

THE DEMI-TASSE

THE FRENCH CHAUFFEUR.

A SMALL party of gentlemen were once out for an automobile ride in Quebec. They were taking the river road from Lower Town up towards Sillery. Naturally, they were anxious to know the historic spots along their picturesque route. The chief of these was Wolfe's Cove, where the general started up the steep, rugged hill. One of the gentlemen, leaning forward, asked in French to have Wolfe's Cove pointed out.

"Wolfe?" said the surprised chauffeur, "Monsieur Wolfe? I do not know him—Il n'est pas dans ma paroisse (He is not in my parish). Perhaps he is dead."

"Yes," said the inquirer, "he is dead some time." With this, silence fell upon all, as the chauffeur sped on his way, peacefully ignorant of the turning-points of history and of the footsteps of the mighty who, near that spot, had started up the hill on a victorious climb.

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SIR WILFRID'S CIVIL SUIT.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was obliged at the recent opening of Parliament to appear in conventional civil dress, instead of the usual uniform of State, inasmuch as the latter had been sent to England for alterations and repairs and had not returned in time.

Alas for bold Sir Wilfrid!
His gladdest rags are fled,
And he, in sombre civil garb,
Would hide his humbled head.

The rest are gay in scarlet
And bright with lace of gold,
But he in simple, evening suit
Must stand in garments old.

Alas for brave Sir Wilfrid!
The ladies pause and sigh;
"He used to look so splendid—
It almost makes us cry."

Across the briny ocean
Those happy rags do roam;
Sir Wilfrid says in pensive mood,
"I wish those clothes were home."

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EVERY REASON

"Why does your new baby cry so much?"

"Say, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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JUVENILE REASONING.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY tells an amusing story to illustrate his contention that the habit of reasoning is developed in children at a remarkable early age. While visiting a friend he overheard a discussion between the little son and daughter of his host. "I wonder what we're here in the world for?" asked the little boy.

His companion, thinking of a recent lesson, an-

swered gently, "We are put here to help others, of course."

"Um!" exclaimed the little boy, after a moment's thought, "then what are the others here for?"

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A LAY MATTER.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious,

"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't no so much about that," he finally said.

"I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have them unsectarian."—Harper's Weekly.

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A SONG OF COBALT.

By W. L. URQUHART.

IF you were what La Rose is,
And I were Silver Leaf;
We'd plight our troth together,
And feel in such high feather,
To think we'd got our noses,
'Bove poverty and grief;
If you were what La Rose is,
And I were Silver Leaf.

If you were Little Nipissing
And I were Cobalt Lake;
We'd have an auto-waggon,
(But never get a jag on).
I'd purchase any blessed thing
You wanted, for your sake;
If you were Little Nipissing,
And I were Cobalt Lake.

If you were Chambers-Ferland,
And I were Trethewey,
We wouldn't be such bumpkins,
But think ourselves some pumpkins,
I'd order then a gold band
Direct from Tiffany;
If you were Chambers-Ferland,
And I were Trethewey.

If you were Otisse-Currie,
And I were Crown Reserve;
Without the least compunction,
We'd order things for luncheon,
That in our days of worry,
We'd not have had the nerve;
If you were Otisse-Currie,
And I were Crown Reserve.

If you were Cobalt City,
And I were Silver Queen;
We'd buy each other jewels,
And act like perfect fools,
As many others, Kitty,
Have done before, I ween;
If you were Cobalt City,
And I were Silver Queen.

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A TWO-BLADED STORY.

IN connection with the opposition of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper to Premier McBride in the recent British Columbia elections. The Toronto Globe has the following paragraph: "Who would have expected to see a Tupper holding up the banner of Liberalism? It reminds one of the story of Colonel Denison and the High Court Judge. The Judge in question, who was notoriously hard on the court below, in some unaccountable way upheld one of the Colonel's decisions. The Colonel looked disturbed for a moment, but by-and-bye he was heard to murmur: "In spite of his endorsation I still think I was right."

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"I FORBEAR TO STATE."

EVERY one will recall the orator who, while declaring that he will not mention this fact, nor make any reference to that one, contrives to include both. The Kansas City Times gives an every-day instance of the same way of at once avoiding and mentioning a subject.

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest,

smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."—Youth's Companion.

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POOR ANIMAL.

"LITTLE boy," asks the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answers the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal it is that had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir—my papa."—Chicago Evening Post.

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A DUTCH PUZZLE.

LOUIE was plodding along, labouring under the weight of a bag which was quite apparently animated by some form of animal life, when he met his friend Hans.

"What haf you got in dot bag?" was the question of Hans, as Louie, puffing from his exertion and not in the best of humour, deposited the bag, which action caused more noticeable animation on the part of its contents, accompanied by an audible squeal.

"I haf pigs," was the curt reply.

"How manys haf you got?" continued Hans.

"Guess," said Louie. "Guess how many I haf in dot bag and I will gif you de whole tam five."

J. W. T.

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AT THE CHARITY BAZAR



The Lady Palmist who nearly succeeds in convincing you that you have a past —The Bystander.

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UNINTENTIONAL PROFANITY.

A RECENT story in the COURIER concerning three musical celebrities, and Doctor Torrington, calls forth another of a somewhat similar character.

A certain priest in Eastern Ontario (now, by the way, one of the most popular and beloved) was very bashful and timid at the time of his ordination and being afraid to face his congregation, had prevailed upon a brother priest to preach for him a couple of Sundays.

The timid priest prepared a discourse for the third Sunday, but as the day approached, his courage began to fail him, and he appealed to the other to take the service for him. To this the other objected, insisting that the new incumbent take his own work and get accustomed to it.

"By the way," said he, "what did you intend to preach on, next Sunday?"

"Well," said the timid one, "I did intend to preach on Purgatory."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the other; "start in on Purgatory, and if you find you can't get through, then give them hell."

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WHY PATRICK HENRY SAID IT.

A schoolboy's composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem: "Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"



The Captured Burglar: Say, Boss, would ye mind telephonin' my wife not to keep breakfast fer me?—Life.