



### The Punishment Fits the Crime.

THIS is a joke, not by the weekly perpetrator of Demi-Tasse, but on him. It concerns an overcoat, a bunch of copy and the Toronto City Hall. These are not arranged in order of magnitude.

The man whose weekly business it is to grind out the smiles on this page was pursuing his regular vocation as a newspaper writer at the City Hall, which most of the time is swarming with detectives and policemen. In all his experience in creating and carrying round in his pockets the copy for this page, the author had never been arrested by any of the detectives in the City Hall. Maybe it was because he knew most of the strong-arm men, or it may have been his guileless countenance. Anyway, he carried this copy week by week round the City Hall and was never pinched for the offence. If he had been, the story of his arrest would have appeared on this page, as this story is appearing now.

So, one day last week, the regular day on which the Demi-Tasser hands in his copy to the editor, the author walked upstairs in the City Hall and left his overcoat lying loose within dictaphone distance of a number of detectives. He had other work to do in one of the numerous places of public assemblage in the City Hall.

Here the plot thickens. He left the overcoat. As he had often done such a thing before he made no fuss over it, shed no tears and left no one with injunctions to stand guard over the garment. He did not even abstract from the pocket the precious bunch of copy which was to have generated smiles in this week's Courier.

Alas! He never dreamed of the fate that was to befall him with that innocent face. Criminals are not supposed to need their overcoats when they go behind the bars. He was to be separated from his.

BUT there was another criminal that needed his overcoat. He had been dogging the footsteps of the author for some time. He probably reasoned that within a few weeks, if the writer kept on his evil way he would be landed behind the bars anyway where he would not need that coat. When he saw the young man stroll away minus his coat the man chuckled. He knew that around the corner there were a dozen detectives. The very walls had eyes and the doors had ears. It was a cold day on the street. And it was a fine, warm coat; too good to be going away and leaving it that way; too good to be lying idle. In a time when so many men were out of work, why should a good coat be lying idle, even for half an hour?

Anyway, when the author got back to the room where he had left his coat—the coat was gone. He came to himself after the first shock and realized that the copy for Demi-Tasse was also gone—along with the coat.

Not caring for the coat so much, because any man who can write a weekly Demi-Tasse should be able to keep himself warm without one, he realized that unless a great wrong were to be done to the readers of Demi-Tasse all over Canada, he must get back that copy. He went to the detectives' headquarters and informed the police that right under their noses a man had walked away with his overcoat and a bunch of copy that never could be written again. The police took up the trail. The coat, however, was not to be found. Neither the copy. What appears on this page is not what the thief stole.

"Oh, well," reasoned the author, "I guess the best way is to let the case work itself out. That thief will be sure to read every word of the copy in order to find out the kind of man that owned the coat. If he reads that—he'll get a worse punishment

than going behind the bars. Let the punishment fit the crime."

Which with due deference we submit as a case to our readers.

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One on Dr. Noble.—Dr. John Noble, one of Toronto's best known medical men, a member of the Board of Education, is active in the organization of the Military Training Association of that city, and the other night he had a rather interesting time of it when he endeavoured to persuade the men of Earls Court, a suburb peopled by the British-born, to join that organization.

Among the advantages that the Doctor urged was that by joining the T. M. A. the citizens did not obligate themselves to take up arms and turn out, as is the case with the Home Guard.

This argument did not meet with general approval.

"Say, Doctor," piped up one little man near the front, "you ought to be organizing for the Safety First League."

And the laugh was on the Doctor.

There was a laugh also a little later on Controller "Tommy" Church, who happened in (civic elections being not far away now), and, of course, Tommy had to make a speech. He was ignorant of the fact that scant success, if any, had rewarded the efforts to establish a corps of the T. M. A., and he rapturously waded into a speech complimenting the men of Earls Court on the splendid organization they had just completed.

### War Notes.

No matter who loses in this war, John D. Rockefeller wins. They all use petrol and kerosene.

Mexico is jealous of all the space that the European nations are getting, and tries to edge into the spotlight.

If the Kiel canal would take a tip from the Panama ditch, and have a big slide!

France has commandeered all the taxicabs, well knowing the ability of taxi meters to make fierce charges.

Ireland is ready to admit that Belgium is the most unhappy land on earth—except Ireland.

Antwerp is forced to pay the salary of its German garrison without having the right to fire it.

There are people who incline to the view that it was a British plot that sent Von Bernstorff to Washington. He acts and talks like it.

An English clergyman has entered the aviation corps. You might call him a high churchman now.

In Training.—Miss Katherine Shay, a student at the University of Michigan, who is taking the engineering course, swings a heavy sledge four hours every week as part of her course. We are willing to wager that few men will be keen to marry her.

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Hear It?—Italy has barred out American pork.

Now listen for the loud squeal of the American hog.

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Politics Defined.—Mayor Mitchell said at a non-political banquet in New York:

"Deliver me from the professional politician. Thank goodness, there are no professional politicians here."

"A professional politician was walk-

ing along a country road one day when a farmer gave him a lift. The farmer, as they jogged along, said:

"And what trade might you be in, friend?"

"I ain't in no trade," the professional politician answered. "I'm in a profession."

"And what profession friend, might that be?"

"Politics."

"The farmer turned his head slowly and looked his guest up and down."

"Friend," he said, "that ain't a profession. It's a disease."

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Next.—Down in New York they recently put on a play called "Life." Not long before they had produced one by the name of "Experience."

Why not keep up this single word title style and stage a few like the following:

"Birth."

"Death."

"Marriage."

"Divorce."

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Just a Tip.—Dentists ought to make fine orators. They certainly know how to work on people's feelings.

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### Ambition.

I would not make the nation's laws, Nor walk the warship's decks, I care for neither power nor place—Content if I, but for a space, Might cash the nation's checks.

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### Cupid's Repartee.

"Tell me what it is about me That for you has such a charm? I was sure she couldn't doubt me When I answered her 'my arm.'"

Then she looked up with a wink that I interpreted meant haste, Saying, "if that's true, I think that We have little time to waist."

"Clever girl," I murmured, "this is Happiness! Do you agree?" "Yes," she answered, "and a kiss is Cupid's proper repartee."

That's the way of love's beginning—Smooth and simple as a song; When a girl is worth the winning She will help a chap along!

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Explained.—"Poor Cholly tried to blow out his brains and made a failure of it."

"Guess he couldn't find 'em."

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### Pithy Points.

A woman is apt to forgive a falsehood—if it is a compliment to herself.

Many a man with an artistic temperament makes a mess of it when he draws his own conclusions.

A divorce suit is bound to suit somebody.

All's well that ends well for the people in the smart set.

The toper puts spirits down in order to keep his spirits up.

One prize fighter seldom strikes another favourably.

It's easy enough to count the cost, but some of us find it different to pay it.

It is to be regretted that the chap who is always shooting off his mouth never blows out his brains.

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### His History.

The boy began on cigarettes, Which made him very pale; And then he read dime novelettes, And now he is in jail.

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The Fear.—The people who are promoting the great Panama Exposition may well fear that the nations of Europe will have little to exhibit next year but broken weapons and maimed men.

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One Way.—Father—"Look here, young fellow, you've got to cut down your college expenses somehow."

Son—"Well, father, suppose we begin on the books?"

## Up-to-date Women Use Diamond Dyes

It is the best-dressed women in every community who use DIAMOND DYES.

DIAMOND DYE enthusiasts never wear clothes which have lost their fresh, bright look. As soon as any gown or suit begins to lose its original beauty they recolor it—often making the fabric look better than when new.

Miss Mary Murray writes:

"My last year's suit was a light mustard color. When I took it out this fall and looked it over I thought that I would like to have another color. I talked to some of my friends about taking it to a dye house, and one of them said: 'Why don't you dye it with DIAMOND DYES.' I thought I would try my hand at it, and dyed it a dark blue."

"I bought a white pique vestee with collar attached to wear with it."

Mustard Color Dyed Dark Blue.

## Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Miss Constance White writes:

"I had a very nice light green suit, of which I was very fond."

"At dinner one night a clumsy waiter spilled some soup on it. I did my best to clean it with gasoline, but without success. I was about to discard the suit when my cousin asked me why I did not dye it with DIAMOND DYES. My cousin always looks so sweet that I thought if she used DIAMOND DYES it would pay me to do so; so I went to the druggist and purchased some black DIAMOND DYES for wool or silk."

"The photograph which I enclose will show how well DIAMOND DYES did their work. Of course, the taffeta trimming is new, and I have been wearing a white linen collar with it. I think it is very pretty, and like the suit better than when I bought it."

Light Green Suit Dyed Black.

## Truth about Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c. Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

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