



FIENDISH REVENGE.

(London Fun.)

Major Doodlefog.—“WHY ON EARTH IS THAT PRETTY MISS HARRINGTON TALKING TO THAT ANIMATED HAYSTACK?”
 Captain Dunderhead (who would like to be in his place).—“SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE, I SUPPOSE, AS I SEE HER DRESS IS TORN.”
 [Of course it isn't, but all Miss H.'s pleasure for the evening is spoilt.]

The Joker Club.

“The Pun is mightier than the Sword.”

THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN'S LATEST.

Most of the world seems to believe that a thorough good drubbing will benefit instead of hurt the Turks, and the belief is also widespread that Admiral Seymour is the man to handle the club.

Kentucky lover who swore by the great horn spoon that he'd like to die for his girl stood on the river bank and saw another chap pull her from the water and never even offered him fifteen cents' reward.

A Jersey City woman tried to trap her husband by flirting with him on the street, and when he had given himself dead away he felt so cheap that he tried to drown himself in eighteen inches of water.

The National Republican of Washington is said to have been largely supported by contributions from the Star Routers. If the Star Routers are convicted and it suspends, Washington could probably stand the loss.

The city of Alexandria had three daily newspapers when the bombardment began, but not one single reporter stayed after the second shot. They don't draw salaries over there for writing anything worse than a runaway.

It is estimated that one English iron-clad would walk her way into New York Harbor without firing over a dozen shots, and those would be fired simply to scare the hackmen away from her intended landing place.

An old “bach” wanted to get even with the widows of Williamsport, Pa., who had gossiped about him, and so he left them \$33,000 in his will. He knew they'd fight over it until the last dollar went to the lawyers.

A New York stone mason says he can supply the trade with Egyptian obelisks looking to be 6,000 years old for \$3,000 a shaft. The price is certainly reasonable for the times, and one obelisk is as good as another.

HAPPINESS IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Conner, Royal Opera House (Toronto), he spoke as follows to a representative of a prominent journal in reply to a question concerning his health: “During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced as acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheumatic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacobs Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I pur-

chased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment.”

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