

Wit and Humor.



One on the House.

NEEDY STRANGER—“Yes, sir; I got an’ stashed, an’ it’ll all through the way.”
OLD YOUNGER—“Have a drink! What fashio wote you in?”
NEEDY STRANGER—“Oh, I wasn’t in fashio; I was a tailor then!”—*Mayday Canada.*

A LOTTERY.

A SCOTTISH minister made the following announcement from the pulpit: “Well, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar will do for us.”

WRINKLES TO SPARE.

Elder Sister—“Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I dare say, but I could give you a wrinkle or two.”

Younger Sister—“No doubt—and never miss them.”

Pale Youth (to dusky brother)—“Wouldn’t I be a fool to fight with you, anyhow? If I gave you a black eye it wouldn’t show.”

“PAPA,” said a little boy, “ought the teacher to whip me for what I did not do?”

“Certainly not, my boy,” replied the father.

“Well,” replied the little fellow, “he did to-day when I didn’t do my sum.”

HEART WHOLE.

The Summer girl from day to day
 Acts cheerily her part;
 Though she is very oft engaged
 She never loses heart.

An advertisement reads as follows: “A young man, sober and reliable, who has a wooden leg and cork arm, is willing, for a moderate salary, to allow his false limbs to be manured by wild beasts in any reputable menagerie, as an advertisement. No objection to travelling.”

A JUDGE once remarked, when a prisoner had received a good character, “Gentlemen of the jury, this is a case of a very honest gentleman who has stolen a horse.”



Head of the Profession.

CANADA MAIL—“Whatever I do I do well. I heard that in the militia.”
IRISHAN TRAINING—“But what do you do?”
CANADA MAIL—“I do nothing—and do it to the Queen’s taste too.”

TWO HEADS WORSE THAN ONE.

Spencer—“Did you know that Mus-leigh is being tried for bigamy?”

Feynman—“Good Gracious, no! Why, he married a museum freak a week or two ago; you don’t mean to say he is married again?”

Spencer—“No; not exactly. You see, he married a two-headed albino girl and one of them got jealous and had him arrested.”

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

H’fe—“You seem worried.”

Great Editor—Another great strike has commenced, and I don’t know what to do.

“Nothing could be simpler. Just say that the solution of all such problems can be found in arbitration. That’s the course you always take.”

“Y-ees; but this is a printers’ strike.”

A WAY TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS.

Mike—“Sure, toimes is moighty har-rad! There’s tin no sur-runk at the mill for a mont’.”

Pat—“Why don’t yee go on shtrike?”

BROTHER-IN LAW TO THE DUKE.

Carker—“Young Goslin claims to be related to the British nobility.”

Cunso—“How does he figure it out?”

Order—“After Miss Scodals promised to be a sister to him she married the Duke of Mudbanks.”

THE GENTLEMANLY BURGLAR.

Sophronia—“Yes, when the burglar broke into my room I was almost undressed.”

Angelina—“How very embarrassing; what did you do?”

Sophronia—“Oh, he was a perfect gentleman, he at once covered me with his revolver.”

HER IMPRESSIVE SILENCE.

“Arrah, docthor, an’ may th’ saints bless ye fer yer kindness t’ me sick by! Shure he’d be as dead as a shillaly if it beant fer ye.”

“Don’t mention it, my good woman; don’t mention it.”

“Shure, docthor, O’th never tell a soul.”



For the Seaside Season.

A Suggestion of the Manner in which the Big Shave may be Utilized. If made of the proper material and inflated the wearer’s head will always be above water.

HE MEANT WELL ENOUGH.

Mrs. O’Reilly—“Ye’re a nice-looking by! Didn’t I tell yez not t’ go over t’ play wid thin Flannagins agin’?”

Patsy O’Reilly—“I didn’t. I went over ter scrap wid ‘im.”

SHE KEPT THE PRESENTS.

He—“Instead of a bunch of promise suit, suppose we mutually call it off. You return me my letters and presents.”

She (after reflection)—“Well, I’m willing to meet you half way. I will return the letters.”

AT THE KEELEY INSTITUTE.

Rounder (dead broke)—“Do you treat drunkards here?”

Manager—“Yes, sir.”

Rounder—“Well, I’m one. Gimme a whisky sour.”

A SLIGHT OMISSION.

Olds—“Have you seen Plankington’s black eye? I ask’d his wife about it and she said she threw a lump of sugar at him in fun.”

Nabs—“Yes; but she didn’t add that it was in a cup of coffee.”

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Mrs. Snoid—“The marriage relation needs reform. Don’t you think that both parties should have an equal voice in regulating their joint affairs?”

Mrs. Grammore—“What! let my husband have as much of a say as I have? Not much!”



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Job Printing ADVOCATE
 THE
 LITH. OFFICE
 ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA STS

TWO OF ‘EM.

A CERTAIN maiden lady, Miss Cocker by name, and her niece, who bore the same cognomen, went one evening to a reception at the house of a friend.

“What name, please?” inquired the footman.

“Miss Cocker,” answered the elder lady.

“Miss Cocker, too,” joined in the niece, hurriedly.

Whereupon the man of pluck and buttons opened the drawing-room door, and with all the dignity of his profession ushered them into the midst of the company with the convulsing announcement: “Miss Cocker and Miss Cockatoo!”

WITH GLITTERING SUCCESS.

Popper (testily)—“For heaven’s sake! What’s that baby howling so for?”

Mrs. Popper—“I just spawped him; he make him stop crying.”

Willie—“Old Dobbs is dead!”

Willie—“I’m not surprised. More than forty years ago he told a girl that if she refused him he would die, and she refused him.”

NOT ELIGIBLE.

Mrs. Faith Cure—“Now, Mrs. Blunt, after hearing the experiences of our brothers and sisters and what divine mercy has done for their salvation don’t you think you would like to join us?”

Mrs. Blunt—“No, thanks. I’m afraid I’m not bad enough.”

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