

## The Joker Club.

**"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."**

An inexpensive animal.—A cent-i-pede.

Is a horse a rodent because it travels on the road?

Is there any connection between *steeple* and *steep* 'ell?

Is a vessel stove in when it has a base burner on board?

What missile does a drunkard's coffin resemble? A bomb-shell.

A minorological characteristic.—A three-hair-to-the-inch moustache.

Go-education.—sending Toronto University lady undergraduates to Queen's College, Kingston.

Migrate is cold, as the wild goose said when it took its departure southwards on the approach of winter.

It's utterly ridiculous, as the Tory said when his Grit opponent advocated the abolition of the Senate.

Song of the Harvard students—"Sixty busted Bunthornes we; busted all by Oscar Wilde."—*Puck*.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The *Mail and Express* says: "Lent will be physically appreciated by the fashionables." "Physically appreciated" is good.

When the Boston *Post* man wants to roil an artist he asks him: "What will you take for that handsome frame with the picture thrown in?"

A Gotham scientist says the best remedy for drunkenness is absolutely pure liquors. Probably the Gothamites never heard of absolutely pure water.

They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, that everybody would like to try for himself.—*McGregor News*.

The odor of boiled cabbage is thought aristocratic now, owing to the price.—*Indianapolis News*. May heaven keep the price of onions from going up.

The winter in St. Petersburg has been strangely mild. Even in January a man could pull an icicle from a friend's nose without freezing his fingers.

When a child cannot answer a question he never says, "Oh, don't bother me now, I'm busy." Only children of a larger growth deal in such subtleties.—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Western town the other day a man killed his neighbour for disturbing his peace by practising on a brass ban. The jury brought in a verdict of: "Ought to have a banquet."

Hail to the thief who in triumph advances,

The more he steals the more renowned,

The bigger his pile the more he frances.

And cash keeps him up while others go down.

—*Lampoon*.

The Vanderbilts had a grand ball in their new house the other night, and New Yorkers who did not receive invitations are explaining that the Vanderbilts do not move in good society.

"Though we cannot control the wind, we can adjust our sails so as to profit by it," says a philosopher. A good many so-called Independent papers are run on the same principle.—*Phila. News*.

When it once becomes known that fire-escapes are handy to have around when creditors call, every one of the men too mean to provide them for employes will at once erect them for their own accommodation.

That little girl unwittingly gave utterance to the principles of many of her elders when she wrote in her composition: "We should make mistakes and tell lies as seldom as it is convenient."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Well," says a canvasser, "I must keep walking and talking. That's the way I get my living, and that's the way I got my wife. But she has done all the talking ever since. Good day!"—*The Toledo American*.

No tidings have been received from Stanley, the explorer, for two years. It is rumoured that he did not go to Africa, but that he joined the New York police force and has gone to sleep on his beat.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one hundredth part of a second. This is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World*.

A New Yorker, who lost an eye on a 3d-street horse-car, has obtained \$10,000 damages from the company. In New York an eye is worth all of \$10,000, for a New Yorker has to have two eyes, and keep them both open to prevent his bosom friends from swindling him.

When is a turkey like a ballot-box? When it is stuffed.—*Richmond Baton*. And when is it like a rooster's top-not? Same answer. When it is tuft.—*Earl Marble*. And when is it like a man training for a prize-fight? Same answer. When it is toughed.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"Why," asks an English writer, "does dance music cheer us and sacred music make us solemn?" He should come to this country and attend one of our fashionable churches where sacred music is wedded to dance tunes and a cornet is employed to aid in destroying the solemnity.—*Norristown Herald*.

A college girl at Hillsdale declares she would like to be a buggy-wheel, for then, you know, she would have so many fellows.—*Detroit Chaff*. She would probably soon get tired going around with them.—*Richmond Baton*. It is not so here in the "Hub." Just now, Boston girls are being sleighed.—*Boston Satchel*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is averse to punning, because, no matter how brilliant a pun he might produce it could never be considered anything other than a Ho-mes-pun affair.—*Rome Sentinel*. And as to his poetry, probably his *chef-d'œuvre* is only ranked as a One-horse Shay.—*Baton*. And this is the *Baton's chef-d-pun*. But, then, they are both doctors, and that accounts for it.—*Richmond (Va.) State*.

A Connecticut pastor was given, on his 50th birthday, a pie containing half a hundred gold dollars. It was a pleasant but dangerous experiment, for never having seen anything but pennies and nickles, he came very near eating them. Fortunately a professional beggar, who happened to be present, explained to him the uses and value of the strange coins.

"Dad, can God see in the dark?" asked a Brooklyn youngster who strongly suspected his father's frequent visits to the pantry were not wholly unconnected with the presence of an unlabelled bottle upon one of the shelves. "Why do you ask such a nonsensical question?" sharply queried the old gentleman. "Because," returned the candid child, "I notice that you never go into the closet without shutting the door after you."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Tom Brown at Oxford" was a great success; but from the disastrous failure of Mr. Hughes' colony in this country it looks to the *Norristown Herald* as if it was Tom green, at "Rugby."

Boston is an inconsistent town. Her milk street is a whole mile away from water street. How are they to go together?—*Detroit Free Press*. It is not necessary for them to go together, for in Boston milk and water are always sold separately. The milk passes for cream, and the water, [with the addition of a little chalk, brings eight cents a quart as milk.

Teacher—"Are animals musicians?" Boy—"They are." Teacher—"Cite instances, if you can." Boy—"The horse performs well on the corn-et, and the bear is good on the tambourine." Teacher—"How so?" Boy—"If you can't teach her out-of-the cage you can tam'er in; see?" Teacher—"Correct. Can any animal perform martial music?" Boy—"Yes, the drummer-dary." Boy took the first prize in music.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A gentleman who was inspecting a house in the most fashionable parts of Austin, complained that the location was too lonesome—that there was no life. "It may seem a little dull now," responded the owner of the house; "but you wait to the first of the month, when the grocers and butchers are trying to collect their bills, and you will think there is a fair or a circus out in this part of town. I know it is a little dull during the day. That's the way it is in all fashionable localities; but just wait till about twelve o'clock at night, when these high-toned roosters come home drunk, and pound on their front doors and whoop."—*Texas Siftings*.

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