

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

An exchange asks, "Does insurance pay?" Certainly—the companies.—*Saturday American*.

Always look on the bright side; a mighty ugly hired girl can ring the bell for a mighty good dinner.—*Staubenville Herald*.

"That wall is plumb," said a mason to the boss; "but the chap who put in the pipes is plumber."—*Hackensack Republican*.

Judge Hilton's failure in Stewart's dry goods business suggests the ancient reason—that he couldn't get Jews to it.—*Lowell Courier*.

A manufacturer advertises "The strongest and cheapest bed in the market." He must mean an onion bed.—*Norristown Herald*.

Now that the shad season is at its height, the number of bones in the human body is greatly increased.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Jay Gould's son they say, is an expert prize fighter. He ought to be, considering his father's experience in the ring.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Strawberry-boxes are very much like Coney Island beer mugs—they are pretty thick, and the bottoms try to get as near the top as possible.—*Puck*.

A Boston Journalist says "a kiss for each falling star is the lovers' rule." This may do in Boston, where it takes some time to remove eyeglasses, but it won't do in Philadelphia. The falling stars are too few and far between.—*Philadelphia News*.

The Czar never receives anyone after 1 o'clock. The remainder of the day he spends in the palace sub-cellar, locked in a Marvingovski fire-proof safe, clad in his cast-iron ulster. He received Lieutenant Danenhower at 2, however, on that gentleman making an affidavit that he wasn't a Nihilist, and could not play on the cornet.—*Puck*.

A Philadelphia girl was so thoughtless as to tell a friend that at her wedding the names of the donors would not be displayed with her presents. Of course the friend told. Her wedding came off the other day, and the presents were not displayed either. They consisted of 732 plated sugar spoons and 1,380 salt-cellars.—*Philadelphia News*.

Meissonier's portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackay represents that lady as daintily dressed, with a broad director's hat, and engaged in buttoning a glove of extravagant length. Probably he had her use the glove to keep her occupied while he painted, and the picture shows that he got it done before she got the glove buttoned. Young men who have waited for a girl to get her gloves buttoned will believe this.—*Boston Post*.

A Rochester clergyman called the other day to administer consolation to a dying man. Going into the presence of the poor sufferer he took him by the hand, and after giving it a reassuring squeeze, said: "My dear friend, shall I meet you in heaven?" "Well," replied the dying man, as his eyes began rolling wildly and his breath came short and quick, "I guess you're likely to if you're a square man." Then he died.—*Rochester Express*.

A lot of mean old bachelors, not a thousand miles from Springfield, put up a job on a lot of fair maidens in the church recently. They got up a kissing social with the following rates: For kissing a young lady over twenty years of age, one dollar; under twenty years, free. Of course the girls couldn't do otherwise than consent, and the horrid men osculated them all the evening and never had to pay a single cent, excepting to one widow whose granddaughter gave her away.—*Springfield (O.) News*.

Customer—"Give me some fish!" Waiter—"What will you take, sir, bluefish?" Customer—"It makes no difference; I'm color-blind."—*Puck*.

Old Judge Smike attracts attention by the dilapidated condition of his clothes, which would have to be repaired before they could be used to put on a scarecrow. A few days ago Gilhooly happened to meet the old man on the corner of Austin-avenue and Pecan-street, and said to him pleasantly: "How long have you lived here, Judge?" "I came to Austin with the close of the war," replied the gratified old citizen. "With the clothes of the war? I reckon those are the same clothes you have got on now. You ought to have them washed." This is why Gilhooly is not popular with the influential classes.—*Texas Siftings*.

### His Ideal.

We are in receipt of a poetic gem from the pen of a talented Wesleyan student, that is destined, should it ever receive publication, to put the old masters in poetry to shame. Its every line is a song in itself, and every word a fount of freshness betraying wonderful intuition and learning. The title is "My Ideal," and the first stanza opens out as follows:

"I know a maid as pure as snow,  
As fair as summer's rosy morn,  
What time the floods of Saffron go,  
The fields and forests to adorn.

If this young man had lived in an age when incomprehensibility was allowable, as poetic license, such a sublime passage would doubtless have received hasty recognition, but now, when saffron floods are so very uncommon, it is decidedly vague. Again the following:

"Her raven tresses backward thrown,  
Fell gently down in silken showers."

Now we have an undeniable proof of the heretofore mythical story of hairs in the butter. If a maiden's hair ever fell in showers with no thunder and lightning attachments, it is not unreasonable that some of it would fall in the butter, but why they were silken showers, the author of the production alone can explain.

The seventh stanza is the gem of gems. It settles points which, with musicians and scientists, have heretofore been considered as impossible in nature. It is as follows:

"And when she sang a wondrous flute,  
Breathed wildly forth in melting tones,  
A woodland songster urged his suite,  
A streamlet kissed the murmuring stones."

Any maiden that can successfully sing a flute, and then wildly breath it forth, and at the same time in melting tones, is worth a fortune to any man; but we may misunderstand the poet. It may have been the flute that breathed the maiden forth; or a wild young lady with the catarrh, and the flute was brought into requisition to attract the attention of the woodland songster and his attendants. Considerable uncertainty exists in our minds on this point, and doubtless it will be controvertible in the ages to come. It seems at any rate that whatever it was, the woodland songster wished to avoid it, and urged his attendants to get them out of hearing. The rhythmic construction is here rather bad, inasmuch as suite is pronounced "sweet," and makes with the flute a discord; but even Byron had this fault. The streamlet did wrong in kissing its lapidaceous bedfellow, but such an act is not uncommon, but that the stones murmured, is a surprise to men of learning generally, as stones are supposed to be entirely dumb.

The author has successfully worked in "Helen of Greece," and "Raphael," and other standard phrases. We place him in the list of the great men of the generation, but the length of the illustrious work will not allow its publication in those columns.—*Boomerang*.

Scene at Lady Beaufort's reception; Hostess (to Angelized Bostonian)—"Can't I present you to Miss Von Trump, of New York?" A. B.—"Thanks. I think not. I make it a point never to meet Americans."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

### Worth Mentioning.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Camden P.O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: "With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits."

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