

Wit and Humor.

A Different Kind of Trip.



"Say, Jimmy, just watch me trip him with this stick."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Police Magistrate.—"O'Hoodhan, you are charged with being drunk on Monday. What have you to say about it?"

O'Hoodhan.—"Yer Anner, O' was celebratin' the New Year."

Police Magistrate.—"Celebrating the New Year?"

O'Hoodhan.—"Yis, yer Anner, Monday was the Jewish New Year. Yer Anner, I'm a Jew."

Police Magistrate.—"Well, you can fast for ten days with the Gentiles."

WHAT'S TRUMP'S

SHE was just learning to play poker. Careful coaching in the first part of the game had kept her "stack" intact. But now a gleam of triumph was in her eye, and she raised with the joyous artlessness that betokened one of those hands of miraculous magnitude, such as four aces and royal flushes, that come only to beginners and obviously-inclined individuals. A more experienced player than the young man opposite would have passed. But he clung tensely, and saw each raise. Finally the last chip was staked at the call.

"Well, I have a full house!" What have you?" asked the young man.

"Oh," was the reply; "I have two of those cunning little two spots, a king, the six and seven of spades, and the ten of diamonds."

The young man sighed wearily, and raked in the pot.

"Anyway," she cried triumphantly; "anyway, I held the big casino! So there now."

WHAT K.C. STAND FOR

Honorable Higgins.—"This here paper says that Sir Joseph Porterhouse, K.C. B., is a stoppin' at the Waldorf. What does K.C.B. mean?"

Walter H. Brown.—"Keely-cured Brit isher, of course. I wouldn't be as igno'ant as you for nothin'."

The rope tobacco wends its way To smoking kind and plug. And verry, likewise, now wends it's way To fill the empty jug.



There

ANNOYINGLY CAREFUL.

Husband (returning to grand stand from paddocks).—"Confound it." The horse we came down here especially to play has been scratched—it will not run.

Wife (her first appearance).—"Will not run it on account of a mere scratch? How aggravating. Why don't they put a piece of court plaster on it, and I'll warrant the horse will be as good as ever."

HELPING HIM ALONG.

He.—"Do you know my brain is much more active when I am lying down."

She.—"Is that so?" The next time you call I'll have a cot in the parlor."

CHICU MSTAANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Magistrate (to witness).—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?"

Magistrate.—"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

Witness.—"He seemed to be doing the listening."

ON A LEVEL WITH THE BRUTE.

Padre.—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Even animals know when to stop drinking."

Paper.—"So do I when I drink what they do."



III.

You

THE AFTER-DINNER SMOKE.

My sweet old pipe! A cigar, you. From you the fragrant clouds arise to which the future bright I view. Through dreamily contented eyes.

What matter, though in work-day strife I meet with trials that vex the soul. There is some comfort yet to life. While sparks still smoulder in your bowl.

Fair fates then of those I love, And fondled day dreams come in crowds! The world's welcome of life above. Again I live among the clouds.

Again I see my hopes fulfilled. My dreams come true, my ships come in. With higher airm and faith distilled. I courage gain to do and win.

A soft sweet languor comes and soothes. With dreamy consciousness of joy. Fills all the soul with balm and smooths. Away all sorrow and annoy.

Ah! they that rail at thee, forewith. Thy little know the pleasure keen Of thee, solace of age or youth. Benevolent St. Nictoline!"

FIXED UP.

St. Nictoline.—"Didn't you say that you wanted ter git Dennis Hogan an his father tergerder?"

Dennis Hogan.—"As course I did. Hey ain't spoke with aich other for 'ree mont's."

St. Nictoline.—"Well, dey got demselves tergerder round de corner an it took a big Dutch grocer an two p'ecemin ter git 'em apart again."

It is not particular credit to Adam that he never chewed tobacco. There was no other man for him to beg a "chaw" of.

Tourist (in a remote village).—"Can you tell me where the station is?"

Porter.—"I can, but I won't. We are glad to have a tourist here at last."



Little Girl. "Did you ever dream of being in heaven?"

Little Boy. "No, not exactly, but I dreamed once that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling."

There is a big, fat girl clerk in a confectionery store on Ridge avenue. "What do you weigh?" a fresh customer asked her.

"Candy," she sweetly replied.

"Give me a polish," said a tough to a bootblack.

"I kin give it to yo' shoes, boss, but youme a little too rough for a polish yo'self," answered the boy.

"STAY!" cried Pseudotus. The obedient father passed. "Do you realize," said she, "that if you undertake to kill off all the John Smiths you won't even have time to eat?"

To get entirely out of the way of a trim girl on a wheel a man must stand off so far that he can't see her.

Teacher (of East Side school).—"Now, boys, we will parse the sentence." William refused the cake. Tommy Jones, what is "William?"

Tommy Jones.—"He's an ass."

It is a pathetic fact that the hand that rocks the cradle can't throw a rock and hit anything is sight.

Ethel.—"Mamma, I saw a sign in one of the stores to-day that said they were selling kids at half price."

Mamma.—"Well?"

Ethel.—"I thought maybe you would go down and buy me a little brother while they are so cheap."

Jinks.—"Binks has hit it rich, I tell you."

Jinks.—"How's that?"

Jinks.—"Why, he has invented an office chair with an alarm clock under it that goes off every five minutes."

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Laschy.—"By the way, Bickley, I knew your wife before you married her."

Bickley.—"Did you? So did I."

"Is the Colonel through with his speech yet?"

"Yes; he's now tipping off the stage."

"Why does he do that?"

"Doesn't want to wake up the audience."

Scried.—"I don't like it at all; that big laundry company is building right next to our church—it's—"

Since.—"That's all right. 'Cause'ness is next to godliness, you know."

Whitcomb.—"What's you got agin' Culhaden dat you can't vote for him?"

St. Jackson.—"He 'sulted de hell out o' de race. He dun put a barb wire fence aroun' his chicken coop."

"A MAN who read Coxe's speeches is now an inmate of an insane asylum," remarked the horse editor.

"Well," remarked the snake editor, "what are insane asylums for?"

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