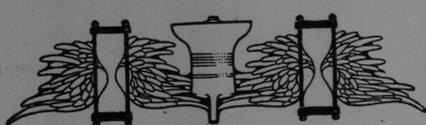


THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR COMIC PAGE.



LAYING THE BLAME.

Wife—At New Year you're ready enough to swear off what I ask you, but you never keep your promise. Hubby—That's your fault dear. Why don't you furnish me resolutions that are warranted not to break?

SOME NEW YEAR'S HOPES.

I hope that coal will take a drop, And rents go down a peg; And that the man who makes the gas Will pull no more my leg.

I hope that stocks will take a rise, And that our Johnny D. May drop the price of kerosene And make a light to see.



I hope that beef and pork and such Will cheapen quite one-half, And that my hunger may be quenched Should it require a calf.

I hope that trusts in boots and shoes, And trusts in all we wear; May find their dividends reduced To thinnest kind of air.

I hope that grafters large and small Who fatten on the land Will find themselves Sing-Singing as The jury shows its hand.

I hope for heaps to come to pass, And hope that you'll infer; That I am hoping for us all, Instead of yours, JOE KERR.



A GOOD BEGINNING "I tried to start the year right." "In what way?" "I began it with a brand-new check-book."



FORCE OF HABIT.

The Clergyman (at apartment-house door)—My good man, I came to bring you good tidings of the gladsome New Year and— The Janitor—Take 'em around to the rear entrance.



THE USUAL WAY.

Hook—How are your New Year's resolutions by this time? Cook—Good as new. In fact, they have never been used.

1908



THE DYING YEAR.

Farewell, farewell, old year; to thee I fondly say adieu; Like Christmascide, soon wilt thou glide, To make way for the new, The birds and buds have disappeared, I've watched the leaf grow scar, And, with a melancholy sigh, I part with thee, old year.

When nineteen-eight is unhered in, And joybells gaily ring, I'll keep in mind the bygone days, Round memory will they cling; For these a pang I feel, Soon will the new, with rosy hue, Mid joyous shouts appear, And with a melancholy sigh I say farewell, old year.

Thy race is run, brief is thy stay, Thy bells no longer peal; Farewell, old without ostentat, For these a pang I feel, Soon will the new, with rosy hue, Mid joyous shouts appear, And with a melancholy sigh I say farewell, old year.

A NEW YEAR'S KNOCKER-OUT.



The Busy Editor—Mr. Artist, I want you to get up a humorous sketch for our New Year's number.



There mustn't be anything in it about swearing off from drinking, nor smoking—nor any other sort of good resolution.



In fact I want something about New Year's that is absolutely novel and has never been done before, and it must be carried out as quickly as possible.



And it was.

The Usual Thing.

No more we'll swear, no more we'll drink, No more our money squander; No more we'll lie like all git-out—Of church we'll be much fonder.

No more we'll cuff the children's ears— No more we'll lick their mother; No more we'll kick our dog about Or borrow from our brother.

We'll steal no more, though opportune— We'll tap no tills this season; And highway robbery give up For most sufficient reason.



THE USUAL THING.

We'll want to murder, but we won't— We'll want to play at arson; We'll want to steal the pews from church, And rob the good old parson.

We'll thirst to kill a cop or two— We'll itch to make abductions; We'll want to burn the porchouse down And make some big reductions.

But 'tis the Day when all resolve— The Day of resolutions; The Day when all awake to feel The need of evolutions.

So put it down in black and white, And say it all together; 'We'll angels be the coming year, No matter what the weather.' JOE KERR.



THE LAST TIME.

"Wot's dat?" "That's de annual excursion of de 'Never Again Club.' They has 'em before each year's grand swear off!"



A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION THAT WILL BE KEPT.

Mr. Woodson resolves that he will never again wear a high hat when snowballs are ripe.



A BAD RECORD.

"Have you broken any New Year's resolutions?" "Only one." "How many did you make?" "Less than two."

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

"Johnny," said the teacher to one of her class, "can you tell me the difference between Christmas and New Year's?" "Yes'm. On Christmas you find peanuts in your stocking. On New Year's you find a gad over your back. On Christmas you have turkey for dinner. On New Year's pa sits down to the table and looks back and don't say one beer and says he's going to boost it up two pegs."

"But you are speaking of your family, Johnny?" "Yes'm, and if your name was O'Toole you'd speak just as I do. If they can have a Christmas or New Year's in this town without the O'Toole family hearing about it and mixing in then we hain't half as smart as I think we are." JOE KERR.

Turning the Leaf.

Another leaf we turn today In time's great book of years, And shut the blotted sheet away Whereon the past appears.

And to the paper clean and white Sit down with hope aglow, Resolved that what we there may write A fairer page will show.

O lax indeed!—a bootless zeal! We make our plans in vain; Full soon the passing days reveal Unhappily shall again.

Yet to our purpose stout we stand— No failure fight perceptive, Till memory with cruel hand Turns up the scabby leaves;

And then, we gaze with bitter grief, As on each scroll we gaze, Although we've changed the year and left— We haven't changed our ways. C. T. D.



FORET HOUGHT.

Wife—I suppose you'll quit all your bad habits on New Year's? Hubby—No. I want to save 'em for Lent.

