

### The Latest.

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And they got it through the medium of enthusiastic audiences.

But wot about prohibition?

And the Post echoes in the distance:—

They won't go for Prohibition,  
For it isn't in their mission,  
And in spite of deputations they  
won't make the thing a "go."  
And, of course, it stands to reason  
That the M.P.'s in cold season  
Cannot get along without their drop  
o' something hot, you know!

Lottie Collings sprained her ankle the other night, dancing "Ta-ra-raboom-de-ay," and no wonder. "Ta-ra-ra" is much too over-strained, quite out-of-date, in fact.

Capt. Good said the other day that if the British came ashore at Hawaii they would "stamp them to the earth." This is only another instance of the stamp of the windy Yankees' tell him.

McWhirrel still has hopes, he says. Where there's life there's generally hope the adage tell us.

Since the pastor of Grace Church objects to theatrical performances to help the church expenses, and doesn't like the pesky reporters round worrying him almost to death, why not get up a bazaar another time, like they do in England and have a raffie (beg

**"Worried"** at the finish? At the reporter hates the very thought of bazaars.

### A HONEST THIEF.

Police Superintendent — We are sorry to say, O'Hoolihan, that you are discharged from the force. There was a burglary at a jeweller's on your beat, and you have evidently neglected your duty.

O'Hoolihan — Yis, your honor. I met a man, an' he said he was going to the jeweller's.

P. S.—Why, you fool, the man did go to the jeweller's, and stole a thousand pounds worth of goods.

O'H.—Yis, your honor. The man may have been a thief, bu' he was no liar.

What is the proper way of addressing the admiral of the fleet?  
"Your warship."

### WHAT THE STUDENT THOUGHT.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him:

"Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?"

"I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

Father—"Now Jimmie, I'm going to give you a hard thrashin'. D'you wantor know what for?"

Son—"Nossir, I don't, 'cos if you tells me what fur then I'm goin' to say I hain't dun it, 'on you'll lick me twice as hard fur lyin' about it."

### Labby's Visitor.

[By HARRY FURNIES, OF PUNCH.]

Mr. Labouchere has for once shown a lack of coolness through the great parliamentary crisis. He has quite lost his head over the changing of premiers, and the *sun froul* for which he is noted has quite deserted him. Perhaps two instances of that quality of his may interest my readers. When attached to the British Embassy at Rome, young Labby received instructions to make inquiries about Florence, or some distant place. He wrote for expenses, but they were not allowed. However, Mr. L. started. Nothing was heard of him for weeks. Eventually, in reply to many despatches sent out to ask how he was getting on, a letter arrived—"As expenses are not allowed Mr. Labouchere is obliged to walk. He expects to reach his destination by the end of the year!" At another time I think he was attached to the consul or some such official in America. A busy American rushed into the office one day, and found young Labouchere there alone. "Say, youngster, be slick and tell your boss I want to see him right away!" Labouchere informed the volcanic visitor that his "boss" was out, and that he (the stranger) had better take a seat. He then continued reading the paper. Presently he put on his coat, lit a cigarette, and was going out. The stranger, who was boiling over with impatience, and who had interrogated Labby for over half an hour without eliciting any reply from him except that the boss was out and he didn't know when he would return. At last the American could stand it no longer. "Look here, young Britisher, tell me where your boss has gone?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Labouchere, "he sailed for Europe this morning. Good evening."

### THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

He stole a kiss. With flashing eyes  
The maiden asked him how he  
dared

To take a girl so by surprise.

For such an insult unprepared.

So wrath she seemed, the young man  
thought

His hasty act had not been wise;

And thinking to appease her wrath,

He hastened to apologize.

Fatal mistake. For hardly had

The girl, his first excuses heard,

Thau, really angry now, she turned,

And left him there, without a word.

So all young men, bear this in mind:

In sight of maidens worldly-wise,

It's sometimes wrong to steal a kiss—

But always to apologize.

### DID SHE WANT A NEW BONNET?

Mr. Fitzjones—What was the matter with the last girl who called? She seemed to be neat and intelligent and was well recommended.

Mrs. Fitzjones—No doubt about that! But I won't have a girl about the house who dresses better than I do and is more intelligent than my husband.

### Short or Long Sentences?

A writer in *Pearson's Weekly*, London, England, gives the following as the result of a chat with the Liverpool Recorder:—

Mr. Horwood, Q.C., M.P., has come greatly into prominence during the past few years, in part by reason of the lenient sentences he passes on prisoners who are brought before him at the Liverpool Sessions. Whilst other judges habitually sentence thieves to imprisonment for months, the Liverpool Recorder has been known to content himself with letting a thief off with the nominal punishment of one day's incarceration.

His attitude having created alarm in some quarters, a representative called the other morning on the Recorder, who, in reply to a number of questions, gave the following information:—

"Ever since I became Recorder of Liverpool in 1886 I have followed out two rules, the first of which is never to imprison a man if I can reasonably avoid doing so, and the second whenever I have felt obliged to punish, to punish as lightly as I feel justified in doing. In carrying out this policy I have reduced imprisonment by about two-thirds as compared with the sentences of my predecessor.

"To speak more accurately, a saving of 2,926 years imprisonment has been effected in the sentences on a total of 3,747 prisoners dealt with at the Sessions up to the end of the year 1893.

"If anyone will think for himself he will see what a saving of human suffering and State expenditure is secured. And look at the following figures:—The indictable offences in Liverpool, as shown by the Police Returns for the year 1886, were 5,626; in 1892 they were only 3,171.

"I don't claim to have reduced crime, but I do claim to have demonstrated that light sentences are as effective in reducing it as heavy ones; because I frequently give a man a month whose offence is such that the law allows me to give him several years' penal servitude. Nearly every judge is in favor of a Court of Criminal Appeal, or at any rate some tribunal for revising sentences. Why, it is actually in the power of a judge to sentence a man to penal servitude for ten years for stealing a shovel!

"In cases of assault and uttering of base coin I have repeatedly given short sentences—say a month or two—with the result that these crimes have been greatly diminished as figures will testify. My attention was first directed to this matter some forty years ago in this manner:—

"At the Manchester Session most severe sentences were the order of the day, while at Salford, a

few yards away, where similar property was exposed, and the conditions of life were identical, extreme leniency was studied.

"It would have been predicted that the calendar of Salford would rise above that of Manchester, or that the Manchester calendar would be reduced. However the number of prisoners at each Court remained practically stationary.

"When I sentence a man to one day's imprisonment he has often been awaiting trial for six weeks or two months, so he does not get off so lightly after all. I have never sentenced a burglar to one day's imprisonment, as some people say, for the simple reason that I have no jurisdiction over burglary.

"I am glad to be fortified on general questions of leniency by views and examples of judges like the Lord Chief Justice, Justices Mathew, Wright and Collins. After prolonged imprisonment a convict comes back to the world absolutely broken down, with everything that was manly in him obliterated. He has been, in fact, a slave for years, and returns to his old haunts a victim to the influence of anyone with a stronger will than he through prison life now possesses. He has no power now to resist evil suggestions and is a poor, helpless creature with no means of livelihood but a resort to pilferage.

"This is not the case, mystery of matters, who, after short sentences, come out of prison with strength left to enable them to seek honest employment."

Mudgo—I'm in a peck of trouble.

Yabsly—What's the matter?

Mudgo—Why—or—you know, I have been paying some attention to old Stockandland's oldest daughter. I've got an invitation to poker with him to-night and I don't know whether he'll get mad if I beat him or think I have no business capacity if I let him beat me.

### IMPOSSIBLE.

Spatts—I'm very sorry for that boy. Your scolding cut him to the quick.  
Bloobumpor—That's impossible. He has no quick. He's a messenger boy.

Shrowd Doctor—"I see what's the matter; its mental strain—too much worry." Business Man—What do you advise? "Change of scene." "Where to?" "Oh to any country where there is no extradition treaty."

Mrs. Ebergo.—I understand that your daughter said I am a gossiping gadabout?

Mrs. Stayathome—You musn't pay any attention to the child. She is forever repeating what she hears all the neighbors are saying.

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