

# THE DEMI-TASSE

## LOOKED LIKE A CANADIAN.

IN a police court in Old London the other day, says the *Chatham Planet*, a detective gave evidence against a band of confidence men, and told the magistrate that their leader first approached a man at Waterloo Station who "had the appearance of a Canadian." He did not enlighten the court as to what a Canadian appearance was; but the incident recalls one which took place in London last year, when a bevy of girls was sent over as part of an advertising scheme for a Montreal newspaper. One of the girls got lost in the British Museum or some place of that kind, and was compelled to ask the good offices of a "bobby." She told him of her plight and asked to be directed to the private hotel at which the party was staying, adding the chance remark that she was a visitor from Canada and did not know her way about. The "copper" surprised her very much by retorting: "Ho, Miss, yer needn't 'ave told me. I knew you was a Canadian the moment I clapped my h'eyes h'on yer!" And the girl from Glengarry has always wanted to know how the constable knew. Can it be that there is really a "Canadian appearance" and that the London police have got us classified? It is an interesting point. Perhaps Doctor Colquhoun, who is just back from a trip to the "Big Smoke," could solve the riddle: "What is the Canadian appearance?"

## TRANSPORTATION.

By CY WARMAN.

If all our cars were motor cars  
Encumbering the land,  
And shooting by like shooting stars,  
We'd have nowhere to stand.

If all our plains were aeroplanes  
Sweeping the curving sky,  
The railroads might sidetrack their trains  
Or put on wings and fly.

In many ways, in many things,  
God's wisdom He reveals;  
To some men He hath given wings,  
And others—they have wheels.

## JAMES' ANSWER.

A ZEALOUS prelate of the Established Church, whose wife was of a rather haughty and imperious nature, took advantage of an opportunity to do some missionary work on his gardener, whom he had reason to suspect of possessing more than a fair allowance of worldliness. Sitting down con-

descendingly beside him one day during the noon hour rest he began solicitously to question him as follows:

"James, who is it who sees everything we do, hears all we say, knows even what we are thinking about, and in whose presence such poor creatures as you and I appear as mere worms of the dust?"

To which James unsympathetically replied, "The missus, My Lord."

F. N.

## ICONOCLASTIC.

There was a Yesterday.  
There is a To-day.  
There will be no To-morrow.

## NOT WELL PUT.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, in the smoking room of the *Amerika*, criticised trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means; he circles about his meaning, about and about it; never once hitting it off."

"He is like a young soldier in the Philippines whom a nurse told me about. She nursed the lad through a fever. On his recovery he thanked her like this:

"Thank you very much, ma'am, fer yer kindness. I sha'n't never forgit it. If ever there was a fallen angel, you're one."—*Tribune*.

## ENCOURAGING!

ONE evening when Irving was playing *Macbeth* he worked his audience into an unusually high pitch of excitement. He was in his best mood and had just reached the point where *Macbeth* orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet table.

"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" declaimed Irving in his most tragic manner, as with a convulsive shudder he sank to the ground and drew his robe over his face.

On the withdrawal of Banquo, a high-pitched, sympathetic voice shouted from the top gallery "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

## WHEN ENGLAND GOT EVEN.

THEY were commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown with the usual fiery speeches. At the close of the regular programme the chairman announced with a wink to those near him:

"We are happy to have with us on this auspicious occasion a representative of King Edward, if not of King George. Ladies and gentlemen, I

beg to present to you Major Arthur Forrester, of the First Royal Dragoons, who will now say a few words."

The Major looked a little surprised as he strolled to the front of the platform, polished his eyeglasses, and began with a drawl:

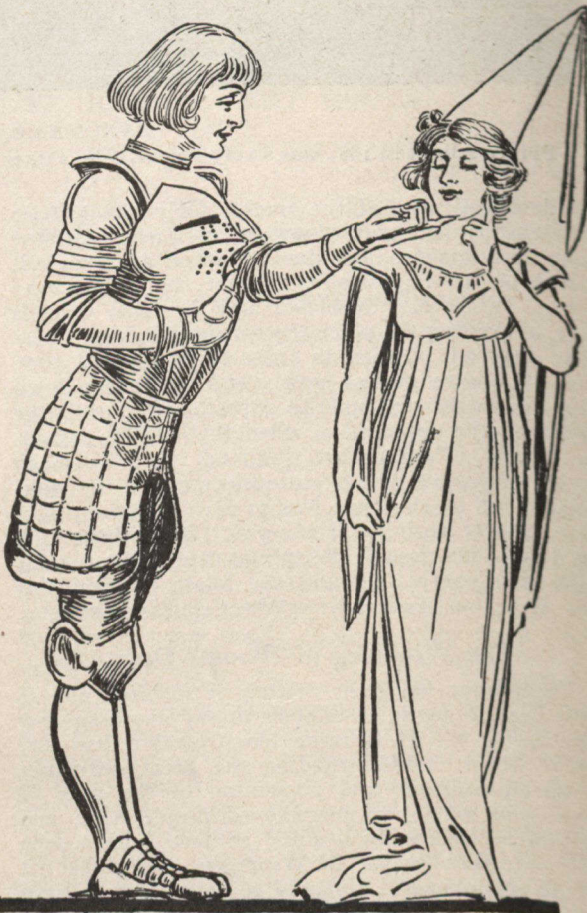
"It has long been a wonder to me how Cornwallis, with the pick of the English army, held Yorktown against a miserable force of militia for only a few weeks. But, ladies and gentlemen, I've seen your town to-day, and my wonder is now that he cared to hold such a forlorn looking spot for even one day."

"Shake!" broke in the chairman. "The drinks are on me."—*Wasp*.

## A SURE THING.

Minister: "And the child's name, madam?"

Mother (firmly): "Name him Frederick Robert Cook Peary Smith. I'm not going to take any chances."



Real Good.

"IT WAS A FRESH AND LOVELY (K) NIGHT"

—Life.

## CURRAN'S GRIM JOKE.

"I CANNOT sing; I really cannot," protested the famous Lord Norbudy of "hanging fame" to a pretty and pressing hostess. "I have neither words nor voice."

"You are too modest, Chief Justice," said Curran, who was standing by, "for I know hundreds that have hung on your words and thousands that have been transported by your voice."

## FRIENDLY LANGUAGE.

THE following story is recommended to the consideration of Sir James Whitney who enjoys vigorous invective:

A member of the Isle of Wight board of guardians thus answered a colleague from whom he had received what he took to be an insult: "I am not a bigger fool than you are, and I do not come here to be made a target for a censorious, cantankerous, scurrilous, insolent and illiterate cad from a Ventnor stable. Mr. Chairman, if you will allow him to turn upon me the rapier of insult, I shall plunge into him the dagger of sarcasm, and it will not be my fault if it does not go to the hilt!"—*St. James Gazette*.

## A BRIGHT BOY!

IN one of the public schools the other day, the teacher presented a problem for the scholars, which would require the use of fractions. She expected the answer, "I don't know." The problem was: "If I had eight potatoes how could I divide them among nine boys?" One bright-looking youngster raised his hand.

"Well?" said the teacher.

"Mash them," promptly replied the young mathematician.



Small Boy: "Grandfather, did you tell the waiter that I wasn't a member of the Club."—*Punch*.