

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

"Never enter a saloon and you'll get rich," says Andrew Carnegie. That sort of advice from Andy will probably drive a few men into saloons.

"Football needs change" says a daily paper headline. And just after that fifteen-thousand-dollar gate at the Argonaut-Varsity game in Toronto, too.

Jack Johnson was made a Mason by a Scottish lodge. It would not have been polite to black-ball him.

A St. Louis man wooed, won and wed a pretty widow—all in ten minutes. Now watch for some couple to come along and break the record by including a divorce.

It is said that a thousand-foot liner which the White Star Line is building will not be an ocean greyhound. If ocean vessels run much more to length, each of them ought to be called an ocean Dachshund.

The Borden Government had a majority of forty-four on the first division in the new House, but there is declared to be no truth in the rumour that Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, "It hardly seems enough."

The extremes to which they are going seem to show that, if British suffragettes who tie themselves to pillars had the needed strength, they would, Samson-like, pull a building down on Premier Asquith.

A Young Democrat.—The younger generation of Canadians are growing up to be dyed-in-the-wool democrats if the rather naive remark of an eight-year-old Toronto lad may be taken as an indication. This boy, the son of a well-known newspaper man, is by no means a title-worshipper.

It was before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived in Toronto, and the boy's father was talking with him about the big preparations made for the event. At first the youngster's interest was aroused by the military nature of the affair, and he thought seriously of turning out to stand behind the red-coated Cadets and wave a flag as the ducal party passed. Then, after deliberating over the matter, he rather startled his parent by the remark:

"Well, Dad, I don't care much whether I see the Duke and Duchess or not. You know they are just two people."

The Explanation.

They jump and jam, they rush and ram,
They pry and pull and push,
They shove and tear, they sweat and swear—
Football? No—Christmas crush.

He Can Really Walk.

(A two-column heading in the Toronto Evening Telegram in connection with the visit of the Duke of Connaught was: "Duke Starts Day With Stroll. Walks Out Alone Early.")

Here's an item delightfully droll—
With intense human interest replete—

The Duke of Connaught took a stroll
All alone along Wellington Street.
On his own Royal feet did he walk,
He took neither taxi nor hack,
And when he had gone round the block,
Why then, well, of course, he came back!

Self-Advertisers.—Since the coming of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Canada, the self-advertising notoriety seekers have been a very active thorn in the flesh of the reporters on daily papers.

An instance of the peculiar mania which possesses the souls of some persons to get into the glare of the fierce light that beats upon royalty, and to afterwards get their doings into print, is told by a Toronto scribe who

"covered" one of the events in which his Royal Highness took part. The newspapermen were in a position to see all that happened, but they felt much like cutting out from their stories the name of a man who had been prominent at the event, because each of them was called up at his office an hour afterwards by that man and reminded of the prominent part that he had taken.

This was followed by the visit to the newspaper offices of some others who had been at the function, and were eager to see that their names got into the papers.

Going 'Ome.

(Two big parties of Britishers in Canada are going to the Old Country for Christmas.)

As the poet almost put it:

"There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be—
There is no puddin' like English puddin',
With rare roast beef and gravy."

He Refused.—The newly-weds had quarrelled, and were discussing the



A DUTCH CUT

terms of the divorce they were going to get.

"You can have the baby half the time, John," she conceded.

"That's good of you," he admitted.

"When will I get Baby?"

"At nights."

Slangy Mary.

Mary had a little lamb
'Bout which a poet wrote.
Said Mary, "Why he kids us thus
Is what doth get my goat."

Startling.—Newsboy: Get the special extra! All about the big murder! The Man on the Street: Good gracious, are they still playing football?

Appropriate.—Like other ferry boats, those that sail Toronto Bay are not noted for speed. Thereby hangs a tale.

When the Toronto Ferry Company puts on a new boat the name is selected by holding a competition. The boats must bear the name of some flower, and a Toronto lady's suggestion was that the company's latest boat be called "Creeping Charlie."

Golf Stories.—Several Toronto golf players recently were telling stories of this season.

At one club two men, who don't know all about animals, noticed, while playing a game, a little animal that didn't seem in any hurry to move away. "There's a mink," said one. "Let's go after it." "Be careful," said the other. "A mink bites, doesn't it?" However, they pursued the little animal. One of them struck it with a club, and then both wished that he

hadn't. The animal was the kind that can cause a whole town to do a nose-holding act. When the golfers got back to the club-house they were refused admittance. Their clothes were thrown out to them, and they had to dress away from the club-house.

Near another club there is a manufacturing establishment that spreads forth a very unpleasant odor. A man and a woman were playing there one day, and the play worked into the aggravating variety that made the man say, "There's a stymie." "Do you know," replied the woman, "I was sure there was something near here that made a nasty odor."

Amusing Ads.—Like the funny answers given by the school child, which have become known as "howlers," the advertisements in daily papers are often extremely, though unintentionally, funny. In these advertisements the meaning is usually clear, but the construction has given a funny turn to the idea expressed.

A Toronto evening paper recently had, in the "Church Services" column, the following: 7 p.m., the minister. Subject: "The Great Choice." Bathurst or Dupont cars.

A clothing house advertized "Blue men's striped shirts at 39 cents."

The "Want" advertisement column appears the richest field of fun as is shown by the following advertisements, many of which appeared in Canadian papers:

Wanted—A waitress to sleep at home; no Sunday work.

Wanted—A girl to operate a typewriter with references.

Wanted—An experienced man to run a saw-mill out of town.

A young lady wishes her passage to Europe. Willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Wanted, for ——— Methodist Church, an organist and boy to blow the same.

Wanted, for Alberta, a man to take care of horses who can speak German.

Wanted—Saleslady in corsets and flannels.

Wanted—Women to sew buttons on the top flat of the ——— building.

A dog by a young man with pointed ears.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Wanted—A boy to be inside and partly outside the store.

Wanted—Flat for manufacturer about 100 feet long and 40 feet wide. Apartments Wanted — Bed-sitting rooms wanted by gentleman with folding doors.

Room wanted by a student with light and heat.

Wanted rooms (3) by young couple with both kinds of gas.

Wanted—Good milch cow by an elderly lady with short horns.

In an English paper there appeared, under the heading, "Startling News," the following: Corns cured after suffering twenty-one years with ——— Corn Cure.

Amusing Mistake.—One of the most amusing "breaks" made in setting type was that on a Toronto paper at the time of the unveiling of the late Sir John A. Macdonald's statue in Queen's

Park. Sir John, as is well known, so often wore a red rose that it became known as his choice among flowers for the button-hole. The paper referred to tried to say that many leading Conservatives standing about the monument wore the red rose so characteristic of the late chieftain. But the type-setting machine made "rose" read "nose."

A Protest.

From early morn till late at night
I'm on the go;
I'm kept so busy that my life
Is full of woe.

I walk to work and fondly think
All care forgot,
But some big, glaring bill-board sheet
Says, "Watch This Spot!"

Shop windows catch my eye, and soon
I'm taking pains
To estimate how many beans
A jar contains.

I board a car and think that there
Some peace I'll know,
But then an "ad." commands that I
"Watch Bugville Grow!"

At night it's worse; the paper has
My brows in knots:
A speckled picture waits—I yield
And "Count the Spots!"

An old one next! A woman's head!
More work for me!
I'm tender-hearted, so must find
Her daughters three.

"Was this man murdered?" huge type
asks;
I think it out.
"Where's Willie Jones?"—More time I
spend,
And end in doubt.

All night I dream: that spotted imps
Demand to know:
"If Willie's lost, how many beans
Could Bugville grow?"

His Degree.—"I hear that old Theolog has been giving an address on 'Comparative Religion.'" "Yes. That's the only kind he knows anything about."

Never Short of That.—It is reported that there has been a scarcity of milk in some parts of Ireland, but the Green Isle still has no shortage in the milk of human kindness.

Displeases Both.—The Girl at the Theatre—"I think that the censor should forbid any actress smoking a cigarette on the stage."

Her Escort—"I do, too. It makes me mad to see an actress smoking when I know that I have to wait till the intermission."

Humility Note.—Each of us has his own little niche to fill, and the big man can't always do the little man's work. When he tried to drive the first spike in Toronto's new civic car line Mayor Geary made six misses before getting his first hit.

Sizing Him Up.—The big man of well-fed appearance refused to yield to the persuasion of the book agent. "You can't sell me anything," said the big fellow.

"I guess you're right," said the agent as he walked to the door. "I suppose the only kind of thing you read is a bill of fare."

A Candid Boy.—A Toronto man who formerly taught school received a surprising answer recently from a fourteen-year-old boy who came out from England recently.

The two had been talking about the boy's prospects, and had agreed that a night school term would probably prove very beneficial.

With a view to helping the boy to decide what would probably be the best subjects to study, the man asked, "What did you like best at school?"

The boy didn't hesitate a moment, and his answer was "Closing time."