

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"The Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One." Why?

Our brethren of the quill are requested to send brief, characteristic replies to this for publication in Grip's forthcoming Almanac. Already several witty answers have been received. In all cases the name of writer and paper will be given. Copy should reach us before the 10th of November—the earlier the better. Now, gentlemen, come on with your side-splitters, and mark your envelopes "Grip's Almanac."

Fall Fashions on the Pier.

Three men sat on a beam's end beside an East River wharf. Neither had much to boast of in the matter of dress, but their hats were sufficient to distinguish them. One wore a soft felt hat of a brown colour, another a high-crowned hat which had once been black, while a battered crown of straw covered the head of the third. The owner of the stiff black hat evidently believed himself a dictator of the modes. "You fellows don't know anything about the fashions," he was saying: "Look at you there with a straw hat after the 15th of September; why, every dry goods clerk knows better than that."

"Well, now, look a 'erc," returned the wearer of the straw, "It's always my sentiments that what's in season's in season, and as long as it's hot as blazes in the sun you better believe I'm going to wear a hat that was made for sunny weather. I believe in common sense, I do."

"Oh, you're way off," said the other with infinite contempt. "What's fashion is fashion. What has the weather to do with it? Fashion is fashion the world over, and when a thing's in season it's in season; and what's more, it's my opinion a man might just as well wear a rubber overcoat when the sun's pouring down like a blast furnace as wear a straw hat after the 15th of September. When a man don't pretend to be a fashionable man there's some excuse for him. Here's Sol, he wears a soft hat all the time, and don't pretend to keep in style, but when a man sets up to be fashionable, why let him keep up with the occasion; that's all I have to say."

"Yes," said the unfashionable Sol, "I believe you stand by your colours, that's all. Now, I'd as soon be a monkey and done with it as go getting a new suit of clothes every time the sun goes behind a cloud. But if a man will keep hanging round the pawnbrokers' shops to get hold of a new coat, I like to see him go at it as if he meant business."

"Some men can't seem to understand how things is," said the king of the fashions. "What's the use of living if you don't keep up to the times? I'd rather be a 'gypshun man' than lie around the docks without taking any interest in society things. Maybe you don't know what it is to go sparking in a bran new coat, and see the pleasure lighting up somebody's face when she sees you so smart and fine. Why, it's all life's worth living for."

"Humph! I've a wife at home myself," said the man with the soft hat; "when you have a wife of your own you'll find out that it don't make much difference what kind of a hat you wear—you're sure to come in for all the bad words anyhow. I'd rather have a good glass of lager now and then than all the now hats you could give me, and besides, the old woman gives me Hail Columbia every time she finds I have bought anything new."

"Should think she would," said the straw hat; "here you lie around all day long doing nothing, and let her take in washing. I have a wife, too, but she likes to see me look handsome, like she says I was when she took me for

better or worse. That's what she says, you needn't laugh—I didn't say it. But she don't care to see me changing for something new as long as the old is good."

"Look there," he continued triumphantly, pointing at a brisk business-like man wearing a straw hat; "don't you call him a man that's up to the fashions? Your old hat isn't much to brag of anyway. You've worn it two or three years already, and I believe you got it second-hand at first."

"Well," replied the other, somewhat crestfallen, "and what if I did? A hat's a hat, and a fashion's a fashion. A man ain't to blame for wearing old things, if he's poor, only so he's in the style, and if you think you can hold up your head among stylish folks when you wear a straw hat after the 15th of September, I just want to tell you you're mightily mistaken, that's all."

The man with the unfashionable straw didn't venture a further defence of his despised head-gear, but invited them to "come and have a drink."—*Chicago Herald.*

The effect of electric light is said to be trying to blondes and favourable to brunettes. We shall continue in favour of the electric light until our present girl goes back on us.—*Marriageable Coburn, Lowell Citizen.*

A South Bend girl thanked a man who gave her a seat in a street car, and he married her and proved to be worth \$100,000. (We circulate this lie in hope of inducing the girls to be more courteous.)—*McGregor News.*

A Lockport young man recently went home intoxicated, and finding no one there but his mother, drew himself proudly up and exclaimed, "Mother, I'm the best doggone man in the house, and don't you forget it!"—*Danbury News.*

When some men go to a barber-shop to be shaved and they see a man in the chair ahead of them, they haven't time to wait until the man is shaved. They will go in a neighbouring saloon, though, and wait several hours.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A sign in a window on Lexington-street, reads "Kids cleaned for 5 cents." What a boon this will be to mothers who have a dozen little tow-heads to get ready for Sunday-school. Surely the price will allow every child to keep clean in the future.—*Balt. Ev. Sat.*

Ice I had several VIpells and I wished II go II the seaside and the mountains II, but beIV starting I VIII some fruit sent by my beIX mother who is not L but acts like IIX, but who at Xds me during my wLXXX troubles. V dI wrong forgive me.—*Syracuse Times.*

The stars were shining softly,
The moon was round and full,
But their light struck not so brightly
On Billy Johnson's bull.
As May and Paul were walking,
And dreaming of sweet fate,
That bull came prancing after,
And tossed them o'er the gate.

—*Tarheel, Detroit Chaff.*

A New York bar-keeper set his savage blood-hound upon his wife, and the animal lacerated her in a frightful manner. He was arrested and promptly fined five dollars. If he had inflicted punishment one-half as severe upon the dog, Berg's society would have caused his arrest, and he would have been fined at least ten dollars and cost. It is to be hoped that the physicians who attend his wife will present a bill seven feet long.—*Norristown Herald.*

A lady friend of ours is constantly getting mixed in her dates when telling a story. The other day she proposed the old conundrum, "Why is a bald head like the arctic regions?" the answer to which is, "Because it is a great bare (bar) place." The company pretended

not to know the answer, and on demanding of her the solution, she triumphantly replied:—"Because it is a great place for polar bears." Being rallied on her blunder she retorted:—"Well, where would you find a more fitting place for a polar bear than a bar pole?" She scored one.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Is it porcupine for?" asked the boarding boss as he passed the spare ribs; "Yes," sighed the illiterate boarder, "I beaver-y fond of it." And the man with the bald head said if they didn't quit, he wood-chuck them both out of doors; "Well, don't let u-squirrel about it," pleaded the landlady, and they didn't.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

During this and the next month corn huskings will agitate the rural mind. It is stated that the man who fluds a red ear is at liberty to kiss any girl in the party. Spilkins states that he has a girl whom he kisses whenever he pleases, and the great charm of it, he claims, is that he doesn't have to do any husking.—*Puck.*

He was wealthy but penurious, and this was what he said to the suitor for his daughter's hand: "Yes, you can have her. But you must elope with her. I can't afford the expenses of a swell wedding, and the romance of the elopement will make up for the lack of show and we'll save \$500 on the expenses. Go it."—*Boston Post.*

"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep and two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."—*Texas Siblings.*

The London *Telegraph* says there is nothing new under the sun, especially in the matter of jokes. Isn't eh! Guess you never have seen the efforts of a brilliant coterie of American newspaper humorists, as they ring the changes on asking others if they "ever heard the stove pipe," or "did they ever see a re-cover," or some such side-rupturing thing. Nothing new in humour. Well!—*Rockland Courier.*

An Indiana man has invented a rolling pin which is bound to win golden opinions from certain male individuals. When the domestic utensil is lifted above the head a peculiar contrivance in the handle gives way and causes the weapon to give the woman a smart rap on the occiput, and the husband escapes the blow. It seems like taking a pretty mean advantage of a confiding and unsuspecting woman, and we shall not commend the new invention.—*Norristown Herald.*

A horse-car conductor was before the court a few days ago, charged with assaulting his wife. It was shown in the evidence that he had struck her with his fist and knocked her down. He acknowledged his assault, but pleaded in extenuation that his calling led him into habits of punching the fair. The judge said it was all right as long as he confined himself to punching the fair, but he would fine him for knocking down the fair.—*Somerville Journal.*

The meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. While a deaf, dumb and blind hand-organist was sleeping on the postoffice corner, the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new fangled churn therefor; and when the organist awoke he seized the handle of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the "shades of night were falling fast," that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, returned the organ to its owner, and carried home four pounds of creamy butter.—*Burlington Enterprise.*