

(Toronto (Canada) Globe.)

## Even the Gods Commend it.



IT very often happens that it is not always upon the stage of a theatre that the most fun takes place. There are little episodes which occur occasionally, and are not down on the bills that create as much, if not more laughter, than the regular "biz." For instance: a short time ago, while a well-known Opera Co. were playing "Patience" at "The Royal Opera House," a scene, not down on the bills occurred which is well worth relating. It appears that in the narrative of the play it is made known that one of the characters suffered rheumatism. This fact is made known by the basso-profundo, who in very thrilling tones asks: "What will I do for this rheumatism?" The other evening while the play was progressing very smoothly, an urchin up in the gallery, one of the "gods" cried out, "Jes you rub it wit' St. Jacobs Oil." The thrilling melo-dramatic tones of the Basso followed by the piping, though matter-of-fact squeaking of the "god" was too much for the audience, and as a result, they were convulsed with laughter. Now apart from any foolishness in the matter, for we are averse to advertising either Dramatic Companies or St. Jacobs Oil, we have to say, that a representative of this paper lately met with Mr. Geo. R. Edeson, American War Correspondent, Michael Strogoff Combination, and that gentleman, among other things volunteered the following information, which we cheerfully give our readers, hoping they may heed it:



"I suffered," said Mr. Edeson, "for a long time with the rheumatism, and I tell you that I felt it hotter than I guess I would even on the banks of the 'Volga,' as a War Correspondent. It clung to me for a long time quite tenaciously. I tried several remedies, scores of them, but at last had to give them up entirely, for they did me no good. I made up my mind though from advice given me by a friend, to try St. Jacobs Oil, reluctantly though, as I had no faith in it at first. But I soon changed my mind, and found that St. Jacobs Oil was just what I wanted. It cured me of my rheumatism in a little while and I have felt no return of pain since. I recommend it now on all occasions and travel with a bottle of it in my trunk."

## Why?

Why doth the gentle rustic when he drives in with his "hosses," Pull up his team just at the place where everybody crosses?

Why doth the merry street car man not care for anybody, And land you at the likeliest place to get your boots all muddy?

Why doth the friendly bar-keepaire become at once less merry, When half a dime is offered for a mug of "Tom and Jerry?"

Why doth the lovely maiden use the hairy bangs, oft borrowed, And hide the lovely outline of her alabaster forehead?

When the careful, high-toned maiden meets the man she used to date on, Why doth she try and cut him if he's got a shabby coat on?

And lastly, why should people be a prey to melancholy, When a five cent piece will buy for them a GRIP, to make them jolly?

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.  
Is it more blessed to give than to "receive"  
on New Year's Day?—*Lowell Courier*.

Died by suicide in Newport, a clarinet-player.  
Cornet-players please copy.—*Puck*.

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange: but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.

Yes, my son, make all the friends you can in this world. It will amuse you to see them desert you in your time of necessity.

A Sunday school teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question, "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up," said a little girl.

The man who thinks to please the world

Is dullest of his kind—

For let him face which way he will,

One half is yet behind.

—*Laramie Boomerang*.

"America," says an Englishman, "is a country where a man's statement is not worth two cents unless backed up with an offer to bet you \$10."

Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a bright era, ten are scouting among their neighbours trying to borrow salaratus.

He said: "May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" She said: "Yes, next week; come through the alley and peep through the cracks in the fence."

"It is not right to spoil a golden wedding," was the ground on which a Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case where the parties had lived together forty-nine years.

A while ago a party of lynchers, down south, postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking his cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

Mother seeking a situation as footman for her rawboned son. Lady—"Does he know how to wait at table?" Mother—"Yes, ma'am." Lady—"Does he know his way to announce?" Mother—"Well, ma'am, I don't know that he knows his weight to an ounce, but he does to a pound or two."

"You did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have pushed him off with the butt of your gun," said the *Galveston Recorder* to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbour's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me tail first, but he came at me with his biting end."—*Galveston News*.

"Have you ever been whipped by your teacher before?" he was asked by his Pa. And then the little boy who never told a lie said: "No sir," and as he went out he finished the sentence by remarking, "But I've been whipped behind."—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills west for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked dead. Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked, "still dead."

The latest marvel of science is instantaneous photography. By the aid of this process it is possible to obtain a picture of yourself and girl in the act of being thrown over a stone wall by

a runaway horse. This picture can be placed on the mantelpiece in a maroon velvet frame as a warning to young men to never let go the reins with both hands.

A party of vegetarians who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day!"

Darwin in his new book estimates that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre. This tallies with our count when we were digging gardens and didn't care a nickel about finding worms; but when we waited bait for fishing the garden didn't pan out a dozen worms to the acre. They had all emigrated to the garden of some other fellow who never goes a-fishing.—*Norristown Herald*.

Oakland girls ought to be warned of the frightful danger incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakemen. It is related that down at the Point, the other night, a member of that hard-working fraternity, on being aroused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by the neighbours sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified woman's head off in his ineffectual exertions to "down brakes."—*Oakland Times*.

"Why, Mr. DeSmith, what occasioned that large swelling on the side of your face?" asked Mrs. McSpilkins. Before Gus could reply little Johnny, pointing to the cotton in Gus's ear, spoke up and said: "I know what's in that lump on Mr. DeSmith's face. It's cotton. I see some of it sticking out of his ear. He stuffs cotton in his ear just as you, Mamma, stuff cotton—" Gus DeSmith don't know to this day why Mrs. McSpilkins nearly jerked Johnny's arm off, and passed on down the street without giving him a chance to say what was the matter with his protruding jaw.—*Texas Siftings*.

The commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything. You see I have two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll enclose them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am, but I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra as usual.

Remember, young man, dat de man what han'les de most books ain't de best ed lyceated. I knowed a bookbinder once dat coudn't read. I may differ frum de religious folk when I say dat I've got more respect fur de woodpecker dan I has fur de dove. De dove is 'ceitful. He'll coo around an' conx yer inter sympathy, but soon as yer back is turned he goes ober inter der field and pulls up de young wheat. All dis time de woodpecker has been diggin' a worm outen a tree.

Ebery provision ob nature may be wise, but I doan see why a body should suffer so much in cuttin' teeth. A dog doan hab no trouble, neder does a coon, but natur gives fets to de baby. And dis, de preachers tell me, is on account ob de political trickery ob Adam. I've glnd dat he was counted out ob de garden ob Eden. Eberybody what walks de flou' wid a teethin' chile is a natural enemy ter dat man.

I hab noticed dat all great men retains in arter life de early impressions of childhood. Dis soar beeh is where my fodder hit me wid a sassafras spout.—*Little Rock Gazette*.