



### ENTOMOLOGY AND RELIGION.

HIS REVERENCE—"Now then, Michael, what is a Protestant?"

MICHAEL—"A divided insect, sir."

HIS REVERENCE—"What d'ye mean; how do you make that out?"

MICHAEL—"Please, sir, the other day you told us that the Protestants are all divided in-sects."

### THE OLD MASTERS.

FIRST TEACHER—"Spare the rod and spoil the child, said Solomon, and I guess he was about right. Nothing like a good thrashing to take the cussedness out of youngsters and make good men of 'em."

SECOND TEACHER—"Yes, you can't expect human beings to grow up angels unless you make 'em soar."

### IT HURT HIS FEELINGS.

SOLOMON MOSES—"Say, Lichtenstein, I no readt dot Engliche lenkvage ver' goot. Vot vos id on dot sign ennerthow?"

LICHTENSTEIN (*spelling*)—"N-o-s- nose m-o-k-i-n-g a-l-l-o-w-e-d allouad—Nose mocking allouad, ain't id?"

SOLOMON MOSES—"Nose mocking allouad. Bygrashus, dot vos a shame. Gum rightd avay aus. I don't like beebles to make voolishness mit mein nose."

### "PICT" AND SCOT.

MCTAVISH—"Did ye see yon Ayrshire cattle at the Exhibition, mon? Werc they no grand? I never saw ony that I likit better. They were picked cattle."

BILLINS—"Pict! I thought they were Scotch."

MCTAVISH—"Aye mon, so they are. What are ye girnin' about?"

BILLINS—"It's a joke. Don't you see? Picked—Pict. Picts and Scots, you know. (*Explains for the next five minutes, and finally redeems himself from the utter contempt of McTavish by standing a hot Scotch.*)

### A LITTLE TOO LEAN.

STAGEY—"I see that Sara Bernhardt didn't catch on worth a cent on the occasion of her last season in London. She was a comparative failure."

PARQUET—"Ah, that's strange. What rôle did she appear in?"

STAGEY—"She opened as *Lena*."

PARQUET—"Lena! Well that accounts for it. If she was any leaner than when I saw her last they couldn't see her at all. No wonder she's failing."

### WHERE IT WOULD DO MOST GOOD.

PUBLISHER OF DEAD-BEAT PAPER (*to dealer in ready print matter*)—"I am thinking of making some important alterations in my newspaper and extending my business somewhat. I called to learn your terms for a supply of 'boiler plate.'"

DEALER—"Yes, sir. We shall be pleased to supply you. What size are your columns?"

PUBLISHER—"Columns? What's that to do with it? I don't intend it to go in my columns."

DEALER—"You don't? What do you want it for then?"

PUBLISHER—"For lining for the pants of my canvassers."

### HE WAS DOUBTLESS UNUSED TO SUCH QUESTIONS.

LADY (*after giving him a supper*)—"Will you saw some wood for me now?"

TRAMP—"I am very sorry, but I have another engagement."

LADY—"And what, pray, may that be?"

TRAMP (*with great dignity*)—"Madam, I am surprised that you should so far forget yourself as to enquire into a gentleman's private affairs."



### AN EVIL-MINDED BOOTBLACK.

"SAY, Mister, shall I black your big toe, too?"