



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Nursery Tails—The taws.—*Ex.*

A Male Coach—A Velocipede.—*Ex.*

The great Ark-aid—At the Deluge.—*Ex.*

Brevity is the sole of it: A Chinese maiden's shoe.—*N. Y. News.*

A man without enemies is like bread without yeast; he never rises.—*Hiram Green.*

CHARLIE ROSS, if now alive, is old enough to find himself.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

DIAGNOSIS.—ASINUS says he is certain it is cat-arrh, because of the mew-cuss.—*Ex.*

"I work on abstract principles," said a thief as he stole from the clothes line.—*Somerville Journal.*

A correspondent wants to know how long bees live. About the same as short bees we suppose.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"There! let that end it!" as the shoemaker said when he fixed the bristle to the waxed thread.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The Meriden Recorder speaks of a lady who knew ten languages; one was the German—which she duced.—*Somerville Journal.*

The thrifty man will always put something away for a rainy day, even if its nothing but a borrowed umbrella.—*Oswego Times.*

Be thou ever so amiable and disinterested, some hatched-faced misanthrope will swear thou hast an axe to grind.—*Erratic Enrrique.*

Everybody can see where a plumber's job begins in these days, but when it will end passes all comprehension.—*Somerville Journal.*

I hav finally got so that I ain't at all certain ov wat I kuo miself, and am gitting less certain of what others say they kuo.—*Josh Billings.*

The reason that dog Tray remained ever faithful, and grief could not drive him away, was probably because they kept him tied.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Veteran joker reading proof at the next table—"I wrote Brown and it is set up in Black. The compositor must be color blind."—*New Haven Register.*

Why will many ships take the former route instead of going through the Isthmus canal? Because old sailors like to double the horn.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The best book reviewers are those who have the curiosity to read a book to see if it is anything like the notice they have written and published.—*Hartford Journal.*

Wooden ware has gone up 25 per cent. in the market and there has been a corresponding enhancement in the value of wooden headed politicians.—*Somerville Journal.*

There is only one thing prettier than a lady with her hair pasted on her forehead according to the present style—and that is a tattooed Indian.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If a Chicago schoolmarm gets married that ends her usefulness, and the Board of Education will have her in the schools no more. It makes it very unpleasant for young men who are looking for support.—*New Haven Register.*

An Albany chap is courting a deaf and dumb beauty, and he says he enjoys evening recreations with his dumb belle.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and the same thing is true of a barrel hoop, if you happen to step on it just right.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Conductor (to Brown, who is pretty nearly pumped out with running to catch his express bus.) "All right, sir, all right; don't hurry yourself, you're a-gaining.—*Ex.*

SOCRATES very late in life undertook to learn to play on several musical instruments. It would seem from this that there were some grounds for his execution.—*McGregor News.*

The days are longer now than they were a month ago, but we notice that the fellow who wants to borrow a quarter doesn't let that interfere with his calling around.—*N. Y. Express.*

It is said that a church bell is more agreeably disposed than a church organ; for when the former is tolled it'll go, but the latter invariably declares it'll be blown first.—*Somerville Journal.*

The new man at the cider press thought he could get along all right as soon as he got his hand in. When he got it in and had his fingers smashed off, he changed his mind.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Kleptomania was never more aggravatedly exhibited than in the case of the young Louisville thief who, upon being sent to the city jail, deliberately took the mumps from his cell mate.—*Kansas City Times.*

"These are indeed disgraceful times," said Jon SHUTTLE, as he smacked his lips dubiously after a glass of his favourite brand, "these body snatchers have been through the wine."—*New Haven Register.*

The Russians seem to be wasting a great amount of powder on the Czar. Great Guns! Can't all Russia produce a spring poet, and compel him to read a verse or so to the obnoxious sovereign?—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

It is not in good taste to show surprise or astonishment at anything, but the manifestation of such a feeling is entirely excusable in a man who finds a button on the back of the only shirt in the bureau drawer.—*Middleton Transcript.*

Scientists affirm that the bill of a snipe is of exceeding smallness at first, and gets larger in proportion to the bird's growth, they differ so materially from a doctor's bill that hereafter we shall call the snipe Rome, because it wasn't billed in a day.—*Uncle Luther Riggs.*

A Laplander will make three good meals of a tub of oleomargarine, his wife will take the hoops for a crinoline, and the boys will use the staves for snowshoes. So you see, children, how a little oil will smoothe the rugged edges of life's pathway.—*Hackensack Republican.*

A man claiming to be a "fit doctor" lost so many patients in a Nevada town where he was practicing, that some men took him out to hang him. He was saved by the interposition of friends. They evidently believed in the survival of the "fittest."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

SPILKER recently fell into the society of some severely scientific men, and by dint of much mental labor he managed to nail the word "cosmical" and store it away for future use. A night or two ago he attended an uptown party, and was introduced to a fashionable young lady with a brow like lilies and cheeks of rose-hue. Wishing to impress her, SPILKER watched for a chance to bring out his treasured word, and at last eagerly ejaculated: "Miss d' SMYTHE, what do you think of the cosmetic theory?" That young lady says SPILKER is the rudest young man she ever met.—*Cleveland Voice.*

"Why am I made a sandwich?" said young Snosson plaintively, as a lady sat down on either side of him in the horse car. "Because we are better bred than you are," said one of the damsels sweetly, and Snosson mustered courage to squeeze out to the platform.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

There has been a clean looking man in the city selling waffles lately, from door to door. He called the second time in vain at one house on Warren street, and the hired girl didn't know she was saying anything cunning when she answered his query—"No, we don't want none. Go 'way, you waffle man."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A year old infant can clamber up on chairs and tables without falling, but when its mother puts it in a high chair at the table, and fastens it so securely that she thinks nothing less than a western blizzard can upset it, the youngster will manage, without the slightest effort, to fall out of its seat and break an arm or fracture its skull.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Detroit grocer had a patent money drawer attached to his counter the other day and it was no sooner in working order than his clerk tendered his resignation.

"You going to leave? Why, what's the matter?" asked the grocer.

"I don't want to stay where a perzon has lost confidence in me."

"Do you refer to that new till?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are very foolish. I haven't lost the least bit of confidence in your honesty, but I simply argued that if you had less change to squander outside I could have more of your time in the store! Loss of confidence! The idea is absurd!"

The satisfied clerk took off his hat and returned to duty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAUD.

MAUD MULLER on a winter's day,
Went out upon the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of red banded hair, and her crimson socks.

She straddled about from ten till two,
And then, a hole in the ice fell through.

On the bottom of the pond she sat,
As wet and mad as a half-drowned rat.

A man with a hickory pole went there,
And fished her out with her auburn hair.

And her mother is said to have thumped her well,
Though just how hard Miss MAUD won't tell.

And hung her over a stovepipe to dry,
With a thumb in her mouth and a fist in her eye.

Alas! for the maiden; alas! for the hole,
And 'rah for the man with the hickory pole.
—*Chicago News.*

Some of the papers are making a terrible blow about a doctor who made a nose out of a man's finger, just as if it was something new. The truth is, and any toper will vouch for it, a man's three fingers will soon make a nose if he follows it up close enough, without any professional aid.—*Des Moines Register.*

SHORT STOPS.

A scratch race—hens.—The miner works in vein.—A stowaway—the glutton.—Good as gold—greenbacks.—Stern necessity—the rubber.—Missing men bad marksmen.—The song of the sea—Nep-tune.—Ting-ah-Ling is a Chinese belle.—A taking person—the policeman.—Domestic cannibals—back-biters.—Sweet meats—sugar-cured hams.—Running for office—the office boy.—The song of the top—hum again.—An upstart—beginning to prosper.—Lawyers are getting out spring suits.—Contempt of court—breach of promise.—*Meriden Recorder.*

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