

Wit and Humor.



A Rough Reminder.

He wanted to milk the cow, so as to remind him of the time when he was a boy, and lived on the farm.

A VIOLENT INSINUATION.

Ruth—"Harry told me I was the first girl he ever told he loved."

Kitty—"When did he tell you that?"

Ruth—"Monday night. Why?"

Kitty—"Oh, nothing, only he must have been lying to me Tuesday night!"

A WISE CHILD.

Tattie (aged five)—"I wonder why babies is always born in the night time?"

Lettie (aged seven, a little wiser)—

"Don't you know? 'Cos they want to make sure of finding their mothers at home."

THEY PASSED.

Judge Geoffrey—"What passed between yourself and the complainant?"

O'Brien—"I think, sor, a half dozen bricks and a piece of pavin' stone."

A MAX with a donkey for sale, hearing that a friend wanted to buy one, sent him the following written on a postal-card:—

"Dear Jack, if you are looking for a really good donkey, don't forget me."

ALL MY EYE.

Temperance Lecture—"We put a drop of alcohol into a man's eye; it poisons it."

Response—"Well, what nonsense! We might equally say, 'Put a crust of bread into a man's eye the eye is blinded.' Alcohol, my friend, should be put into the mouth, not the eye. Aye, aye!"—*London Wine and Spirit Gazette.*

A WINDFALL.

Mother—"I have just heard something that you ought to know. Your father tells me that your husband is hopelessly involved."

Married Daughter—"Isn't that lovely! Now, maybe, he'll make over all his property to me!"—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

"There's no use in trying to deny it," she sighed; "men are terribly inconsistent."

"What's the matter?" asked her mother.

"When Charley started for the races this morning he said he would have money to burn, and now he declares he can't afford a ton of coal."—*Washington Star.*

VIOLENT EXERCISE.

Edison—"You're not as stout as you used to be, old man."

Wheeler—"No; since I started to ride a bicycle I've fallen off a good deal."

DESCRIPTIVE OF IT.

Miss Mabel—"Well, Auntie, how is Uncle Mose these days?"

Aunt Chloe—"Poly, Miss, poly; he's done got exclamation rheumatism."

Miss Mabel—"You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Auntie; 'exclamation' is to cry out."

Aunt Chloe (with solemn conviction)—"Dat's hit, Missy; dat's hit—he don't do nuffin but holler!"

PLEASANT ANICIPATIONS.

Rev. Goodwin—"I dare say you are looking forward with delight to the approaching day of your release."

No. 411-44—"Bet yer life! Yer'd order feed de that I've got on me!"



One of the Tricks at Cards.

Holding four aces and trying not to show it on your face.

AWFUL.

Mrs. Catchings (weeping)—"Did'n't you hear about it? Mary has run off with that young Gillington. It's awful, awful, awful!"

Mrs. Gadders (a social rival)—"Well, I should say so! Have his parents offered a reward for him yet?"

BOTH TOOK THE SAME.

AT A BOSTON BAR.

First indulger—"Give me a cocktail."

Second indulger—"I'll take a synonym."

CATERING TO THEIR TASTE.

Mose Woodward—"Fo' de Lawd's sake! Handolph, what yo' got dat Limburger cheese for?"

Handolph Lipner—"What I got dat fo'? Why, I've fishin' fo' dem German carp, I is; and I know what catcatcher de Dutch every time."

THIS WORLD.

No matter how the skies may frown.

This world is rollin' right—

A sun for every mornin'

An a-star for every night.

Then shout your halloo-lah!

An' raise your sweeted time.

If we're freezin' in December

We'll be warm enough in June.

No matter how the tempest blows.

This world is rollin' right.

The summer burns to red the rose.

The winter makes it white.

Then shout your halloo-lah!

In summer time an noon.

If we're freezin' in December

We'll be warm enough in June.

FRANK L. STANTON.

A FARMER at Dorking, having read in a poultry journal that "hens having dark plumage lay earlier and more frequently than those of a light color," immediately went to work and dyed seventeen white hens black.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mamma—"Do stop crying, Tommy. You don't hear me cry when my hair is combed."

Tommy—"Boo-hoo-oo! Yours isn't hitched on."

A HOPELESS TASK.

Employer (severely)—"What? Making the letter I sent you to deliver, Michael? Go back and find it at once! From your books, I think you left it in a 'shon!'"

Michael—"I did, sor,—but I'm don't if Oh can remember which was."

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES.

The Talbot public-house at Nottingham is more elaborately decorated than any other public-house in England, all the walls being covered with paintings done in a most artistic manner, and the ceiling ornamented with elaborate decorations. The Talbot is the largest as well as the most magnificently got-up public house in the United Kingdom. The Feather, a well-known ancient hostelry in London is one of the most striking and handsome of timber-framed, gabled buildings in England, rich in various devices, including the Prince of Wales' feathers, alleged as the sign of the house in the time of King Arthur. Many of the rooms have beautiful panellings of carved oak and quaintly moulded ceilings. The Crown and Treaty, locally styled the "Crown and Treaty," in Exbridge, has some elaborately decorated rooms. It is originally a mansion, the seat of the Benbow, who afterwards became Earls of Devon and Tankerville, and in 1644, when known as Mr. Carr's house, was the scene of the conference between representatives of King Charles and his Parliament, which resulted in a treaty, and earned for the house the name of the Treaty House. The great room in which the conference took place still remains in its original state, as does also the presence chamber, and the fine apartment wainscoted with oak.

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102 and 106 Adelaide St. W.

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DOOLEY (insinuatingly)—"Gimme some of yer tobacco, Corney!"
Corney (decisively)—"Ye've bin grubbin' tobacco from me all summer. Not another doddled bit'll I give from me; so put that in yer pipe an' smoke it!"