

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A Competent Costumer.

"Is the gentleman who knows everything in?" stammered a vision of golden hair and sea blue eyes, as she stood timidly beside the managing editor's desk yesterday afternoon.

"Everything about what?" asked the editor clawing around under his desk for his shoes and trying to hide his stocking feet under him.

"Upon what particular branch do you seek information?"

"I don't exactly know what to do," pouted the strawberry lips. "Pa says I can only have one dress this spring, and I don't know how to make it up. I thought the gentleman who answers the questions could tell me."

"H'm!" muttered the managing editor. "He's gone up in Maine to find out why geese always walk in single file. An 'Anxious Inquirer' wants to know. What kind of a dress had you thought of getting?"

"That's what I want to know. I want something that will look well with terra cotta gloves."

"Yes, yes," murmured the editor. "Then you should get one of these green things with beads that turn all kinds of colors, and some fringe and fixings of that kind."

"Would you have it cut princess or wear it with a polonaise?" she inquired, looking at him searchingly.

"You—you might have it princess around the neck and a row of polonaises at the bottom," suggested the editor. "That's going to very fashionable, and a couple of hip pockets would set it off royally."

"I don't know," murmured the beauty. "I haven't seen any of that style. Do you know whether panniers are worn bouffant this season or whether the skirt is tight?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied the editor. "They are made with all the bouffants you can get on 'em. Some have even sixteen button bouffants, and there was a lady in here yesterday who had a pannier that came clean up to her neck. I should have it pretty bouffant if it was my dress."

"Well," stammered the blushing blossom, "would you box plait the skirt or shirr it?"

"Shirr it, by all means!" exclaimed the editor. "Shirr it straight up and down, and fasten it with these long loops of black tape."

"You mean frogs?" asked the beauty.

"No, no. These big loops that slip over two buttons. That sets off the shirrs and gives a sort of tout to the ensemble," and the editor leaned back and smiled superior."

"Don't you think revers of a lighter shade would look pretty?" she inquired.

"They'll do to fix up the back, but I wouldn't put 'em on the front," answered the editor sagely. "Revers are very well to trim a hat with, but they don't set off a dress front."

"How would you have the corsage?"

"I wouldn't have any at all. You would look much better without one."

"Sir!" she exclaimed rising.

"Oh, if you insist, you might have a small one, certainly not over three inches long, for short dresses are the style now."

"You—you don't seem to understand—" she commenced.

"Oh, don't!" he retorted. "That's what I'm here for. I think there is nothing so lamentable as to see a young lady dragging her corsage through the mud and dust. Still, if you want one, you should have it, so you can take it off when you go on the street and only

wear it at home. They are hard to handle and not one woman in a hundred can kick her corsage gracefully."

"I—I am very much obliged to you," she murmured. "You are very good, I'm sure."

"Don't mention it," replied the editor politely. "I think when you get it shirred and revered and polonaised and princessed, you'll like it very much. You might get a sash and some big buttons to put on behind, or if you'd like another style better, you might trim the whole front with bouffants and wear the pannier for a hat."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the blushing bud, as she scuttled down stairs.

"Swipes!" roared the managing editor, with a complacent smile and a glance of approval at himself in the glass. "Swipes, you may tell the foreman to send me a proof of the Fashion Notes as soon as they come in. I have observed that a great many errors have crept in lately."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

How not to talk to Children

One day I sat in a car seat on the Saugus branch of the Eastern Road, behind a pale, careworn lady who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is hay made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does he make it in the daytime or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sundays, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment little Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, Auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me!"

Another short silence, when Willie broke out again:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie; is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so!"

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, auntie?"

"Oh, yes—I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so!"

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"Oh dear! you ask so many questions."

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Willie, sit down on the seat and be still or I'll shake you. Now, not another word!"

And the lady pointed her finger sharply to the little boy, as if she were going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked woman she would have sworn.

There are eight million little boys like Willie in the United States, and half as many in England.—*Brocton Gazette*.

A New Catechism in Drayton.

Q.—What is rheumatism?

A.—Rheumatism is a humorous sensation that causes men to rub their joints with St. Jacobs Oil, play practical jokes, throw things around, wear crutches and stay indoors, swathed in red flannel.—*Drayton (C.) New Era*.

Q.—What is St. Jacobs Oil?

A.—A peculiar substance of a very penetrating nature, which causes rheumatism to leave the system astonishingly quick,—insuring evenness of temper thereby, and ability to do one's work satisfactorily. It banishes crutches, retires flannels, produces happiness, and brings us down to a serene old age without the martyrdom of pain.—*Exchange*.

"People at the mint are working overtime." And yet we see very little of their work.—*Norristown Herald*.

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