

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

BILL NYE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

The *Boomerang* reporter sent out to find the North Pole eighteen months ago has just been heard from. An exploring party recently found a portion of his remains in latitude 41 44, longitude sou' west by sou' from the pole, and near the remains the following fragments of a diary:

July 1, 1881.—Have just been out searching for sunstroke and signs of a thaw. Saw nothing but ice floe and snow as far as the eye could reach. Think we will have snow this evening unless the wind changes.

July 2.—Spent the forenoon exploring to the north-west for right of way for a new equatorial and north pole railroad that I think would be of much value to commerce. The grade is easy and the expense would be slight. Ate my last dog to-day. Had intended him for the 4th, but got too hungry, and ate him raw with vinegar. I wish I was at home eating *Boomerang* paste.

July 3.—We had quite a frost last night and it looks this morning as though the corn and small fruits must have suffered. It is now two weeks since the last of the crew died and left me alone. Ate the leather ends of my suspenders to-day for dinner. I did not need the suspenders, anyway, for by tightening up my pants I find they will stay on all right, and I don't look for any ladies to call, so that even if my pants should come off by some oversight, nobody would be shocked.

July 4.—Saved up some tar roofing and a bottle of mucilage for my Fourth of July dinner and gorged myself to-day. The exercises were very poorly attended and the celebration rather a failure. It is clouding up in the west and I'm afraid we're going to have snow. Seems to me we're having an all-fired late spring here this year.

July 5.—Didn't drink a drop yesterday. It was the quietest Fourth I ever put in. I never felt so little remorse over the way I celebrated as I do to-day. I didn't do a thing yesterday that I was ashamed of except to eat the remainder of a box of shoe blacking for supper. To-day I ate my last boot heel, stewed. Looks as though we might have a hard winter.

July 6.—Feel a little apprehension about something to eat. My credit is all right here, but there is no competition, and prices are, therefore, very high. Ice, however, is still firm. This would be a good ice cream country if there were any demand, but the country is so sparsely settled that a man feels as lonesome here as a Greenbacker at a Presidential election.

Ate a pound of cotton waste soaked in machine oil, to-day. There is nothing left for tomorrow but ice-water and an old pocket-book for dinner. Looks as though we might have snow.

July 7.—This is a good cool place to spend the summer if provisions were more plenty. I am wearing a seal skin undershirt with three woollen overshirts and two bearskin vests to-day; and when the dew begins to fall I have to put on my buffalo ulster to keep off the night air. I wish I was home. It seems pretty lonesome here since the other boys died. I do not know what I will get for dinner tomorrow, unless the neighbors bring in something. A big bear is coming down the hatchway as I write. I wish I could eat him. It would be the first square meal in two months. It is, however, a little mixed whether I will eat him or he eat me. It will be a cold day for me if he ————

Here the diary breaks off abruptly, and from the chewed up appearance of the book we entertain a horrible fear as to his safety.

THE COMFORT OF AN ELEVATOR.

"Say, boss, is that the lifter?" inquired tall, lank-looking farmer of the elevator man. "Yes, this is the elevator," was the reply. "Don't cost nuthin' to go up, eh?" "No—it's free."

"Well, I didn't know whether you charged or not. You see, I took a ride in one of them things the centennial year, and they let me go free; but I s'posed it was only for that year."

He stepped in, took a seat, and as the elevator glided gently upward, he exclaimed: "Gosh! but it's nice."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THEY WERE ONCE.

This was in a horse-car. Two elderly gentlemen seated on one side, and another ditto on the other.

"Excuse me," said the latter, "but are you, gentlemen, natives of New Haven?"

"No sir, no," replied one of the persons addressed.

"Ah, I didn't know, gentlemen," said the questioner.

"We were formerly natives," said the other of the two, "but we are now living in Philadelphia."

Quite a smile all over the car."—*New Haven Register.*

A YACHTING EXPERIENCE.

"Now I'll show you what yachting really means," said a local yachtsman to his guests as they sailed out of Gowanus Bay and laid their course for the Narrows. "Just the kind of a breeze I like to-day. You are not afraid of a cupful of wind, I hope."

"Oh, no," said the guest; "but I suppose your boat is safe."

"Safe!" said the yachtsman. "Why, man, she'll stand up under any amount of canvas I can crowd on to her. Now these are her working sails, but you ought to see her under racing canvas. When I slap in her other sticks there isn't anything in her class that can keep within sight of her. She shows all the boats her heels every time, I can tell you. I'm willing to match my boat against any of her class in the country, and I'll lay two to one on her at that. Just see how she jumps now; but wait until we round that point and I'll give you a taste of yachting you won't be apt to forget in a hurry."

Here a puff of wind struck the yacht and knocked her over very badly, sending the yachtsman and his guest scrambling to windward.

"Does she do that often?" asked the guest, anxiously watching another ripple that was fast approaching them.

"That isn't anything, my boy," said the yachtsman, clinging to the tiller and casting a suspiciously anxious glance over his shoulder.

"A mere zephyr for my boat. Just sling a couple of sand bags up there a'onside of you, please. That's it. Now we'll be around the point in a few moments, and then you'll see some fun. I tell you she'll just boil to-day, even with these sails on her."

"Don't you think we'd better take a reef?" suggested the guest, looking at the white caps playing over the waters in front of them.

"A reef!" shouted the gallant amateur toiler of the sea. "And in such a gentle breeze as this. Do you want me to be the laughing stock of the club? Do you wish to disgrace me forever? My boy, I wouldn't take a reef to-day for a thousand dollars. It would ruin my reputation completely. I tell you you are with a yachtsman to-day, and don't you forget it. I've seen big schooners putting into port under two reefs when I was carrying every stitch of canvas and thinking nothing of it. Oh, I'm a yachtsman from Yachtville every time, sure. Just haul another sand bag

up alongside of you, please. That's the ticket. Here we go. Don't be afraid," and the yacht went over until her boom was within an inch of the water.

"I think I'll take my shoes off," said the guest meekly, as he braced his feet against the deck of the cockpit and clung like grim death to the rail on the other side of him.

"You are not afraid," said the bold yachtman, making a grab for his hat which was on the eve of going overboard. "You shouldn't mind a little puff like that. You can just sling another sand-bag up there if you like. Now take the sheet and I'll attend to the tiller, and mind you, let her slack when I shout. Now, we're beginning to stir," and the yacht careened again worse than ever.

"I thought you said she would stand—stand up?" groaned the guest, clinging desperately to the main sheet with both hands, and expecting every moment to be jerked overboard.

"That was a good knock down," said the bold yachtman, "but she just laughs at such weather as this. You should have been with me when—let your sheet run! Quick!" But it was too late, her great sail striking the water with a tremendous splash, and then disappearing as she turned completely upside down.

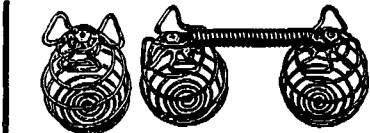
"You should—pish—have—pish—let go the—the sheet," spluttered the bold yachtman, as he dragged himself up beside his guest on the bottom of the boat.

"Da—da—d—the x!! x—sheet!" spluttered the guest, as he dug the salt water out of his starboard eye, and gazed over the bay in the vain hope of discovering the better two-thirds of his new summer suit.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BREVITY IN SPEECH—SWEETNESS IN MUSIC.

Some one has said that short speeches are the most impressive, and simple, sweet music the most touching. If there be anything in the idea, certainly the following from C. C. De Zouche, of De Zouche & Co., Piano and Organ Dealers, 233 St. James-st., Montreal, is to the point and convincing: "St. Jacobs Oil has proved of incalculable value to me in a case of rheumatism, having given me almost instant relief." In the same strain of expressive brevity writes Mr. John C. Fleming, editor in chief of the *Montreal Post*: "I have much pleasure in stating that, from the use of St. Jacobs Oil, I find it excellent and I think it a good medicine."

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