

T H E

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.*



A HEAVY JOB.

ONE night there rushed into the Agnes Street police station, Toronto, a citizen of Hebrew features and accent who called excitedly for a member of the force.

"What's the matter?" asked a splendid young constable of Irish birth and of six-feet-three stature.

"I have a lodger," said the complainant excitedly, "I am from York Street and I have a lodger who is trying to get away without leaving me de money. I want him seized—and I have a vitness."

"But this isn't the place to make a complaint like that," responded the other, "it's another court ye want," and he explained to the excited landlord the procedure for gaining his dues. However, after repeated advice and expostulation, the gentleman from York Street still plaintively remarked:

"But I have a vitness. I tell you he must not get away."

"This is no place for ye," said the officer in final anger, "get out of this with ye."

As the wailing landlord departed, the man in blue turned to a newspaper reporter and said with a sigh: "Think of the time Moses must have had with the like of him for forty years."

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TIMELY RHYMES.

That excellent barrister, Blake,
Is sure that the church is a-shake.
He thinks it a scandal
To light a tall candle
And makes Wycliffe theologues quake.

There are thoughts that we'd hate to express,
There are feelings one dare not confess.
They are such as MacKay
Has when Whitney goes by—
But they're only political stress.

In Manchester City, dear Winston did run,
And he talked six times daily to each mother's son.
So they all had enough
And they treated him rough,
While Canada thinks it was glorious fun.

J. G.

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AN UNLUCKY NUMBER.

THE judge, who is also a philanthropist in a small but practical way, was visiting the cells in a prison, talking sympathetically with the prisoners, some of whom he had sentenced.

His efforts were generally well received, but one man was quite unmoved by his friendliness. He returned curt replies and absolutely refused to expand.

"I'm no criminal," he said at last; "I'm only a victim."

"A victim of what?" the judge inquired, with friendly interest.

"A victim of number thirteen, that's what I am."

"A victim of number thirteen!"

"Yes—a judge and twelve jurymen."—*Short Stories.*

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NEWSLETS.

FIFTY Doukhobors are to pilgrimage from Fort William to Montreal. "O Chilly Band of Pilgrims!" The Douks are a worthy people who have merely made the mistake of interpreting too literally the steamship agent's advertisement of the Dominion of Canada as a modern paradise, a veritable Garden of Eden.

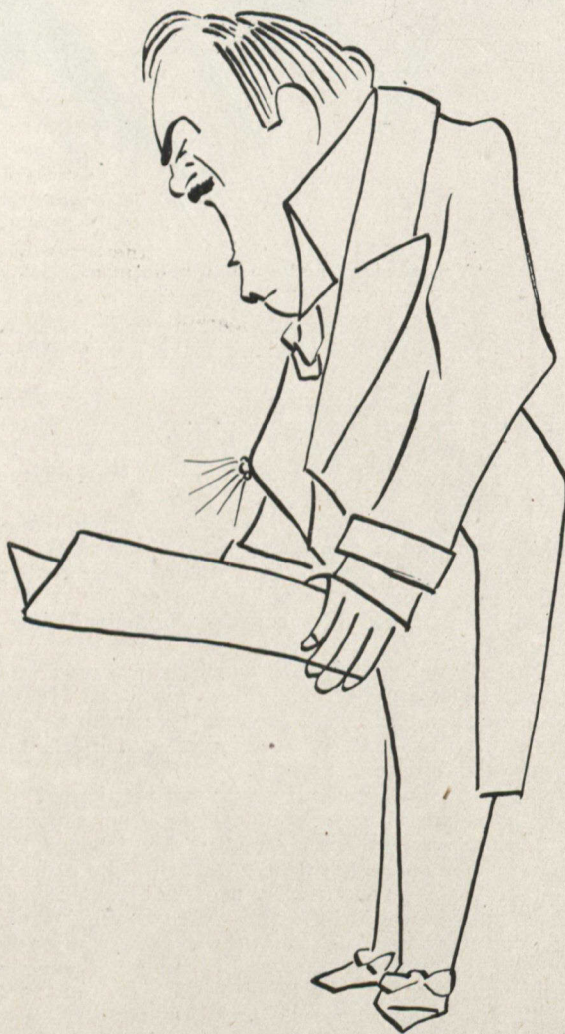
Four hundred monkeys recently became intoxicated on a German ship and had the time of their lives, setting the crew at defiance and absolutely refusing to go to their cages at eleven o'clock. The Southern States are wondering what it feels like to be a monkey.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw won the \$1,000 fiction prize which *Collier's Weekly* offers every three

months for the best story accepted during the quarter. Mr. Shaw has returned the cheque with a letter of first-class abuse, worth five dollars an epithet. Not since Mr. W. F. Maclean gave up his extra indemnity as M.P., has such an event stirred this continent. Needless to remark, Mr. Shaw is Irish. Ralph Connor is said to have burst into tears and exclaimed "It's no' canny," when he heard of the wilful waste.

There is a fantastic-footed spinster by the name of Maud, who is dancing to crowded houses in London, England, in this merry springtime. An archdeacon has audibly disapproved of her *Salome* performance which out-Orientals the Orient. And now the City of Hamilton rejoices, for it is revealed that Maud was born in Toronto—once known as the Good—and took her first tottery steps on the way to the Yonge Street docks.

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Caricature of Caruso, by Himself.

There was a great singer, Caruso,
Whose notes to the heavens, they flew so,
That others took pains
To equal the strains,
But were really unable to do so.

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OXFORD ANECDOTES.

IN a second edition of "Reminiscences of Oxford," by Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A., there are some choice stories of historic worthies. The Rev. Moses Griffith is the hero of several anecdotes. Once when reading the lesson at morning service he came to the long pedigree given in the third chapter of St. Luke. "Which was the son of Heli," he began, and then casting a sad eye at the remainder of the list of names, he added, "the rest neither concerns you nor me, so here endeth the Second Lesson."

On another occasion an Oxford physician, re-

markable for his abstemiousness, was invited to dine with Mr. Griffith. "The doctor" did scant justice to the dishes; "My maxim, Mr. Griffith, is to eat and leave off hungry." His host threw up his hands, as he was wont.

"Eat and leave off hungry. Why not wash and leave off dirty?"

On one occasion, so fame reported, the science students were invited to relate instances of surprising animal instinct. Whereupon, it was announced by an imaginative student, to the consternation of the professor, who did not appreciate jokes, that he "knew a man whose sister had a tame jellyfish which would sit up and beg."

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AN EXACTING FRIEND.

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's marriest again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three weddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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HIS RETORT.

A KENTUCKY colonel was telling a Northern friend about a man who had called him a liar. "And what did you do?" inquired the friend mildly.

"What did I do, sah? I went to the funeral, sah!"

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KNEW THE SIZE.

"I WANT some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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DISCREET MR. ASQUITH.

WISDOM and wit are about evenly balanced in an utterance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which lately went the rounds in England.

Mr. Asquith was recently speaking in a Welsh town, when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by a voice in the audience, which demanded to know his position as to woman's suffrage.

"That," Mr. Asquith replied, blandly, "is a subject I prefer to discuss when ladies are not present."—*Youth's Companion.*

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FILLED THE BILL.

IT is better sometimes to know what not to do than to be possessed of all the positive information of the universe. Thus was the boy of the Philadelphia *Press* story wise beyond his years.

"Are you after the job as office boy?" asked the merchant.

"Sure!" replied the youngster.

"Any previous experience?"

"No, sir, nothing previous about me, and I don't whistle."

"Hang up your hat!"

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REASONS FOR HASTE.

A TRAVELLER, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "D've think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours! Gitap!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*