



THE "Tecumseh"

LONDON, ONT.

First-class in all Appointments.

SPECIAL RATES FOR COMPANIES.

CHAS. W. DAVIS,
Proprietor.

THE PROGRAMME

The primary idea of this Programme is, of course, to enlighten the audience as to the personnel of the artists taking part in the performances, incidentally to serve as a guide to the plot of the piece, and generally to give such information as will tend to the enjoyment of the auditor.

Reading matter of a miscellaneous nature, is, however, liberally supplied, that may be perused with interest and advantage. Quips and Quirks give zest to the solid matter, as sauces do to meats, but there is a fund of information in the advertisements that may be seriously considered with profit.

The publishers are prepared to attend to all business in the way of general and special advertising.

Respectfully,

BELTON & ROOTE,

Advertising Agents.

END OF THE WAR.

The war was over. The victorious Japanese troops marched proudly through the streets of Peking. Li Hung Chang, "the Bismarck of the East," sat alone in his palace, wrapped in thought.

Just simply wrapped in thought. That was all.

A BURGLARY.

Tom—Pills, the druggist, tells me that burglars entered his store the other night and stole \$15 worth of perfume. Toc bad, wasn't it? Jerry—I should say so. Have they put the detectives on the scent?

SET RIGHT.

Wool—What time is it?

Van Pelt—The 6 o'clock editions of the evening papers are just out.

Wool (sets his watch)—I thought it must be about half-past 4.

TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR HIM.

Mrs. Brownstone—I think Mary's music professor has a beautiful touch.

Mr. Brownstone—I should say he had! Seven dollars a lesson.

W. T. STRONG.

DISPENSING
CHEMIST

184 Dundas Street.

WHY HE NAMED HER.

Miss Wanterneau—Why do you call : r dog Trilby, Mr. Wagleigh?

Mr. Wagleigh—A policeman hit her with one of those new concealed clubs the other day.

Miss Wanterneau—What has that to do with it?

Mr. Wagleigh—Don't you see? She was struck with a Little Billy.

THE LADY AND THE TROLLEY.

It was a Cambridge car, and it had stopped just in front of Beck Hall. Mrs. Casey, who sat near the front door, tackled her bundle of washing and started to leave by the front platform. The bundle was rather large and decidedly awkward to handle, and when she reached the street it slipped from her grasp and fell upon one of the tracks.

She started quickly to recover it, but a sudden apprehension seized her and she stopped. Looking at the motorman, she said, doubtfully: "If Oi put me fut on the track will Oi hov a shock?"

"No, madam," replied the motorman, gravely, "not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."