

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Motto for O—W—"Why should a man whose blood is warm within, sit like his grand-sire cut in alabaster?"

In the City of Mexico no one ever talks about the weather.—*Herald P. I.*

In this respect we should like to Mexicanize our institutions.

The Czar says he has received convincing proofs that the Nihilists are not going to assassinate any more. But, as it is rather early in the season, we would advise him not to leave off his cast-iron chest-protector.

Appropos of Tennyson's latest effort, the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* says: "Tom Hood wrote the 'Song of the Shirt,' but never supplemented it with 'The Song of the Under-shirt.'"

A boy solicited charity from an aged man of wealth, but met with a rough refusal, whereupon he replied, "You are not very young, and you cannot carry any of your gold with you, but if you could, it would melt in five minutes."—*Hartford Journal*.

You are no goose simply because you choose to feather your nest.
Sausage, like beauty, is skin deep. Also, and often a deep skin.

There are not many colored lawyers, unless you count noses.—*Hello*.

A bran new idea is to fasten a looking-glass to a window-casing at such an angle that its reflection commands a view of the front door. The lady of the house is thus enabled to tell who is at the door without the trouble of craning her neck out of an upper window on the sly. It is a very charming application of ingenuity to the duties of etiquette.—*New Haven Register*.

We met a Boston man in the army once. His department was dealing out oats to the quartermaster. Upon one occasion, the chaplain attached to the camp came round. "Young man," said he, through his catarrhal cavities: "have you a Bible?" "I have not," replied the Boston young man, "but I can lend you a Greek Testament." We merely mention this incident to show that you should never despise a man because he comes from Boston.—*Ex.*

We have dropped on the secret of George Hazel's success as a walkist. He parts his hair in the middle. This gives him a perfect poise and correct balance, while his antagonists who parted their hair on one side, got wobbly towards the close, and went like an old caboose with a flat wheel. We'll bet two dollars there hasn't another newspaper man in the country tumbled to this startling theory, and yet we did it and went right ahead with our other work.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

Backbone.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes:
Howling low to wealth and favor
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the thing that his must lack.
A strong word
In sense and tone
Than this—Backbone.

Signs of Spring.

When bull-frogs pipe nocturnal lays
Where erst the boys were skating;
When genial sunshine warms the days,
And chattering birds are mating;
When lovers no more parlor stoves
Hug, as in wintry weather,
But wander through the budding groves,
And hug, instead, each other;
When goats no more on old shoes feed,
Tin cans and kindred diet,
But gleeful crop the verdant mead,
And forage on the quiet;
When buttercups are all in bloom,
Among the growing grasses;
When flies are found in every room,
Likewise in the molasses;
When housewives make their home a—well,
You can't mistake my meaning—
Make misery more than tongue can tell,
And call the thing "Spring cleaning";
When early crocuses appear,
And honey bees are humming;
Then you can bet that Spring is here,
And warmer Summer's coming.

—*Boston Times*.

Two Poems.

Come to me, dearest, when I call;
Come! Clear as the dawn;
Come, swift as the listening doe
Springs to her hunted fawn.

Come to me, dearest, when I dream;
Come! Fresh as the dew,
Pure as the tears of midnight gleam,
On passion flowers new.

Come to me, dearest, once again;
Come! like angel high,
Who stoops with chalice gods might drain,
With life, to lips that die.

—*Laura Sanford, in Independent*.

Come to me, daisy, when I call;
Come! Solid as cash;
Come, swift as the boarder flies
Unto his morning bash.

Come to me, daisy, when I call;
Come! Swift as a steer,
Bright as the snowy foam that gleams
Upon my noonday beer.

Come to me, daisy, once again;
Come! Like creditor,
Who swoops about both day and night,
And settles on your door.

The pink arbutus in the woods
Trails on the frosty ground,
The dealer in men's fancy goods
His Spring styles spreads around,
The buds their gummy wrappers snap,
And hops the frisky toad;
The bicyclist in polo cap,
Takes headers in the road.

Ben Bobbin.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Ben Bobbin was a fisherman
Who never told a lie,
Yet no one would believe that he,
Caught fish-balls "on the fly."

Though honest, Ben would often steal
Away and hook a fish;
Though often sober he would reel
As tight as one could wish.

Quite often late he homeward crept
And to his wife would say:
"Of fish-all business has kept
Me busy all the day."

He'd lots of time between the bites
For thinking, and he thought—
That men resemble fishes, and
Much easier are caught.

That little boys and fishes go
In schools, and hook-ey play,
Both learn to fear the rod and know
A line that's taut each day.

That bigger fishes go in pools
Just like a foot-sized man
Who'll Bull on Bear hooks till he's caught
Upon the Walks treat plan.

They don't stock waters there with fish,
They only water stocks,
And should, Ben Bobbin then would wish,
Be court, and in the docks.

One day while Ben was lost in thought—
He 'most was lost in fact—
He tumbled in and didn't know
Exactly how to act.

He couldn't swim. Sunk once, twice, thrice,
Then started to explore
The bottom when, a happy thought:
On it he walked ashore.

—*Norristown Herald*.

Observations by Col. Knowsal.

THE EDITOR.

Therar varius delushuns in vog konserning this pekuliar speches of the genus *homo*, which, in the interests of humanity and popular intelligence, ot to be kleeered up. In the furst plase he iz komonly regarded az a parson ov unalmited meens. Hiz purs iz supozed to be prolifk ov dolers and sens az hiz sizzers ar ov ideas. This iz a sad mistak, and haz given riz to a number ov phalacies. The tru Editur iz alwaz in a kronick stat ov povurt. Hiz employers awar ov hiz unlimited pouts ov supplying the publik with gas, natchurly kum to the konklusshun that he feeds on arc, and bas ther konklusshuns phor hiz remunerashun on that hipothysis akordingly. Thus it kums to pas that abject penury iz the esenahal and destinktive karakteristik ov the editur, and he gets konsepschans ov larg amounts and quantities only from the number ov glases ov liker to which he iz treated, and the sums which hiz friends who ar pining phor pufs pa phor the sam. Sum waty authorities who hav investigated the speches alsege that paste iz ther cheef sors ov nutriment, but the lavish wa in which tha use this phor uther purposes weekens this theory, and the editur iz now suposed to subsist soly on the aforemenshuned treetes and on stale jokes an artikle which he has been notised by several observurs to devour egarly. Another phalacy which ot to be noked on the hed iz, that the editur iz an almost ensiklopedia, and that he is posted on almost every biznes under the sun, from advising the Prim Minister to soing on a shurt buton with a needle that wont go thro the hols. It kanot be denied that he iz kapable ov performing the later feet altho the evidense iz drawn cheefly by analogy from hiz elegant manipulation of the sizzers. But az phor hiz advising the Prim Minister or the Prim Minister's phlunkey, it's al bosh. The Editur noes a lot ov things in a general vag kind ov wa, and hiz remarks ar alwaz ov a promiskus natchuro, phiting shi ov details. The thing that a good Editur noes beat iz what not to rite, and the beter he noes it the shurer he iz ov sukses. Hiz cheef work konsists in prazing sum things and denouncing uthers; but which he iz prazing and which denouncing iz mater ov supram indifferense to him, and is desided largly by the grate dividing line ov polytix.

Putting the Chief on his Feet.

The Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, under the training and supervision of Chief A. W. Atchison, is not excelled in efficiency by that of any other city in the Dominion. Chief Atchison, by the way, met with a very severe accident in driving to a fire not long ago. His head, shoulders, and back were injured in a terrible manner. Being asked how he accounted for his rapid recovery, he replied: "Simply enough; St. Jacobs Oil can put any man on his feet, if there is any life in him at all. I used that wonderful medicine from the start, and the result is, that I am to-day in prime health and condition. St. Jacobs Oil, the panacea that comes to the relief of the Fireman for rheumatism, burns, &c., served me in my trouble and cured me quickly, completely, and permanently. It is the standard medicine here in the Fire Department."