



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A tight fit --Delirium tremens.

The points of a horse are not sharp.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The fly boom has begun.—*Whitchall Times*.  
We speak it has.—*Oil City Derrick*.

The fee male whose advice is oftentimes asked is the lawyer.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

The man who carries all before him—the wheelbarrow man.—*Mereden Recorder*.

There is always a coldness between the ice-man and the customers.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Men who live in glass houses should be conservative in their opinions.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The saddest words that have ever been to TANNER are, "I am getting thin."—*Breakfast Table*.

An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.—*Ex.*

"If you make it hoptional with me," says the Englishman, "I'll take beer."—*Courier Journal*.

The time of life when the young man's mind turns fondly to dress is unpleasantly called the garb age.—*Goderich Signal*.

A burglar recently arrested was asked to tell what his business was. "I am a house-cleaner," said he.—*Sarnia Canadian*.

A Whitchall woman calls her husband kind words, because he is so bald-headed that he can never dye.—*Whitchall Times*.

Dr. TANNER has at last divulged his secret. He has been living on the cream of the paragrahic jokes fired at him.—*Argo*.

The army worm got as far as Boston when a mis-s with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately lay down and died.

Metaphorically speaking, the editor of a country paper has to cover as much ground as a lemon in a circus lemonade.—*Phil. Item*.

The poet I believe, would be inclined to chuckle merry, if he could find a word to rhyme with huckleberry.—*Syracuse Times*.

Although a woman may ride alone in a wagon, she can never be lonely, because she always has fellows on each side of her.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

If your neighbor calls on you always give her the pedigree of your illustrious family. It will prove so interesting to her that she'll never call again.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."—*Kingston News*.

Put away his bright toy pistol,  
He will need it nevermore,  
JOHNNY didn't know 'twas loaded  
Till he blowed into the bore,

—Argo.

The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child, has missed one of the cardinal joys of life.—*New Haven Register*.

A fashion exchange says there is a disposition to revive bustles. What a bustle there will be in the newspaper offices where old papers will be in strong demand at good round figures.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

The man who loafs his time away around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.—*Sarnia Canadian*.

After all, society will never be without its aristocracy. Just mark how the pedler who owns a two dollar horse, lords it over the humble individual who carries his mackerel around in a handcart.—*Somerville Journal*.

### The P. B's Song.

The following is the song of the potato bug:—

The tender young potato bug  
Sat swingine on the vine,  
And said unto a maiden bug:  
"I pray you will be mine."

Then softly spake the maiden bug:  
"I love you fond and true,  
But O, my cruel-hearted par  
Won't let me marry you."

With scorn upon his buggy brow,  
With glances cold and keen,  
That haughty lover answered her:  
"I think your par-is green."

—*Peterborough Review*.

An American girl who marries an Italian marquis gets on very well until his Serene Highness begins to spend all her money and talk of "her father ze shopkeepaire." Then she fires up and gives him a little 4th of July.—*Ex.*

He was a little verdant or he never would have said: "Perhaps we had better walk on till we come to a settee where we can sit together." "Oh, no," she replied sweetly; "you sit down in the chair and I will be the settee."—*Ex.*

A Lowell school teacher, who deserves a purse equal to her wit, says she is in a quandary whether to get ready to go away on a vacation and stay at home, or not to get ready and go. She can afford to do one or the other, but not both.

The late Dr. BETHUNE asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the Doctor: "Oh, sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

At a fashionable wedding up-town recently, quite a number of people congregated to view the bridal party on their exit from the church. A passer-by, recognizing one of the hackmen, said: "Waiting for a job?" "No," was the laconic answer, "I'm waiting for the tied."—*Ex.*

"I'll meet you at half-past ten to-night,"  
And he nestled her little head  
Beneath his great arm so strong and warm;  
"Remember—10:30," he said.  
He met her at half-past ten that night,  
But her brother it was instead,  
And as he walked down thro' the confounded town,  
"Duce take her 10:30," he said  
—*Breakfast Table*.

MARK TWAIN makes an excellent suggestion for the safety of steamboat passengers. He would have every steamboat compelled to carry in a conspicuous place the following notice: "In case of disaster, do not waste precious time in meddling with the life-boats—they are out of order."

A farmer's wife in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence of her son, a lad of six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said, "He can read fluently in any part of the bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "And yesterday I licked NED RAWSON, threw the cat into the well, and stole old HINKLEY's gimlet."—*Ex.*

"What in the world induces Mrs. X. to wear so many puffs and flounces?" said a lady at a ball, as the person referred to swept past, a billowy vision of millinery. "Why," was the reply, "she has indulged so much in fashionable dissipation that she has the 'delirium trimmings.'"—*Ex.*

An impecunious fortune-hunter having been accepted by an heiress, at the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed, "There goes his valise!"—*Goderich Signal*.

A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a millpond, and refused the offer of twenty-five cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he; "taint worth it!" and he handed back twenty-one cents, saying calmly, as he pocketed four cents, "That's about right."—*Berlin News*.

A critic says that the best writing is to be found in letters. He says: "Take the letters of any one of a half dozen girls and you will find that the English is bright, cheerful, free and charming." Very true; but suppose your wife reads the letters, what will she think of them?—*Goderich Signal*.

"MYNA,"—Your conundrum is a good one. We cannot inform you why it is that a young man who is obliged to go out for a cliew of cloves between each theatrical act can sit with you in church through a long sermon and never leave his seat in quest of such an article. Perhaps he carries some in his vest pocket.—*Argo*.

An aesthetic midday meal—At the luncheon hour, JELLYBY POSTLETHWAITE enters a pastry cook's and calls for a glass of water, into which he puts a fresh cut lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof. Waiter—Shall I bring you anything else, sir? JELLYBY POSTLETHWAITE—Thanks, no, I have all I require, and shall soon have done!—*Punch*.

A clothes-line is a harmless thing  
When stretched from pole to pole;  
Until you step across the yard  
And step into a hole.  
Then, as you make a forward lunge,  
It stops you, so to speak,  
And throws you down and jerks you to  
The middle of neck's tweek.

—*Keokuk Gate City*.

"JENNIE, you're my sweetheart," said a nine-year-old suitor, as he sat alone with his heart's idol, the other evening.

"How can I be your sweetheart," asked the little miss, "when I am thirteen years old and you are only nine?"

"Are you thirteen?"

"Of course I am."

"Well," answered the juvenile beau, after reflecting a little, "I'd been thirteen, too, if I hadn't been sick so much when I was little."—*Northern Advocate*.

PARTED LOVERS.—They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door.

Said he: "Ah, Miss BLANK, I believe; is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.—*South Simcoe News*.

The Poets of the Scotch and the Norsemen were pretty much alike. The former was BURNS and the latter Skalds.