



THE 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.*

WHERE PAT PROTESTED.

A TEMPERANCE orator seldom gives a dry discourse. A speaker on that subject recently told in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, a mother-in-law joke with a novel feature, inasmuch as Pat was represented as loving his wife's mother with a great affection. But the mother-in-law was taken ill and the attending physician took Pat aside to tell him the true state of affairs. In the retirement of the woodshed, the doctor solemnly informed Pat of the serious condition of the old lady.

"She's very ill, Mr. Murphy."

"What wud ye advise, Docthor dear?"

"You must send her to a warmer climate at once."

Pat promptly handed the physician an axe.

"Then you've got to do it, sorr—I cudn't."

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SHOCKING!

THE blunders that *will* be found in the best of papers were being discussed not long ago by several Canadian editors, and one of them told of a visit he once paid to a small manufacturing town and of his subsequent write-up.

"You might imagine my horror when the first sentence, which should have read: 'Selcombe is a thriving community of three thousand souls,' was deciphered as: 'Selcombe is a thieving community of three thousand fools.' Of course Selcombe wouldn't accept any apology and rival towns rejoiced."

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AN UNFAILING SIGN.

"Harris is head over heels in love with Miss Blake."

"But what does *she* think of Harris?"

"I think it must be mutual because they are both declaring that they believe in Platonic friendship and that it's quite possible for a man and a woman to be the best of friends without falling in love."

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THEIR DESTINATION.

BOBBY is the son of a Methodist minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of his eight-years life. He disapproves strongly of the itinerant system which is the bane of the Methodist clergy. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father and directed his attention to the small boy, asking him many questions of a semi-theological nature. Finally the course of the conversation turned to heaven and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blest.

"Yes," said the youngster, with a sigh of deep weariness, "I know. It's the last place we're going to move to."

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HOW IT LOOKED.

IT was during the writing lesson, and the teacher had written in large, rounded characters on the board the word "Multiplicant."

"Now," she said, "who can tell me any mistake in the construction of the letters in this word?"

A grimy little hand shot up. "Well, Rosie, you tell us what you think."

"Please, ma'am," piped Rosie, "h'I think your t looks like h'ell."

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AN UNPLEASING NOTE.

SPEAKING of the methods adopted by some of the unions throughout the country in righting their wrongs, Senator Dolliver of Iowa says it reminds him of an Irishman who, upon hearing for the first time of the braying of a donkey, remarked, after waiting for the last discordant note to die away, "Faith, you are no doubt in great pain, but I had

more sympathy for you before you complained."—The Argonaut.

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ROOSEVELT.

Smack of Lord Cromer, Jeff Davis a touch of him, Little of Lincoln, not very much of him, Kitchener, Bismarck, and Germany's Will, Jupiter, Chamberlain, Buffalo Bill.

—St. James's Gazette.

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AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION.

"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman.

"What sort of hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.—Tit-Bits.

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FEED THE BRUTE.

A YOUNG woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love-powder. The mystery-woman told her, "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal-fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it!" The young wife did so; and her husband loved her ever after.

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"Well, well, my little man, how is it you're not at school?"

"Cos I've got a bad cold in my head."—Life.

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ECONOMY IN EXCESS.

JAMES J. HILL, the railway magnate, was talking in Kansas City about railway economy:

"Economy is excellent," he said, "but even economy must not be carried to excess. Railways must not be managed as a certain New York necktie manufacturer manages his business. A drummer in this man's employ showed me the other day a letter from the firm. It ran thus:

"We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account fifty cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards. Also we see two dollars and twenty-five cents for horse and buggy. Where is the horse, and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but bed. Why is it you don't ride more in the night time?"

"John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin George Moore lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash. Also John says you can leave Boston at 11.45 in the night, and get to Concord at 4.35 in the morning. Do this—and you won't need any bed. And remember, what we want is orders."—Washington Star.

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QUITE COOL.

THE imperturbability of the Englishman, says a Cincinnati journalist, is a characteristic which, for all time, will excite the admiration of the more volatile American and the emotional and mercurial

Frenchman. Nothing seems to ruffle the serene calmness of the true-born Briton. He is never taken off his guard. He is equal to every emergency. No circumstance, however surprising and demoralising, ever can disturb his poise.

We recall vividly one instant in which British placidity came out triumphant. It happened at a Japanese hotel, the walls of which, being of paper, had not the resisting qualities of lath and plaster. A tourist party of revellers had been up most of the night celebrating the queen's birthday to the queen's taste, and as dawn came on, one of the bacchanals, seeking his own apartments, crashed through the wall of a room occupied by a long-suffering Englishman.

The latter, rising from his bed in his pajamas, approached the intruder not unkindly. "I say now, my good chap," he remonstrated, "you have got into the wrong suite, don't you know?"

An American under like conditions would have made a demonstration with firearms, while a Frenchman would have cried out that he was being murdered.

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THE TREATMENT.

PROFESSOR — of McGill University had just finished a lengthy lecture on poisons and antidotes.

"Supposing you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed ten grains of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"The sacrament," shouted an Irish student from the rear of the hall.

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NOTHING STRANGE.

BLOBS: "There seems to be a strange affinity between a coloured man and a chicken."

Slobbs: "Naturally. One is descended from Ham and the other from eggs."—Cassell's Magazine.

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PARTICULAR.

A SOUTHERN gentleman had ordered Jake to have his carriage ready at a certain hour. The hour came, but no carriage. At length, after a delay which had thoroughly exhausted the patience of his employer, Jake drove serenely up.

His boss thundered, "Jake, you trifling rascal! Here I've waited for you one solid hour. You've run with these worthless niggers until you are as sorry as the sorriest of them."

Jake received the tirade with bowed head. Then he slowly raised his head and said in a tone fraught with injured innocence:

"Boss, you sho is misunderstand me. I don't run wid dat rag-tag gang. I makes it a 'tic'lar p'int ter 'sociates myself wid nothin' but de bung-tung." — Lippincott's Magazine.

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THRIFTY.

HARRY LAUDER is the hero of a Broadway story. This vaudeville top-liner, who recently visited New York, is accused of stinginess. As a matter of fact, he's merely thrifty. He heard that one man in particular had criticised severely the manner in which he drew the purse strings tight. Not long afterward this man asked him for an interview. Lauder gave him an address, and told him to come at ten o'clock the following night. In the meantime, he did a bit of stage managing. When the caller came, he was ushered into a garret in a poor tenement, in a bad part of town. There sat Lauder, blue with cold, by the light of a single candle, and scribbling away. "Arre ye goin' to putt doon what I say?" Lauder asked.

The reporter assured him, with pride, that he never made notes during an interview. "My memory is excellent," he boasted.

"Weel, then," said Lauder, "we'll aye save the licht." And he blew out the candle.