

Wit and Humor.

A WAITING GAME AND HOW IT FAILED.



CHARLEY SHARP has been waiting his way churchward about 5.00 p.m. "I'm not chump enough to go to church with a girl and have to listen to a dreary sermon. I'll get there just about the time she is coming out."

HAD STUDIED ONE BRANCH.

Sunday School "teacher—"Do you know how many translations of the Bible have been made into the work of converting the heathen?"

Boy—"N, ma'am; but I know all about the guns that was used."

AN EXPLANATION.

He—"I assure you, I would never dare to rob those sweet lips of a kiss."

She—"You hypocrite! Didn't you attempt it last night?"

He—"Never! Far from intending to rob you of a kiss, I was trying to give you one."



WILLY WIMPLE—"Billiards is far better than sitting in a sleepy church with your girl, when you can meet her at the door and take her home. I'm no glib!"

EQUALLY INTERESTED.

Mrs. Neatbody—"Mr. Goodman seems to take equal interest with his wife in their family cares."

Mrs. Blockaway—"Yes, their family cares are twins. He holds one while she feeds the other."

A VALUABLE PILLOW.

Billings—"Yes, it was a remarkably vivid dream. Why, I dreamed that the springs on the mountain side were pure whisky. I never tasted anything more plainly in my life."

Ed. Blomgren—"My gawd, sah! Er—would you have the courtesy—or to loan me the pillow yo' dreamed that on, sah?"



CHARLEY—"By Jingo! There's my rival, Well, I'll outstay him."

WILLY—"A rival, have I? Well, see me do him up."

EYES RIGHT; EARS WRONG.

The Colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill-room, when he came upon a couple of soldiers, one of whom was reading a letter aloud, while the other was listening, and, at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the letter.

"You see, Colonel, I am reading to Piton, who can't read himself, a letter from his sweetheart."

"And you, Piton?"

"Please, Colonel, I am stopping up Bequill's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want to know what she writes."—*La Famille*.

NO PLACE FOR THEM.

"Have you got any barons or lords stopping here?" asked the newly arrived guest.

"No, sir," answered the proprietor. "We ask cash in advance from all people without baggage."



CHARLEY—"Gewitz, it's cold! When will this church leave out! That fellow appears frozen to the spot."

WILLY—"My feet are like cukes of ice. If that say don't away from here I'll have to do something to warm myself up!"

HER FAVORITE WAY.

Miss Prim—"How do you like hymns my dear?"

Mrs. Gidglighty—"Unnng."

NO EVIDENCE.

"I understand that the deceased was a man of very nervous disposition and given to petulance," said the old lady to the undertaker.

"I didn't notice it, ma'am," replied the undertaker. "I've been busy with him for the past forty-eight hours, and he showed no signs of petulance—but then most corpses are quiet."



CHARLEY—"Who you looking at, you nearly choking, worn out dude?"

WILLY—"Who you looking at—you mark of money?"

OBVIOUS.

"If that young man comes this evening, I suppose I'll be turned down," remarked the gashlight, gloomily.

"And if it rains he'll certainly use me up," commented the umbrella from the hallway, in a hollow voice.

WELL BROKEN IN.

Brown—"Well, old man, now you've been married six months what you think of wedded bliss?"

Jones—"Why, old boy, I gave up thinking for myself some five months ago."

SYMPATHY.

"Was there no one to sympathize with the poor wretch who was being lynched."

"I believe a voice did call out and tell him his necktie was up behind."



CHARLEY—"Willy, I'll take two."

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Agent—"I'm selling motoses appropriate for use in Wall street."

Broker—"How do they read?"

Agent—"You do the other fellow or he'll do you."

Broker—"I'll take two."

THE BLIND PASSION.

Pale lover, full of thoughts sublime,
You little know the while you woo,
That she is thinking all the time
She'll make an April fool of you.

HER PRIORITIES.

It was the court of ever and terminer. A woman had been called into the witness-box and started at once to address the judge.

"Here, madam," said the clerk; "you are to kiss this book."

"As I was saying," she remarked, "I wanted to tell you, judge, that"

"Stop," said the clerk, "kiss this—"

"I started to say," said the woman again to the judge.

"But, madam," began the clerk, "you must kiss the book."

"Sir," returned the woman, now very nettled, "I am not speaking to you. I'm talking to that fat man up there."

NAUTICAL.

Now Lent is over,
And now no more
To church each sinner flies;
The churches sleep
In ocean-deep
All filled with desert abides.

SOME FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"I WANT two boxes, four columns, and six rattlesnakes."

"Yes, madam. But may I enquire—"

"Certainly. In my temperance lecture I introduce a 'Tableau Vivant' from 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.'"

A SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.

Robinson—"Does your baby cry as much as it used to?"

Parker—"No, sir; quite; the nights are getting a little shorter now, you know."

THE CIGARETTE FIEND.

"Has Burns given up smoking?"

"I can't tell."

"Why not?"

"He's dead."



Born—"Church is out; let's toss up for it!"

A GENUINE EXCUSE.

Mr. Fug—"If I hear you swearing again I'll tan you till you can't see."

Tommy—"But you swear sometimes."

Mr. Fug—"I've got some excuse, and you have not. You are not the happy father of a thirteen-year-old boy who asks more questions than a civil service commission."

A TRUTHFUL POEM.

If you want to be glad
Read every ad
In THE ADVOCATE.

ONE THING OVERLOOKED.

"AND NOW," said the country cousin to the city girl, "I have shown you every thing on the farm."

"Oh, George, you haven't done any such thing. Why, I heard papa say before I started that you had a mortgage on it that covered nine-tenths of the ground."



VIII.
Dismay of the combatants as the young lad in the case appears on the arm of young (ed there).

GOOD PRACTICE.

"His first training for pugilism," said a man concerning a celebrated prizefighter, "he got in a regimental band."

"Pounding a big drum, I suppose?"

"No—blowing a big horn."

HER WISH.

He—"I'm going to ask your father for your hand to night. Don't you wish us luck?"

She—"Yes; I hope he will have on his slippers."

MANY a man in the country is known by the horses he keeps.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Now comes the season—when a man doth mend his chicken-coop
In order that the birds may not throughout his garden troop;
But in the party fence that lines his neighbor's little patch
He leaves an aperture where through the hen may go and scratch.

—Folklore Circle.

"JOHNSON always hits the nail on the head."

"Yes—his thumb-nail."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor, Please inform your readers that we have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. We shall be glad to send two bottles of our remedy gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send us their names and post office address. Respectfully,
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