

Wit and Humor.

A Study in Political Economy.



Passing the "Dairy Lunch Counter."

A MEAN TRICK.

Mrs. Gaydon.—"I think I'll give my husband a bottle of hair-restorer for Christmas."

Mrs. Quiz.—"So you want him to look young again?"

Mrs. Gaydon.—"It isn't that. I just want to keep him from going to see the skirt-dancers every night."

"FORTY NINE CENTS."

Merrill.—"Those were pretty rank cigars your wife gave you for Christmas."

Chubgrasper.—"I should say so. They made me sick before I tried them."

Merrill.—"How was that?"

Chubgrasper.—"She forgot to rub the price off the bottom of the box."

NOT CONVENTIONAL.

Old Jerry Simpson does not care
What song the angels sing.
He hangs out his stockings for
He has no stockings in being.

NO REASON FOR UNEASINESS.

Mrs. Robinson Hill, of Austin, Tex., on entering the dining room one warm day saw something that shocked her, and to the colored lady, Matilda Snowball, whom she employs, she said:

"Matilda, is that a handkerchief you have put over the butter?"

"Yes, mum, I put hit dar to keep de flies off. Don't be skeart, hit's my own handkercher."

SHE APPRECIATED THEM.

"Well, if, as you say, you love Clarence why don't you release George, Harry, Fred and Eugene?"

"I know my business. It isn't going to be a Christmas day for the dear boys until after the holidays."



While assisting the pretty "Typewriter" across the street.

WORKING AN OLD SCHEME.

At one of the theatres the other evening a dapper, well-dressed young man was seated with a couple of society girls in a front seat in the parquet. As the curtain went down after the second act, he was observed to grow restless and cast furtive glances towards the entrance. Suddenly an usher came dashing down the aisle, conspicuously waving a note in hand, which he delivered to the gentleman in question. The latter opened it, knotted his eyebrows seriously and handed it to his lady companions for inspection. Then, seizing his hat, he hastened back to the door. When he re-entered the theatre a few minutes later, wiping his nose with the handkerchief, observed a gas among the audience quietly nudged each other and remarked in an undertone: "It was an old scheme, but it worked."

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
He sang, when suddenly his hostess rose
And whispered, "Do not let my husband hear—
He has too many wild times, I fear."

HIS HONEST OPINION.

As Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied with the characteristic humor of his country, "Never a single word, your Honor! And it's my real opinion there's been a great deal too much said as it is."



Saluting the "Mayor."

AN IMPLIED SLUR.

Oldie.—"Van Gilder, the painter, had a narrow escape from being drowned recently, didn't he?"

Stone.—"Yes, and now he won't speak to me."

Oldie.—"Why not?"

Stone.—"I referred to him as a struggling artist."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Artist.—(showing picture).—"Now, my dear Glimmer, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymphs."

Glimmer.—"Perfect, my dear boy. One would actually think they were made of wood."

The artist is thinking this compliment over.

HE PLAYED WITH BOOTH.

"You wouldn't think, sir, that I once played with Booth in England?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, as he handed the wretched mendicant a quarter, "what did you play?"

"The bass drum, sir," answered the mendicant meekly, "but this Salvation Army bid is played out for me."



Addressing the "Apple Woman."

THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF IT.

A BOX of pretty girls were talking of the Christmas gifts they would like to receive.

"Give me a gold watch," said one.
"Give me a silver hansomere," said another.

"Give me lots of gloves."

"Give me a toilet-box."

"Give me an album."

"Give me a piano," and so in succession.

"Give me a man," said the last; and the rest all snickered and changed their wishes at the same time.

TWOULD DO AS WELL.

They tell this story of an absent-minded professor in the University of Pennsylvania. He was writing at his desk one evening when one of his children entered.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I cannot be disturbed now."

"I only want to say good-night, papa," replied the child.

"Never mind now," as he instantly resumed his writing, "to-morrow morning will do as well."



Demonstrating with the "Organ Grinder."

THOSE BLOOMERS.

They—"Madder, Madder! woe is my pants!"

Mother (swooning)—"There, there, flkey, do be quiet! Your sister, Rebecca, has gone out for a ride on her bicycle wheel dem, but she'll be back soon again."

A nice Christmas toy for an archin
Is found in an elephant green.
With eyes that are purple and scarlet
And a voice that sings "God Save the Queen!"

AFRAID OF THE NEW DISEASE.

Mrs. A.—"I'm afraid that if I use a pen much longer I'll have an attack of—"

of—oh, what is that you call it?"

Mrs. B.—"I'm sure I don't know."

Mrs. A.—"Oh, I have it; appendicitis!"

That's it."



Addressing the "Newsboy."

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