

## AGE LIMIT.

Brothers, I've been often thinking,  
As the years roll swiftly by,  
What the chances are for working  
In the future for you and I.

Many years we've hit the foot-board  
By night as well as day;  
The mercury way below zero,  
Or a hundred the other way.

But then that's the least of our troubles.  
The weather we musn't mind;  
It's the problem of the future  
That I would like to bring to mind.

To-morrow may be different,  
And we may have to go down the line.  
Looking for a site somewhere  
Where they've already drawn the line.

Will they want us? I don't think so,  
If our hair is streaked with gray;  
The answer is, "I'm sorry,  
We don't need any switchmen to-day."

In that there is no argument,  
And we would go our way,  
While the student gets the preference,  
He that's born on a later day.

And then we have to learn him,  
No matter how well you know the game  
And soon he gets the swell head  
And really makes you tired.

But the kick I have a coming,  
(Everyone has to learn),  
Quit hiring them that's learning,  
Hire those that's already learned.

It's a pretty hard proposition,  
If you happen to get on the bum,  
No matter how well you know the game.  
At thirty-five you're done.

Buckeye.

## TAKES TIME.

"I understand, professor," says the  
interviewer to the savant, "that you  
had discovered a certain way to kill  
mosquitoes."

"I do not know that it may be called  
a discovery," deprecates the savant.

"But would you outline it?"  
"It is simplicity itself. All that is  
necessary is to wait until we have a  
good frost, which will do away with the  
pests."

## IN HIS LINE.

"Now," says the commanding officer,  
"I want every man in the company to  
keep his pistol trained on the enemy."

"Sir," said a private, stepping from  
the ranks, "it may be I can be of ser-  
vice in the duty you outline."

"How is that?"  
"I can train the pistols for the boys.  
I'm a horse trainer, and we are armed  
with colts."

## CIRCLES.

"Did you move among the best cir-  
cles while you were down to the city,  
James?" asks the parson of the return-  
ed tourist.

"Best circles? Say, Mr. Fifthly, I  
put in half a day on the loop the loop,  
if that's what you mean."

## HE WAS TO BE FEARED.

Harold—That girl is afraid of her  
shadow.

Harriet—Are you shadowing her?

## A BARGAIN.

Father (as he prepares to chastise his  
son)—This is going to pain me more  
than you.

Son—Say, pop, I'll swap pains with  
you and give you a nickel to boot!

AND WASN'T A FOOTBALL  
PLAYER.

Geraldine—What do you think of pa?  
Gerald—I think he kicks pretty well,  
considering that he did not have the  
advantages of a college education.

## TWO KINDS.

"A drowning man will catch at a  
straw."

"And so will a thirsty man."

## WISE DAUGHTER.

Father—If you paid more attention  
to cooking and less to dress, my dear,  
you would make a much better wife.

Daughter—Yes, father. But who  
would marry me?

## A New Waitress.

After being without a girl for a week  
the mistress of a Harlem apartment was  
showing an applicant over the flat. She  
has been liberal in her promises of priv-  
ileges in the way of afternoons and  
nights off. She has gone so far as to  
extend the hour of the girl's return on  
these nights and to agree to her using  
the sewing machine after her work was  
done.

The new girl seemed pleased, and the  
mistress was beginning to hope. They  
walked back into the dining room, and  
the girl had actually removed one hat  
pin from her hat. Then her face faded.

"Do you do your own stretchin'?"  
she demanded.

"Do you do your own what?" asked  
the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the new girl.

"I do not understand."

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl again.

"Do you put the stuff on the table at  
meal time and stretch for it, or do I  
have to shuffle it around." — Harper's  
Weekly.

## ATTACHED.

"I love you well," the stamp exclaimed,  
"Dear envelope so true,  
In fact it's evident to all,  
That I am stuck on you."

Algernon—You must not think, dearest,  
that because you are rich and I am  
poor I am anxious to marry you on ac-  
count of your money.

Genevieve—Who are you after, pa'st?

Physician—Your husband is quite de-  
lirious and seems utterly out of his mind.  
Has he recognized anyone to-day?

Wife—Oh yes. He called me a dragon  
this morning, and he constantly speaks of  
the governess as an angel.

## Noble Game.

Gladys—I do wish Evander had more  
courage.

Gracie—You ought to have my Clar-  
ence. I don't think he fears anything.  
He even told me once he had been buck-  
ing the tiger.—Boston Herald.

## At Hunter's Point.

Stranger (stepping into livery stable)  
—Can you give me a horse the length of  
Brooklyn?

Hostler (Hibernian)—No; not quite  
so long as that, your'oner, but I kin  
show yees the biggest mayor in either  
New York or Brooklyn.—J. A. S.

## TOO LATE TO CHANGE.

"I hear you have a little sister at your  
house," said a Chicago grocer to a small  
boy.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny,  
"so I could play marbles with him and  
base ball."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why  
don't you exchange your little sister for  
a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute, then he  
said rather sorrowfully, "We can't now.  
It's too late. We've used her four  
days."

## HIS MIND MADE UP.

"Grandpa, do you have to be awful  
good to get into heaven?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, I've made up my mind to try  
for the booby prize."

## AND THEY WILL CHATTER.

Mrs. X—Why do you get a new maid  
when you go to a summer resort?

Mrs. Y—My old one knows how I  
live at home.—Cleveland Leader.

## BADLY MIXED.

"Gentlemen of the jury," queried the  
clerk of the court, "have you fully ag-  
reed to disagree?"

"We have," answered the foreman  
of the bunch. "The lawyers have tan-  
gled the case up so we don't know  
any more about it than they do."

## HOPELESS CASE.

"Aren't you aware," said the kind  
lady, "that there is something digni-  
fied about honest labor?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the unlaun-  
dered hobo. "I've heard uv felers wot  
stood on their dignity, but I'm saters-  
fide t' set on mine."

## FEMININE SUBSTITUTE.

Myer—I wonder why young DeBull-  
yon does not marry? He has all kinds  
of money.

Gyer—Oh, I suppose he thinks a wife  
isn't necessary. Money talks you know.

## MAMMA'S MONOPOLY.

"Say, paw," queried little Johnny  
Peck, "why do you wear whiskers? Have  
n't you any chin?"

"I guess not, my son," replied Peck.  
Sr. "Your mother seems to have it  
all."

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