

Wit and Humor.

A Foot-Ball Reformation.



YOUNG BRISSEN of the Hardocks' foot-ball team. "The great match is to-morrow, and I can hardly wait for the fray. I think I will put on my suit and let Father see how I look, when he comes home. He never saw a foot-ball costume."

ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE FOOL QUESTIONS.

It was a shady place over a little patch of water, and though the prospects of piscatorial captures were extremely indistinct, the boy was pleased with the place, and dangling his feet over the edge so that they would touch the frothing draught, he cast in his hook. He had been enjoying the thing for half an hour, possibly, when a man came along the road above him.

"What are you fishing there for?" asked the man in a tone of disapproval.

The boy paid no attention to the intruder, and he asked the question again. This time the boy looked up at him inquiringly.

"I say," repeated the man, "what are you fishing there for?"

"What yer reckon?" responded the boy slowly. "Cats and cows and dees and locomotive injines and elephants and lions and tiggers and peccats and punk lemonade!"

Then the man passed on, thinking perhaps the boy might be fishing for fish.

FROSTS.

The snowless fields lie bare and brown, storm down go to all over town. And, touched by frosts, the chestnuts fall in forest glade and concert hall.



OLD BRISSEN (returning from a club meeting I. A. M. A.—Guesh!) all gone to bed. "Wouldn't meet any one when I wish sho shaky as this."

AWKWARD FOR BOTH.

A CERTAIN Scotch minister is wont to relate how, having been out all day visiting, he called on an old dame well known for kindness and hospitality.

After some conversation the old woman bustled about getting out her best china and whatever rural delicacies were at hand to honor her unsuspected guest. As he sat watching these preparations his eye suddenly fell on four or five cats devouring some cold porridge under the table.

"Dear me, Miss Black," he observed, "that a number of cats! Do they all belong to you?"

"Na, na, sir," was the innocent reply, "but many a time I say that a' the hungry brutes in the parish come tae me seeking a meal o' meat."

Then the good woman bethought her, and in her embarrassment nearly dropped a tea cup.—*London paper.*

IN THE WRONG BOX.

Mrs. Briggson—"Harold, mother called in at your office yesterday, and seeing some bronchial troches on your desk took several. To-day she is suffering dreadfully, and thinks you meant to poison her."

Mr. Briggson (the architect).—"Bronchial troches! Great Scott! That was a box of samples of our little mosaic tilings for hotel and office corridors."



YOUNG BRISSEN, looking out the door.—"Is that you, Father?"

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

Miss Ingleton—"I don't wonder that Southerners are not good water drinkers."

Mr. Menzies—"Why not?"

Miss Ingleton—"Why, I drank half a bottle of Florida water the other day, and, oh, my; don't ask me!"

SHE HAD HEARD ENOUGH.

"ALFRED, where have you been?" sharply asked Mrs. Billiwink, putting her night-capped head out of an upper window.

"Been down to Battery D," answered Mr. Billiwink on the porch below, speaking slowly and with care.

"Just so. What's going on at Battery D?"

"Why—why, you know, m'dear."

"Yes, I know. Wh's going on at Battery D?"

"Th—th—same thing, y' know, that th' was—"

"What's going on at Battery D?"

"The Poor Food Ex-oshish—I mean the Fare Posh—no, the Poor Pure Expo—"

"I knew it," explained Mrs. Billiwink, drawing her head in again. "You can go out to the woodshed and sleep it off."



FATHER in his own room—after his nerves have slightly settled.—"By the throat I am in us! When a man sees such things as that in his own house, it's time to lead a new life."

WON THE BET, BUT LOST THE STAKES.

Dishwater—"Condone with me, old man. I have just lost a very excellent dinner."

Cleverton—"In what way?"

Dishwater—"Over a bet. The other day Winkle, Stuffer and myself were strolling in the park, and I happened to mention that a few nights before I had met a certain Miss Miller at a dinner for the first time, and the question came up as to whether, if she met me in the street, she would bow. Winkle and I got into a heated discussion over it. He maintained that she wouldn't bow, that it wasn't customary, and I said she would. Then I bet the first dinner that could be bought that the next time I met her she would bow, and he took me up. We got quite excited over it when, by Jove! what do you think happened?"

Cleverton—"You met the girl."

Dishwater—"Precisely."

Cleverton—"And she, of course, didn't bow."

Dishwater—"But she did bow, and I won the bet. But (sadly) I lost the dinner, old fellow."

Cleverton—"I don't see how that could be."

Dishwater—"You forget that Stuffer was there. While Winkle and I were betting and were so excited he made a remark that we agreed to. We didn't exactly grasp the meaning of it until afterward."

Cleverton—"What on earth could it have been?"

Dishwater—"He said he would hold the stakes."

THAT DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Charlie-boy—"Any news regarding the robbery?"

O'Brien—"Naw; but they've found the tray of diamonds."

Charlie-boy—"Where did they find it?"

O'Brien—"They found it in a pack of cards, sonny."

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A LUCKY NUMBER.

THERE was to be a foot race at the Blackburg Fair, and Sambo, who was one of the contestants, felt that he must have a pair of running shoes, so he began to look around and finally went into a store.

"Has you got any running shoes here, boss?" he asked.

"Plenty of them. What number and the clerk threw out a lot on the counter."

This was a power to Sambo, for the shoes he had been wearing had been on old hands without a number.

"Good, boss," he replied as he rubbed his woody head and grinned, "I didn't but see winter run in dis yer footin' at de fat, an' ez I wants ter win, I got you better gimme numbah to be fast-fo!"

COMPARATIVE HISTORY.

Inquisitive Tommy—"Pa why don't you carry bird sing?"

Pa—"Because, she is not a wisk."

Tommy—"That's funny. Monamash much of a male either, and she has the socks of anybody in this town."

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Quired one Tough quit smoking?"

Quired one man of another, "I don't know whether he has or not, but he has the other day," was the evasive reply.

Philadelphia Record.

M-Souther—"Is Claghorn a fisher?"

Yes; you see he came on Woolly of the Hoarder and called him a liar, and—well, you know Woolly's Synapse Pool.

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