

THE DEMI-TASSE

"O CANADA."

THE story told by a returned traveller from Japan of hearing "O Canada" played by a Japanese regimental band with troops en route to the front during the Russo-Japanese war recalls the manner in which the splendid air was included in the repertoire of music now given on the Cunard liners crossing the Atlantic. Last winter several Canadians, amongst whom was the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Minister of Labour, were journeying from New York to Liverpool on the *Lusitania*. The Cunard Company maintains a first-class orchestra on each of its passenger vessels, and the Canadians were a little put out at luncheon one day, when the orchestra played a medley of national airs, not to hear any Canadian music. After luncheon an Ottawa newspaperman, who was in the party, sought out the leader of the orchestra and asked him if he knew any of the national airs of Canada. Receiving a reply in the negative, the Ottawan offered to present the orchestra with the music of "O Canada," and said the Canadians would appreciate the compliment if it were played at dinner. Sure enough, when dinner was half over the orchestra struck up the well-known air. It brought the dozen Canadians to their feet, Mackenzie King leading the cheering. The Canadian contingent evened up the compliment by taking up the customary collection for the musicians the last night on board, and presenting them with £22, the largest sum, it is said, ever raised for such a purpose on an Atlantic liner on a mid-winter trip.

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TWO EMPIRE BUILDERS.

A DELEGATE to the Imperial Press Conference tells of an interesting meeting at one of the many great gatherings recently held in London. P. D. Ross, of Ottawa, was called aside by a London newspaperman with the remark, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. Perhaps you can answer his question." P. D. did not catch the name of the gentleman to whom he was introduced, but they entered into conversation for a few moments. The stranger remarked, "I have to speak to-day, and may incidentally refer to Canada. Will the Canadian delegates be offended if I allude to the Canadian winter?"

"Not at all," said Ross. "On the contrary, we pride ourselves on our glorious winter."

With a courteous word of thanks the stranger turned to converse with another man, and "P. D." inquired of his London friend, "Who is the gentleman to whom you introduced me?"

"That is Lieut. Shackleton," was the reply. Just then there came a vigorous slap on the shoulder, and a hearty "Hello, Ross, how are you?"

P. D. turned round, and found himself face to

face with his old Montreal friend, Sir Percy Girouard. After greetings the Ottawa *Journal* man said: "Girouard, there is a gentleman here whom I want you to meet," and calling Lieut. Shackleton over, Mr. Ross introduced him to Sir Percy Girouard. And thus it was that two of the younger generation of Empire builders met for the first time.

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REASSURING THE CHIEF.

IT is a form of British law, as those who reside in British countries are well aware, to style all actions under criminal or common law as initiated by the sovereign against the individual allegedly offending, Rex vs. John Doe being the stereotyped title of indictments. Everyone comprehends that this is mere technical phraseology—that is, everyone is presumed to. Once in a while an exception presents itself.

Thus, when Chief Capilano and his brother tribal rulers of British Columbia paid their formal visit to the king a year or so ago, they had a card up their sleeve that was quite unsuspected. It was played by Capilano himself during the interview granted the blanketed delegation at Buckingham Palace.

Chief Capilano had been eloquently presenting what his people regarded as grievances meet for royal redress when, somewhat to the surprise of the interpreter, he produced a bulky notebook. The entries therein referred invariably to cases in the police courts wherein Indians had been fined, for minor misdemeanours, such as drunkenness, possession of intoxicants, etc.

"Every little while," the chief explained to His Majesty, "some of our young men when they behave foolishly are seized by the police and taken to the skookum-house. Then they are tried before a judge and it is ordered that they must pay \$50 for what they have done. We ask where all this money goes and they tell us it goes to the king."

"Now what I want to know, and what my people want to know," concluded the chief slowly and impressively, but with the hopeful horror of the muck-raker scenting a departmental scandal, "is, did you get that money?"

Edward VII is not for nothing termed the first diplomat in Europe, and was not even to be surprised into a smile.

"You will tell your people," he answered with becoming gravity, "that it is all right. I got the money, and please tell them further for me that I am very much obliged."

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HERO TO HIS VALET.

THE Duke of Connaught, whose recent motor mishap was happily not so serious as was at first thought, has always been very popular in his mili-

tary capacity. But the real strength of the Duke's popularity can best be proved by the fact that the servants in his household simply adore him. There is an amusing story told of how, soon after he first took up his command at Dublin some few years ago, his valet came to him, asking for a fortnight's leave. The Duke noticed that he gave no reason, but granted him permission. Exactly eleven days after the man returned, and then the Duke demanded his reason for wishing a holiday. "I wanted to have a fight, sir," was the reply, "and I knew I would get badly marked. But I'm all right now again." His Royal Highness immediately became interested, but it was a long time before he elicited the fact that the valet had been fighting a man who had referred to the Duke as a "feather-bed" soldier.

The Duke has an abundant sense of humour. Once, while holding a reception at the Horse Guards, he asked an officer who had just been introduced what he wanted. "Nothing, thank you," was the modest reply. "My dear sir," exclaimed the Duke, shaking the astonished officer vigorously by the hand, "I am really glad to meet you. It is a long time since I have met an army officer who wanted nothing." Another time, while the Duke and the Duchess were returning from some social function, the sentry called out the guard and gave the royal salute. His Royal Highness immediately proceeded to blow up the sergeant, an Irishman, but was entirely disarmed when the latter made answer, "The guard, sir, is out for her Royal Highness, who is entitled to it."—M. A. P.

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AFTER YOU, ALFONSO.

Away over in sunny old Spain,
Martial law is the fashion, 'tis plain.
Says Alfonso: "I think
I shall take a cool drink,
And just let the people raise Cain."

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A PERTINENT PROVERB.

A PROMINENT educational authority was addressing an audience of teachers in the city of New York, on the subject of discipline. The eternal query, as to the expediency of corporal punishment, was introduced, and the lecturer was asked his opinion.

"I should be very careful," he said, "in resorting to such punishment, as it has a tendency to brutalise the offender. Moral suasion is a greater force when the pupil is at all amenable. It might be well, however, to have corporal punishment in reserve as a final resort. There are some pupils who appear to be utterly refractory and incorrigible. Then, I should say, that—the pupil's extremity is the teacher's opportunity."

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NEWSLETS.

There is going to be a peace celebration in 1912, to mark the hundred years since the war between Great Britain and the United States. England also expects to have four new *Dreadnoughts* built by March of that year. So we can have a nice little array of men-of-war for the peace party.

Sir James Whitney has risen to remark that some of the statements in the *Montreal Star*, to say nothing of the *Gazette*, are stupid falsehoods. This sounds like old times, when Mr. Whitney used to call the Liberal Government of Ontario "a pestiferous sink-hole of corruption."

Sir Frederick Borden has been asked by Mr. Asquith to undertake the task of conciliating Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffragette leader who slapped a policeman. Dauntless Sir Frederick!

Neither Glace Bay nor Barcelona can be recommended as a cheap and desirable summer residence. The dynamite disturbs the summer boarders.

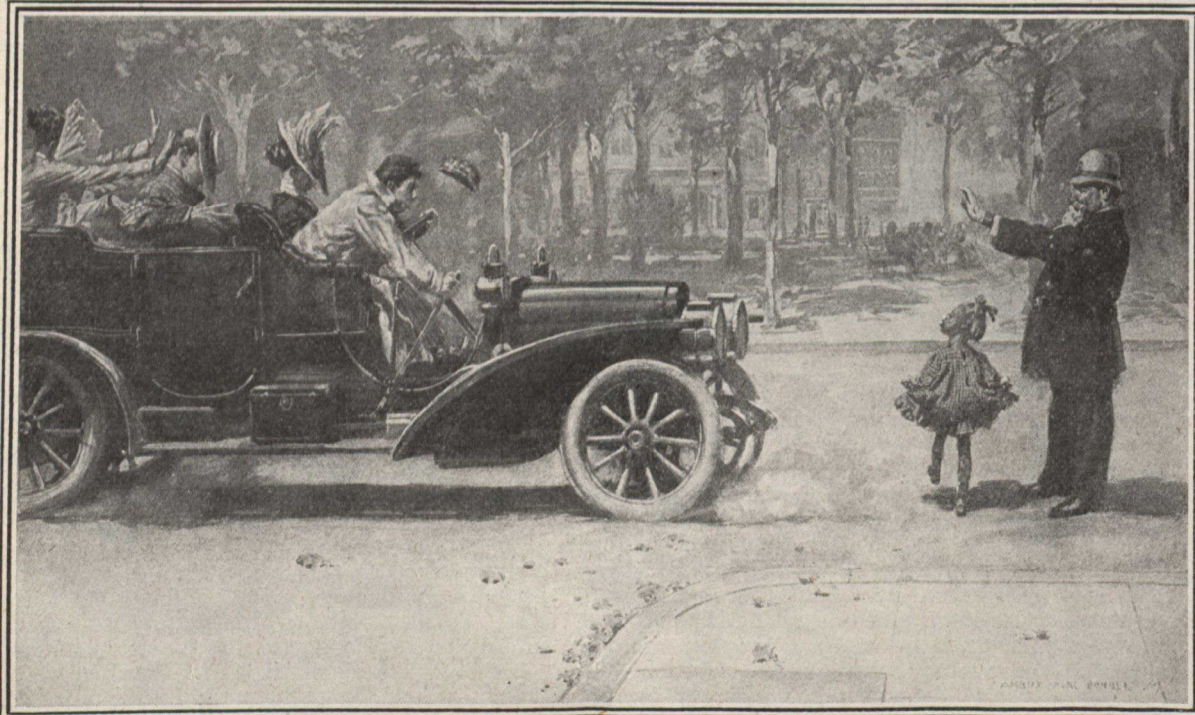
Every small boy in Canada has decided to ask Santa Claus for a monoplane.

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THEY REMEMBERED A. S. V.

A CANADIAN who is now resident in New York was speaking recently of the work done in that city by the Mendelssohn Choir, and declared that Dr. A. S. Vogt has done more to advertise the Ontario capital than any other citizen. This year, when the conductor of the Brooklyn Oratorio Society was giving his final instructions to the members, he said by way of a closing charge: "Remember Toronto!"

Thus, it may have manifold shortcomings and transgressions; but in one respect Toronto has been able to set an example. Of course, says the *Hamilton Spectator*, you must remember that New York has not yet heard the Elgar Choir.



Getting Even—Life.