

Wit and Humor.



A Manifest Improbability.

Mrs. Fingers—"Mr. Man, have you found a purse around here?"
 FLOWERY FELLER—"ABOUT IT?"
 Mrs. Fingers—"Yes, fifty dollars."
 FLOWERY FELLER—"Say, hanged now, lady, do I look like a gent dat's found a purse wid fifty dollars in it?"

THE ONLY METHOD.

Nickles—"Here, Sublubs! I've brought you back your lawn mower. I've been going to return it every day since I borrowed it from you last May."
 Sublubs—"Say, keep it, will you, and I'll borrow it from you next year."

Everett West—"They one pleasure dose rich blokes don't know, anyway."
 Diamond Dave—"Wat's Dat?"
 Everett West—"Day don't expect him to waller in joy of quenchin' a free days' time."

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY BEAT.

"I PLAYED with Ward," the ancient said.
 "Cried the gateman, 'Walk in free!
 For the old man's hands were knotted
 And he limped with a twisted knee."
 "I played with Ward," he murmured
 "Nuff said," cried the grand stand cop;
 And he gushed the ancient's footstep
 I peddle till he reached the top."
 "I played with Ward," he quavered.
 Then up sprang a roster bold;
 "Make way for the man who played with Ward,
 For he was a giant of old."
 "He played with Ward," they whispered.
 And marvelled at his fame!
 Then led him to a nice front seat,
 Where he could see the game."
 "Did you play," they asked when the game was over
 "With Ward for the Temple cup?"
 "Nay, son; 'twas Ferdinand Ward," he said,
 "And the game was ante up!"

HARDLY TO BE EXPECTED.

The tramp had solicited a contribution from a well-dressed man on the street and had received a nickel. He looked at it askance and mumbled a very poor
 "Thank you, sir,"
 "What's the matter with you?" inquired the donor.
 "Nothing much, sir."
 "Well, what are you mumping about? Didn't I give you some money?"
 "Yes sir, a nickel."
 "You ought to be thankful for it then."
 "Oh, I am," said the tramp, sarcastically; "but when a man with a twenty-five cent strut on him runs up agin a nickel, you don't expect him to waller in enthusiasm, do you?"

Is the springtime young men's fancies
 Lightly torn to thoughts of love;
 To sustain they naturally advert to those celebrated and popular emporiums
 With the three girls balls above.

SIMPLY A WOMAN.

The good man, weighing a hundred stone, knocked timidly at the portal of the culinary department, and as the door swung heavily back upon the hinges doffed his tattered (we omit the firm name, as this is not an ad.) hat and piteously whispered.
 "Kind lady!"
 "I'm not kind," she interrupted rudely.
 "Excuse me, lady!"
 "Don't lady me," was her quick response.
 "Yer don't mean ter say yer only a woman?" he asked scarcely.
 "That's what I am," she shouted.
 And as the heavy bolts shot back into their places the vagrant took another reef in the clothes about his waist and sighed, "Oh, my! why didn't I take notice of dat bicycle on de stoop before I spoke!"

The water-snake is a terrible thing.
 With its slimy smile and blink
 As seen by the man who's a slave unto
 The baleful temperance drink.

A FRIEND of the saunterer vouchers for the following story. Stopping one night at a hotel in Lowell, he awoke early in the morning and overheard two women as they greeted each other under his window.
 "Good mornin', Mrs. Mur-r-phy!" said one.
 "Good mornin' till yez, an' how is th' family?" responded the other.
 "All well, thank God!"
 "An' has Patrick got wurruk yet?"
 "Ah, yis; he has a foin' job a-shovelin' snow."
 "Ah, hie, may God be good till him an' make his job lasht all summer!"

A CARELESS VILLAIN.

"FALSE, lying man!"
 He shrank from her terrible look, aghast and cowering.
 "You have another wife?" she cried.
 By his miserable silence he stood confessed.
 "Out of my sight!"
 Speechless, he slunk away.
 "I knew it, I knew it!" she shrieked.
 "I gave him only fifty cigars, and this is the fifty-first of the same brand."
 Tearing with feverish energy at the half-burned stump, the shreds of repeating cigar were revealed.
 "I knew it!" she moaned and swooned away.

EVENLY MATCHED.

Magistrate (to witness)—"And when were you when this assault occurred?"
 Witness—"Just across the street, your Honor."
 Magistrate—"Then why did you not go to the plaintiff's assistance when you saw him attacked?"
 Witness—"Faith, I wasn't sure dat he wouldn't be the defendant, your Honor."

Kate—"I don't think men are so bad as some women would have them."

Ruth—"I don't know about dat. Some women would have them a good deal worse than they are."

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MISTER EARLY—"Dis niggah didn't nister washampien kites in hyperstah for nuffin—"

—an' in case Squash Pettigrew kicks up a fuss 'bout losin' emmy pullets I kin sw'ar on de good book dat I didn't even step a foot in he's yard."

HOW SHE WANTED TO HURRY HIM UP.

"JACK," said a pretty girl to her brother, the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go the concert to-night? Reginald and I will be there; and, Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What? You want me to do that?"
 "Yes; and as we come out you must stand at the door and try to slip me a note; take care that Reggie sees you, too."

"Well, I declare!"
 "Because, y—see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he is awfully slow, and he's well up, and lots of other girls are after him, and he's got to be hurried up, as it were."

Hobbs—"Is your daughter a musician?"

Tables (with a groan)—"No, she's a pianist."

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