



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.*



GRANDMA'S VALENTINE.

Lace paper, torn and faded,
The edges dull and brown!
But what a lovely white it was
When Grandpa went to town!
He saw its dainty splendour
'Way back in '59
And thought it just the very thing
To send his Valentine.

There lingers yet upon it
The fragrance of the rose;
The gleam of ancient satin
Its inner folds disclose.
The perfume of a happy past,
Of love the tender sign,
Still hovers o'er the faded edge
Of Grandma's valentine.

Kept for nigh half a century,
While nations strove and fell,
Its crumbling leaves and pictured flowers
Of olden homage tell.
Fairer than sheen of jewels
Or riches of the mine,
Blushes the faded rose-tint
Of Grandma's valentine.

J. G.

UNDENOMINATIONAL.

DR. GRENFELL, in whose work in icy Labrador so many Canadians are interested, tells some good stories, and here is one which amusingly illustrates the undenominational character of his work. "Some time ago," he says, "I was called in to attend a Roman Catholic woman at one of the settlements, and found it necessary to amputate one of her legs near the knee. A person with only one leg has not much of a chance on that coast, and she begged me to get her a wooden one. But wooden legs that are worth anything cost a hundred dollars, and I was forced to tell her she would have to wait until I could get an opportunity to tell her story in the hope that someone would advance the necessary sum. Shortly afterwards, however, I received word from a Congregational minister that a Methodist friend of his had died, leaving his legs behind him because they were of wood. The Methodist had expressed a wish that his legs should go to the Deep Sea Mission. I happen to be an Episcopalian. So it came to pass that an Episcopalian surgeon fitted a Methodist leg on a Roman Catholic woman."

REASON FOR ALARM.

A NEW YORKER was travelling in England when he became acquainted with a native who pointed out to him spots of interest in the flying scenery. Suddenly the American appeared to be very uneasy and looked about him in alarm.

"What's the matter?" said the Englishman.

"I don't like this rate of travelling," said the other.

"But I have always heard that American trains run at a high rate of speed," replied the Englishman in surprise.

"Oh, it's all right over there," was the response. "Here, I'm always so blamed afraid of running off this hanged little island."

THE ALTERNATIVE.

THERE is no new story under the sun. The stories which we are expected to smile at were told long ago to while away the wet, weary days while the Ark was afloat. The sprightly yarns of to-day were murmured by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon as they had coffee and repartee in Old Jerusalem. This reminds one that a recent number of M. A. P. tells a story of Mr. Healy which was also told of Sir John Macdonald and others.

An elector once informed him that he would "sooner vote for the Devil than for Macdonald."

"But possibly your friend may not turn up," said

the candidate in a tone of mild inquiry; "perhaps you would support me, then?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE valentine which Mr. Ames has written in violet ink to Hon. Frank Oliver is pale and wan beside that which the hotelmen of Toronto have sent their dear young friend, the namesake of the Minister of the Interior.

Mr. Allan Studholme, who won the championship for butting in last year, has assured the Ontario Legislature that, owing to a severe cold and the inclemency of the weather, he will not be able to give more than five speeches a week this session.

A little trip on any of the railway lines in Northern Ontario this week will be likely to afford the passengers opportunity to forget the busy world and its cares as they linger in a cool sequestered vale of snow.

SATAN TERRIFIED.

THERE is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth Avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees
Bibles sold as low as these."

—Woman's Home Companion.

ANY OLD CURRENCY.

AN Indiana glass company has a sublime confidence in the ability of its customers to meet their obligations, even if they may be temporarily unable to remit in the conventional forms of exchange, says "The Bellman." In a highly coloured and very attractive folder which it recently issued, this generous concern invited orders for the commodity it manufactures upon the following unique and liberal terms: "Payment can be arranged with

our treasurer to suit conditions. We take anything but counterfeit money. Our par list: Canadian and Mexican money, wampum, backsheesh, tarnished coins and mildewed bills, double eagles that will not pile and with biblical references omitted. Tainted money solicited. No questions asked. Promissory notes, your own time with privilege of renewals. Postage stamps. Clearing-house certificates. Stage money. Meal tickets, bridge tickets, milk tickets and rain checks, trading stamps, mining stock, Bay State gas, marriage certificates, cigar bands, and rumours that are likely to gain currency."

HE WONDERED.

"YOU should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?" — Boston Traveller.

COMFORTING.

WE are pleased to notice that Mr. Harry Thaw is spending the week-end at a lunatic asylum where he is surrounded by all the comforts of home and others not so homely. His devoted and amiable young wife, who is the apple of her husband's roving eye, keeps him supplied with comic supplements which are likely to detain him for some time in the said asylum. Mr. Thaw's charming sister, whose name is Alice and who is the ex-wife of an Earl, will spend the winter in a rest cure. Charming people the Thaws—so much repose about them, don't you know. Canadian papers please copy.

THE WITCH PROTESTS.

Said the sour old witch:

Things have reached such a pitch—

That I dare not go broomstick riding;

For these airmobiles

With gas bags and wheels

With my broomstick are ever colliding.

—Goderich Signal.



"Whit fur are ye haudin' sic a sair grip o' yer glass, Jock?"
"Oh, weel, Donald, I yince skailt (spilt) yin, ye ken!"