

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

### OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The summer is over, the winter is come.  
In the House of Assembly what is to be done?  
The streams bill and boundary question alone,  
Can only be settled by the high court at home.  
On the floor of the House, when his Honor came down,  
With the Master-at-Arms and Clerk of the Crown,  
The first that came in was the Irish Brigade,  
And left all the others quite out in the shade.  
His Grace the Archbishop, in robes and pink cap,  
Was followed by others to fill up the gap.  
When a voice in the gallery exclaimed, don't you know,  
That is the old chap that runs this side show—  
Then up came the Hardeys and Pardoes, you know,  
Who are both active members in running this show.  
They fauned and they fuddled around this good man,  
And the Sheriff of Prescott, he too kissed his hand.  
Up starts little David with a sling and a stone,  
Who will fight for the boundary if he stands alone;  
While the Premier in silence looks on at such asses,  
And smiles in complaisance behind his gold glasses.  
There is the Clerk of the Chamber, so blithe and so gay,  
The smiles of the ladies he cannot repay.  
The guns they did fire at the sound of the bell,  
The session was open, you could easily tell.  
The Queen's Own came marching so gallant and gay,  
To keep off the Fenians in case of a fray.  
Next up came the Guards, with their helmets so bright—  
Some said in the crowd the Colonel was tight—  
This proved a delusion, as everyone says,  
For it that was the case he should have thirty days.  
The speech from the throne was read with good grace  
By His Honor the Governor, dressed up in gold lace.  
The crops of potatoes he told them were good,  
And during the short session they were sure of their food.  
The fracas being over, the band it did play;  
The tune it struck up was Patrick's mass day.  
When Frazer and blazer, and his motley crew,  
Kept time with the music and entered the Zoo,  
When Harry the Piper amused them with slang,  
And showed them the monkeys and orang-outang;  
The whale in the closet he told them was dead,  
The history of which had gone out of his head.  
The session being over the election comes on,  
Will leave the Reformers not so very strong;  
The Marmon question will be their defeat,  
And will leave the old Tories once more on their feet.

—Lachute Watchman.

### JOSH BILLINGS'S GUIDE TO HEALTH.

Never run into debt, not if yu can find any-  
thing else to run into.  
Be honest, if yu can; if yu kant be honest,  
pray for help.  
Marry yung, and if yu make a hit, keep cool  
and don't brag about it.  
Be kind to yure mother-in-law, and, if  
necessary, pay for her board in some good  
hotel.  
Bathe thoroly wuns a weke in soft water,  
kasteel soap, and avoid tite boots.  
Exercise in open air, but don't saw wood  
until yu are obliged to.  
Laff every time you feel tickled, and laff  
once in a while any how.  
Eat hash washing days, and be thankphull  
if yu have to shut your eyes to do it.  
Hold the baby half the time, and allwuss  
start the fire in the mornings and put on the  
tea kittle.  
Don't jaw back—it only proves that yu are  
az big a phool az the other phello.  
Never borrow what yu are able to buy, and  
always have some things yu won't lend.  
Never git in a hurry; yu can walk a good  
deal further in a day than yu can run.  
Don't swear; it may convince yu, but it iz  
sure not to convince others.  
If yu have dauters, let yure wife bring them  
up; if she has got common sense she can beat  
all yure theoris.  
Don't drink to much nu sider, and, however  
mean yu be, don't abuse a kow.  
Luv and respect yure wife onny how; it iz  
a good deal cheaper than to be all the tim  
wishing she was all the time different.  
Don't have onny rules for long life that yu  
won't break; be prepared to-day to die to-  
morrow, iz the best creed for long life I kno of.

Keep yure hed cool and yure feet dry, and  
breathe thru yure noze az much az yu kan.  
Don't be a klown if yu kan help it; people  
don't respect enny thing mutch that they kan  
only laff at.

If yu kant have half a loaf take a whole one;  
a whole loaf iz mutch better than no bread.  
Don't miss enny phun, not if yu have to go  
ten miles out of yure way to find it.

Don't keep but one dog; there iz no man but  
a pauper able to keep three.

#### NOTE.

By trieing to follo the above guid to health  
and happinez the Billings family has bekum  
what it iz.

A square game.—Chess.

Boss air.—The tune the cow died on.

Vulgar fraction.—Breaking the peace.

A bad sign.—Any sign yu cannot read.

Constitutional question.—Have you got the  
gont?

A crewel thing.—The embroidered Christ-  
mas present.

Beware of the man with whom everybody  
and everything is "all right."

Putting the right foot foremost.—Kicking  
out an impertinent busybody.

If forty yards make a fur-long, how many  
will it take to make a fur-lough?

Latest news.—Irish intelligence. Very  
little in the market or elsewhere.

Natural inquiry.—Will the music of the fu-  
ture be led by a lightning conductor?

A house-maid, while perusing a popular  
novel, suddenly lost her place. *Quit*: thinks  
she was hardly used.

A gentleman in Montreal calls his youngest  
son "Mr. Parnell," because he "agitates"  
at the table, and the next boy he calls "Mr.  
Biggar, his assistant."

"*Je t'adore! Je t'adore!*" he murmured  
softly. But she had an eye on another chap,  
and making-believe she did not "comprend"  
French, she told him to shut it himself.

A certain pianist, of Montreal, played a  
cradle song and sent his audience to sleep.  
Nothing abashed, he said afterwards that it  
was the finest compliment he ever received.

A certain lady of the same city—behind  
her back they call her Mrs. Partington (every-  
body knows her, she has figured in *Quiz* be-  
fore)—drives out seldom now because her new  
team of horses are "so spirituous."

Why he wore them.—The late Professor  
Skoda, one of Vienna's greatest surgeons, had,  
until within a year or two before his death,  
worn garments of a most unfashionable cut—  
the trousers were baggy and the coat was most  
ingeniously ill-fitted. His friends often joked  
with him about the matter, and Skoda bore it  
good-naturedly, without, however, making any  
explanation. One day a friend observed that  
he was more stylishly clad than usual. "This  
is an unlooked-for pleasure, Skoda, said he, "to  
see you for once properly dressed." "Say no  
more," returned the surgeon gravely: "he  
who has made my clothing for all the years  
you have known me did not, it is true, give it  
a fashionable shape; but he let me have it  
long before I had achieved success, and he  
never pressed me for money when he suspected  
that I was pressed for it myself. How would  
you behave, my friend—leave such a man  
for one who merely cut cloth in a different  
shape?" "But why then do you leave him  
now?" inquired the friend. "He is dead,"  
said Skoda.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician?—  
Because he is always poking his nose into mea-  
sures that spoil the constitution.

German friend: "De picture you haf  
bainted is most putifnl; dere is only von vord  
in de English laucknidge vich describes it—  
and I haf vorgotten it.

At a restaurant. Diner: "Here, waiter, I  
say, confound it, this game is too much so!"  
Waiter, blandly: "Beg pardon, sir, but  
you're mistaken, sir. It's the other gentleman's  
fish at the next table, sir.

'Too thin—Farmer Jenkins is one of those  
men who will never be hanged for their extrava-  
gance. His son, a University graduate,  
hadn't been home a day before he asked him  
why he didn't feed the horses more—they  
looked so wretchedly thin. "None of your  
college nonsense," retorted the old man sharp-  
ly. "You're thin, aren't you, and your mother  
she's thin, and I'm thin too; but we all get  
plenty to eat. Same way with the horses.  
The fact is thinness runs in the family."

### "BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

HATCHER'S STATION, Ga., March 27, 1876.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife,  
who had been ill for over two years, and had  
tried many other medicines, became sound and  
well by using your "Favorite Prescription."  
My niece was also cured by its use, after sev-  
eral physicians had failed to do her any good.  
Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.

Drunken tramp: "Got to go (hic) to Barnet  
to-night, gen'lmen (hic). Could you kindly  
spare a poor fellow (hic) a bit of baccy?"  
First friend: "We are non-smokers." Tramp  
groans, and then moves slowly on his way.  
Second friend, loudly, struck with happy  
thought: "We are also teetotalers!" Tramp,  
looking round with a grin: "(Hic) Perhaps  
ye're veg—(hic) vegetarians too?"

Sick and bilious headache, and all derange-  
ments of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr.  
Pierce's "Pellets"—or antibilious granules.  
25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow  
waste of virtues. By druggists.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

*Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute  
Cure for Deafness Known.*

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small  
White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carcharodon Rondeletti*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows  
it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered  
by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1470. Its cures were  
so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the  
remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire.  
Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no  
Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent,  
charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

## Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case.  
I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much  
better.

I have been greatly benefited.  
My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle  
will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative char-  
acter absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both  
from experience and observation. Write at once to  
HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing  
\$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will  
enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative  
effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing  
so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by  
REGISTERED LETTER.

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