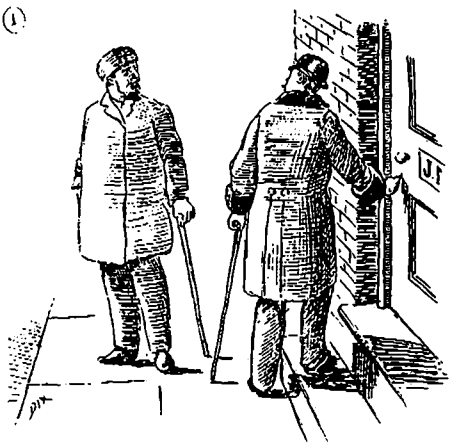


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## NEW YEAR'S MISHAPS.

- 1.—"Hello, Tom, not patronizing your office on a holiday, are you?"  
"Well, old man its like this you know. Last public holiday my wife arranged a pleasant time for us to end with a sleigh ride, I liked the idea too, but before starting out—
- 2.—"She thought I'd better split up an extra supply of kindling, having so much time you know. And then it was—
- 3.—"Perhaps, Tom dear, you wouldn't mind looking after baby while you enjoy your smoke?" Well, perhaps I enjoyed it, but the baby seemed to be having most of the fun.
- 4.—While my wife was getting ready, I thought I would just trim off the icicles from the eave of the verandah, but why an avalanche should come off the roof just at that particular time I haven't been able to account for yet.
- 5.—When at last we did get away there was a regular blizzard going.
- 6.—And some way or other we finished up our drive in the ditch.
- 7.—It took me a good month to get over that holiday, and really I don't think I can afford another. Ta-ta, old man."

## IT WASN'T SECONDED.

THIMBLEBY—"Hello, Jagster, I thought you made a New Year's resolution to quit drinking."

JAGSTER—"Sho I did. But nobody sheconded motion, 'n' resolution thash not sheconded 's no good. Come 'n' take something."

## THEY HANG.

TOURIST—"I suppose your society has some hang-ers-on as our society in the East has."  
WESTERN ARISTOCRAT—"Oh, yaas. Horse thieves."

## CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

SINGULAR as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that a Hamilton young man has perpetrated a conundrum and begged our acceptance of it. But more remarkable still, it is not a bad conundrum—we say nothing about the spelling, as it comes from one of our own suburbs. Here it is, *i.e.*, the conundrum:

"We read a great deal, in the columns of the *Times*, *Herald* and *Spectator* about the grand show of gold oar

which is to be maid by Ontario at Chicago, but why (as we have the respected member for South Wentworth as the commissioner,) is this just what we might expect?

Answer—Because it is only reasonable that he should be able to make a great Awrey-ferous display.

P.S.—If you think this is worth 25 cents, kindly remit to —, Locomotive St., Hamilton."

Should this young man keep right on in the line he has chosen, he may yet flourish as Canada's champion conundrumist, and shed a lustre, we mean an additional lustre, on the city of his birth.

BORAX—"Do you call a newspaper office a factory?"  
SMILAX—"Well, no. I should rather call it a fictionary."