

## WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Lady Visitor—"And how many children have you?" Mother—"Nine living, mum, and four married."

Little Willie (reading)—"Say, pa, who are the deserving poor?" Pa—"Those who don't deserve to be poor, my son."

Patience—"Is she a selfish girl?" Patrice—"No, not at all. You never find her occupying a hammock all by herself."

"Is it true that Piker is financially embarrassed?" "He is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him at all."

He—"I wonder why they have never married?" She—"Because he would make an ideal husband, and she an ideal wife."

"That seems a very bad cold you've got, my little man." "It's a very good cold; it's kept me away from school for two weeks now."

Boarder—"Look here, you told me if I took that room I'd sleep like a top. I was turning all night. Landlady—"Well, don't tops turn?"

Customer (to barber)—"Can you give me a decent shave?" Barber—"Yes, sir; yes, sir. In my shop satisfaction is guaranteed or whiskers returned."

Tourist (pointing to wooden screen in the church)—"There's a lot of dry rot here." Church Cleaner—"That's nothing to what we have in the pulpit, sir."

Mr. Jones—"I think I'm going to have appendicitis." Mrs. Jones—"Oh, you do! Well, I think I'm going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait."

Grayce—"What are you crying about?" Gladys—"My new hat isn't becoming. All the girls—" Grayce—"Say it isn't?" Gladys—"No—boo—ho. They say it is."

Jinks—"Let's go to one of the theatres to-night." Binks—"All right. Which do you prefer—a good company with a poor play or a poor company with a good play?"

Circus Joe—"I never minded performing on a tight rope in the old days, but I'll be hanged if I think it's safe to walk one of these suburban sidewalks in flood time."

Wife—"And so we'll have to economize. Let's see, now; what can we do without?" Husband—"Well, there's your mother, you know; we could do without her."

Papa—"Not quarrelling, I hope, my children?" Tommy—"Oh, no. We were playing at tableaux." Papa—"And what does this represent?" Tommy—"Mamma asking you for a cheque."

Policeman—"Now, look here! Where's your light?" Cyclist—"Oh! the wind blew it out." Policeman (producing a notebook)—"It must have been a terrible gale; your lamp has got blown away too."

"Maggie!" "Yes'm." "Why didn't you put this water-melon in the ice box as I told you?" "I did, mum." "But it isn't cold." "No, mum. You see I had to take the ice out to get it in."

"Does mistletoe bear fruit?" "Yes, my son, very often. Forbidden fruit."

The only man we ever knew who got what he wanted for Christmas was a fellow who didn't want anything.

Hamfatt—"What's a good way to enjoy yourself at Christmas?" Romeo—"Don't look at your presents till next day."

Flora—"Charlie kissed me under the mistletoe last night. Did he kiss you?" Dora—"Why—er—not under the mistletoe."

Now doth this question make me sigh  
And father scratch his nose—  
How can five plunks the presents buy  
To fill eight pairs of hose?

"Now, my dear sir," said Dr. Fox, "I can't cure you unless you promise to do everything I tell you." "All right," said Skinner, "I promise." "Good! Now, first of all, pay me my last year's bill."

Myer—"I wonder why Browne added the 'e' to his name after inheriting a fortune?" Gyer—"He probably figured out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people."

Mrs. Brady—"Be quiet, both of you. What yer cryin' fer?" Little Ellen—"Me mudder says Santa Claus has gone out on strike, an' dere ain't goin' to be no Christmas."

"What do you expect to give your husband for Christmas?" "I think I shall give him the same cigars I gave him last year. The dear absent-minded man has scarcely touched them."

Paul—"What jer git fo' Crissmus, 'Ginny?" Virginia—"Mammy's ole gum shoes. What yo' git?" Paul—"I hain't quite shuah yit, but I fink pop's done fo'get t'lick me fo' suckin' them aigs lars' night!"

Miss Saintly—"Now, children, I will give a silver dollar at Christmas to every boy who has a perfect mark of conduct!" Billy McGinnis—"Say, teacher, I'll take a quarter now, 'n' call it square!"

"What became of that young man who used to have such a beautiful mind?" asked the sentimental girl. "Married," replied her chum, "and you ought to see the beautiful mind he has now." "Indeed?" "Yes, twins."

Father (to sleepy headed son coming to breakfast on time)—"So you got up before breakfast, did you?" Son—"No, sir; after it." Father—"After it?" Son—"Yes, sir. If I hadn't got up after it I wouldn't have got any."

"No, sir," exclaimed the loud-voiced commercial traveller. "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men, pushing its line of goods, than ours." "What do you sell?" asked a curious one. "Babies' mail-carts."

Tailor—"I am sorry, sir, but as this is to be your wedding suit I shall require cash on delivery." Customer—"Why? Why? I've had an account with you for years, and I've always paid you promptly." "Yes, sir; but you were never a color then, and were sure to have your own money."

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