

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

FROM THE REAR PLATFORM.

An Irish street car conductor called out to the passengers standing in the aisle:

"Will them in front plaze to move up, so that them behind can take the places of them in front, and lave room for them who are nayther in front or behind?" But no one moved.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT EASTER.

The word Easter is a corruption of Eostre, the name of a Saxon goddess, whose festival was held in spring.

In the eleventh century Easter Sunday was known as the Sunday of Joy, and it was always celebrated by gifts to the poor and the liberation of prisoners.

In many parts of Austria Easter is called the "Great Night," and among native Christians of Eastern countries it is generally known as the "Bright Day."

The custom of giving Easter eggs, the symbols of renewed life, may be traced back for thousands of years, and the eggs were always solemnly blessed by the priest. Egg-rolling was, a century ago, a great festival in most English villages, and for centuries it was the custom on Easter Day to salute acquaintances with an Easter kiss.

Hot cross buns were originally cakes eaten in honour of the Goddess Eostre. The early Christians, unwilling to give up the custom, marked the cakes with a cross; and so we have arrived at the baker made product of to-day.

WHERE IS C-FLAT?

Richard Strauss, the musician, tells a little anecdote which will be appreciated by musicians, and perhaps by others as well.

He was teaching his young son the piano key-board by the inductive system, and the boy having learned all the notes, both white and black, Strauss began to review the lesson by asking:

"And now, Henry, show me A-flat."

Henry soon figured it out.

The next question was: "Where is G-sharp?"

"That also proved easy.

After asking the boy several more questions about sharps and flats, Strauss said:

"Where do you think we shall find C-flat?"

Henry looked at the key-board long and curiously; he put his finger on C, and next B, then he got down close to the piano, and after examining it carefully replied:

"I don't know, papa, but I guess it's gone down that crack between B and G!"

RECENTLY ACQUIRED.

"Tom: "By George, old man, that's a stunning girl who just bowed to you. Who is she?"

Jack: "My sister."

Tom: "Your sister! Since when?"

Jack: "Since last night."

A LITERARY LIGHT.

A short time ago a well-known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the non-canonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles, and light literature. "Have you the 'Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

CATS AND MICE AFLOAT.

Every large ocean liner carries from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as

appearing on the vessel's books for rations.

There is promotion for pussy on board ship. Ordinarily, unsovable cats are kept in the hold, in the steerage, or the fore-castle; but a cat that is amiable and handsome is given the run of the first and second class saloons.

When at sea the cats attend to the mice and rats; but, after all, can do little more than scare them out of the parts of the ship frequented by passengers. In port the ship is visited by a professional rat-catcher, who frequently captures 500 in one day.

It is not generally known that every submarine in the British Navy carries a number of tame mice in a cage, for which the Treasury grants a shilling a week to each vessel. The mice give the first warning of any danger from the gasoline, and their hurried movements directly anything goes wrong warn the crew.

THE COMMUNICATIVE BARBER.

A talkative and self-important young court stenographer went with a detailed judge to one of the feud towns in the Kentucky mountains to do his part in holding a term of court.

It was a small place, far from a railroad, and the inhabitants were all feudists of one clan or another. After a day or two at the little hotel the stenographer said to the hotelkeeper: "Where's the barber shop?"

"Ain't no barber here," the boniface replied. "We all mostly lets our hair grow."

"But can't I get shaved anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon you kin, Uncle Joe down to the cobbler's shop sometimes shares' folk."

The stenographer went to Uncle Joe's and found the cobbler to be a mild-mannered old man, with flowing grey whiskers and a pale and beatific eye.

Uncle Joe said he could shave him, and he got out a razor and a shaving mug. The stenographer sat down on a chair and leaned back. He waited in some trepidation, but the old man was skillful and gave him a good shave.

It was necessary for the young man to talk, so, when the barber was on his throat, he said: "Good many murders around here, ain't there?"

"Well, sub," the barber said, "we don't call them murders. Howsomever, there is some killin's, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, well," said the young man. "I suppose one name's as good as another. When was the last killing?"

"A man was shot out here in the square last week."

"Who shot him?"

The barber brought the razor up on the young man's Adam's apple. "I did," he said.

JOHNNY WAS WELL POSTED.

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, during an examination in geography, "what is the axis of the earth?"

Johnny raised his hand promptly.

"Well, Johnny, how would you describe it?"

"The axis of the earth," said Johnny proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves."

"Very good!" exclaimed the teacher.

"Now, could you hang clothes on that line, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Indeed?" said the examiner, disappointed. "And what sort of clothes?"

"Imaginary clothes, sir."

HOOD'S TABLE-TALK.

Once, when Charles Lamb, supping at Hood's, was asked what part of the roasted fowl he would have, and replied, "The back; I—I always prefer the back." Hood, dropping his knife and fork, exclaimed, "By Heavens! I would not have believed it if anybody else had sworn it."


"Believed what?" said Mrs. Hood anxiously, and colouring to the temples.

"Believed what? Why, that Charles Lamb is a backbiter," replied the rogue, with one of his short, quick laughs. "When Hood's foot swelled so that he could hardly touch the ground, he comforted himself with the reflection that it could not be a long-standing complaint like the gout. He asserted that a certain trembling of his hand in weakness

was not palsy, but only an inclination to shake hands. He was so thin, he said, that he could drink nothing that was thick, and would have to stick his poor spider legs, like piles, in the sea-mud to get mussels to them." In his youth Hood sat at a desk in some commercial office, but found that he was not destined to become a winner of the Ledger. He complained of his looks, because his face insinuated a false Hood.

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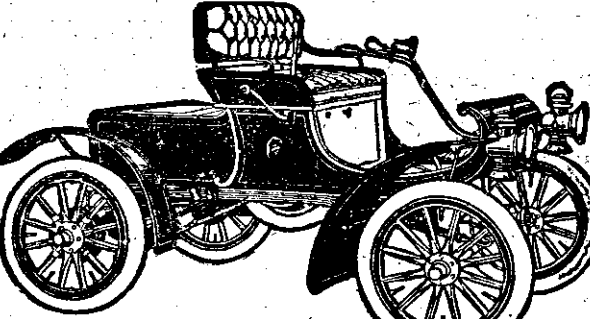
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