

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

ON THE SIMPLICITY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Now, was this Simon, whose simplicity we have heard so much of, more knave than fool? Let us examine the facts of the case. The historian tells us that "Simple Simon met a piewman going to the fair." To begin with, what does this mean? Was it the piewman who was going to the fair, or was it Simon on his way to the fair who met the piewman coming back? Much more depends upon this than may at first strike a careless reader.

If any mortal piewman, with pie on his hands and hope in his heart, were saluted as Simon saluted this piewman with the memorable words, "Let me taste your wres," is it possible that he—allowing, of course, that Simon's simplicity was depicted in his countenance—would reply, "Show me first your penny"? Who, since the world began, ever heard of the most unconfiding costermonger, on a Saturday night, in the lowest and roughest district, wanting the money put into one hand before he passed the goods with the other? But here it is distinctly stated, "Says the piewman unto Simon, 'Show me first your penny.'" Now if, on the other hand, the piewman were coming back from the fair, and whilst at the fair had not only sold little, but had had his pies stolen from him, we can understand he had become soured and generally suspicious of human nature, even in its most childlike and blindest phases. But, then, if Simon were, to that piewman's certain knowledge, a simpleton, why doubt the poor lad? Certainly there is one conclusion we may arrive at, which is that Simon was such an idiot that he did not any money would be required, and when questioned he replies, according to the three versions lying open before me, 1, "I haven't any," 2, "I haven't got any," 3, "Indeed I have not any." Do you, however, seriously suppose that this was Simple Simon's simplicity? Not a bit of it! The piewman knew our young friend and all his school but too well. He had been there before. It was a planned thing. Had the piewman parted with his pie it would have been a free gift, and when Simon owned up, can't you imagine how he thrust his tongue into his cheek? and can't you picture to yourself the snook and the hook he immediately took? I can; and how he subsequently and with great subtlety, tried on the same game with some one of a more confiding nature.

To the above legend has been added, and I think there is sufficient external evidence to prove it to be the work of another hand, an extra verse exhibiting Simon's foolishness. Says this writer, "Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale, all the water he had got was in his mother's pail." This may be either dismissed at once as a mere fable, by one whose inventive powers were superior to his ability as a rhymester, or the whaling expedition was another of Simon's dodges to get his name up. Take my word for it—he was all there, was Simon.

"Solid facts"—Ice blocks.

TAKEN OUT OF BED.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*,—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.

Respectfully,
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Falton, Mich.

WINTER RAIN.

BY AN OLD CURMUDGEON

How sweet it is to lie
Up at ten,
No yawn,
The sky,
In your garret, where it's comfortably dry;
When the rain
Upon the pane
Spatters,
And scatters
The mud-bedraggled wretch going by
Snuggly slush,
Soft as mush,
Doth gush
Through his boots;
How he scots
As to his far-off home he doth fly!
Car the last
Has past,
And best,
He's left
In the rain,
For in vain
He to the air conductor loud doth cry,
"Hill! Hill!"
Come again!
Gentle rain—
Winter rain!



LATEST NEWS FROM THE "GLOBE" OFFICE.

Jimuel Briggs has had his hair cut! The new Directors are bound to revolutionize the whole establishment!

Central Prison Industries.

Offers will be received by the undersigned up to noon of

FRIDAY, JAN. 5th, 1883,

FOR

1,000 Cords of "Wood"

AS UNDER:—

700 Cords Pine,

300 Cords Mixed Soft Wood.

Delivery in the Central Prison Brickyard, Toronto, to be completed by the 31st March, 1883.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
Inspector.

Office of the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 22nd December, 1882.

RECORD OF A SLEEPLESS MAN.

When the clock strikes ten
I retire to my den,
Intending to sleep, though I can't tell just when.
When the clock strikes eleven
I say "Would to heaven
That morning was come and the clock striking seven."
When it's twelve by the clock
I feel with a shock
That this will not buy the dear child a new frock.
When the clock strikes one,
It is really no fun;
The battle for sleep has now fairly begun.
When the clock strikes two,
I am awfully blue—
I turn and I twist and don't know what to do.
When the clock strikes three,
In my keen misery
I would like to be hanged to the very next tree.
When the clock strikes four
I hear a deep snore;
Some fowls crow and cats fight just outside the door.
When the clock strikes five
I am barely alive;
Too weary to struggle—too near dead to strive.
When the clock strikes six
I am out of the fix—
Sound asleep now, for sure, I put in my best ticks.
When the clock strikes seven
I say, "Would to heaven
I hadn't woke up, but slept on till eleven!"
When the clock strikes eight
I must yield to fate,
I come down and am so doped for getting up late.

SNAKES AS LIFE DESTROYERS.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the serofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of serofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of serofulous disease, or king's-evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, serofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. 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 *Car-chardon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. 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 character 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 MERCANTILE REVIEW.

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

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY,

Sole Agents for America.

Deey St., N. Y.