

## GRAVE AND GAY.

### PHONETIC RHYMES.

There was a young chappie named Cholmondeley,  
 Who always at dinner sat dolmondeley  
 His fair partner said,  
 As he crumbled his bread,  
 "Dear me! you behave very rholmondeley!"

There was an old parson named Beauchamp,  
 Who would lecture his flock and bepreauchamp.  
 "They must learn their letters  
 And bow to their betters!"  
 (He said), "and I'm going to teauchamp!"

There lived a young lady named Saint Clair,  
 Whose eye was the merriest twaint Clair.  
 She said to her beau,  
 I want coals from below;  
 "Do you mind agitating the taint Clair?"

A fine old landowner named Marjoribanks,  
 Found the summer-heat dry paths and parjoribanks,  
 So about his estate,  
 To protect his old pate,  
 He arranged pine plantations and larjoribanks.

A wealthy old buffer named Saint John  
 Had a fire, and went off for an aint John.  
 He helped it to play,  
 But, alas! the next day  
 He was plagued with rhumatical twaint John!—*London Punch.*

A correspondent assures the *Westminster Gazette* that he has seen the following on a tombstone:—

In Memory of Margaret.  
 Erected by Her Grieving Children.  
 What Is Home Without a Mother?  
 "Peace, Perfect Peace."

Willy told his mother, not long ago, that he was going to call his new hobby-horse "Hallowed." "Hallowed," she repeated, in a puzzled voice. "Why, what made you think of that?" he looked at her in surprise: "Don't you know, mamma?" he said, in a low, somewhat reproachful voice, "It is the Lord's name." As she stared at him in bewilderment he he went on: "You remember how we say, 'Hallowed be Thy name.'"—*N. Y. Times.*

Justice—You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses?

Uncle Moses—I heb not. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses.

Aged and infirm Old Man (to country parson, who has been reading the Bible to him)—"Lor' now, sir, and how many wives does it say Solomon had?" Parson—"Seven hundred, William." Old Man—"And how many concubines?" Parson—"Three hundred." Old Man—"Lauk a mussy, sir, but what a blessed privilege them early Christians did enjoy."

At a certain recent election some public houses were decorated with placards bearing the announcement—"If Sir W. Harcourt's bill (the Local Veto) is passed this house will be closed." The temperance party obtained two of these placards, and turned the tables on their opponents by affixing them to the workhouse.

In the S—— family desert was some times jokingly called "the afterwards." The kitchen girl, coming in at dinner with a message from the lazy cook, lost the sentence by the way, and announced, "Please, mum, there's no hereafter."