

Wit and Humor.

NO WONDER.

Rounder—"Do you see snakes when you are drunk?"
Old Souk—"No, I always stick to Irish whiskey."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

IT WAS THE PUT THAT
 CHARGED HIM.



MAKING A BEGINNING.

She—"You know papa has failed; and he says that we must begin to economize."

He—"Well, we needn't be wearing out two chairs."

HIS HAIR.

Buckhead William—"I'm mighty glad, Hank, I resisted the temptation to get my hair cut that time."

Weary Henry—"Why, Bill?"
Buckhead William—"A woman gave me a whole mince pie this morning and never mentioned a word about work. She said I reminded her of her son at college."

AN APPRECIATED LESSON.

Mrs. Chancel—"Oh, Henry! I wish you had been to church this morning. Doctor Dives preached one of the loveliest sermons on 'Love your neighbor'; and the way his remarks made that spiteful, hateful Mrs. Gabbers squirm, was something that would have done your heart good."

THE HONEST DENTIST.

"HARRY, dear, I found an honest dentist to-day," said Mrs. Cusmo to her husband.

"You don't say! Tell me about this wonderful freak of nature."

"Well, he examined my teeth and said they didn't need anything done to them."

"What did he charge you for that?"

"Only five dollars, when he might have worked all day, and charged me ten or fifteen. Doesn't that show he was honest, dear?"

"No; it shows he was lazy."

THE CHARGE.

Leeds—"Gilmore went in a side door the other day to get a drink, and he was arrested."

Mansfield—"What was the charge?"

Leeds—"Impersonating an officer."

POST-MORTEM THRUSTS.

Mrs. Glumleigh—"Do you believe in punishment after death, Mr. Bluntleigh?"

Mr. Bluntleigh—"Well, madam, I must say I have heard some pretty tough funeral sermons."

COULD USE IT.

Billings—"Yes, it was a remarkably vivid dream. Why, I dreamed that the springs on the mountain side were pure whiskey. I never tasted anything more plainly in my life."

Col. Bluegrass—"My gosh, sah! Er—would you have the courtesy—er—to loan me the pillow you dreamed that on, sah?"

NOT UP TO DATE.

George—"It's all very well for Miss Prout to join the ladies' reform association, but why does she wear goggles?"

His Wife—"How little you know about reform, George. The members think the naked eye is immodest."

NEVER IN TRADE.

Elder Sider (1904)—"Horrors! Don't invite those Upton girls. Their great grandfather made his money in trade."

Younger Sider—"Didn't ours?"

Elder Sider—"Mercy, no! Our great-grandfather was a highly-respected city official. He held an office for ten years at five thousand dollars a year, and then died, worth five million dollars."

DEPLORABLE.

Miss A-z-z-z-z-z-z—"What a terrible, hopeless longing is expressed in Coleridge's lines, 'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!'"

Miss Littered—"It doesn't seem possible that the liquor habit ever had such a hold on a human being."

COMPENSATION.

Mrs. Smith—"Mrs. Brown has had such an experience! Arrested for shop-lifting. All a mistake, of course!"

Mrs. Jones—"I suppose she must have been very much annoyed!"

Mrs. Smith—"Not at all. The papers all said she was 'of prepossessing appearance.'"

THE PROPER IMPLEMENT.

"Do you believe that all flesh is grass, Mrs. Sudd?" asked Mr. Hunker of his landlady, who requested him to carve.

"Yes, sir; that is what the good book says."

"Then, I'll trouble you to have the lawn-mower brought in, instead of this carving knife."

"See, here, stranger," said the tall, broad-shouldered back woods Kentuckian; "you're a revivalist, or whatever they call 'em, you'd better make tracks from this part of the country. We ain't in love with your business."

"My friend, you amaze me. What has occurred to draw out the opposition to the men who are struggling to save souls?"

"Stranger, the last meetin' was held here three years ago. Durin' the religious excitement Bill Stubbs, Jim Hall and Hank Weaver told as how they had each killed a man, and stranger, I'll be blowed if the sheriff didn't have 'em at the end of a rope in less'n seventeen months. Now, we don't want no more widdies and orphans in this here community, so you jest cut sticks for the next county."

A KENTUCKY off-becker in Washington who had an idea that he was a distinguished and prominent citizen when he first came, had hung around and been disappointed until he was in the last stages. The thought of home and how to get there, and away he went after Colonel—, passenger agent of—

Railroad."

"I say, Colonel," he said, persuasively, "I want to go home."

"Why don't you go?"

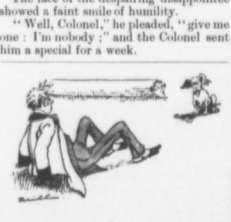
"Got no money. Can't you give me a pass?"

The colonel stiffened his spine.

"We give passes to nobody," he replied firmly.

The face of the despairing disappointed showed a faint smile of humility.

"Well, Colonel," he pleaded, "give me one: I'm nobody!" and the Colonel sent him a special for a week.



When the Prince of Wales visited this country, many years ago, they gave a great ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart, of St. Louis, came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and, in the course of the evening, became very happy, very proud, not to say enthusiastic. He and the prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall, where the beauty and brilliancy, and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed: "Prince, don't you wish you was Governor of Missouri?"

A TENANT went to see his landlord about a house he had just taken, and about which he had most to find. He mentioned several drawbacks, and then said:

"And furthermore, Mr. Oppenheimer, the cellar is full of water."

Mr. Oppenheimer, the landlord, eyed him with reproach, and then exclaimed:

"Vull of water! Vell, vat you expect? Vull of champagne?"

CALINO, as a friend of the family is introduced to the baby, six months old, whose head is adorned with a few straggling locks of light hair.

"I wish you much joy," he said to the mother of the bantling. "Splendid child; very precocious too; why, he is nearly as bald as his father!"

When the good ship *Petrel* was on her last voyage the mate was appointed to keep the log. One day, however, he indulged rather too freely in the forbidden cup, and was unable to attend to his duties.

The next day, quite late, after his head was once more able to hold his cap, he decided to write up the log. Turning to the page of the day before he was surprised to find this entry:

"Mate drunk all day."

"Here," he said to the captain, "I—I w—wouldn't put that in, would you? It isn't necessary."

"Why not?" replied the captain. "It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's true, I suppose."

"Well, then, I guess it had better stand."

So the mate resumed the log, and began writing it on for that day.

When night came the captain, as usual, glanced over the record. It was his turn to be surprised, for, standing out in large black letters were the words: "Captain sober all day."

"Here," Mr. Mate, he cried out, "some here. What do you mean by this, you fool? Why, anybody would think it quite unusual for me to be sober. What do you mean, sir?"

"Can't help that," responded the mate, "it's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's true, I suppose."

"Well, then, I guess it had better stand."

Telegraph Editor—"Here's about a column tariff speech, a murder, a clerical scandal and a Y.M.C.A. convention. What'll I do with them?"

Managing Editor Daily Gift-Enterprise—"Fire the tariff rap, make a telegraph brief of the Y.M.C.A. affairs and boil down the murder to a couple of sticks; let the scandal go, but be sure and have three columns for our coupon contest."

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 free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send us their names and post office address. Respectfully,
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