

Wit and Humor.



Hard Luck.

THURSDAY.—Talk about hard luck. I went out filled up. After five minutes with spring water all morning, at five minutes after a man offered me a beer I could drink.

SOME SMART SAYINGS.

It is mournful for the ladies to reflect that, after all the best fitting scalkins are worn by the seals themselves.

Mrs.—"I have been told that her first husband was a man of very strong will." **Rips.**—"Yes he left her more than a hundred thousand."

They have a curious way of deciding law suits in North Siam. Both parties are put under cold water, and the one staying longest wins the suit. In this country both parties are put into hot water, and then kept there as long as possible.

The Wife.—"Yes, I married you to spite Fred Grigson." **The Husband** (implacably).—"I wish, my love, you had married Fred Grigson to spite me."

A SUNDAY writes, asking the meaning of the "silent watches of the night." We answer with pleasure that they are those which the owners neglect to wind up before retiring.

Lady.—"You said this coal was condemned; why, it won't burn at all." **Dober.**—"Well, no, what could you have more economical than that?"

Young Father.—"What's the baby crying for?" **Young Mother.**—"Because I told him he looked like you."

A CLOSE QUESTIONER.

"MORRIS," said a little girl, looking up from her book, "what does trans-Atlantic mean?"

"Oh! across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me; you make me forget my count."

"Does trans always mean across?"

"I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions, you'll go to bed."

"Then, does transparent mean a cross parent?"

Ten minutes later she was resting in her little bed.

ANOTHER OBJECT.

Head of the Horse (to young man at front door).—"Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?"

Young Man.—"Yes, sir; but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect."

Head of the Horse (in a milder tone).—"Isce. You will please call again."

THE WRONG PLEA.

Is a suit for separation, counsel for the plaintiff pleaded, among other reasons, incompatibility of temperament. He depicted the character of the husband as:

"Brutal, violent, and passionate. The husband's advocate rose in his turn, and described the wife as:

"Spiteful, short tempered, and sulky." "Pardon me," interrupted the judge, addressing both limbs of the law; "I cannot see, gentlemen, where the incompatibility of temperament comes in."

Gazette des Tribunaux.

IT OFFENDS HAPPENS.

He.—"She would not kiss me, though alone. We stood. Why should she thus demand. And finally, angrily refused. The husband kissed her to end of her!"

She.—"I would not kiss him, for I knew, As from his circling arms I jerked, That grinning on the stair above My impish, younger brother lurked."

INCOMPETENT.

Wing.—"Did you have any luck on your hunting expedition?"

King.—"None at all. Confound that guide!"

Wing.—"What was the trouble with the guide? Didn't he know the country?"

King.—"He knew the country well enough; but he's the worst shot I ever ran across."

ACROSS THE BAR.

Somerley.—"Are there many life saving stations here on the Maine coast?"

Native.—"Wal, there's guin'ly one at every lathing beach, but they mostly keeps mighty poor whiskey."

WHEN THE CRICKETS SING.

Amos at the time the ants are laid in swaths across the lot.

An' dust is on the golden-red an' smoke hangs round the hills.

The evening time is glittin' cool while snows are still and hot.

An' corn is fairly stakin' out an' barley shows its ribs.

Or Nature turn her orchestra, when dews begin to fall.

Of leaves under maple leaves an' crickets everywhere.

Till all out doors is one sweet song at seems to rise on the fall.

Until a fuller smiles to see think he ever had a cure.

A.T.W.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Lord Tuffant.—"You have nothing to grumble at; you were a rich Australian girl, I am impoverished English nobleman with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you would call, in shopping, a bargain."

Lord Tuffant.—"Pardon me! Not a bargain; a remnant."

AS USUAL.

Hippo.—"So your Australian prima donna took a cold on the opening night, did she?"

Sylphie Melbourne.—"Worse than that. A regular frost."

POSSIBLY BIASED.

Deacon Odillo (life insurance).—"My beloved pastor is looking poorly. I must give him three months' vacation with full pay."

Deacon Crum (undertaker).—"No, no; let him stay and earn his salary."

VICTORIOUS DEFEATS.

Kuonard Alle.—"Newrick is still determined to enter English society."

F. de Seckel.—"What method he he try this time?"

Kuonard Alle.—"He is going to take a canal-boat over and try yacht-racing."

SO LIKE HER.

Ethel.—"What made people think they were husband and wife."

Frank.—"Why, whenever he related a good story she always interrupted him by saying he'd left out something."



An Unfortunate Meeting.

In the City.

CHAFFET.—"Ta la, old boy; I'm off for Europe, you know."

CHAFFET.—"Good bye, old fellow. I'll be over myself in a week or so."

On the Farm.

1-2-3-4

A NEW BILLIARD BALL.

SAMUEL MAY & Co., the well-known billiard table manufacturers, are doing something new, which they claim will lighten the burdens of all owners of billiard tables. For years makers have been striving to secure a composition ball with somewhere near the elasticity of ivory, and which could be substituted for billiards without any noticeable difference to the players, and a saving to the owner. Messrs. May & Co. say their standards have at last been rewarded, and that they are now in a position to supply the public with "chemical ivory" billiard and pool balls, at a comparatively trifling cost. The chemical ivory ball is superior in many respects to ivory. They will not break, crack or shrink, they are precisely the same weight as ivory, they are not affected by temperature, they have no "heavy sides," the centre of gravity and centre of density being equal in every ball. The colors cannot wear off, being through the entire ball in all cases, and that turning and re-ordering is dispensed with. Messrs. May & Co. are very enthusiastic over their success, and predict a great future for chemical ivory.

The stables of the Dominion Hotel at Collingwood were destroyed on August 30th by fire. Twenty tons of hay was consumed and damage to the extent of \$2,000 done to the buildings. Mrs. Cameron, the proprietress of the hotel, slipped during the excitement and broke her left leg. The property was insured.

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