



MISUNDERSTOOD.

DOCTOR—"With your complaint I must strongly advise avoidance of all headwork."
 PATIENT—"Then doctor I must go begging."
 DOCTOR—"Why, what's your business?"
 PATIENT—"Hairdresser."

SAM JONES ON POOL ROOMS.

I SEE by the papers, Borax, that they are closing up the pool rooms. What's the odds? Why should a man back the favorite anyway when there's a jockey specially hired for the purpose?

But I should have thought that the sports had more of a pool, so to speak, with the police.

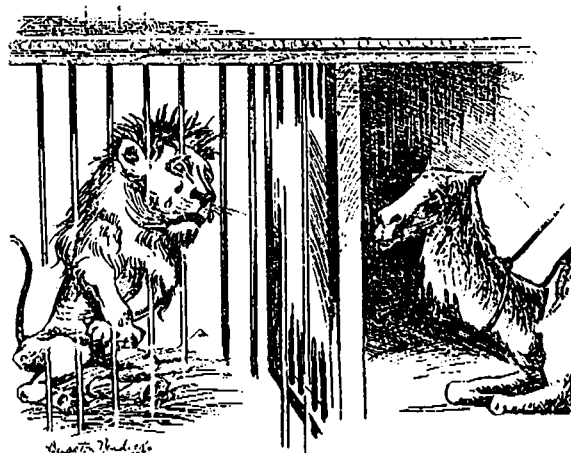
The fellows that used to hang around there were a pretty turf lot, it's a fact. It's not a business that should be encouraged. Many a man who has gone into it has completely exhausted his race-horses.

I take it there will be no difficulty in proving acts of commission against the proprietors while their customers will be indicted for aiding and a-betting.

Conviction will follow as a matter of course—race course. Methinks were I a judge I wood-bind them over to keep the peace. But after all 'twould be superfluous. Those who have "made a piece" out of the business will not be apt to give up.

I have noticed that the man who tries to increase his day's wage by making it a wager, is apt to go 'way jest a little poorer than he came.

That's all that occurs to me at present. Yes, though I shun the pool, I will take a drink.



FIVE TO ONE.

LION—(on an ocean trip) "Ow-ow! but I am seasick!"
 CAMEL—"Seasick! Ugh. If you had five stomachs as I have and all of them turned, you might complain. Ugh!"

FROM A SUBTERRANEAN STANDPOINT.

BEELZEBUB—"Well, my faithful messenger, what news from Toronto the Good?"

IMP—"Bad, your sulphurous Majesty. The pool rooms have been closed up."

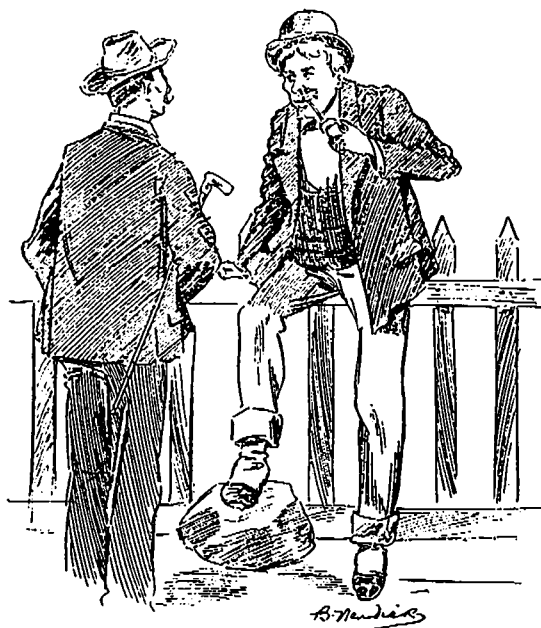
BEELZEBUB—"H'm—that's unfortunate, but it might be worse. Most of the people who frequent them are mine already, and its not likely to make a great deal of difference. Are the Stock and Produce Exchanges abolished too?"

IMP—"Oh, no, your Majesty, they were doing business as usual when I left."

BEELZEBUB—"Any movement among the religious people and moral reformers to close them up?"

IMP—"Not the faintest sign of it, Prince of Darkness. In fact its out of the question, as the operators are generally church members."

BEELZEBUB—"Ha! ha! Good. The situation is



HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

BADUN—"The choir of our church sang a funny anthem at the social, Thursday evening."

GOODUN—"What was it?"

BADUN—"The preacher had just been telling of his experiences in the dives, and the choir got up and sang 'We've all been there before, many a time.'"

not so bad after all. These pious decoys will rope in hundreds to engage in *respectable* gambling, who would be horrified at the idea of entering a pool room. We'll get them all the same in the end. The work goes on bravely. Now you'd better sit down and warm yourself. You must be cold coming from such a frigid, virtuous atmosphere as that of Toronto."

IMP—"Oh, not at all, your Supreme Malignity. Fact is I've come straight from a loyal and patriotic meeting where it was delightfully hot and there was such a beautiful atmosphere of hatred, falsehood, malice and bigotry that I never was more comfortable in my life—not even here."

BEELZEBUB—"Excellent. I was thinking of sending a special commissioner or two to Toronto to counteract the moral reform wave, but I guess it would be superfluous trouble."