



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

Not That Kind of Touch.
Cardinal Gibbons made the opening prayer at the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore.
There were two doorkeepers on the main door. One was a very devout Catholic and the other was not.
As the cardinal came down the aisle to go to his room the Catholic doorkeeper leaned across to the other and said:
"Hey, Jim, be sure to touch this cardinal when he goes out."
"What poke, has he got it in?" asked Jim, hoarsely.—Post, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Pankhurst will be known in history as the woman who would not open her mouth while in jail and wouldn't shut it while at large.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Pampus (after a lucky recovery over hedge): "I see, caddy, if I had had done that there would have been a devil of a noise about it."
Caddy: "So there will now, sir. It's the secretary on the lead."—London Opinion.

In the Near Future.
Miss Redoubt: "Do you think he will love me when I am old?"
Miss Pallade: "There's one consolation. You will soon know."—Puck.

Klicker: "Is Johns in politics for his health?"
Socker: "Not unless mud baths are healthy."—Fun.

A Friend in Need.
Brown: "I haven't a friend in the world."
Jones: "You can make one right now. I need a fiver."—Puck.

A Cordial Invitation.
Klicker: "I hear you are in the country for one summer. How do you like it?"
Dugan: "Terribly. I have delightful sons, old man. Cool and pleasant, but southerly; southern exposure, and all conveniences. I wish you would take a run out to see me. Forty miles from town, superb bathing and no children on the premises. Come out and take a look."
Klicker: "Thanks. Perhaps I will some day."
Dugan: "Some day? Why, I want to show you those rooms right away! Can't you come out tonight?"
Klicker: "Great Scott! What on earth do you want me to come out tonight for?"
Dugan: "I thought, old fellow, you might like to take those rooms off my hands."—Puck.

Swell: "Yes, sir, I make all my money by the sweating system—by making the other fellows do the sweating while I rake in the coin."
Friend: "I should be ashamed to acknowledge it if I were you."
Swell: "Why, there's no harm in being the proprietor of a Turkish bath, is there?"

A newly married pair had escaped from their demonstrative friends and were on the way to the station, when the carriage stopped. The bridegroom looked out of the window impatiently. "What's the matter, driver?" he called.
"The horse has cast a shoe, sir," was the reply.
"Great Scott!" groaned the bridegroom. "Even the horse!"



A TRUE HELPMET.
Striker: "What's that 'r' say?"
Wife: "Certainly I 'ave. I struck in sympathy with you and yer mates."—Sydney Bulletin.



Turning the Laugh.
When the sleight-of-hand artist calls one of the audience to "aid in a trick" he generally manages to "get the laugh" on this obliging person, but not always, as the following plainly shows:
The conjurer in the village school-room had invited a gentleman from the audience to step up of the platform, and a rustic in a velvet coat responded.
"Now, sir," said the professor, "I suppose you consider it a matter of impossibility for me to make that rabbit in the box on the table pass into your coat-tail pocket?"
"I dauno about impossibility," came the reply, "but I wouldn't do it if I was you, sir."
"Oh, you'll be in no danger, I can assure you," smiled the sleight-of-hand man, airily.
"I won't think about myself," the rustic answered. "I was studyin' the 'r' you got a couple of ferrets in that there pocket."

The cynical person was standing in front of a part of an exhibition of local art talent, labelled "Art Objects."
"Well, I suppose Art does object, and I can't blame her, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it," he said.
"Proof Positive."
Crawford: "Do you think he's hen-pecked?"
Crawshaw: "He never mentioned it, but I've noticed that the portraits over his mantelpiece are those of his wife's folks."—Fun.

Mr. George Graves tells a story of two men who were discussing the great influence of another.
"Why," said one, "he's got a Murillo, a Van Dyke, and a Velasquez."
"No, has he?" exclaimed the astonished listener. "Has he, really? But what on earth does he want with three motorcars?"

A Jewel-This's Ruse.
A novel method of defrauding a jeweller was successfully carried out by a Paris thief. He drove up in a carriage to the jeweller's shop with his right arm in a sling and was astoundedly attended by a footman carrying a rug.
He selected jewels to the value of \$250 (said when the moment came for payment asked whether the jeweller minded his sending his man home for the money).
No objection was taken to this course, and then there was another request.
"Would you mind writing for me?" asked the customer. "I have hurt my arm. Just write, please give Robert \$250, and sign it Henri."
The jeweller wrote the note, and in fifteen minutes Robert was back with the cash.
When the jeweller went home a light dawned.
"What's his wife asked, 'did you want that \$250 for me?'"
The thief had made the jeweller, whose name was Henri, pay for the gems with his own money.

"What were the provisions of your uncle's will?"
"I was to have all the cash after the payment of his just debts."
"How generous! What did he leave?"
"Just debts."
Wife: "I believe that more women than men go to heaven when they die."
Husband: "You do; what makes you think so?"
Wife: "Worsen live better lives than men."
Husband: "I grant it, Mary; but there's one thing that leads me to think there are few women there."
Wife: "What is that, dear?"
Husband: "Well, it is spoken of as the silent shore."
Soper (saddy): "Something I said to my wife some days ago so offended her she hasn't spoken to me since."
"Old chap," returned Humpch with painful eagerness, "would you mind telling me what it was you said?"



VALUE OF AN IMAGINATION.
"Harold, you mustn't eat all the peanuts, even if you are pretending to be a monkey. You must give sister some."
"But, mother, I'm pretending she's some kind of animal wot doesn't eat peanuts."—Life.



ALL THERE.
Cityman (irritably, at the close of an unsuccessful day): "Did anybody ever catch anything in this pond?"
Rustique: "Not that I ever heern tell on, mister."
Cityman: "Then what did you mean by telling me this morning that the pond was full of fish?"
Rustique: "That's why it ought to be full—there ain't none on 'em!"

The Unit Rule.
Mrs. Henpeck: "What is this unit rule they talk so much about in the political conventions, Hiram?"
Hiram: "Why, my dear, it's where delegates from one state vote together as a unit, you know. I can illustrate it by a request. I'd like to go fishing tomorrow. If you vote with me on the proposition."
Mrs. Henpeck: "But you can't go fishing, Hiram!"—Fun.

A retired colonel had been advised by his doctor that if he did not give up whisky it would shorten his life.
"Think so?" asked the colonel.
"I am sure of it, colonel. If you will stop drinking I am sure it will prolong your days."
"Come to think of it, I believe you are right about that, doctor," said the colonel. "I went twenty-four hours without a drink six months ago, and I never put in such a long day in my life."
Bill Smith, a country shopkeeper, went to town to buy goods.
They were sent home before him. When the boxes arrived, Mrs. Smith, who was minding the shop, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and began to force of the lid of the largest.
"What's the matter?" asked a bystander.
"Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the lid. It read: "Bill inside."
An orderly officer going his rounds at dinner time at a territorial camp, asking the usual question, "Any complaints, men?" received a complaint from one mess, who were having soup.
"Well, what is the matter with it?" inquired the officer.
"Why, there's no end of sand and grit in it," replied the mess orderly.
"Now, look here," said the officer, "did you come to camp to grumble or serve your country?"
"Well, I did come to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."—Fun.



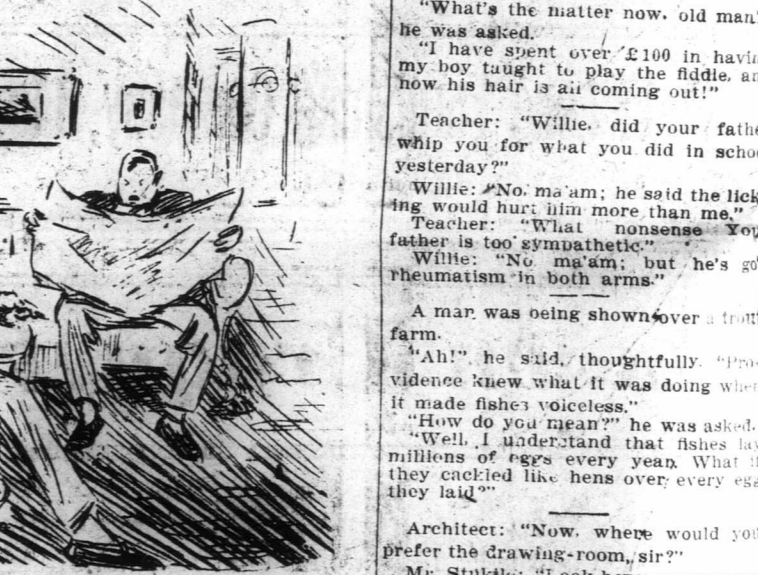
Explained.
"I hear Miss Strongmind has chucked poor Thompson," said Dabney.
"Sad, but true," said Wilkins.
"Why, I always thought Tommy was a brick!" said Dabney.
"He is," said Wilkins. "That's why she threw him, I guess."—Fun.

"Perhaps you drink too much coffee," suggested the doctor. "I should advise you to try a substitute."
"Sir, your advice is superfluous," replied the patient. "I have lived in boarding-houses for twenty-five years, and I always was unlucky!" The speaker heaved a weary sigh.
"What's the matter now, old man?" he was asked.
"I have spent over \$100 in having my boy taught to play the fiddle, and now his hair is all coming out!"
Teacher: "Willie, did your father whip you for what you did in school yesterday?"
Willie: "No, ma'am; he said the fiddling would hurt him more than me."
Teacher: "What nonsense! Your father is too sympathetic. You were out to the case of Sing Sing, and he's got rheumatism in both arms."
A man was being shown over a farm.
"Ah!" he said, thoughtfully. "Some evidence knew what it was doing when it made fishes voiceless."
"How do you mean?" he was asked.
"Well, I understand that there are millions of eggs every year. What if they hatched like hens over every egg they laid?"

By Wire.
"It must complicate matters terribly for Hawkins now that his wife has been sent to jail for three months," said Blatch.
"I wonder who will sing the baby to sleep."
"Oh, he's fixed that all right," said Blatch. "He's had the nursery connected by phone with her cell."

Actor-Manager. "So you want to be an actor? What was your previous occupation?"
Gent: "Well—I've always been a gentleman up till now."
—Modern Life.

Polydore. "I see Carnegie thinks the prospects very bright for universal peace."
Coriolanus: "Well, if the countries that are already fighting can be persuaded to stop, and those that are preparing for war can be induced to change their minds, the outlook will be very promising."
—Judge.



Love's Logic.
There's no logic in love. The young people sat on the beach the other night. Moonlight whitened the sand. The sea in the moonlight was like frosted silver. The young girl, mystically beautiful beneath those calm rays, said:
"How do you know I can make you happy?"
"Because," grinned the young man, "you make me so miserable!"—London Opinion.

Intensely Interested.
Suffragette: "I read every line of the presidential convention doings. Women should know how these things are done."
Ordinary woman: "Of course! So did I. Weren't some of the women's spates just stunning?"—Fun.

A Certainty.
"Do you consider honesty an emblem of luck?" asked the racing man's wife. "Of course," replied the husband, "when they are on the winning horse."—London Opinion.

Profit By It.
Mrs. Suburban: "Oh, Henry! After passing thru the long winter, the ice, the snow, and the snow, and then to see this glorious spring sunlight, these green fields, and the leafy trees! Why, one feels that it actually pays!"
Henry: "Yes, you bet it pays! Why, only this morning I rented this house to a city man for eight hundred dollars for the summer months, and he's a fat in the city for two hundred."—Puck.

The Borrower.
"Jones strikes me as a very promising young man."
"He strikes me that way, too; but he never pays," it back!—Californian Pelican.

No Regret.
"My old lawyer has left the city."
"You seem very regretful."
"Yes, he has been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past fifteen years, and since I had accepted it in regard to him. Now I shall have to start the lot he'll sell with a new man."—Fun.



Band Concert To-night.
The regimental band of the Brant Dragoons, under the command of Lieut. J. H. Pearce, will render the following program at the Jubilee Park this evening at 8 o'clock:
Selections: "Opera Boquet," (Williams); "The Blue Bird," (Beine); (Cappella); calvary "Call to Arms" (Bigwood); melody, "My Baby Lou" (overture, "Maritana" (Ward); dance caprice, "Bolero" (Ward); descriptive fantasia "A Cat As (Vielje); march, "United E (Hughes); euphonium solo, "In the Deep," by Rossini; (Soloist, Bandman E. C. Duva time melody, "Orinoco" (D selection, "Humoresque" (D march military, "Amour Du (Bigwood); God Save the K.

No Hedger.
"Say, boss, can I get off this noon about half past two?"
"Whose funeral is it to be the James?"
"Well, to be honest, boss, the morning papers have it do it looks like it's going to be the team's again."

"Courier" is the Want Ad. Medium of Brantford

FIRST SECTION
FORTY-FOUR
SIXTY CONVICTS TAKEN FROM SING SING
Authorities Feared
They Were Taken
Recent Disorder

DREGS OF N. Y. SO
Handcuffed and Sh
They Were Taken
Albany.

Authorities Feared
They Were Taken
Recent Disorder

Authorities Feared
They Were Taken
Recent Disorder