

THE DEMI-TASSE

A POLICE TESTIMONIAL.

THE story is being told at the City Hall, Toronto, that, on the Saturday evening when Mrs. Pankhurst addressed a meeting in Massey Hall, the subject of a police guard for the hall came up.

"We'll need several men," remarked one in authority.

"If you'll excuse me, sir," said one of the younger men, an English member of the force, "I don't think you'll require many of us. You see, I knew Mrs. Pankhurst in the Old Country and she can hold a crowd better than the police."

* * *

NEWSLETS.

THERE is a beautiful silver lining to every cloud.

Canadian women do not take much interest in politics but then they are not written up by the poets. Just think how dreadful it would be to have Duncan Campbell Scott or Wilfrid Campbell writing "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" about some fair lady in the land!

Captain Bernier was not greeted with hilarious crowds in Massey Hall, Toronto. Who wants to hear about polar regions any more? The N. P. is N. G.

Steffof is to be hanged—no appeal considered. Now, if Steffof had only been Blythe, instead of a poor benighted Russian, he might be looking forward to a pleasant little week-end in Kingston, instead of the gallows. Moral: Beat your wife to death, if you must have a little exercise of the murderous sort.

Commander Robert Peary is in such distress! He has crocheted a perfectly lovely pair of bedroom slippers as a Christmas present for Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and now he does not know the latter's address.

Canada is getting to be the loneliest place. Mr. Stewart Lyon is away in England writing up the British Elections, Mr. J. S. Willison is away in England writing up the British Elections, and, now, if Mr. Joe Clark, the bright and particular scribe of the *Star* hasn't gone to England to write up the British Elections.

* * *

HER REASONS.

WOMEN, it is declared, are more personal than men in their reasons for a certain course of action. This theory was forcibly expressed by a Toronto citizen whose wife was with the deputation which visited Sir James Whitney last week, in connection with the bonusing of Old Country servant girls. Sir James, as is well known, is of the bluff order of knighthood. His worst enemy would not call him a hypocrite, his best friend would not call him a Chesterfield. Sir James was not in a pleasant mood and the ladies were ruffled in spirit when they



"To him that hath shall be given."—Life.

left. Consequently, the Toronto citizens heard these few remarks at dinner:

"No, Edward, I've never wanted a vote. But I do now, and I'm going to have one. If you'd just heard how Sir James sneered when we told him of our troubles with the servants, and of how hard it is to do anything without them, your blood would have boiled. Do you suppose he'd have dared to treat us like that if we had votes? Now, I've always been a Tory and I've not believed in woman suffrage. But I'm going to join the suffrage association to-morrow, and you'll just see if I don't worry that Government."

"You aren't going to throw bricks at Whitney's windows, are you?" said Edward in alarm, "because, I'll take the money for fine's out of your housekeeping allowance."

"You'll see," was the ominous response. "He'll be sorry he did not give us that separate office. It's a queer thing if women can't have what they want from horrid old premiers. You just wait until the next Provincial Election. We'll show Sir James that he can't laugh at us."

Whereupon Edward reflected deeply and long.

* * *

A GOVERNMENT DOCTOR.

WELL, Batise, have you been troubled much with your rheumatism lately?" asked an Ontario farmer of a habitant neighbour.

"By golly, sir, dere was a man come round the odder day and he fix my roomatism better dan all the doctors in town."

"That so. Who was he anyway?"

"He was some Government doctor. The Government send him roun' for the poor people who can't pay. He don' charge you not'ing excep' one dollar for the medicine."

W. L. U.

* * *

BY THE CARTLOAD.

MACKINTOSH (to his elder, who has advised him to try and check his strong language at golf by picking up pebbles, one for every bad word, and bringing them to the elder on Sunday after kirk)—Here, man, is a handfu' for "Bothers," and here, man, is anither for "Hangs."

Elder—Well, that's no verra dreadfu', I'm thinking.

Mackintosh—Ay, but bide a wee; there's a cart coming up the hill wi' the "Damns!"

* * *

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

THERE was great excitement in the office of the County Clarion, the local newspaper of a small up-state town. The handy man of the office, who usually acted as proofreader, was unaccountably absent. A prominent citizen, long past the allotted "threescore and ten," had departed this life, and a fire of mysterious origin had totally destroyed an unoccupied old house that had long threatened to fall down.

In making up the paper the printer mixed the galleys. Imagine the astonishment of the readers when they came across the following paragraph in the obituary column:

"The scene was one of impressive solemnity as amid the sobs of the grief-stricken mourners, all that was mortal of our fellow-townsmen was lowered to its last resting place. Then, eager for their prey, the flames leaped high and swallowed the battered framework in a blaze of gold and crimson glory, and so another relic of bygone days vanished into the past. There were few regrets, for, in spite of the fact that it possessed many historical associations, the old ruin had been an eyesore to the town for years."

* * *

LORD CHARLES AT HOME.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is devoid of any suspicion of "side" or nonsense. At the close of one of Lord Charles' meetings at York, at the time he was wooing that constituency, a solemn and sedate old clergyman who had been seated on the platform came up to the candidate and said with much gravity: "Allow me, Lord Charles, the pleasure of shaking hands with you. I had the honour of being confirmed, many years ago, by your respected uncle, the primate of all Ireland."

Lord Charles instantly shouted in stentorian tones to his brother, who was near the door at the

other end of the hall: "Bill! Bill! Here's a parson who says he was confirmed by old Uncle John; come up here and have a talk with him!"

* * *

GOOD ADVICE.

IT was at a Chicago literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made it in his presence and that of several other members. "What ought I to do now?" asked the break-maker, much embarrassed. "If I were you," suggested an artist who had heard the whole proceeding, "I should go out and wiggle my ears and eat another thistle."

* * *

THE RIGHT WAY.

WHISTLER once undertook to get a fellow-painter's work into the autumn salon. He succeeded and the picture was hung. But the painter, going to see his masterpiece with Whistler on varnishing day, uttered a terrible oath when he beheld it. "Good gracious," he groaned, "you're exhibiting my picture upside down."

"Hush, said Whistler, "the committee refused it the other way."

* * *

UNWELCOME ATTENTIONS—



And Proper Disapproval.—Bystander.

* * *

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

AT the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's. The French ambassador, on receiving his invitation, was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed. "The queen," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?"

Baron Brunnow listened gravely to his colleague's exposition and then replied: "As the duke is dead, I think you can safely go to the funeral. If you were asked to attend his resurrection, I should say refuse the invitation."

* * *

DIDN'T WEAR 'EM.

JIMMIE giggled when the teacher read the story of the man who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie; "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

* * *

YES; WHICH WAY?

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways, or up and down?"—Chicago Daily Socialist.