



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A two-foot rule: Don't wear tight shoes.—*Hackensack Republican.*

His attitude is always imposing—the swindler's.—*American Punch.*

A fatal miss-take—Marrying a girl for her money.—*Lockport Union.*

Virtue comes in small packages, but Vice by the baleful.—*New York News.*

Knocking a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance.—*Wild Oats.*

Money lenders are experienced in the matter of who to let a loan.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The lion must be drawn somewhere, viz: in the circus procession.—*Boston Transcript.*

Truth is mighty and will prevail—when there's more profit in it than telling a lie.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.—*Salen Sunbeam.*

To laugh with the lips is mockery. The genuine laugh cracks the crusts round the heart.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

The day wore on. Well, what did it wear?—*Exchange.* Wore the close of the day, of course.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

An exchange advises its readers never to snub a boy. We fancy they'll find it much safer than snubbing a grown man, though.

A lady residing in one of our suburbs boasts that her daughter is not only studying Latin and Greek, but "Transcript."—*Wild Oats.*

In writing a letter enclosing a subscription to this paper, you may write on both sides of the paper if you want to.—*Winston (N.C.) Leader.*

Sal Soda was sent to the workhouse yesterday for telling a lye to the officer and trying to soft-soap the Judge afterwards.—*Cin. Star.*

The quack doctors themselves should not be a drug on the market, when it is known that they can be utilized as pillar shams.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The great demand of newspaper men in this country is a paste that will never get on the wrong side of the clipping.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Some writer has said that "Right injures no man." It don't eh? May be all the pugilists hit out with their left, but we presume to disbelieve it.—*Marathon Independent.*

What makes the average small boy crazy and out of patience with everything, is to be obliged to roll his baby brother around in a carriage while a base ball match is being played.—*Wild Oats.*

The young man who propels a fruit store next door was startled the other day by an old lady, who as she gazed at a fine stem of bananas, meekly enquired, "What kind of sassage is them?"—*Onesago Record.*

A St. Louis millinery window displays a fashionable bonnet of the season of 1776. Kissing a girl in those days was like crawling up a stove pipe for a gum drop. It was good if you ever got there.—*St Louis Spirit.*

There is probably nothing so exhilarating in the experience of the amateur gardener as when he steps upon the hoe and the responsive handle immediately arises to implant a fervent kiss between his eyes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Now while the breezes go reeling
O'er meads which the buttercups dapple,
The small boy's industriously stealing
The immature apple.

—*Wild Oats.*

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene,
The spotless shirts of hotel clerks do bear!
Full many a simple, ignorant sardine
Believes them purest stones of value rare!
And that's where they're fooled.

—*Modern Argo.*

One of the largest retail firms in the city went to the trouble to get the greatest dandy they could find for their hosiery department. They explained that it took a call to display fancy stockings to advantage.—*Philadelphia Item.*

An English physician has carefully noted the effects of oatmeal on the human system, and he says it makes people cross, stingy, and sour-tempered. Judging by our own experience this is not an oat-worthy observation.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

If the man who undertakes to grasp the remnant of a lighted cigar between his fingers suddenly drops it, swings his arm in the air and dances around wildly, you may know that he has discovered that facts are not the only stubborn things in existence.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"By Geowge," said Mr. TORLOFF, as he twirled his light-complexioned cane about his fingers. "That gwil is as good as an awtificial ice machine. Aw! I inquired if my company would be, aw, acceptable, and by Geowge, she simply looked at me. Aw! I felt vevy queeah."—*Haven Register.*

A blue sapphire has recently been found that weighs over a pound, and which is estimated to be worth about \$16,000,000. Our advice to the owner of that sapphire is not to put on too many frills. A sapphire that isn't worth as much as an early strawberry is nothing so very great.—*Peek's Sun.*

No, son, no; you needn't be afraid of it. Just drink a tub full of it, if you wish. No man ever got drunk or learned to be a drunkard, drinking Sunday school lemonade. You might get the dropsy, or you might drown yourself with it, but it will never make you drunk.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Been out of town, Fritz?" "Yasse; took a run to Boston for a few days." "Meet anybody?" "Oh, yes; met the Beans. Know them? Very nice family; great friends of the Porks of Chicago. Always together. Believe they're in partnership. Pork & Beans." "Aw!"—*New York Commercial.*

When a pair of lovers are sitting alone in the parlor conversing about love and other sentimental things, the suddenness with which the young man changes the subject to domestic economy, when the lady's paternal parent unexpectedly enters the room, almost makes the young man's collar button fly off.—*Binghampton Republican.*

ADOLPHUS wants to know what love is. Well ADOLPHUS, old boy, we'll enlighten you. Take one hunk of taffy, 17 moonlight excursions, a stroll in the park, two games of forfeit, 33 trips to the opera, \$14 worth of ice cream, three tons of osculation, a pair of lavender pants and a cutaway coat. Stir well with the old man's No. 11 cowhides, mix in an elopement and it is ready for use.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Mr. ERNESTUS BROOKS, of the *New York Express*, will start the school in journalism at Cornell University with a course of lectures on the subject. "First class in journalism, stand up. What is the chief working material of the American paragrapher?" The student will be expected to answer, "The mule, the goat, the bent pin, the mother-in-law, corset, paste-pot and scissors." "Correct—give an example." Student—"A man once examined the hind leg of mu—" But we forbear.—*Norristown Herald.*

"With the annual concurrence of Decoration Day," remarked Mrs. GOODINGTON at breakfast this morning, "my mind goes back to the times of the torbillion. How well I remember my first visit to the tainted field! How pneumatic it all appeared, just like some of the scenes predicted in 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' The lines of snowy canvass, the troops marching about with their bayonets blistering in the sunshine, and the officers riding fugaciously hither and yon. It made DANIEL all worked up. I remember how he straightened up and wished he was young enough to join the ranks of his country's defences. DANIEL had a very compulsive natur." And the old lady, as usual, entirely forgot Decoration Day and the soldiers in contemplation of the dear departed. Her teacup was held nervelessly in one hand, and the bit of bread in the other remained untasted. She did not notice even that TOMMY had torn a strip off her brand new apron for a military sash.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Collingwood paper treats its readers to the National Anthem in Gaelic. We gladly reproduce it:—

"Dhia gleidh ar Bhanrigh mhor,
Beatha bhuan da'r Bhanrigh choir,
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh,
Tnair buaidh dhi' us solas,
Son agus ro ghloir mhor,
Fad chum riaghlaidh oirn:
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh!

A Thighearn ar Dia eirich,
Sgap a naimhdhean eitch,
Us leig lad sois,

Syon Sion? "We" "sye Do J" "O!
W) M, F, E, L, M go do'n gi—giv me any
mo—mor E Gall C. Good bye boys!

[NOTE BY EDITOR—A few minutes after giving down this item to the printers we were called to the door to witness the man who undertook to put it in type being carried home on a shutter. He struggled manfully at the task, but, as we all know, human endurance has its limit. He was the only support of his widowed mother!]—*Barrie Advance.*

PARIS WIT.

Beginning of a story.
Once upon a time there was a child so prodigal that all the calves fled at his approach.

Some men are born financiers.
A youngster, studying sacred history, came to the story of JOSEPH and his brethren.

"Were the brothers greatly to blame?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir, they were greatly to blame."

"Why so?"

"They sold JOSEPH too cheap."

A doctor had discovered an infallible remedy against the cancer. He lately undertook a splendid case, treated it splendidly and buried it ditto. Yesterday, while lecturing to his anatomical class, he said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to demonstrate to you, by an examination of the proper organs, that my patient died cured."

The Abbe VENOISIN was a courtly diplomatist. He once called upon the Prince de Conti, who, being in a bad humor, turned his back on him.

"Ah, Monseigneur," murmured the Abbe, "I had been told that you were ill-disposed toward me, but am delighted to know the contrary."

"Contrary! How so?"

"Because your Highness never turns his back upon an enemy."

An ancient magistrate, having become mayor of his commune, gave the civil blessing enjoined by law to a young couple. After having asked the sacramental question.

"Mademoiselle—, do you consent to take for your husband M.—, here present?"

"Yes, sir."

The ancient magistrate turned to the young man, and mindful of his former functions, said, with great gravity:

"Prisoner, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced on you?"