

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

For the Nursery Brigade.  
(*Denver Tribune.*)



I.

Oh, what a Bad Mamma to Leave Little Esther all Alone in the Dark Room. No wonder Esther is Crying. She is afraid a Big Bugaboo will come down the Chimney and Eat her up. Bugaboos like to Eat little Children. Did you ever see a Bugaboo with its Big Fire Eyes and Cold Teeth all over Blood? The next Time Mamma leaves you Alone in a Dark room, perhaps One will Come to Eat you.



II.

The old Man is Blind and cannot see. He holds a Hat in his Hand and there is a Dime in the Hat. Go up quietly and Take the Dime out of the Hat. The Man cannot See you. Next Sunday you can put the Dime in the Sabbath School box and the Teacher will Praise you. Your Papa will put some Money in the Contribution box, too. He will put More than You do. But his Opportunities for Robbing are Better than yours.



III.

Here we have a Picnic. Is it not Jolly? The children are Running around and Playing Tag. But where is the Custard Pie? A moment ago it was Under the Elm Tree. Can it Be that Mr. Jones is Sitting on the Custard Pie? Alas, it is too True. And Miss Smith is Laughing at him. He looks as Badly Broken up as the Pie, does he Not?



IV.

See the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in the Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many Measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he Weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him Head, Tail, Inwards and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if you Can.



V.

This is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and Took one Chance. The Pin is Worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Minds.



VI.

Who Put the Salt in the Sugar Bowl? Mamma is Anxious to Find Out. Willie is Busy looking out of the window. Can you Guess what he is Thinking about? Perhaps he is Wondering what Mamma will Give him before he Goes to Bed without his Supper. If we were Willie, we would Feel safer with a Latin Grammar in the Seat of our Pants.



VII.

What a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite deep and Inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys

and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to come too, and then You can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Splash the pretty Black Water all over Su-jie's new Frock.

Sausage at wholesale price is dog cheap.—*Picayune.*

A good husband, like a good base burner, never goes out nights.—*Toledo American.*

A coal fire is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg often suggests a grater.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A new song is entitled "Sweeter than Sweet." There's lots of taffy in it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A dog can keep up his pants without the use of suspenders.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Some are born rich, others achieve riches, while others become bank cashiers.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Eye.*

When a man has a plumbing bill to settle, he finds out what it costs to pay the piper.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

It is not so much what a man knows as what he doesn't nose, that proves his scentibility.—*N. Y. News.*

The warrant read by a sheriff preparatory to hauging a man is a sort of noose paper, as it were.—*Somerville Journal.*

Because they call a little statue a statuette, is that any sign that a little sausage is a sausage c?—*Steubenville Herald.*

The word "presence" is spoiled in most wedding invitations. It should be spelled "presents."—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

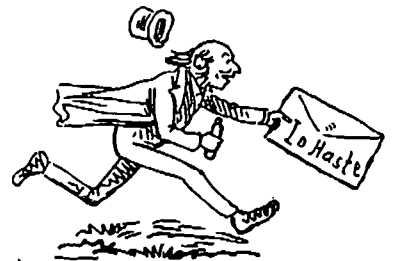
"Why sigh for dat which you can't re'ch?" remarked the darkey as he took a hen from his neighbour's coop.—*Decatur (Ill.) Blade.*

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg; keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

When you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and a fat man unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.—*Lowell Citizen.*

### A Canadian Speaks.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Campden P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a



bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also instantly relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits.