

The Joker Club.

"The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

The weather is only a trifle more uncertain than a woman's temper, but it is a deal more talked about by those who suffer by its vagaries.

It is a singular coincidence, soon after Beecher publicly declared that he had been in the habit, when in Paris, of visiting Mabelle, the Parisians shut it up.

Pennsylvania is the Keystone State and its girls are very arch.—*Lowell Citizen*. We suppose in that case they excel at archery, especially with Cupid's bow.

That the trouble with the midnight cat is not so much that it cannot sing, as that it firmly believes it can, and this is certainly a great point gained on the part of the cat.

There is a man in Port Hope who has drunk hard for forty years. It is proposed to send him to Manitoba to see if the glow from his face will not modify the climate there.

With most men the shirt front is the cleanest and brightest part of their individuality, and their strongest claim to respectability is derived from the unpaid labors of their laundress.

An exchange describes a ballet dancer's dress. The description though short is about three inches longer than the dress.—*Norristown Herald*. We want things of that kind no longer.

"Do dogs reason?" Possibly not, but some dogs on seeing a boy with an old kettle and examining his pockets for a piece of cord, take a deep interest in something about a mile away.

When a man can fasten the rear button of his collar without pulling his face or thinking profanity, he exhibits a quality of patience under difficulties which eminently fits him to be the cashier for a weekly paper.

"Say, Brudder Jackson, why am your old rheumatic carkiss like one o' dem yer 'lustrated windies in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Noo York city?"

"Dunno, Boss, why am it so?"

"Cause its paneful. See?"

A certain doctor of divinity has said that every blade of grass contains a sermon, and a Cheyenne man wants to cut down the expenses of his church by purchasing a bale of hay instead of a pastor. We refrain from making a pun upon the word pastor, in order to leave this paragraph open to our exchanges.

If it takes three barrels of whitewash to cover a common sized barn, how much prepared chalk does it require to supply a female artist one week?—*Terre Haut Saturday Night*. Is the female artist as big as the barn, or is the barn as small as the woman? How can we estimate unless we know dimensions? Send along the female artist and we'll have her measured.

Fashions for May.

"Motley's the only wear."

OSCAR'S CHOICE.—"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

BUNTHORNE TO LADY JANE.—"Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical."

What word in the English language possesses the greatest number of one particular letter? "Possesses?"

The "Extreme Left"—Jones when Jemima has jilted him.

Whatever may be said of Sir Charles Tupper, it cannot be denied that he is a man of tender conscience.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

A Scene of Horror.

"PETER THE GREAT," THE RUSSIAN BEAR, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, DEMOLISHES HIS CAGE AND LETS LOOSE THE ANIMALS.

Such a scene of horror as yesterday took place at the Zoological Garden in this city, it bids fair to say, has never been equalled on the Continent. About half-past six o'clock last evening word was passed in our office that the Zoological Garden was a scene of bloodshed and horror; that "Peter the Great" the Russian Bear, an animal weighing over twelve hundred pounds, and who for the past few days has been almost unmanageable, from severe pains, from which the animal has been suffering, had broken loose from his fastening and in his rage had wrested the small bars from the den in which the leopards used to be confined, and attacked those animals. In his fierce rage the bear tore the smallest of the leopards limb from limb, and fiercely attacked the two larger ones; the struggle, as described by an eye-witness, was terrible in the extreme. The keeper wisely flew



for his life, leaving the infuriated animals to contend for the mastery as best they might; in his haste, however, he overlooked the key of the front door or gateway, which he left standing wide open, thus leaving a free passage-way to the street. The whistling of the locomotives in the immediate vicinity was drowned by the fierce cries and bellowing of the maddened beasts; cries that filled the air for blocks around the "Zoo." No one among the thousands who ranged themselves in a frightened, curious mob in the neighborhood of the Garden, dared approach nearer than the "Queen's" or "Walker's" hotels; the roofs and windows of these hostilities were crowded with spectators looking on in awe. In the midst of the fierce fray an ear-piercing roar that chilled the blood in the veins of all who heard it, rent the air and shook the very earth; it was a double roar, that sounded like dreadful thunder. The "Royal Tiger" and the "Nubian Lion" had broken loose and entered the fray, and then ensued such a scene as never before was witnessed; the animals were altogether in a fierce struggling quivering mass; now the lion upward, and, next the shaggy coat of bruin appearing, covered with blood. In the midst of this blood-curdling and never-to-be-forgotten scene, the leopards ran wildly up and down through the inner apartment, now eager to break through the crowd, at which they would sometimes stop and gaze, gnashing their teeth, until their red and gaping



jaws grew redder with bloody foam. At last a roar from the lion told the death of the Russian bear: the monarch of the forest had conquered, and bruin was no more. The roar, however, had the effect of causing terror to strike the leopards, and they at once drove through the entrance, and straight for the crowd, who by this time blocked the streets in all directions. The leopards were joined by the lion, who came madly tearing and stamping, head and mane erect, with jaws distended and eyes darting fire; it was a moment of terror and suspense; a moment of horror, fraught with fear for the stoutest heart. The crowd flew wildly in all directions, completely clearing the streets in the neighborhood of the "Zoo." We sent a re-

porter to the Zoological Garden, on hearing the news, as we have given it above. Our scribe returned a short time after and reported the following reasons for the uproar. It will appear from what follows that the thing is not so bad as might at first be supposed. Our young man visited Capt. Harry Piper, Alderman and Superintendent of the Zoological Garden, and gleaned from him the following facts. Mr. Piper said:

"Some time ago we purchased from the collection of animals at Central Park, New York, a monstrous Russian bear, which we have named 'Peter the Great,' on account of his tremendous size. Not long after 'Peter' arrived we found that he was suffering from the rheumatism, and in a pretty bad state. Peter was not the only one in the 'Zoo' which had a touch of that delicious torture; the lion likewise had it, and in fact I was just being cured of a bad case of the rheumatism, myself, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, for it cured me in a short while, and my case was a very aggravated one. I argued that if it cured me it must be good for the animals as well. While I was thinking the matter over, a young gentleman connected with the *Evening News*, a reporter on that paper, named Mr. Going, told me of a cure performed on his ankle which had been for a long time weak and painful, and sometimes disabled him from making his reportorial rounds. Mr. Going said St. Jacobs Oil was the only remedy he ever found that did him good; he had tried twenty different liniments, and they all failed, but as soon as he used St. Jacobs Oil he was completely cured. All these things served to convince me, and I determined to use St. Jacobs Oil on the animals. I did use it, and I cured them with it. While I was giving an account of it to your informant, Captain Millett, who will be in here presently, told him how he too had been cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and the number of wonderful cures all coming together must have been too much for his mental calibre, and 'Guiteau'd' him—set him crank."

Just at this juncture Captain Millett, at present connected with the Toronto "Zoo," and formerly owner and captain of a vessel built expressly for seal hunting, entered the office. Captain Millett has the honor of being the

CAPTOR OF EVERY SEA LION ON EXHIBITION IN THE WORLD,

and the gentleman who bears that distinguished honor, said: I can easily imagine how your informant became excited; Mr. Piper's experience with St. Jacobs Oil, and Mr. Going's experience with it, backed up by mine—for I was cured of a bad case of rheumatism, indeed—and all these cures being supplemented with the fact of the animals being cured, was more Oil than he could stand: he got excited, and thus he imagined the horrible story which he told at your office. The fact of the matter is this, that we have all been cured by St. Jacobs Oil down here, animals and all, and, that it is a good thing for the people that St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, to cure the bear and the lion, or, in their rage—from the rheumatism, they might have caused just such a scene as that excited personage related: however, it is well as it is. The animals are now all right, and so are Mr. Piper and Mr. Going and myself.

"Hawkeye" Dots.

A turkey was shut up in a cellar in Clarke, Virginia, and lived five weeks without food or water. It is said that the turkey was forgotten; but we are inclined to think that is really the way turkeys are fattened for the city market.

Figures won't lie, maybe, but you can't bet on the breadth of a man's shoulders or the girth of a woman's—ha—chest, by a measure outside the dress or coat. Oh, no, they won't lie, figures won't. But a Newark cashier can make them dissemble a little.

At a high school examination, the teacher asked the son of an old ice-dealer how many ounces there were in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the crop, the length of the summer, and the heat of the weather, varying from 5½ to 11½, but never reaching as high as 16.