



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Isn't it about time for the "tight little island" to rober up?—*Ex.*

One touch of rumor makes the whole world chiu.—*Modern Argo.*

As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.—*Ex.*

Never count your cold chicken before it is hushed.—*Whitchell Times.*

Eve was the first woman who ever carried a Cain.—*Kookuk Constitution.*

The beehive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.—*Staubenville Herald.*

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is not identical with Pluraol's Red "C."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The only respect in which Dr. Mary Walker resembles a deer is that she pants.—*Hackensack Republican.*

What does a Cockney mean when he, shouts: "Ip, Ip, 'ooray, for Ann Cock!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Timid people prefer a shoal place for salt water bathing. They like to go down to the brine knee deep.—*N. O. Picayune.*

COURTNEY, we read, is training for another race. This probably means that he is having his saw filed.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

No matter how much of a woman-hater a man may be, if he happens to take poison accidentally his first cry is for his Auntie Dote.—*Argo.*

Go out, young man—she's not here! said a preacher, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly at the portal.—*Ex.*

Who ever heard of a newspaper cashier scolding with the funds of the office? Here's honesty for you—or security of funds, we don't somehow remember which.—*Ex.*

A Pennsylvania girl killed a bear last week, dressed him and hung him up in the woods. She says she can't bang her hair, but she can hang the bear.—*Peoria Transcript.*

"Can I give my son a college education at home?" asks a fond parent. Certainly. All you want is a base ball guide, a racing shell and a package of cigarettes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Horsemen believe that MAUD S. will soon attain a speed so terrific that a straight track will be necessary to prevent her running into the rear of her own sulky.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A GENTLEMAN has just been cowhided in Chicago, and no woman figured in the affair. This would seem to indicate that the millennium is only a day or two off.—*Petroleum World.*

HIRAM GREEN, Esq., says: "I don't know so much about thar brin' sermons in stones, but I know a lot of ministers who manage to get a heap of "rocks" out of thar sermons."—*Whitehall Times.*

"Mercy!" exclaimed a old lady upon first seeing an engraving of the passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel, "mercy what a family the man had!"—*Ottawa Free Press.*

ONE of the greatest drawbacks to love's young dream is when her "doo papa" draws back his light fantastic foot as a preliminary motion to adjourn a front gate special session.—*Modern Argo.*

He was informed that a lady had called to see him in his absence. "A lady," he mused aloud, "a lady." Upon an accurate description, he suddenly brightened up and added, "Oh, dot was no lady; dot was my wife"—*Ex.*

When an elderly maiden lady received a letter from a person she hadn't heard from in a long time, and who commenced her letter with "My Old Friend," she doesn't know whether it is taffy or sarcasm.—*Lockport Union.*

He had a son hanged, another in the penitentiary and his wife had eloped with a chromo paddlor. "Have you any family?" he was asked by a fellow passenger. "None to speak of," was the prompt reply.—*American Queen.*

When you hear a matronly voice ask in the darkness of a seaside hotel porch, "Did you get him?" don't imagine that it refers to the matrimonial manœuvre of a daughter. The old man has aimed at another mosquito.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

After saying good night to a pretty girl . . . —*Boston Globe.*—Well, Well! How times have changed since we were young. We never could leave a pretty girl until it was time to say "good morning,"—*New Haven Register.*

"I say, do you take ice this year?" inquired a down town man across the fence last evening. "Well, no-o-o, not exactly," was the reply, "but my mother-in-law is with me. There is a coolness between us that beats an ice house."—*New Haven Register.*

"I'll teach you to lie, and steal, and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate Galveston parent to his eldest offspring, at the same time swinging a good sized sapling; "I'll teach you, you young scamp!" "Never mind, father, I know all them branches already."—*Ex.*

"William, you have again come up unprepared!"

"Yes, sir."

"But from what cause?"

"Laziness, sir."

"Johnson give William a good mark for uprightness."

"Bates, you proceed."

"I have not prepared, too, sir."

"But why not?"

"From laziness, sir."

"Johnson, give Bates a bad mark for plagiarism!"—*Ex.*

LET'S see, who was Dr. Tanner and what did he do?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* Why, haven't you heard? He fasted forty days and forty nights in New York, and astonished the doctors and all the other natives, and broke his fast with peaches and watermelons, and astounded the wise men, and now he is going to lecture on "what I know about fasting," and—but you're fooling; you must have heard something about TANNER. Now, "honest Injun Mon!" haven't you?—*Rome Sentinel.*—Many an eat thing has been said about Dr. TANNER.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A wood stove is not made of wood.—*Boston Post.* Nor is a coal stove made of coal. Funny, isn't it?—*Detroit Free Press.* And a snow plough is not made of snow. Awfully funny, isn't it?—*Bangor Commercial.* Neither is a sponge cake made of sponges. Te-he!—*Boston Journal of Commerce.* Nor a head dress of heads—ah, ha!—*Stam Sanbeam.* Nor a wig-wam of wigs. Now tickle your ribs.—*Oil City Derrick.* Nor saw-logs of saws. Too funny for anything.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.* And the Anchor Line ain't a cable.—What next?

MINGLED JOY AND ANGUISH.—The other morning a Galveston merchant was seen standing in his store with his face tied up and smiling like a house on fire. "What are you grinning for?" asked a passer-by. "I choost sold out mine old umrellas, and I feel so glad ash never vash. Dish rainy vedder was a blessing." "What's the matter with your jaw?" "My tooth's ache so pad I wants to die. Dot rainy vedder always makes dot," and as his thoughts went back to the sale of the umbrellas he put his hand up to the jaw and laughed, and swore and stamped and smiled until people passing mistook him for a lunatic.—*Galveston News.*

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