

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A match safe—one put up where the small boy can't get at it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.—*Kingston Freeman.*

The politician who sits on the fence is railed at in great stile.—*Lowell Citizen.*

When is a horse like a business man in trouble? When he breaks.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A man who was walked "on his ear" out of a store said "he came out on the Erie route."—*Puck.*

When a doctor cures you for nothing he is one of Nature's no-bill-men.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Open order—"unlock the door." Hunted "down"—that of the cider-duck.—*Erratic Enrrique.*

The lateness of spring never puts back the maple sugar crop left over from last year.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The powers seemed determined to make Turkey dis-Crete. It would be a far take for Greece.—*Boston Transcript.*

How to cure a cold—freeze it out. Octogenarians, with hobbies, are regular old whim men.—*N. Y. News.*

Did you ever see a cheese box? No! Well, we can assure you it is sometimes strong and mitey.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

When a boarding-house keeper gives his boarders fish, he may be said to be cod-ding them.—*Webster (Mass.) Times.*

Old friends with new faces: A printer sticks until a strike occurs, but a shoemaker sticks to the last.—*Philadelphia Item.*

We saw the biggest liar in the U. S., recently, at our Zoo. He has been in the lion business all his life.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The sick post belongs to the mure-ill age; bread was discovered in the doughage and dogs in the carriage.—*Whitehall Times.*

Oleomargarine complicates things. Nobody can tell which side of his bread is buttered in these days.—*N. J. Express.*

"I'll have no more of your lip!" is what the discarded lover remarked to his angry sweetheart.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There were different styles in Roman togas, as we learn from Pope's line:

"From grave toga, from lively to severe."
—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive, but a fellow isn't always in so good condition to do the one as the other.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Check-mated—a well-matched seam in a plaid suit. Pennsylvania is the Keystone state and its girls are very arch.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A man of letters—the postmaster. A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An exchange describes a ballet-dancer's dress. The description, although short, is about three inches longer than the dress.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is quite wonderful how many things there are in this world which you do not want if you can only make yourself think so.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The handle is the nobbiest part of the door. Do not provoke a fight with an undertaker; remember, he is noted for laying people out.—*Phila. Item.*

"There is no disgrace in being poor," we are told. And we're howling glad of it, for there are enough other disadvantages about it, without that one.—*Boston Post.*

Now doth the busy funny man
Improve each stolen squib,
And gather humor all the day,
And clip, and paste, and fib.
—*Central City (Neb.) Item.*

Do they stutter in Stuttgart? A mouth organ—dental journal. Hath not a newspaper readiness of i's? It was a dealer in zinc who lived within his zinc come.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.—*Norristown Herald.*

'Tis well enough to have a broad field of action if you can afford to keep up its fences. The reporter's pencil is not "stub"-born. It only becomes so from hard usage.—*Erratic Enrique.*

Edith O'Gorman, "the escaped nun," says that "a girl shouldn't kiss a man unless she is engaged to him, and then not oftener than once a month." Edith, what in thunder did you escape for?—*Boston Post.*

What brand of hops is used to brew storms or troubles? What utter nonsense to speak of Stock Reports! Every child knows the report does not come from the stock, but from the barrel.—*N. Y. News.*

Mr. Barnum says it is surprising how many good parents come to his menagerie to show little Johnny the animals. Little Johnny hears the band playing, and is soon missing. The parents go into the circus to hunt little Johnny, and come out just as soon as the circus is over.—*Boston Transcript.*

"A scientist named Mivart will soon issue a work on the cat," says the *New Haven Register*. We've done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it from a third-story window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her blamed back.—*Boston Post.*

The editor of a certain weekly paper within a hundred miles of this city makes a practice of "stopping the press to announce" if he had nothing of more importance to announce than "a dog fight." One evening everything was dull as a patent office report, but the ruling passion cropped out as follows: "We stop the press to announce that nothing has occurred since we went to press of sufficient interest to induce us to stop the press to announce it."—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

The German Wits.

[Trans. from the *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich.]

At the City Commandant's. General—"Well, is the city quiet?"

Captain—"The city is quiet but the people are raising mischief."

Legal Proverb: Father—"If the Herr Counsellor would marry he should do so at once—he is no longer young—else it may be too late."

Child—"Herr Pastor, my mother sends me to say that my father died to-night."

Pastor—"Did you call a doctor?"

Child—"No, Herr Pastor, he died of himself."

Well trumped: Alderman—"Herr Professor, you play like King David, only not so handsomely."

Pianist—"Entirely right, Alderman, and you speak like King Solomon, only not so wisely."

"All Off."

"Dear George," she said, "I think I will the matter consider," (George had proposed and been refused by a young charming "widder.") "At least," said she, "I'll think of it, if assured that you'll keep 'sobah,'" "You're late, my dear," he said to her, "I'm off to Manitoba."

A minister received a "call" from a new congregation, (He late was the recipient of bun and cake ovation, With intervals of music sweet from Beethoven and Auber,) "Good-bye, my dearest friends," he said, "I'm off for Manitoba."

Weather Wisdom.

Under the title of "Old Probabilities" one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favourite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: "The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia, in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35, intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil for good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain and would have taken the train to fulfil an appointment that night in a neighbouring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis and have not been troubled since."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, particularly if he is larger than you are.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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