

THE RIVAL

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The Cook—Here, your Majesty, is a nice, fat diver!
The Cannibal King—Take him away! Don't you know I never touch
canned goods

HUMOR.

Patient—"What must a man do to
attain to a ripe old age?"

Doctor—"Live."

Old lady, hurrying up to the porter.
"Am I in plenty of time for the next
train to Muddleborough?"

"Yes, mum, lots of time. It doesn't
leave till 3.45 to-morrow afternoon,
mum."

"How long does the train stop
here?" asked a passenger of the con-
ductor.

"Four minutes sir, from two to two
to two-two."

"I wonder if that man thinks he is
the whistle," observed the passenger
to himself.

Every town makes it mark, that is,
its postmark.