



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In hoc signo vinces.—S.—*Boston Transcript*.  
That one woman wasn't too fresh.—*Lot's wife*.  
A horse laugh must be "hay, hay."—*Rome Sentinel*.

A high handed outrage—five aces.—*Syracuse Herald*.

Oak consistency, thou art—tough.—*Modern Argo*.

Perjury is usually settled per jury.—*Modern Argo*.

Barnum's bearded lady is dead. He was quite an old man.—*Puck*.

The Ile of man — perspiration. — *Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A bricklayer is always above his business.—*Huckensack Republican*.

One grain of corn to the foot feels like an acher often.— *Albany Argus*.

Many a singer commits murder on the high C.—*Ex*. Which is pira C.

The Chinese question—"Melican man want-ee washee done?"—*Somerville Herald*.

Wonder, now, if Noah was not "The Ancient Mariner?"—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

Unfortunate for authors—only men who can't write make their mark.—*London Punch*.

Some men ought to think of settling up before they think of settling down.—*Philadelphia Item*.

"Don't fool with me, or I'll razor row!" as a coloured barber shouted during a fracas.—*Ex*.

Galvanic batteries are the only safe things to charge in these days of bad debts.—*Owego Record*.

A sick man is loaded with powder, while an infant is loaded with bawl.—*Marathon Independent*.

The absence of hired help, croquet and mother-in-laws made Eden what it was.—*McGregor News*.

The fly isn't much on writing but he is the boss at punctuating.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Who will hold the reins of this government now, since Old Probabilities has been laid to rest.—*Whitehall Times*.

"You can't play that on me!" said the piano to the amateur who broke down on a piece of music.—*New York News*.

"Pride goeth before a fall," and that is the reason so many of our wealthy countrymen visit Niagara.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

An exchange thinks it very strange that contractors should be employed to widen streets.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Necessity is the mother of inventions, the mother-in-law of patent rights and the child of trouble.—*McGregor News*.

An experienced sausage maker stuffs all the chopped flannel in the middle so as to make both ends meat.—*Meriden Recorder*.

They have a lime kiln in Rochester. The lime from the paper mills kills the fishes in the river.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Cologne should be drawn from a soda fountain because it is odor water.—*Whitehall Times*. Yes, if there is a (s)cent in it.—*Cohoes Regulator*.

"Lead astray," as the proof reader remarked to a type-setter who had used leads in what should have been "solid" matter.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Butter is now adulterated with soapstone, to make it weigh heavy. With the usual hair, this ought to make good mortar.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The shoemaker carries awl before him and hangs on to the last.—*Steubenville Herald*. But if he isn't well heeled he is generally booted out, sole and body.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

Janet—Croton oil, applied with a paint brush, will remove freckles from the face. It will also remove a portion of the face, but it's a dead shot on the freckles.

An adroit thief who had a cane with a magnet on the end of it for picking up small things, said, when caught, that he "didn't know it was loco-ed."—*Billysport B. T.*

Should Everts ever obtain a Judgeship he would prove a very severe justice in court, owing to his great fondness for too long sentences, you know.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It doesn't detract at all from the enthusiasm of a young surgeon, who has performed a difficult operation, if the patient expires soon after.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* says "it loves an honest man." Oh, dear heart! It is rather sudden and dreadfully public, but we reciprocate your affection.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Balzac called love "the poetry of the senses." There are more tender lym's in love than there are tender lines in poetry—not much sense in either, in some cases.—*Norristown Herald*.

When the *Steubenville Herald* was born, it took a cradle the size of a Chicago girl's mouth to rock it in. The *Herald* is the largest folio in the world.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript*.

The *Salem Sunbeam* suggests that maybe the reason that "young Lochinvar has come out from the west," was that the vigilance committees began to get too numerous for his comfort.

At the time Capt. Cook was killed and eaten he had three wives, and, consequently, he accepted his fate with more resignation than some of the rest of us would, probably.—*Belton Journal*.

A hotel is to be built in Quebec over the place where Montgomery charged—and the charges in the future there will be probably be a long way ahead of Montgomery's.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The peculiarity of a certain well known class of business men is that they will work longer and harder to get five dollars advantage in a trade than they will to make ten dollars by legitimate methods.—*Fulton Times*.

Breathes there a man with level head who never to his friends hath said, when he returns from foreign lands, "When I was in Europe."—*Huckensack Republican*. Never. And he usually pronounces it Yurup."

Our Grip Sack.

IMPERTINENCE—*Chin-ese*.

A very old soldier—*Mark Time*.

JUSTIFIABLE PROFANITY—*Swearing off*.

THE LAW OF THE TORONTO HUNT—*Lex Tally-ho-nis*.

CONTRACT BROKERS ARE USUALLY CONTRACT BREAKERS.

FLOWING LOCKS—Those of a canal—when they're opened.

INN-OVATION :—"Glad to see you! What'll you have?"

A burning question: Will EMISON ever get that lamp of his to go?

SIR JOHN A. is going to settle—up (in that higher and better sphere he spoke of).

SOME *real* "rocks" were lost by the friends of the *Sham-roads*, a week ago, at Montreal.

MAYOR DWAN says he has no use for lager. "Sure," says he, "there's not a foight in tin bar'ls av it."

"WHY do we weep?" asks an amateur poet. We are not good at conundrums, but we could tell you why and how we "smile," if that will suit you as well.

ROSS MCKENZIE did good service last Saturday at Montreal. That is why we say it would never do for the team to *lack Ross*. There is a paradox somewhere around.

AND this is a specimen of the Latin that grows around the St. Mary's Journal office: "mens sana in corpore sana! Our Scotchman remarks that last "na" is "no" richt.

IN connection, so to speak, with the festivities of the Oddfellows at the Rossin House, it is asked how many champagnes a man and a brother can take before becoming "mummy?"

"WHAT will the Toronto GERM give us next?" asks the *Meriden Recorder*. Well, brother, we'll hardly give you two columns containing precisely the same matter in one issue, as you did last week. Have you there!

DARWIN writes to somebody to say that there is no reason why we should be ashamed of our *Simian* ancestors for they were all educated from their earliest infancy in the *higher branches*. Apo-parent-ly so.

THE saddest country in the world is Alaska.—*Steubenville Herald*. Wrong: The saddest country is Wales.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. And they worship Wo-den there? At least if they don't they ought to.

WE believe now in what COLERIDGE calls "the eternal fitness of things." We have found a barber who rejoices in the name of A. Chin, Shaver. He lives in or near Yorkville. He scraped an acquaintance with us.

SOMEBODY stole a canal boat with two hundred and sixty tons of coal on it, a few days ago. The police must be on the track of the boat, for we see them hunting in beer saloons nearly every night.—*New York Dispatch*. Not a bit of it. They were after *schooners* in those saloons.

A woman who kept a boarding-house in Ottawa, Canada, has recently attempted to commit suicide. In the States, it is generally the boarders who feel like putting an end to their existence.—*Puck*. In Toronto the boarders are different. They want to immolate the boarding missus, to lay her with the hashes of her house in fact.

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