



THE DEMI-TASSE

HIS LIMITATIONS.

MR. GEORGE TAIT BLACKSTOCK is a legal authority of artistic perceptions, who is said to know more than the average Canadian lawyer about pictures and porcelain. Not long before the Kinrade murder broke out, ere the locketed heroine of the inquest appeared in the evening and morning papers, Mr. Blackstock was talking to a friend about a Toronto lawyer whose fondness for a good picture is generally reported.

"Yes," said Mr. Blackstock, "Blank has quite a few things in his collection. If he only had some taste, his library would be positively interesting."

HE COULDN'T SEE WHY.

YEARS ago, in the time of political strife, when Sir Mackenzie Bowell's "Remedial Bill" was convulsing the Conservative party during the winter of 1896, after four members of the Cabinet had resigned in unison there was a "feeling" among the faithful that all was not well. The Conservatives throughout the land began to discuss the perilous situation and it was agreed that something must be done.

In the northern regions of Ontario, the political game is taken strenuously and election fights have a tendency to be long and exhausting. The Tories of that district are likely to be "rabid," while the Liberals are the "Grittiest" known. An agitated supporter of Sir Mackenzie who had more zeal than education, became very anxious about the Bill.

"I don't see what's the matter with the Government," he said angrily. "Why can't a few of the rich Tories get together, put their hands in their pockets and pay that Remmydiddle Bill?"

THE PROPER TITLE.

THERE is a Montreal citizen who tells various and sundry tales of his bright little girl and her witty sayings. This sagacious little Ethel was recently talking of the small princess who "lives in the land where the windmills grow."

"She is a princess, you know, and may be the Queen some day," remarked Ethel's mother.

"I should think when she lives in Holland that they would call her a Dutchess," said the Small Person reflectively.

A NEAT REPLY.

THE word "socialist" is somewhat loosely used in Canada, to indicate almost any sort of social "reformer," from an amiable and garrulous single-taxer to a rampant flaunter of red ties, who hates corporations of all kinds, save the "Amalgamated Sons of Rest." However, Mr. James Simpson of Toronto is generally recognised as a socialist of the better type, whom no one would suspect of throwing bombs at opulent citizens. Not long ago, Mr. Simpson was at a public banquet at which one of the guests told a story, decidedly at the expense of those of socialist belief. When Mr. Simpson's turn came to make a little speech, his rejoinder was confidently anticipated.

"I am glad for many reasons," he said, "to be here to-night, but chiefly because I have met an old friend—a dear old friend—in the form of the Colonel's story." There was prolonged applause.

HEARD ON KING STREET, TORONTO.

First Citizen: "What do you think of the Kin—?"

Second Citizen (wearily): "Oh, go to H—amilton."

PROUD ONTARIO.

ONTARIO has been honoured recently with a crest which has aroused the curiosity of many, and the envy of such provinces as cannot claim "a bear passant sable and supporters, on the dexter side a moose and on the sinister side a Canadian

deer, both proper." Some loyal citizens of the premier province are afraid that the studies of the animal kingdom will prove misleading to the English public, who persist in identifying Toronto with bears and Hamilton with wolves, the *Courier* bard, in the meantime, has broken forth in song, after the manner of "Locksley Hall":

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring our fair Ontario gets herself another crest."

THE SINNER'S PROGRESS.

IN narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his recent book, "Old and Odd Memories," the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anticlimax, the rebuke of a head master to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel: "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

The young girl mentioned was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed, and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE WRONG CLUB.

The Poet: "Is there a literary club in this vicinity?"

The Editor (reaching behind the desk): "There is. Are you literary?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

HIS CAUTION WAS JUSTIFIED.

TO justify his repeated use of the same witticism, as noted in three of his plays, J. M. Barrie says: "We Scots abhor waste. Did you never hear of the aged Saunders Carlyle, who always drank off his whisky to the last drop the

instant it was poured out for him? 'Why do you drink down your liquor in that quick, greedy way?' a stranger sad to Saunders in a reproachful tone. 'I once had one knocked over,' the old man explained."—*Argonaut*.

THE BITTER JIBE.

Mistress: "Here, Bridget, are a pair of trousers for you."

Scrubwoman: "Thank ye, kindly, mum. Do ye happen to have a pair of corsets for me husband?"—*Life*.

REAL COLD.

AN American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold weather we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that!"

"I know that," replied the tale pitcher, "but the law of gravity was frozen, too!"—*Tit-Bits*.

A HANDY PRINCE.

APROPOS of Prince Louis of Battenberg's completion of twenty-one years in the navy, a correspondent sends me an amusing story of a visit Prince Louis paid to Halifax, Nova Scotia, some two or three years ago. It was soon after Lord Dufferin had been sworn in as Governor-General, and the officers of the *Royal Alfred* proposed to give a ball in his honour. On the morning of the ball, however, the alarming discovery was made that no dance programmes had been provided. Whereupon, one of the junior officers was sent off immediately to get the programmes printed, but to his horror he found all the printing offices closed the day being a general holiday. After scouting through the town, however, the officer alighted upon a newspaper office, the editor of which was working hard at a leader for the next day's issue. After being told the nature of his mission, the editor was sympathetic, but regretted that the mysteries of printing were beyond him. The young officer replied that that was of slight consequence, and declared himself to be quite capable of managing the business himself. Taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, he proceeded to "set" the type for all he was worth. A hand-press used for "pulling proof" was utilised for printing the programmes, and Prince Louis of Battenberg—for that was the printer's name—hurried off on board the flagship with his precious parcel.—*M. A. P.*

TONSorial NOTE.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."—*Democratic Telegram*.



Joan—"I'm awful frightened at the lightnin'. I wish there was a man here."

Mistress—"What good would that do?"

Joan—"He'd tell me not to be such a fool"—*Punch*.