



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

HE.—When Bob goes to see Miss Flack he always stops at a certain point.

SHE.—Indeed! What's that?

HE.—So-fa and no father.

#### WHEN CUPID BROKE.

WHEN Cupid broke his little bow,  
He straight to Chloris flew,  
Compassion touched the maid, and she  
Did make it firm and true.

Then Love to test his mended toy,  
Straightway did fix a dart—  
Which speeding struck that maiden kind,  
And pierced her tender heart.

For she who most his ends doth serve,  
And loveth Love will find,  
'Tis in her breast the rogue will choose  
To fix his dart unkind.

#### THOUGHTFUL.

MRS. WHALE.—Why Spouter, dear, how late you are! Have you been out on some work of charity?

MR. WHALE (wiping his mouth).—Yes, my pet, I've been tucking in the oyster beds.

