

THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

THE comet will have to get out of the limelight. The astronomers of the earth are away below par, and Halley stock is as low as Dr. Cook's.

Hon. William Pugsley and all the other happy Liberals have had such a charming party at the Ontario Club with covers for Twenty-Three.

King Frederick of Denmark is facing a political crisis. He knows how to sympathise with Premier Rutherford of Alberta.

Earl Grey has been invited to visit the Arctic. He had better take warning by the other young men who have gone north. It's hard to be a Polar hero and means more bricks than bouquets.

Sir Wilfrid has just taken a little pleasure trip to Toronto—merely to arrange for a regatta on the Newmarket Canal.

A Fruitful Topic.

ON the glorious Twenty-Fourth, an intoxicated citizen was delivering an oration to such of the passengers on the Niagara boat as were willing to listen to his sagacious remarks.

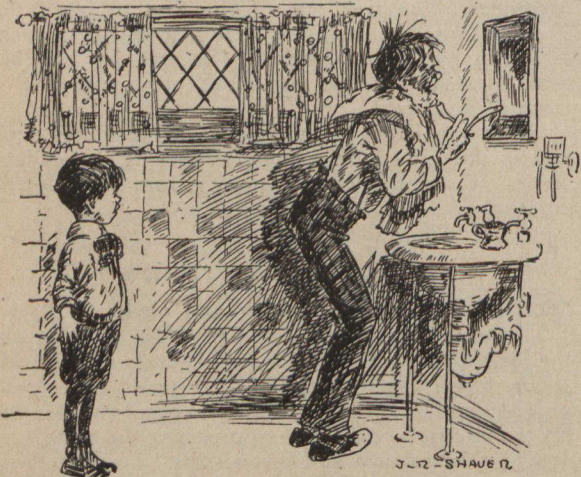
"Asquith isn't so bad," he said wisely, "but the Liberals in the Old Country need another leader. Now, Lord Raspberry'd be just the man. Oh, Lord Raspberry is an awfully fine man."

Chief Justice Sifton's Humour.

A GOOD story is told of Chief Justice Sifton of Alberta, who was once a famous stump speaker. This story explains why he was accounted such a marvellous orator. His memory was a miracle. On one occasion he and Doctor Brett were having a campaign in the Banff district. The two candidates were friends as well as competitors and were holding joint meetings. It had been so arranged between them that on one evening Dr. Brett would speak first and Mr. Sifton would reply. Then on the following evening the order of things would be reversed and Mr. Sifton would speak first and Dr. Brett reply.

And so it was that on one occasion when it was Mr. Sifton's turn to take the platform first, he finished his discourse before the Doctor had arrived, an emergency call having delayed the representative of the medical profession. In order to keep the meeting going Mr. Sifton arose and assured the assembled audience that he had heard Dr. Brett's address on several occasions, and that if they would allow him he would tell them exactly what the Doctor would say, if he were here. The audience yelled assent.

So Mr. Sifton proceeded to give Dr. Brett's speech, word for word as he had heard it on several occasions. He told all the Doctor's stories, and told them well. When he was nearly through Dr. Brett arrived in great haste and Mr. Sifton at once sat down. The Doctor ascended the platform and began to deliver his address. The smiles that spread over the faces of the audience who had gathered that



Mother's voice from next room: Willie, come here! you must never listen to your father shaving—Life.

night at the little town of Anthracite may be easily imagined, but it was some time before Dr. Brett could discover what had gone wrong with his audience.

Must Have Been Irish.

A NEW YORK cartoonist, who has reached fame and fortune by the black-and-white route, was in several "professions" before he reached the safe retreat of Easy Street. Among his various callings was that of a detective, in which his career was not of an encouraging order. His first task of arrest was undertaken with a light heart and ere long he had his "man" in charge. He proceeded to take him to the police station and, at this point, the troubles of the guileless detective began. On the way, the man remarked that he was hungry and that he would enjoy breakfast in a restaurant. This suggestion appealed to his detective guardian who remained outside. When the latter was tired, he went inside and enquired of his legal charge, only to be informed that an escape had been effected through the back door.

"There was racing and chasing" even as in the days of Lochinvar, and eventually, the detective recaptured the law-breaker and they set off once more for the police station. Breakfast was again the prisoner's plea and he declared that he had not had nearly enough to eat when he was hurried away by the wild desire for freedom. The detective relented and gave his permission; but, in order to prevent a repetition of the previous act he decided to station himself at the back door and watch. After waiting in vain for some time, he went inside, and the keeper of the cafe explained that "the gentleman had just gone out the front way." After a second chase the man was once more recaptured. His nerve, however, had not departed and he made a third demand for something to eat.

"No, you don't," replied the cartoonist-detective. "I am hungry myself and I'm going in to eat. You can stay outside and wait until I get a meal."

The third and final disappearing act of the criminal promptly took place, and, after an account of the experience went to headquarters the would-be detective swiftly vanished from the ranks.

A Joking Judge.

MR. JUSTICE MAULE, one of the most notable of the Victoria judges, has a pleasing and jovial wit.

"My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Justice Maule, "but the question is how long have you been a widower?"

He Knew the Kind.

LITTLE Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said, "Edward, you may have my baby, she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want a old baby. I want a bran new one wif noffin on but tacum powder."

Without a Doubt.

THE teacher was having a very trying time, while instructing little Johnnie, aged six, how to count, so finally she said: "Johnnie, if your father would give your mother ten dollars this morning, and five dollars to-night, what would she have?"

Johnnie answered with conviction: "She would have a fit."

His Excuse.

A STORY is told of a prisoner before Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, at the time when the latter was one of the Justices of Appeal of Ireland, whose ready wit probably saved his neck.

Lord Fitzgibbon was holding assizes in Tipperary County, when a man was brought before him on indictment for murder. The case was proved that the victim came to his death by being hit with

a stick in the hands of the defendant; but the doctor testified that he had what they called in medical parlance a "paper skull."

The case looked dark for the prisoner, however, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. As the man was brought before the court for sentence it was noticed that his Lordship had his black cap in his hand.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" demanded Lord Fitzgibbon.

The man looked for a moment and then said, "No, your Lordship, I have nothing to say; but I should like to ask one question."

"What is that, my man?" said Fitzgibbon.

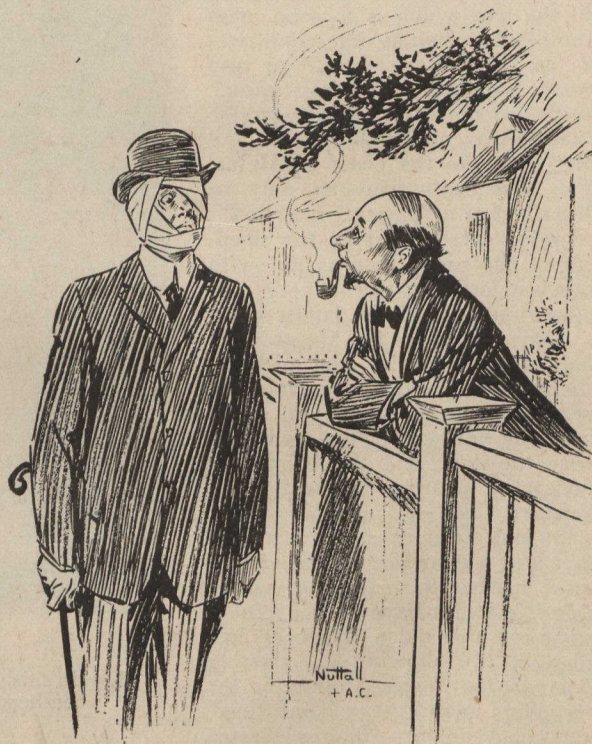
"I should like to know what a man with a head like that was doing in Tipperary?"

The black cap was put away and a prison sentence imposed.

Happy "Jeames."

JEAMES knocks a cup off the mantel, shivering it into a thousand fragments. His mistress, hearing the noise, rushes in and stands for a moment stupefied by the result of her servant's awkwardness. "Oh," she cries, with tears in her eyes, "my beautiful old Sevres!"

"Oh," exclaims Jeames in a joyous tone, a seraphic smile spreading all over his face, "I was so frightened at first, ma'am; I thought it was something new, ma'am!"



"Hello! Had an accident?"
"No. Just trying to keep warm."

An Invention of His Own.

A GOOD many years ago a member of the New Brunswick Legislature whose agricultural knowledge was rather hazy, was addressing that body on the excellent work of the Government in introducing pure-bred stock into the province.

"The Government," he said, "have brought in the Shorthorn cattle and the Southdown sheep, the—the—"

"The hydraulic ram," said a fellow-member in an undertone.

"And the hydraulic ram, sir," announced the speaker triumphantly.

W. L. H.

Lucky Princess.

THE Princess of Monaco was, before her marriage, a Miss Heine and she is noted for her contempt for money. On one occasion, after a burglary had been committed in her apartments, she astounded a magistrate by stating that she never counted her money, and did not know which of her jewels had been stolen, as she never troubled to find out how many she had.

"But," said the magistrate, in surprise, "how do you manage your financial affairs?"

"Oh," replied the Princess, "when I go shopping I just fill a bag with money, and buy what I want. That is the end of it."