

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

"You lie like a tombstone," is a more forcible than eloquent expression.—*Rochester Express*.

No girl of proper spirit objects to seeing freckles on another girl's face.—*Seneca Falls Reveille*.

The footsteps of Death are as silent as the brass band of a defeated candidate.—*Rochester Express*.

"He has a Florentine, fourteenth century frenzy," said the aesthete, as he beheld the man with the jim-jams.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Bluffers says that a young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.—*Yacob Strauss*.

A celebrated writer says, "debt is a great stimulant." If he is correct in what he says, there are some men around this town in a chronic state of intoxication.—*Lovell Citizen*.

When Charles the First was about to lay his head on the block, he sighed and murmured: "This comes of not advertising in the local paper."—*English History*.—*Detroit Free Press*.

As President Gonzales of Mexico has been shot at only thirteen times during the past week, he considers himself in better health, and will hereafter wear but one corrugated under shirt.—*Ex*.

How is it that when a young lady runs off and marries a coachman, everybody generally, and her parents in particular, raise old Cain about it, and nothing at all is ever said when a bride marries a groom.—*Ex*.

The dumb oyster is never clamorous.—*The Judge*. No more is the dumb clam b'oyterous.—*Wit and Wisdom*. Both of these assertions are, of course, offishal, but may have been committed bivalvular processes.—*Ex*.

A man in Colorado a short time ago was sentenced to a life of solitary confinement, and the judge condemned him to serve out the balance of his days in the greenback party.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

A gentleman in New York has just moved out of a flat, and gave as his reason for doing so that his fellow tenants made so much noise stealing each other's coal and kindling wood every night that he couldn't sleep.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

The Mother has made a Lap. The Boy is in the Lap. He is looking at the Carpet. What has the mother in her Hand? She has a Shingle in her hand. What will she do with the Shingle? She will put it Where it will do the Most Good.—*Denver Tribune*.

Why are small-pox pits like members of a fire company? Because they run together.... A thing that kicks without legs—A gun.... How to treat a bumner—Show him no quarter.... An election return—Brought home drunk.—*The Baton*.

It is now said that Edison has turned his attention from electricity, and is studying on a patent medicine. In this he will fill a want long felt. What this country wants is a patent medicine. There are diseases enough, but no patent medicine. If he can strike a medicine that the people can take with a consciousness that by patronizing Edison he will not invent any more electric things, they will confer a great and everlasting favour upon the country, even if they are not cured. Edison may be lightning on a patent medicine, but he is a slouch on electric apparatus.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, with an expression of great disgust, after kissing his wife, "I do believe you've been smoking cigarettes, cheap and nasty ones, at that." "It's only too true," she replied, nonchalantly, "I took them out of the bundle you brought home last night."—*Brooklyn Sunlay Eagle*.

The man who said the "pen is mightier than the sword" imagined, no doubt, that we wrote all of our rip-snorting articles with a pen. This is a common error. Some of our most eloquent and destructive gobs of logic were written with the stump of a carpenter's pencil on a paper bag.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang*.

Last Monday morning a poor but cheeky young man went into the employ of one of our leading dry goods houses, determined to get a speedy footing there. He got it Saturday night—the footing we mean—and now he is open for engagements, work no object if salary is satisfactory.—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

At a social party on Austin avenue the following proceedings were had: "So your nephew is going to get married?" "Yes, ma'am; next Saturday the knot will be tied." Little Johnny, who has been listening, says: "I say, ma, on the last day they let the poor fellow eat anything he wants to, don't they?"—*Texas Siftings*.

An Ohio young woman borrowed a pistol of one beau and while showing it to another fired it off. The ball struck her upper lip and went through the roof of her mouth. Here she took charge of it herself and swallowed it. The Ohio nature is the same throughout. It will keep everything that comes along.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A new boarder at the Occidental gazed at his plate, the other morning, and then said: "Is there a reliable physician stopping in this house?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "Good surgeon, too; eh?" "Believe so, sir." "Then, just see if he is in his room before I start in on this breakfast. I had a brother choked to death on a steak like that once, and I'm bound to take all the necessary precautions."—*San Francisco Post*.

"How to keep the boys at home" is a conundrum that is agitating the parents of the land. "It all depends," remarks the New Haven Register, "on the kind of boy. Some boys could be kept at home by establishing a beer saloon in the basement, others need a ball-room in the parlour; but the best way to keep a boy at home is to tell him to stay there, and make it a point to have him obey you. Begin early, and you have the problem solved."

A fond young lover who grew up in the sentimental shades of Riverdale, knelt at the feet of the girl he loved, and begged for a lock of her hair. She shook her practical head. "Can't do it, Harry," she said. "Hair's hair this season: \$5.75 for a curled bang, and a small fortune for a real switch, but never mind," she added, seeing her tender-hearted, sensitive lover weep, "never mind; just wait here a minute and I'll run up and bring you down a spoonful of my Sunday complexion." That comforted him.—*Hutchinson's Bulletin*.

There is now a brand of fine-cut tobacco known as Thistle Dew. When a man asks for a certain kind of weed and can't get it, he just purchases a package of the new variety and murmurs as he takes it, "Thistle Dew." This is an example of a new handmade English joke that we are now turning out at this office. We have, in addition to the above highly classic style of mirth, a good fair, average stoga joke at a much smaller price. Estimates made for almanacs, minstrel shows, and funerals. Send 10 cents for catalogue.—*Bill Nye*.

Its Work in Strathroy.

It often happens that the opinion of an experienced man, an expert, if we so call him, conveys greater force than an aggregation of outside, uneducated testimony. And then, too, personal experience or observation is so much more convincing than mere assertion. Trained to habits of analysis and keenest accuracy, and from the very nature of their daily occupation, given to the most incisive criticism of anything of a proprietary nature, chemists, as a class, hesitate very long before indorsing anything of a remedial nature whose virtues have been announced through the public press. St.



Jacobs Oil, however, is so universally successful and so unvaryingly accomplishes all that it promises that the able chemist, W. J. Dyas, Esq., of Medical Hall, Strathroy, Ont., sends, with his friendly recommendation, the following from David Harrison, Esq., 9th Conc., Township of Caradoc:—Having suffered with inflammatory rheumatism since last July, and hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I sent for a bottle of the article on the 15th of October. At that time I was confined to the house, and could not possibly get out of bed without assistance. After four applications of the Oil, the pain ceased entirely, and I was able to go about Strathroy in less than a week. I cannot give too much praise to St. Jacobs Oil for what it has done for me, and I believe it to be a most reliable remedy in rheumatism. Its wonderful efficacy should be brought to the knowledge of everybody.

First Meeting of the Froggleton Association of Learned Longheads.

(By Telephone.)

(Continued from last week.)

FROGGLETON, Nov. 2nd, 1881.

Professor Fudge begged leave to draw their attention to a matter of vital importance to the public—he referred to patent medicines. A careful inquiry on his part had brought out the fact that in the United States and Canada there were, at present, 7572 different remedies. Of these 3931 were guaranteed to cure every disease known to man, while the balance would cure nine-tenths of them. Thus, if a person tried one of these cure-alls and failed to receive any benefit, he still had 3930 to choose from. If all these failed there yet remained 3641 remedies of the second-class. Truly we ought to be thankful!

Professor Swillpot quite agreed with his learned friend that patent medicines were a boon to mankind. He, himself, never failed to try every remedy as soon as it came out, and, as a consequence, had only spent \$352.10 on medicines during the past three years. But his friend had left unnoticed one great benefit which the enterprising manufacturers were now conferring upon the public. He referred to the method of advertising their wares in connection with some curious, scientific or other news. Thus were the masses educated and the road to health opened to them. It was a fact, however, that persons of uncultivated minds were inclined to indulge in pro-