

THE DEMI-TASSE

ANOTHER ANCIENT FEUD.

"THE story of 'An Ancient Feud,' which appeared in *The Demi-Tasse* of November 14th reminds me," writes C.R.W.B., "of a somewhat similar one told by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, who had it from Captain Percival, A.D.C. to the (then) Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada.

"Captain Percival, walking one day in the grounds of Rideau Hall, happened upon two big, plaided Scotsmen who were looking around the Vice-regal residence.

"Entering into conversation with them, he found out that they were Macdonalds from the County of Glengarry. He suggested that they should come in and pay their respects to His Excellency who would be glad to see his 'brither Scots.' This, however, they refused to do, and by no persuasion could they be induced to enter the house. For a long time he was unable to elicit the reason of their objection but at last one of them said: 'Ye're verra kind, sir, but div ye no' ken that the Macdonalds are at feud wi' the Campells ever since Glencoe?'

"The massacre of Glencoe took place in 1692 and this conversation in 1881."

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A FRANCO-BRITISH PUN.

WHEN the St. Clair Tunnel was being re-opened, the other day, Mr. Harry Charlton gave a dinner at the leading hotel in Port Huron to about forty newspaper men, including Mr. Cy Warman, sweet singer and railroad raconteur. During the evening, a young man, under engagement by the hotel proprietor, sang several songs which were not fully appreciated by the convivial journalists. Mr. Elliott of the Grand Trunk Railway sent a note over to Mr. Warman which ran as follows: "Cy—Is this sung for you or some of the other old men?—E." Mr. Warman turned the note over and made this graceful pun, a tribute to the French-Canadians present—"Pour moi!"

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O TEMPORA!

A school-teacher in Hamilton, Ontario, recently asked one of her pupils what William Lyon Mackenzie had been noted for. The youngster looked thoughtful for a moment and then said:

"Oh, yes! He's the grandfather of one of the new members of Parliament."

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NEWSLETS.

Mr. R. L. Borden is going to Hot Springs, Virginia, and Mr. W. J. Bryan is going to Mexico. There's nothing like a southern climate for chills and ague.

The Marine Department of the Canadian Government is going to have a Tag Day. The poor thing needs a bath and a swimming pool and lots of soap.

Hon. G. E. Foster has challenged Mr. J. A. Macdonald to go moose-hunting in the north country, but the expedition is indefinitely postponed.

The Kaiser has just been climbing down. It's a sorrowful year for the B's, as we remarked two weeks ago—when Borden, Bryan, Bond and Bill of Germany find things won't come their way.

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AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER.

MR. G. T. BELL, general passenger traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, can lay claim to having won at least one enthusiastic admirer. Last spring, when Mr. Bell took a party of United States and Canadian journalists to the Lake of Bays district to help "open" the Wawa Hotel, he put forth every endeavour to give each member of the party a time worth remembering.

The crowning surprise of the journey was a sumptuous eight-course dinner, served on a private diner as the party were returning from Huntsville to Toronto. There was one Buffalo scribe who had been very modest and unostentatious. It was impossible to get him into "The German Band" or the "Gadsby Chorus" or any other of the impromptu organisations. But as the courses came and went, and the "Omar Khayyam" was encored, the retiring journalist raised his glass towards Mr. Bell and exclaimed in rich and ringing tones:

"Mr. Bell, you already own Canada. Allow me to add the United States!"

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MRS. JONAH.

STREET-CAR conductors regard inquisitive women passengers with superstitious dread. The other day a fuse blew out in a car and that car was hitched on as a trailer to the one ahead. Presently a woman began to ask questions.

"What would happen," she said, "if the fuse were to blow out in that car ahead? What would become of us? Would the car ahead of that be able to drag both of these cars?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "But don't worry. We won't have a chance to find out. A double accident of that kind has never happened to a car of mine yet, and it isn't likely to happen once in a hundred years."

Just then there came an explosion ahead, and both cars came to a standstill. The fuse had blown out.

"Confound that woman," growled the conductor. "That is all her fault. This wouldn't have happened if she hadn't asked so many fool questions! She's a Jonah."—*Saturday Sunset*.

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COMFORTING.

Husband: "It's a great thing—that accident insurance. I have taken out a policy so that if, for instance, I merely break my arm I receive \$2,500."

Wife: "Wouldn't that be nice! Then I could take a trip to the Riviera."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

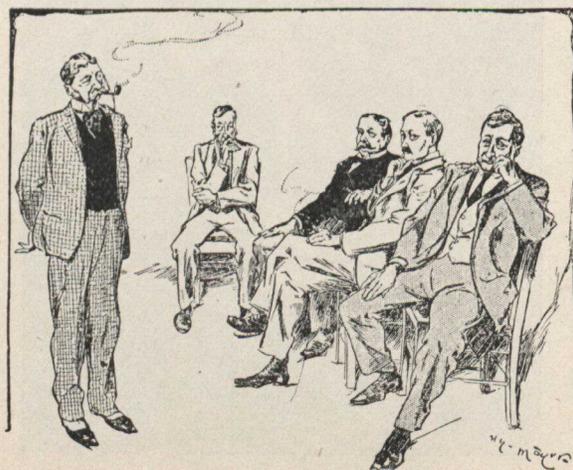
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A WARM REMARK.

"Rudyard Kipling, when he dined with me," said a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla.

"It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country.

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely, cool morning at Simla he was presented to a 'grass-widow.' They call those ladies 'grass-widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.



Which is Worse? An Englishman telling a joke to a crowd of Americans?

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness Kipling said:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?"

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learned afterward that she was a real widow."

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HIS CHOICE.

There had been a brief and bitter debate in which Mr. Peck had been worsted. About half an hour afterwards, his wife remarked: "John Robinson has had a broken lily carved on his wife's tombstone."

"If his wife had been like some women," said Henry gloomily, with a flash of returning spirit, "he would have had a bottle of tobasco sauce on the stone."

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THE NERVOUS CHILD.

("Americanus Sum.")

He harried the household cat,
He worried and whipped the dog,
He sat on his auntie's hat,
He caught and he killed a frog,
He lamed with a sizable stone
The best of his uncle's chickens,
He broke the bed, and it may be said,
With truth, that he raised the dickens—
'Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,
And murmured, "The Lord preserve us!"
But mother remarked, as she kissed the kid:
"The poor little dear is nervous."

He fidgeted, sulked and fussed—
So dainty about his meat,
He screamed that his mother must
Have something a fellow could eat.
He answered his auntie back,
He snapped at his uncle too,
He tortured and teased and did as he pleased,
And not what they wished he'd do.
'Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,
And murmured "The Lord preserve us!"
But mother remarked, as she kissed the kid:
"The poor little dear is nervous."

—Denis A. McCarthy in *Life*.

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CHIVALROUS.

"What did Howard do when he found they were going to arrest the owners of motors, and not the chauffeurs, in all cases of exceeding the speed limit?"

"He put every car he owns in his wife's name."—*Brooklyn Life*.

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UNANSWERABLE.

A REPUBLICAN orator concluded his speech with the announcement that he would be glad to answer any arguments put forward by the other side. An old Irish-American accepted the challenge.

"Eight years ago," he said, "they told us to vote for Bryan, an' that we'd be prosperous. Oi did vote for Bryan an' Oi've nivir been so prosperous in all me life, an' now, begorry, Oi'm goin' to vote for him again."

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A BIG BATHTUB.

The tides run swiftly out in the Bay of Fundy. A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Ma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean."



Or, an American telling a joke to a number of Englishmen.—*Life*.