

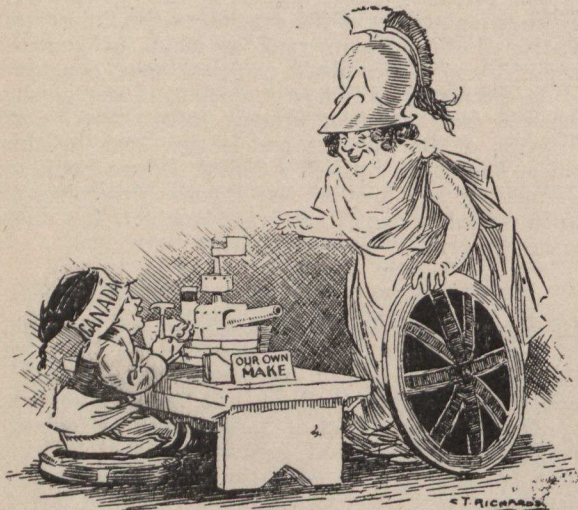
THE DEMI-TASSE

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

NOW that flag incidents are all the fashion, citizens who have spent a summer or two in Muskoka are recounting experiences with the banner of our friends from the United States, whose stars spangle every wave from Muskoka Wharf to Parry Sound.

"Two years ago," said a Toronto citizen, "Bob Johnson was visiting our cottage and Bob is the warmest Britisher that ever made Pretoria Night last for forty-eight hours. He was simply wild when he saw a regular fleet of trim yachts and launches with the Stars and Stripes at the bow. At last he couldn't stand it any longer, and, accosting a tall and slender magnate from Pittsburg, he asked him why in—well, he asked him the reason for leaving the British flag at the stern while the Stars and Stripes floated proudly at the bow. The man from Pittsburg grinned in a friendly sort of way and said with a lazy drawl: 'Well, I may have made a mistake, but I've always been informed that the stern is the place of honour for a flag. So, being in British waters, I put the British ensign there. However, if you object to seeing it *anywhere*, I'll yank it off.' Bob Johnson said a few things, then, that would have shocked the Quinquennial Congress most to death."

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How the Cartoonist of New York Life views Canada's naval aspirations.

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SIR JAMES GIVES THANKS.

"Thank heaven," said our bluff Sir James, As he laid the paper down, "That no disturbing suffragettes Harass this peaceful town.

"What would I do, if war-like dames, With stern and haughty taunt, Demanded votes in awful tones, Like those who Asquith haunt.

"I should retreat to Hamilton Before those fighting dames And leave bold Colonel Matheson To settle all their claims."

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HAPPY RODOLPHE.

There is a bright chap named Lemieux Who says quite a good thing or two. So he goes far and wide As fair Canada's pride, And makes dear Bourassa feel blue.

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THE RIGHT NUMBER.

"I've just been keepin' the Twelfth," said a weary citizen as he vainly tried to open the door with a cigarette.

"Looks more like twenty-three for you," said an unsympathetic passer-by.

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NEWSLETS.

Now that Lord Charles Beresford is coming to Toronto, it looks as if we'd need a few *Dreadnoughts* in the Bay. Nothing but the *Turbinia* and the *Cayuga* to make the capital of our First Province look nautical. Borrow a gun-boat from Uncle Sam and give the *News* an opportunity for a column or two.

The Duke of the Abruzzi has penetrated into

the region of eternal snows in the Himalayas. It is in order for a New York paper to say that the Duke would not mind anything after the frost he received from Miss Katherine Elkins of U. S. A.

The Canadian pipers of the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders from Montreal nearly spoiled Senator Elihu Root's oration at Plattsburg the other day, when the Champlain Tercentenary was being honoured. A United States officer was obliged to ask the Canadians to cease from piping, as they were proving too strong a counter attraction. But even the special correspondent did not grasp the true meaning of that incident. Was it not Elihu Root, who in the year 1903 succeeded in snatching a few rocky islands from our beloved Dominion, while Lord Alverstone said, "Bless you, my Yankee cousins!"? Highlanders have long memories and the men from Montreal knew what they were about when they piped away just as soon as the Honourable Elihu set out on his oration concerning our friends, the Iroquois.

Winnipeg, so the papers report, asked the Dominion Government for a few millions for the exhibition which the Prairie Capital proposes to hold in 1912. Sir Wilfrid immediately contracted a nervous chill and Mr. Fielding went into a brown study. Yet Winnipeg insists on calling Toronto by the name of H— well, what it *does*. That western air is wonderfully bracing.

Dr. J. G. Rutherford has startled us all by stating emphatically that Canadians are consumers of diseased animals. Really, the cow does not seem to be of much use to us, as the dairyman sees that we get no pure milk and the meat merchant takes care to give us bacilli in the beef. Down with the cow!

Despatches state that there is peace in Persia since the Russian troops landed. Let's send some Cossacks to Cape Breton and see if we cannot have a nice quiet time at our collieries.

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OUR PETITION.

Toronto streets are odorous With benzine fumes, you know, For Dr. Sheard has formed a plan To lay the dust all low. Oh, Doctor Charles, we beg of you To let the dust go blow. Just send around the watering-cart And we shall bless you so.

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A YALE TRADITION.

A YOUNG minister, who recently went to supply for the summer months for a Methodist pastor in an Ontario town, asked in a gentle, interrogative fashion: "Does your congregation like long sermons?"

The older man smiled pleasantly. "You must

remember that the Devil doesn't take any holidays, and that you had better make your exhortations brief and strong. That reminds me of a story I read about President Hadley of Yale. A visiting minister asked him how long his discourse should be and President Hadley replied that he did not wish to give misleading advice but there was a Yale tradition that no soul had ever been saved after the first twenty minutes."

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A TOUCHING EPITAPH.

PERHAPS the wife whose remains lie beneath the following epitaph would be pleased at the sentiment, could she read it *once*; could she read it *twice*, she would probably look for the broom-stick—and her husband:

"Thou hast gone before me
To thy last, long sleep;
Tears cannot restore thee—
Therefore I weep.
By her husband."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

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ALMOST TREATED.

TWO Germans were on their way to work, when one of them, Hans, observed their countryman, Schneider, on the other side of the street sweeping the walk in front of his saloon.

"Adolph," said Hans, pointing to the saloon man, "just look at Schneider doing him own sweeping. Py golly, he is der meanest und stingiest man vat iss."

"No," retorted Adolph, "he is not so stingy as you tink. He almost treated me vonce."

"How do you make dot oud?" questioned Hans. "How could he almost treated you vidoud doing it?"

"Vell, dat happened dis vay," said Adolph. "Vone cold mornink I dropped into Schneider's place und sat me down by der fire for a little warmth, und Schneider vas cleaning der bar up. He tooked all der bottles from der shelves, viped dem clean, und sat dem on der bar, den he took der glasses und did likewise; after dot he viped der shelves off, und put der clean bottles und glasses back. Ven dis vas finished he looked over to me und says, 'Vell, Adolph, vat are ve going to have?' und just as I vas going to say, 'Beer,' he says, 'rain or snow?'" —O. B. Bulletin.

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A WELL to do American, whose differences with his son arising out of the latter's marriage with a London show girl were unadjusted for some years, recently indicated in novel fashion his willingness to effect a reconciliation with the youth.

The young man had written his father from the British capital, sounding the old man with respect to the feasibility of his return to America, whereupon the mollified parent sent him a cablegram in these terms:

"Strong, London.—Dinner is ready when you are.—Strong, Cleveland."

—Sunday Magazine.



Mother (telling the history of our first parents). "And Eve ate of the fruit and she gave some to Adam." Dolly. "Oh, Mummie, how kind of her!"—Punch.