

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

And Earl Grey had to give up his fishing. Now, he'll always tell of the 'lunge he might have caught, if Sir Wilfrid had not called him to come home.

The ownership of Anticosti Island is once more being disputed. For making a handsome fuss, there's nothing like a little island.

Whales are said not to be afraid of submarine warships. They must be the lions of the main.

A student of physico-psychical phenomena, or something like that, declares that the soul has a weight, going as high as an ounce. We could tell him about several grain souls.

Nat Goodwin is forbidden to marry again during the lifetime of the latest Mrs. Goodwin. Long life to her!

Germany, in trying to secure a naval base, may be given a home run.

The Moroccan affair is beginning to put on a high polish.

"Laurier and larger markets!" cries the great party paper. "Borden and Bigger Bargains" comes a voice from the Pacific Province.

A New York journal has stated that King George has been obliged to take oxygen. This is merely the ordinary hot air from the Gotham press.

Doesn't Want to Vote.—An English woman recently arrived in Canada, an ardent suffragette, was talking over the subject of the feminine vote with a Canadian.

"I don't want it," said the latter decidedly.

"Why not?"

"The next thing we know, we'd be in cartoons. Think of what Laurier looks like in The Evening Telegram and Whitney in The Globe. Why, I wouldn't appear in one of those dreadful pictures for anything. They'd be sure to caricature our best gowns."

Before Election.

Sing a song of promises
All so brightly glowing!
We are from Missouri and—
We need a lot of showing.

Successful Diplomacy.—They were discussing international affairs at a resort on Georgian Bay. He was from Tennessee, and she was a Hamilton girl. The subject inevitably introduced was reciprocity, and then the citizen of the United States casually remarked, "Of course, it will mean annexation."

"Nothing of the kind," said the Canadian girl briskly.

"How could you help it? We could make a morning meal of your army, before the British navy could get here."

"Indeed, you could do nothing of the kind. We should all take up arms—even the women."

"You'd only need to hold them out—and our forces would surrender. Peace with honour was restored."

He Didn't.—John Joseph Ward, a Controller of the city of Toronto, is an adept in the gentle art of jesting. He loves a joke, and he becomes almost ecstatic when he pulls off some practical joke on one of his colleagues.

His latest was at the expense of Controller F. S. Spence. As almost everybody knows, Mr. Spence is a prominent prohibitionist, and is always interested in temperance matters.

The other day Mr. Ward came to a Board of Control meeting with a neat little pamphlet in his hand. It was labelled on the cover "The Drink Question."

"Here's something you'll be interested in, Frank," he remarked quite casually to his temperance colleague. Controller Spence glanced at the

title, was interested, took the pamphlet in his hand, sat down, took his glasses out, wiped them, put them on his nose, and prepared to read. He opened the inside and saw printed there in large type, "Are You Going to Buy?"

Folding it up, he smiled a sickly smile, and handed it back to the joker.

A Song of Last Summer.

He strolled along the yellow beach
And watched the billows blue;
She sat on a verandah chair,
And did some watching, too.

At eventide, when shadows fell
Across the land and sea,
He did approach the dainty maid
And tenderly said he—

"I think that I have gazed upon
Your face in days of yore;
Oh, tell me, stately Summer Girl,
Where have we met before?"

She sighed, in wistful pensive wise,
As if to drop a tear.
"Alas for man's brief memory!
We were engaged last year."

What's the Use?—Reggie Dumps: "You know this life sometimes seems not worth living. If you'll believe me, there are times when I feel as if it wouldn't be any matter, if I blew my brains out."

Miss Cayenne: "Certainly, no gray matter."

A Modest Official.—Astonishing as it may seem, there is one man in Toronto so modest that even when he was invited to lunch with the King he refused to let a newspaper reporter publish that fact.

Probably, almost certainly, he was the only man in the city to be so honoured. He is related to the Lord Mayor of London, and the latter sent him an invitation to the Lord Mayor's dinner to the King, which was part of the Coronation programme.

Quite by accident, a reporter on a Toronto daily learned of the invitation. He sought out the invited man, who happens to be in a rather prominent civic position, and asked for further information. To his amazement the modest one refused to even let him publish the bald fact.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if it had been some other officials who had received such an invitation, no time would have been lost in sending typewritten notices, with full particulars and photographs, to all the papers in town," said the scribe as he walked away.

But the very modest man merely smiled. And because he is really and truly modest, his name is withheld in this little tale.

The Criminal's Complaint.

(A daily paper states that two hold-up men, who murdered a police chief in Western Canada and escaped, were rounded up and forced to surrender by boy scouts.)

For years I've plied my risky trade,
And seldom have been caught;
Detectives always seemed to me
A rather easy lot.

They carefully took finger prints
And photographs of me,
And wireless now is at their call
If I should go to sea.

Before such boasted schemes as those
I never used to quail,
But I'm as good as done for when
Boy scouts are on my trail.

The Man Who Wouldn't Listen.

The story is told that the man who rode the horse down the valley to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and warned the people, afterwards died and went to heaven. At the gate, he met St. Peter, and at once opened up conver-

sation. "Well, St. Peter, don't you know me? Why, I am 'Enry 'Awkins, the man that rode the horse down the valley and saved all the lives the time of the Johnstown flood. Remember me?"

St. Peter smiled kindly and pointed to a front seat. Afterwards, every new arrival of importance was greeted by the genial Hawkins in the same way. "I am 'Enry 'Awkins, the man that rode the horse," etc.

One day, Hawkins came back to St. Peter and again opened up conversation.

"Remember me, Pete? 'Enry 'Awkins, the man that rode the horse down the valley at the time of the Johnstown flood?"

St. Peter remembered him.

"Say, Peter, I have had a good time and everybody is glad to see me, and they all want to hear about that ride down the valley. But, say, who is that old guy over there with the long whiskers? Whenever I go up to him and tell him that I am 'Enry 'Awkins the man that rode down the valley at the time of the Johnstown flood, he gets up and goes away. He don't seem to be a bit interested. Who is he anyway?"

"That old gentleman over there on the second seat, you mean?" said Peter.

"Yes, that's him."

"You ought to know him. His name is Noah."

Thinks It's a Freak.—Reciprocity was being discussed by farmers near Belleville, Ont., a little while ago.

"Belleville wants to get it," said a farmer who claimed to know that city's opinion.

A man, who is not engaged in farming, apparently had nazy ideas about the subject under discussion.

"If reciprocity comes to Belleville," he said, "I'm going to go there and see it."

The Needful.—In a certain Canadian city, there is a handsome building, in course of erection, which is evidently intended for educational use. This summer a visitor remarked on the structure and asked what was its purpose.

"Household Science Department" was the reply—"cooking as a fine art."

"It's going to take a lot of money," was the comment.

"Cooking usually calls for dough," came the reply.

WHEN THE JOKE WAS ON ME

Hon. J. J. Foy is Attorney-General for Ontario, and his brother, "Gus," is a police court clerk for Toronto.

It came to the ears of the police officials of Toronto that some of the city's Jews, who got out summonses, were making offers to the summoned ones to not press cases if money were paid to those who had got out the much-feared papers. That using of the papers as a club had to be stopped. The police officials decided that summonses would not be issued unless there was some clear evidence of the need for giving out the papers.

To "Gus" Foy fell the duty of refusing some of the men who wanted a summons. To the ones who were refused, that looked like injustice, so they got a deputation together, saw Hon. Mr. Foy and asked him to remove "that man" who refused to issue summonses. The Attorney-General listened carefully to the complaint and promised to look into it.

"Jakie" Cohen, one of Toronto's best known Jews, is a police magistrate for the city and knows well the condition of the Jews who believe they have occasion to go to the police court clerk.

So the Attorney-General had "Jakie" go to see him and explain matters. "By the way, who is 'that man' they want removed?" asked Mr. Foy.

Mr. Cohen smiled.

"Why," he said, "that's Gus."

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