

# MONTREAL LIFE.

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NEPHEW—Wouldn't you like to have one of these vehicles down on the farm, uncle?  
UNCLE—Not at all, nevy; I'd have to go to church every Sunday morning, 'cause I couldn't tell Maria th' horses was sick, b'gosh!

## AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

IF automobiles come into universal use there will be no more "eloping with the coachman." It will then be called "clandestinely marrying the family electrician."

## WON BY DIPLOMACY.

SHE (in ball room).—Do you see that girl over there, Mr. Smart?

MR. SMART.—Pardon me, but I cannot see farther than you.  
(N.B.—Another engagement has been announced.)

## THE OLD RULE IN NEW FORM.

A RIGHTEOUS man gets life eternal.  
A sinful one, the life infernal.

## HIS NAME WAS NOT JOB.

A BUSINESS house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:

"Man, a' ye bliu'! I've been nodd'n' me heid aff for t' last hauf'oor!"

## A TRUISM DISPROVED.

FIRST ONTARIO ELECTOR.—Do you think it's true that every man has his price?

SECOND O. E.—No, hanged if I do. My price has been a Government job every election for ten years back, and I haven't it yet.

## FORCED TO DISSIPATE.

"I'M surprised to see Plunkett in public so much of late. Until quite recently he was a noted stay-at-home."

"Yes, but you forget this is house-cleaning time."

## HAD A CRITICAL EAR.

"WHAT music is it that the young lady next door keeps playing?"

"Oh, she's only practising 'First Steps on the Piano.'"

"Hm. I was certain she played with her feet."

## JANE.

THE yellowing leaves remind us now  
That summer's on the wane.  
Full well I know this means once more  
Big modiste's bills for Jane.

But when Jane trips along, arrayed  
In the best my gold can buy,  
The bloom upon her fair young cheek,  
The sunlight in her eye—

I do not grudge the price I've paid,  
Nor of my fate complain.  
But all my soul leaps up in love  
For dainty, well-dressed Jane.

## A MERE DELUSION.

"I SUPPOSE you are not troubled with questions of municipal ownership and the like," said the stranger in Crimson Gulch.

"Yes," answered Derringer Dan, with a glance of suspicion, "sometimes we do. Once in a while some tenderfoot comes along and thinks he owns the town, but he gets over it in a minute or two."

## OUR DEMORALIZING SIDEWALKS.

THOUGH he'd had but two rounds of porter,  
He thought they had knocked him out.  
But the cause of his gait unsteady  
Was the sidewalk and not the stout.

Now this is a burning evil,  
And our temperance friends have no spunk,  
Or they'd start a crusade against sidewalks  
That make a fellow feel drunk.

## THE TEMPER OF TIMMINS.

"TIMMINS seems like a very mild little fellow!"  
"Mild! I guess not. He's a perfect terror whenever his wife gives him a chance."

"How is it that I never noticed it?"  
"Because he never gets the chance."