



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.*



INGRATITUDE.

IT was midnight and a drizzle was falling steadily. A man shuffled along Oxford Street, Manchester, England, hugging the walls for shelter. Presently he spoke to a passer-by:

"Could you give me a copper, sir, towards my night's lodgings?"

"How much have you got already?"

"Twopence, sir; and if I had another twopence—"

"You can get a comfortable bed in a warm room at the Salvation Army shelter in Shepston Street for twopence."

"Salvation Army?" This, with a decided sniff.

"Thank you, sir, I haven't come to that yet!"

It was an experience which recalls General Booth's story of the drunken woman who was carried into a Salvation Army shelter. When she recovered consciousness and was told where she was, she exclaimed in horror-stricken tones:

"Salvation Army! Goodness gracious, I must get out of this or I shall lose my reputation."

* * *

THE DAY AFTER.

From thousands of our happy homes

Where Santa lives in clover

There comes the loud and grateful cry—

"Thank goodness, it is over."

* * *

HE HAD.

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand): "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?"

Deck Hand: "Take a word from an old salt, mum. The weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-making inquiries about it."

* * *

RED TAPE.

THE widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive. "This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge. "What is the matter with it?" asked the lady. "It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15." "What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant. "We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

* * *

ONE OF OUR WRITERS.

AN English weekly makes kindly reference to "Mr. Thomas Seton, the American naturalist," and his recent explorations. Alas for our own Ernest! He would change his name and now the public is so mixed that it hardly knows the writer of "Wild Animals I Have Known" from plain John Burroughs or Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

RATHER PERSONAL.

A PARISH minister when visiting his congregation felt tired and hungry, and called upon an old maiden lady he felt sure he could have a cup of tea from. After making his request known and after taking a seat, he observed three cats lapping milk under the table, and exclaimed, "Miss Morris, are these all your cats?"

"My cats!" replied the old lady, "na, faith, na, only ane o' them; but I think a' the hungry brutes o' the parish come to me when they want anything to eat!"

* * *

MIXED METAPHORS.

EDWIN MARKHAM, at a dinner, said of mixed metaphors: "When I was teaching in Los Angeles I used to read every week a little country paper whose editor's metaphors were an unfailing

joy to me. Once, I remember, this editor wrote of a contemporary: 'Thus, the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boomerang in his hand, and, hoisting him by his own petard, leaves him a marked man for life.' He said in an article on home life: 'The faithful watchdog or his good wife, standing at the door, welcomes the master home with an honest bark.' In an obituary of a farmer he wrote: 'The race was run at last. Like a tired steed, he crossed the harbour bar, and, casting aside whip and spur, lay down upon that bourne from which no traveller returns.'

* * *

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

A SCENE that was more than farcical occurred in the British House of Commons last session, says M.A.P. Two of the most respectable members of the House were seen with their coats off and with a staid old policeman standing between them.

The two had been downstairs to wash their hands, and by some mischance had changed coats. They went into the House together. One of them, putting his hand into his coat pocket, pulled out an old briar pipe or very strong flavour. It was not his. He looked at the coat, also that of his neighbour, and, turning to his friend, said:

"Excuse me, but I think you have put on my coat."

"I beg your pardon; I have done nothing of the kind."

"I think," replied the other Parliamentarian, "this is your pipe; and if you put your hand into the right-hand pocket of the coat you are wearing you will find a cigar-case."

"Dear me!" was the reply, "you certainly are right. What shall we do?"

"We cannot change in the House," observed the first member. "Let us go into the Division Lobby."

Here is where the policeman came in. Seeing



Biography at a Penny Waxworks

"That's Dickens!"

"No, 'tain't 'tis Gladstone."

"Ah, well, they're all alike—them actor Johnnies!"

—Windsor Magazine.

the two facing one another, and, as the same time, taking off their coats, the policeman feared the worst. He rushed up, and placing a hand on the shoulder of each, said:

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Not here, please!"

* * *

THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.

A THREE-CENT rate has lately been established on the railways running out of Edmonton. If there were any farmers in this vicinity answering the description of the subject of this story, I would say that the incident took place in Alberta:

"The venerable farmer with the tobacco-stained whiskers and furrowed brow climbed aboard the limited and shambled into the smoker."

"Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "is that thar two-cent-a-mile rate good on this train?"

"It is," replied the conductor brusquely. "Where is your ticket?"

The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot bag.

"Ain't got no ticket, mister," he said, slowly, "but here be the two cents. I never rode on one of these pesky flyers, and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile."—Edmonton Saturday News.

* * *

JUST THE PLACE.

THE Reverend Doctor Newman Smyth of New Haven was asked by the representative of one of the worst of modern newspapers for "a bright, terse interview about hell," for its Sunday edition. Doctor Smyth very kindly complied with the request; his article was as follows: "Hell, in my opinion, is the place where the Sunday edition of your paper should be published and circulated."

* * *

ALL SHE WANTED.

MRS. MUGGERTY (a habitual borrower) — "Shure, Mrs. O'Fudge, it's meself thot hates to throuble you, but cud yez loan me the yoke of an egg."

* * *

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION.

AT a brilliant "At Home," given by a society woman, a pianist of world-wide reputation was asked to perform. When he had finished, the lady's young daughter was made to sit down and play her new piece.

"Now, tell me, Herr —," said the fussy mother, to the great artist, "what do you think of my daughter's execution?"

"Madam," he replied deliberately, "I think it would be a capital idea."

* * *

NOT COMMITTING HIMSELF.

IN a Scottish court recently an important witness failed to put in an appearance, and the judge indignantly demanded to know why he was not present. "It's his duty to be here. Where is he?" demanded his honour. The officer with true Scotch canniness replied: "Weel, I'll no say that—but he's dead."—Law Notes.

* * *

NO FEAR.

"THERE is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial." "Don't worry about that," replied Brown; "the thing is impossible; there's no danger of your being buried too soon."

* * *

SOMETHING SUITABLE.

YOUNG lady (entering tobacconist's)—I want to look at some cigars, please. Suitable for a tall young man with brown hair!—Sloper's Half-Holiday.