

**The Joker Club.**

**"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."**

Huxley calls a primrose a "corollifloral dictyledonous exogen." As usual there were no police around to interfere.—*S. P. Post.*

It is strange but true, most baggage smasher are ire-ish men.—[Mulkey, Straws. And some others are old Frauk fellows.

Presence of mind is undoubtedly good enough in its place, but when the neighbor's dog breaks its chain we prefer absence of body.

If you wish to know the climate of any high mountain, why go to it and climb it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* We ascent, friend Griswold.

Now that "Mr." James is financing in another sphere, Missouri editors travel freely through the State with their diamond breast-pins and rings on and their government bonds in their pockets, without danger of personal loss.

An unreliable ear—a cashier.—*Terre Haute Sat. Night.* A still more unreliable ear—a mutineer.—*De Menil, Hornet.* Not an ear for music—the maulster.—*Baton.* A prodigious ear—a mountaineer.—*De Menil, Hornet.* A discordant ear—an auctioneer.—*Corry Enterprise.*

"Excuse me, Bridget, but may I inquire what this arrangement means that you have hung up on the kitchen wall?" "Oh, that! Sure an' it's a daddo, mum, and just wait till you see the beautiful paycock's feather I'll be ather hanging above the dure. It's issthetic I am, mum, if you plaze, and my gallery greenery young man's comin' here to take tay wid me this evening."

**The "Reminiscence" Nonsense.**

No sooner does a man of any ability, or renown die, in this country, before a race of idiots spring up who are full of "reminiscences," and who must deluge every paper in the land with the accounts of alleged interviews with such men.

Longfellow had hardly been laid away before we were told that someone had seen him playfully picking his teeth with a pitch fork, this anecdote being given to show that the poet was possessed of a quiet fund of humor.

Another remembered having seen the extravagant man give a nickel to an organ grinder, who commenced to play "Nancy Lee" before his door without the slightest provocation; we have seen men of less report than Longfellow give a "grinder" as high as a quarter—on condition that he left the town inside of an hour.

We have heard since his death, that Mr. Longfellow invariably used scented soap; that he was partial to green onions; that he wrote his name on an envelope, giving it to a little child and asking nothing for it. Longfellow was a great man, and a good country poet, but the world won't think him any greater because he used scented soap or pulled a dead cat out of a well with a fence rail.

**Mollie's Ram.**

Mollie had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passion rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon

followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas, that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep. Several well-directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he says, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called: "Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am."

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying: "Rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town."

The ram quite drooped its humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson lit he was beneath the hindmost seat.

**The Winnipeg Fever.**

To take, or not to take—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind "to scoop" And pave the way to a tremendous fortune. Or to take up arms against Ontario's wrongs. And by opposing end them? "To scoop"—to arms. No more; and by a "scoop" to say we end The fever, and the thousand natural wants That man is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. "To scoop"—to arms!—"To scoop" perchance "get left" ay, there's the "but" And being "left" perhaps by Mr. Scarth, or Mr. Rogers To march down to Toronto with half-a-dozen Parcels of Minnedosa "corner lots" Securely packed—'other side up, with care,— And palm them off upon the would-be spec'.

Collectors of accounts should ride dun-colored horses.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

**News Nuggets from some Well-Known People.**

In our sister country, the Great Republic, we have noticed that there is at present a theme before the public that is attracting general attention, and is being discussed by all classes, high and low, from the President to the poorest. The same subject is being discussed in Canada, in England—yea, in fact, all over the world it is universal; and as our readers may be benefited by hearing the opinions of some of our wealthy business men on the subject,—without further observation we will say that that subject is the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy for the cure of rheumatism and kindred diseases. To facilitate matters,



therefore, and to lay before our readers what are strictly facts, which we can vouch for, our reporter gathered the following testimonials from some of our wealthiest business men, and they will best serve to illustrate the feeling pervading that class on that all absorbing subject. The reporter, in his rounds, first called on Mr. John Taylor, of the house of Taylor Bros. & Co., No. 30 Market St. The house of these gentlemen is so well-known throughout

the Dominion that it is needless to say anything regarding its business standing here. Our interviewer, after a pleasant greeting from the courteous gentleman named above, at once broached the subject of his mission, and Mr. Taylor said:

"I look upon St. Jacobs Oil as one of the greatest things we have ever had introduced into Canada. The people are wild over it, and well they may be, for it is an excellent remedy. It is used in my family right along and with the most flattering results; it is certainly a remarkable remedy. It cures every time it is applied, and does its work in a very pleasant manner. St. Jacobs Oil is a wonderful medicine indeed."

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Yonge-Street Dry Goods and Gents Furnishing Store, tells a most remarkable story of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Bonner, speaking of the Oil, said: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a bad case of neuralgia, of five years' standing, when I had given up hopes of being cured, and had tried fifty so-called remedies. I now keep it all the time, not only at home, but here in my place of business; it is an excellent thing and something that nobody should be without."

After leaving Mr. Bonner's handsome store and smiling presence, our interviewer took his way to the Walker House, having an appointment with a gentleman who was to attend the annual dinner of the "Licensed Victualler's Association," and in the parlor of that commodious hotel he met Mr. John Millett, the well-known business manager for the Toronto Brewing Co. Mr. Millett said:



"I have found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy for the rheumatism and soreness of the chest and other ailments, and I am decidedly of the opinion that there is nothing like it, and that it cannot be excelled. I am strongly inclined to believe that it is infallible and cannot fail to cure, and inform your readers that I say so, if you wish."

Here our reporter also met with Mr. Thomas Simpson, the well-known Eastern brewer, and in the course of their conversation Mr. Simpson said: "St. Jacobs Oil is an excellent thing for the rheumatism. This right hand of mine was all swollen and painful this morning; I rubbed it with St. Jacobs Oil and now, after a lapse of not more than ten hours, as you see (here Mr. Simpson extended his hand), the swelling is gone and I feel no more pain." So much for the interviewing system. Reader, the moral is obvious.

**The Jilted Owl.**

By our own Gay (and Festive Cuss.)

I sing of a jilted elderly owl,  
Who once was a blythe and ganesome fowl,  
With a piercing eye, and a terrible beak,  
Which caused his numerous foes to squeak.  
But Fate, who spares not flesh nor fowl,  
Was 'er' lar nuts on that blighted owl;  
For he fell in love with a pelican's daughter.  
To be his bride he at once besought her.  
And that fatuous fowl would perch on a tree,  
Singing of love to the naughty she;  
But ah! she was a sad coquette,  
And she fooled that elderly fowl—you bet.  
The billing and cooing soon did vary.  
For she bolted one day with a gay casowary.  
From this fatal hour the owl did pine.  
He was the last of the owlish line;  
For the flirt's papa—the pelican hale,  
Swallowed that foolish owl, feathers and tail.

W. K. W.—*Hull Bellman.*