



THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

NICARAGUA is having a revolution. Even in the hot weather, these Latin republics insist on keeping up the national sport.

King Alfonso is finding that uneasy lies the head which wears a crown. "After all, there are compensations in being a plain knight," murmurs Sir George Ross.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley has been making promises in Hamilton for a large expenditure for a revetment wall. Promises are a hardy perennial in the political garden.

The Mayor of New York has been shot on a liner. Imagine Toronto's woe if any assassin had approached "its own Reginald!"

The Duke of Abruzzi will get the fair Virginian. Cupid takes the trick once more.

Five Cleveland men marooned on a lonely Lake Erie island, spent the night in killing snakes. They might have stayed at home and accomplished just as much.

Four hundred delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Church left the East for Victoria last week. The betting is even on Carman and Jackson.

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On Parade.

Conductors on the G. T. R.
Are feeling quite distressed,
For orders have been just sent out
They must be "gladly" dressed.
In fact, the changes painful seem
And now they have a "holler,"
Because they must at last discard
The celluloid, white collar.

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His Reverence and Pat.

ONE day Past was passing the church when Father Murphy came out with an opera glass in his hand.

"What 'ud ye be wantin' wid, a opery glass in church," says Pat.

"What do you think," says his Reverence.

"Oi suppose ye naded thim to diskiver yer congregation," replied Pat, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Wrong fur you, this toime," says his Reverence. "That's not what Oi got thim fur at all, at all. Oi just brought thim out to see if Oi could diskiver a chaky Oirishman, an' foind Oi don't nade thim."—D. A. F.

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The Abstract and the Concrete.—London Bystander.

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Barnyard Worries.

I CHANCED into a barnyard large and clean,
And said, "Here in this sunny, sheltered spot
Contentment reigns." But each inhabitant
I found was discontented with his lot.

"You geese," I said, "are sad because we give
Your name to fools." They answered, "Not at all;
We harbour thoughts of suicide because
We're not the geese that saved the capitol."

"We criticised your milk, sad cow," I said
She cried, "That's not what puts life out of tune;
I couldn't clear a three-bar fence, and yet
They say that once a cow jumped o'er the moon."

"Fat pig, your reputation bothers you?"

"Not that you'd notice it," was his reply.

"Soon airships will be thick as weeds, but you
Know what the chances are that pigs will fly."

"Poor horse," I said, "the auto takes your place,
And that is why you sorrow so, of course?"
He cried, "Oh, where was I when some one called,
'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse?'"

"No setting hen grows fat, you know," I said
To one thin hen that wandered off alone.
"I've not been setting," answered she. "I'm sad
Because I cannot lay a corner stone."

W. A. Clarke.

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When Sir Wilfrid Was Jarred.

Conservatives are saddened
As news comes from afar
Of how the Premier's party
Are tossed about the car.
They talk of shocking carelessness
Which really should be checked,
To think of dear Sir Wilfrid
So nearly being wrecked!

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Officious Play Censor.

A COMEDY company once struck a New Brunswick town where the only public hall was owned by one of the churches.

After many assurances of the innocent character of the performance, the minister in charge consented to rent the hall on condition that a member of the church attended the entertainment with instructions to put out the lights if anything objectionable was said. The show proved harmless enough, but the member was anxious to show his authority.

Accordingly when one of the actors asked: "Where do the wicked go?" the censor saw a chance to interfere, and shouted: "The first man who says 'hell,' out go the lights."—M. L. H.

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Summer Resort Remarks.

A CURATE in the hand is worth a bishop in the bush.

In a multitude of engagements there is much safety.

There's nothing half so sure in life as the "extras" in the hotel bill.

The rocking-chair brigade on the verandah is a devastating host.

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Staff Humour.

OVER five hundred people from Detroit hit Chatham on a Sunday afternoon and couldn't get anything to eat. Why in the name of all that's appetising didn't they go to Sandwich?

America has a hog shortage, but, alas, the end seat hog shows no falling off.

And just to think that while the rest of us are sticking close to our steady jobs the statesmen at The Hague are spending the summer talking fishing.

These be tough days for your Uncle Sam. Jim Jeffries wanted to come back but couldn't, and the United States settlers in Canada could "come back" but don't want to.

Los Angeles is to have women policemen, and so great will be the desire to be arrested that the old town will soon be full of lost angels.

John D. Rockefeller was summoned on a charge of speeding in a motor car. They say that John was going like Standard-oiled lighting.

A London hair specialist says that big hats may send women bald. But the dear creatures would never show it.

Perhaps it's because of the Premier's habit of standing out on railway car platforms to address Western Canadians, but at any rate the Maharajah of Mourbhany, the Indian Prince of Canada, says that Sir Wilfrid is the Empire's most outstanding statesman.

Commander Peary's ship, the Roosevelt, caught fire, and yet some otherwise sane individuals will still go along asking, "What's in a name?"

Britain has just launched the largest, fastest cruiser, the Lion, and the question is as to whether

the U. S. eagle will attempt to twist the Lion's rudder.

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"Authoress" Worried Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT must, on one occasion at least, have heartily cursed the postal rates of his day. The story is told by Mr. R. H. Hutton. "A mighty package came by post from the United States, for which Scott had to pay five pounds Sterling. It contained a MS. play called 'The Cherokee Lovers,' by a young lady of New York, who begged Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue and epilogue, get it put on the stage at Drury Lane, and negotiate with Constable or Murray for the copyright. In about a fortnight another packet not less formidable arrived, charged with a similar postage, which Scott not grown cautious through experience, recklessly opened; out jumped a duplicate copy of 'The Cherokee Lovers,' with a second letter from the authoress, stating that as the weather had been stormy, and she feared that something might have happened to her former MS. she had thought it prudent to send him a duplicate."

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The Day of the Short Man.—Punch.

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Pie as Social Index.

MRS. DOBBS was trying to find out the likes and dislikes of her new boarder, and all she learned increased her satisfaction. "Do you want pie for breakfast?" she asked.

"No, I thank you," said the new boarder, with a smile. "Pie for breakfast seems a little too much."

"That's just the way I look at it," said Mrs. Dobbs, heartily. "I say pie for dinner is a necessity, and pie for supper gives a kind o' finishing touch to the day; but pie for breakfast is what I call putting on airs."—Youth's Companion.

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A Salute to Strathcona.

(Lord Strathcona recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday.)

HERE'S to a hale Canadian
Who's weathered many a breeze,
Who's braved the roughest fortunes
And sailed the stormiest seas!
He started out near Hudson's Bay
As plain young Donald Smith,
Who proved the Scotch traditions
No idle, foolish myth.

He found the factor's lonely life
A perfect "furry tale,"
And when the C. P. R. was "stuck"
His courage did not fail.
He does not care to advertise
Nor talk of foolish luck;
But rather shows in time of stress
The talisman of pluck.

He's founded hospitals and schools
And helped the kids to college,
Where, thanks to grave professors,
They gather useful knowledge.
He's ready for his country's need,
Though peace or war may call.
Then here's to bold Strathcona
First citizen of all!