



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Gum—The feminine of tobacco.—*Ex.*

Potatoes are hoe-made.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

Patrons of the ring—Expectant bridegrooms.—*Ex.*

Holds its sown: Good land.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

What makes a paper weight?—Delinquent subscribers.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

There is one beauty about a mustard plaster, viz: The wearer don't hanker after any other underclothing.—*Lockport Union.*

Splitting a hair is a more delicate task than splitting wood, and yet the majority of mankind shirk the wood.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Very few people like to be penned up in an island, but we know several who would like to try New Ulster just at present.—*Waterloo Observer.*

When a Cincinnati man speaks of the production of his pen, you never know whether he is a literary feller or a hog raiser.—*Boston Journal.*

ONE of the choir boys of St. Michael's assures us that, when Mr. CLARKE was performing on the new organ at the Cathedral, he played the big swell to perfection.

MISS MAY B. BALD, of the Welland High School, has passed the first year examination at the Toronto University. She May B. Bald on the outside of her head, but she is evidently all right inside of that same.—*Berlin News.*

A good place for hungry tourists—Sandwich Islands.—*Keokuk Gate City.* Another—Turkey.—*Yawcob Strauss.* Jesso, CHARLEY, but the best place for him is at home, if he's Hungry.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The European Powers to Dulcigno—Will you surrender? Dulcigno to the European Powers—No, I won't. The European Powers to Dulcigno—Then we think you're real mean—so there! —*Puck.*

To make an American joke, take two-thirds profanity, one-third humor, and mix with imbecility and bad taste. To make an English joke, leave out the profanity, humor and bad taste.—*The Wasp.*

The editor who copies and credits shows professional courtesy; but he who does not credit, compliments the writer most. Not only is he willing to print, but also father the weak bantling of another's genius.—*Meriden Recorder.*

A story is going the rounds to the effect that GAMBETTA's father once sold oranges. Well, and what of it? If his son fell so low as to become a statesman, must his honorable father who sold oranges bear the blame?—*Meriden Recorder.*

A cable dispatch says the Sultan has issued an Imperial hatt, dismissing KADRI PASHA. When the word reached Kadri's ears he is supposed to have remarked, "Oh, shoot the hatt." —*Petroleum World.*

The great city of Leadville was once a hamlet rude and young, and presided over by a mayor whose first proclamation went off in this style, "Whoever shall steal a horse shall be hung pur order of the mare!" —*Keokuk Constitution.*

He handed her the plate so that she had to take the hot end, and thought it a good joke, laughing until his sides shook. She laughed too, and then she broke the plate over his head! Moral—Practical jokes are always funny, until the perpetrator suffers.—*Phila Item.*

We notice in the *Cleveland Herald* some verses by Miss ANNIE BEAUFORT, entitled "Why Do I Sing?" We are not dead certain on this point, ANNIE, but it is probably because your pa has paid about \$500 to a music teacher for spoiling a good stooking-darner.—*Puck.*

A *Cleveland* newspaper man speaks of a kiss as "the most delicious, delectable, entrancing and distracting of all innocent indulgences." A man who can write such beautiful stuff as that ought to get at least forty cents a day.—*Boston Post.*

"Yes," said the steward of the steamer, "I admit that the salt beef was bad, the potatoes rotten, the bread sour and the tea poor—but the rest of the provisions were good." "What were the rest of the provisions?" "Oh, salt, pepper and mustard." —*Graphic.*

JOHNNY's father is a professional juryman and talks about his business at the family table. JOHNNY goes to Sunday School. Last Sunday the teacher asked him what CAIN did when God accused him of being his brother's murderer. "He didn't do noffin' but fix it with the jury," was the startling reply which struck the teacher's ear.—*Ex.*

"La, ma", exclaimed a gorgeously attired young lady, in a loud voice, on an excursion boat the other day, as she directed her attention to the camp stool, "them's just like the chairs we seen in Yoorup!" and then she sat languidly down and began to play with her diamond ring.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

A writer in the *Salem* (N. Y.) *Sunbeam* speaking of the American Tariff, says: "Amongst the first articles on the free list we notice Alcornoque and Alkekenyi. Why is this? This writer must be dreadfully ignorant if he has to ask such a question. Everybody ought to know that Alcornoque and Alkekenyi are admitted free of duty because the American farmers cannot raise enough to supply the home market. Any further fiscal information cheerfully supplied gratis.

It was on a Sound boat, and the mate was evidently annoyed about something. "Carry it forward, you luckheaded son of a sculpin, or I hope to be gee whizzley gaul dusted to jedge if I don't maul the dad slammed head off'n ye with a capstan bar, you hog backed mollyrubber ye!" And the deck hand looked up in profound admiration, and said: "By George, cap, if I had your culchur, I wouldn't be a-runnin' as mate for no man on these waters: I'd be a-commandin' a boat of my own." —*Wild Outs.*

A Short Poem.

CANTO ONE.

Boy,
Gun;
Joy,
Fun.

CANTO TWO.

Gun
Bust;
Boy,
Dust.

—*Rockland Courier.*



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by Physicians and Apothecaries as the best purifier and cleanser of the blood ever discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

Our Grip Sack.

Home Rule—Henpecking.

Extorting evidence—*Pulling* a proof.

FRAUD in the lumber trade:—Jumping your board.

The preaching of Dr. Wild if far from being tame.

UN-MAIL-able matter. That found in the *Globe*.

THERE is no use s-talking- if there are no deer to windward.

Ruling passion strong in death—a cobbler breathing his last.

THE *Straight Tip*—(at the Lacrosse Match on Saturday)—ARTHURS.

LUNACY in many cases is only the further development of *Sa-loon* acy.

A Free Press in Russia.—The Emperor squeezing the Dalgourcuki's hand.

THEATRICAL Comparison. Positive—Lotta, Comparative—LITTA, Superlative—next!

When a man wants to marry a girl for her money, is she the object of his purse-suit?

Lynx-eyed—"Side-holt."—"You don't see it? Why,—'Link-side.' That's what it is, thick-head!")

"CHIP" Hats are naturally popular at "Block" Island.—*N. Y. News.* And sugar-loaf hats at Coney Island.

J. B. Goven's coat tails displayed their normal state of activity and expressiveness in Shattisbury Hall this week.

THE "whole hog" is a natural curiosity at this season. It mostly appears in the form of chops, sausages and "sich."

"None of your lip," was what the young lady said to an ill-favored suitor who was "more free than welcome" in his attentions.

NUTT is a commodore. We had thought "Kernel" would have been a more appropriate title and then, you see, his jacket might have been a "shell."

The great feature about that petrified woman, out west, is, that she doesn't talk, nor wear a Tam O'Shanter. Nor bother about a Jersey. Nor—(next!)

A CLERICAL friend of ours who is also a sympathiser with the Local Opposition, says Mr. MOWAT's Government will never be right until it gets rid of the old ADAM.

"LANGUAGE that would feel lonesome inside of a catechism." That's what the *Modern Argo* calls "swearing." It certainly sounds better than, and is not so stale as, "cursory observations."

HIS grace of ARGYLL is credited with the invention of a new form of ecclesiastical profanity. He calls Episcopacy an "Exotic" in Scotland. This is worse than O'CONNELL's calling the old lady a paralogram and a hypotenuse.

HINT to Politicians—Millers make poor party men. They are generally bolters.—*Toronto Grip.* This seems to be a bran-new joke.—*Boston Transcript.*—There appears to be ground for your saying so. We discovered it at the hopper-a. The author isn't JOE MILLER, either. So, there!

A COMPANION to the Irish girl who, when told to put the milk on ice, did so by pouring it on, is found in the girl who, when told to ring the bell at dinner-time, rang the door-bell.—*Phil. Item.*—And then her master jumped up in a passion and said " " " " " if that isn't that lean *Item* man come to take "pot luck" again! Fetch my shot-gun!"