



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Oysters belong to the R-istocracy.—*Ex.*

As a Rule.—"Signal failures"—Railway accidents.—*Punch.*

The two fastest females in the world are SARAH BERNHARDT and MAUD S.

Henchanting music—A cackle over the last lay of the minstrel.—*Modern Argo.*

'Another hotel gone up,' said a tramp as he gazed on a burning straw stack.—*Ex.*

Foreign notes: The report that the Afghans are worsted is a crewel yarn.—*Yankee Strauss.*

Dr. TANNER is just the man to be the guest of a country editor for a week or so.—*Modern Argo.*

Every man is to be considered innocent until you can prove him a politician.—*Ottawa Republican.*

"Words that burn," mused the editor, as he dumped the contents of the waste basket into the fire.—*Ex.*

Goat milk should be termed buttermilk, because the goat is an acknowledged butter.—*Lovell Sun.*

There is positively but one parlor heating stove, and every hardware man is its proprietor.—*Lockport Union.*

Frequent explosions in the Winter Palace may now be expected. The Czar is married.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A burglar, recently arrested, was asked what his business was. "I am a house-cleaner," said he.—*N. Y. Express.*

"The camel got its back up about something in the ark, and has had it up ever since." (Laughter)—*Barnum's Clown.*

The "eternal fitness of things" will occasionally crop out. MELL & COLLEY are Florida undertakers.—*Modern Argo.*

A man may not be able to hang paper worth a cent, but he can 'hang' a stove pipe most emphatically.—*Ottawa Republican.*

There are two distinct kinds of boys in this world—the human boy and the boy who exists in Sunday school books.—*Andrew's Bazaar.*

A man who paints signs on fences and rocks fell from a precipice in Colorado, last week, and was killed. Precipices should be encouraged.—*Ex.*

JINKS says he discovered several new asteroids, stars and comets the other evening. It was pretty dark, and he tried to split a tree with his nose.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A Miss HUSH, of Baltimore, has sued her lover for breach of promise, laying damages at \$10,000. Now the question is, will he give her any Hush-money.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

We've heard it remarked that cotton gin did not make as good a beverage as Holland.—*Waterloo Observer.* That's strange since holands are made of cotton.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

It might have been money in some men's pockets if they never were born, but there is a sight of relief in the knowledge that it is better to have boomed and busted than never to have boomed at all.—*Ex.*

A man may be called Ole Bull and become famous, but if a woman was called Ole Cow the result would be an explosion compared to which nitro-glycerine would be a fourth of July.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

"Why, Franky!" exclaimed a mother at the summer boarding house, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew 't was no use," replied Franky quietly, as he proceeded with his pie eating.—*Boston Transcript.*

We are inclined to take sides with the *Modern Argo*, in its conclusion that Gen. HANCOCK has a very amiable wife, while Gen. GARFIELD has—well the last named gentleman is very barefooted on the top of his head.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

God created the cat for a purpose.—*Gowanda Enterprise.* That's fur-fetched.—*Port Chester Journal.* Our cat is me-v-sing over it.—*Gowanda Enterprise.* You folks are kitted too smart for anything, and we join in concert for a paw.—*Friendship Register.* Enough to harrow up the felin's of a mowl.—*Randolph Courant.* That completes the cat-category.—*Ex.* And finishes the cat-alogue.

"When the cat's away the mice will play." Since the death of "Old Pross," the weather has been behaving very badly, even going so far as to dump a little snow upon sinful Chicago. A successor to Gen. EYRE should be appointed at once, or there is no telling what may next happen.—*Modern Argo.*

The drinking water at Milwaukee has become so stringy that it cannot be swallowed in the ordinary manner, and is now used as a breakfast dish, fried, roasted or boiled to suit the taste. Some prudent housewives are drying and smoking a supply of it for winter use. Beer has been substituted as a quencher of thirst.—*Modern Argo.*

A rural chap who witnessed the unloading of Cleopatra's Needle, says he don't wonder that the dusky Queen committed suicide by taking a viper to her bosom, if she had to sew buttons on MARK ANTONY's pantaloons with a needle nearly seventy feet long, or make shirts for the Jew dealers of Egypt at five cents a shirt.—*Binghampton Republican.*

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need here in Galveston. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed. I'd do anything to see him elected." "Then never let anybody know he saved your life." The meeting then adjourned.—*Galveston News.*

New Haven Register: "She dresses quietly," is the comment of one of the fashion journals on a well-known belle. It is an absurdity. When a woman dresses there is more rattling round of shoes and corsets, and banging about of wash bowls and pitchers, and calling for this and for that, and slamming doors and breaking off bureau knobs, and—and—and we have often wondered how the mirrors stood it so well. We don't believe that a woman ever dressed quietly, but of course we don't know. How should we?



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.

Our Grip Sack.

ADVICE TO TANNER—Hide, or we'll stop your bark.

THE Indian Reserve—Sitting Bull's reluctance to fraternize with Uncle Sam.

A TREATISE on cat-a-leap-sy is announced. It explains exactly how the cat jumps.

GRRR may be a-ravin' if you like, but, all the same, it never speaks without caws.

THE Missing-nary Link is not a bad pun, considering that it is perpetrated as the name for a religious paper.

It is insinuated by a billous Tory that Mr. MERRICK's appointment is the result of Jerry mandering on the part of Hon. CHRIS. FRAZER.

It takes a mighty good taxidermist to stuff a corset.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.* Of course it does; any bodice aware of that. (Stay-le joke).

A good many of our exchanges adopt the "No-credit" system in the matter of clipping. They don't give us credit, and it is no credit to them.

THE Fortune Bay Fishermen don't trust in Providence (bailing from Gloucester) worth a cent, and they say the American Eagle is a fish-hawk.

THE doctors gave him up—and well they might! He is ninety-four years' old, never had a day's sickness, and does the work of any ordinary three men. So a Western paper says.

I. M. PECK-UNIOUS has been enquiring at this office for a man who can "stand a loan," as he wanted to borrow a few dollars till next week. We answered the description, but declined the application.

THE first P. D. was a job-printer. He worked on the frame of the man of Uz, and made a mess of his form. He failed to make an impression, however, and had to cut his stick;—Then there was a chase.

STRANGE, that Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, approved of lager for the very same reason as Mayor DWAN condemns it. (See last week's GRIP). Who shall decide when such men disagree?

A HAMLET is not a little ham. Looks strange, doesn't it?—*Modern Argo.* No more so than that an inlet is not a little inn.—*Steubenville Herald.* Neither is Roulette a little rule.—*Breakfast Table.* Nor FRECHETTE a little fresh. (Yet stay—we don't know about that. There was that banquet at Montreal, you know!)

PERHAPS when MACAULAY's New Zealander sits upon the ruins of the Brooklyn bridge, he will wonder what the American people wanted with an Egyptian obelisk, anyhow?—*N. Y. Express.* Yes, and when he sits, as he's sure to do, on the apex of the needle, and wants to know why on earth the American people didn't finish Brooklyn bridge, what then?

THE party who took two Photographs from my table will return them at once and save trouble, as they are known. W. BONAAS, *Guelph Herald.* The party, or the Photographs, which? Were they (the photographs) so large that it required two to take them, or did the party divide "the swag." Mysterious altogether.

THE editor of this paper is wifeless, and in a measure homeless, and is open for a limited number of applications to go out and take tea.—*Mitchell Recorder.*

There was a lean scribbler called RACE, Whose wife had gone north from his place: "I'm starving," said he, "Please ask me to tea, "And I'll come at a Maud S's pace."

The ladies complied with good grace, And he went with a snail on his face, So largely did he imbibe of their tea That he henceforth was known as TEA RACE.