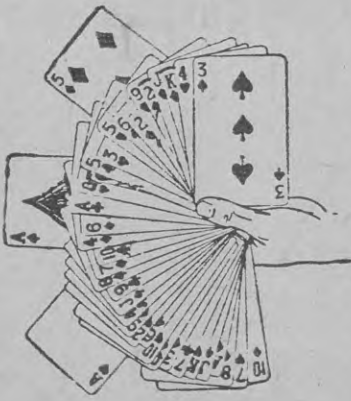


THE MONTE CRISTO DECK, No. 1.



MAGIC FORCING PACK OF CARDS.

No. 1.—This is a modern forcing deck. You can show all the cards to be different, yet you can force a card in the most subtle manner.

Price, Complete, 4/6.

THE MONTE CRISTO DECK, No. 2.

No. 2.—Enables any amateur to perform many tricks, including the following:—Restore the torn card. Burn a card, and afterwards restore it whole and perfect. Cut pack and name top card before the cut is made. Burn card and then find it in the pocket of the person who burned it. Discover a card by its weight or smell. Destroy a card and afterwards find it in a hat, in a locked box, under a chair cushion in a gentleman's pocket. Any one of the tricks can be performed by an amateur in the drawing-room, without fear of detection and will enable him to amuse the company with only the aid of the pack of cards, no confederate being required with any of the tricks. Complete, with Cards, Directions and Secret.

Price, Complete, 4/6.

A GLOW OF SATISFACTION

A smart man saw an Irishman whose bibulous appearance led him to remark: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?"

"Shure," replied Pat, "it's the reflection of me soul."

"The reflection of your soul? What do you mean?"

"Shure, it's the reflection of me soul," retorted Pat. "It's glowin' wid pleasure at me ability to 'tend to me own business."

* * *

It was at the gaming table at Monaco. One of the players wore gloves and as he won almost every stake, his friends asked him whether he wore gloves as a charm.

"Not at all," he replied, "but I promised my wife, on my word of honour, never again to touch a card."

* * *

Private Jones had had twenty shots at the rifle range, and all had missed the target.

"What are you doing?" yelled the Sergeant. "What's the explanation of this disgraceful performance?"

"I don't know, Sergeant," replied Jones. They're leaving this end all right."

The Scotsman's wife had strong views on the subject of strong drink. One night her husband came home late and badly fuddled. He managed to get inside the house without waking her, and on reaching his bedroom he got down on his hands and knees and started to crawl along the floor. But luck was against him; his wife awoke.

In the darkness, mistaking the moving object for the dog, she said, "Come on Jack! Good dog."

"Whereupon," said the husband next day, recounting the event to a friend, "I had the rare intelligence to lick her hand."

* * *

Jones and Smith were sitting in their tent in the African jungle discussing their skill as hunters. Presently Jones remarked that he would bet Smith a pound that he could go out and kill a lion forthwith.

Smith took the bet and sat back to await results.

About an hour passed, and then a lion put its head through the tent flap.

"Do you know a fellow called Jones?" it asked.

"I do," said Smith, backing away.

"Ah," said the lion, "he owes you a pound!"