

DEMI - TASSE

Making Sure of the Porter.

A POPULAR girl was departing from an Ontario town for the far West, and her masculine friends were gathered in gallant array to see that she was supplied with violets, roses, magazines, chocolates and all the various comforts which the twentieth century girl demands.

Her brother had addressed a few words of advice to the porter, backed by silvery enforcement, when a second young man approached.

"Here," he said, handing the half of a torn bill to the porter, "I've given the lady the other half, so if you look after her well until she reaches her destination you'll know where to get the rest of your money."

The True Test.

A TORONTO woman who employs a charwoman of undoubted honesty and industry was recently surprised when the latter referred to the crest of the family.

"What do you mean by a crest, Mrs. Jones?"

"It's a crest what belongs to my husband's family m'am—a sort of eagle with its wings a-flapping."

"Why where did your husband get the crest?"

"Oh, he's a real gentleman, he is. He never done a day's work in his life since we were married, bless him. He's the real sort." And the honest charwoman beamed with pride as she turned once more to her scrubbing.

Sydney Smith's Retort.

THE story is told that when Sydney Smith was dining with Lord Lyndhurst, the conversation happened to turn on the subject of suttee—the practice in India of the widow being burned on her husband's funeral pyre. For the sake of argument, Sydney Smith began to defend the practice and asserted that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him.

"But if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself to death?" was the sudden and embarrassing question of one of the guests.

"Lady Lyndhurst," came the deliberate reply, "would no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself; but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a State affair—first a procession of judges, then of the lawyers."

"But, pray, Mr. Smith, where are the clergy?"

Instantly came the sly response: "All gone to congratulate the new Lord Chancellor."

A Prose Poet.

IT is said that the author of the following prose poem, "Useless Grievs," is a Canadian by birth. "Walt Mason" is a name which has become familiar as the writer of peculiarly jocular and common sense rhymes.

A hundred years ago or more, men wrung their hands and walked the floor, and worried over this and that, and thought their cares would squash them flat. Where are those worried beings now? The bearded goat and festive cow eat grass above their mouldered bones, and jay birds call in strident tones. And where the ills they worried o'er? Forgotten all for ever more. Gone all the sorrow and the woe that lived a hundred years ago. The grief that makes you scream to-day like other griefs, will pass away; and when you have cashed your little string, and jay birds o'er your bosom sing, the stranger, pausing there to view the marble works that cover you, will think upon the uselessness of human worry and distress. So let the worry business slide, live while you live, and when you've died, the folks will say, around your bier: "He made a hit while he was here."

Cause for Pause.

Your eyes are the bonniest blue, dear,
Your features and figure are fine,
Your heart—ah, I know 't would be true, dear,
Should I say to you: "Darling, be mine."

But alas, there's a frightening fear, dear,
That will not allow me to speak.

You are spending three thousand a year, dear;
I am making twelve dollars a week.

—Boston Transcript.

Keeping to His Policy.

A WESTERN editor had one invariable, inflexible policy; he would not make a direct contradiction of anything that appeared in his paper, because, as he put it, admission of error cost him the confidence of his readers. One day an irate citizen slammed his way into the office.

"Sir," he exclaimed, with degrees of emphasis, "in this copy of your newspaper you have said that I was hanged."

"Well?"

"When, I haven't been hanged. Not only that, but I've never been con-

demned, or even accused of crime. I demand an immediate and full retraction!"

The editor hesitated; then he smiled, as one who had solved a delicate problem. "I'm sorry," he said. "I am really sorry we said you were hanged. And I can't directly contradict it, because that would make our readers lose confidence in us; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll say in to-day's paper that you were cut down before life was extinct."

The Usual Thing.

"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?"

"N—no. But it's customary."



Vicar's Wife: "Can't I persuade you to come to our next mother's meeting?"
Mrs. Jenkins: "It's very kind of you, mum, but I never was a Society woman."

What Next?

THE Montreal *Witness* revives an old story in a new form as follows:

"The City Hall is a peculiar place. Last week two young ladies entered that edifice to make their prayers. This morning a man walked in and asked the guide to direct him to the bar."

"The bar," said the astonished official.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I want a drink."

"But you can't get a drink here," came the reply.

"Why not?" queried the visitor. "This town isn't dry, is it, and this place is a hotel. I saw the name outside—Hotel de Ville."

A Bit of Conservation.

AN Englishman hired an Irish cabby to get him to the train. The Irishman's horse was going very slowly and the Englishman stuck his head out of the cab window and said:

"Whip him up. Give him the gad. Hit him in a vital spot."

"An' sure," said the cabby, "I've hit him in every vital spot but the ears and I'm saving them for the hill."

Capital Quips.

THE demonstration on Wednesday evening shows that singing has become very popular in the House, and I am given to understand that there is a movement afoot to extend the idea next session. It is suggested that during the recess members rehearse suitable ditties. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will practise the favourite Gregorian chant of Peter the Hermit whilst Mr. R. L. Borden will practise "Over there, over there, oh! what must it be to be there." There will be an accompanying chorus by Opposition front benchers. Judge Doherty will sing a selection from "H. M. S. Pinafore," Mr. Aylesworth "You never miss the water," but the *piece de resistance* will be Mr. Glen Campbell's rendering of "Where did you get that hat?"

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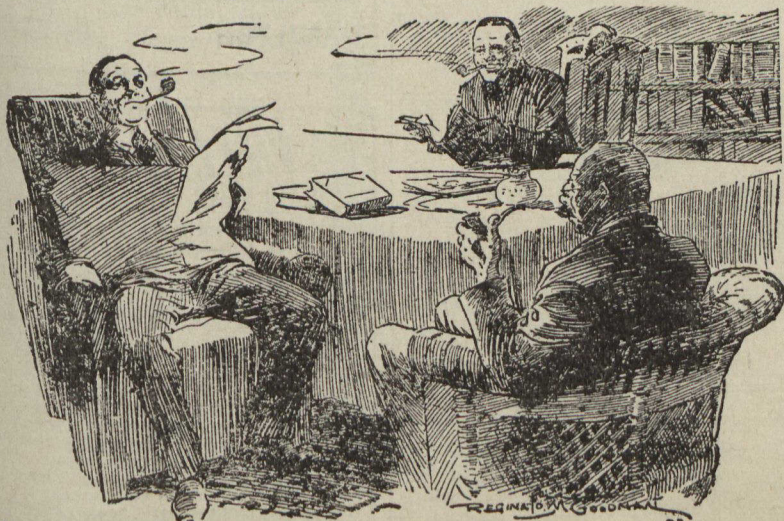
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Charlie: "I say, old chap, what's the extreme penalty of the law for bigamy?"
Old Adsum: "Why! two mothers-in-law, of course."—M.A.P.