

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

NATURAL PROPENSITIES.

A Lecture Delivered before the Bobeaygeon Philosophical Society.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Smiff, a gentleman connected with the Literary Staff of this Journal, delivered a Lecture before the Bobeaygeon Philosophical Society, which on that evening held its usual meeting at the Goulbis Hotel. The subject was "The Natural Propensities of the Human Race." The gifted lecturer commenced by tracing the gradual development and progress of humanity. He explained that first there was nothing; then there was something; and then by a gradual process of evolution, that something produced protoplasm, and from protoplasm proceeded tadpoles; and thus we came to human beings. In every stage of the progress, men had propensities, and these guided him in selecting his habitation, his locality, his method of life, and his mate. The infant (when as an infant) he made his first appearance in the world, he was governed by the one over-mastering propensity to suck. It was entirely instinctive, and was the distinguishing propensity of all animals. The desire to suck was the great feature of the early existence of mankind, and not unfrequently the evidences of the propensity were visible even up to the last hour of life. A baby judged of everything by its utility as a subject for sucking. A watch, a Dutch doll, a China tea cup, were all tested in the same manner, and were at once put to the lips to see if they could be sucked. The propensity was so strong that long after the lacteal desire had ceased the inclination to suck still remained and sought gratification in the sucking of pipes and cigars. This sucking was evidently a natural propensity, and everybody sucked—some in one way, some in another, the worldly wise sucking everything to see what they could extract, and valuing Life, Truth, Goodness, Beauty, and everything only for what they could suck out of each. This natural propensity to suck frequently took another form,—that of chewing, and the lecturer could imagine no more extraordinary or suggestive sight than a row of young lady scholars at one of the schools of the country, all sitting on the same bench, working at the same sum of vulgar fractions, and all chewing gum in concert. This was a period of transition, and mankind was gradually and almost imperceptibly abandoning their individualism and accepting the concrete form of government. Thus they were unitedly legislating for the prohibition of certain articles of consumption,—articles to which the lecturer did not wish to refer more particularly,—but if it was right to prohibit the consumption of those articles, then was it more than right to prohibit the consumption of such an article as chewing gum, which in the tender years of infancy confirmed the morbid propensity to 'take suthin' and damaged the constitution by unduly exercising the organs for the secretion of saliva. It was a most abominable habit in children, and exerted a vitiating influence on their after lives. It would be easy to prove that every murderer, forger, M. P., thief, pirate, and criminal had commenced his career of iniquity by chewing gum. Moreover the abandoned villains who traded in this beastly habit of childhood rendered their trade still more atrocious by attaching to the sale of chewing gum the lottery system, and thus degrading not only the bodies but the minds of their victims. Little children were induced by the shameless scoundrels who thus followed their natural propensities, to buy a stick of chewing gum in the expectation of receiving a prize in a lottery for toys. The gambling instincts were thus developed, and the child was fairly set on the road which lead to ruin and misery. For such a trade as this there ought to be Prohibition, and stocks, and scourg-

ing, and stripes, and the Bastille, and everything in the stores where Chewing Gum Lotteries were carried on should be confiscated, sold, and the proceeds given to the local newspapers. It was strange that the natural propensities of man should nearly all be in the wrong direction,—all leading them away from the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.—The lecturer was interrupted at this point by a voice exclaiming, 'Oh, that's played out, give us something new.' A scene of confusion ensued, in which high words were exchanged all round, and the lecturer having thrown his white put but with a black luthband on to his head, stalked out of the lecture room. By the friendly intervention of the landlord peace was subsequently restored and the meeting of the Philosophical Society and day broke at about the same hour, when Mr. Smiff was conducted to his residence by the members of the Society, who serenaded him vocally, whilst Mr. Smiff bowed his thanks from his seat on the roof of the lean-to.—Independent.

Common Pleas—Please shut the door.

Love knot—should be tied with a single bean.

A dangerous character—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

Toronto is a loud city. Her power surpasses that of the British lion.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations"—because they had no soles.

Why is the nine-year-old boy like the sick glutton? Because he's over eight.

A competent hotel "out west" says generously of another that "it stands without arrival."

Summer time will come again.
 With its softly blowing zephyrs:
 Lowing kine are in the fields,
 Some are cows and some are heifers.
 —Merriden Kaeoner.

There is a good deal of difference between pride and vanity. Vanity is a peacock which delights in show. Pride is a light-stepping horse which delights in achievement. *Somerville Journal.*

"Sign it!" said Mrs. Trotter, when a petition to raise the wages of the horse car conductors was presented to her, "of course I will sign it. This movement has my heartiest coincidence."
 —*Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

A young man who had commenced telling a spinster what kind of tea he liked best said, "I have loved Oo—long." The maiden turned scarlet and declared that she would not be made the subject of puns at this age of life. —*Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

According to the despatches there is an investigation going on in Turkey to discover the murderers of the Sultan Aziz. Now, what bothers us is how the Sultan Aziz could be dead. It is probable that the Sultan as is is looking for the murderers of the Sultan as was. You never can put faith in telegrams. —*Will and Wisdom.*

Skiggins is in trouble with one of his tenants, who is in arrears for rent; went to him yester day:—"Are you ready to pay your rent, Mr. Jinks?" "Not yet, Mr. Skiggins." "Then leave my house," said Skiggins, "and I'll pay the rent myself!" Mrs. S. says that's an elegant way of collecting—you never have to sue for it. —*Will and Wisdom.*

Look, there is the Boston man. He walks with severe and measured stride. Why are his eyes cast down, and gazing intently on the pavement? He is thinking; he has a giant intellect, and his head is twice as large as that of other men. A man with a giant intellect, and a head twice as large as that of other men, must think. Of what is he thinking? He is thinking of transcendentalism. What is transcendentalism? Nobody but a Boston man knows anything about transcendentalism. Does the Boston man write poetry? Yes, he thinks he does, but very few others think so.—*Phil. Sun.*

Our Montreal Commissioner.

WIND ON HOTEL, May 18.

The distinguished gentleman who figured so largely in my last letter was extremely desirous I should remain in Montreal,—so much so that he seemed to think he could bear the dislocation of my jaw, or the breaking of both my arms, could he feel sure that the issue of the accident would be my permanent residence in this city. I was deeply touched at the time by this flattering evidence of his devotion to me, and desiring to evince my appreciation of the compliment, have since given the subject much consideration. You who know my whole souled devotion to duty will believe that I have weighed the pros and cons most conscientiously.

A knock at the door of the reception room. Enter the head porter. "Lor! sir, there's a deputation as big as the Blake dinner a waitin' down in the Rotunder." "For whom, Joseph?" "For you, to be sure, sir—there's the Mayor in court toggory and nearly all the tip top swells in the city, and they want to know if it's convenient to you to receive them toot sweet." "Certainly Joseph, but what is the object of the deputation?" "Can't say nohow sir, but likely they want to make you President of a Bank, or perhaps it's to ask you to run as Alderman for Jimmy McShane's ward,—you know he's bin turned out." "Your last suggestion is impertinent, Joseph—retire and admit the deputation—but stay, do I look calm and dignified?" "Very much dignified indeed, sir." "But still gracious and condescending, Joseph?" "Most particularly so, sir." "That is quite satisfactory—inform the deputation that I am ready to receive them." I had barely time to arrange the curls upon my classic brow when, headed by the Mayor, they filed into the room. Let the world mourn that I am compelled to suppress the speeches,— suffice it to say that his worship the Mayor introduced those of the distinguished gentlemen present with whom I was not previously acquainted. He then requested the gallant and distinguished Knight of Ravenserig to unfold the business of the deputation. It was simply this—to prefer an earnest request that I would consent to take up my permanent residence in the city. The venerable knight delicately added that a suite of rooms in the Windsor would be placed at my disposal for an unlimited period, if I would accede to the prayer of the deputation. He was pleased to say further, that my great ability and the charm of manner which distinguished me had most deeply impressed the citizens, and they felt that the honor of my presence here was equivalent to that of having Gurr domiciled in the city. I listened to the worthy knight's address most graciously and bowed profoundly at its close. You will gather some idea of the composition of the deputation when I tell you that I began my reply as follows. "Mr. Mayor—Sir knights—Reverend gentlemen and gentlemen." Of course I acceded promptly to the prayer of the deputation,—the demonstration was of such a character that I could not do otherwise. Gracefully addressing the knight of Ravenserig, I thanked him in eloquent terms, and through him the deputation, for the flattering manner in which the wishes of the citizens had been brought before me. In complying with those wishes I desired to say that I would certainly take a suite of rooms at the Windsor, but I could not consent to be indebted for them to the abounding kindness of the citizens of Montreal. Gurr, I continued, is abundantly able to provide in a princely manner for his representative, but whilst declining the hospitality of the citizens, I would only see in its proffer one more proof of the esteem in which the leading periodical of the Dominion is held by the worth, talent and wealth of Montreal. This was rather neat, old boy; but the limit of my despatch being reached I subscribe myself,—no longer your Specially Impertinent Reporter, but your

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, F. T. P. O. Q.
 Signifying For The Province Of Quebec.