



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.*



THE PROPER WORD.

AN enthusiastic Canadian of musical tendencies and a practical Chicago man who also enjoys "the three B's," were talking last week of the ways of the Mendelssohn Choir and its conductor. The Canadian spent his strength on the magnificent attack, superb ensemble and finally on the qualities of the leader, whom laurel wreaths fail to discompose.

"Yes," said the Chicago man, after the Toronto man was out of musical terms, "the choir is a corker and that little chap who swings the stick is a crackerjack."

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HIS ADVICE.

REV. Dr. Griffin, in charge of the Superannuation Fund of the Methodist Church of Canada, is one of the most humorous men in a body which contains many Irishmen. Some years ago, Dr. Griffin was to deliver an address in a Toronto church at an entertainment resembling the old-fashioned tea-meeting. The youthful pastor of the church spent much eloquence on the subject of woman's "advancement," showing how many avenues of employment are open to the modern woman and expatiating on the glories unto which the Daughters of Eve may attain. Then he sat down and wiped his beaded forehead while his wife smiled approval from the parsonage pew.

Dr. Griffin arose and with the drollery peculiar to him related: "Not long ago, I was invited to take tea with some dear young friends recently married. The silver was bright, the dishes were new—but we had baker's buns, baker's cake—*canned salmon* and *tinned peaches*. Girls," continued the reverend speaker in a tone of tragedy, "whatever you do, learn to cook. There's nothing that shows a poor housekeeper more than canned salmon." For more than a year following that address, no woman in the congregation dared to set before her husband a dish of canned salmon, however disguised and "escalopped," unless she wished to be reminded of the clerical warning.

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MUSIC FOR THE OCCASION.

TWO criminals who were recently sentenced in London, England, to five years' penal service each for burglary, startled the court by bursting out in merry duet: "Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys."

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A PROLONGED PRESCRIPTION.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, a Canadian famous for science and speeches, told the following amusing story, says M. A. P., to illustrate the importance of medical men being very precise in their directions to patients. A young foreigner consulted a doctor about his health one day and was advised by the medico "to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning." The patient took his leave and the doctor thought no more about it. A week afterwards, however, the young man came back again, and complained of feeling much worse.

"That's curious," said the doctor. "Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning?"

"I did my best, sir," was the reply, "but I couldn't keep it up for more than ten minutes at a time."

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NOT THAT KIND.

MR. JAMES L. HUGHES is a Canadian who "gets about" more than most men and who thoroughly enjoys his travels. When he was in Germany last summer, Mr. Hughes set out from a Berlin hotel in quest of a cake of soap. Accompanying the genial Inspector was a Toronto citizen of pronounced temperance views. Mr. Hughes in his clear, sonorous, Canadian English, asked several

passers-by to direct him to a drug store but they could not understand his demands. Finally, a brisk young German, who appeared to recognise their request, led the Canadians to an attractive saloon and pointed encouragingly to the "drunk store."

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THE SAME CASE.

"We think you look just like your cousin Jane."

"Me? Look like Jane? I'm sure I can't see it."

"Don't get excited. Jane is just as angry as you are about it."

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THE MEMBER.

At home he is a great, big gun;

His presence furor kindles.

But when he gets to Ottawa

He dwindles,

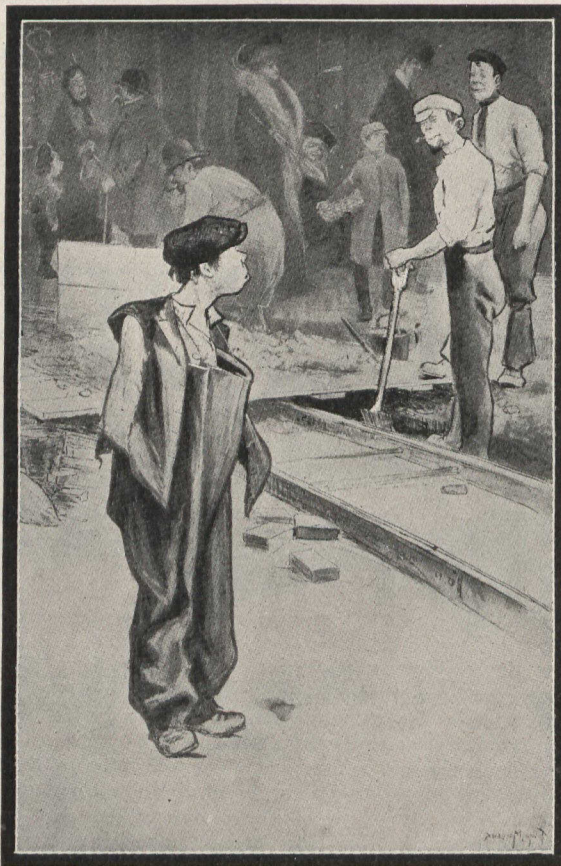
dwindles.

dwindles.

—Adapted from the "Courier-Journal."

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THE EXPLANATION



Sarcastic Navvy (to Urchin): "Wot! Father in bed then?"
—The Bystander.

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A PARDONABLE ERROR.

AT a dinner given by the Marquis of Bute, among the guests was a well-known duke who, in full Highland dress had his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuff-box belonging to another of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuff-box could not be found anywhere, though a very thorough search was made. The duke was specially anxious about it, but with no result. Some months afterwards the duke again donned the kilt for another public ceremony—the first time he had worn it since the above dinner—and happening to put his hand into his sporran he, to his utmost astonishment, found there the snuff-box which had been lost at the public dinner. Turning to his piper, the duke said: "Why, this is the snuff-

box we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?"

"Yes, Your Grace," replied the piper. "I did, but I thoct ye wushed tae keep it."

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EPICUREAN CRITICISM.

THE two brothers were being entertained by one who was anxious to avail himself of their financial acumen. But, as ill luck would have it, the talk veered to other things.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation.

It was the elder brother who plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said till the Ecksteins were on their way home.

"Jimmy," said Abe bitterly, breaking a painful silence, "why can't yer leave thingth ath yer don't undertanth to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, yer cuckoo; it's a cheese!"—Evening Mail.

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A POETIC AD.

THE Canadian Statesman, a paper of which Bowmanville is duly proud, has lately been publishing items from the *Statesman* of forty years ago. A reader of these items, who remembers many of the citizens referred to, recently wrote to the Durham County editor: "I have been interested in reading the items of forty years ago, the greater number of which are quite fresh in memory. I remember how, as a boy, I liked to visit James Wylie's corner store for cake and candy, and recall some of his poetic ads of those days:

"Let the Fenians come,
Ammunition's handy;
We'll shoot them down
With balls of sugar candy."

Even in 1868 it seems that enterprising Canadians were capable of turning national disturbances to advertising account and combining suggestions of bullets and "bull's-eyes."

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A SAD RHYME.

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Without a blessed gleam of sun,
Excepting February, which alone
Has twenty-eight or twenty-nine,
But even if that month had thirty,
They'd all be dull and all be dirty!

—Lady Kintore.

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RE-INVESTMENT.

A MISSOURI man tells of an Irishman named Coughlin, who lived in a shanty standing in a field near the main highway from Kansas City. The foundations of the shanty were lower than the road, through which ran a big water-main. As the living floor of the place was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, it left a large cellar underneath, where Coughlin kept a dozen hens.

One day the water-main burst, flooding the cellar and drowning the hens. Whereupon Coughlin took steps to enter a claim for damages against the city. After much delay influential friends succeeded in securing the sum of \$25 in settlement of Coughlin's claim.

"I've got me money," shouted the Irishman to a neighbour sitting on the steps of the shanty.

"It's glad I am to hear that," was the reply.

"And how much was it, Coughlin?"

"Twenty-foive dollars."

"And phwat are ye goin' to do with the twenty-foive, Coughlin?"

"I'm going to buy twenty-foive dollars' worth o' ducks," said Coughlin.—Memphis Scimitar.