

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

HOW A SULTAN'S SUBJECT WAS ETERNALLY KNIGHTED.

Once there was an alleged humorous Constantinopolitan. One day while looking from a minaret, where he had gone to yell that Mohammed was good, and Sultan Saib was his immortal prophet, and he would bet on it, his eye glanced off on the calm surface of the Bosphorus, reflecting the ever shifting cloud-land in its crystal depths, and a happy thought struck him. It didn't strike him all in a heap, perhaps, but he reached his first base on it, and concluded he could reach home if he didn't have another attack, and didn't have to stop to curse so many dogs that he would forget his joke. But fortune and a retentive memory aided him, and he slid into the portals of his domicile, and lost no time in imparting his wonderful discovery to his wife. She being of a practical turn of mind hastened him toward the palace gates, ejecting in the willing porches of his ear as he skurried away the intelligence that doubtless His Supreme Highness the Caitiff of the Full Moon would knight him, or, at least, issue an edict that he should be made lord chamberlain, and his property be forever free from taxation. He hastened onward, and by dint of much ingenuity passed the palace portals, and at last reached the throne of the Royal Peacock himself, and was enabled to gaze on the Sacred Pelican with feelings of majestic awe and wonder. The subject made a prostrate salaam and tremblingly stated his business, and that he was the father of a joke, or was willing to be delivered as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

"Let the sneaking snipe proceed," growled the keeper of the sublime harcm.

"Your Potential Highness," meekly replied the joke parent, "the pun I am about to unfold to you, I swear by the horn of the sacred rhinoceros, came to me unintentionally, and it seemed so true that I have hid it in my heart, so to speak, until this time. As I have no middle-man to introduce the question, I shall be obliged to do it myself. It rippleth thus:

"Why, my most Sublimated Star of the Morning, is this kingdom like the beautiful strip of sea in front of our ancient city, in reference to the common people?"

I see Your Highness nod as though asleep. I will therefore unload upon you:

"Be-because it has from its earliest conception had a Bosphorus."

"Rockety, gee swezyth rusty palxysm melica maah!" thundered the keeper of the sacred beehive, which being interpreted means, "Take this man out in the alley, break him in two, and fill him full of dynamite, and I, personally, will see that he is properly blasted."

CHAPTER II.

And the blue sea shimmereth still; yea, even like unto the polish of a Vassar graduate; but the man with the mammoth brain he sleepeth with the enthusiasm of a domestic on a winter morning, and knoweth not his wife was raised to the peerage—and let down again with a bang; yea, even within two short days after her late spouse was so influentially blasted and eternally knighted.—*Lockport Union.*

It takes a brass band to fill the air with broken silence.

When he came home tipsy he told his wife he had been out shorrynading.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

When a woman leaves a man who has not earned his salt for years, he immediately advertises that he will pay no debts of her contracting.

The bass drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band.

The short girl should not cry because she is not tall; let her remedy the evil by getting spliced.

There are many true words said in jest, as the thoughtful compositor remarked when he set it up "mother-in-jaw."

It is strange that it wears a man's legs so much less to stand in front of a bar than it does to stand by a work-bench.

Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

It is said that the editor's drawer in *Harper's Magazine* is made up by a woman. So are a great many editors' drawers.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making notes, not in making cages.

When a man gets a kidney pad, a lung pad, and a liver pad hung around his anatomy, it is safe to conjecture that he's in a very pad way.

A young bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning, and turned in very late at night.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him, and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.

The worst about kissing a Wyandotte girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.

A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, a silvery voice, and a fair portion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of the world.

"If I punish you," said a mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for my own pleasure, do you?" "Then whose pleasure is it for, dear mamma?"

"James, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home, complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I will take all them back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

When some one can invent a five-barrelled revolver which can be sold for twenty-five cents, every city can do away with at least two school houses at the end of the first year. It is simply necessary to buy a little more burying-ground.

"Been vaccinated, Miss Black?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. White. I should just hate to die of that nasty small-pox. Why, they say if you die of it you must be buried in the middle of the night and nobody goes to the funeral!" "How very sad it is for the corpse, to be sure!"

On Wednesday night, about eight o'clock, an incriminated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post on a prominent street. This lamp-post had on it a small box, and the man had apparently stood there for some time. A reporter had occasion to pass the man, and remarked:—"Hello, there, what's the matter?" "Well," said the man, "I—hic—put five cents in the box here half an hour ago, and this car ain't started yet."—*Rochester Democrat.*

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