

Wit and Humor.

That Tired Feeling.



BRUKE OTAY—"Wot's dese pneumatic tires we hear so much about, nowadays?"
DUNCY RAVE—"I don't know, but if it's anything new in de tired line it's funny it hasn't!"

FOT EMPTY - HANDED.

Ambulance Surgeon (reporting)—"Nothing in that last call. Feller was insensible from drink. Brought him to with ammonia and come back."

Horse Surgeon—"But you've got a case in the wagon there."

Ambulance Surgeon (carelessly)—"Oh, that's a feller we run over coming back."

SIXTY women took to bloomers
And threw their skirts away,
The plans of mice, if not of men,
Gang after gang.

A QUEER FELLOW, DICKENS.

"Dis feller Dickens must be a queer customer," said Razzles. "I see him advertisin' in all de book-shops 'Dickens works for one dollar. I wouldn't work for ten.'"

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

At the milliner's hung a hat very fair
And Mrs. Binkler gazed for it,
The powers immortel answered her prayer—
But Mr. Binkler paid for it.



II.
—struck us."

A HEAVY LOAD.

Bridget—"Wud ye place tell me, munn, if the gentleman next door gets drunk?"
Mistress—"Oh, no, Bridget; I think not. Why do you ask?"
Bridget—"Well, munn, Oi do be afther watchin' as him comin' from th' carner, an' every step he tuk, he tuk th' sidewalk wid him."

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

Mrs. Laidrich—"Mrs. Woods was married on Friday, and in less than a year she was a widow."

Mrs. Woods—"Now she will probably want to be married thirteen times, to see how that would affect her luck."

EXPLAINED.

"The difference between you and me," said the thief to the self-seeking politician, "is that you are always running after officers, but the officers are always running after me."

THE COAL DEALER'S WIFE.

Wife—"I must go to the doctor; I fear I've got dropsy. I weigh 250 pounds."

Husband—"Where were you weighed?"

Wife—"On your coal scales."

Husband—"Then don't worry; your weight is normal."

Johnny (to his sister)—"Emma, if you give me a bit of your cake I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to take a lesson for a fortnight."



It Didn't Work.

AGENT—"Excuse me, sir, but I haf here a good corn salve varrianted to cure in twenty-four hours."

HE HAD WORKED HER FOR GAS.

A LITTLE man with a bald head and an ineffable blue eye drifted into a Main street saloon and threw a half dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said.
The schooner was brought to him. Just as he was about to drink it a big man came in and said:

"Hello, Shorty, who's buying?"

"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity.

"You," scoffed the big man, "why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."

"That's all right," said Shorty, "meh, he she does, but I got money to day."

"How'd you get it?"

"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin'. I had a couple of bad teeth, and she gimme enough to get 'em pulled."

"Sure, but I worked her for 50 cents for gas, and this is the 50. See?"

Schaumburg (to Jacobs)—"You was a liar and a scoundrel. Do you hear dot?"
Jacobs (to Schaumburg)—"I hear you already, and I think you was talking to yourself."



II.
—Grip Scott, man! dot vas nize corn you tread on."

THE BLAT REMOVED.

The duke's manner was visibly constrained in the presence of his affianced.

"I can not marry into a family," he was saying, as gently as possible, "whose wealth was accumulated in trade."

She trembled in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"Do you lay that imputation upon my house, your grace?" she asked.

He bowed sadly.

"Tis false," she shrieked. "The money that came over the bar only paid expenses. The profit was all in the nickle-in-the-slot machine."

"Darling, can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, sinking upon one knee.

"Edward!"

THE "FASHION O' THE HOUSE."

A SERVANT girl happened to be engaged at a farm house where the mistress was known to have a rather hasty temper.

On the first Saturday night the girl was told to clean the boots and shoes for Sunday.

Coming into the kitchen a short time afterward, the mistress, seeing that the maid had cleaned her own boots first, was so enraged that she lifted them and threw them into a tub of water which stood near.

The servant made no sign, but when all the boots were cleaned she also lifted them and threw them into the tub of water.

"Why, what ever possessed you to do that?" gasped her mistress in a fury.

"Oh, I just thought it was the fashion o' the house," calmly replied the girl.

SHORT AT THE TOP.

She—"Well, Jack, how do you like my coming-out dress?"

He—"It's very appropriate."

She—"What do you mean by that?"

He—"Well, you seem to be coming out of it."

Mr. Oldbuck—"I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy."

Kenard—"Indeed. Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

REID BROS. & CO.

Established 1899

Manufacturers of...

BILLIARD

AND ...TABLES

BOWLING ALLEYS

Send for Catalogue



102 and 106 Adelaide St. West
...Toronto

PIC-NIC parties should not fail to include in the lunch basket a supply of ST. JACOBS OIL.

For Sprains, Bruises, Insect Bites, Sunburn, Headache, Neuralgia, &c., it is invaluable....

A good rubbing with the Oil after a day's outing will both surprise and delight you....

ONE WOMAN'S ARTIFICE.

A WOMAN cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the keyhole: "Is that you, Willie?"

Her husband's name is John, and now he somehow manages to stay at home every night and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow.

"I tell yez, Mary Ann," said Micky Dolan, as he sat down to his supper, "it is not for me to be uncharitable to my felly-man, but when Dennis O'Brien wuz his woad leg, takes to carryin' a cane besides, it looks some like too much steps and extravagance, so it do."

Smoke CONN BROS.' Great 5c. Cigar

DON RAMIRO

FACTORY - 93 Lombard St., Toronto

RUBBER HOSE

Brewers' Supplies

RUBBER

Manufactured and Kept in Stock

BY

THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MFG. CO.

OF TORONTO, LTD.

61-63 Front Street West

TORONTO

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor.—Please inform your reader that we have a positive remedy for the most hopeless cases have been permanently cured. We shall be glad to send two bottles of our remedy FREE to any of your readers who are consumptive if they will send us their names and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCOM & CO., 186 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.