



T H E

DEMI-TASSE

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



MISSED IT.

THERE is a certain type of the community which rejoices in attendance at funerals and finds a curious satisfaction in gazing at a corpse. In the city, persons of this tendency find an outlet for their emotions at the cheap theatres; in the country they "accept this intimation" with alacrity and demand details of the last hours of the departed.

On the occasion of a certain funeral in rural districts not fifty miles from Toronto, neighbours attended in such numbers that there was an overflow meeting in the kitchen. Some time after the service had been safely concluded, a member of the bereaved family happened to enter this room and noticed the professionally mournful yet expectant appearance of the company.

"Will they be taking the body soon?" asked a fat matron with a profound sigh.

"The hearse has gone," said the afflicted one.

"To think of that!" exclaimed a red-faced neighbour, slapping his knee in mortification. "Twenty years have I been going to funerals and this is the first time the corpse got away from me."

HIS PREFERENCE.

A MONTREAL visitor to Toronto was indulging in such frank criticism of the capital of Ontario as he thought safe to make.

"Toronto doesn't need to throw stones at any other community," he said firmly, "just look at the number of unemployed in Toronto."

"Suppose there are lots of the unemployed here," retorted a Toronto citizen of Irish birth. "Faith an' I'd rather be doing nothing in Toronto than have a good job anywhere else."

And the Toronto citizen is still wondering why his wife laughed.

JUDGING BY THE NAME.

STRANGE comments are frequently heard at the theatre regarding the author and his dramatic productions. Mr. Stephen Phillips, the English poet and dramatist, tells of a conversation he overheard one night just before the curtain rose on the first scene of his play, *Ulysses*. Two ladies in the stalls were discussing the probable nature of the play.

"Oh, I'm sure it's going to be screamingly funny," said one.

"What on earth makes you think so?" asked her companion.

"Why," exclaimed the first speaker, "anybody could tell that from its name."

HOLY TERRORS.

THE suffragettes have recently sent a message to the British House of Commons on a war kite. This looks ominous for Mr. Asquith.

It is further related that the fame of these strenuous ladies has spread far beyond Europe. In a recent skirmish in Africa the savage chief caught a glimpse of the Highland forces.

"The suffragettes!" His Chiefship cried in terror as he gave a signal for immediate retreat. The English authority states that the tribe was completely routed on the mere suspicion of a suffragette battalion.

THE PRINCE MUST BE PROTECTED.

THE Prince of Wales is likely to have a strenuous seven days at Quebec this summer; consequently a hint given in a *Daily Mail* story may be of use in the capital on the St. Lawrence. It is said that on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the House of Commons, Mr. John Burns had a conversation with His Royal Highness. Afterwards Mr. "Willie" Redmond approached the President of the Local Government Board.

"You seem on good terms with the Prince," he remarked. "Do you think you could persuade His Royal Highness to smoke an Irish cigar?"

"Sir," Mr. Burns replied, "it is the duty of His Majesty's Ministers to protect the Heir-Apparent from attempted assassination."

RECOGNISED.

THE late Lord Linlithgow, says M. A. P., was exceedingly popular in Australia as Governor of Victoria. When he was in that responsible position, some of the backwoods papers were not too particular about their portraits of celebrities and occasionally economised in the matter of "cuts." One day a friend showed the Governor a paper containing the picture of a good-looking, clean-shaven man, while underneath was the name of a notorious bushranger.

"Do you know that picture?" he asked.

"Know it?" cried His Excellency. "Why, that's the coat I was married in."



Flesh and the Devil

—Life

TAKING IT IN TRADE.

A TIGHT-FISTED man in a small town who until recently had never been observed to take any interest in church matters, suddenly became a regular attendant at service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow-townsmen. "What do you think," said one of the business men to his friend; "is it true that Jones has got religion?"

"No," was the reply, "it is entirely a matter of business with him. About a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50. The preacher was unable to pay it back, so there was nothing for Jones to do but to take it out in pew rent."—The Argonaut.

A COLOUR LINE.

THE most distinguished woman novelist of Great Britain, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is at present visiting her cousin in New York and is being most hospitably entertained by literary Gotham. In the April number of the *Grand Magazine*, an anecdote is related which, it is declared, was first told by Mrs. Ward.

A certain 'Varsity canon invited a trio of distinguished Parsees to grace his table one day. Dinner was duly prepared. The hour came and with it all the guests save the three high-caste Orientals. Finally it was out of the question to wait any longer, and the company sat down, the canon murmuring: "It is the first time in my life I have regretted a black outlook."

In a few moments the butler's manner began to attract attention. Something seemed to have dawned upon him. "Beg pardon, sir," he faltered, "but were the—the gentlemen you expected black?"

"They were. As black as my coat."

"Then I'm afraid, sir, I've made a bit of an error. Three black individuals did ring the front-door bell about an hour ago; but, knowing your dislike, sir, to that form of entertainment, I—I sent 'em away."

ANOTHER TIME PERHAPS.

A PUSHING traveller, voyaging on an American river steamer on the Yangtze Kiang in China, came up on deck one fine starlight night to find a mist lying on the river, the vessel at anchor, and the pilot walking the deck. "Why aren't we going ahead?" quoth the traveller.

"Can't see the river," answered the pilot.

"But you can see the stars," remonstrated the traveller.

"Yes, I guess we can see the stars," answered the pilot, "but until the biler busts we ain't a-goin' that way!"

TING-A-LING.

When the telephone rings

And it isn't for you,

Do you ever say things,

When the telephone rings,

That if words could have wings

Would paint all the air blue,

When the telephone rings

And it isn't for you?

—Cleveland Leader.

WHEN GOVERNOR SMITH SLEPT.

WHEN Governor Smith of Georgia was Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's cabinet, he was once called home to Atlanta on business. The duties incident to his leaving had thoroughly wearied the brawny Secretary, so he retired early to his berth for a good night's rest. Mr. Smith never does anything by halves, and the sonorous cadences of ever-increasing volume which proceeded from his apartment gave evidence that his utterances of the day did not greatly exceed in forcefulness those of the night. But after two hours his tranquil slumber was disturbed by the persistent nudging of the porter. That official was asking, "Boss, is you awake?"

"Of course I am awake," Mr. Smith replied. "What do you want?"

"Boss, I hopes dat you will pardon me, sah, but I was jest goin' to ask dat you be so kind as to stay awake for jest about fifteen minutes 'till de rest of de passengers can git to sleep."—Lippincott's Magazine.



An Unprofitable Customer

"Hair Cut!"—Punch