

# MONTREAL LIFE.

18-19 Board of Trade . . . Montreal.  
26 Front Street West . . . Toronto.  
109 Fleet Street, E.C. . . . London, Eng.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1899.

TELEPHONS:  
Montreal . . . Main 1255  
Toronto . . . . . 2118

## TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.**—Johnny, did you ever tell a lie?

**JOHNNY.**—You don't want me to tell another, do you?

## HIS PLACE IN THE WORLD.

**"BILLINGS** doesn't know a good thing when he sees it."

"Then why in thunder doesn't he get a job as a dramatic critic?"

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

**SOME** people think that politics in Canada is a profession. But there is a growing minority who regard it as a disease.

Wealth, they say, doesn't bring happiness, but neither does poverty; so what's a fellow to do?

When a doctor says that his treatment will straighten you out in a week there is room for some doubt as to his meaning.

The signal for the Royal Victoria College yell—a mouse.

Business is always picking up with a shoplifter, and looking up with an astronomer.

## SELFISH SELF-DENIAL.

**WEST.**—Did old Bonder sell his turnout and take to riding in the street cars to economize?

**MORSE.**—Well, I should say not! He wanted to set his neighbors a good example. You see, he has bought stock in the street railway.

## THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

**"YES,"** said the uptown tobacconist, "when I have a rank lot of cigars that I want to sell at a good price without hurting my reputation, I simply tell a customer that they were smuggled. The man never asks any further questions, and nine times out of ten comes back for more."

## AN EXTREME CASE.

**"THEY** say Pennyworth is getting awfully saving in his old age."

"Yes, he has even stopped shading his letters when he writes, in order to save ink."

## NERVE.

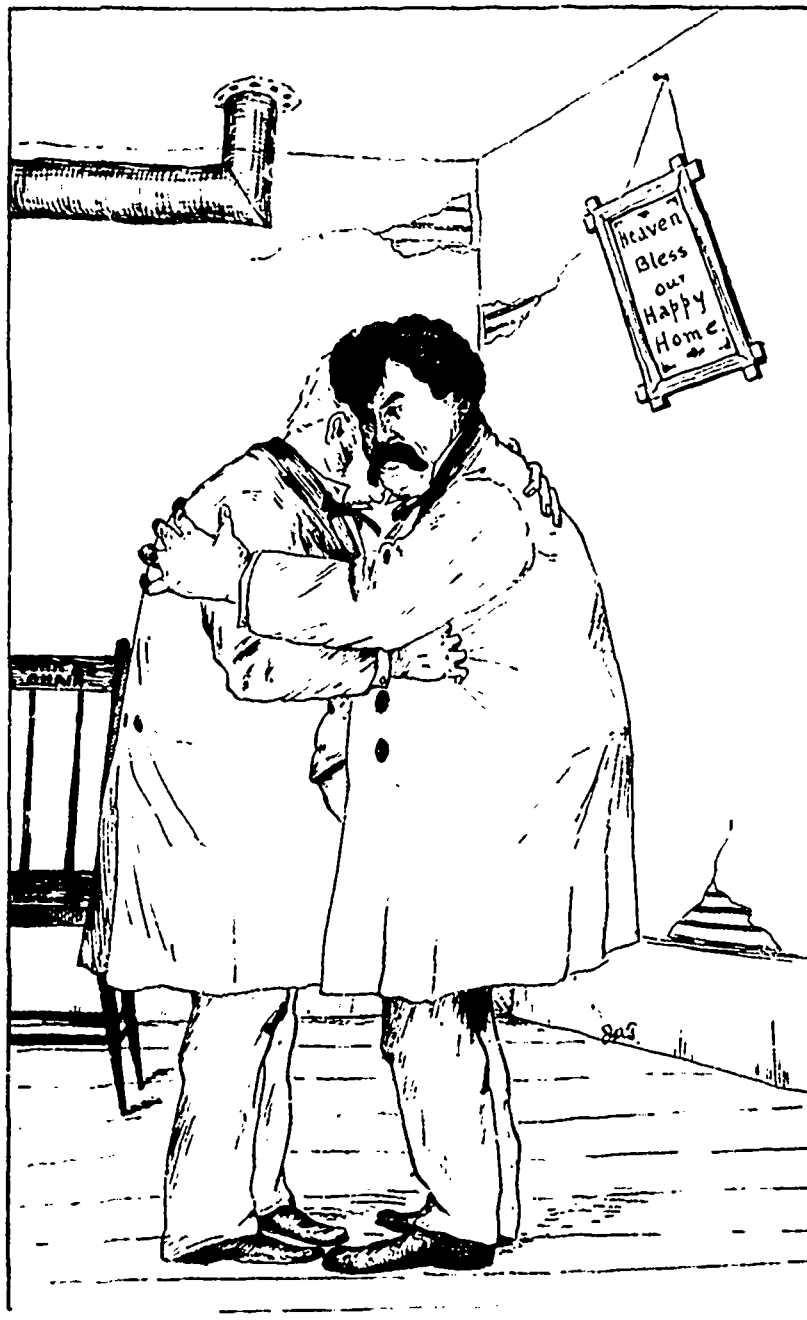
**"YOUNG** man, in asking for my daughter's hand, do you expect to get any money?"

"Well, I must confess, sir, that future prospects are more to me than immediate emolument."

## NOT IN HIS LINE.

**"YOU** can't spell long words like hippopotamus and parallel-ogram," said the little boy who wore spectacles and a sailor suit.

"Well," answered the boy who was leading a dog by a piece of rope, "dat's where I'm lucky. I don't have to."



AN AFFECTING REUNION.

[Vide Sir Charles Tupper's kind words about Mr. Clarke Wallace and Mr. Clarke Wallace's kind words about Sir Charles Tupper in recent speeches.]

## TOMMY KNEW WHY.

**"WHAT** bright eyes you have!" said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy. "You must get plenty of sleep."

"Yes'm," he answered. "My mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock."

"That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor.

"No, it ain't," replied the youngster; "it's so she can mend my clothes."