

Wit and Humor.

A Difficult Feat.



To the frozen fjord the Norseman came
On the smooth, clear ice to stroll his name.

A SOFTENED HEART.

Little Dick—"Mamma, may I go and play with Bobby Upton, and stay there to dinner if they ask me?"

Mamma—"I thought you didn't like Bobby Upton."

Little Dick—"I didn't, but as I passed his house just now my heart softened toward him."

Mamma—"Did he look lonely?"

Little Dick—"No'm, he looked happy."

Mamma—"What about it?"

Little Dick—"He said his mother was makin' apple dumplings."

HIS PLATFORM.

A DEBISH looking youth was walking down the Bowery, looking in at the shop windows. A Bowersy sport, intent on having sport with him, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Say, young feller! Are you wid me, or ag'in me?"

"I'm wid you, and ag'in you, and onto you!" replied the dunsish looking youth, and when they picked up the Bowersy sport and carried him away he looked as if he had mistaken a cable car for an all-night owl lunch wagon.

A TIGHT FIT—the delirium tremens.



Olaf Bjornstrom Bjornmikians
A name to make the stoutest pants.

REASON ENOUGH.

WHEN one leaves the main lines of railroads, east or west, and travels, or tries to travel, on some road which merely serves a local purpose, he is likely to find prevailing a free-and-easy state of things as regards speed and schedule time. A Wyoming newspaper gives this account of a certain railroad "flyer" out that way.

People never take this train except for journeys of considerable length; walking is as safe and much easier for short distances. On a recent occasion, when the movement of the train was even more



But the ice lay tempting, smooth and clear,
And he was a man that knew not fear.

deliberate than usual, a passenger went to the conductor and said:

"Aren't we going pretty slow?"

"Well," said the conductor, "we ain't flying, I'll admit."

"May I ask what is the trouble?"

"Ain't any trouble."

"Then why don't we go faster?"

"Well, I'll tell you, since you seem to be so inquisitive. Back here a piece we found a fine two-year old steer stuck in the trestle, and we stopped and helped him



With the grape-vine twist and the Swedish roll
He turned it off—to the Norseman skoll!

out. Now, the rules of the road are that in such cases the animal belongs to the company."

"But how does that make you run so slow?"

"Run slow! Why that 'ere steer ain't used to being led, and when we hitched him on behind the rear car he didn't walk up very well. I'm doing all I can—got the brakeman punching him from behind

with an umbrella, and an ear of corn tied in the bell rope. But if you think I'm going to yank the horns off as good a steer as there's in the state, why you're awfully mistaken, that's all."

HE HIT IT RIGHT.

"Am I mistaken in deeming you a co-worker in the field?" asked the travelling evangelist.

"I don't know what field you work in," answered the tall man with the white tie, "but I'm in the fire escape business."

"There's a train of thought running through my head at this moment," said the lecturer.

"I thought you talked as if you had wheels in your head," murmured the dissatisfied listener.

A YOUNG LOGICIAN.

Little Nell—"Mamma, my doll's broke her head."

Mamma—"You careless child, how did that happen?"

Little Nell—"She broke her head her own self. She tumbled off the chair."

Mamma—"Now, see here, Nell, dolls can't tumble off chairs themselves."

Little Nell—"Why, yes, they can, mamma; tumbling off is easy enough. It's holding on they can't do."



Backward, forward, fast and slow,
Twisting, turning jand a o—

Ed. Blood (of Louisville)—"A man in a mining town of Pennsylvania shot at a woman, who would have been killed had not a flask of whisky in her corsage stopped the bullet."

Ed. Blood (with a sigh)—"I suppose the liquor was lost."

Bobby—"Why doesn't the clock strike thirteen, pa?"

Papa—"Because, Bobby, it hasn't the face to do it."



Behold him now, who tempted fate!
That Norway name tore off his skate!

Spencer—"Show me the man that likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence."

Ferguson—"All right. Come along with me to Sing Sing."

"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears."

"Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."

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