

# Wit and Humor.

## UNFORTUNATE LITERAL SUGGESTIVENESS.

*Doctor Pottcutt* (reaching for his pocket case).—"Your case is serious, sir. The first necessity will be a little antimony; and while I get the drop."

*Lovell Lobs*.—"Hands up, thar, Doc! I've got th' drop, an' yer don't git no 'ante-mo'ny' out'er me till yer finishes yer dis'menses! An' I gets yer perscription. Savvy?"

## WHERE NO PRESSING IS WANTED.

*Headup*.—"Hello, Charlie! your trousers bag at the knees."

*Bottoms*.—"I wish they bagged at the pocket-book!"

## IN DARKEST TORONTO.

*Blocker*.—"Heavens! Old man, this town's dull. Here it's not eleven o'clock, and the streets are like a graveyard."

*Baldie B. Baldie* (proudly).—"Well, you just came with me; I can take you around to Chestnut Street and show you a restaurant that keeps open all night!"

## INCOMPATIBLES.

*She*.—"This is the irrepressible conflict the papers sometimes refer to—something about the negro?"

*He*.—"Yes; especially after he drinks butter-milk and eats watermelon."

*Mistress*.—"This floor doesn't look very clean, Bridget. Have you swept it to-day?"

*Bridget*.—"No mum; Oi didn't shwape it to-day or yesterday. But Oi swept it 't'ree times th' day befor."

## A TALE OF THE SEA.

*Parker*.—"Weren't you on the 'City of Hoboken' when she raced the 'Calisthenic'?"

*Barber*.—"Yes; and we'd have beaten her if the captain had had a little more nerve."

*Parker*.—"What could he have done?"

*Barber*.—"Why, we all wanted him to throw some of the cargo overboard."

## OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.

*Stranger*.—"Is the editor at home?"

*Servant*.—"Yes, sir, but he is engaged."

*Stranger*.—"Will you please tell him that his house is on fire?"

*Servant*.—"Impossible! He gave strict orders that he was not to be disturbed."

The man who gets as large a salary as he thinks he deserves, is generally overpaid.

## NO CHOICE.

"MARIA," called the old gentleman, "have you seen anything of my new umbrella?"

"Yes, papa," stammered Maria, "I lent it to Mr. Barlow last night."

"He did, did he?" snorted the enraged parent. "Well, that umbrella cost me ten dollars."

"But Mr. Barlow 'll be sure to return it at once—he is going away in a day or two, so you're sure of getting it."

"Sure of getting it!" echoed her father, "and he going away! Maria, my child, say good-bye to Mr. Barlow. If he isn't smart enough to buy a good umbrella when he sees it I could never consent to allow such a blockhead in my house."

Truth is mighty; but it will not prevail in a horse trade.

## A CURTAIN RAISER.



I



II



III



IV



V



VI



VII



VIII



IX



X

## A NEW BRAND OF ANIMAL.

"The doctor says I must get sterilized milk for the baby."

"I didn't have sterilized milk when I was young."

"I know, John; but probably they didn't have sterilized cows then."

WHAT LITTLE FREDDY SAID.  
If I were a fish I could swim;  
If I live in the ground instead of the sea;  
Then I needn't look  
When a bite I took  
But have plenty of worms without any hook.

## NO DEFENSE REQUIRED.

"PARSON DODD," said a parishioner with consternation in his voice, "there's an infidel goin' to speak in the town hall to-night. He's agin religion and he says they isn't any God."

"Well," replied the parson with a placid twinkle in his eye, "I guess God can stand it."

## THE REASON WHY.

*Deacon Skinner* (severely).—"My boy, for whom are you procuring that accursed drink?"

*Chimney O'Hearn*.—"For me Faddier."

*Deacon Skinner* (still more severely).—"And why does your Father send you to such a dreadful place?"

*Chimney O'Hearn*.—"Aw, wotcher givin' us?" "Cause Casey gives the biggest pint; wot else?"

## UNPROFESSIONAL.

*Wood*.—"They have old Marks, the lawyer, indicted for robbing a client."

*Van Felt*.—"I should think that was legitimate enough, for a lawyer."

*Wood*.—"But, you see, he did it out of office hours."

"That was a bad scrape," as a man in the audience said to a friend when the violinist stopped playing.

## UNCONQUERABLE.

"CHARLES has an unconquerable spirit."

"How does he show it?"

"He was two hours unlocking the front door early this morning."

*Teacher*.—"Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?"

*Boy*.—"For looking back."

"Yes, but why did she look back?"

"I—I guess some other woman passed her."

## CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor. Please inform your readers that we have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. We shall be glad to send two bottles of our remedy gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send us their express and post-office address. Respectfully,  
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