

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

OUR COMIC PAGE.



ALL MADE UP.
Natica (casting fly)—Now, when girls fish for a husband they never use artificial bait.
Gladys—Oh, yes they do.
Natica—When?
Gladys—Why, when some of them try to attract unwary men by their looks.

HELPING THINGS OUT.

A Boston hotel had sent a man up into the sugar-making regions of Vermont to purchase the annual supply of pure maple syrup from a certain maker, and he wanted the latter to understand that he



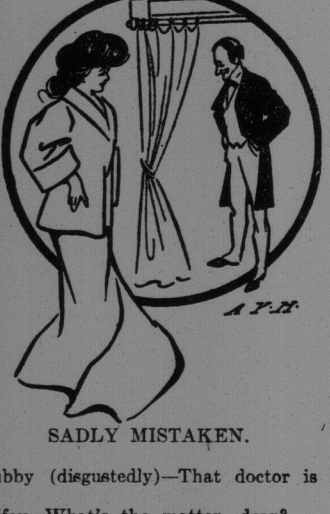
Called Bill.
was a man that couldn't be horn-swinged. He, therefore, began:
"Mr. Blank, our people had so many ticks about your syrup last year that



HER PENANCE.
Lorraine—I hate the very sight of Clarence Weakling, and yet I must allow him to call on me until Lent is over.
Virginia—But why, dear?
Lorraine—Well, you see, it would be a pleasure to give him up and I have promised to deny myself all pleasures during Lent.



RUBBING IT IN.
Bronson—Easy seems rather vexed because Mrs. Easy bought a spring bonnet. That isn't a pretty way for a bridegroom of a few months to act.
Woodson—Yes. But she insisted on having the hat trimmed with mistletoe.
Bronson—What about that?
Woodson—Nothing; only Easy says if he hadn't kissed her under the mistletoe last December he wouldn't be paying for that hat now.



SADLY MISTAKEN.
Hubby (disgustedly)—That doctor is a fool.
Wife—What's the matter, dear?
Hubby—He said I need exercise. Think of it! Exercise! Exercise for a man who has looked after his own furnace all winter and is now contemplating the opening of the lawn mower season!
SUBSTITUTES.
Lest piety and I should clash, For me my friends repent. My books, umbrellas and my cash, I find, are keeping Lent.



TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.
How can I warble in measures light hearted? Or prattle of green on the hedge rose's clumps? When the air is pervaded with coughs and with sneezes, And two of the children are down with the mumps?
How can I sing of the freshening breezes? Or prattle of green on the hedge rose's clumps? When the air is pervaded with coughs and with sneezes, And two of the children are down with the mumps?
How can I joy in the beauty that's vernal? How can I dream of green meadows outspread? When I've got to go round with this wretched internal, Extremes, blankety cold in my head?

Going to Apologize.

I wanted some information regarding a certain man in a Long Island village, and on my way down by train I fell in with a man that I thought might post me, and questioned him.
"Skinner? Skinner?" he replied. "I believe there is a Skinner there, but I'm not certain. I'm going to Bayport, too, and I'll help you make inquiries."
"I rather took it that you lived there."
"Oh, no. Never saw the town in my life. I'm going there today to see Deacon Haskins and do the square thing."
"Did you and the Deacon have a falling out?" I asked.
"Yes, something of one. I met him in



TOO OFTEN FITS.
"Pa, why do they call this a strawberry shortcake?"
"Because it is short of strawberries, I reckon."

Taking No Chances.

At the village postoffice I met a young farmer about 23 years old and had a few words with him about the weather and spring wheat, and we left in company and walked along the highway for half a mile. I wanted to know how the presidential candidates stood in the country, and so I asked who he favored.
"Nobody," was his reply.
"You must have read more or less concerning the three or four of them?"
"Yes."
"Then what do you think of Taft?"
"Dunno."
"Of Bryan?"
"Dunno."
"Of Hughes?"



Walked along the highway for half a mile.
"Dunno."
"Of Bryan?"
"Dunno."
"Dunno." was the same monotonous reply.
"Can't you say whether you believe one of the four to be honest and upright and the man for the place?"
"Non—can't say."
For the next 20 miles we walked along in silence. Then we came to a road where he had to turn off, and he looked at me and said:
"Stranger, I don't want you to think I'm a blithering fool, because I know I ain't."
"No."
"It's just because I'm courting a widder woman who has one of the best farms in this country. She's what they call a strong-minded woman. She hain't made up her mind yet which is the best man, and so I hain't, and I hain't going to take no chances by coming out and shooting off my buzz. I want that widder and I want that farm, even if nobody is elected president for the next ten years."
JOE KERR.



THE COQUETTING HAWK.
Mr. Acker—I don't like your new spring hat, my dear.
Mrs. Acker—I'm not surprised. Madam De Swell said it was the sort of hat that husbands wouldn't like.

COME GENTLE SPRING.

Oh, it's coming, merry spring, And the robins on the wing, And the snow is getting slushy under foot In a playful way and brisk, And the hog he will begin to grunt and root.



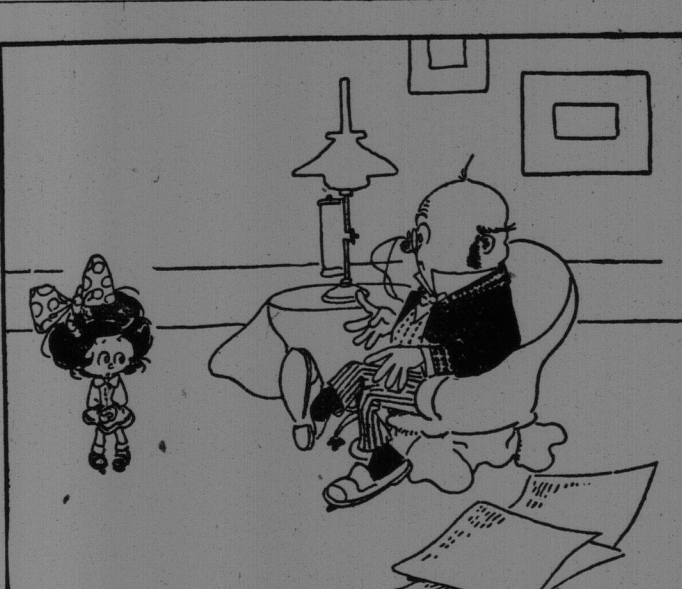
Getting slushy under foot.
Oh, the frog who's been a chump, He will soon be on the jump, And the dandelion will show its yellow head, And the crocus he will creak, And his victims they will caw, And the blizzards of Dakota will be dead, And the man that sells his coal Soon will find himself ashual, As again the house fly cometh softly near, And the skelter soon will buzz, And his victims they will caw, And the crow be loudly cawing he is here.
Oh, the milk will freeze no more, And the days of frost are o'er, And the overcoat may go to "Uncle's" shop, And that battered winter hat Will soon be on the mat, And the hunching of our undershirts will stop, Oh, the spring will all revive, As the bee doth in its hive, And the panic it will linger here no more.



VERNAL PROGRESS.
Any signs of spring out your way? Yes, we've all got over the grip and have nothing new but neuralgia.



CAME NATURAL.
Visitor—What's the matter with the baby?
Grandpaw—Crying because it was born in March.
Visitor—What's that got to do with it?
Grandpaw—You have heard of babies as m as a March hare?



STARTING EARLY.
Daughter—Say, Pop.
Father—Well!
Daughter—It's-b-have you any objections to a son-in-law w-w-with red hair?