

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Last words of Webster: Zythepary, zythum.

There are some promising young men who are not careful about keeping their word.

A gamecock ought to be good eating. Does not the poet say "the bravest are the tenderest?"

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

Ma—"Oh, Tommy! how did you get your hands so dirty?" Tommy—"Don't know, unless it was wipin' 'em on me face."

A Russian proverb says:—"Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

What is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed? There is a material difference. One is hard up, and the other is soft down.

"My daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

A quiet young man from Shanghai
Indulged in a piece of mianc pai;
His life work is o'er
His form here no moer
Will visible be to the air.

A Somerville shoemaker advertises to make temperance boots and shoes, or, in other words, boots and shoes that are never so tight as to be disagreeable.—*Somerville Journal*.

Not long ago a small boy refused to sit by his sister's side at church. "Why do you object?" his mother asked. "Oh, you know, people might think we're married!"

Grammarians are puzzled over the question whether "mumps" and "measles" are singular or plural. They often look singular but that is no criterion on a question of this kind.

At the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

A sweet and tender young woman is loved by both Christians and South Sea Islanders; by the former as something to marry, and by the latter as something to eat. And undoubtedly she is very nice, take her either way.

One by one the beautiful legends of the world are fading into nonentities. It is now said there is no race of tailed men in Borneo. Perhaps they didn't put the premium lists high enough and the men wouldn't race.

It is estimated that if a man lives to 70 years old he passes at least 24 years in sleep. So you see a man is a pretty good sort of a fellow one-third of the time, bad as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable.

Two Irishmen who often made a night of it over the whiskey bottle were late one evening at their usual occupation. At length says one, seeing the supply finished—"Are ye goin' to bed to-night, or may ye be goin' to sit up till to-morrow mornin' as ye did last night?"

"Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table, and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know, ma. I saw the animalcules in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs."

Master—"Fulness under the eye denotes language. Jones you are not listening, sir. Just tell me what fulness under the eye denotes?" Jones—"Fulness under the eye, sir. Please, sir, that the Gov'nor's been playing cards at his club all night and can't eat any breakfast."

"How beautiful the dome of heaven is this evening," said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm. "The stars seem to look down upon us—" "Oh, yes," said practical John, "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They can't." Sudden check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality.

"How is it, Mr. Brown?" said a miller to a farmer, "that when I came to measure those ten barrels of apples that I bought from you I found them nearly two barrels short?" "Singular, very singular; for I sent them to you in ten of your own flour barrels." "Ahem! Did, eh?" said the miller, "well, perhaps I made a mistake. Let's imbibe."—*San Francisco Post*.

On board the *Nova Scotian*, on her last voyage, the following incident occurred:—

Inquisitive Passenger.—"And so, Bos'en, you call that curious instrument?"—

"A Quadrant, sir."

"And that 'ere?"—

"Is a Cat-head, sir."

"And what might you call that rope in your hand?"

"That's a spanker, sir," replied the exasperated Boss, giving him the full benefit of the instrument on his nether garment.

For the rest of the day our friend kept a dog-head silence.

Peculiar Things.

To pick up money is lucky.

To lose money or jewellery is unlucky.

To drop hot sealing-wax on your fingers is a sign you will be angry.

To meet a bolting horse on the pavement implies that you are going to run.

To dream of being run over by fire-engines is often a sign that you have had pork chops for supper.

To call at a friend's house about dinner time and find him absent is a sign you will be disappointed.

If a man says: "I hardly like to ask you, old fellow, but—" it is a sign he wants to borrow money.

To collide with three consecutive lamp-posts and fall over an apple stall is a sign you are not a Good Templar.

A Nice Young Man.

A very high-toned looking young man, in exquisite moustache, loud plaid clothes, red kids, and knitting-needle cane, walked into a tobacco shop and, throwing down half a dollar on the counter, said:

"Well, this is the worst town I ever saw; a gentleman can't get anything in it satisfactory, and I am utterly unable to see how a person of fastidious taste can live here. I say, Mr. Shopkeeper, can you sell a fellow a decent cigar?"

"Yes, sir," said the cigar man, meekly.

"Well, then fly around lively and do it. Don't you see that half dollar?"

"Yes, sir. What kind of a cigar do you wish, sir?"

"What kind?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, look at me, sir, a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me," and he drew himself up grandly and gazed down on the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper looked, and then took in the half dollar, got out a cigar and handed it to the man, with forty-nine cents change, and said: "I owe you half a cent, sir, but I can't make change unless you take another cigar."

The nice young man looked at the shopkeeper, and then at the cigar, and then at himself, and without a single word walked out of the shop.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The Day We Commemorate.

MR. GRIP.—The dreadful possibility flashed across my mind upon reading the papers of Saturday, detailing the exercises of the previous day, that, perhaps, after all, the boast of the Torontonians being a religious people, should be taken *cum grano salis*, and that although our churches

Lift their tall heads into the sky,
They lift them up to heaven and lie.

Now, I do not like lying under any pretence, though I do not pretend to be a saint (we have no Canadian saints canonized yet), for I know that

"A man may cry church, church, at every word,
With no more piety than other people,
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,
Because he keeps a cawing from a steeple."

I like humor and fun, and one Mr. Sterne tells me that a good laugh is equal to an extra half hour of our existence, but "a time for everything" is not a bad motto, observed within due limits; and with this prelude permit me to say that it is rather incongruous for a professedly Christian community to wind up the day of the observance of the most tremendous event of which this earth has ever been the theatre, with the exhibition of Humpty Dumpty, Kit Carson the Arkansas Traveller, etc., etc., etc.

TIMOTHY TYPO.

[Nor do concerts, however well selected and sacred, even though they be held in churches which are the sanctums of the creed that hangs entirely upon this "event," seem to Mr. Grip the fitting accompaniments to that frame of mind that certainly suggests itself as both natural and suitable to a due observance of the day they commemorate.]

Religiously Observed.

Mrs. O'Gormand and Mrs. O'Randy, leaving the church door on Easter morning—

Mrs. O'Randy, solemnly—"How many eggs did your Tim sit this mornin'?"

Mrs. O'Gormand—"Sure, ma'am, an' he ait foive,—two goose eggs, two dook eggs, and wan hin egg." (A fact).

Satisfactory Results in Montreal.

Whilst Montreal is a model city in many respects, it is not exactly a quarter section of Paradise, as Capt. Geo. Murphy, Chief of the Government Police, can testify. A reporter of a Montreal journal waited upon this gentleman a short time ago, and put to him the following query:—

"Chief, do you find the duties irksome and dangerous in your strange calling?"

"Irksome," replied Mr. Murphy, "I seldom find them: but that they are attended with danger is very true. There is danger to be faced, of course, from wind, weather, and criminals, and the least of these dangers is not that of exposure and bad weather. The heavy, moist atmosphere that gathers over the water is very conducive to rheumatism, and many of my men suffer from that complaint more or less. I believe that our danger from exposure from this time forward is past, as St. Jacobs Oil, if applied in time in cases of rheumatism, has a wonderful way of knocking that malady out of people. It certainly relieved me of a severe pain in my shoulders."