

Wit and Humor.

TO MY BRIEF PIPE.

Hail, faithful brief! Friend indeed!
Thou solace of my lonely hours,
With good Pace Mixture I will fill thee up
And airy castles build with smoky
towers.
Perchance I'll wander through Elysian
fields
Or in Utopia's fair land may roam;
Yet when the magic of thy power is spent
I'll find myself safe lull again—at
home.

When fortune frowns and fickle friends
forsake,
And failure seems to be a deadly crime,
I'll fill thy bowl and in the incense sweet
Puff out defiance to old Father Time;
Forget the wrongs that breed revengeful
thoughts
And, blissfully unconscious of life's toil
and tears,
The balm of peace will permeate my soul
And wing my thoughts to brighter,
happier spheres.

Mention THE ADVOCATE.

SHE KNEW.

"Now, Eva, this is nothing to interest
you; it's only a business letter."
"Business! It's written across the
top and sides and there are three post-
scripts to it. It's from a woman!"



A TEA PARTY.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Miss Winton—"So you call your dog
Rush. Isn't that a singular name for
him?"
Young Pakefan—"Well, you see, Miss
Winton, I had to call him that because
he is such a growler."

T'AT WAS NOT ENOUGH.

"I don't want you to leave me, mam-
ma," said little Frances after she was
tucked up in bed.
"I'll be in the next room, dear, and
I'll leave the door ajar," replied mamma.
"Ajar isn't enough. Leave it two or
three jars."

A DIPLOMAT.

Fitz William—"I don't want to go in;
suppose that ugly old woman should see
the dogs on me?"
Dusky Rhodes—"Tell her you called to
see her mother."

AN OBJECT OF CHARITY.

Trump (piteously)—"Please help a poor
cripple."
Kind Old Gentleman (handing him some
money)—"Blame me! why, of course,
how are you crippled, my poor fellow?"
Trump (pocketing the money)—"Fi-
nancially, sir."

A young lady whose face is swollen to
twice its usual size through cutting her
wisdom teeth writes that in her case "ig-
norance is bliss."

LOVE & CAUTION.



DISAGREEABLE FATHER—"Never mind, young
man! I'll help her on with her coat myself—"

EMBLEMATIC.

As urchin with a puzzled look
"Unto his father said,
"Why is it, upon all the coins
They stamp a woman's head?"
The father thought a moment, then
He gave him this reply:
"My child, they say that money talks.
I think that must be why."

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

"A red light is a sign of danger, isn't
it?"
"Yes."
"Well, isn't it rather queer that they
should have them in drug-store windows
and not in saloons?"

A PROPER SCALE.

"My fee, if we win," said the lawyer,
"will be five thousand dollars. If we
lose it will be seven thousand five hun-
dred dollars."
"You mean the other way, don't you?"
"No. I have to charge more when I
lose a case to cover the loss of prestige."

THE BOYS WERE POSTED.

Teacher (to members of the class)—
"Having enumerated the principal poets,
orators and statesmen, I will now ask
you to give me the names of three men
famous for their sciences."
Half a dozen voices (all answering at
once)—"Corbett, Mitchell and Sullivan."

Oh, they are wise
Who advertise
In winter, spring
And fall.
But wiser yet
Are they, you bet,
Who never let up
At all.

THE RULING PROPENSITY.

Waggles—"What a shocking tragedy! A
drunken man goes home and when his
wife, who has waited up for him, puts her
arms about his neck he kills her."
Juggles—"Did she live long enough to
tell the story?"
Waggles—"Yes. Her last words were,
"I didn't know he was loaded."



"I don't trust these young fellows—"

TOO TRUE.

Missionary—"My poor man, don't you
know that strong drink is a mocker?"
Paradise Perkins (looking with long and
sorrowful glance at the window)—"You're
just right, lady; you're just right! Them
ere lickens just mock me every time I
looks inter the windy; an' I ain't gotter
cent in th' world."

REBUKED.

Mr. Owen-Lauds—"Mike, you were
out on a bad spree yesterday."
Mike—"Yis, sir, I was. Bless me, if
I weren't a layin' in the gutter with a pig.
Father Howler came along, looked at me,
an' says, "One is known by the company
they keep!"
Mr. Owen-Lauds—"And did you get
up?"
Mike—"No, but the pig did!"



"For I'm up to their tricks—"

ANOTHER PROBLEM SOLVED.

Clifton (who likes home-made bread)—
"My dear, I hear that the bakers' trust
has rushed through a law forbidding wo-
men to make their own bread."
Wife (indignantly)—"They have, have
they! I'll show 'em! Here, Maria, run
out and get me some yeast."

A DISAPPOINTING QUESTION.

Miss Munn, said young Mr. Goslin
tenderly, "I dreamed of you last
night."
"Did you?" replied Miss Munn, with
deep interest. "Was my hat on straight?"



"And they can't feel me. I was a young bird,
once, myself."

VERY.

Banks (pouring out a scant finger)—
"This whiskey is twenty-two years old."
Tandy—"Mighty small for its age,
isn't it?"

A woman can usually keep in the fash-
ionable swim if she has a duck of a bon-
net.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor.—Please inform your readers
that we have a positive remedy for the above
named disease. By its timely use thousands of
hopeless cases have been permanently cured.
We shall be glad to send two bottles of our
remedy gratis to any of your readers who have
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and post office address. Respectfully,
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WE GUAR

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brew
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