

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The average young man cannot hold thirty pounds of iron on his knees for twenty minutes, yet he willingly kills himself trying to hold 140 pounds of girl for two hours.

A prisoner at South Bend, Ind., tried to commit suicide the other day because the Warden seemed to feel above him in society. This is evidently going to be a dreadful summer.

Few parents would believe it, but it is nevertheless true that their boys in college had much rather win a medal for swinging Indian clubs than the prize for the best essay.

New York *Commercial Advertiser*: In China they punish adulteration of food with death. The more we think of these benighted heathens, the more we are convinced that they must go.

The London *Telegraph* doesn't believe that the hanging of Guiteau will alone suffice, and the *Courier-Journal* suggests that five or six base ball clubs be hung with him. Why not?

"Gath" has gone to Florida, where he will no doubt hunt out the biggest alligator he can find and interview him, to see if the animal has a mouth that can rival his own.—*Boston Post*.

The Sprague divorce case is settled without his proving her unfaithful or she proving him a great brute. Just as well. The public understand all that either could wish to prove.

The *Stauben Republican*: "It is when an actor attempts to make an extempore speech that we fully realize what a horrible effect the scandalous grammar of Shakspeare has had on him."

Tom Thumb has had it announced that he gave his wife \$7,000 worth of diamonds on her late birthday. That's pretty good for a little shaver who had to mortgage his home six months ago.

The *Courier-Journal* can't see why twenty Michigan men armed with axes should run away from one bear. If the editor of the *Courier-Journal* had been there he might have comprehended it.—*Boston Post*.

John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has contributed \$250 to the Harrison revival cause now in progress in that city. He ought to. His paper has done much to make a revival necessary.—*Buffalo Express*.

The two friends were talking about theatres. "How wide is the stage opening at Music Hall?" asked one. "Well, I don't know exactly," said the other, "but it is just the width of a Gainsborough hat on the seat in front."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Precocious children—"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join in our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The *Toronto World* hits off Northwest speculation in these lines:

"I scoop, thou scoopest (he scoops,
Thus sings the Winniepegger,
"We scoop, you scoop, they scoop,"
And who'll be left a beggar?"

It cannot be too frequently stated that strangers are not allowed to carry concealed weapons in this city. They do not vote here, and they cannot expect to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship on a fifteen minutes' acquaintance.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Perhaps our people do not sufficiently appreciate street railroads. The late Mr. Ko, Chinese Professor of Harvard, being asked once what he had seen in this country that pleased him most, in contrast to the mode of life at home, promptly replied, "horse cars."

The Poet.

"Is the literary editor out?" asked a rather subdued-looking young man, as he gently opened the door of the editorial rooms and peered furtively into the apartment.

"You bet he's out," replied the trotting-horse reporter, "somebody sent in for review a book on how to compute logarithms, and the literary editor is allowing the full effulgence of his radiant brain to illumine that little work just now—you'll see a daisy notice of it in the paper next Saturday."

"What I want to know," said the mild-looking young man, "was whether—"

"Oh, I know what ails you," interrupted the young man, who once attempted to convince the editor that Iroquois was of more value than a protective tariff, when it came to keeping British gold in this country; "that table-cloth collar of yours and the little thimble hat on your head gave away your racket to me, the moment you turned into the home-stretch so that I could get a good look at you. Unless you are a ringer, and trotting out of your class, you have in the right-hand inside pocket of your coat a poem, which you would like to have printed in Sunday's paper. It is written on foolscap paper, in a very plain hand. All this is dead-certain, and we are prepared to bet seven to four on it any amount. Am I giving it to you right?" and the biographer of Goldsmith Maid smiled affably.

"You are certainly correct, sir," said the young man, "and if you would be so kind as to—"

"Don't say any more," was the response. "I can see by the way you score down for the word exactly what class you are in. Just plant yourself in the corner over there and hoot forth your madrigal or song-and-dance, or whatever it is. I can pipe you off from here, all right."

The young man looked somewhat surprised, but took the position indicated, and read as follows:—

Ah! ne'er can I forget that happy day
When you and I—not thinking it amiss,
And no one seeing us who might betray—
Each to the other gave a rapturous kiss.
I felt the passing pulses of your heart,
Responsive like an echo to my own;
Your dreamy eyes and dewy lips apart
O'erwhelmed me with a thrill I ne'er had known.

Since then, I know not whether thou hast kept
The kiss I gave; nor whether, in my nightly rest,
Dreaming, thy arms have wandered while thou slept,
Seeking again to fold me to thy breast.
I only feel that thou art strangely changed;
As thou wert warm, so art thou calm and cold;
While I, unconscious why thou art estranged,
Burn with the passion I gave thee of old.

"It reads pretty smooth, doesn't it?" said the self-constituted critic to the law reporter.

The latter individual nodded assent.

"But that's just the kind of gruel that's easy to write," continued the critic. "Almost anybody can grind out slush like that—something that will rhyme every other line, and not shift its gait. I could make a pretty fair bluff at it myself."

"Allow me to suggest, sir," said the mild young man who had been doing the reading, "that poetry is the flower of the soul—a tender plant which thrives only where genius exists. I may venture to assert that no person, unless gifted with the true poetic fire, can write verses."

"Well, my ponny-sucker," replied the exponent of turf law, "just to show you how far from the pole you are trotting I will give you a little exhibition of speed. Gimme a pencil somebody."

The pencil was produced, and the trotting horse reporter began to write. In a few minutes he had finished.

"Now this stuff," he said to the poet, "is in just the same metre as yours. Every other line rhymes, just like yours, and it tells the story exactly as well." He then read as follows:

Ah ne'er can I forget that summer night
When I went up—not noticing the pup,
Nor thinking that the little brute would bite—
To the front gate—and latchet lifted up.
I felt the passion pulses of my heart
Responsive to the bulldog's savage bark,
I braced myself and got a running start,
And showed a 2:10 clip across the park.

Since then I know not whether thou hast kept
The dog tied up; nor whether you imagine that
At jumping gates I have become adept,
Or can move on the fly, like midnight bat.
I only know that I am not a chump;
No steeple-chase for me, my bonnie lass;
I nevermore will leave you on the jump—
When bulldogs deal the cards I always pass.

"Well," said the poet, in a hesitating manner, "of course that isn't bad—for a parody—but in the essential points of poesy it is hardly equal to my verses."

"Perhaps not," replied St. Julien's friend, "but there is one place where I lay over you."

"Where is that?"
"My verses came out of my head and yours were stolen."

"It's a cold day when the trotting-horse reporter gets left," said the law reporter to the managing editor later in the day.

"That's so," was the reply, "and that reminds me that it must have been pretty chilly around Rochester, N. Y., last July. I sent him down there to report a big race on the Fourth, and he never showed up in Chicago until the 8th. He said he got left."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Chicago Tribune: The people of Alaska, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whiskey at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a city council nor a supreme court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a government.

"The distress among the poor is something awful this winter," said our Funny Contributor to his domestic the other morning; "I have just given a poor tramp his breakfast." "La sir!" answered the servant, "I gave that man his breakfast an hour ago." Our Contributor sighed as he saw the tramp disappearing in a precisely opposite direction to that which he had directed him to look for work.

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