

Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

ENTERPRISING CANADIANS.

A CANADIAN is telling this joke on himself. When visiting in Detroit lately, he indulged in injudicious boasting regarding Canadians who have gone to the United States and become fairly prominent. He mentioned Mr. J. J. Hill, President Schurman and others. Finally a Detroit friend quietly remarked:

"But you must admit that many of these Canadians needed a wider field than they found in the Dominion. Take Cassie Chadwick and Harry Orchard, for instance! They wouldn't have amounted to much at graft or murder if they'd stayed at home. However, I'll admit that when you Canadians attempt to teach us a few fancy things in the way of crime, you certainly do set the pace."

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ON EASTER SUNDAY.

The wind blows briskly from the lake,
My lady's cheeks are blue,
And likewise are the violets
Which peep beneath her choux.
The snowflakes flutter softly down,
My Lady's nose is red,
And likewise is the mammoth rose
Which nods above her head.

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WHAT HER FRIENDS SAID.

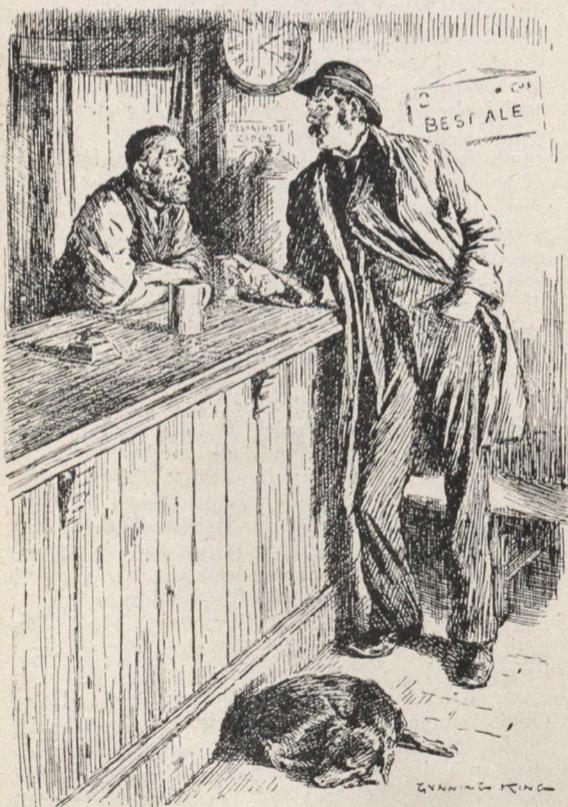
"Why did Daisy Roberts marry that horrid old widower?"

"Well, you know, Daisy just loves bargain-hunting and he's a very fascinating remnant."

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A SAD DEFEAT.

MR. JOHN SMITH of Peel arose in the Ontario Legislature last week to move a bill granting the legislative franchise to spinsters and widows but



Publican. "And how do you like being married, John?"
John. "Don't like it at all."
Publican. "Why, what's the matter wi' she, John?"
John. "Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again; and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money!"
Publican. "Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?"
John. "I dunno. I ain't given her any yet."

Mr. Allan Studholme, the champion monologue artist of the Ontario Assembly, was the only other member to rally to the cause. Honest John brings this noble bill forward, year by year, and sincerely expects that some day the widows and spinsters of the Premier Province will win the right to dispose of their votes at bargain figures.

There was a tall statesman from Peel
Who wanted to get a square deal.
But dear Studholme talked,
So the measure was balked,
While Whitney set down his firm heel.

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THINK OF IT.

Oh, when Ontario votes again,
We'd surely have a fit
Should Oxford go all Tory
Or Carleton send a Grit.

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The Easter Parade

—Life

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THOSE WICKED TORIES.

THERE was an enthusiastic meeting held by a certain Liberal association of Toronto the other evening. A speaker who was more ardent than accurate arose to protest against Mr. Whitney's pet Redistribution Bill and, in the course of his criticism, declared:

"What's this Ontario Government tryin' to do? To keep itself in power—to *perpetrate* itself forever and ever."

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HIS VICTIMS.

THE late King of Portugal was a sportsman and a good shot as well, and once at a dinner the rather inferior shooting of an English visitor was praised and some one said: "And Lord Gadabout, you know, sends everything he shoots to the hospitals."

The king laughed, and taking the long black cigar from his lips, he said: "Naturally, since he never shoots anything but gamekeepers."

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LEGAL ADVISERS.

THERE is a mission Sunday-School in the slum districts of Toronto in which the children have lately been studying the Book of Psalms. A teacher asked the young hopefuls in her class:

"What is meant by 'the counsels of the Ungodly'?" There was a pause of five seconds and then a small voice said with confidence: "Robinette and Curry."

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WHISTLER'S SALES.

IN a recent volume on "Famous Painters of America," by J. Walker McSpadden, the author tells an interesting story about Whistler the Inimitable.

Those who knew Whistler best say that he never had the intention to defraud the patron, but that he always assumed a proprietorship over his pictures, even after they had passed into another's possession. He felt that they were *his*, to do with as he pleased,

and in one of his catalogues he spoke of a "small collection kindly lent their owners."

Chase tells an amusing instance in point. One day a certain Lady B—drove up to the studio and engaged Whistler in earnest conversation at the door, the artist replying in his suavest tones.

"Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. Now, to-day, I have my carriage with me and I would like to take it home with me."

"Dear lady, you ask the impossible," he replied. "I will send it to you at the earliest possible moment; but there are a few final touches—" here his voice trailed off entreatingly.

The lady drove away disappointed without her picture. When Whistler returned to the studio, Chase heard him muttering to himself:

"How absurd of people to believe that just because they pay two or three hundred pounds for a picture they really own it."

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BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other.

"I did," admitted the portly person calmly. — *Harper's Weekly*.

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HIS FATHER.

Town Visitor (to small applicant for a holiday) — "What is your father?"

Small Applicant — "E's me father."

T. V. — "Yes, but what is he?"

S. A. — "Oh, 'e's me stepfather."

T. V. — "Yes, yes. But what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys or drive busses, or what?"

S. A. (with a dawning light of comprehension) — "O-o-w! No, 'e ain't done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im." — *Home Herald*.

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HIS FUTURE.

"What does you reckon yer'll like ter do w'en you gits ter glory?"

"Well," said Brother Dickey, "since you put de question ter me, I'll make answer ter it: Ef dey lets me have my way, I'll de lay back on a white cloud, an' let de heavenly winds blow me fum star to star." — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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A CURIOUS COFFIN.

ONE morning recently a man in New Jersey looked over his fence and said to his neighbour:

"Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted the first man angrily. "It looks like one of my hens."

"Oh, that's all right," the other returned. "The seeds are inside."

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MISUNDERSTOOD.

A BENEVOLENT New York woman was visiting a lower East Side Sunday School. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils she took the class in hand to question them. "Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?" Not one answered. "Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?" A grimy fist went up. "Well, what am I doing, little boy?" "Buttin' in!" — *Short Stories*.