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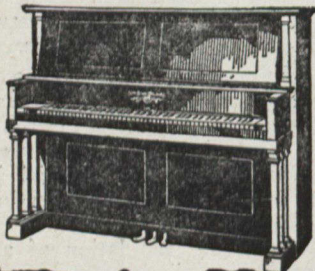
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DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

AND now it has been discovered that President Cleveland's great-grandfather was sold to a Montreal woman as a servant for sixteen gallons of rum. This was a happy combination of the servant problem and the drink question.

Two Canadian women have ordered monoplanes. A flying costume will now have to be taken into consideration. Probably angel sleeves and butterfly bows will be prominent features in the new styles.

There is to be a new railway into Porcupine. That place is quite prickly with pride over the prospect and fairly bristles at the thought.

Just after Roblin was elected for the third time as Premier of Manitoba, a plague of rats appeared in sections of that province. "A real visitation," declared the enemy as the rodents proceeded to know four million dollars worth of Manitoba's wealth.

There may be salt works at Sandwich. There ought to be a little mustard plant too.

If Campbellton had only been in China instead of New Brunswick, we should have sent missionaries and money by the first express.

Sir Wilfrid's sunny ways are making the wheat look up and take notice—and then, as the poem says, there's miles and miles of smiles.

The latest news is that Mr. J. Piermont Morgan will write a book. Probably on the subject, "How to be Happy Though Hungry."

Elbert Hubbard is now writing cheap "puffs" for industrial concerns. Who said something about puffery being the last refuge of a journalistic failure?

And John W. Daffoe is to be called into the Laurier Cabinet, eh! Nein. Why not Eddie Nichols and Bob Richardson—they have as many qualifications.

* * *

A Discredited Medium.

THE alleged "medium" from Naples, Eusapia Paladino, who has puzzled and mystified spiritualistic circles in Europe for some years, has been "found out" by experts in New York. This has moved a critic to write the following Swinparody:

"If I were Paladino,
And you were Dr. Cook,
We'd fool those learned ninnies
And gather in the guineas,
Investigate keen—Oh,
Evade by hook or crook—
If I were Paladino
And you were Dr. Cook."

* * *

His Eloquence Wasted.

A YOUNG pastor was asked to officiate at a christening in a small chapel in England. He eagerly accepted the opportunity to make his eloquence known, and when the child was brought forward he had already prepared his address. "Brethren," he began, "this occasion is one of the utmost solemnity and importance. The name which this little one receives to-day will accompany him and be an inseparable part of him throughout his life. It will be with him in his triumphs, and will follow, perhaps, to the great heights of statesmanship. In later life the name of—of—" In his anxiety he had forgotten to learn the name, and

he turned to the father, who imparted the information in an agonised whisper: "Her name is Mary Ann."

* * *

On the Northern Trail.

Earl Grey will have a happy time
Within the hinterland,
A-journeing with Indian guides
A bright and happy band.

He does not envy Theodore,
The desert or the Nile;
For lions are so hackneyed now
They've quite gone out of style.

* * *

A Tragic Thought.

A WINNIPEG mother has had more than usual trouble with a bashful son of about thirteen years of age. The boy's embarrassment on meeting a stranger was painful to behold. The other day Sir Wilfrid Laurier stopped in the corridor of the hotel to speak to the mother who was an old acquaintance and the hopeful, to the mother's dismay, made several frantic attempts to bolt in an opposite direction and thus avoid meeting the Premier. After Sir Wilfrid has passed on, the mother gave the boy a severe curtain lecture. The lad was evidently much worked up by his scolding and after a few minutes' deep thought, enquired:

"Mother, you don't think Sir Wilfrid will tell the King, do you?"

* * *



Dissatisfied Lodger:—And I know something about apartments, Mrs. Pincher. You don't suppose I've lived in them twenty years for nothing, do you?
Mrs. Pincher:—Hi shouldn't be at all surprised.—*The Tatler.*

* * *

Staff Humour.

HON. FRANK OLIVER is finishing up an 8,000-mile Canadian trip, Earl Grey is on one of 5,000 miles, Capt. Bernier has set out to make the Northwest passage, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to tour the great West till the silver tongue tires.

They're making week-long speeches at The Hague, which is enough to give The Hague ague.

Woman, lovely woman, has come all the way from the hoop skirt to the hobble one, and, should fashion so decree, is willing to at once take the jump back from hobble to hoop.

Be it humbly suggested that the next time Roosevelt wants to go on a good long journey he take a trip around Taft.

Compensation can now be obtained at Lloyds for having had your holidays spoiled by rain. Some glorious day you'll be able to take out insurance against the arrival of mother-in-law during any specified time.

Scientists' latest guess is that earth is between 50,000,000 and 70,000,000 years old, and we might take their word for it if we hadn't had to swallow so many wild guesses about Halley's comet.

Bryan has been deposed from the Democratic leadership of Nebraska, or, to be frank about it, they've put Bryan in brine.

And now Dame Rumour says that Sir Wilfrid Laurier sits down of a night and writes home such despatches as, "Liberal vote crop here was in danger of being light but since George Graham's arrival it has swelled out much and promises to be of bumper proportions."

Has a cat nine lives? Well, the Western wheat crop has survived some sixteen almost total failures already this season.

* * *

In the West.

The Tories were in raptures,
Away out in the West,
And talked about the triumphs
Of Rogers and the rest.

But suddenly there came a sound
Of gentle pit-a-pats;
And from the distant fields there
rose,
The ominous cry of "Rats."

* * *

The Season for Sneezing.

The days are growing shorter,
As the summer hours flit by;
The golden-rod begins to bloom
Beneath a cloudless sky.
Afflicted creatures now depart
Unto a northern land,
Well to seek Muskoka now,
Hay fever is at hand.

* * *

Uncommon Humanity.

AT an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Douglas Jerrold, who was looking on, and said:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?"

"One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

* * *

More About Twain.

ONE evening a few years ago Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players' Club of New York, when the former made a suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at the time when Mr. Clemens was away travelling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is some place in Europe so we had better put on a five-cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter, which they addressed to

Mark Twain,
God Knows Where.

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly: "He did." The letter had been sent to the New York post-office, to Harper & Bros., then to Chatto & Windus, of London; thence to a bank in Vienna and from the bank to a small town in Austria in which Mark Twain happened to be staying.—*The Bookman.*