

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Undertakers are raising their rates. With the cost of living already aviating, what is the poor man to do?

"God is my silent partner," is one line from a Toronto poet. Easily understood. Some people talk so much that the Almighty couldn't get a chance for a word.

Science says that prehistoric inhabitants of America baked the bodies of their dead. We are civilized. We roast the living.

The Irish Players, who were the cause of riots in a New York theatre, have no kick coming concerning the cost of living. They got fruit and vegetables free every night.

Premier Borden must be a versatile man. In telling of the dismissal of Liberals, the Toronto Globe first charged him with swinging the axe and then with passing a vacuum cleaner through one of the departments.

Arnold Bennett, novelist, says he will write the truth about Chicago. It's a safe bet that the Toronto Morality Department will ban that book.

Proved His Versatility—It was a rather remarkable Sunday-school stunt; but your lively small boy is nothing if not versatile: also he wants people to know it.

It was in the primary class of Wesley Methodist Sunday-school, Toronto, and Johnnie was making the acquaintance of his new teacher.

"Can you say a verse Johnnie?" she asked. "Yep," said Johnnie. "Suffer little children to come unto me."

A moment's pause. Then—"Would you like me to do something else for you?"

"Why, yes, Johnnie," she said.

And in great glee he bounded out into the middle of the room and neatly did a somersault, much to the delight of the other youngsters.

A Bright Clerk—She was doing her Christmas shopping and couldn't decide what to buy her hubby.

"I want to get a present for my husband," she volunteered to the bright young man behind the counter.

"How long married?" he asked. "Ten years."

"You'll find the bargain counter four circles to the left."

Worked Hard, Too.—"In view of what happened in the Federal and Ontario elections there seems to be something in at least one sign," said a Toronto man, who was looking at big bill-boards.

"Which sign is that?" he was asked. For answer he pointed to the big poster which declares that the Toronto Daily Star is "a newspaper, not an organ."

Fun Over Collars—Here are two incidents the happening of which concerned Ontario men.

In the family of a preacher it used to be the mother's custom to cut down the seventeen-inch collars worn by the man of the cloth so that they would fit a boy in the family. Another man who was staying at the preacher's house borrowed one of the collars. He saw that it was a seventeen size, and, when he found that it was too small for him, he was much alarmed over the way in which it seemed his neck must have swelled. His worry

vanished, however, when he learned that it was one of the cut-down collars that he had been trying to put on.

In the other incident the chief actor was a man who was so careless of his personal appearance that he wore his collars a long time. He also borrowed a collar from a friend, and he was so much pleased with it that he asked where such collars could be purchased.

"If you like that kind I'll send you a box of them," said the man who had loaned the collar.

"A box of them?" said a man who had heard the conversation. "Say, how long do you think — is going to live?"

Got Their V.C.'s—Two students of the University of Toronto recently qualified for a special kind of degree, and their fellow-students have been seeing to it that the two shouldn't forget it.

"Duff" Wood, of London, Ont., who is president of Varsity's Football Club, and George Kilpatrick, son of Prof. Kilpatrick, of Knox College, called at the home of Sir James Whit-



"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
Another Nature-Fakir

ney to ask Mrs. Whitney to be a patroness of the Rugby dance. The maid went upstairs with their cards and soon brought back word that Mrs. Whitney couldn't see the callers.

While the men were trying to explain matters to the maid, Mrs. Whitney came down. On seeing the college boys she said that she had gathered from what the maid said that the callers were from the vacuum cleaning establishment.

The story got around Varsity, and the other students have given the two the degree of V. C.

Ditty of the Flat-Dwellers.
(Modern version of favourite Christmas poem.)

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the flat
Not a creature was stirring—
Not even a rat.
No hosiery hung
By the gas grate with care,
For the landlord objected
To kids living there.

What to Give.—Choosing the proper Christmas gifts for friends and relatives is an art—perhaps one of the lost arts. The following little list of

suggestions ought to help a number of people:

For the bashful lover—Neatly framed motto, "Do it now."

For the family physician—A copy of "How to Keep Well."

For your creditors—A notice of your death.

For your cook—Morocco bound cook book.

For your baby boy—Ibsen's plays.

For your employer—Box of 50 cent cigars.

For your fellow employee—Fifty cent box of cigars.

For your lawyer—A suit.

For gouty father—Patent leather shoes.

For your wife—Automobile, cash for Paris gown, set of mink furs, silver service, diamond necklace, Chipendale furniture, gloves and hose (several gross), another maid, theatre party, and any other little thing she may wish.

For yourself—AN ASSIGNMENT.

Just a Hint.—He—"I must say, Mabel, you are a most melancholy wife."

She—"Some day I hope to be a merry widow."

Toronto's Street Lanterns—"Illuminated warts on a forest of concrete poles," is the metaphorical description of the rather dim Hydro-Electric lanterns on Toronto streets, as phrased by a citizen of the Queen City recently. Perhaps he was not a public ownership man, but the phrase is being widely circulated.

The Mayor and the Censor—Those Toronto policemen who act as play and poster censors have leaped perhaps unwittingly into the limelight lately by reason of some rather absurd directions concerning the covering up of cards and cigarettes shown on posters.

This recalls a rather amusing experience that Mayor Geary, who happens also to be chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners, had with those same censors shortly after his return from his Coronation trip to England.

While in London, Mayor Geary met a bright and literary-minded Montreal girl, who talked with him about literary matters, and advised him to read H. G. Wells' recent book, "The New Machievelli," which deals with problems of social and political life. The

Mayor is not an admirer of Wells, but he read the book. He found it interesting.

Soon after he returned to Toronto he was asked to address the Business Women's Club, a flourishing organization of some four hundred members. He found himself drifting in his speech along the line of Wells' doctrines, and then he frankly told the feminine audience to read the book.

For a week or two thereafter his Worship was bothered by frequent requests from women who had heard his speech and who wanted to know where they could buy the book. The Mayor made some investigation, and found that some three weeks before the police had put the book under the ban. They had discovered some little incident in it which described a fall from grace on the part of the hero, and they decided it was immoral. And so was presented the amusing spectacle of the chairman of the Police Commissioners recommending to women the book his subordinates had banned.

Answered.—Jill—"Is your friend, Mr. Sadman, married?"

Jack—"I don't know. He never tells me his troubles."

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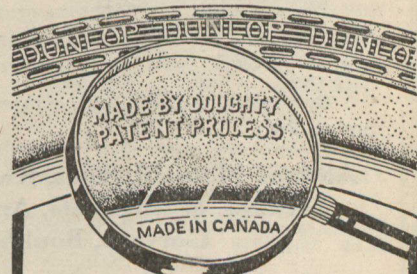
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