

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The neatest thing in Easter bonnets is a pretty face.—*Boston Herald.*

Young man, go to New York, join a Land League, and blow up with the country.—*Sweetly.*

Solomon was the first man who wanted to part his heir in the middle.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The man who has gathered a big ice crop wants to keep it shady.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

P. T. Barnum has recovered nearly all the flesh he lost. It pays to advertise.—*Danbury News.*

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short of stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The theatrical stage needs not be considered angelic simply because it has wings and flies.—*Sunday Transcript.*

Translating from the German—Escorting your girl home from the fashionable dancing party.—*Lovell Courier.*

We don't torow bomb-shells at our rulers to destroy them. We let office seekers torture them to death.—*Griswold.*

'Tis easier to do something that some one else is doing, than to do what you are doing yourself.—*Whitchell Times.*

"Love goes where it is sent." Nonsense! It more often goes where it is dollar than where it is cent.—*Boston Transcript.*

The man who comes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step farther.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Aw, thanks, you may keep them. I don't need them now. I have got a position in the Civil Service.—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

Artemus Ward once commenced a lecture thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I possess a gigantic intellect, but I haven't it with me."

"Do you drink?" said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. "Yes, thank you," returned the candid pauper, "where shall we go?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

This has been a good winter for lecturers and amateur actors. With eggs at seventy-five cents a dozen none but the wealthy can afford to throw even rotten ones.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

"Yes," said the schoolgirl who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class. "I shall have a horse-shoe for my symbol as it denotes having come from the foot?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring: "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady sharply, "you'll grow."—*Boston Star.*

Women are such inconsistent creatures! We heard a young lady remark—rather incoherently, it must be confessed—that she hated "that Biggs fellow, he is such a soft cake!" Well, in less than three months she took the cake.—*Boston Transcript.*

Does a man ever go into a grocery store and say, "I'll give you five cents a pound for sugar," and expect to be treated with respect? Not at all. He asks the price of sugar and pays what is asked or goes without. But the same man will offer a price twenty per cent. below rates, for a given space in the advertising columns of a newspaper and feels offended because it is not taken.—*New Haven Register.*

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in reply to a query: "what shall we do with our daughters?" says, "Don't allow them to learn how to make shirts. It is better they should not know. Then, when they are married, their husbands can work twenty hours a day to get money with which to buy ready-made ones, while they knit red dogs."

We never saw but one lung pad that we would have, and that was the one Bernhardt wore in the third act of *Camille*. It was made of diamonds, and reached from her neck clear across the level plain to where her corsets hook at the top, and must have cost thousands of dollars. And yet she seemed to be catching cold every minute.—*Pole's Sun.*

Only a few months ago the people of Ireland were wailing and calling upon heaven to pity them, and the rest of us to give them something to eat, because they had no harvests to gather. Now they have abundant harvests and are howling and shooting if anybody attempts to gather them. We presume these unhappy people probably know what they want; certainly nobody else can guess it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Berks county editor had just finished an able and lengthy editorial on the "Physical Degeneracy of Women," when a robust female entered the office with a cartwhip in one hand and a copy of his paper in the other. As the editor threw open a window and was about to spring out, the woman modestly said she had brought the lost whip advertised in yesterday's paper, and she wanted the fifty cents reward.—*Norristown Herald.*

The average newspaper reporter is never abashed and is equal to almost any emergency. One of the class was interviewing Mlle. Bernhardt the other day, when she grew enthusiastic over America, and expressed the wish that the nation had but one mouth that she might kiss it. The reporter instantly suggested that he represented the nation to a certain extent, and he had "but one mouth." The rest of the story is not told, but—well, she didn't kiss him.—*Cleveland, O., Leader.*

"I presume dat mos' of dis club am awar' of de fact dat I own an ole hoss which kin sometimes light out as if de hull common council war' arter him. I hitched up de pung las' Sunday, tole de ole woman to roll in, an' we went out for a ride. Bime-by one of dem 2.40 clipped hosses came flyin' along an' turned out to go by my ole Don Juan. I sot dar an' didn't pull a rein, an' yit dat ole hoss held de road for a hull mile agin dat flyer, an' de white man layin' on de whip for all he was worth. Maybe it didn't look zactly right fur an ole hoss, an' ole sled, an' two ole black folks to sit awny wid a white man's flyer, but det's all de cruelty dar was about it. Bre-s you, my friends, dat ole Juan an' me have slept in de same barn, had de same sorrows, worked on de same jobs an' felt de same heat an' cold fur visin' of sixteen y'ars, an' I wouldn't hit him a lick fur a ten-dollar greenback.—*Pickles Smith, of the Lime Kiln Club.*

A wonderful physician has taken up his residence at the Canadian capital, who has discovered an ingenious and startling, but perfectly logical treatment for softening of the brain; an elaborate description of his process would read so like a chapter out of *Jules Verne*, that it will be sufficient to say that he simply opens the skull, removes the brain, freezes it, labels it with the owner's name and places it in a pigeon-hole of his surgical room, and after a few days, the owner, who has in the meantime performed his daily avocation quite unembarrassed, calls, and the doctor replaces the brain in the best condition and highest style of art. One man, who had been operated upon thus, rather to the physician's surprise, left his brain unclaimed for weeks. The doctor meeting him one day, quite by chance, said: "How d'y do? Why in the world haven't you called to have your brains put back?"

LEASE EXPIRING.

CLEARING OUT SALE

MACHINERY

Must be Disposed of Before 1st of May

NO. 3 CIRCUULAR SAW MILL.

Made by Stearns, Erie, right-hand, in use only 5 seasons. Cost \$1,150, will be sold for \$400, cash.

LOG CANTER.

Made by Stearns. Cost \$350, will be sold for \$150.

SHINGLE MACHINE.

38 inch saw, wooden frame, made by J. Meakins, Lindsay. Will sell for \$75.

Horizontal Engine and Boiler.

Cylinder 4 x 9. May be seen in running order on the premises. Price \$250.

BOILER.

5 h. p. Price \$85.

PONEY PLANER.

24 in. knife, made by Rogers & Co Norwich, Conn. Cost \$175, will sell for \$75.

RE-SAW.

4 ft. saw, rollers 18 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$200.

STICKER.

Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

SHAKE WILLOW.

DRILL.

Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

IRON LATHE,

15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 20 feet. Price \$150.

PRINTING MACHINES.

Imperial Printing Press.

12½ x 17½ inches. In use only 2 years. Cost \$300. Will sell for \$200.

Forsyth Paper Outer.

Cuts 30 inches. Costs \$150. Sell for \$90.

Miller & Richard Paper Outer.

Cuts 16 inches. Cost \$150. Sell for \$90.

Water Motor.

1½ horse power, just the thing for a person wanting light power. Requires no attendance, always ready, and there is no fear of explosion. Price \$90.

The whole of the above is in good working order.

WM. DINGMAN & CO.,

MACHINERY BROKERS.

55 FRONT STREET EAST,

TORONTO.