

All Sorts

Old Young Lady (coquettishly): 'How old are you, little boy?' 'Four years.' 'And can you guess how old I am?' 'No, I can only count up to thirty.'

'Pa!' 'Yes, my son.' 'What is a harpsichord?' 'A harpsichord, my boy, is an instrument which when heard makes a man feel sorry that he ever said anything unkind about a piano.'

'Yes,' he said musingly, 'it is strange how much quicker men grow old than women. When I was married I was 28 and my wife was 24; now I am 48 and my wife is 34—at least, that is the age she says she is.'

An American newspaper offered a prize for the best definition of bravery. Here it is:

'Taking back for exchange a pair of gloves that your wife has worn twice.'

It is a well-known fact that in those countries where oxen are used for labor they take great pleasure in the singing of their driver. They work better at the plough when stirred by a cheerful song. Arabs sing to their camels during long journeys across the desert.

Doctor: 'Well, my lad, I think you're well enough to have solid food now. How would chicken do—nice stuffed chicken, eh? And what would you like it stuffed with?'

Till Lad (hungrily): 'Just have it stuffed with another chicken, doctor.'

Picture books for the benefit of travellers are kept in the Paris police stations. It frequently occurs that foreigners lose things which they are unable to describe because of their unfamiliarity with the French language. The picture books contain representations of various articles, and the inquirer has only to turn to the leaves and point out the illustrations which resemble the property he has lost.

The exasperatingly leisurely manner in which the train travels on a certain North Island branch railway line is the cause of much annoyance to a commercial traveller who goes that way pretty regularly. When the train arrived at its destination the other day, and the commercial traveller, who was the only passenger, had taken his departure, the guard found the following notice posted up in the carriage: 'Passengers are requested not to pick flowers while the train is in motion.'

A new boy had come to the school from the country, and the ready 'sir' and 'miss' of the city child was quite unknown to him.

'What's your name?' queried the master.

'George Hamilton.'

'Add "sir" to that, boy.'

'Sir George Hamilton,' came the unexpected reply.

Everyone roared, and even the schoolmaster relaxed into a smile, and the boy from that time remained 'Sir George.'

The sea lion displays no little skill and cunning in capturing gulls. When in pursuit the sea lion dives deeply under water, and swims some distance from where it disappeared; then, rising cautiously, it exposes the tip of its nose along the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion. The unwary bird near by alights to catch the object, while the sea lion at the same moment settles beneath the waves and at one bound, with extending jaws, seizes its screaming prey and instantly devours it.

In a single block in New York there are 1400 people of twenty distinct nationalities, so writes Mr. W. Z. Ripley in the *Atlantic*. There are more than two-thirds as many native-born Irish in Boston as in the capital city, Dublin. With their children, mainly of Irish blood, they make Boston indubitably the leading Irish city in the world. New York is a larger Italian city to-day than Rome, having 500,000 Italian colonists. It contains no fewer than 800,000 Jews, mainly from Russia. Thus it is also the foremost Jewish city in the world.

Unless sorely pressed by hunger, a lion, fit and capable, never takes to killing human beings, as he has a wholesome dread of this biped, particularly so after he has once become acquainted with a mounted and armed hunter. The lion is by no means the noble, courageous, fearless animal many authors, poets, and bards make him out to be. He fiercely attacks and slays other animals weaker than himself, or who possess weapons of offence and defence of a very inferior order to his. The hunter, trader, and traveller into the wilder parts of the 'Dark Continent' is dreadfully pestered by the lion's fondness for bullock, horse, and donkey meat.

A BOY'S IDEA

It was a little boy, a little English boy, in whose brain the first idea of the safety pin was born. His father being a blacksmith and not very rich, the boy had to act as nursemaid to his baby brother. The baby often cried, and his small nurse, noticing that the cries were generally caused by pins that pricked, tried to bend the pins so they would do their work without puncturing the child.

The plan was not an immediate success, but the boy's father, seeing the worth of the idea, set to work and ultimately turned out the safety pin.

NOT THAT COLOR

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying:

'Come, quick; there's Fido! I saw him!' the family grew somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. 'Mamma, mamma!' he cried, 'I've seen Fido, I've seen Fido!'

'Oh, no, I guess not,' replied the patient mother. 'It must have been your imagination.'

Willie looked at her, much aggrieved. 'Well,' he said, indignantly, 'I guess my 'magination' isn't white behind.'

TEST OF AN EGG

Some folks who were going on a picnic got one raw egg mixed up with the cold boiled ones, and did not know how to detect it without breaking them all.

A visitor was equal to the emergency. He took an egg between his fingers and his thumb, he twirled it on the table and spun it like a top.

'That egg,' said he, 'has been boiled.' Another was tried with the same result, and then he found one that he could not make spin.

'That,' said he, 'is the raw egg,' and so the puzzle was solved.

ODDS AND ENDS

The story is told of a kind-hearted little girl from the city who saw, one evening, a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings, and who rushed up to the hen and shouted:

'Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on those beautiful little birds?'

Hostess (at party): 'And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?'

Willie (who has asked for the second piece): 'No, ma'am.'

Hostess: 'Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?'

Willie (confidently): 'Oh! she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie, you know.'

'I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's and didn't tell any stories,' said his mother.

'Only the one you put me up to, ma,' replied her young hopeful.

'Why, what do you mean, child?'

'When she asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake I said "No, thank you, I've had enough."'

FAMILY FUN

Why is bread like the sun?—Because when it rises it is light.

Why are tears like potatoes?—Because they spring from the eyes.

In what month do men talk the least?—In February, because it is the shortest month.

What is the strongest day in the week?—Sunday, because all the rest are week (weak) days.

How can you divide fourteen apples equally between nine boys if four of the apples are very small?—By making them into sauce.

What is that word of three syllables which contains the whole twenty-six letters?—Alphabet.

What is that which comes with a coach, goes with a coach, is of no use whatever to the coach, and yet the coach cannot go without it?—Noise.