

Wit and Humor.

NO CANNIBAL.

"Why did Robinson Crusoe call his man Friday?"
 "He was so overjoyed to find he wasn't eating flesh on that day."

NO LIMIT.

Spencer—"What are the requirements of a good cook?"
Ferguson—"Judging from ours, everything in the house."

A BUSINESS GIRL.

"I find you are not the girl for me," he cried, cringing before the scornful glance of the telephone operator, to whom he had plighted his troth.
 "Ring off, then, please!" she exclaimed, extending her hand, not without a show of petulance.

QUITE NATURAL.

Mrs. Lippie (to grocer)—"Tell Mr. All-spice I'm going to trade elsewhere if he does not give me better measure."
Boy—"Why, what's been wrong?"
Mrs. Lippie—"The last butter he sent was half a pound short."
Boy—"Oh, yer auntin' mind a little thing like dat. It's only his weigh."

TRUE IN ONE SENSE ONLY.

Pyrites—"Time is money, isn't it?"
Soudan—"Your creditors don't find it so."

REASSURING.

Rev. Harkness—"And so you think the police will really rush in and stop that glove fight before it approaches brutality?"
Barney Bill—"You betcher life. The feller they've net on will get licked if they don't."

THE TEST.

The Editor—"Mr. Bard, how do you distinguish between your verse and your poetry?"
Mr. Bard—"I read it to my wife, sir. If she understands it, it's verse; if she doesn't, it's poetry."

A FARMER'S BET.

THERE was once a lawyer in Bristol who indicated his office hours by a notice on his door, "In from ten to one." An old sea captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding him, in at last furiously wrote under this notice: "Ten to one you're out."

A SLIP AS USUAL.

Garric—"And what did papa say when you told him this morning? Did he make any objections?"
Harry—"Only one. When I told him we shouldn't marry for a year, he wanted to know if I couldn't make it a week. He said he was afraid it would be a slip through as usual. What did he mean by 'as usual,' darling?"
Garric—"Oh, it's only papa's way of talking. But I think he's right, and just to please him, you know, perhaps. But all we'd better marry next week. But, Harry, it's very sudden!"

LOST HIS WAY.

Happy Pilgrim—"I'm going to the better land."
Conductor—"You're on the wrong route, then, Mister. This train goes to Chicago."

ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

Schoolmaster—"Now, my boy, if you sold 3,000 cabbages at three farthings apiece, how much would that be?"
Boy (puzzled)—"Don't know, sir."
Schoolmaster—"But suppose, now, you kept a shop, and sold those cabbages at three farthings each, what would they come to?"
Boy (thinking he sees a way out of the difficulty)—"Shouldn't sell them at three farthings; should sell them at a half penny."
Schoolmaster—"But that would not pay you."
Boy (triumphantly)—"Then I'd sell 'em at a penny."
Schoolmaster—"But they would not fetch a penny."
Boy (now rendered desperate)—"Then I'd eat 'em myself."

A DRY JOKE.

Two sportsmen were then shooting on a hot summer's day.
 "Have you anything with you, John?"
 "Yes, a bottle of wine! And what have you got?"
 "A dry tongue."
 "Good; then we will divide our provisions."
 "Very well, begin."
 "John took out his bottle of wine, and its contents were honorably divided. After this had been done, John wiped his mouth, and asked his fellow traveller to bring forth his provisions.
 "I," answered the other.
 "Why, yes; your dry tongue."
 "My tongue is no longer dry," was the little comforting answer.

THE CHEESE MARKET.

Country Parson—"I don't like to say nothin', deacon, but that cheese you sent me for your year's pew ren wuz powerful poor."
Deacon—"P'raps it wuz, parson; but so wuz the preachin'."

NO ENGAGEMENT.

Sam (with fervor)—"Ach, fader, I wish you could see dead Miss Spangelaubum. Pearly teeth, a silvery laugh, golden hair, features like a royal cameo, and eyes—oh her eyes are like twin diamonds set in sapphires!"
Father—"I understand; and I sub-rose she's got an alabaster neck and china ears; but we are dealing in old clothes, Sammy, not bric-a-brac."

PRECAUTION.

Patient—"I wish to consult you in regard to my after-loss of memory."
Doctor—"Aw—yes—why—er—in this class of cases I always require any fee in advance."

WHY HE GOT THE FLUTE.

Wood—"How do you like your new flat?"
Van Pelt—"All right, except that that the man across the hall is learning to play the flute."
Wood—"You ought to get an accordion."
Van Pelt—"I did; that's why he got the flute."

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

Savannah Hotel Clerk (pointing to new arrival)—"That's the young fellow who used to scare the young ladies he took rowing, by rocking the boat."
Proprietor—"Tell him the place is crowded and you'll have to put him with that old gentleman from Barnes's Corners. That old dick looks as if he'd blow out the gas."

NO CHANCE TO RETALIATE.

"Why do you weep?"
 "My dog has been poisoned. Boo, how, how!"
 "There, there, my boy! Don't feel so badly."
 "I can't help it—the fellow that did it has nothing but a cat."

IN THE REGULAR ROUTINE.

Upton—"I hear that the beautiful Mrs. Theatricals, is now preparing to go on the professional stage."
Butcher—"How much alimony did she ask for?"

THE CALL OF DUTY.

Friend—"Your husband seems ill."
The Minister's Wife—"He is over-worked, but he will take no rest. Three nights last week he insisted on going to see those hateful living pictures in order to more effectively denounce them from the pulpit."

ONE WAY TO GET A DRINK.

Stranger—"Where can I get a glass of beer in this place?"
Dodley (the hired man)—"I'll show you, sor; I be thursify for one myself."
Stranger—"It's not necessary for you to go with me; if you will direct me."
Dodley—"It might do, sor; but me tongue be too dirty ter tell you."

IMPRESSING A FACT.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a blundering counsel, in an action about some swine, there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs—just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury box, gentlemen." That counsel did not gain his case.

HE WASN'T WILLING.

Peddie—"Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy!"
Penelope—"Did you and Jack have some trouble in getting your father's consent?"
Peddie—"No; I had papa and I had an awful lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent."

INTERESTING.

Mother—"Did you try to make your self agreeable at Mrs. Highstone's?"
Little Daughter—"Yes mamma; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be much interested."

MORNING FINE.

"FIRE morning, your worship," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.
 "Yes, indeed," responded the Justice; "quite a very fine morning—in fact, a five dollar fine morning."

THE WORM TURNS.

"You never catch me talking through my hat," ostentatiously announced the girl in the second row from the orchestra, to her escort.
 "You leave that for the actors to do," murmured the sad man just behind her, almost inaudibly.

A FALSE ALARM.

Father (from top of stairs)—"Annie, has that young man gone?"
Annie—"Why—er—no, father."
Father (with sigh of relief)—"Ah, all right! I thought perhaps you had let another one escape."

THE NEW BADGE.

Walking Delegate—"Here! You're no union man! Clear out! We'll have to scale around here!"
Workman—"What's the matter with you. Here's good a union man as you are. Here's my card."
Walking Delegate—"And nothing! That don't go these times. Where's your Winchester?"

DOING HIM WRONG.

Good Man—"My boy, I saw you come out of that saloon. I hope you are not so depraved as to drink beer."
Boy—"Oh, no, sir; you do me wrong. I went in to buy some cigarettes and put a counterfeit dollar on the new tender."

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