

THE DEMI-TASSE

FOXY JAMES.

There is a bold Premier, Sir James,
Who to smoothness has never made claims.
But you'd hardly believe
What he has up his sleeve,
For at bargains he beats all the dames.

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AN INTREPID ISLANDER.

MISS Agnes Deans Cameron, who is supposed to live in Chicago during such time as navigation in the Arctic Circle is closed, has lately been lecturing in Canada, to audiences of her delighted countrymen (or countrywomen), telling tales of the explorer's way in the north. Miss Cameron is of Scotch descent, and not the least ashamed of it. In fact, she tells her auditors, before she has been talking ten minutes, that she has an ancestral fondness for "Caledonia, stern and wild."

She is a native of Vancouver Island and is somewhat amused at the remarks addressed to her by those who know little of our Pacific Province.

"Isn't it dreadfully lonely to live on an island?" asked a young admirer of Miss Cameron's dauntless ways.

"Lonely!" was the emphatic echo. "Well, we have salmon and seal and strawberries and roses; consequently we don't have time to feel exactly solitary. You see, Montreal, New York and a few other little cities are on an island. So we're not exactly out of it."

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MATTERS OF FACT.

SIR Wilfrid has gone Sir James Whitney one better. The former has just placed an order for *Dreadnoughts* with the Simpson Company of Toronto, at a price which makes New Zealand simply gnash its teeth to think of the bargains Canadian prime ministers are able to pick up. A cynic, who is married, declares that the department stores should look after the feeble-minded women

also. This suggestion is passed on to the Provincial Secretary's department.

Abdul Hamid II. has suddenly become what Mr. Gladstone called him. Even the Conservatives of Nova Scotia and the Democrats of U.S.A. have refused to consider him as leader. There's nothing left for him but a chicken farm in Macedonia.

A suffragette is suing the Mayor of Montreal for five thousand dollars. The mayor of Toronto left town just in time.

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A SEVERE TEST.

A SOMEWHAT important citizen recently walked into the office of a Canadian newspaper and requested the services of an expert stenographer. An alert little lady awaited his dictation, but he regarded her with a doubtful eye.

"Can you take all kinds of stuff?" he asked carefully.

"I am used to everything," she answered confidently.

"All right. Go ahead, please." And the important citizen proceeded to dictate four lines, which caused the office-boy in the corner to drop a large parcel and stare curiously at the worthy gentleman who "sure was batty."

There was a moment of quick clicking at the typewriter and the "dictator" read slowly from the sheet presented for his inspection:

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"Ah!" he said with a sigh of satisfaction. "If you know the Jabberwock stuff, you'll do."

Then the two friends of Lewis Carroll's immortal "Alice" smiled comprehendingly at one another.

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A WASTED DISCOURSE.

THE visit of Dr. Orr to Toronto, and his highly instructive addresses on Biblical literature have been regarded with some caution, both by the Higher Critics and their friends. The reverend visitor has been implored to be "explicit," lest the wayfaring man, to say nothing of the newspaper reporter, should misrepresent his views on the early chapters of Genesis.

This desire for a decisive attitude recalls the consternation experienced by a worthy Hamilton pastor, years ago. He had been preaching at Grimsby Park with the laudable desire to show that the latest discoveries in science were quite in harmony with the salient points of Biblical history. He admitted, however that the "day" of Creation did not mean what we moderns understand by the monosyllable. As he was leaving the auditorium, he was accosted by a dear old lady who exclaimed tearfully:

"Oh, Dr. B—, I am so thankful that I am not like you—I believe in the Bible."

What the well-known D.D. said is not recorded.

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APPROPRIATE!

AT a certain dinner given in Edinburgh, in honour of a distinguished surgeon named Wallace, the guests were somewhat startled to observe at the head of the toast list the familiar quotation: "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled."

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DEEPLY INTERESTED.

THE play was one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Mrs. Simmons and her little boy, having been unable to secure seats in the parquet, were well located in the front row of the first balcony, where they could see better and hear almost as well as if they had been farther forward on the main floor.

Mrs. Simmons was agreeably surprised at the interest that Bobby appeared to take in the somber drama. He sat leaning forward, with his elbows

on the cushioned railing in front of him, resting his head on his hands, deeply absorbed. As the curtain went down on the first act he straightened up.

"Well, dear, how do you like Shakespeare?" asked his mother. "Are you enjoying the play?"

"Mama," said Bobby, with the air of one who has made a great discovery, "there are sixty-nine men here that have got bald spots on the top of their heads! I've counted 'em five times!"—*Youths' Companion*.

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THE JURY'S VERDICT.

A SOUTH Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The state brought into court as weapons used, a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's council exhibited as the other man's weapons, a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been: "Resolved, that we, the jury, would have given one dollar to have seen the fight."—*Bellman*.

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FATHER'S "JOB."

IT is customary in many public schools for a teacher to ask a pupil his father's occupation. The following is the result of such questioning in a school in New England:

Teacher—What is your father's occupation?

Little Boy—I can't tell you.

Teacher—But you must.

Little Boy—My father doesn't want me to tell.

Teacher—I insist on your telling me. I have to know.

Little Boy (tearfully)—He's—he's the fat lady at the dime museum.—*Youths' Companion*.

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"Now, what do I do next?"—*Life*.

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THE COLONEL'S OPINION.

HE was a fine type of the old southern colonel, the fiery scion of a race of cavaliers. Also, he was exceedingly wrathful. He had just received a letter from a man, "a low soht of puhson, suh, I assuah you," which displeased him immensely, and he was debating, inwardly, how best to convey to his vulgar correspondent an adequate expression of his (the colonel's) opinion of him. But his stenographer was a lady. The colonel snorted, made two or three false starts, and finally dictated: "Sir—My stenographer, being a lady, can not transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, can not think But you, being neither, can readily understand what I mean."—*Argonaut*.

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MISTAKEN SYMPTOMS.

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—*Life*.

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OPTIMISTIC.

A CERTAIN lady prides herself upon always looking at the bright side of things. "My dear," moaned her husband one day recently, as he tossed restlessly on his bed, "it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a bill his will be!" "Never mind, Joseph," said his wife. "You know, there's the insurance money."—*Argonaut*.

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LOGICAL REASON.

Jinks—"Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy?"

Winks—"I shall make a plumber of him."

Jinks—"Has he a bent that way?"

Winks—"He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately, and he won't think of it again for a week."—*Tit-Bits*.



A LONG FAREWELL.

She (effusively). "How nice it is to have met you again after all these years, my dear Captain Burlington."

He. "Major now! That was ten years ago, you know."

She. (still more effusively). "How time flies! Well, congratulations and good-bye. I hope you'll be a General when next we meet."—*Punch*.