

## The Joker Club.

### "The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

An "old-time" fiddler—Vieuxtemps.—*Richmond Baton.*

Patti is fortissimo. At least she is above forte.—*The Score.*

Joseph Cook was mad because the Hindoos didn't understand him. The Hindoos were his last hope.—*Philadelphia News.*

Patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man. One is because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

"I'm the light of this menagerie!" cried the tapir. Then the other beasts wanted to put him out.—*Louisville Courier.*

Eric-a-brac is defined "as anything in the crockery line that is absolutely useless, set upon the mantel, where it may be in the way."

Always look on the bright side; a mighty ugly looking hired girl can ring the bell for a mighty good dinner.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck," says Dr. Woods. A ton of luck (full weight) has, however, its charms.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The grocers are advertising "Moning Congou." It cannot be pleasant to have moaning proceed from your teapot! Perhaps it only means that it is a sound tea.—*Sir Tristram.*

In Rev. Mr. Miln's "Church of the Future" there will be no God, no immortality of the soul, no prayer. That is what ailed the Jardin Mabille, recently suppressed in Paris.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Chinaman would rather fly a kite than go on a drunk, tear down doors and thump a bartender. And yet some people regard the Chinese as the intellectual equal of the white man.—*Boston Post.*

Is a chorus where all the parts are well-balanced an equi-vocal performance?—*Musical Herald.* Certainly; and if the bass-drum beats in time with the kettle-drum it is a case of equinox.—*Detroit Every Saturday.*

"I say, my boy," said a gentleman to a youth, whom he observed fishing away at a favorite stream, "that must be a fine stream for trout." Faith and sure it must be that same; for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one of 'em will stir out of it."

A Texas newspaper says: "Previous good character count for something in this State. A man who was on trial for arson brought forward witnesses to prove that he had neglected two good chances to steal horses, and the jury decided that 'no such man as that could be guilty of burning a barn.'"

In a little town in the south of England a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for two pounds—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why you can't buy no kind of a cow for two pounds; father sold one for ten pounds the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

"Ah, so you are the young man from Bethany who wishes to learn the business, are you?" said a New Haven merchant, recently.

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Let's see. Are you quick at figures?"

"Tolerably."

"If a man should buy 150 yards of calico at thirteen cents a yard how much would it come to?"

"A man that would pay thirteen cents a yard for calico when he could get it in market for four cents—fifteen off for immediate cash would come to mighty sudden."

The young man was engaged.—*New Haven Register.*

How PROOF-READING SOUNDS.—Some writer has produced a poem entitled, "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one pouring over a proof slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this:

Proof-reader.—"As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—do I—full stop—breathe dark and dismal mare—"

Copy-holder.—"Thunder! not mare—air."

Proof-Reader.—"I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma—"

Copy-holder.—"Shoot the comma."

Proof-reader.—"This done. As flowers without the sunshine fair—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—"

Copy-holder.—"Warmth."

Proof-reader.—"No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous flies—"

Copy-holder.—"Blazes! Health and vigor fly—"

Proof-reader.—"Health and vigor fly—full stop."

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.—*Er.*

### The Lady Æsthete and the Cup of Tea

"Will you have a cup of tea?" she asked with that far-away look in her eyes expressive of anything rather than the administration of creature comforts. The robust barbarian assented. Poetry led the way to the table.

Looking back over her shoulder as she went, and speaking to the youth in the corner, she said: "The divine ethos!" As she spoke a radiant smile came over her face—a smile that had been hired to express spiritual illumination and the consciousness of priestesshood.

"Do you take sugar?" she asked, sweetly, in preparation for her hospitality. The robust barbarian answered: "No; no sugar, thank you." Poetry held the teapot in her hand, poised in mid-air—the tea unpoured.

"The grand sublimity of Dante matched with the lovely tenderness of Petrarca," she said again over her shoulder to the youth in the corner. "Do you take sugar?" she then asked the robust barbarian kindly. "No; no sugar, thank you," this latter answered. Poetry poured out the tea.

During the process she said with great sweetness and touching hospitality: "I may give you sugar?" "No; no sugar, thank you," was the reply. The tea poured out, Poetry took up the milk jug.

"The many sidedness of Shakespeare and the perfect form of Goethe," she said again over her shoulder to the youth in the corner. To the robust barbarian, "Sugar?" "No," said the robust barbarian quickly. Poetry poured out the milk.

Still holding the cup, she looked back to the youth in the corner. "And add to this transcendent whole the stately march of Spenser," she said. "This is what the true poet should be—and this is what you will some day be."

On which she hastily shovelled in two spoonfuls of sugar and handed the cup to the robust barbarian, with a charming smile.

"You take sugar, I think?" she said, very sweetly: "I hope I have made it sweet enough."

### A Husband's Petition.

Come hither, my heart's darling, come sit upon my knee, And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee. I feel a bitter craving—a deep and dark desire, That glows beneath my bosom like coals of kindled fire.

Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, though madly thus I speak—

I feel thy arms about me, thy tresses on my cheek; I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with mine, I know my soul's emotion is doubly felt by thine.

And deem not that a shadow hath fallen across my love; No, sweet, my love is shadowless as yonder heaven above. Oh! then do not deny me my first and fond request— I pray thee by the memory of all we cherish best—

By that great vow which bound thee forever to my side, And by the ring that made thee my darling and my bride! Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the task: Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask.

### The Auctioneer's Invitation.

(Air—"Comin' thro' the Rye.")

If you want to make some money,  
Come to me and buy.  
Descriptions gratis—sweet as honey—  
Just you come and try.  
Every lot's almost a city—  
(*Aside.*—Until you go and see!)—  
They're going, going, GOING fast,  
Then come and buy of me.

If you take to farming better,  
I've farm lots can't be beat.  
"There's millions"—to the very letter—  
Raising fields of wheat.  
Each farm lot is near a railway—  
(*Aside.*—Until you go to see!)—  
They're going, going, GOING fast,  
Then come and buy of me.

There's lots—of jealous people ready  
With their gibes and sneers,  
To say that roots keep work so steady  
For us Auctioneers.  
That half our lots have water ceilings!—  
*Mine* are high and dry,  
They're quite the best in Manitoba.  
Going fast—Come—Buy.

(Chorus of Lookers-on who prefer to see before buying.)

'Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' for to buy,  
'Gin a body cheat a body,  
We can tell you why.  
Auction many has his planny,  
(*Drawn on the spots!*)  
But 'gin you go yourself to see,  
You'll see your sells—in Lots.

F. I. M.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION. "FANCY FAIR."

—Shakespeare.

"None but the Brave deserves the Fair!"  
The "Fancy Fair," I fancy,  
Where ladies fair with faces bare,  
And arms, and neck-romancy  
Attack the purse, overcome the heart,  
"Come o'er," with arts beguiling,  
Your nicely buttered better part,  
You "grinning" while they're smiling—  
You smiling while they press and bore  
With will and wile incessant,  
They coaxing, wheedling, all the more  
You wish the "fitful fever" o'er,  
From "patient" convalescent.

### Tremendous Sales.

The druggists of this city are doing a big business now in the sale of St. Jacobs Oil. One druggist on whom we called on Saturday afternoon, stated that although his sales were large at first, they have doubled lately.

Another said that so popular has the Oil become that he could hardly keep the supply up. Not one to whom we have spoken but gave it a high recommendation and said that it must be effecting scores of cures, or there would not be such a demand for it.

The people have got the St. Jacobs Oil fever bad and no mistake, and confidence in its curative qualities is still growing stronger. Of course, this would not be so, unless the remedy was fully meeting its every promise.