

Wit and Humor.

A Sore Disappointment.



"Here's a bottle of whisky."

AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

Inquisitive Child.—"Papa, what is the sea for?"

- "To nourish the fishes."
- "And what are the fishes for?"
- "To feed men."
- "And what are men for?"
- "Don't worry me, child!"

NOT PARTICULAR ABOUT THE NAME.

Mrs. Hossif.—"I never turn a beggar away from the door. A cup of cold water in my name—"

Royal House.—"Make it whiskey in somebody else's name. Mum, sir I won't kick."



HARD ON THE FLOWERS.

Little Bertha came home from school the other day in a state of great excitement. Rushing in upon her mother, she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! guess what we're going to do!"

"Nothing very dreadful, I hope, my dear."

"Why, our class is studying botany, and we're going to tanzelize the flowers next week."

A READY BOY.

Mother.—"Good gracious! How did you get so muddy?"

Snail Boy.—"Runnin' home to see if there was anything you wanted me to do."

SMART.

"THOMAS, of what fruit is cider made?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Why, what a stupid boy. What did you get when you robbed Farmer Jones' orchard?"

"Thrashed!"



III.

"An' only to tink dat it ain't nothin' but an aged bottle of million-water, an' we're both washed, instead out."

BY PROXY.

Attorney.—"I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know everything that passed between you and Mr. Gibson on the occasion to which you refer."

Reluctant Witness.—"I've told you everything of any consequence."

"You have told me what you said to him," Gibson, this case will get into the courts some day. Now I want to know what he said in reply."

"Well, he said, 'Chumley, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snootin' little yee-hawin' four-by-six, guilet-eyer lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

Little Mickey's Device.

AND HOW HIS ANTI-ESTABLISHMENTARY FATHER TO CONVINCE HIS HEALTH-GIVING KIDNEY.



RETIRED CONTRACTOR DOOLEY (throwing of the gloves in disgust).—"Dootler or no dootler, health or no health, I'll not punch that munition until I hear another blow! It's the same thing over and over again."

IN COURT.

First Prisoner.—"What kind of time did you have in the police-court this morning?"

Second Ditto.—"Fine!"

AT NIAGARA.

First Stranger.—"Ah, sir; seems a shame all this going to waste."

Second Stranger.—"Jesse, jesse!"

First Stranger.—"Are you a mechanical engineer, sir?"

Second Stranger.—"No, sir; I'm a city milkman."



LITTLE MICKEY.—"Never fear, Mother! You have a son with brains, and we'll save Father, yet."

SHE HAS IT.

Mrs.—"They does he after tellin' me at the dispensary that I have insomnia, Biddy."

Biddy.—"Thin why don't ye be after goin' to bed and shapin' it off."

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

James.—"Vot makes Goldberg look so sad?"

Olsen.—"Didn't you hear he won der capital prize in der lottery?"

James.—"Vell, yesn't it big enough?"

Olsen.—"It vos big enough; but Goldberg had ten dicketts, and he's kickin' himself for de money he trowed away on mine."



LITTLE MICKEY (spitting on the baggy).—"Well, if that ain't O'Hoolihan, the baggy-man, I'm no artist!"

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE CLUB.

Goodman (Chairman of Citizen's Moral Movement).—"Yes, sir; in spite of all we can do, the side-doors of the saloons are still open on the Sabbath for all who choose to enter; and not only that, but I saw, this morning, at least a dozen men coming out of one in my neighborhood, with buckets and pitchers, openly and shamelessly taking beer to their families."

Hooper (President of the Police Prosecution Society).—"I know it! It only goes to prove that something must be done at once to improve the morals of this iniquitous corruption-ridden town. Drink up, and we'll have another!"

A YOUTHFUL OBSERVER.

Mother.—"Now, be quiet, Bobby; the minister is going to pray."

Bobby.—"Well, he wants to cut it short."

Mother.—"Why do you say that, Bobby?"

Bobby.—"Cos there's a man over there who's gettin' ready to say 'Amen.'"

A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE.

Judge.—"The policeman says you were drunk."

Prisoner.—"I was nothing of the sort."

Judge.—"Then why were you reeling through the streets?"

Prisoner.—"Force o' habit, your honor. I'm a sailor and it takes me some time to get my legs on."

CAPABLE OF HURRY.

Officer O'Rourke.—"Come now, will you get a move on ye?"

Henry Bagley.—"Course I will! I'm no member of parliament."

COULDN'T SWIM.

Manager of the Museum.—"What's happened to the mermaid?"

Attendee.—"She fell in the tank and was nearly drowned."

IN A HOLE.

"I am having great trouble in settling a bet."

"What are the circumstances?"

"I lost."



RETIRED CONTRACTOR DOOLEY (gratefully, the next day).—"Mickey! Mickey, me boy! Fire 'em gloves and buy me a pair of brass knuckles. Biff! ye yaller-livered scoundrel!"

ALWAYS ON TOP.

"WILLIE, do you and your brother ever fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who whips?"

"Pa."

HE WAS RIGHT.

Old Gentleman (to little boy, who is playing soldier).—"Ah, my little man, you're a son of Mars, eh?"

Little Boy (indignantly).—"Course I'm a son of ma's. Didn't suppose I was a son of auntie's, did yer?"

A PROHIBITIONIST.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Sure," replied the witness, with deep feeling, "I am a strict temperance man."

HIS RIGHT.

A MAN-OF-WAR was lying off Gilebeah, and permission was given the men to go ashore for the day. The sailors amused themselves in various ways, among them by riding about on donkeys; and their want of experience in this line caused much merriment. An officer, observing one of the men sitting very far back on the animal, instead of in the usual position, called out, "I say, Jack, get up more shipside!"

With an injured air he replied, "Well, sir, this is the craft that ever I commanded in my life, and it's hard indeed if I can't ride out the quarter-deck if I like."

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Mrs. Sowers.—"I am dead set against giving the women the constitutional right to vote."

Mrs. Sowers.—"I would never have given you credit for so much sense, up dear."

Mrs. Sowers.—"Well, a woman would use about the same judgment in voting for a man that she uses in selecting a husband, and just see what a failure she generally makes of that!"

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Debtor.—"I can't pay you anything this month."

Collector.—"That's what you told us last month."

Debtor.—"Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"

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