

## Wit and Humor.

## A TERSE DEFINITION.

*Mrs. Sauer* (to Willy, as Minister calls to see Mr. Sauer): "Willy, is your father in?"

*Willy*: "Yes, he's upstairs going over your scrap-book."

*Mrs. Sauer* (puzzled): "Scrap-book? You mean my family account book?"

*Willy*: "Well, it's all the same! He and you always have a scrap every time he goes over it."

## DECEIVED.

*Green Mount* (from Maine): "Then fellows down to New York is a pack of thieves. Cheat the eye-teeth out'n ye, they will!"

*Joe Bird*: "Took ye in when you was down there, I guess!"

*Green Mount*: "Waal I should say! I went to a sody fountain chap an' asked for his best sassyprilla. I winked at all right, - and I'll be gallowgallized if he did nt give me sassyprilla!"

## FISH.

The fisherman, seas, with rod and reel,  
His silent, as still as death,  
And the frantic struggle of fish and reel  
He watches with baited breath.

## CARRY DIDN'T MIND.

A MAN who thought himself a scientist gave a public lecture on electricity. The hall was at first tolerably full, but the audience were not long in finding out with whom they had to do, and began to go out one by one. At last only one remained, and he listened with great attention, thus encouraging the lecturer to continue. At the end of half an hour the lecturer stopped politely and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I hope I am not trespassing on your kindness. I shall have finished in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes? You can go on for another hour, or all night, if you like, so long as you don't forget that you engaged me by the hour."

Then the unhappy man perceived too late that it was the cabman who had driven him to the lecture hall.

## THE OLD, OLD FISH STORY.

I'm sure that none can understand,  
How often now they look,  
The reason now can never land  
The biggest fish they look.



## A Sad Sequel.

MARTIN searching Mr. Jackson's pocketbook: "Ha, ha! There's every pecked, eh? You must be in love with some beautiful young lady. Well, well! a pair of ladies' silk hose! Very nice present indeed."

*Mrs. Jackson* (from front row, pale with excitement): "Oh, ye crack, wonderful! Wait till I gets ye home. But - you munnies goes, Julia Johnson gits ye an' kin's and benjamins, will ye go wif gits esch-cent socks, an' hab t' take in washin'! Oh, you crack hypercritic, wait!"



## He Meant "Steals the Grips."

*OFFICERS* (just returned after pumping the officials up the line on the hand-car, addressing the boss - "O'Brien, who is this rascally scoundrel who takes a thafe in a baggage-room?")

*OFFICERS*: "An an' is brought an the other might be caught. He's 'thot!"

*OFFICERS*: "Begsle, your anny aft! Wan grips th' steed, and the other wan steals th' catches. Oi got thot from a chancy Denso, on the up trip just now."

## A DARKER CLOUD.

*Powers*: "I don't believe in paternal government at all."

*Bowers*: "There's a greater danger than that ahead of us."

*Powers*: "What is it?"

*Bowers*: "Maternal government."

## A TERRIBLE STRAIN.

"You look weary," said Mr. Cochran to his favorite wife.

"I look just as I feel, then," chuckled the ambitious hen. "The exertion of keeping my eggs up to the size of modern hailstones is wearing my life away."

## TOO MUCH.

*Judge*: "What did the defendant do, that you should knock him down and jump on him?"

*O'Grady*: "I axed him, pleasant like, fer to have a drink, an' the shalpeen put orange litters in his whiskey."

## WHY HE RAN.

*James*: "I believe all the electric cars in this country are controlled by foreigners."

*Brown*: "What makes you think so?"

*James*: "Because they are run by jels."

## AWFUL RESULTS.

"The Pullman strike has been terrible in its consequences."

"Indeed it has. Why, some of the colored porters haven't seen a tip in three weeks."

## FOILED AGAIN.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"Digging for clams, kind sir," she said.

"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"But you're already dug," she said.

## NOT TOO LATE.

*Simpson*: "Been camping out, eh? I have a little book on that subject I'd like you to read."

*Thompson*: "Well, I can't camp out again this year."

*Simpson*: "Never mind. You read the book. One chapter gives fourteen remedies for rheumatism."

## SUGGESTIVE FACT.

*Irish Old Gentleman* (to snoring in elbarate): "You no know if you kept your mouth shut you would make less noise!"

*Snoring Individual* (drowsily): "So would you."

## A PISCATORIAL ITEM.

*Cadswan*: "I want a few red herrings."

*Fish Dealer*: "Don't keep 'em, mum. We've no call for 'em in this neighborhood."

"How's that?"

"Well, mum, the people here is mostly teetotal, an' they're afeared o' being led into temptation."

## DISCOUNTRAGING.

*Gentleman*: "If you get my coat done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you."

*Tailor*: "Oh, if that's your game, it won't be done."

## BOBBY'S TRUTHFUL EXPLANATION.

"Is that a new rug your mamma has, Bobby?" asked Mrs. Van Blumer of the youthful Rings.

"No," said Bobby: "That's one she brought in from the other room. But you musn't take it up."

"Why not?"

"Cause there's a hole in the carpet."

## WHY YOU YAWN.

This is not an advertisement, so please read it. A well bred man puts his hand over his mouth when he yawns, but not one well-bred man in ten thousand knows why.

The reason is this. Four or five hundred years ago there was a superstition common in Europe that the devil was always lying in wait to enter a man's body and take possession of him. Satan generally went by the mouth, but when he had waited a reasonable time, and the man did not open his mouth, the devil made him yawn, and while his mouth was open jumped down his throat.

So many cases of this kind occurred that the people learned to make the sign of the cross over their mouth in order to scare away the devil. The peasantry in Italy and Spain still adhere to this method, but most other people have dispensed with the cross sign, and keep out the devil by simply placing the hand before the lips. It is a most remarkable survival of a practice after the significance has perished.

## A NEW EXCUSE.

*Tramp* (looking in the door): "Please, Mum."

*Farmer's Wife*: "See here; if you want work you can have it right now!"

*Tramp*: "Very well, Mum; if you'll send for a regiment o' soldiers I'll begin. I ain't takin' any other man's job without protection, these days, Mum!"

## HIS OBJECTION.

"How do you like the young man from Boston?" asked the young man's sister.

"Oh, very well. Only also uses big words. I gave her a flower and she wouldn't call it by anything but a scientific name."

"But you always liked botany."

"It wasn't her botany I objected to. It was her haughty culture."

## THE INCOME TAX IN 1900.

*Mrs. Brown*: "I won't submit to it, Madam! You have purposely misled me exempt from the income tax in order to create an impression that I have no money. You know, yourself, it costs ten thousand dollars a year to support my establishment!"

*Mrs. Jones* (income tax official): "Madam, I have investigated your case thoroughly. You are spending more just to keep up appearances than to put on airs to me—I know all about you!"

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