

THE DEMI-TASSE

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLVED: That I will not discover the North Pole this year.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook.
Resolved: That I will be Mayor of Toronto.—H. C. Hocken, Esq.
Resolved: That I will not try to swim in the Newmarket Canal.—Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.
Resolved: That I will not play in Dr. Gilmour's backyard when he moves to Guelph.—G. C. Creelman.
Resolved: That I shall give up trying to be a member of the peerage.—James Simpson.
Resolved: That I will not follow in dear old Leopold's footsteps.—King Albert of Belgium.

THE FAVOURITE.

Said the Broker to the Eskimo:
 "You've a cosy home, I learn,
 You scarcely need to think of funds
 You've sealskin sacsques to burn.
 Yet if you were to purchase stocks
 Upon the Arctic Mart,
 What would you buy, my northern friend,
 To make a gentle start?"

The Eskimo just thought a while
 And then he softly smiled,
 As if a thought occurred to him
 Which all his cares beguiled.
 He stroked his chilly, marble brow
 And said in frigid voice:
 "I think, if I were buying stock
 'Peary preferred' would be my choice."

THE WRONG SIGN.

A RECENT arrival from the British Isles was grumbling the other day to a Toronto man that the church had too "bloomin' much" to do with politics in Canada and that he thought it was time to do away with clerical interference.
 "You're away off," said the Toronto man. "The church has nothing to do with politics in this country."
 "Then what d'you mean by putting up the sign, 'Church for Controller?'" inquired the grumbler.
 The Toronto man looked puzzled and then smiled at this misconception of "Three cheers for Tommie!"

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

THERE once was a Bishop who dwelt in the buoyant and delightful City of Cork. He was fond of addressing his congregation in a most friendly, not to say affectionate, manner. "Dear souls," was one of his pet forms of address. What was the surprise and amusement of an American visitor who



Mrs. Jones, (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song).
 "Deary me! I'm sure 'e 's a wonderful man for a Parson.
 Nobuddy couldn't call 'im tight-laced!"—Punch.

attended the church one Sunday, when the Bishop broke out in the fervent remark: "Dear Cork souls!"

Another story was told by a genial United Stateser, who found himself at the other extremity of Ireland, in no less a town than Londonderry. He entered a tobacconist's shop, to find a very pretty girl in charge of the "best leaf." He bought the necessary supplies and then surveyed with pleasure the rosy face of the girl who had waited on him.

"Do you know, my dear girl," he said, with deliberate admiration, "you've got the prettiest eyes I've ever seen?"

A pair of Irish eyes blazed for a second, and there flashed the reply: "Yes, and you're not the first impertinent Yankee who's told me so."

BREAKING THE NEWS.

A RENOWNED scientist, who had been exploring returned to England bringing with him various animals which he intended to present to the Zoological Gardens. He was most particular to see that they were well looked after on board, and was so attached to them that when one of the laughing hyenas was found dead one morning, the captain, to whom the occurrence was at once reported, hardly knew how to break the news, and eventually entrusted the task to the sailor in whose special care the animals were, bidding him break it as gently as possible.

"If you please, sir," said this worthy, approaching the bereaved passenger, "you know them two laughing hyenas of yours?"

"Yes, my man, what about them?"

"Nothing much, yer honour, only one of 'em 'asn't got much to laugh at this mornin'?"

THE PART OF SANTA CLAUS.

"HOW many presents did Santa Claus bring you?" asked a caller of Miss Grace, who is in her early teens and had just with great enthusiasm gone through her first season of extensive give-and-take gift-making.

"Only six," she replied almost mournfully as she surveyed the stack of holiday finery which burdened the table in front of her.

"Why, I thought these were all yours," the visitor exclaimed in astonishment.

"They are, but all the others except the six are just exchanges."

HE KNEW HOW.

A YEAR ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Tree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir, an' I've been t'inkin' so for t'ree weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the raise.—*Success*.

A SURE THING.

A DURHAM farmer was travelling to London to consult a lawyer, when the fear struck him that he had left certain important papers behind. He made a hurried search of his bag. "If I did leave those papers," he remarked, "I'm a fool!" The search proceeded, and a moment later he said: "I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!" Just as he was examining the last bundle of papers he exclaimed: "Well, I'll bet I'm a fool."

A man on the other side of the compartment lowered his newspaper for a moment and said, slowly and deliberately: "Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."—*English Mail*.

CANNY SANDY.

WHILE passing by an old-fashioned inn the tourists were attracted by an ancient bag-piper, who was tooting atrocious sounds through an instrument that was both dilapidated and squeaky.

"Great Jericho, Sandy!" exclaimed one in desperation. "Why don't you have your bagpipes repaired?" And the old man ceased playing and looked up in astonishment.

"Havers, mon, ye dinna understand. If ma bagpipes wor in good tune the inn mon winna give ma two shillings to move on."

GENEALOGICAL.

She: How far can your ancestry be traced?

He: Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.



"Great Scott! What a rattling good time I must have had Christmas night."—*Bystander*.

VOCAL INSTRUCTION AS AN ART.

"YOU have temperament," said Signor, the singing teacher, to the female icicle who was having her voice tried.

She entered the class!

"You display artistic reserve," Signor said to the bursting basso who rattled the roof with his bawling.

He entered the class!

"You have rare vocal equipment," Signor said to the attenuated alto who sang with her eyebrows and shoulders.

She entered the class!

"You sing with unusual intelligence," said Signor to the tiny tenor who did not understand a word of the texts he uttered.

He entered the class!

"You have wide range," Signor said to the capacious contralto who sang three tones and talked the rest.

She entered the class!

"Your top tones have tenor quality," said Signor to the burly baritone who almost choked when he ventured above middle D.

He entered the class!

"You are a born dramatic soprano," said Signor to the shrinking young thing who bleated "Violets" in tremulous, piping tonlets.

She entered the class!

"Your eyes look beautiful when you sing 'For All Eternity,'" said Signor to the poor, plain person who had neither voice, diction, intelligence, nor musical feeling.

She entered the class!

"I must place you in opera," said Signor to the bow-legged, cross-eyed clerk who sold ribbon on weekdays and sang in the choir on Sundays.

He entered the class!

"You would make an ideal Mimi or Madam Butterfly," said Signor to the middle-aged lady with the 58 bust.

She entered the class!

In fact, Signor's class is full to overflowing, and he does not understand why other vocal teachers are complaining this season.—*Musical Courier*.