



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

Brevity may be the soul of wit but it isn't the sole of a wheeling girl's shoe.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Many a groceryman should be persuaded to depart from the error of his weighs.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

You'll always find a good looking lass in close proximity to a good looking glass.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The hornet is unlike the flea in at least one point—if you put your finger on him you are sure he is there.—*Calder Rapids Republican*.

We take the proffered Grip from Toronto, Canada, and in return would extend the write hand of paragraphy.—*Tonkers Statesman*.

The bee brings pollen to his hive on his legs and kicks it off, precisely as a man brings home and disposes of mud.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A man who habitually treats other men's wives more politely than he does his own, will have to pay cash in advance at this office.—*Wheeling Leader*.

At this season of the year some men think that it will be cheaper for them to take hot whiskey than to buy a flannel shirt to keep away colds.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

One of the contestants in the six day walking match at San Francisco fell senseless yesterday. The senselessness of the others does not seem to effect them to such an extent as this.—*Rochester Express*.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady of Belfast to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."—*Puck*.

Pupil—"I know how many days there are in a year—three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth." Parent is that so? Where does that fourth come in?" Pupil—"Fourth of July."—*Rome Sentinel*.

A young gentleman and lady who were suddenly startled in their loving talk by a loud cough behind the door, referred to their sudden agitation by remarking that they had two hearts that beat like fun.—*Oil City Derrick*.

When GEORGE WASHINGTON's father saw the youngster coming out of the orchard with his little hatchet, he at once guessed who backed that cherry tree. He reasoned in accordance with the logic of axe, you know.—*Boston Transcript*.

A shirt has two arms, the same as pantaloons have two legs. Yet one is called a pair and the other is only one. Isn't it time that we let up on astronomy and paid more attention to the every-day trifles that vex the clearest minds?—*Detroit Free Press*.

"My dear," remarked Mrs. FOSTER to her husband, after returns were all in, "my dear, I shall now want a few more silk dresses—" "Calico is plenty good enough," replied the governor elect, interrupting. "I made my campaign on that issue and it elected me."—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

Between Two Swells.—"And how is F— getting along?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, he is in the most abject misery."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, he's obliged to work for a living."

Throwing Cold Water.—Eddy has come home from school with prizes in several studies and says: "Say, papa, won't you be proud to walk with me on the street, when I'm grown up!"

Papa (Gruffly)—"Yes. Wipe your nose."

The Game of the Day (lawn tennis).—Bismark: "Come ANDRASSY, we know each other's 'form.' You and I go together against the lot!" Russia (to France): I think, madame, we might be made a match for them." France: "Thanks! I prefer to set out at present!" England (to Italy): "Nobody asks us!"—*Punch*.

"Oh, yes, I'm mad—just as mad as I can be!" exclaimed a fashionable young lady, tossing her head to give emphasis to her words: "to think that those horrid reporters should have had the impudence to lug me into their description of the FITZGERALD wedding! Uh! the horrid things—and they didn't even mention the lace on my dress."—*Meriden Recorder*.

"Where," inquires MARTIN FARQUAH TUPPER, "are the pure, the noble and the meek?" We are at home, now, MARTIN, having just returned from Boston, but next week we expect to be far away attending the musical convention. But you may direct to this place and we'll get the letter just the same. Please don't forget to enclose a stamp.—*Rockland Courier*.

What strong language lovers do use at times, don't they? We had an opportunity of observing this a few evenings since. It was in a railroad car, and a cupid-struck couple sat directly in front of us, a billing and cooing nauseously. At length the male bird said:

"Are you cold, love?"

"I do feel a cold wind on my face, darling!"

"Well, I'll give you a wrap over the head!" was his sympathetic reply, as he proceeded to cover her fearfully and wonderfully made bangs with a sky blue worsted shawl.—*Tonkers Gazette*.

### A Regular Hanlan Stroke.

"BILL! BILL! come here quick and see TEDDY's dad coachin' him," said one Keokuk boy to another, in a suppressed tone of ecstasy, as he peeped through a crack in the woodshed and saw TEDDY's father dressing him down with a piece of weather boarding.

"Gehillikins! see him swing that paddle, though," put in BILL, as he took a look, and then danced around with delight.

"Reg'lar old HANLAN stroke, ain't it?" added CULLY, as he pushed BILL away for his turn to peep.

"Gosh!" remarked BILL, when it came his turn to make observations, "gettin' in about forty to ther minit, hain't 'e?"

"Lemme see," demanded CULLY, crowding BILL out again. "Oh cracky! tha's so, an' TED hain't got no slidin' seat, either."

"Aw thunder!" said BILL, in disgust, as he peeped in and saw TEDDY dodge and the father make a false stroke, give the knuckles of his other hand an awful whack, then drop the paddle and go dancing into the house, "the ole Gov's caught a crab an' quit on the home stretch—fun's over."

And they went off to build a bonfire in the hay mow and throw stones at an invalid cat.—*Keokuk (Ia.) Gate City*.

### Heresy!

Sir LEONARD TILLEY is a cruel finance Minister. He has gone back on the *Mail* in the most heartless fashion. That able journal is every day chronicling evidences of returning prosperity and faithfully placing them to the credit of the N. P., as in duty bound. Much of its space is devoted to the recounting of wonders in the way of business "booms" discovered by Sir LEONARD himself in his present tour of inspection—all of which are the direct and immediate fruit of the masterly N. P. And what is the Finance Minister doing in the meantime? Actually preaching heresy! On Hallowe'en he stood up before a large concert-audience at Montreal and made a speech, in which he said:

"There is a great dispute about what has caused the present prosperity of the Dominion. Who knows but what it may be accounted for by the fact that the Governor-General is a Scotchman." This is not only heresy as against the N. P., but also rank rebellion against the good old party doctrine that JOHN A. is the Scotchman who does it all. It is to be hoped that the *Mail*, as the leading organ, will see to it that this errant Knight is fittingly punished for his wicked utterance.

### Political Poems.

#### HOW SCANDALS GROW.

Three tenders were called for by TUPPER the bold  
Who lords it in Ottawa town,  
And to get those good contracts Tories untold  
Went hopefully, joyfully down.

There were long Section A and short Section B  
On the Branch that will leave Thunder Bay,  
And the last of the three was called Section C  
And consisted of B and of A.

Now the *Globe* ascertained to its utter delight,  
B, when let, was a scandalous job,  
And insisted on bringing the deed into light,  
While it shouted "we told you they'd rob!"

Then that virtuous, fair-minded paper the *Mail*,  
Said "this is a scandalous shame"  
With high indignation it almost turned pale,  
And swore there was "no one to blame."

"Its all right," yelled the *Mail*, "Section B!" yelled the *Globe*,  
And so they kept at it awhile.  
Tories said, "Poor Sir CHARLES needs the patience of Job,"  
And Grits said, "How easy they rile."

So it kept for a month, till the public got sick  
Of the *Globe* with its vigorous bawl,  
Of the *Mail* which was ready to show pretty slick,  
There was no Section B let at all!

But the subject was dropped as a matter of course,  
And almost had passed out of mind,  
Till last week, when the *Mail* in an effort at force  
Touched the "slander" and plaintively whined.

Then the *Globe* in refreshing its memory struck  
On a point that it first didn't see,  
And behold the one scandal—was ever such luck?  
Developed itself into three!

The nine men in buckram of *Falstaff* ne'er grew  
So quickly and boldly from none,  
But they weren't real, while these scandals seem true—  
And that is the best of the fun.

#### MORAL.

Let dogs with one head in all peacefulness be,  
Or else they may rise in their wrath.  
Show, like CERNUNUS, three, and gobble up he  
Who places himself in the path.

TOMNODDY says that lacrosse is "bad form" and football "so horribly dangerous." What is the little man to do for exercise till the cricket season comes again, when that perfectly correct game can be played with the devotion which produced the successes of this summer. He can suck his cane and thank heaven that he does nothing which is not done at Eton or Rugby.