

Announcement

Schacht

The Schacht Motor Car Company,
of Canada, Limited, Factory, Hamil-
ton, Ontario, Manufacturers of Pleasure
Cars and Commercial Motors, wish to
announce that on and after

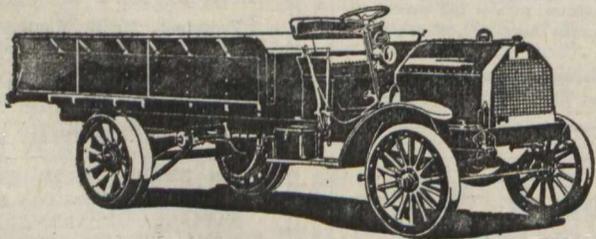
April 1st, 1912

they will occupy their new Show-rooms,
Accessory Department, Garage, Service
and Maintenance Depot, at

112-116 Richmond St. West

Toronto

Phone Main 2239



DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Now it is the Coffin Drivers' Union that has gone on strike. The cost of dying is due for its turn to rise.

It matters not if Britain's coal bin is empty; the stone-throwing suffragettes seem able to keep the Old Land all "het up."

It has been a hard winter. Even the motor cars wore mufflers.

Some statistical fiend has figured that it would take 2,000,000 years for all the ocean water to flow over Niagara Falls. Chances are that his wife was feeding the furnace and sifting ashes while he was figuring.

Children playing with fire finds a parallel in the action of a school of porpoises which are supposed to have disturbed contact mines in the Dardanelles.

Communist editors were sentenced at London to imprisonment with hard labour. The hard labour is no punishment to an editor.

"Banish the Bar" is the Ontario Liberal party's slogan, and the party won't mind if that policy banishes the bar between it and power.

Not a Bi-linguist.—A prominent Montreal travelling man tells of a funny incident that happened a little while ago in a moving-picture theatre at Camrose, Alta.

A pair of vaudeville performers had made a hit with a song and dance turn. "Encore!" yelled the audience.

But a disgusted man at the side of the house cried out, as soon as he could make himself heard: "Hang the 'encore!' Let him sing again."

"Adding Insult to Injury."—A merchant, who had tried often to get a creditor to settle up, sent a letter in which he said, "Come on, pay this bill. It's so old it has whiskers."

But the creditor sent the merchant fifteen cents and a note saying, "Get that bill a shave."

A Suggestion.—A lady, who recently tried to get a pair of kid shoes in a big store, received a startling suggestion from a clerk.

The clerk hadn't been able to produce the required kid shoes, and had asked the lady if calf-skin shoes would do.

They wouldn't, and the lady started for the door.

The clerk walked after her and expressed his regret at not having what was wanted. And, as he opened the door for the lady, he said, "Well, come in if at any time you decide to change your mind for calf-skin."

Diplomacy.—She was a diplomat. He was not. He told her of a visit he had paid to a palmist.

"She said I would marry a blonde girl within six months," he said, forgetting that the maiden beside him was a brunette.

"Six months," she mused, audibly. "Yes, dear, I think I can easily be a blonde by that time."

Another Version.

It is easy enough to be pleasant

When your purse is conveniently fat,

But the husband worth while

Is the chap who can smile

When he pays for his wife's Easter hat.

It Came From Fergus.—Mr. John Ross Robertson, who built and maintains the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, tells an amusing little story about the first subscription which he received for that worthy charity.

It was a ten-dollar bill, and it came from Fergus, Ont.

Of course, everybody knows that Fergus is a Scotch town—very Scotch. But if any proof of its Scotch origin were needed, Mr. Robertson found it when he read the letter that accompanied the ten-spot. The writer had started out with a double sheet of paper, but find-

ing that he could crowd all that he had to write on a single side of the sheet, he had torn off the other side of the paper to serve for another letter.

Pity the Premier.—Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, is said to be looking for a man to spend \$5,000,000 of Government money in Northern Ontario.

Incidentally and consequentially, there are about 5,000,000 men looking for Sir James.

Wanted—A Wife.—An incident concerning the bachelorhood of Mayor Geary, of Toronto, was recently related on this page, and another has cropped up since.

This time it is a request to his Worship for a wife.

J. J. McCartney, of Louisville, Kentucky, aged 48, has written the Mayor, asking him to pick out a nice Canadian girl for him and send her down to Kentucky. Mr. McCartney has heard of the beauty and ability of the Canadian women, and he wants to get his wife from this side of the border.

Seeing that Mayor Geary has come to his fortieth year and is still a bachelor, Mr. McCartney's inquiry seems to have been misdirected.

The Mayor's friends have heard of the McCartney letter, and they have been "kidding" his Worship about it.

Diplomacy of Discourtesy.—There are occasions when it is diplomatic to be discourteous—at least to seem discourteous. This little incident illustrates to a nicety the truth of the axiom.

It was in the lobby of a theatre. A woman was entering with her escort when one of her Titian tresses became loosened and fell to the floor behind her. It would have been almost unnoticed by the throng in the lobby had not a too courteous gentleman stooped, picked it up, and followed the lady to return it to her.

The glance she gave the unthinking gallant when she took it from him was not exactly one of gratitude.

Rough on the M.P.P.'s.—A Toronto lady who was entertaining some out-of-town friends this winter unwittingly perpetrated a rather rough joke on the Provincial Parliament.

She was very anxious that her guests should have a good time and see all the sights worth seeing about the big city. Each day she had something new for them, but she preferred to give them their choice of entertainment. She had taken them to the theatres, to the big stores, and so on, when one morning at breakfast she offered a new suggestion.

"Well, folks, where to this afternoon? The Legislature or the Riverdale Zoo? I'm sure you'd be interested at either."

Effect of Example.—This is an age of imitation—in more ways than one.

A travelling man tells a little story about his two-year-old boy which bears out the above assertion.

"I have a habit," he says, "of knocking the ashes out of my pipe by rapping it gently on the heel of my boot. Imagine my amazement the other day when I entered my den and saw the little chap standing beside the grate, one leg raised, tapping one of my pipes on the heel of his little boot. He had climbed up on a big chair, reached up to the mantel and grabbed the pipe. I suppose if I had not caught him in time he would have had it in his mouth, puffing at it."

Modern Short Story.—He met her at the corner as she waited for a car.

She met him at the corner as he waited for the same car.

His eyes met hers. Her eyes met his. They were in love. His soul soared and his being thrilled. But he didn't soar so far or thrill so much as to prevent him from keeping his feet close to the ground until she had boarded the car and he knew that he wouldn't have to pay her fare.