

# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

MR. William Lyon Mackenzie King has a bill against combines in the Commons. Dear me! We thought that young man was going to be quiet for a few weeks. As an understudy to Theodore Roosevelt he is a strenuous success. But some of the unregenerate are wishing he would take the silence cure and let the papers forget his four initials for a while.

The Grand Trunk Railway has received permission to enter the State of Rhode Island. That is "going some." Now just watch the C. P. R. steam into Cape Cod and the Canadian Northern rush up the slopes of Cape Hatteras.

Mr. Aylesworth is going to The Hague early next month and there is not a bit of truth in the story that he is going to retire. The *Globe* says he will be in his usual place next session and it ought to know. There will be fireworks at Newmarket-on-the-Canal when he returns from dear old Holland. But Rev. R. E. Knowles of Galt has declared the Minister of Justice flippant, for his treatment of the anti-gamblers. Knowles is Irish and ought to know a joke—even if it looks like a Cabinet Minister.

Nova Scotia is going dry and Halifax is the only community in that province which will be allowed licenses. The number of Nova Scotians who will hear the "Call of the City" during the time of drought will make Halifax look like Toronto.

The Conservatives have held a caucus and declared for Leader Borden. Mr. F. D. Monk sent a floral tribute of a broken column.

President Plummer of the Dominion Coal Company says that he simply loves the Dominion Steel people and has the very highest opinion of the way they receipt their bills.

Controller Spence declares that Toronto gaol is played out. All the Weary Willies are going to vote for that wise controller when he comes out, urged by a host of anxious friends, to contest the mayoralty.

## A Song of Stocks.

The men who deal in stocks and bonds

Are getting awful scared;  
They try to keep things looking nice  
And have reporters "squared."  
They hardly mention margins,  
Except below their breath,  
And of the festive dividend  
They're frightened most to death.  
Within the bucket shops there reigns  
A soft and peaceful calm,  
The rustling of the daily press  
Has failed to bring a balm.  
Each paper now to Stock Exchange  
Has sent a trusty scout,  
And the Editor Man will get you  
"Ef you don't watch out."

## His Specialty.

"WHEN I was alderman," said an elderly Canadian citizen, who has filled with distinction a variety of offices, "I never accepted any favours—not even tickets to a ball game."  
"You were different from most of them," said an admiring supporter.  
"Ah, yes!" was the reply. "I never believed in petty graft. What's a ticket to a ball game? Timber limits were my weakness and they're worth while."

## Willing to Pay.

THE peddlers of Toronto recently met in solemn conclave, for the purpose of forming a union. Several

press representatives attended, in the hope of securing fugitive copy. One of the reporters was approached by an aspiring peddler, who gave him some interesting information and then insinuated gently that he (the gentleman of the "stand") would like an extensive press notice in connection with the forming of the union.

"It'll be worth a quarter to you if you give me a write-up," he remarked genially.

"That'll be enough for a column, at least," said the newspaper man, dodging the twenty-five cents.

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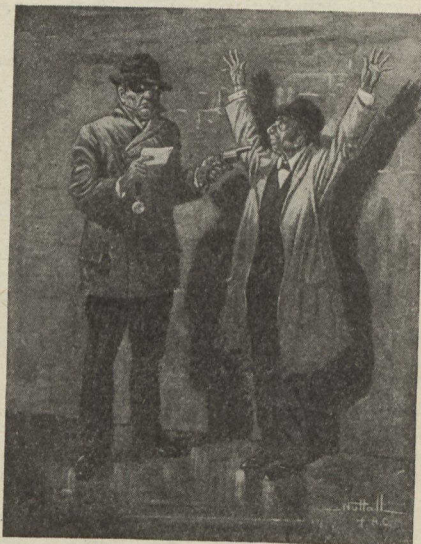
## What the "Grip" is.

THE following will be appreciated by the many to whom reminiscences of that troublesome disease "la grippe" are still fresh and tender.

Asked what made him so ill, an Irishman replied, "Faith I had the grip last winter." To draw him out the questioner asked, "What is the grip, Pat?"

"The grip," answered Pat. Don't you know what the grip is? It's a disease that makes you sick months after you get well."

\* \* \*



The Victim: Dear me! How fortunate that you found that letter. My wife gave it to me yesterday to post.

—Life

## 'Twas Ever Thus.

### THE WOMAN.

BY GERARD P. B.

So I remember him? Why? Well, I should say so. He was once one of my nice boys. (Now don't tell anyone what I've just begun to tell you.) This is it all. I had a dozen men in those days, whom I could call to do what I wished, where and when.

Did not matter. But, to be just, Jack was the nicest, and I had only to say that he must do this or that. He never asked why. He was most useful. As a matter of fact

I favoured him more than the rest. It was here that he failed in his tact. He looked on a kiss, as no matter for jest:

Yes, truly—and we had such a row. I knew all was right, that I could trust Jack

To say nothing at that time or now. I used often to wish he'd come back; But he didn't. Perhaps it's as well. He said that I broke his heart; But men are accustomed to say such stories to girls. It is part of the game they think they must play.

Then I married Sir Frank. I must say.

I think I did right, but I would like to know

What became of Jack. Did he drink Or enlist, or what did he do To forget? What? You don't mean to say

That Lord Cashall, the head of Grey's Bank

Is my old lover Jack Grey?

Why, my God! He's far richer than Frank.

## THE MAN.

We sat and talked in whispers low To suit the lights around us.

Nor heeded others' weal or woe (Alas! 'tis many years ago)

And none has guessed and none did know

The secret tie which bound us.

We loved each other dearly, so

We sat and talked in whispers low.

Now, though 'tis many years ago

No other tie has bound us,

And I have wandered to and fro,

Yet none did ever guess or know

That once we kissed when lights were low,

Nor wove a love tale round us.

We loved each other dearly, though Alas! so many years ago.

\* \* \*

## She Took Notice.

AN inspector one day visited a country school taught by a young lady, and in the course of the lesson said, "Now children, I wish you to take notice of what I do, and then write an account of it."

Then he stepped to the blackboard and wrote a sentence upon it.

All the children except one wrote in effect that the inspector came into the school and wrote on the blackboard, "I love a good school."

One little girl, however, followed instructions more literally, and completed the story by adding:

"And then he went to the platform, sat down, played with his watch chain, twirled his mustache, and winked at the teacher."

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## A Limit to Her Faith.

DURING the progress of a big "protracted meeting" for which the South is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a particularly important service and was being severely censured by the pastor.

Explaining the reason for being late the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted and that the wreck of the rig had prevented her from being on time.

"My dear sister, such little things should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face, "I did trust in the Lord till the bellyband busted and then I had to jump."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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## Not Advertising His Folly.

IN an article recently published about the famous banking house of Coutts, in London, there is repeated an anecdote about Wellington which is, at any rate, amusing. The great Duke of Wellington banked at Coutts'. A certain artist, having painted a portrait of him, came for his remuneration. The Duke proceeded to count out a number of notes and coins somewhat laboriously and slowly. The artist suggested that a check would do equally well and save his grace trouble; but the victor of Waterloo turned on him with some bitterness and said, "Do you think I want Messrs. Coutts to know what a fool I made of myself."



## To Whiten the Teeth

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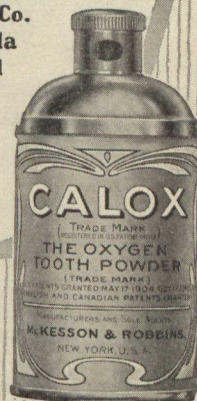
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