

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

"Well, thank goodness that's over!"
Have you priced the ham and eggs?

And they say it's going to be a long, cold winter. The "also-rans" declare that it serves 'em right.

No longer will the Toronto Globe be daily appalled by Tory tricks; no more will The News make the touching inquiry: "Is The Star stupid?"

Monsieur Bourassa is taking a rest cure at the Island of Anticosti.

Sir William Van Horne is busy on a book, entitled: "Election English for the Use of the Y. M. C. A."

Sir Alan B. Aylesworth will spend a week cruising on the Newmarket canal.

Hon. Clifford Sifton is going to Alaska for a change.

Hon. George P. Graham will spend the rest of the autumn in Panama, taking a post-graduate course in canals.

Hon. W. S. Fielding will devote the month of October to golf, forming Imperial links.

Sir James Pliny Whitney is more of the opinion than ever that Ontario is the Premier Province.

The Jewish Eagle is a bird of a publication.

Premier Botha has refused a title. Wait till McGill University offers him an LL.D.

Now, we'll have time to listen to the McGillicuddy charges.

The Old Flag is still there. So is the Maple Leaf Forever.

The prophecy that Toronto would not be so Conservative, after all, has been Oslerized.

The verb, "to recipross," has been declined in Canada.

On the morning of September twenty-second the Toronto Globe published a long and pathetic editorial on the subject: "The Protection of Infants."

That distinguished nobleman, the Earl of Dundonald, may now send condolences to Hon. Sydney Fisher.

In the meantime, it is encouraging to note that Mr. R. L. Borden does not lose his head, and Sir Wilfrid shows no symptoms of losing heart.

Ottawa was surprised—but it wasn't lonesome.

Did anyone mention Root, Lodge and Turner?

The anxious thought in many a breast is: "What will he do with Henri?"

"I wonder if Sir John is looking

over the battlements," said a hilarious anti-reciprocity gentleman, as Bay Street, Toronto, showed "a sea of up-turned faces" on Election Night.

That food exhibit by the Toronto Star must have given Toronto electors acute indigestion.

Will Colonel Sam be Minister of Militia, or merely the Speaker of the House of Commons?

Wouldn't it be a kind act to make Monsieur Bourassa Minister of Marine?

As a cabinet-smasher, Reciprocity holds the record.

Not the Right Word.—Some years ago, Mr. Hartley Dewart was addressing an Ontario audience in behalf of the Liberal cause. The Toronto lawyer was delivering the address in French, as many of the electors in that constituency were of Gallic descent. He impressed upon the electors that a vote for the local candidate was a vote "pour Laurier."

An Irishman, who had attended the meeting, in the hope of excitement, was sadly disappointed as the speaker proceeded in fluent French. He commented afterwards in terms of doubt: "Mr. Dewart may have been talking all right—even if he used those outlandish words. But I didn't like his talking so much about 'poor Laurier.' It's not for the likes of us to pity Laurier."

Answers to Correspondents.

Perplexed Foreigner: Will you kindly tell me what is the policy of each of your political parties?

We wish that we were in a position to tell you, but you have asked a question to which no loyal Canadian can furnish a reply. One party is desirous of smashing the British North America Act all to pieces and disrupting the Empire, to say nothing of upsetting the earth and bringing about an era of universal chaos. But which party it is, no two authorities are agreed. Do not be alarmed by our election antics. Most of the time we are respectable citizens, engaged in the benevolent work of doing others. Politics is our national vice, and when we have a quadrennial outbreak, appearances are horribly against us. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wears the white flower of a blameless life, and Mr. R. L. Borden is a perfect gentleman. As for their respective policies, you will have to ask the Montreal Star.

Marian: How should I avoid looking tired? My expression has been criticized as extremely wearied.

We are sorry that you look tired. Perhaps you are engaged to a humourist who writes the funny column for one of the evening papers. In that case, there is no help for your ex-

pression, unless you resolve to give up the young man—and keep your resolution.

Airy Fairy Lilian: How old must I be before I become an old maid?

Dear child, there is a wistful pathos in this inquiry, which would bring tears to the eyes of a gargoyle. It all depends. Some are born old maids, some achieve old maidenhood, and others have it thrust upon them. Do not worry about it, as worry has a terrible way of creasing the forehead and bringing wrinkles about the eyes. In the meantime, think noble thoughts and do kind deeds and you will win respect, if not admiration.

Pauline: I cannot decide between two young men who both say they simply can't live without me. One is fair and good looking, but would be inclined to flirt. The other is dark and trustworthy, but he has a bad temper. What would you advise me to do?

Why not try a red-headed man, with a nice disposition?

Wilful Extravagance.—They were discussing the political campaign when mention was made of a certain speaker who was admitted by members of both political parties to be a faithful follower of Ananias.

"I wouldn't believe Blank on oath," declared one fond friend.

"On oath!" echoed another. "Why, Blank uses up more good lies in a week than would last most of us for a lifetime."

His Benighted State.—Binks: "Johnson is a well-meaning chap, even if he is continually making blunders. I think he lives up to his lights."

Winks: "But the worst of it is, that he has blown out most of the lights."

They Look Like It.—"Those, I suppose," said a woman who pointed to some Holstein cattle at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, "are the half-mourning cows."

What the Bands Played.—John R. Robinson, editor of The Evening Telegram, Toronto, has a dislike for the tune "O Canada," which is about as strong as his well-known liking for the late Alexander Muir's "The Maple Leaf Forever."

In the recent election contest Mr. Robinson did some campaigning for Conservative candidates in Ontario. One of his best speeches was made at Berlin. There he preached patriotism. In order to drive home the idea of Canadianism and drive out any tendencies towards "continentalism," he made, in ending his speech, a touching reference to the late Mr. Muir.

The effect was impressive. The applause was hearty.

But a terrible thing happened just as the applause was dying away. The band—let the news be broken gently—the band struck up "O, Canada."

On election night—if not before—Mr. Robinson forgave that band. Election night made him happy. Five o'clock found him hoping that reciprocity had been beaten. Six o'clock found him more hopeful. At seven he was still more hopeful. At eight he was beginning to feel sure of it. At nine he felt almost certain that Borden would be Canada's next Premier. At ten o'clock—at ten o'clock he said, "Well, tell the band to play 'O, Canada.'"

The word was taken to the leader of the band which The Telegram had engaged to help entertain the huge election night crowds. And the band played "O, Canada," much to the surprise of many people who know how little Mr. Robinson loves that air.

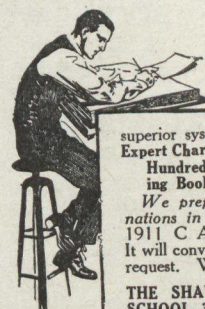
No Wonder.—George Fitch, the author of the Siwash College stories, tells a good yarn about the far-famed crooked streets of Boston:

"I started out to take a short trolley trip one morning," says Mr. Fitch, "and after the car had turned forty-eight corners, the conductor came into the car. 'I beg pardon,' said he, 'but has any one a pocket compass? The motorman has lost his way!'"



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MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 27th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ENNISKILLLEN, ENFIELD and RETURN (Rural Mail Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Enfield, Enniskillen, Burketon Station, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 14th September, 1911.



"Excuse me, sor, but would ye moind holdin' the twins a second while I look for a nickel?"