

The Joker Club.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

While gadding about on horseback the other day, we saw a gad annoying our horse: took our gad in hand, and egad! you should have seen that gad-fly.

Some lads in Lindsay stole some stationery left over in the Conservative committee rooms. The motto of the boys was five years more of good times.

A visitor, on calling at a friend's house during the session of the Legislature, was questioned thus by a little boy: "Where is your axe?" "What do you mean, little boy?" asked the visitor. "I heard pa say the reason you came to town was because you had an axe to grind."

"See here!" yelled the farmer to the city chap who had just fired into a flock of ducks on the pond down back of the house. "Those are not wild ducks. Those are domestic ducks, sir." "Can't help it, sir, if they are," answered the city chap, calmly reloading. "They're just as good for my purpose, exactly."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"THE WAIL OF THE WISE CHILD."

I am hungry, oh my mother,
But I know not what to eat.
Did you mention bread, ma darling,
Why, men knead it with their feet;
And the bakehouses are pigstyes,
And the smell is such, they say,
That a Government Inspector
Has been known to faint away.

Meat! Oh, mr, how dreadful!
Read the newspaper reports
Of the dealers who are punished
At Guildhall and other courts.
Try the things in tins—good gracious!
Have you read that inquest, ma?
It was eating tinned opossum
Killed six children and their pa.

There is verdigris, they tell us,
In some tins which grocers sell:
And whole families who try them
Very often feel unwell:
And the doctor has to hurry
With the stomach-pump, to save
Folks who buy, for tennence farthing,
Yankee tins of early grave.

Shall you bring me in a pasty?
What!—a meat one! Have you read
How they make the paste while nursing
Fever cases ill in bed?
Will I have a bun or tartlet?
Oh! mamma, you can't have seen
How the pastry-cooks are using
Tons of oleomargarine.

THE WISE MOTHER.

Child, I own its very dreadful,
If these stories all are true:
But I thank my lucky planet
I am not as wise as you:
For I do not read the papers,
And I eat what I can get.
I am ninety-six to-morrow,
And ain't been poisoned yet.

DAGONET in *The Referee*

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last Mr. B. Jorssen, who lives at 1542 Ludlow-st., met with a remarkable accident. He was reading *Grip-Sack*, the new comic annual, and commenced to laugh heartily over some of the jokes. He read them over to his family, and Mrs. J. laughed, too, and so did several of the small J's. The fun became contagious, the more Mr. J. read, and at last the family observed that he came to a long pause, with his mouth wide open, and there was a curious look about his face as though he were trying to come to the end of a laugh which, seemingly, had no end to it. At last by signs he got the family to understand that his jaw

bone was dislocated. Dr. Berryman was sent for, and the injured member was speedily restored to its normal condition by his skill. He advised Mr. J. not to look into *Grip-Sack* for a week; and J. heartily complied. But can the remembrance of good things speedily fade from the memory? Just as Mr. J. was sitting down to dinner on Sunday, and as he thought of putting his jawbone to practical use, there came into his mind a recollection of some of funny stories he had read, and he again commenced to laugh, and laughed more heartily than ever, when, snap! again went the jaw from its socket. The doctor once more set the member, but all persons with weak jaws are warned against *Grip-Sack*.—*St. John's Globe.*

AN UNREASONABLE PARENT—A MISCHIEVOUS BOY'S ACCOUNT OF HOW HE CAME TO BE PUNISHED.

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocery man, as he gazed at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me they don't send you to the reform school. What deviltry were you up to last night to get kicked so early this morning?"

"No deviltry, just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired, and telegraphed she would be home last night, and pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the despatch, and after he went to bed me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see, my chum has got a sister about as big as ma, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got to snoring we put them in pa's room. Oh, you'd a luffed. We put a pair of number one slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking-chair beside pa's boots, a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best black silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas bracket, and everything we could find belonging to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor. Well, when I looked at the lay-out and heard pa snoring, I thought I should die. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the door-bell ring, I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty hot, you bet, at not being met at the depot. "Where's your father!" said she, as she began to go up stairs.

"I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time, but I heard a good deal of noise in the room about an hour ago, and maybe he was taking a bath. Then I slipped upstairs and looked over the banisters. Ma said something about 'heavens and earth' and where is the huzzy," and a lot of things I couldn't hear, and pa said 'it's no such thing,' and the door slammed and they talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally laid it to me, as they always do, 'cause pa called me very early this morning, and when I came down stairs he came out in the hall, and his face was redder'n a beet, and he tried to stab me with his big toe nail. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I will have to carry them home, and then she will be down on me. I'll tell you what, I have got a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel with a circus as a double-headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun, and not get kicked all the time."

And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store, and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

OBSERVE.

Observe a man with used-up clothes.
Observe a man with carmine nose.
Observe a man with hostile swagger.
Observe a man with lurching stagger.
Observe a man with bleary eye.
Observe his shirt—observe his tie.
Observe his tie tied at right angles.
Observe his legs that something tangles.
Observe his clothes don't seem to fit him.
Observe the spot where some one hit him.
Observe his wife—observe her dress.
Observe his household in distress.
Observe his children all in rags.
Observe him classed among the "vags."
Observe him placed within the dock.
Observe the Colonel "taking stock."
Observe his Worship when he says,
"Observe your down for thirty days."
Observe the slab within the Morgue.
Observe him lie there like a "dorg."
Observe the water dropping down.
Observe the face with upturned frown.
Observe that life's not beer and skittles.
Observe you've taken "Licensed Vitals."

If a woman knocks down her husband with a blow from her right hand, isn't it an exhibition of woman's rights.

There is a blind beggar on the street in Lindsay to whom our Funny Contributor has (owing to his impecuniosity) given nothing. Our Contributor feels cheap over it, and is satisfied the man has a poor opinion of him every time our Contributor passes, as the beggar can see how persistently he refuses him alms.

THE SPRINGS DID NO GOOD.

The following item is given for the consideration of those of our readers who are in search of just such an article as that referred to in the following statement of Mrs. Geo. A. Clark, a well known lady of St. Catharines: "I cannot refrain," says Mrs. C., "from bearing testimony to the wonderful effects produced by the use of the very best remedy in the world, St. Jacobs Oil, for rheumatism. I had rheumatism and dropsy and did not walk a step for fifteen years. I tried nearly everything our most skilful physicians prescribed, —Clifton Springs, —St. Catharine Springs, etc., residing with a celebrated German doctor who pronounced my case incurable. Thinking everything of no use I was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, and it has certainly done wonders for me. I heartily recommend it to any who may be suffering as I did. I have not had any use of my right arm for more than a year; now, however, I can raise it very nearly to my head."

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