



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The funny "column" in the Grip papers is now headed "tariff notes."—*London Herald*.

CAN a hoisterous donkey be said to have the bray'n disease?—*Baltimore Ev. Saturday*.

MILED insanity—Trying to walk a certain number of miles in a given time on a wager.—*Chicago Journal*.

CAROLINE S. BROOKS doesn't seem willing to have anybody carve out a "Dreaming Iolanthe" butter-self.—*Graphic*.

Is INSANITY Increasing? asks the *Globe* in large, black type, just after a violent burst of indignation against TILLEY and the Tariff.

THE Canadians did not yell for "protection" until they learned that their new Governor General wrote spring poetry.—*Nor. Herald*.

A LANDLADY was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why not make one end vegetables?"—*Boston Globe*.

THE king of Siam has a bold guard of female warriors. They are said to be very beautiful—the most killing young ladies of his realm.—*Boston Transcript*.

ROWELL patronised a New York hack after making his last mile, so it is safe to say he has left a good portion of his gate money in this country.—*Boston Post*.

LET your light shine before men, but pull down your curtain when women folks occupy the house on the opposite side of the street.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

"SEE how I ride o'er the raging mane!" exclaimed the man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.—*Hack. Republican*.

QUERY: Is a baby a vegetable or a mineral? We hear of "baby farm" and "baby mine" so frequently, that we are becoming confused as to the genus of the thing.—*N. Y. Mail*.

A TROY man has invented a "Complete Shirt Starcher and Ironer." Well, we don't want any more than the bosom starched and ironed, if it is all the same.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

THE New York *Sun* thinks there isn't nuch in a name when PEACE is hung for murder, ANGELL sent to prison for theft, HOPE arrested for bank robbing and LAMB in jail for killing a man.

It is not always safe to assume that the man who carefully removes his hat before entering the outside door of the church is highly reverential. He may have a shocking bad hat.—*Boston Traveller*.

A HORN of liquor, goblet of sweet milk and a tablespoon of sugar will make a milk punch, so that the owner of a cow need only buy the sugar, as the cow furnishes the horn and the milk.—*Whitehall Times*.

ABOUT this time the small boy looketh for the circus, with gilt-edged chariot, the two-hundred feet high giraffe and the seven legged colt, and begins the sale of his father's scrap iron and old tools, with the advertised end in view of giving the proceeds to the Children's Missionary society.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

SPRING is coming. We know it by the singing of the birds, the forming of buds, the softness of the sunshine.—*Danbury News*. Here, in Toronto, we haven't had much birds, nor buds, nor sunshine yet, but we know it by the Almanac.

WHERE does Miss-Deal board?—*N. Y. Mail*. Joist around on Pine street, near the corner of Oak and Chestnut. It's a pop'lar place, but the board is plane.—*Nor. Herald*. Nevertheless they have stake occasionally, and boarders must plank down promptly.

"WHAT organ," inquires OLIVE LOGAN, "has such a diapason as the human soul?" We don't know, but suppose any manufacturer will claim that his organ can beat the diapason of the soul, on the dead level, best two in three, p. p., and give the soul ten yards the start.—*Oil City Derrick*.

AN English magazine epicure insists that American oysters are much inferior to the little coppery English variety. He is like the darkey who went catfishing, and happening to catch a fine trout, threw it back into the water, saying, "When I come catfishing, I want catfish."—*Yankee Ex.*

THE Rochester *Democrat* has an astronomical editor. The Buffalo *Express* an astro-comical writer, and the Detroit *Free Press* an ass—Well, the pen is so poor that we will not try to finish the sentence.—*Paul Dean*. PAUL DEAN will open his next copy of the F.P. with fear and trembling, or we don't know anything about human nature.

WE are now open to proposals to any one who wishes to work our garden "on shares." We will furnish the old boots, straw-hat, spade, hoe, earth, and nature will throw in the dew and sunshine; all that is required of the party of the third part is the manual, the muscular, the bone and sinew, the early rising, the backbone, and—the crop.—*London Tiser*.

A LETTER was no doubt inadvertently dropped when MR. LEWIS WIGLE was named, that letter being "g," and its proper location somewhere about the equator of the gentleman's name. LEWIS WIGLE has been, during the past session, the Opposition whip in the Ontario Legislature. Now he goes before his constituents and declares himself an Independent!—*London Tiser*.

RECENTLY a young man was presented in a family where there is a marriageable daughter, and as soon as he had taken his leave, the friend who had introduced him said to the father, "Well, how would he suit you for a son-in-law, hey?" "Very well, indeed," says the father. "All right; suppose he comes round to-morrow and proposes?" Father (with dignity)—"To-morrow? Pooh, pooh; what are you thinking of? That would be indecent haste. Say the day after to-morrow."—*Paris Paper*.

New Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, because the drummer was not feeling very well and asked to be excused, nor a funeral note of any kind, as his corpse to the ramparts we hurried; not a single solitary son of a gun of a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the grave where the remains of the late Mr. MOORE were deposited. The farewell shot business was omitted on account of the great scarcity of ammunition. We buried him darkly at dead of night, and did the best job we could for him under the circumstances. We could not borrow, beg or steal a pick or shovel in the entire neighborhood, and were obliged to turn the sods with our bayonets, which, by

the way, was the first thing that had been turned by said bayonets since we had been drafted. We did all this by the struggling moonbeams' misty light, and the lantern dimly burning, with just about half enough oil in it, and a strip of old flannel undershirt for a wick. Few and short were the prayers we said, the chaplain being home on furlough, and no one within forty miles to take his place. We spoke not a word of sorrow, our time being somewhat limited, as the enemy was not far distant, and advancing with gigantic strides. We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed and smoothed down his lonely pillow with a canteen, that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head and we far away on the billow: not too far, however, as the enemy outnumbered us about seven to one. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, and wonder where they can get another flask filled with the same, and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, knowing of course, that he is in no condition to defend himself; but little he'll reckon if they let him sleep on in the grave where a Briton has laid him, and not bother him to get up and take out a burial permit or ask him to pay ground rent. We wish here to correct the impression that slowly and sadly we laid him down from the field of his fame fresh and gory. We did no such thing. The corpse was washed and put in good shape, and we defy any man to show that there was a drop of gore about him. It is true that we carved not a line and we raised not a stone, because there was no stone-mason handy who would do the job at reasonable figures. About this time we heard the distant and random gun that the foe was sullenly firing; so we adjourned the funeral, left deceased alone in his glory, and made ourselves scarce in that vicinity.—*Clipper*.

Mr. Domville's Complaint.

MR. DOMVILLE complains that newspaper correspondents try to make him look ridiculous in Parliament.—*London Advertiser*.

Kind friends, your attention I crave,

To a case of unkindness quite sad,

Those newspaper fellows treat me

As if I were merely a cad;

I'm a good-looking cove, I'll allow,

And perhaps have a touch of the swell,

But is that any reason why they

Shouldn't treat me half decently well?

I've a seat in the House, and I come

To the session sometimes in full dress—

Which always evokes the chagrin

Of those carping chaps of the press;

Next day it is spread far and wide

In the rascally sheets of the Grits,

That my claw-hammer coat wasn't brushed,

And my kids were extremely bad fits.

I sometimes endeavor to speak—

That is, I do speak very well;

Next morning I look through the *Globe*

With fear, for I never can tell

Whether they've given my speech

In a shape that's simply absurd,

Or whether (through malice and spite)

They've cut me right down to a word.

To a question of privilege I rise—

I don't want to make any fuss—

But my feelings are sadly cut up,

And I want to know why is this thus?