



THE NEW CURATE.

Orthodox Elderly Spinster. "WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON, MARIA! THERE, IF YOU'D HAVE ONLY SHUT YOUR EYES, I DECLARE YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A BISHOP!!!"



SAT UPON.

Hospitable Host. "DOES ANY GENTLEMAN SAY PUDDEN?"
Precise Guest. "NO, SIR. NO GENTLEMAN SAYS PUDDEN."



COMPLAISANT.

Artist (after trying for half-an-hour to get the Expression he wanted). "NO, NO, IT WON'T DO, SMITHERS! THE POSITION IS CONSTRAINED. YOU DON'T STAND EASY ENOUGH: I WANT YOU TO LOOK DRUNK, YOU KNOW."
Model (and he'd done his best, too). "WELL, IT IS DIFFICULT TO 'MAKE BELIEVE,' SIR,—BUT—IF YOU SHOULD 'APPEN TO 'AVE 'ALF A BOTTLE O' SPIRITS IN YOUR CUPBOARD, WE COULD MANAGE IT IN NO TIME, SIR—I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY!!!"



PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Teacher. "JESSIE BROWN, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE LATE?"
Jessie. "WHICH YOU HAVE, MISS. BUT, LOR! I'VE HAD SUCH A JOB WITH MY 'AIR!"



SUNDAY STORIES.

Aunt Ethel. "BUT WHEN HIS BRETHREN NEXT SAW JOSEPH, THEY FOUND HIM IN A POSITION OF GREAT AUTHORITY AND POWER."
Alice. "WAS HE A KING, AUNT ETHEL?" *Aunt Ethel.* "NO. BUT HE WAS VERY HIGH—NEARLY NEXT TO THE KING."
Alice (who is fond of Cards). "WAS HE A KNAVE, THEN?"



WITH OUR APOLOGIES TO THE LAUREATE.

Maud (reads):—
"Then that same day there past into the hall
A dunsel of high lineage, and a brose
May-hinson, and a chick of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes, and lighty was her slender nose
Eyes like the petal of a flower—"
—YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO A WORD, LIZZIE! YOU CAN THINK OF NOTHING BUT THAT HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH OF A PEG!"
Lizzie. "I AM LISTENING—AND IT ISN'T A HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH! IT WAS A LITTLE DUCK, IT WAS; AND ITS DARLING ICKLE NOBBY-POBBY WAS TIPTILED LIKE THE PETAL OF A FLOWER!"