

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR COMIC PAGE.



TWO KINDS OF SPOONS.

Weeks—Evelyn, I want to tell you a Christmas secret. I'm going to give your mother a new spoonholder.
His daughter—A new spoonholder?
Weeks—Yes, a new parlor sofa.

THEY LIED TO YOU.

"Well, I suppose you are getting ready for Christmas," he queried of the man beside him in the car after seeing him up as a family man.
"No, sir," was the blunt reply.
"I thought you might have wife and children."
"So, I have. I have a wife and seven children."
"Are you not going to play Santa Claus?"
"Of course not."
"Well, there are people who think it foolish, but the children have got in a



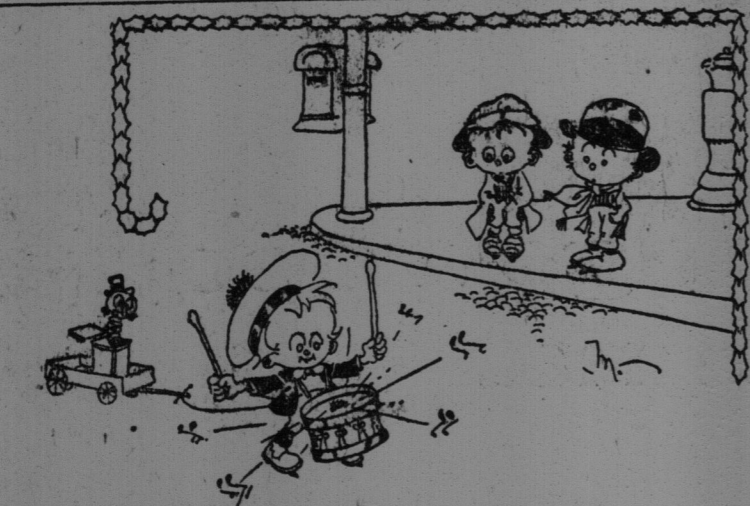
Though there was a Santa Claus.

way of expecting something in their stockings.
"Yes, and when I was a kid I did the same. That's what sets me now. I thought there was a Santa Claus. I thought he came down the chimney. I thought he had reindeers and a sled. My parents lied to me sir—deliberately. They took advantage of my youth and innocence and put up a job on me."
"Put the fiction is a pleasing one," replied the other in apologetic tones.
"It may be to some, sir, but not to me. When I found out that I had been lied to and grossly deceived and made a fool of I turned my back on my home and have never seen it since. I do not want my seven children to do the same by me. Think what it means to have a father who is an infernal liar! Think what it is to have a mother who aids and abets him! It has caused a blot on my whole life, and not for worlds would I deceive one of my innocent lambs. I shall buy seven peanuts, sir, and put them in the stockings—no deceiving. Plain, straight peanuts and the respect of my children, and these you are. I got off here, and I hope you will think things over and be a wretched, contemptible liar no longer."
JOE KERR.



AN APPALLING SUGGESTION.

Sammy—I wonder why Santa Claus uses a reindeer.
Mammy—Well, I speaks maybe a mule would be cheaper.
Sammy—Yes. But goodness Lor, mammy! S'pos dat mule was to take a nothin to bark!



"I wonder why Santa Claus brung h im things an' forgot us?"
"I guess it's cause his folks is got dere name in de city dictionary book at de 'drug store, an' we ain't!"

THE MISTLETOE SPELL.

Under the mistletoe laughing eyes Flash me a challenge greeting. While pouring lips, enticingly near, Warn me that time is fleeting.
The kiss I take weaves round me a spell Of sly Cupid's artful contriving; A willing captive, no wish to escape, I am held in its coils, never striving.



There's a little old man with silvery hair An' a long white beard 'at flies in the air, With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face. An' 'bout a year he comes to our place. An' our little maid, An' our little man, Be anxious to see 'im soon's they can.

But you better take keer, for some folks say 'At 'er mighty hell by away. An' quicker'n you can whistle—phew— Away he's gone up the chimney flue! So our little maid, An' our little man, Wants Santy to come jes' as quick 'e he can. Ez tryin' to be jes' as good's they can.



What He Expects.

I shall look for a nice sled, And a pair of ice skates, And a red or blue sweater, And a fur cap with earflaps, And a jackknife, And a dollar watch, And a whole pound of candy, And at least a quarter in money, There may be a football, And a goat, And rubber boots, And a silver dollar, And four kinds of candy, and an air-um.

I can't say as there will, but father and mother are looking at me in a loving way, and I shall be the best boy in town until after Christmas. No boy who is not a good boy can expect anything in his Christmas stocking.
WHAT HE GOT.
One pair of mittens and a lemon.
JOE KERR.



SHE STANDS UPON A LADDER TALKING.
HER CHEEFTERS WINKER ALL READY.
SHE TRIES THE HALL SCISSORS.
DRESSERES TO HIT THE STAIRS.
DUT HARK WHAT MEANS THAT THUNDER RATTLE?
IT'S A BUSH WOULD AFRIGHT OFF.
IT'S SLIPPER MEANS SHE HIT A TRAIL.
DUT IT WAS NOT THE RIGHT CUPID!



Miss Petite—Do I have to go and stand under the mistletoe?
Fargene—No, stand right where you are. It's foolish wasting precious time.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

"Now, dear," she says, "we've got the children's stockings filled, and I'm going to give you your little present."
"Sure you won't be disappointed?"
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Presenting Hubby with a pair of No. 10 Slippers.

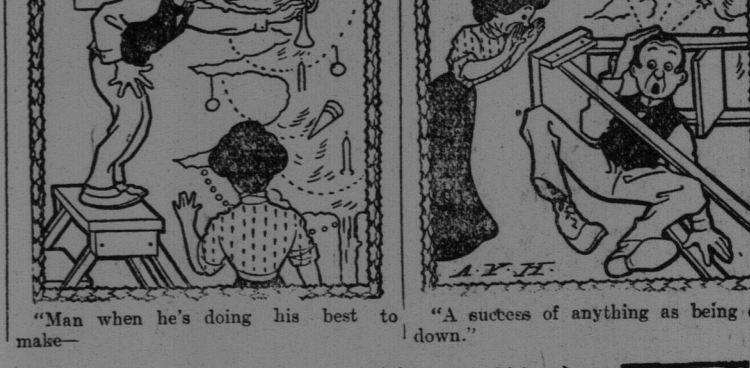


Little Umbagoolo—We-a-ow! Dere ain't nuffin' on mah Chris'mus tree but dese ole everlastin' coconuts!

THAT CHRISTMAS TREE.



Hubby—"I'll show you how a tree should be dressed! Now don't—"



"Interfere. There's nothing so distracting as a—"

