

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

AMERICAN FABLES.

One day a Giraffe met an Ass on the banks of a river and called out:

"Say, my friend, why can't you keep that infernal bray of yours still for half an hour at a time. I no sooner fall into a dose than off goes your 'gee-haw! gee-haw!' until my nerves are all unstrung."

At that moment a monkey came swinging down from the top of a tree and remarked:

"Mr. Giraffe, I wish you would keep your nose at home. It isn't very pleasant to have you come poking it into the tree-tops just as the family are settling down for the night. And why do you go trooping through the forest like a beast who is afraid the constable may attack his neck for debts?"

"And I desire to remark," began the Parrot as he settled down on a limb near by, "that if I was a Monkey I'd have some respect for other people's rights. You do nothing but chatter and chuckle all day long, and there is a growing suspicion in these woods that you had rather dine on Parrot than on berries."

"And what are you talking about?" demanded the Hare as he crept through the grass. "As for chatter, I'd like to hear some one equal you, and your squeaks and squeals are enough to drive a Hare crazy. You are of so little account that even a hungry Huntsman won't waste powder to kill you!"

"I wish the whole crowd of you would clear out!" exclaimed the Wolf as he came forward and licked his chops with self-satisfaction. "Fact is, an honest, industrious Wolf can scarcely keep his head above water when compelled to exist among you."

"And I would like to add," observed the Alligator, as he crawled to the bank, "that if any of you are meaner than the member from Arkansas who has just sat down, I'll present him with a medal!"

"And it was only yesterday that this Alligator devoured one of my kids!" shouted the Goat, as he came down the path.

"And you have often torn down my houses for the mere fun of the thing!" charged the Ant, as she came out of her abode.

MORAL:

"Ladies and gentlemen," remarked the Rhinoceros, as he hove in sight, "let this convince you that we all have our faults, and that we are expected to bear with each other's. While the Ass may bray, the Parrot chatter, the Wolf howl and the Alligator rake in the pot, they allow the rest of us to go our ways and do as we like. He who begins to find fault with the Ass will not stop until he has discovered that the whole world is wrong. Let us now shut up and look for breakfast."—*De-troit Free Press.*

Fishing for a rich husband isn't all net gain. It is the late cat that catches the early boot-jack.

To be disposed of under the hammer—A carpet tack.—*Lowell Courier.*

Black stove-pipe hats will soon be ripe.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"All that glitters is not gold."—The diamond must have a show somewhere.

When an artist's life draws to a close the artist, himself, has nearly done drawing.

The man who expects to go thundering down the ages must make his own thunder.

The first polite-Titian was a very courteous and renowned painter.—*New York News.*

Two things that no man can rely on: Proving an alibi and the endorsement of a note.—*New York News.*

David Davis is a natural independent. He is not dancing attendance on any party.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Some men, otherwise steady-headed, can never keep their balance in a bank.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

David Davis is said to be more "widely" known than any other Congressman.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Whether or not he has an ear for music, the politician soon learns to play on the loot.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Since Gen. Wolseley undertook to paint Egypt he has had a little brush with the natives nearly every day.

Funny fact—That noon, whether we spell it backwards or forward, is always midday.—*Andrews American Queen.*

"So Mr. Tangletext is a great divine?" said Fogg; "well, that's because nobody can divine his meaning, I suppose."

Wolseley's Egyptian motto is Nile desperandum, which means "I will win glory or bust."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"This is a rare opportunity!" said the restaurant cook, as he snatched the "medium done" beefsteak before it had fairly begun to sizzle.

"Fat Boy!" No, you cannot raise chickens from egg plants. You might as well try to raise calves from a cowcatcher.—*Berwick Gazette.*

Mrs. Howe says women do not fall in love any more. Place a woman in front of the milliners, window and see if she doesn't.—*Boston Transcript.*

The last man will not be a shoemaker, as has been popularly believed. By the law of the survival of the fittest, he will be a tailor.—*Boston Times.*

A woman's bonnet is usually an affair of on her. But much as she loves her bonnet, lovely woman rather prefers an affair of offer.—*Boston Times.*

What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight, and the horses make the car go.

The best reason yet advanced for having Monday washing day, the next day after Sunday, is because cleanliness is next to godliness.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The types last week made us say that "the showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of milkmen," etc., instead of "millmen."—*Bridgetown (Me.) News.*

"Twere better we had never met," as the goat remarked after his successful attempt to knock a cast-iron dog clear across a three-acre lawn.—*Boston Times.*

Col. Cash announces himself as a candidate for Congress in the First South Carolina District. His party will go into the campaign with the ready Cash.—*Lowell Courier.*

When ten-cent pieces again become fashionable as articles of jewelry every man can wear a dime-and-pin.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Out West a man is considered nobody unless he has "killed his man." There is where young physicians have the advantage over the average man in migrating West.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Come up to the house and take a bite with me!" said a wealthy tobacconist to his partner. "You shall have a quid pro Co." His business confidant sat down like a man who is dazed.—*New York News.*

Philadelphia manufactured \$10,000,000 worth of umbrellas last year. You wouldn't have thought that amount of property was stolen outside of Congress in a year, would you?—*Somerville Journal.*

We don't take a back seat for Boston or any other place when it comes to music, but Theodore Thomas ought not to come here the same week as a circus.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Dialogue near the sea on a hotel piazza:—"I do not see how you young ladies can remain here two months looking upon the changeless ocean." "But the men change," was the reply of a lady.—*Boston Journal.*

A trade journal gives directions for "preserving harness." Preserved harness may be considered very palatable by those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.—*Norristown Herald.*

The New York papers say that Saratoga has been full of homely women this summer. No lady who has been at the Springs the past season, however, will take this libel as a personal matter.—*Boston Transcript.*

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf-mute wives, which leads a wag to observe: "Just see what a man can do when everything is quiet."—*Boston Globe.*

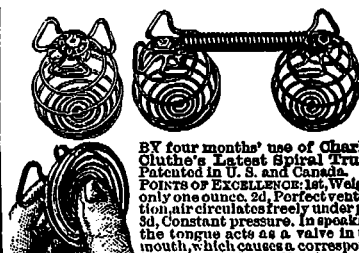
A Chicago man, who was sleeping with a brace of revolvers under his pillow, was robbed the other night. He has thrown the weapons down a well and married a woman who snores.—*New York Commercial.*

Bismarck says he wants to secure the peace of Europe, but it looks very much as if the piece of Europe he wants to secure is the Baltic Provinces of Russia, the inhabitants of which are Germans.—*Texas Siftings.*

EFFECTIVE WORK.

The following specific information, imparted by thoroughly reliable people, will convey a clearer idea than any amount of abstract reference, how certain desirable results are being accomplished. Mr. Alexander McKechnie, Rochester, N. Y., says: "I was a perfect cripple with rheumatism in my arms and feet for more than two weeks, when I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so; in two days I went to work, and at the end of a week I was as well as ever. I consider St. Jacobs Oil a 'dead sure' cure for rheumatism in every form." Mr. James Dempsey, Coburn street, Ottawa, is pleased to remark: "Having suffered for some time past with rheumatism in the back, I am gratified to say that I have been completely cured after a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil, and can confidently recommend it to any one suffering in like manner."

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