

Wit and Humor.

Absent-Minded.



PAY.—"Moike, this is a heavy load—"

THE APPOINTED TIME.

Mulhalley (who has been celebrating)—
"Are ye sayin' yer prayers, Mary Ann?"
Mrs. Mulhalley—"O an, Moikeal; an' O'n sayin' yer ones, too."
Mulhalley—"Thin put in a prayer 't St. Patrick 't d'pove th' shukes out av Ameriky, an' t' do t' t' moight."

THOUGHTFUL.

Johnny—"Why are you putting camphor on those furs?"
Mamma—"To keep the moths out of them."
Johnny—"What will the moths do if they get into the furs?"
Mamma—"Eat the hair off."
Johnny—"Well, why didn't you put camphor on pa's head to keep the moths off of it?"

ROUGH.

Mr. Oldsieder—"I think that mattress in my room might be improved upon, madam."
Mrs. Oldsieder (the landlady)—"Why, what's the matter with it?"
Mr. Oldsieder—"It ought to be cleaned off."

ANOTHER VERSION.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through a western village passed
A mob who bore, said snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device:

We Want

Legislation, Free Transportation
and Pie!

NOT WORK!

DIDN'T LIKE JOCKEY CLUB.

Kathleen (the servant)—"Yes get yer this bottle of—that's the men av it—jockey club, this mar-run, ma'am."
Her Mistress—"I did. Don't you like it?"
Kathleen—"I do not, ma'am. I talk about a wineglassful as it wud sugar at me but wather, an' it's lift a taste in me mouth wud spoil eggs?"

A MOURNFUL REFLECTION.

A TEXAN man was left \$1,000 by the death of an uncle in New York. He drank deeply and went through the property in two months. While engaged in the completion of one of the Texas railroads he received a notice that he had fallen heir (this time) to \$5,000.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said one of his fellow workmen.
"Congratulations nothing," said the man disdainfully; "it looks worse than though there was some kind of a plot on foot to kill me off."

"For once I'm going to have my own weight," she said as she stepped on the scale and deposited a penny in the slot.

WOMAN'S WAY.

Henpek—"Now, my wife never wants the last word."
Sharpe (incredulously)—"Why, how's that?"
Henpek—"She always gives it to me!"

ONE WAY OF TAKING IT.

Mr. Flighy—"My dear, I have just had my life insured in your favor."
Mrs. Flighy—"Boo! boo! You promised to make me happy forever, and now you're thinking of making me a widow!"

HE KNEW.

Rev. Hardace—"Young man, do you know what the wages of sin are?"
Jack Brakes—"That tired feeling."

HEALTHY TOWN.

New York Woman—"What is the prevailing cult in Chicago just now?"
Chicago Woman—"I don't believe there is any. We have been remarkably free from epidemics of all kinds this winter."



B.—"Hould on a minnit, till O' spilt an me haunds."

"NOT SO BAD," ETC.

THOUGHT some look down on pawnbrokers And quite despise the creatures,
We need confess Their business Has its redeeming features.

COUNTERACTED.

Von Blumer—"Chipsen says you won enough money at poker the other night to buy your wife a birthday present."

Gilcock—"Yes, I did."
Von Blumer—"Did you get it?"
Gilcock—"No. I played with Chipsen the next night."

BY ALL MEANS.

Herb—"Sandstone has asked me to lend him \$5, and I don't know whether to do it or not. Would you?"
Nattie (earnestly)—"I would, old man. He invited me to dine with him this evening."

WISDOM IN SILENCE.

First Trump—"I say, Bill, do you find the times very hard?"
Second Trump—"No, matey, I never found them so prosperous before. What I ask for I gits, because I'm a poor fellow out of work!"
First Trump—"But you never did a day's work in your life."
Second Trump—"That's true, matey, but I keeps that to myself."

CHANGE WOULD BE A RELIEF.

Dolson—"Tupman has got a new baby."
Fogg—"Thank heaven!"
Dolson—"Then you are fond of babies?"
Fogg—"No; and I suppose Tupman will have us to death talking about the best; but at all events he'll leave off bragging about his dog for a time."

EASY TO SEE.

O'Grady—"Pat, phew is elction day!"

Brady—"Arrah, Moike, but aren't ye th' granohoun t' be askin me that now? Is it becuse av th' lastin' we're afther givin' in th' bid that ye don't know th' da' ye war lickid—whin th' very 'far-down' knows th' th' first Cheweds in November?"

O'Grady—"Tis not! 'Tis th' first Cheweds afther th' first Munda's in November."
Brady—"Just listhen t' th' elephantine ignorance av him! How cud it cum afther th' first Munda's widout bein' th' first Cheweds? Will ye tell me that now?"

O'Grady—"Ye shalpeen! Th' first av th' mount moight cum on a Cheweds, moightn't it?"
Brady (with an air of conviction)—"Thru fur ye, Moikeal. But thin (doubtfully) it moight cum on a Wednesday or a Saturday, or a'most any other da' ixcept Monday, moightn't it?"
O'Grady (thoughtfully)—"T' moight, Pat; 't moight. Bot' av us has th' right av it."

CONQUERED.

THE woman glared at the man with the concentrated gaze of an enraged tigress. The man in the bed would fain have drawn the covers over his head to escape her gaze, but he seemed paralyzed.

"False one," she hissed, "you are concealing something from me. Standing in the centre of the apartment in a Juncoque attitude, she seized his trousers by the fringed ends and shook them violently. Nothing fell from the pockets."

"False one!" she exclaimed again. The trembling husband slowly arose. After the manner of one hypnotized he went to the clock, opened it, drew from its interior a few bills and some silver, handed them to the woman and sneaked back to his couch.
"Thought I didn't know you had got a raise in your salary, did you?" said she. He spoke not a word.



III.

A QUEER INDUSTRY.

"I GOT on to a queer sort of industry the other day."

"What was it?"
"Well, some doctors had a boy and girl under the influence of chloroform, and transferred the skin from the boy's chin to that of the girl, and vice versa. They said that when the girl grew up she'd have whiskers."

"What on earth was the object?"
"Manufacturing bearded ladies for dime museums."

Beginner—"Have you a copper you can spare, sir?"
Girdle—"Yes; you will find him in the kitchen, making love to the cook."

A SAFE BLOWER—A politician who has just been elected.

MAN shows his teeth and growls; but woman shows her teeth and smiles; with far better chance of attaining her object.



IV.

We should say that for longevity is best occupation would be that of a laze.

Small Boy (to mamma, tucking his ar in bed)—"Tuck in my footies, in mamma."

Small Sister (severely)—"You must say 'footies; you must say feet, the feet is a foot, and two footies is feet."

Tomie—"I like a man with a good him; don't you?"

Jessie—"Yes; if he takes me."

A WOMAN is never so likely to be mistaken as when she is perfectly sure she is right.

The star of hope may shine overhead, but we feel more security when we can get her anchor planted safely in the mud below.

SOME clocks strike ten when it is only six. It is the same way with many men.

"Yes," said the worm, "when the spring hills begin to come, it's all up with me."

Tommy's Mother—"Did you hear about poor Mrs. Jones? She ran a needle in her hand. The doctors had to open up finger trying to find it."

Tommy—"What made 'em do the mamma? Why didn't they get the big another needle?"

THEY "not too each accusin' tongue. As mos' persons do, But still believe dat story false Which ought not to be true.

"ROBERT, dear, how do you suppose those doctors and dozens of empty bottles ever got into the cellar?"
"Why, I don't know, my dear; I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

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