

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A mount for a bailiff.—A dun-colored horse.

A tumbler full of whiskey—A drunken acrobat.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

New rendering of "an old Scriptural text—"Take a little wine for thy stomach's ache."—*Hull Bellman.*

A tailor requires a number of yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with only a small revolver.—*Cinn. Sat. Night.*

"I am determined to keep peace and quietness in this house," said Mrs. Blobs, "if I have to pull every hair out of your head."—*Wheeling Journal.*

Said his prudent friend: "Why, three dollars for a carriage is extravagance. Go in a horse-car or take a Herdic." And the extravagant man replied: "I can't. You see, the lady I'm going to take isn't my wife."—*New York News.*

We wish we had Blaine's faculty for neglecting one's private business. He has done it during twenty-three years of public life—just as long as he can stand it, and his material possessions have shrunk from the paltry outfit of a country editor to ten millions of dollars.—*Toledo American.*

"A Brooklyn boy, George Lehman, has attracted much attention at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music by his violin playing." There are boys right here in this town who also attract much attention—and other things—by their violin playing. But we are not proud of them. They should go to Leipsic.—*Norris-town Herald.*

When the young man stepped up to the soda fountain engineer, with his country cousin, he said he would take the usual thing, giving the engineer a peculiar wink. You can bet that engineer was dazed when the country girl said, "Wal, that's good 'nough fer me; I'll take the same," and gave the same kind of a wink.—*Syracuse Times.*

A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the court with a puzzled look. "That's it, judge; one of the it may be for years and it may be forever' sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Young America: First Proud Mother—"My boy is only eleven years old, and he comes in every day with his pockets full of fruit. He can get over the top of any fence they can put up, the darling!" Second Proud Mother—"Poo! for your boy! Why my Jimmy is only ten, and he's a corner loafer and has been to the Police Court twice?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I say, sir, do you want to hire a boy, sir," said a bright-looking little fellow, as he stepped into a business office.

"What can you do, sir?" was the respondent inquiry.

"I can tell the truth, sir," was the bright reply.

"Don't want you, my little man: my business can't stand truth telling."

"Better take the boy," said a bystander. "I know him. When he says he can tell the truth, he lies like blazes. He can't do it, nor his father before him could 'nt, either." Boy engaged on modern business principles.—*New Haven Register.*

"I never was in favor of war," said an old Arkansawer, "but I notice that some of the world's greatest men are not of my opinion. Now there's old Trademark. He's a great man, yet he believes in war."

"Old who?" asked a bystander.

"Old Trademark."

"Who the duce is Trademark?"

"No wonder they call us ignorant, when such fellows as you show your lack of schoolin'. Didn't you ever hear of the great German military man, Trademark?"

"I've heard of Bismarck."

"That's a fact. Biz mark. I knowed that it was some sort of a commercial name."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Smith was so overtaken with joy at meeting his old friend that he "set 'em up" a number of times without giving the latter an opportunity of even once "saying" anything. Smith—"Well, Jones, old fellow, I must say you are looking well. If it is not asking too much, where have you been this long time?" Jones—"Io——" S.—"My dear sir, don't worry yourself about that. You came in here on my invitation and every time you drink you drink at my expense." J.—"You're laboring under a wrong impression, sir; I say Io——" S.—"And I say you don't. What's more, everything is paid for, and that settles it. Barkeeper fill 'em up again." J.—"You don't understand me; what I mean is Io——" S.—"For the third and last time, allow me to say you owe nothing. If you insist on it again I shall consider it an insult." By this time the barkeeper, seeing the dilemma, came to Mr. Jones' rescue by informing Mr. Smith that by giving his friend a little more time he would convince him that he owed him nothing, but meant the state of "I-ow-a." At this Smith's eyes opened and he remarked: "I-ow-a drink to the whole party." He had his own way the rest of the afternoon in "setting 'em up to his old friend."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN'S LATEST.

That 200-mile wire fence in Texas will be a beautiful thing to look at after being struck by a dozen cow-boys, but Texas delights in the beautiful.

"Are we forgotten when we're gone?" asks the Toledo Blade. Skip out and see. If you want to be doubly sure, take your neighbor's wife along.

Any kind of motion is "poetry of motion," just as any kind of jingle is poetry. If you want something that will keep all winter, take prose.

If kerosene oil was selling for a cent a gallon some man who had no chance to sink \$50,000 in a daily newspaper would set about driving a new well.

The Milwaukee man who knocked a burglar down with a shoe is just selfish enough of his own character to come out and explain that the shoe belonged to his wife.

All the New York papers "worked up" the glove fight in the sweetest possible manner, and then next day turned around and denounced the "brutal exhibition."

What has become of all the train robbers? Can it be possible that the shot-guns furnished train hands has had anything to do with bringing about this state of calmness?

Americans who visit Bret Harte in his foreign home declare that he is a red-faced, supercilious snob of the first water, but perhaps he doesn't like to be cousined.

Eighteen women met together at White-water, Wis., and prayed for rain, and when the rain descended seventeen of them screamed because they had no umbrellas.

A Vermont woman has been arrested for scandalizing a man because he did not cry when his wife was buried. He is prepared to prove that he felt bad, but couldn't weep.

What are the wild waves saying

On the sands near the hotel door?

"You've got to do some steep old paying,

When you summer by the sad sea shore,

—*Fall River Advance.*

According to a recent decision in Iowa the girl can retain any presents made her by a lover whom she gives the cold shake. Jewelry for that state will be made very light after this.

It cost this government over \$150,000 last year to let the Indians experiment on farming, and the said Indians raised about fifteen cents' worth of corn and a million dollars' worth of yi! yi!

When you buy blackberry jam at the grocer's don't ask him if it is made of wormy figs, soft peaches, and poor brandy. He was never in the foundry where such things are put up.

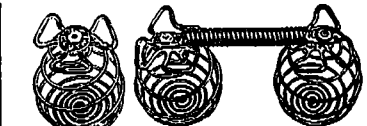
Chicago has opened a home to reform women who eat opium. Chicago is always meddling with everybody's business. If a woman takes any comfort eating opium let her chew away on it.

The gas company of Augusta, Ga., has lowered the price of gas four different times since the war, and that, too, without being kicked into it. Some queer things happen down South.

### THE SUPERINTENDENT IN LOVE.

Supt. E. J. O'Neill, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of one of Ottawa's leading journals: "I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine, St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hence in an hour to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe. My entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth half a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I believe it is the long sought *Elixir Vitæ* and possesses the power of making the old young again. I know it often enlivens me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am, thanks to that wonderful agent, a lively man yet."

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