

## Wit and Humor.

## A Profitable Story.



"De cup came at Beer-the wid his club raised, w'en just den Beer-the pulls his knife an'—"

## WITH A THUD.

*Midress:*—"You broke my Sevres plate. You are discharged. How did you break it?"

*Servant:*—"I carelessly dropped one of the biscuits you made yesterday on it."

## MORE EXCITING.

*First Summer Hotel Man:*—"We had seven marriages at our hotel last summer."  
*Second Ditto:*—"That's nothing. Twelve divorces originated at my place."

## A TRICKY MASCOT.

*Sayid:*—"What's the matter, old man? Lost anything?"  
*Abdull:*—"Yes, a ten-dollar gold piece. My luck went wore a hole in my pocket."

## KEPT THEM AWAY.

*Summer Hotel Proprietor:*—"It's singular there are no more young people here this year."  
*Ork:*—"Not at all."  
*Proprietor:*—"Why isn't it?"  
*Ork:*—"Didn't you advertise that the back piazzas would be lighted by electricity?"

## SOUP FROM THE BONES.

*Lawyer Quibble:*—"There's one queer thing about the family skeleton."  
*Lawyer Briefless:*—"What's that?"  
*Lawyer Quibble (complacently):*—"It often makes us lawyers fat."

## PLEASE SEND SAMPLES.

*Brown:*—"That bullet-proof cloth that they have invented in Germany must be a great thing."  
*Mrs. Brown:*—"I wonder if it couldn't be used for little boys' trousers."

## THE LOVER'S THREAT.

"You—you will not do anything rash, Mr. Handing, will you?" exclaimed the young woman in a trembling voice.  
 The rejected lover, pale, but resolute, rose slowly to his feet.  
 "Henrietta Plunkett!" he answered through his set teeth. "I will! Just as surely as you stand there, proud, heartless beauty that you are—I shall be in the South Sea Islands, six months from now, the happy husband of 14 wives!"

## A Profitable Story.



H.

—Cunks—

## THE IRISHMAN'S PENNY.

*Father O'Rourke:*—"Michael, my son, I hope you vote as I do."

*Mike Finnegan:*—"An' how does your reverence vote?"

*Father O'Rourke:*—"Oh, I vote as I pray."

*Mike Finnegan:*—"Och, it's for money, thin. Yis, your rivrine, Oham wid yez."

## BEGIN AT HOME.

*Mrs. Suffrage:*—"It's a woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time."

*Mr. Suffrage (mildly):*—"Then hadn't you better spank those twins and put them to bed before they yell the roof off?"

## A SAFE PLACE.

"You'll kill yourself eating those rich things you get at the Cafe Deloria."  
 "Well, I guess not. That place is run by a life insurance company."

## IN MAINE.

*First Citizen:*—"That will be a great lecture of the Rev. Dr. Coldwater at the Opera House to-morrow night."

*Second Citizen:*—"On what subject?"

*First Citizen:*—"The Drug Store in Politics."

## A Demagogue.



LAUGHED HARGRAVE (who reads occasionally). "Here is a doctor in Chicago who recommends whiskey for the grip."

WEAVER WALKER.—"Wal, dat's de boldest bid for the Presidency dat's been made dis year!"

"THERE are certain Scotch lairds who take the name of their estate, and usually use that appellation in place of a surname. One of these is "Cluny" Macpherson, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood recently paid a visit. During the London lawyer's stay, Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson and their guests were invited to lunch at a neighboring country-house, where a visitors' book was kept. The head of the Clan Macpherson, in accordance with the Scotch custom, wrote in the book: "Cluny and Macpherson." Mr. Lockwood was not to be outdone by any Scottish chief, and underneath "Cluny's" signature he wrote in a fine bold hand: "26 Lennox Gardens, and Mrs. Lockwood."—Argonaut.

## PLEADING HIS OWN CASE.

"You promised this woman to marry her," exclaimed the judge indignantly, "and now you meanly want to back out of it."

"Your honor," replied the defendant, "marriage is a lottery, and by the laws of the country lotteries are prohibited."

## WITHOUT DOUBT.

*Van Felt:*—"What would happen if an Irishman should be elected Pope?"

*O'Toole:*—"All the cardinals would become eunuchs, begob!"

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

*Hungry Hake:*—"Madam, if you could let me an Willie have a good meal w'd do you a great favor."

*Mrs. Farmer:*—"How?"

*Hungry Hake:*—"By not tellin' you 'bout de merits of our machines, na'am. You see, we're rival sewin'-machine agents, an'—"

*Mrs. Farmer:*—"Don't say another word. Will you have chicken or turkey?"

*The Rich Uncle (to his Physician):*—"There is hope for me, then?"

*Physician:*—"I think so."

*The Rich Uncle:*—"Well, please break it gently to my poor nephew."

## HE KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

*Bobbie:*—"Mamma, if I were to run away to sea would you feel very badly about it?"

*Bobbie's Mother:*—"Why, of course I would, Bobbie."

*Bobbie (who had been on a yacht):*—"Well, I don't believe you would feel half as badly as I would after I had been out a little while."

## Ambitious.



MR. HARDTACK—"Why ain't you in show sir?"

BOBBY SMALL—"Cause I read in magazines dat great an' successful men usually start life without much educational advantage, an' I'm more ambitious dan de other kids."

## U. S. CITIZENSHIP DEFINED.

*Ward Worker:*—"Me cousin's just landed an' wants a job. Can't ye get him a place on the Driveway w-o-r-m?"

*Ward Boss:*—"Don't ye know the law says an alien can't be employed on public works?"

*Ward Worker:*—"Alien, is it? He's an alien! Didn't I just tell ye he's me cousin?"

*Little Ethel:*—"Mamma, what does a rain do?"

*Mrs. DeHomely:*—"To make the tree and grass grow pretty."

*Little Ethel:*—"Then why doesn't it rain on papa?"

*Mr. Rowntown:*—"I hear your wife has taken to wearing divided skirts."

*Mr. Frankslyn:*—"So she says, but judging from her bills I think they must be multiplied."

*May:*—"The letter I got last night he Jack made me so happy I just hugged myself."

*Clara:*—"Well, I was happier thanys. Tom called on me and he did it hugging."

"A LARGO-MEETING, son, is who a number of sisters come together and discuss how to get even with the real workers."

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