

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Hon. George E. Foster has delivered a rousing address at Birmingham. An overflow meeting was addressed by Dr. J. A. Macdonald.

Sir Wilfrid desires the country to follow his "white plume." But that is very different from showing the white feather.

The honey crop is likely to fail. Nothing to sweeten our lot this year.

A Toronto professor declares that one person in eighty thousand may be a fool. What an optimist he is!

Police Inspector Archibald, of Toronto, brought a young man to the police court for speeding while conveying a seriously injured citizen to the hospital. The young man got off with a compliment and the inspector was not called "Solomon."

A foot bridge across the Rideau at Ottawa was built in a night. Evidently this bridge player believes in spades as trump.

Sir James Whitney has returned from the scene of coronation festivities and says there's nothing like Queen's Park for real enjoyment.

Asquith says England is not dying. And King George adds that Ireland is very much alive.

Doctor Beattie Nesbitt is now alleged to be summing in Chili.

Permission to have bull fights in Toronto has been refused. Ice cream on Sunday and the festive matador are too much like frivolity.

Castro, the former president of Venezuela, is missing—very much. He may be spending a week end at Bobcaygeon.

A Man of the North.—In the north country, the men and women are proving worthy of Canada's best traditions in the way in which they are meeting the difficulties which confront the inhabitants of a devastated district. A man from the most afflicted section was telling of a cheerful citizen who has immediately started to rebuild his home.

"Hard luck, old man," said a passer-by, as he surveyed the charred stumps.

"Oh, well," said the cheerful citizen, "the old shack was full of draughts anyway, and this one'll maybe have a tin roof—and I'm thinking of a garage at the back."

Entirely Candid.—A politician in an Eastern Ontario city was once accused in public by an opponent of having been fined ten dollars for attending a cockfight. The audience held its breath in condemnation, but suddenly recovered it when the accused calmly remarked:

"It's a lie, Mr. Chairman. It was fifteen dollars, and I paid it like a little man."

Answers to Correspondents.

Daisy: Please tell my character from my hand-writing. I am anxious to know if I have the artistic temperament.

Your hand-writing betrays a highly sensitive nature. The formation of the tail of the "g" would indicate that you have a tendency to rheumatism and musical talent. The dot over the "i" looks as if you would lead a long and uneventful life. You will probably succeed in any undertaking, if you display perseverance, endurance and other useful qualities. You have the artistic temperament, but only in a mild form, and it is not likely to prove fatal.

Maude: Can you tell me why I am unpopular? How shall I become charming?

Dear girl, you have not enclosed photograph; so, we cannot say whether your temper is all that it

ought to be. Perhaps you are fond of fried onions, or it may be that you talk too much about yourself. We only wish we could tell you how to become charming, but we have been trying ourselves, for many years without any satisfactory result. You might write to Lillian Russell or James K. Hackett about it. Charm resembles the mosquito in being extremely elusive.

Mabel: Would it be wise to marry a young man whose salary is seven hundred dollars a year. He has excellent principles and a saving disposition.

We see no reason why you should not be moderately, if not hilariously, happy. Principles are almost as good as cement to use for the foundations of a home, and a saving disposition is as valuable as it is rare. If the young man is also amiable, we consider that you have secured a matrimonial prize. Have a pretty but quiet wedding and lead the simple life.

Not Fond of It.—It is curious how the substitution of a single word or phrase will alter the meaning or suggestion of what is familiar.

A French-Canadian lady was recently declaring her aversion for politics and her desire that her husband should avoid political life.

"I do not like the light of the lime," she said emphatically.

"The lime! What has that to do with it?" asked the Ontario politician whom she addressed. Then it dawned upon him that the lady referred to that questionable halo known as the limelight.

A Natural Wonder.—A prominent Canadian who went to England for the Coronation was the proud father of two small daughters who consider that their father is beyond question the most wonderful subject in the British Empire. During the absence of their parents an aunt has been looking after these two small damsels and she has found it rather exhausting to answer their many inquiries. The other day, the elder one asked:

"Has daddie seen King George yet?"

"I think so."

"My, the King must have been glad to see him! I wonder what daddie thought of him."

Slightly Mixed.—An amusing stage "break" was made recently by Arthur Byron, the well-known leading man of the Baldwin-Melville stock company which was playing at the Princess Theatre. It convulsed the house, and Mr. Byron himself had to laugh.

The play was "Monte Cristo," and Mr. Byron had done very well until he reached the famous sea-swimming scene, where the hero, Edmund Dantes, reaches the rocky islet, and raising his hand towards the heavens, declares the well-known speech to the effect that the treasures of Monte Cristo are his. In his zeal to do the big scene well the actor slightly over-did it. He lifted his hand on high and shouted, "The treasures of Monte Carlo—"

Just as he said "Carlo" he realized the absurdity of it and, attempting to mend matters, he simply made them worse by correcting himself, so that his speech, when completed was, "The treasures of Monte Carlo—Cristo are mine!"

The house roared. The actor's wife, who was in the audience, laughed until she shook, and then hurried around to the stage door to "kid" her husband about his break. When he took his curtain call, Mr. Byron was laughing, too, for though an actor always feels it keenly when he makes such a mistake, the humorous side of this one was too apparent.

Acrobats in a Street Car.—"Skinning the cat" is hardly a proper performance in a street car, particularly when

the performer is an ex-alderman, school trustee, and an active Bible-class teacher. Yet such was the sport provided by Albert J. Keeler, a Toronto barrister, for the members of his young ladies' Bible-class attached to Wesley Methodist Sunday-school, when he took them picnicking to Scarboro' Bluffs recently.

There is nothing conventional about Mr. Keeler. When he's out on a picnic he's always busy inventing some startling original entertainment for the picnickers.

On the occasion in question Mr. Keeler's Bible-class was returning on a Kingston Road car from Scarboro' Bluffs about 10 p.m. They had had a big day—both boys and girls—and the leader was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. It would be a fine climax to a day's fun. He had noted that the hanging straps were strong. He whispered to a husky youth near him. On the instant they acted, hoisting a surprised young man and compelling him to grip a strap with each hand. Then they gave him a toss and neatly enough he "skinned the cat" while the sixty men and maidens gleefully applauded. Then it began. Every young fellow in the car had to "skin the cat," and the athletic leader took his medicine as gracefully as he administered it to others. The wonder is that the street car straps stood the strain.

Coming Events.

Sir Wilfrid has returned to town

And R. L. Borden, too.

They had a lovely time away,

But now find lots to do.

They're full of grave anxiety

About the farmer man

And to relieve his dreary lot

Each has a wondrous plan.

They show such sweet solicitude

And are so kind to all,

We shouldn't wonder if there'd be

Elections in the Fall.

"Ain't it Awful, Mabel?"—The man who has never read the sporting pages in the newspapers would need to be educated before he could understand the baseball language. Look at the following chunks which are ripped out of the Toronto Globe's report of a recent game in which Rochester was beaten by Toronto, on the latter's grounds:

"Charley Tesreau . . . was Kelley's offering as heaver of the cork pill."

"Tesreau beaned Mitchell, and McConnell singled. Moran hit to Fitz and he juggled the bulb. That plugged up the sacks."

"Rochester pounded a counter around the circuit in their third with Mitchell's single, McConnell's double and Moran's clout good for one sack."

"When Tesreau walked the first batter in the fourth Kelley dragged him out of the scenery."

"O'Hara bounced the ball off the plate, and Mitchell, after grabbing the sphere and spiking the plate, pegged to first base ahead of the batter."

"The Leafs . . . tore right into McConnell at the next opportunity. Jordan fouled off a lot of good ones to start with, and finally worked his passage. Bradley was out to Alperman, but Kocher felt the sting of one of McConnell's fractious spitters. Jordan and Kocher worked the double steal of second and third, and Tim came home when Mitchell pegged low to get him at third, Kocher advancing to the danger station. Smith showed commendable patience at the platter and succeeded in coaxing McConnell into a walk after fouling away about six good pitches."

"Fitz tried to score Kocher from third with a squeeze play, but the pitch was wide and Eddie missed connections."

"McConnell got the gate soon afterward because Shaw whaled him for a single."

"Bachman kept turning the Rochester parade back to the bench."

"Bachman fanned. So did Shaw, and the pouches were left tenanted when O'Hara went out to centre."

"McMillan ran for Ward, but Alperman's pop was pie for Shaw."

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