

'Cause I couldn't find Moscow on the map.'
'Couldn't find Moscow? And I'd like to know who could then! Why, I remember hearing tell of Moscow being burned when I was a boy! It's an outrage to put such a nonsensical question to children what's there to learn something useful. I'll look into that, and let yer teacher know I ain't been elected on the school board fer nothin'!'

SMART DEFINITIONS

A smart, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit.

To hit off a jury as 'a body of men organised to find out which side has the smartest lawyer,' is to satirize many of our 'intelligent fellow-countrymen.'

A boy once said that 'dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.'

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is 'a thing to brush warmth off with'; salt, 'what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on'; and ice, 'water that stayed out late in the cold and went to sleep.'

A schoolboy, asked to define the word 'sob,' whimpered out: 'It means when a feller don't want to cry and it bursts out itself.'

A good definition of a 'Pharisee' is 'a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights'; of a humbug, 'one who agrees with everybody'; and of a tyrant, 'the other version of somebody's hero.'

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is 'a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong.'

ODDS AND ENDS

Fame is so awfully slow that when it does come to the average man it is compelled to roost on his monument.

The inspector was talking about adverbs and adjectives. 'Does your master use adverbs and adjectives?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' chorused the scholars. 'Well, what does he use when he does not use adverbs and adjectives?' There was silence. Finally a little fellow waved his hand. 'He generally uses a ruler, sir.'

'If you want a thing well done you simply must do it yourself,' declared Mr. Wyss.

'Yes,' agreed Mrs. Wyss with a touch of sarcasm, 'I remember how nice you looked the time you cut your own hair.'

FAMILY FUN

Interesting Games.—If you have company ask your guests to seat themselves in a circle, and then the host begins by saying, 'I have in mind a woman of great nobility of character. She risked her own life to save the lives of a crew who were being tossed on a rough sea. She was young and frail, but she thought not of herself, so she braved the storm and—' And by the time the storyteller gets to this point some one in the company will have guessed that he was talking about Grace Darling, and she will call out that heroine's name. Then she takes the centre of the circle, and she enlarges on some character well known in history or literature, and the one who guesses it must call out the name, etc. The game is an interesting one, and most instructive, and can be made to suit children of any age.—Another game is 'Birthdays.' Tack a large calendar on the wall, or an improvised one, containing 31 squares, from 1 to 31 in regular order. Provide each guest with a slip of muslin or paper bearing the date of his birth. The game is to walk blindfolded to the calendar and pin your paper to it. The one pinning his date nearest to the same date on the calendar wins the prize. For instance, if your birthday is the 30th of April you should try to pin the paper as near as possible to the 30 on the calendar.

All Sorts

The cheerful live longest in years and afterwards in our regards.

It is easy to attribute to foes the failures due to our own faults.

Teacher: 'What are the three personal pronouns?' Pupil: 'He, she, and it.' Teacher: 'Give an example of their use.' Pupil: 'Husband, wife, and baby.'

'What business is Miss Gaddie in?'

'Oh, she's in everybody's business.'

'Wholesale, eh?'

'Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal; she retails that.'

A teacher in a certain high school once asked one of her pupils the meaning of the word vacuum. Imagine her amusement when he replied:

'Why, Miss S., I have it in my head, but I just can't think of it.'

'Strange, isn't it?' remarked the facetious one, as he took the vacated position in the tonsorial chair, 'the longer you cut my hair, the shorter it becomes.' 'Seems so, sir,' replied he of the clippers, 'which reminds me this is the first thing you said the last time you were here.'

The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable.

'You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night,' he growled.

'Yes,' she answered, meekly. 'I began by putting the wrong baby to bed.'

Mamma: 'Robbie, have you earache, dear?'

Robbie: 'No, mamma.'

Mamma: 'Then why do you put cotton in it?'

Robbie: 'Cause you told me that I learn so little, 'cause what goes in one ear goes out the other, and so I've plugged the other up.'

Bessie's mamma was away, and her father was helping her to dress.

The tot was struggling to get her right shoe on her left foot, when her father exclaimed:

'Why, Bessie, you're putting your shoes on the wrong feet.'

'Dey's all de foots dot I got, papa,' was the tearful response.

A German statistician who made inquiries to find out in which European country people live longest, arrived at the following conclusion:—Germany, with her 55,000,000 inhabitants, has only 78 persons who passed the age of a hundred; while France, with her population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. England and Ireland have 146, Scotland 46, Denmark 2. Belgium 5, Sweden 10, and Norway, with her 2,300,000, has 23. Switzerland cannot boast of a single one, but Spain counts 410 among her 18,000,000 population. The number of centenarians is astonishing in the Balkan states. Servia has 573, Roumania 1084, and Bulgaria beats the record with 3883—one to every 100 inhabitants.

The air of 'Father O'Flynn' is a Kerry version of 'The top of the Cork Road' as first set down from Mr. Graves's whistling. He had originally heard the tune played as a jig by a famous Munster fiddler, James Buckley. Like an inspiration the words of the song came into the author's head in the spring of 1875 as he walked one morning to the Home Office. On reaching his desk he set them down and sent the poem to the *Spectator*, where it first appeared. It was not published as a song till 1882, when it was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Sir Charles Santley, who obtained a triple encore with it at one of Boosey's ballad concerts. Its success is a matter of common knowledge.

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