



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A grave charge—a corpse. —*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

There's many a slipper 'twixt mother and son.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Poor Poe was a ravin' poet.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Limerick: No, an undertaker is not an engraver.—*Boston Post.*

What is a rivulet? A small stream. What is an inlet? A small tavern.—*Puck.*

The girl of the "period" comes to a full stop before a new bonnet.—*N. Y. People.*

Tanner was kept alive by drink. By his swill power, as it were.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A test oath—EDISON. Why? Because he is an experimental enss.—*Meriden Recorder.*

How high is the cat's waul?—*Cite City.* Fourteen bricks, a bootjack and a blacking brush. Didn't you ever get up to C?—*N. Y. People.*

The man who digs a hundred feet into the ground for water gets a long well.—*Marathon Independent.*

The Baroness Burdett Coutts is pitying George Eliot for being married to such an old man.—*Boston Post.*

If a mule had as many legs as a cockroach this country wouldn't be so thickly populated.—*Meriden Recorder.*

A man who always is hunted by the sheriff may be chased although not always virtuous.—*Whitehall Times.*

"A full vote, a free ballot and a fair count." —*General Hancock.*—Come, General, don't be joking.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

Exile the man who laughs out loud. 'Taint stylish, and, if he keeps it up, patent medicine men must starve.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

No, DELIA, you can't make pancakes out of the bass ball batter, although the pitcher often catches the batter.—*Whitehall Times.*

JOHNXY says he has to stay at home and take care of the baby because it is getting teeth ir, and he thinks it is tooth in.—*Waterloo Observer.*

It is not dangerous to hunt ducks in the evening, unless the old man is standing at the front gate with a bludgeon.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A travelling dramatic company is playing "The Hidden Hand." Probably a new version of BRET HARTE's popular "Heathen Chinee."—*The Statesman.*

C. D. CLOTHES passed through town, the other day, on a tramp.—*Marathon Independent.* Some editor, undoubtedly, who had lost his pass.—*Lockport Union.*

In San Francisco, swill is sold by the hundred weight.—*Ex.* Where there's swill there's a weigh.—*Whitehall Times.* How did you know? We weren't a weigher.

It is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of him.—*Hackensack Republican.* The bad boy, however, can't induce a weary tin kettle to pursue that dog.

ELDER Thompson died last week. The funeral was a large one, and there was a drink after. It was Elder-bury wine that was consumed on the occasion. Apropos!

A company is being organized in Holland for the importation of American live meat. That is all right. You just want to remember there is an immense difference between live meat and live cheese.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"The men have beaten the horses in the Chicago racing contests," says the *New York Commercial*, "but man has never fairly measured his strength with the donkey." Pahaw! wasn't BEN BUTLER fairly beaten when he ran for Governor of Massachusetts?

"If you are a quiet, honest citizen of Galveston, how did these skeleton keys and brass knuckles happen to be in your coat pockets?" "I reckon, Judge, me and the policeman must have changed coats in the scuffle. We were very much excited."—*Galveston News.*

A debtor's tree—Willow.—*Whitehall Times.* A boarding-house keeper's tree—ash.—*Yawcob Strauss.* A daily newspaper's tree—ex tree.—*Steubenville Herald.* A practical joker's tree—oaks.—*Saturday Breakfast Table.* And a sailor's tree—the 'elm; and the oars-man's tree—the rowan. Next?

Just as the visitors in the country and at the seaside get fairly used to washing their faces in a tin basin of water, and wiping them with a very familiar towel, it is time to pack up and go home where the comforts of life are abundant. The season isn't quite long enough to permit of having a real good time.—*New Haven Register.*

A southern man has been in a trance, and says a great flood will come upon the earth in 1882, and will destroy all but the perfect. My gracious, brethren, won't it be odd? So very many newspapers and no subscribers! We'll have to go into the ministry until the country populates up again.—*Argo.* And we—let's see. We'll start a camp meeting.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

THE intelligent rustic has been somewhat victimised in Toronto this Exhibition time. Not to mention the picking up of his stray change and his too recklessly displayed jewelry, some practical jokes were played on him. He was sent to a drapery establishment in vain search of bread and treacle; to a book-seller's for stock soup; to the *Sentinel* office for marmalade; to the Editor of the *Tribune* for the score and words of "the Boyne Water"; and to the Grange to ask for a sight of Gordon Brown's portrait.

"Are seeds of the future lying under the leaves of the past?" is the very pertinent inquiry of a knowledge seeker. They may be; or it's barely possible that the seeds of the past are lying under the leaves of the future; or the leaves of the future may be lying under the seeds of the past; or the seeds of the leaves may be lying under the future of the past—at any rate something is lying, and if you expect to get through a heated political campaign like this without it, there's where you dispose of yourself.—*Marathon Independent.*

Gen. HANCOCK does not like to be bored with a certain class. He says: "There is nothing congenial about this thing. These miserable fellows worry me to death. They come here from all parts of the country, even from Arkansas and Texas to tell me how many they can command. Worst of all they want to exact pledges that I will give them offices for their services. Did you ever see such a hungry crowd? Why, my dear friend, this thing is worse than Williamsburg, worse even than Gettysburg! They take me in front and rear, they outflank me, and, worst of all, they cut off my retreat. The locusts are as nothing to them."—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

Our Grip Sack.

A BUFF-ER—An Orangeman.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.—"I take lemon in mine."

"A stick and hang fellow"—A paper hanger.

PITTED against the small-pox—Vaccination.

"ANTI-FRICTION metal"—All the quarters you don't handle.

RULED out of court—The young man who was jilted.

LOST cats should be available for advertising purr-pusses.

HUB-BUB.—At Boston, on Friday,—over its two hundredth birthday.

HINT to politicians. Millers make poor party men. They are generally bolters.

"Ours is an unfortunate lot," says a Toronto graduate. Yes, sonny, there are Crooks in it.

THERE is a merchant in Port Hope by the name of Wickett; young ladies there are anxious to know if he is a single Wicket.

CUSTOMER: What is beef's heart this morning Mr. Cleaver?

BUTCHER: Thirty-five cents, sir.

CUSTOMER: Well that is "high art."

"THERE are only 150 different ways of putting up peaches," said a young lady to our funny contributor; "which way do you prefer?" "I prefer putting them down," was the reply.

"HAVEN'T I sinew before?" we said, a day or two ago, to a tall and athletic Niagara district Editor, who rejoices in the cognomen of BONE. "You mus' let up, Grip!" he replied with a grin. And, having regard to his bulk and biceps, we did.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is so enthusiastic a teetotaler since he went to England that he refused to sit in the cabin of the steamer because it was called the *Saloon*, and, though he was sick, he scouted the idea of brandy, which Sir JOHN kindly suggested. Who says he is not consistent after that?

THE *Globe* reporter begins—"Disastrous fire! The stables of the 'Black Horse' and other property destroyed!" and then he goes on to say "yesterday evening a disastrous fire began at the south east corner of the stables belonging to the Bay Horse Hotel, on Front street, etc." Mark the astonishing inaccuracy (for a reporter) in the names of the hotels. It was the Black Horse stables that were burned; the Bay is "a horse of quite another colour."

It may not be generally known,—for our daily contemporaries have, somewhat meanly, failed to mention it,—that, at the recent gathering of Oddfellows, a medal was offered as a prize to the brother who should exhibit the most efficient and suitable Grip for the Society's use; and it was unanimously awarded to BENGOUH BROS.

THERE are some queer people in the World. One of them advertised in the columns of that lively little journal as follows:

WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG man—is a Presbyterian—in a wholesale flour & feed store as salesman. Work no object.

Grip feels a brotherly interest in this fellow. Presbyterian, who is "a respectable young man in a wholesale flour and feed store," but it is a puzzle to find out from his ad. just what it is that he "wants." It might have been presumed that it was a situation, only the respectable young man explicitly states "work no object." Perhaps he wants a few lessons in the art of perspicuity.