

CHAFF.

EPITAPH.—“He was shot by his attendant. Well done, good and faithful servant.”

“STRIP majesty of its externals and it is merely a jest—m) a jest (y.”—*Edmund Burke*.

TEACHER.—“What is velocity?” Pupil—“Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.”

THE dude is a hybrid, though not high-bred animal. Its clothes are ridiculously perfect, and it is perfectly ridiculous.

THIS very sage advice was given by an aged priest: “Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle—never brush it off until it is dry.”

A SCHOOL of fish are very much like a school of boys—they play hookey, are caught lyin’, are brought up sharp with the rod, and feel the effects of the baiting.

A GALVESTON school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and drawing a long breath remarked:—“If it wasn’t for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island!”

THE following epitaph is to be found on a tombstone in Montreal:—

“Freddy, dear, you are here alone,
Johnny wants to know, for little Joe,
Where do you now stay,
Or with what little boys do you now play,
Or where do you roam,
For the little iron cot your mother bought
Still waits for you at home.”

THE following original observations on astronomy are from a Welsh curate preaching to an English congregation:—“A starr is but a litl dot in the skyee. Saw many starrs mek one plannat. Saw many plannats mek a constellesshon. Saw many constellesshons mek one milkee we. Six milkee wes mek one rorriborriallis.”