

THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

THE things that the Nationalists of Egypt are saying about Theodore Roosevelt remind us of the good old days when Sir Richard Cartwright camped on the trail of Sir John A. Macdonald, or those of more recent times when James Pliny Whitney spoke his inmost thoughts concerning G. W. Ross.

Dr. Elmore Harris has once more gone on the warpath after an unorthodox professor. This is really unkind of the heretic-chaser. Now that the warm weather has set in, we should prefer to forget the orthodox abode of the unblest. "Dr. Elmore" should go to his Muskoka home and have a house party of McMaster professors, who would settle their little differences amicably over the walnuts and the—lemonade.

Hamilton brick makers are to produce thirty million bricks during this season. And not one of these bricks will be thrown at Toronto.

The London Methodist Conference has a motion of censure for Hon. A. B. Aylesworth and his dangerous clemency. But it has never a word to say about the Methodist clergyman who signed the petition. Consistency, thou art a jewel of rare and radiant gleam!

Two suffragettes have been arrested in Boston. This is coming near home, and the officers of the Canadian society had better beware.

The Toronto Board of Control is trying to make up its mind. Such a job is a mere sinecure. The Toronto Board of Education is also in a quandary. It would be too bad to make a medical appointment on the merits of the case.

* * *

COURT NEWS



Mr. Browning (pompously): This is a great day for us at home. My daughter "comes out" to-night.

Mrs. Diggle (surprised): You don't say so, mister! So does my 'usband; 'e's been in for a month.—*The Tatler*.

* * *

Good Training.

IT is well known that the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, is of unusual height and stalwartness, with a bearing which does credit to his early training. Mr. Arthur Stringer, also a Canadian writer of lofty verse, is

another well-grown author with a height over six feet.

It is told that on one occasion, these representative Canadians were walking along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington when they met John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. Bangs saluted them playfully and the trio paused for a chat.

"You're both Canadians, aren't you?" asked the writer of "The Houseboat on the Styx." They assented.

"Say," drawled their questioner, "do they train poets on a trellis in your country?"

* * *

In the Month of June.

Who mournfully does hang his head
And blushes such a fiery red,
And seems to wish himself quite dead?

The Bridegroom.

Who walks with an elastic tread,
And smiles upon the bridegroom's dread,
And chuckles as the twain are wed?

The Usher.

Who smiles in quite a happy plight,
And wonders if her hat is right,
And hopes she does not look a fright?

The Bridesmaid.

Who shows a sweet triumphant face,
And glides with such a pensive grace,
And thinks the world a lovely place?

The Bride.

* * *

What He Was Doing.

IT is said that some years ago a Mayor of Toronto who was anxious to appear extremely busy, made a point of attempting to surprise certain officials, in order to catch them in neglect or idleness. This course of action on the part of the chief magistrate did not lead to an overwhelming popularity, and he soon found himself regarded with coldness. He persisted in his overzealous vigilance, however, but made no alarming discoveries.

One morning he arrived at the City Hall at the hour of eight and proceeded to the office of Dr. Charles Sheard, to find that dignitary in his shirt sleeves absorbed in the toils of the day.

"Dear me," exclaimed His Worship mildly. "What are you doing here so early?"

"Minding my own business," was the laconic reply, to which the mayor made no response save a hasty retreat.

* * *

Passing the Pitcher.

"A YOUNG couple very recently married came into our store the other day," said the silversmith, "with a big silver pitcher, and wanted us to change the initials on it so that they could give it to another couple as a wedding present. They had received three others themselves. We can sometimes do it, and I sent it up to the workrooms, but word came back that it could not be done in this case because the initials on it had already been erased four times."

—*New York Sun*.

Why don't the silversmiths make these pitchers thicker, or, at least, put heavy plates on them where the initials are to be placed? Sometimes we are almost convinced that the silversmiths are not doing all they

might to advance human happiness.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

* * *

Sharing the Stream.

A GAMEKEEPER found a boy fishing in his master's private waters.

"You mustn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A——"

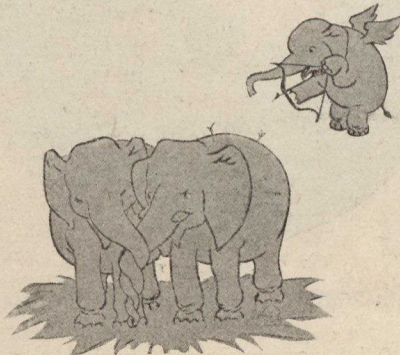
"Do they? I didn't know that," replied the culprit; and, laying aside his rod, he took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper departed, but on returning about an hour afterwards he found the same youth had started fishing again.

"Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A——?" he roared.

"Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler, in surprise. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"

* * *



Cupid: By cooky! this is hard work.

—*Life*.

* * *

A Royal Pun.

SIR FRANCIS BURNARD, the late editor of *Punch*, was requested one night in company to make a pun extempore.

"Upon what subject?" asked Burnard.

"The King," was suggested.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "the King is no subject."

* * *

That Settled It.

SUPERINTENDENT of Insurance William H. Hotchkiss said at a dinner in New York, according to the *New York World*:

"There are not so many people buying annuities from the insurance companies as there used to be. This, perhaps, speaks well for human nature. An annuity holder, you know, is apt to be selfish.

"I heard the other day, though, of an annuity holder against whom the charge of selfishness could not be brought.

"This man lived on and on. Year after year his annuity was paid. Finally, when his age seemed about 110, the company sent a special agent to his house to make sure that James Montrose in his proper person was really getting the annuity.

"The agent found James Montrose, an aged man, but hale, making a chicken coop in the back yard.

"Are you Mr. James Flagg Montrose?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am," the old man answered.

"Are you the Mr. Montrose who draws the annuity from the Dash Company?"

"Yes, sir, I am, and my father before me," said the old man."



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND.

I want to get a sample of my Ruby Rub Metal Polish into your hands.

I know if you use this polish now, when there is Spring shining up to be done, you will always have Ruby Rub in your home.

It can be used with safety on any article of brass, silver, copper, zinc, plated ware, harness trimmings, etc.

I make the way easy for you to try this great polish. Cut out this ad., take it to your dealer and he'll sell you a 10c tin of Ruby Rub for 5c.

If your dealer cannot supply, write direct. Enclose this ad. and Five Cents.

J. A. French & Co., Limited

14 Teraulay St. - TORONTO
Winnipeg and St. John, N. B.



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The tale we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box.

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.

G. H. MUMM & CO.
EXTRA DRY

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED

S. B. TOWNSEND & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA