

THE DEMI-TASSE

PAPA'S LITTLE BOY.

HON. I. B. LUCAS, now that he has entered the Ontario Cabinet, may have to surrender the title of "boy orator of the Ontario Legislature," so long and worthily worn by him. Truth is, I. B. is just as boyish-looking as ever, though the years have been marching on. They tell a story of his first campaign in 1898. It was a cold winter's day. I. B. was doing the side lines in a remote part of his riding in the interests of "good government." He stopped at a farmer's house where he wasn't known, tied his horse at the gate and knocked at the door. The farmer—who was very deaf—responded. Mr. Lucas told his mission. The farmer caught the name, Lucas, and recognised it as that of the Conservative candidate. "Yes, yes, my boy!" he said, patting I. B. on the shoulder. "Run out and tell your father to come right in and warm himself. I'll put his horse away."

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

IN anticipation of the Bishop's regular official visit to a certain rural Anglican church, great preparations were being made with a view of giving that worthy a grand reception. The Rectory



Cow-Belles.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

grounds were profusely decorated; but when the committee began to cast about them for a supply of bunting the only thing available was a string of old marine signal flags. These were hoisted, however, and the decorations were completed.

On the outskirts of the little crowd, congregated to await the arrival of the Bishop, was an old "deep-water" captain, who seemed very ill at ease. Finally when he could contain himself no longer, he rushed up to the Rector and exclaimed: "If I were you, sir, I'd haul those flags down before the Bishop arrives!"

"Why so, Captain?" demanded the Rector. "I consider they add greatly to the decorations."

"Well, sir, of course you can suit yourself; but I thought I had better tell you. Those are signal flags, and if my code-book is correct, they read: 'In distress: wants a pilot.'"

WHY HE RAN SO HARD.

THE excited man dashes through the gates just as the train is leaving. An equally excited woman shrieks madly at him from the rear platform. He sprints for the train, but it gains headway and leaves him standing in the middle of the track, perspiring and breathless.

"Why did you run so hard, Colonel?" asks a track hand. "That's the limited. Might 'a' knowed you couldn't catch it after it started."

"I knew blamed well I couldn't catch it. I wanted to miss it, but that was my wife on the back platform and I had to put up a bluff."—*Life.*

THE OLD PRETENDER.

THERE is a good story told of a visit King Edward once paid as a young man to Warwick Castle. On this occasion his Majesty received a reading of history new to himself, as it will be to most legitimate historians. It was a grave and dignified old lady, who had been housekeeper in the family for a number of years, who had the honour of showing the interior of the Castle to the Royal visitor. At one point she handed him a relic with

the remark that it had belonged to King James III. "King James III.?" echoed the King. "Oh, yes, the Old Pretender." The elderly servitor drew herself up sharply. "We don't think so, your Royal Highness," she snapped.—*M. A. P.*

PANIC AFTER SLUMP.

(With Aytoun's Apologies to Me.)

News of finance! News of finance!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street!
Hear the newsboys shouting, "Extra!—
All about the slump in wheat!"
News of failure! Who was "bitten"?
News of triumph! Who was wise?
Wise enough to stand from under
When the "signs" predicted "rise"?

All last night I watched the "ticker"—
Dreamy visions from afar!—
And its tape showed wheat was rising
Point by point, o'er-topping par.
All the morn my foolish fancy
Seemed to whisper, "All is well";
Now she's on the wild toboggan;—
What a fool, I didn't sell!

Call me Rube and call me "sucker"!
Kick me hard, right here and now!
Ouch, that's plenty! Now, it's over,
Listen to this solemn vow:
Till my "scads" that line your pockets
Shall return to me again,
Bulls and Bears on dear old Stock 'Change
Ye may lay for me in vain!

E. E. KELLEY.

IMITATING FATHER.

THE other day I took my young nephew to the barber for the first time. I hated to see the soft little curls cut off, but his mother decided they must go. As the barber tied the towel under his baby chin, he remarked, "How do you want your hair cut, young man?"

"Wif a little round hole in the top, like my faver's."—*The Delineator.*

AS GOOD AS HE SENT.

AT a recent meeting of the directors of an Eastern railroad, a prominent railroad man repeated a story that he just had from a conductor on one of the limited expresses between New York and the West.

It seems that a dapper chap in the first chair car had managed to become unusually friendly with an attractive young woman in an adjoining seat. When the train pulled into Buffalo, the masher, in taking leave of the lass, remarked:

"Do you know, I must thank you for an aw'fully

aw'fully pleasant time; but I'm afraid you would not have been so nice to me had you known that I was a married man"

"Oh, as to that," quickly and pleasantly responded the charming young woman, "you haven't the least advantage of me. I am an escaped lunatic."—*Sunday Magazine.*

WHY HE COULD NOT TALK.

A COMMUTER, says a writer in the *New York Times*, hired a Swedish carpenter to repair some blinds on the outside of his house. During the day the commuter's wife looked after things, and once or twice came out to see if the man was getting on all right.

"Is there anything you need, Mr. Swenson?" she asked, on her second trip.

The carpenter gulped once or twice, but made no reply. The lady repeated the question.

Again a gulp and no answer.

"Why don't you answer me, sir?" said the lady indignantly.

The Swede turned and looked down at her gravely.

"My mout is full of sgrews," he said. "I cannot speag undil I svaaller some!"

A PLACE FOR HOSEA.

MR. HALE once told of a minister who preached over an hour on the four greater prophets, and then, when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and, leaning over the pulpit, said: "We now come to the more complex question of the minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place Hosea?" An irascible old gentleman in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said as he departed: "You may give him my place, if you want to. I'm going."—*Argonaut.*

THE WRONG MAN.

A MARRIED couple stood looking into a shop window. A handsome tailor-made dress took the lady's fancy, and she left her husband's side to examine it more closely. Then she went back to where she had been standing and took his arm. "You never look at anything I want to look at!" she exclaimed. "You don't care how I dress! You don't care for me now! Why, you haven't kissed me for three weeks!" "Indeed, I am sorry. It is not my fault, but my misfortune!" said the man. Turning round she looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man.—*Argonaut.*

THE REAL THING.

"WHAT'S doing in the way of amusements?" asks the new-comer of the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from 'way back, on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

"Sure thing."

"By ginger! This place suits me. Baseball! Say, this can't be hell, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."—*Life.*



Why is the Shooting always good when you go Fishing?—*Life.*