

## DEMI-TASSE

## Newslets.

**A**N Italian has killed a Scotchman for whistling. Perhaps the latter was rendering "Annie Laurie."

And now there is a rumour of a revolution in Madrid. All we seem to be able to raise is a bye-election in Drummond-Arthabaska.

Concerning that same election, Mr. R. L. Borden advises the dear Conservatives to vote according to the dictates of their own consciences. The enemy is too startled to smile. Has Mr. Borden given his followers a sinecure?

Teachers are scarce in Essex County. There's more money in watching the tobacco plant go up in smoke than in teaching the Young Idea how to shoot.

Someone says that China is awakening. Col. George T. Denison would remark that it is because John Bull has entered the China shop.

A charge of high treason has been made against two Russian papers. Isn't it a good thing that the *Toronto Evening Telegram* is not published on the banks of the Neva?

A man aged one hundred and seven has been arrested in Dakota for illegal sale of liquor. It is wonderful how some old people retain the use of their faculties.

## The Way to Wealth.

LITTLE drops of water  
Mingled with the milk,  
Make the milkman's daughter  
Dress in finest silk.

## Some Correspondence.

**D. BROKE:** What is the address of Mr. Andrew Carnegie?

We were just thinking of writing to Andrew ourselves. About a month before Christmas our thoughts turn involuntarily to him. Skibo Castle, in Scotland (or North Briton as our friends across the Atlantic say) is one of his residences, but we do not remember his New York number. Just now he is very busy, and we should not advise you to write until next year—unless you want merely a library.

**Anxious Traveller:** What is the matter with the Union Station, Toronto?

We do not know. We have often wondered, but are no nearer a solution than we were ten years ago. Prizes have been offered in vain for the correct answer. No tourist of weak nerves or lively imagination should endeavour to solve it. Guides may be secured at a dollar an hour.

## An Echo From 1898.

IT seems from modern searching.  
The battleship, the Maine,  
Was not sent into "kingdom come"  
By any hand of Spain.  
Now would the yellow journals,  
Which first supplied the war,  
Just tell the patient public  
What all the fuss was for?

## And We're Overtaxed Now.

"WE'RE 'heirs of all the ages.'"  
"Really?"

"Of course."  
"Well, don't announce it so loudly  
or somebody will try to collect  
succession dues from us."

## Not a Royalty.

**MR. MELTON PRIOR**, the war correspondent and artist, who saw about twenty-four campaigns and revolutions, died in London, England, on November 2nd. He accompanied King George V., then the Duke of York, on his tour of Canada in 1901. During the royal progress through the West, Mr. Prior was very much interested in the scenes in that vast country. At one of the Western towns a prolonged stop was made during the night, and a large crowd came to the station to catch a glimpse of the Duke. It was dark and wet, and as Mr. Prior leaned from the

window the crowd made a rush to see who the distinguished Britisher might be.

"No," said the artist, waving them genially away. "I'm not the Duke, and I'm not the Duchess, and I can't even make a speech."

## A Dull Community.

THE Tories down at Ottawa  
Are deadly dull and tame,  
They merely draw indemnities  
And do not play the game.  
The only one with any nerve  
Is Colonel Samuel Hughes,  
Who once in every lonely while  
Expresses hearty views.

Alas, alas for olden days  
Of valiant Sir John,  
When, every busy afternoon,  
A glorious fight was on!  
The bold Sir Richard then was keen  
To enter on the fray,  
And repartee of deadly kind  
Was hurled 'most every day.

But now 'tis peace and plenty,  
Among the happy Grits;  
And not one Opposition foe  
Can scare them into fits.  
Oh, Borden of the righteous mein  
Do lead the rest a dance!  
Just try to think of something  
And give the scribes a chance.

## Good—Though Live—Indian.

**A**N interesting sidelight on an Indian of Western Canada was discovered by a party of Ontario men a short time ago at a Hudson's Bay post on the Saskatchewan River.

Feeling hospitably inclined, the members of the party bought up the stock of tobacco in the store and started distributing it among the noble redmen. The latter, of course, eagerly accepted the gifts of the weed, and, as news of the good fortune spread among the Indians in the vicinity of the store, more and more of them came trooping in.

Among the newer arrivals was an old Indian of striking appearance, and to him also the visitors offered tobacco. To their surprise he made a motion declining it, and, thinking that perhaps the old man was doing so through imagining that he would need to pay for it, the Easterners asked an interpreter to explain that the tobacco was being offered free.

"It's no use offering it to him," said the interpreter with a laugh. "He won't take it. He belongs to the Plymouth Brethren."

Telling of the incident, one of the party said, "I wouldn't have been more surprised if we had been told that the old Indian belonged to the Salvation Army."

## Cap Should Be Inanimate.

THERE'S a dear old gentleman who presides over the infant class of a certain prominent Toronto church, and incidentally furnishes his assistants with a deal of amusement by his lively humour, which is, of course, beyond the comprehension of the class whose minds they are endeavouring to train along the straight and narrow way. Not long since, one of the most strenuous of these infants was twirling his cap restlessly and attracting too much attention from the other infants, when the old gentleman exclaimed with fervour: "Johnny, put your cap down, it won't run away." Then, with less fervour and more humour, he added, "At least I hope it won't."

## Joshing Poor Jones.

**JONES:** It says in to-night's paper that husband and wife should never be angry at the same time.

Mrs. Jones: Yes. Now you know the cause of my constant good nature.

## Cool Reception.

THIS one hails from Ottawa and goes back the few days to Hallowe'en. In answer to the hopeful, insistent calls

of a gang of youngsters, an upstairs window of the house under attack was opened, and the head of the head of the house was thrust forth. "How many are there of you?" asked the householder, and the revellers eagerly informed him that they numbered seven. The head was withdrawn, but soon reappeared, saying, "Well, share that among you." "That" was a pail of cold water.

## Tennyson Up-to-Date.

SLANG has been taking liberties with literature again. This time it is the work of the imaginative schoolboy, and his revision of Tennyson is this:

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who is this that went from thee?"  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
And the nurse said, "Quit yer kiddin' me."

## Commercial Humour.

THE express agent in a New Brunswick town sent an order of hogs to a northern point and made out a bill. "Three hogs dressed." By the return train he received from the other agent a "short order" which read: "Short—Clothes for 3 hogs."

P. R. H.

## Proverbial Protection.

THOUGH it takes "nine tailors" to "make a man,"  
They never for protection pine;  
They know—should trouble threaten them—  
That "a stitch in time saves nine."

## Relative Merit.

FOR a long time it has been quite a puzzle why theatregoers at times applaud the sweeping, piano moving, and other work of stage hands seen by the spectators, but a constant patron of the theatre tells us that when people do that it's a kind of intimation that they can't conscientiously applaud the regular actors or performers.

## As It Seems To Us.

THE result in Drummond and Arthabaska must make Sir Wilfrid wonder whether, after all, the sense of the fitness of things was lived up to in calling one of the first pair of Canada's cruisers "The Rainbow."

M. Bleriot has established an aviation school, and it should be only a short time till we hear of physical culturists adding an aviation department, in which people will be taught how to fall gracefully from even the greatest heights.

Kaiser Bill, of Germany, in telling of a recent great talking match says, that Teddy Roosevelt and he were "just like a couple of windmills." Now, will Bill have the courage to arrest himself for leze-majesty?

Pittsburg is making, for the Panama Canal, gates about as high as a six-storey building, sixty-five feet wide and seven feet thick. Can Samson come back?

The *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, turns down our offer to sing "The Maple Leaf" while the leaves are on the trees, if it sings "O Canada" the rest of the year. The *Telegram* insists that it be allowed to—and that we be forced to—sing "The Maple Leaf" forever.

The original supply of hickory is approaching exhaustion. The small boy of to-day has been shown to be luckier than the youngster of yesterday, and it seems that still more lucky will be the little chap of to-morrow.

A prominent German military writer says that the British army is unfit to fight a continental army. This proves that there was something in the fear that there would arise some disputes that couldn't be settled at The Hague.

The airship stowaway has "arrived," and soon we'll hear some orator imploring the ruthless hand to sweep the barnacles from the airship of state.

Toronto suffragettes have formed a company. Comparing their methods with those of their sisters in England, we must say that we prefer incorporation to incarceration.

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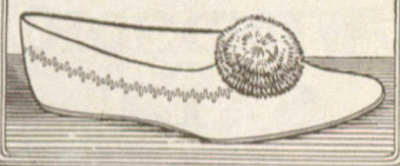
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