

# ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

## WHERE HE LEARNED.

A golfing judge, according to the story, had occasion to interrogate in a criminal suit a boy witness. "Now, my lad," he said, "I want to know if you are acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?" The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered, "Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Niblick Club?"

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## QUITE POSSIBLE.

John Bright was once asked how it was that Pitt made one of his finest speeches after drinking two bottles of port. John Bright was, as usual, equal to the occasion. He pointed out that verbatim reporting was unknown in those days, and suggested that the other members of the House, on whose opinion Pitt's reputation largely depended, had probably drunk three bottles.

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## THOSE USELESS QUESTIONS.

How many of our words are absolutely superfluous, serving no end but the waste of time.

A man stood before a mirror, his face well lathered, and his razor in hand. In came his wife; she looked at him, and inquired, "Are you shaving?"

"No," he replied, fiercely, "I'm blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at the matinee?"

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## WANTED THE WINNING LOBSTER.

Mr Frank Daniels, the American comedian, while playing a recent engagement in Baltimore gave a dinner to some friends after the show one evening. Broiled live lobster was on the menu, and one was brought in minus a claw.

Calling the waiter, Mr Daniels said: "What do you mean by serving me with an imperfect lobster?"

"Excuse me, sah, but Ah didn't think you'd mind a little thing like dat, sah. These lobsters got to fighting in the basket, and this one lost his claw," said the waiter.

"Take this lobster out immediately," replied Mr Daniels, "and bring me the winner."

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## A SLIGHT OMISSION.

He stayed out till about 3 a.m., and when he got home, thought that he would go boldly to the bathroom and take a bath. That would remove from his wife's mind any suspicion as to his condition. It would show her, in a word, that he was all right. So he undressed, filled the tub, and plunged in. Hot and enfevered as he was, he enjoyed the bath. As he splashed and scrubbed and puffed, he heard a slight noise, and, looking up, saw his wife in the doorway. His wife was regarding him with an expression of unspeakable contempt. He was rather amazed at that. But he said nothing. He lowered his head and went on scrubbing. "Well, what are you doing?" she asked. "Can't you see what I'm doing?" he answered, as he rubbed up some more lather; "I'm taking a bath." She sniffed and said as she turned to go: "Why don't you take off your underclothes, then?"

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## AFTER MUCH TROUBLE.

The superintendent of police summoned to his presence an Irish member of the force, to whom he said: "It is reported to me that there is a dead dog in Horner-street. I want you to see to its disposition." "Yis, sor," said the subordinate, who immediately set out upon his mission. In half an hour the Irishman telephoned his chief as follows: "I have made inquiries about the dog's disposition, and I find that it was a savage one."

## ONE-PERFORMANCE ONLY.

A well-known society entertainer had been engaged to give a performance at a country house. The hostess had "risen," and was of snobbish instincts. She left instructions that the entertainer was to dine with the servants. The butler, who knew better, apologized; but the entertainer was not easily disconcerted.

"Well, now, my good friends," said he, after he had dined well, "if we have all finished, and you are all agreeable, I will give you my little show."

The servants were delighted, and though there was no piano, the entertainer managed very well for half an hour without it. At ten o'clock a message came down asking Mr. Dash if he would kindly come into the drawing-room. He went, and found the company waiting.

"We are quite ready, Mr. Dash," said the hostess.

"Ready for what?" he demanded.

"Why, for your entertainment, to be sure," was the answer.

"But I have given it already," explained the entertainer; "and my engagement was for one performance only."

"Given it! Where? When?"

"Downstairs; an hour ago."

"But this is nonsense," exclaimed the hostess.

"It seemed to me somewhat extraordinary," was the steady reply; "but it has always been my privilege to dine with the company I am asked to entertain. I took it you had arranged a little treat for the servants."

Then he left to catch his train.

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## THE "ENGLISH" OF EUROPE.

Travelling through the countries of Europe one frequently sees and hears the funniest of English on every hand, for the various health and pleasure resorts attach vast importance to American and British patronage. Besides, English is the most widely spoken language in the world, and all foreigners make at least an attempt to air the little most of them seem to possess. Here are a few choice specimens:—

In a French railroad waiting-room:

NOTISH

It is defended to fume in the saloon of attention!

Advertisement in a German-Swiss newspaper:

Board and lodging required in a fine family by a German lady of the Middle Ages. Address, etc.

Three ladies were seated at a small round table in a hotel saloon in Switzerland when the head waiter came up to them and remarked: "Ladies, if you sit at this table you will be deranged!"

A French gentleman had been on a visit to an English-speaking friend, and wishing to thank his host on his departure remarked feelingly: "A thousand thanks for this so agreeable sojourn in your charming interior."

A very courteous young Italian hurried up to a dignified tourist who was "doing the sights" in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, and, noticing that the necktie of the tourist had slipped up his stand-up collar, he said: "Pardon, Signor, but your cravat is going upstairs."

One of the best-known musical conductors of Germany, having had occasion to dismiss a man from his orchestra for insobriety, gave as his excuse that: "All day long he quench, quench, quench; and then at night he cannot."

A French hostess last season, desirous of assisting in the most polite manner the speeding of her parting guest, rose and exclaimed: "I will push you out, rose door!"

Scene: On the outskirts of Brussels. A very wet day. Enter a tourist into a humble cafe on whose window is written "English spoke." A Flemish woman is mopping the floor, and painful cleanliness is everywhere. Mr. Le Proprietaire advances to meet his guest with: "Will Monsieur be good and go outside and scratch his feet?"

A girl was walking with a French

chaperon in the Champs Elysee last winter when the elder lady suddenly observed: "The trees look very sad without any sleeves on." (She meant leaves.)

## Don't Marry With Only Love in the Bank.

To marry with only love in the bank is the height of folly. It is best to be candid on this point, for frankness may be the means of making some couples, lost in Cupid's kingdom, look on the practical side of marriage before becoming united in the bonds of matrimony.

Love may be a very beautiful thing, but you cannot live on it. The baker would not give you a loaf of bread for a cartload of love. The idea seems to prevail with many young men and young women that the discussion of monetary matters spoils the true romance and sentiment of courtship. Of one thing they may be quite sure: The happiness of the marriage will be irrevocably spoiled if they do not fully understand their financial position.

It must be remembered that marriage is a most serious step, and that unless proper provision is made there will be a rift within the lute "in a very short time. Of course, if all girls waited for marriage until their lovers' bank balances was large enough to insure against all matrimonial risks it is doubtful if they would marry at all. But a girl should only marry a poor man if, in the first place, the latter has sufficient money with which to commence married life, and she is content that the home should be humble and the cost of living well within his means.

The great fault with many girls in love is that they are eager to marry their poor suitor, but fail to recognise the fact that they must live in a much more humble manner than that to which they have been accustomed. The result is that after a time marriage loses its enchantment, and they begin to grumble.

Maybe it will be said that the girl who truly loved a man would be quite willing to share a hut with him for as long as was necessary. Quite so, but poverty is a hard taskmaster and has killed many a romance.

Neither is it sufficient that a lover should have just enough money to commence married life upon and be content to so remain. His sweetheart has a right to know, and should make a point of learning, what his prospects are, whether he is ambitious to improve his position, and ready to take advantage of his opportunities at all times.

Don't marry a poor man with no ambitions and energy. There are some men who never get on because they spend their time in complaining of how harshly the world has treated them, instead of trying to surmount the obstacles and difficulties in their path.

The woman who is married to such a man is to be pitied, and every girl who is engaged to a man whose position does not compare favourably with that of other members of his sex should see that the fault does not lie with him. If it does, then she should seriously consider the advisability of remaining unwed, at any rate so far as he was concerned.

Any girl with a grain of sense in her head knows that the man who has never properly supported himself, or contributed his share of expenses, when living with his parents, is not going to be able to support her. Matrimony with him will be the kind of grinding poverty that would kill the most robust sentiment that ever lived.

That is the poverty that has no hope to gild its horizon, and no respect to make its present endurable, and the mother should use just as much effort to keep her daughter from marrying that type of man as she would to prevent her committing suicide in any other way.

President Roosevelt, who seems to emulate Mr. Gladstone's many-sidedness, writes in the "Century" on the Ancient Irish Sagas. He pleads for the establishment of chairs of Celtic in the leading Universities. He contrasts, favourably to the Irish, their heroes, and still more their heroines, with those of the Norse and Teutonic Sagas. He hopes the Euse tales will become a familiar household part of the literature common to all English-speaking peoples.

# LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF

**Suffered For Three Years With Itching Humour—Doctor Did No Good—Cruiser Newark, U. S. N. Man Cured in Three Weeks.**

## SPEEDY CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I suffered with humour for about three years, off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with the Soap every day and used about six or seven boxes of Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humour in three weeks and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. I remain, yours respectfully, H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Foster Drug & Chemical Corporation, Essence: R. Towne & Co., Merchants, Sydney, N.S.W.

## CUTICURA GROWS HAIR

**Cruised Scalps Cleaned and Purified by Cuticura Soap**

Assisted by light dressings of Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Complete external and internal treatment for every humour, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, may now be had of all druggists. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most distressing cases.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills (Cholesterol Control, is vital of life), are sold throughout the world. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. *See ad for "The Great Humour Cure."* Address: R. Towne & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

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By promoting a healthy flow of the natural digestive fluids, promptly relieves indigestion, and by toning and strengthening your stomach, liver and bowels, ensures their perfect action for the future. It is thus not only the supreme digestive preparation of the world, but a tonic of the highest value. For the stomach and digestive system it positively

# IS LIFE

"For many years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation and became so bad that I had to give up work. I had tried all sorts of things, without relief. But Mother Seigel's Syrup completely cured me."—Frow. Mr. George Lee, 5, Balfour St., South Melbourne, Victoria, July 7th, 1906.

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**TAKE IT!—NOW!**

**AND YOU WILL KNOW.**

IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS AND WILL CURE YOU.