



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Love knots should be tied with a single beau.—*Hartford Journal*.

"When taken to be well shaken." The boy that upset your ash-barrel.—*N. Y. News*.

Toronto is a loud city. Her rower surpasses that of the British lion.—*Stanford Advocate*.

Spelling matches are about to be revived. Words that make trouble will be put out.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

A great many young men measure their affections by the length of their girls' silk dress trains.—*Lambton*.

It doesn't follow that a person with a false set o'teeth should have a falsetto voice.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The last new book is entitled, "What Shall My son Be?" Why, he'll be a boy, of course.—*Rockland Courier*.

It is the young man that asks for the young lady's hand and receives it that carries off the palm.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is perfectly surprising how much some men know about things they know nothing about.—*St. Louiser Lumberman*.

There is nothing so deceiving as the orange peel and nothing so real as the sidewalk under it.—*Marathon Independent*.

The contemplative doctor strolls through the cemetery and sees his patients on a monument.—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser*.

Stick to the farm, young fellow, particularly if you flounder in a quagmire, and no one is near to help you from sticking.—*N. Y. News*.

JOHNNY laughed when his grandmother fell down stairs, and his mother got away with him six slaps to the smile.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Nothing will more remind a man of the value of little things than a plate of straw berries at a church festival.—*Middletown Transcript*.

Extremes—A lady clutching her dress to save it from the mud meeting a gentleman grabbing his hat by the crown in order to bow.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in thy fable?" ALEX., why didn't you ask at the shops where the don't advertise.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Trying at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies who are walking in opposite directions has made many females cross-eyed for life.—*Uncle Sam*.

Scene: Cambridge High School, class in mythology. Teacher—Who was Hebe? First girl—Wife of Hercules, and first cousin of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.—*Harvard Crimson*.

Now goeth the small boy to swim 'Gainst the wishes of Ma. The pretence That he makes for his shirt being turned, He "did it in climbing the fence."

—*Bradford Era*.

New York proposes to call back its Pinafore companies before the next census is taken. If it don't there is no knowing where the balance of power will light.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

The most interesting part of a circus performance is when the big, fat clown mops the perspiration from his brow and gently murmurs, "Kiss me mother, kiss your darling."—*Waterloo Observer*.

Did you ever notice how carefully a woman fills the bottom of the clock with trash, and with what good taste the key is hung upon the wall fully two yards out of a fellow's reach?—*N. Y. Express*.

Most of us pass our lives regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Monkeys that emigrate to this country generally obtain good positions. Some few become connected with the circus, but the majority manage to secure situations as collectors for organ grinders.—*Elmira Chronicle*.

An ethereal maiden called Maud.

Was suspected of being a fraud.

Scarce a crumb was she able

To eat at the table—

But in the back pantry * * * O lawd!

Said cynical SIMONDS, "I tell you they are all alike, all alike. Every man has his price. There's no gainsaying it." "Very true," replied JONES, mildly; "there is no gain saying it, even if it were true."—*Boston Transcript*.

It doesn't take long for a rural neighborhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly-arrived family possesses, after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

It is said of a suburban lass of forty-five summers that trading in Danbury, and having five cents her due, and being offered a five cent cake of soap to settle with, she refused, naively saying: "I have no use for it."—*Danbury News*.

Spring is a very pleasant season, with its cool mornings, its balmy days, its wealth of buds and blossoms, its early, fresh vegetables, and all that, but one never can tell when a man with the odour of spring onions on his breath is going to tackle him and tell a long story.—*Ex*.

There is one thing which seems unaccountable to the average city fisherman, and that is, that an overgrown, awkward, saucy boy with a bean pole for a fishing rod and cotton twine for a line, will catch more fish than he with his fancy jointed rod and fine silken line.—*Ex*.

"Papa," said a bright little girl at the breakfast table the other morning, "Do you know why our kitten is called a Maltese?" "On account of its colour," was the reply. "Oh, no, that's not the reason," persisted she. "What then, my child?" "It's because I mauled him and MARY teases him."—*Geneva Gazette*.

The gay and festive soda fount

Now sizzles in the land,

And Deacon and good Mrs. Jones

Around the counter stand.

The lady's gentle nectarine

Within the glass is fizzin';

The deacon slyly winks and says

He'll take the same in his'n.

—*Rochester Express*.

An Irishman who had listened very attentively to a sermon on Sunday was asked by the priest the next day how he liked the discourse. "Oh, very much, your riverance," said MIKE. "Then it suited you, did it?" said the good father. "Faith, it did that," said MIKE; "it was the best I ever heard. I should loike to see it in print, for I niver understud a word of it."—*Rome Sentinel*.

The Winnipeg papers have got it bad. Look at this:—"HANLAN has such winning ways.—*Free Press*. Oh, give oar, please give oar.—*Times*. We shall not: we're hanlan this thing racefully ourselves.—*Free Press*. That last effort is, we are certain, the production of a single scull.—*Times*. Not a numb scull as you rowin' is.—*Free Press*." These Winnipeg papers seem to feather high, and put in long, sweeping strokes, as it were.—*Thunder Bay Sentinel*.

Blowing into the muzzle of a shot gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lad down town to introduce a variation. The street hose wouldn't work; the water was turned on at the spigot all right, but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the nozzle and blowed just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth and sat down about fifty feet away, down the street, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is watersoaked.—*New Haven Register*.

The natural world is full of illusions. The apparent rising and setting of the sun, the gorgeous clouds that prove to be only a dreary mist when you get caught in them, the mirage that reveals things below the horizon and shows us ships sailing keel up in the air, the coming together to a point of two right lines when seen in perspective, the mistake of supposing the train in which we are seated to be in motion when another train at our side begins to start, the deceptive ideas that we have of distance, as in the instance of a lofty mountain, which may seem to be close at hand, when, in fact, it is scores of miles away; these are all considered illusions, as the world goes, but a man never fully realizes what constitutes a full-blooded illusion until he attempts to eat a rare done egg with a fork.—*Oil City Derrick*.

By the way, I met Mr. NELSON, of the American Express Company, when I went up the river. He is a capital traveling companion, and a brother-in-law of Captain McKELL, of Burlington. On one of his trips up the river there were a lot of raftmen among his fellow-passengers. One of these useful, but unostentatious, men sat next to NELSON at the supper table. The lumber navigator took a large baked potato, broke it in two, gouged a hole in one half with his knife, filled the hole with butter, which immediately began to sizzle and boil, and then he thrust the seething, blistering mass in his mouth. He didn't hold it there very long, however. He just shut his mouth down on it once, and then with a wild startling expression on his countenance, he turned his head over his shoulder and fiercely spat the offending potato out on the floor. Then he looked defiantly up and down the cabin and listened for comment, but hearing none, he turned to NELSON, and in firm, self-approving tones, with the air of a man who had met the emergency and was equal to it, remarked, "Many a blamed fool would have swallowed that ar!"—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.