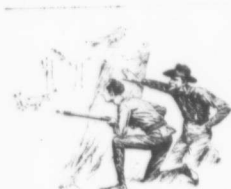


## Wit and Humor.



Then Would Wait.

YOU SAID, "SHEEPMAN, wait! Manoeuvre!" "Oh! There's two carloads, and I'm all in a tremble with game fever!" "Go on." "Take your time; here comes the farmer. Better wait till he gets through milking them."

## A FABLE FOR FATHERS.

He was the son of a worthy Manchester citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for any thing pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of a dandyism. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out: "Young man, you look like an idiot."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend called in.

"Why, hellos, Billy, have you returned," he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy. And from that day to this the old gentleman has and no fault to find with his son.

## TURN ABOUT.

I thought a tearing cold, and hoped a number he would give to be "Ales!" "I broke him in the spring. And in the summer he broke me!"

## SURE.

*Edith*—"Here is the loveliest home-coat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit."

*Clara*—"I can tell you how to make him value it above everything."

*Edith*—"Oh, how?"

*Clara*—"Tell him that you've given it away to some poor man."

## THE DUCKS WORE THEM.

*Charles*—"I don't think those tail-coat proof coats are so very wonderful that people should make the fuss they do over them, duncker know."

*Ned*—"My dear boy, it's a great invention."

*Charles*—"Nonsense! Every duck I ever shot at led one on."

## NOT OF THE SAME.

Hand in hand.  
The moon, the silent  
Lake, a row.

A month has passed.  
The sea is married now.  
Or there, a row.

## SHOCKING IMPROBITY.

*Fred Journalist*—"Lend me half a dollar, will you?"

*Fred Journalist*—"Can't?"

*Fred Journalist*—"What's the matter—broke?"

*Fred Journalist*—"I should say so. Worse than the ten commandments."

## TO BE SURE!

*Boys*—"Is there no ornithological name for riches?"

*Says*—"I don't know. Why?"

*Boys*—"Do they not take into them selves wings and fly away?"

## JUST THE THING.

*Fred Friend* (of intending ground)—"Well, we'll have to give them a present. What will it be and how much shall we spend?"

*Second Friend*—"I don't know. I'll go as deep as you."

*Fred Friend*—"Let's send something that will make a big show for our money."

*Second Friend*—"All right. What's the matter with a load of hay?"

## OVERTOLD HIS PART.

*Teacher*—"Why did you put that tin in my chair?"

*Scholar*—"Bee-hoo! How do yer know I put it there?"

*Teacher*—"Because you were the only boy in the room who was hard at work studying when I sat on it."

## HE FORGOT HIMSELF.

WHEN the new landlord came in to dinner it was rather late. Only one or two were at the table beside the landlady. He spoke to no one until the waiter laid a plate of meat before him and then he burst out:

"Great Scott! Do you call this a dinner fit for a civilized man? Why on earth don't you get some victuals fit to eat! What do you call this carrion here?"

He did not finish his question, for as his eye swept up to the head of the table he caught the landlady's stern glance, and she interrupted him with anger in her tones:

"What do you mean, sir, by such questions? I'd have you know that I am not accustomed to hear such unbecoming criticism of my table, and I won't have it. If you don't like the food, and if you can't behave yourself, you can hunt another boarding place and do it right away."

The complainant quailed under this rebuke and replied submissively:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Indeed I do."

I forgot for the moment that I was away from home and thought I was talking to my wife. It shan't occur again."



## The Disadvantage of Poverty.

MISERABLE—"My poor man, don't you know that strong drink stings like a serpent and hurls like an arrow?"

BUT LON & AGONIZING PARTY Lady—"This don't, lady. It's only twenty-five-cent watered stuff. I'm too poor to buy the kind you refer to."

## A GREAT COUNTRY.

*Dennis* (just over)—"That's thin iron things running up thin buildin's, I don't know!"

*O'Lea*—"Thin's fire-escapes, sure."

*Dennis*—"Ye don't say? An' do the fire escape up an' down thin things?"

## HIS QUALIFICATION.

*Artist*—"How do you know you would make a good model?"

*Fred William*—"Cause I's such a durned good sifter."

## SATISFIED WITH A REASONABLE PROFIT.

*Small Scholar*—"If you give me one hundred per cent. in my next examination, I'll give you a dollar."

*Teacher*—"Why, Isaac, I'm ashamed of you! What put such an admirable idea into your head?"

*Small Scholar*—"My father promised me two dollars the first time I got one hundred per cent."



## Discreet Judgment.

KELLY, captain of the fire-police, made a speech. "Fair decision, dere, captain. I tagged de even afore he tagged de blue. Fair judge, dere, dere. He don't!"

SWATNEY, captain of the New-ports, who has tagged the captain, responded: "Dut man's safe, captain. He could read a book on de plate afore Kelly tagged him. He'd give me!"

SUMMIT, the umpire, and who has tagged Kelly, responded: "Dut safe! An' I'll tag de captain. I'll tag de captain."

## VALOR'S BETTER PART.

*Teacher*—"What is discretion?"

*Bad Boy*—"Gittin over the fence first when ye call another fellow names."

A MAN never realizes the superiority of woman so much as when he is sewing on a button without a thimble, pushing the needle against the wall to get it half way through, and pulling it through the other half by hanging on to it with his teeth.

## THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

*Little Lane*—"Say, Batsy, will yer mudder lick yer very hard yer yer good home?"

*Little Patsy*—"You just be doin' the lickin'."

*Little Lane*—"So will none, Batsy. Led's stay in der water dere for one hour, and so god full value for one hour."

## NOT AT ALL WORRIED.

*Andie*—"Oh, Mr. Chapin, where's your arm?"

*James*—"Oh, never mind, my arm. It look for it when I want it."

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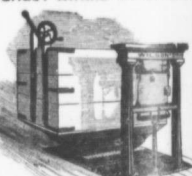
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