



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TANNER's lectures are to be illustrated by diaphragms.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

The man who looks for big peaches at the bottom of a basket is too confiding for this tricky world.—*Ec.*

Printers complain about spelling it "program." They say it robs them of an em.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Student—Yes, the correct way of writing "1880" in short hand is thus: "Ateen A T."—*Kokomo Tribune.*

Let us be satisfied with our lot in life; we can't all be Presidents, nor all be mule drivers.—*Oil City Elevator.*

A good conversationalist may make himself heard at a feast, but the small boy takes the cake.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The North Pole can at least congratulate itself on being free from pictorial advertisements.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

COURTNEY is practising again. Why should he do so? There is certainly no need of proficiency in the style of rowing he does.—*Puck.*

A boat can sail on a tack and not make a fuss about it, but when a man sails on a tack he—well, it is different.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a "beautiful head of hair" till "that fever," or that something or other, took it off?—*Boston Transcript.*

"I catch the queue," as the miser remarked when he reached for a Chinaman.—*Gate City.* Ah, thereby hangs a tail. *The Eye.* Queue-rious coincidence! *Talia talibus queue-rantur!*

It is now the style in France for wedding ceremonies to last three days, and it is said the Chicago girls are thinking about adopting the custom, and thus postpone the time for a divorce.—*Ec.*

Commissioner: "Did you hear the whistle of the boat you ran down?" Pilot: "Hey?" Commissioner: "Did you hear the whistle of the boat you ran down?" Pilot: "No, sir. I'm deaf."—*Puck.*

All anonymous correspondents are requested to invariably sign their name, not necessarily as an evidence of good faith, but to prove that the letter was not written by some respectable person.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

It is learned from the Salt Lake *Herald* that GALILEO discovered Limburger cheese floating through space in 1609, and made an entry in his diary at the time that he thought it in a very poor state of preservation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Look at the partiality of nature. When a bee stings once, its work is finished, and it dies. But we have known one gaudy mosquito to tap a conference, and then get mad because there wasn't a picnic in the neighborhood.—*Oswego Record.*

An Atlanta minister has been preaching on "The Nature of True Christian Forbearance." He has doubtless been in a sanctum and seen the editor smilingly bow an amateur poet out of the door. The presence of the minister probably explains the forbearance.—*Argo.*

Prof. WINCHELL having insisted that there were men before ADAM, the Atlanta Constitution loudly calls for their names.—*Detroit Free Press.* We suspect the Constitution man is on an aimless quest, but he might ask Professor DANIEL WILSON,—he knows more than that.

It is about time that bottles containing messages from NOAH ceased to be given publicly by the press when they are fished from the sea. At least three-fifths of our exchanges are in positions to know that the Ark went ashore years ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No sculptor has ever had courage enough to chisel the statue of a mule. And no one ever will have courage enough to undertake the task as long as the normal position of the hybrid is to stand on its head and point the end of its spinal column towards a higher and better world.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"I'm a son of a gun from California!" shouted a desperado with ominous looking belt, filled with dangerous war tools, after he had swallowed seven glasses of beer and blown the froth all over the bar-tender every load. "Yas, I know you vas a son of a gun, put I didn't know vat State you was from," quoth the knight of the white apron.—*The Eye.*

Never go back on your ulster. It is a life-preserver in more ways than one. A man out West, who was in danger of being run over by a train of cars, pulled off his ulster and threw it in front of the train in the nick of time. The train was thrown from the track and the man's life was saved.—*Rome Sentinel.*

WHY SHOULDN'T IT?—It always sounds pretty to say: "The sun had sunk beneath the western horizon," but a moment's reflection shows that that is about the only horizon he could sink beneath, under the circumstances. When he feels like sinking he always selects the western horizon in this section.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A tall, slab-sided Yankee who strolled down Manhattan Beach, last Monday, on seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves burst into a fit of enthusiasm: "Jerri-su-lem! if that don't jest remind me of something good we have to hum." "What is that?" remarked a friend who heard him. "What is it?" said JONATHAN, smacking his lips. "You'd ought to know." "But I don't," replied his friend. "Why, it's 'lusses in water.'"—*Wild Outs.*

A cigarette-smoking scion of one of the first families on the West Side came into this office yesterday to request that a notice of his coming nuptials might be inserted in the paper. "Don't say, however," said the young man, earnestly, "that I am about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. So-and-So, because that kind of slush is too old; and besides, no one can lead a woman, and then again, it's leap year. Better make it read that I have consented to be her'n." He was assured that it would be done, and left.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The other day a cousin from one of the rural districts, overcome by dust and heat, entered one of our leading drug stores and politely asked the boy behind the counter for a glass of soda water. The boy asked him what flavoring he would have. "Why, soda water, of course." "But what flavor do you wish?" "Why, soda water, you fool!" "But, you know," returned the boy, "we flavor it with fruit juice, such as pineapple, strawberry, etc." The countryman scratched his head for about five minutes and then said: "Guess I'll take watermelon. Watermelon is my best holt."—*Detroit Free Press.*

About 1 o'clock the other morning a boy of about twelve went up Market street at such a rate of speed that everybody who saw him was satisfied that he was running for a doctor. A man with a kindly expression of countenance caught the flying boy by the arm and asked him: "Sommy, is there anybody right sick at your house?" "No, but there will be if you don't turn me loose." "Who is it, bubby?" "Will yer let me go if I tell you?" "I will, my boy." "Well then, it's my brother Bob. He will be a remains before night if I don't get home right off. You see, we have cucumbers, green corn, clabber, watermelon and cabbage for dinner, and, if I ain't there to get my share, he will founder himself and die. Please let me go, so I can save my little brother's life."—*Galveston News.*

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