced himself
And took a flying duck—
Landed in the centre
Of that awful triple buck!
Did he stop them?—Well, I guess;
Brought them to the ground.
People say they felt the shock
Half a mile around—
James could surely tackle,
Just the way they do in books.

Afterwards we all remarked
"How natural he looks!"

III.

"Block that kick!" the rooters cried,
Awful was the hush,
William was our favourite then,
Played at centre rush.
He had always steady nerves,
Always used his brain;
So he charged the forward line
Splitting it in twain.
Blocked the kick?—You bet he did!
Stopped it with his jaw—
Finest piece of head work
That I think I ever saw.
He was fond of flowers,
And his favourite was the trillium;
In the spring we always plant
Some fresh ones over William.

PAUL SHEARD.

hand he walked up to the platform, and the sight of the novel gavel put the delegates in good humour at once.

Then His Worship tilted his fedora hat on the side of his head, took out a pipe and proceeded to "smoke up," just like the humblest of the rank and file in the party. He mingled freely with "the boys," and such a veteran as Hon. Thomas Crawford testified publicly that not in forty years' political experience had he met such an efficient chairman as G. R. Geary. It is just such little things as these that help to make the Mayor an almost unbeatable man in municipal elections.

Baiting Borden.—The Opposition at Ottawa is bothering the life out of the Government by asking questions.



THE LITTLE THINGS

Curate: But you know, Miss Fisher, you should always be careful of details. It's the little things that tell.

Nellie: Yes, I know that all right. I've got little brothers and sisters at home.

Having been put out of their job of running the country's affairs, the Liberal members are asking what are declared to be embarrassing questions about the navy, the Farmers' Bank, the Ne Temere decree, and so on. And the Grits "gloat" when the poor Tories' brows are knitted.

This teasing of the Government will probably be a feature of Liberal tactics for a long time. It is understood that the questioning will be broadened to include general matters. When the usual political ground has been covered, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has beaten his oratorical sword into a question mark, will demand that Premier Borden give a straight, definite answer to "How old is Ann?"

Other questions soon to be sprung are as follows:

"Did the Prime Minister promise in his Halifax platform that if elected he would give a solution to the problem as to whether the hen or the egg came first?"

"Is the Government aware that in an election speech one of its candidates declared that he would square a circle? Was this promise made in good faith? Will it be carried out?"

"Has the Government determined on any steps towards finding the fourth dimension? If not, will any such steps be taken?"

Lullaby Up-to-Date.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
For some nifty Christmas boxes
To fill Baby Bunting's soxes.

Not Worrying.—A peculiar point of view was that shown recently by a man employed on the mason work in connection with the alterations being made in the Standard Bank building, Toronto, to prepare it for occupation by the Ontario Club. The man

was walking on a cracked plank some twenty feet above the ground.

"That plank is cracked," said his boss, who feared that the man might have a dangerous fall.

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "It belongs to the steel contractor."

The Dividers.

When European powers have cut
Old Africa in sections,
And nicely split poor China up
For fear of insurrections,

When poor old Turkey has been carved
By lands that civilize,
And Persia has been cut to make
For each a splendid prize,

No doubt the "spheres of influence"
Will settle on the stars;
We'll find the European powers
Dividing up old Mars.

They may take long to reach that far,
But doubtless very soon
The foremost four will each absorb
A quarter of the moon.

Gatling Gun Orator.—Controller Thomas L. Church, of Toronto, was the victim of one of the smoothest bits of sarcasm on a recent occasion when "Tommy," as he is familiarly known, delivered one of his characteristic speeches at a Conservative convention in a Toronto riding.

The Controller's style of speech-making is a peculiar staccato utterance, a sort of Gatling-gun delivery, and it is difficult for those not accustomed to his oratorical methods to follow him. On the occasion in question he talked as usual about three hundred words to the minute and flitted from topic to topic as easily as a bird hops from twig to twig. He rattled on until his time limit was called, and no sooner had he finished than an auditor rose at the back of the hall. Somehow its always the man at the back of the hall that says the witty thing. And this man said something that caused gales of laughter to sweep through the hall.

"Mr. Chairman," he shouted, "might I ask you to insist that the next speaker use the English language?"

The Modern Method.—Black—"So poor old White has suicided? Did he use poison or a pistol?"

Brown—"Neither. He went deer hunting."

As the Grits See Him.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who will be remembered for his splendid work in "The Reins of Office," which ran for several seasons at Ottawa, is making a decided impression in the leading part of "An Opposition Worth While." It is so long since he has appeared in this class of play that his present role is unfamiliar to the veteran Sir Wilfrid, but his handling of the part justifies his friends' oft-asserted belief in his versatility. He is supported by an all-star cast.

A Fixture.—Arthur Stringer, the noted Canadian author, and his wife, are both quite tall, but that fact availed them nothing when they faced the problem of firing a cook.

They were living in an apartment in New York at the time with which this incident deals, and their cook was a big negress who wasn't mistress of the art of cooking.

Mrs. Stringer gave the coloured lady notice to leave on a certain day, but when that day came the boss of the kitchen hadn't packed her trunk and was working away as though she was still in good standing. Mrs. Stringer's reminder that diplomatic relations had been severed had no effect.

"I'll get her out," said Arthur when told of the state of affairs.

He entered the kitchen, and, advancing towards the cook, said, "You were told to leave to-day, and I want you to pack your trunk and get out."

The cook saw that the time to declare herself had come. So she picked up a hammer and said, "You jest lay a finger on me and I'll smash your face in. I like this place, an' I've decided I've goin' to stay."

A FATAL ERROR

A man steps into your office, draws up his chair, and talks right into your face. His breath is offensive. Your only thought is how to get rid of him and his business. You cut him short with, "I am not interested."

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