

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Isn't it rather odd that the Supreme Court isn't supreme? Why not amend its title to "Supreme-if-Privy-Council-approves-Court"?

"What's in a name?" Something sometimes. A heading in a Toronto paper recently was: House of Industry Busy.

Teddy Roosevelt wants to be President of the United States again, but Bill Taft hopes that the strenuous contributing editor of The Outlook won't have a look-in.

The average hen lays seventy eggs per year, but can be educated to lay over two hundred. We suggest higher education for the hen.

The way he is running things seems to indicate that Col. Sam Hughes may become the Theodore Roosevelt or Emperor William of Canada.

Where Edison Fails.—Edison, the wizard of electricity, has invented a combination phonograph and cinematograph for the use of stump speakers. The idea is to let the candidate stay at home and have a good time while the machine stumps for him.

This is certainly in line with machine politics, but it won't work, for how can a machine kiss the babies?

"Silent Sam."—Without a doubt, Ald. Sam McBride is the most loquacious member of Toronto City Council.

He can talk longer and faster than any other man in the circle of twenty-five. His colleagues sarcastically refer to him as "Silent Sam." His latest achievement was to speak 180 times at a recent Board of works meeting that lasted three hours. That meant one wee speech from Silent Sam per minute. The newspaper men reporting the meeting had suffered in silence many a time by reason of the alderman's verbosity, so they kept careful count of his speeches on this occasion. When he was told the total, the alderman questioned the accuracy of the count.

"Better accept it, Sam," said one scribe. "We are giving you the better of it at that. I counted 183."

At a recent Council meeting the talkative alderman was followed by a stenographer and found to have uttered over ten thousand words in 78 minutes.

So fast does "Silent Sam" orate that he sometimes stumbles into amusing breaks. At a recent meeting he perpetrated this:

"The prices are exorbitant and I defy the contractors to repute the facts."

The Reason.—"Figures can't lie." Perhaps the impression that they could arose from the constant use of the phrase "facts and figures."

Song of the Woman Hater.

Equality of sexes?

Yes, haste the happy day;
For many a thing that vexes
At once will pass away.

No more afar we'll wander
To see a lady home;
No more distraught we'll ponder
Inditing her a "pome."

In cars we won't surrender
Our comfortable seats,
Nor pose as her defender,
Nor buy her flowers and sweets

Out walking should we meet her,
Our hats we will not tip;

And never will we greet her
With "Let me take your grip."

No more, our rights resigning,
We'll yield to her sweet will;
We'll toss, when with her dining,
To see who pays the bill.
W. A. C.

Bumpy.—Miss Tooter—"Isn't it a dreadful sensation to run over a man?"

Mr. Shuffer—"Oh, I don't know. Not nearly as dreadful a sensation as running over a cow, and it doesn't injure the machine as much, either."

The Referee.

(The referee is getting his usual share of abuse this season.)
Of all the hapless mortals that we regularly roast
The poor unhappy referee's the man I pity most.

A mark for all the knockers, he must shoulder all the blame—



"Hush Money."

If both teams cannot victors be it's clear he sold the game.

He's certainly a hero for the job he won't refuse,
Goes out and does his duty, though people all abuse;

Of course, from the team treasurer he gets a little check
And sometimes from the players, too, he gets one—in the neck.

The sporting writers all proceed to roast him till they're tired,
They spring the same old gags about the spectacles required;

"Good opening for an oculist"—"a poor old also-ran"—
And "if he wants to burgle, why not do it like a man?"

Poor beggar, his intentions may be quite the very best,
But partisans forget that he is human like the rest.

The angel Gabriel himself, it's certain wouldn't suit
To referee a modern game—e'en with his trump to toot.

Making Sure.—An aged merchant was very ill. He sent for the family lawyer.

"I wish," began the sick man, as the attorney stood by his bedside, eager to catch every word as it was uttered.

"Yes?" answered the lawyer, hastily scribbling.

"All my property and estate to go to my eldest daughter. I wish to die firm in the knowledge that the property is assured to her," continued the merchant, with eager excitement.

"Of course—of course!" fussed the attorney.

"Would it be asking too much," hesitatingly asked the dying man, "to suggest that you should marry her?"

Checkmate.—A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stockbroker to make repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered.

"John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard at once and lock it up."

But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted.

"Tom," he said to his assistant, "take my watch and chain and these few coppers to my mistress at once."

A Ready Reply.—A man whose chief characteristic is his ready wit, went out with some friends late one night, or, more correctly, early one morning, to have what they termed a good time. In the course of it they became a bit noisy and marched along the streets singing sentimental ditties in no subdued tones.

Finally they encountered a policeman.

"What do you fellows mean by this? Howling so that you wake people up?" he demanded.

The witty one raised his hand a trifle unsteadily to the salute, and replied:

"Beg pardon, officer, beg a thousand pardons! Didn't know you were asleep officer."

A Double-Point Story.—A clerk who is employed by a big firm in a Canadian city had a little bit of good luck concerning cigars, and also almost had a little bit of bad luck in telling about the good.

One day his employer asked him to slip out and buy two dollars worth of twenty-five-cent cigars. On the way back the clerk met another man in the employ of the same firm and said, "I'm taking eight good cigars to the boss. You come in a few seconds after I go to him and you'll get one of them."

The scheme worked out as planned, save that when the second conspirator entered, the employer showed that he was "on" by saying, "So you brought — in with you, eh?"

The clerk who had hatched up the scheme was telling about it a few days later to a man with whom he was lunching. Just as he got to "Get me some Romeo and Juliet cigars," the waiter reached the table. Taking that part of the story as an order, he said, "Yes, sir,—right away."

"No, no! I don't want cigars," cried the clerk. "I was just telling this man a story. I had a little good luck over cigars, but I would have been out fifty cents if I hadn't stopped you."

The Safe Way.

Since d'ctographs are now in use, And round them danger lingers,
My friends and I have planned to do Our talking on our fingers.

Fashion Note.—The fifty convicts to be placed on Toronto's new jail farm will not wear striped suits.

A New Version.

I laugh, and the world laughs at you; Weep, and it leaves you alone.

TEETH OF CHILDREN

Few mothers know how vitally important is the care of a child's first teeth. The beauty of the permanent sets depends almost entirely upon it.

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DUNLOP Traction Tread

Another Opinion:

"Dunlop Traction Treads are just the thing for slippery roads, that is, gravel or mud roads. They not only prevent skidding, but give the car more power, and, in going ahead, they take hold of these roads." 388

See Your Garage Man.

