

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

The Evening Telegram of Toronto breaks into loud sobs whenever it reflects that Hon. Adam Beck did not get so much as a C. M. G. And yet that sobful sheet declares that a title is nothing.

A Mormon is visiting the members of Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, with a view of making conversions. The pastor should preach a sermon against the harem skirt.

King George will be in Ireland on the 12th of July—but he will not attempt to cross the Boyne.

Young women should refuse to enter the canoe or the dinghy of any man who is destitute of Boy Scout principles.

In Vienna, a citizen may not go up in a balloon unless wife and family give their formal consent. In Canada, a man may go up in the air when his family is least expecting it.

New one dollar bills have been sent out from Ottawa, but, so far, we have not seen one of them.

The U. S. Senate is giving the Reciprocity Bill time to cool off.

The cherry crop is likely to be good. This has nothing to do with the cock-tail harvest.

The Paris cooks demand a copyright law to protect their original dishes. Just think of infringing a copyright on mayonnaise dressing or on chicken salad.

Mr. R. L. Borden recently addressed a Red Deer audience in the Methodist Church of that thriving town. "What a sinful misuse of a sanctuary," groaned the Editor of The Toronto Globe.

The members of the Toronto City Council have no intention of presenting Dr. Hastings, M. H. O., with a loving cup.

A wind storm in Washington became so violent that the members of the Senate could not be heard. Now, if Hon. William Paterson had only been there!

Montreal will give Sir Wilfrid a vaster welcome than has been.

King George is descended from the ancient Irish kings. So, he is sure of a welcome in Boston and New York.

English, as We Speak It.

Boys will be boys.
Business is business.
Nothing succeeds like success.

A Muskoka Romance.—It was a summer hotel in Muskoka. There were several chaperons, twenty nice girls, two elderly clergymen, a university professor and one young man. The twenty girls were ever so amiable towards each other and most considerate of the solitary young man. He was not obliged to do the rowing nor the paddling, and the youngest of the nice girls looked for his lost tennis balls. He was really enjoying himself very much and was making all the girls angry by saying that he felt as if they were his sisters.

But one evening there arrived by the boat a slender and forlorn creature who wore clinging black gowns, had a wistful smile and a dreamy expression in her violet eyes. The chaperons found out all about her the next day and announced to the twenty nice girls that she was a young and heartbroken widow whose husband had been in the boot and shoe business and who had been left with just a little insurance. The nice girls looked doubtful at the end of the first week, for the widow was so helpless that the only young man had to carry her parasol and help her into the boat and get her a wrap as soon as

the evening breeze blew from the north. They became openly scornful when she called him a "dear boy," and sniffed incredulously when she spoke of the possibility of returning to the city.

When the athletic girl declared that the little widow was lacking in muscle and was a coward for screaming at a snake, the only young man aroused in her defence, and proclaimed her womanly and charming.

When the university girl criticized the little widow's English and vowed that she knew not a line of Browning, the only young man declared that if there was a being he hated more than another it was a blue-stocking.

When the domestic girl hinted that the little widow never seemed to be doing any fancy work and had probably been a bad housekeeper and hurried her husband to the tomb, the only young man muttered "cats" and went away to read Augusta Evans Wilson's novels to the forlorn "relict."

When the religious girl hinted that it would be well for the widow to become a deaconess or otherwise devote herself to good works, the only young man said that the best work in the world was cheering man's miserable lot.

One morning the widow went away, still wearing her clinging black garments and a pensive smile. Two days afterward the young man also heard the call of the city and took the early boat. Their engagement was announced in Saturday's paper and the twenty nice girls sat up in the moonlight and said Things.

Moral: There's nothing succeeds like distress.

Everybody's Boss.

Who is it bosses all the staff?
Who makes us swear and makes us laugh?
Who's too intelligent by half?
The office boy.

Who comes to work with shoes unshined
And, when reminded, doesn't mind?
Who, when he's wanted, none can find?
The office boy.

Who, when on errands he must go,
Delays his start, walks very slow,
And sees the moving picture show?
The office boy.

Who oft is told that he'll be fired?
Who, asked to work, is very tired?
Who's by stenographers admired?
The office boy.

Who is it that's not fond of soap?
Who's seldom known to sulk or mope?
Who knows the latest baseball dope?
The office boy.

Who whistles till we have a fit?
Who has surprising strains of grit?
Who's who or, otherwise, who's it?
The office boy.

Only for Cold Days.—Summer's hot days remind us, by contrast, of the cold ones of winter. Some wise people seem to not worry over either the cold or the hot days. Such a person is a Toronto man who had, last winter, a funny way of recognizing that the thermometer was registering on the under side of zero.

On a bitterly cold morning a few months ago he remarked, on getting down to work, "It's beginning to get pretty cold. I think I'll have to start wearing socks."

Rushing Annexation.—Percy Haswell, who is at the head of a summer stock company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, made, the other night, one of those funny little breaks which are liable to be the lot of any person who appears much before the public.

The audience having insisted on a speech, Miss Haswell told them how much she and her company appreciat-

ed the applause. Then she told what the next two plays would be, and finally she praised the theatre and its cooling plant.

"I think I may say," declared Miss Haswell, "that this is the coolest theatre in the whole of the United States."

Many people smiled, and they whispered to each other such comments as:

"That's rushing annexation."

"That's hurrying things; we haven't got reciprocity yet."

Little Reason to Kick.—"There's no money in the barber business now," remarked a Toronto barber the other morning to a man whom he was shaving.

"What's the trouble—high rents?" asked the customer.

"Yes," said the barber. "I've been in this business a great many years, and I used to get this place for fifteen dollars a month."

"And I suppose that now you pay three or four times that much," hazarded the man who was being shaved.

"I suppose I'd pay about seventy-five dollars a month for it," was the answer. "But I own the building."

The customer gasped, and he decided that whether or not "there's no money in the barber business now," it must have paid pretty well when that barber was putting away the funds to buy a place that would command such a big rent.

Anatomical.

I asked her to give me her heart,
Her answer I think was unkind.
I asked her to give me her heart,
And she gave me a piece of her mind.

Printers' Punishment.—"I've come to the conclusion that there must be a place of future punishment," was the remark made to the foreman of a printing establishment by a man who claimed that he had been kept waiting an unreasonably long time on some printing he had ordered.

"Why?" asked the foreman, somewhat suspiciously.

"Well, there has to be some place for printers to go to," was the answer.

"Printers," retorted the foreman, "get their hell here."

Which Is Often.—"I always agree with my husband." "Very sweet of you." "Except, of course, when he is in the wrong."

Just Like Them.—Our English friends persist in confusing our "geography" in a mortifying manner. Mrs. Humphry Ward was so misguided as to refer to Montreal as near Hamilton, and to represent a farmhouse as commanding a view of both Lake Superior and Lake Ontario.

Now, that delightful weekly, The Bystander, is the offender. A book reviewer, writing in its columns, declares that Mr. Stephen Leacock is a professor in McGill University, Ont., thus mis-spelling "McGill," and giving Montreal the glory (or ignominy) of belonging to Ontario.

The Ways of Jones.—"Does Jones go to church?" asked a Montreal broker.

"No—he has all his religion and most of his money in his wife's name."

Painfully Accurate.—He was a young man selling a stamping-machine in the offices of Canadian cities.

"How much is it worth?" a long-suffering young broker asked.

"I don't know," was the startling reply, "but we're selling it for twenty-five dollars."

Hurrying Improvement.—Neighbour (looking over fence at boy with lawn mower)—"Why on earth don't you oil that machine? It makes a terrible noise."

Boy—"Mother told me not to till you got your planner tuned."

Cramped Quarters.—The Learned One—"Do you know that in milk there are over three million bacilli to the cubic inch?" The Other—"I'm not surprised—everything is so beastly overcrowded nowadays."

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