



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Puck's best music comes in car-toons.—*Phil. Transcript.*

Love-ly—telling your best girl she's an angel.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Prussian blue—A German in the dumps.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The longest period in a topcr's life is between drinks.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Pat says it is an owl Scotchman who exclaims, Hoot, mon!—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A late fall—rolling out of bed at ten o'clock in the forenoon.—*Waterloo Observer.*

An artist does not taste his colors although he does mix them on his palette.—*Waterloo Observer.*

MARY WALKER calls the place where she hangs her clothes, not a closet, but a pantry.—*Detroit Every Saturday.*

In the midst of life we are—liable to find our names attached to liver pad certificates.—*Fayette Record.*

JENNY: Yes; a "mackerel sky" indicates that the weather is apt to be rather "fishy."—*Norristown Herald.*

Little boy (on receiving a cup of weak tea from his mother): "Mamma, the milk you have given me is quite hot and dirty."—*Even.*

The Philadelphia *Chronicle-Herald* remarks that girls who bang their hair seem to be trying to wear chin whiskers on their foreheads.

A tobacco chewer, like an ox at a barbecue, is always on the spit.—*Whitehall Times.* And never done either.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The barber's apprentice is generally a strapping fellow.—*Boston Transcript.* As is also the old style schoolmaster.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Female economy—buying a half-dollar straw hat, then putting eleven and a half dollars' worth of trimming on it.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A London bookseller who tried to imitate Dr. TANNER, lived five weeks on filtered water and then "kicked the bucket."—*Minneapolis Spectator.*

When is a clock to be avoided? When it is about to strike one.—*Yankee Strauss.* Correct. Or when its concerns are wound up and it wants tick.—*Waterloo Observer.*

BRET HARTE is said to be a "lion" at London clubs.—*Ex.* Yes, and any place else he can. He ought to break himself of the propensity.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

You cannot make plaid socks of sailor's yarns.—*Waterloo Observer.* We don't take much stock in yarns of this description.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

An exchange praises a large egg which, it says, was laid on our table by Rev. Dr. WILSON. Brother Wilson seems to be more of a layman than a preacher.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, and a fair proportion of brass should be able to endure the hardware of this world.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Meriden Recorder.*

When MARK ANTONY remarked to the Roman plebeians, "Waterfall was there, my countryman," he must have been referring to an American tour in which he took in Niagara.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

"Silence is golden." Aunt—"Has any one been at those preserves?" (Dead silence). "Have you touched them, JIMMY?" JIMMY—"Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

BARRETT in mind. BERNHARDT can't PALMER self off on us, and it will make her MADDERN blazes if she ANDERSON ain't tackled to. But, anyhow, she'll make a LOTTA money, and it will be an ANNEY man that managed her.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The funniest boy is the one who thinks he is a man. He wears a cane, toys with the fob of his watch chain, and allows the barber to hone the feather edge of a razor on his face; but he can't fool the girls worth a cent. Nothing short of a real moustache takes with them.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The schoolmaster's fish—the whale, and the bird's fish—the perch. Now gentlemen spread yourselves.—*Hartford Journal.* The expressman's fish—C. O. D.—*Yankee Strauss.* The shoemaker's fish—the sole, and the smoker's fish—the whiff and pipe-fish.—*Waterloo Observer.*

AUGUSTUS, on his honey-moon trip, tried to persuade his little wife to take a pill of the blue-mass variety, when she had an attack of bile. ARABELLA said she could not swallow pills and had never done so. AUGUSTUS tried to convince her that the pill was the easiest of all medicines to get away with, and after much persuasion and a few tears they compromised upon the following plan: He would procure some French prunes, in which he would secrete the bolus. ARABELLA consented on condition that the prunes should be shuffled together, and that AUGUSTUS would also eat of the mystic fruit. Of course AUGUSTUS consented, as he had secreted and could detect the lurking pill. They billed and cooed and the prunes disappeared: and they chatted and laughed over their ingenuity. Next morning ARABELLA was startled to find herself restored to health, and AUGUSTUS was as sick a man as ever wrestled with a ten grain pill. AUGUSTUS had taken the pill by mistake, but ARABELLA has had no occasion for medicine since.



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

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

HELP Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls, to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Our Grip Sack.

THE place of woe—The stable.

A melancholy seat—The sad-die.

How to despatch a nigger—By blackmail.

THE Chinese language is a very wishy-washy one.

NAN SI LEE is now maintained to have been a Chinawoman.

ENNETT-Y is now, in the theatrical circles, the term for being "full."

WHY is there 'nothing like leather?' Because it is the sole support of man.

PATTI and her tenor, NICOLINI, have had a falling out.—*Ex.* She regrets now she ever "fell in" with him.

THE *Meriden Recorder* has greatly improved in every way lately. Yet it has not changed its Rigg. Funny, but a fact.

THE ox-team is, in many localities, the bull-work of American industry.—*Salem Sunbeam.* And the driver is the steers-man, ain't he?

"THE cat's out of the bag," was what the "sassage"-maker remarked when a Public Health officer made a raid on his stock of raw material.

An orator mighty called GOUCH,
Wanted Canada men to "swear off,"
But they paid not enough,
So he got in a huff,
And homewards did JOHN B. go-off.

In St. John's Ward, on Sunday, there is a good deal of bad rye sold in the basements and the garrets. One of "the boys" says these are "dram-atic entertainments by rye-sellers."

"BEACONSFIELD is suffering from gout in the tongue." When a Frenchman read this he soliloquized thusly: "Gout, gout, in de tong; dat vas one bad—vat you call—taste, in de mout"—ch?"

"Dust to dust," is all very well for corpses, but our storekeepers loudly proclaim that they are not corpses—yet, and they object to it. "Where are those blamed water-carts, anyway?"

THE *National* calls Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT "the great mixer and muddler." The *National* will probably next call him a "lemon-squeezer," and finish up by designating him the "huge toddy-bowl." Don't stand it, Dicky!

"Is kissing bribery?" is a question that has prominence in several of contemporaries just now. Well, we referred the matter to our own busy-body and he replied that he couldn't really see that it was, until, at least, ladies had a vote.

THE *Wasp* (San Francisco), in the legend of an excellent cut of Queen Elizabeth signing the death-warrant of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, spells the name of the latter "Maria (!) STUART." We might have pardoned *Marie*, but —MARIA!

ONE of our most noted city "shootists" went over to the Island late one evening. He said he was going to have a "pop" at the ducks. We said "that's the reason, we suppose, that pop-bottle is peeping from your coat-pocket." He winked.

An enthusiastic Caledonian remarked to us on Halloween (which festival he had been manifestly duly honoring), "Mayor's thopity, GRIP, ma mon, for thae feckless boddies CLOSE and BOSWELL, that Maister McMURRIC is gaun the rin for the chair. Hech, mon! he'll clean floor the bits o' boddies!"