

Anecdotes and Sketches

BROTHERLY LOVE.

To-morrow would be baby's birthday, and Tommy had decided that he would buy him a nice present.

"What would you like to get him, Tommy?" asked his mother.

"I think," suggested Tommy—"I think that I should like to buy him one of those nice guns."

"But," objected mother, "baby will not understand a toy like that. Besides, he might hurt himself with it."

"No, he won't, mamma!" pleaded Tommy. "Indeed—indeed, he won't! I sha'n't let him even touch it!"

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VERY CATTISH.

"What's up?" asked a friend of the man with the tired look.

"Whats up?" murmured the haggard one. "Here's what. Last night I didn't get a wink of sleep! Hinkin's cat howled outside for three hours steadily. Then I got up and heaved a brick at it."

"Did you hit it?"

"No, but I hit Hinkin, who had just come down to let it into the house."

"Well, surely that was satisfactory?"

"For a minute it was. Then Hinkin returned the brick smash through our drawingroom window. But that wasn't all he did."

"Well?"

"He went in and left the cat howling outside!"

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DOUBLE WEIGHT.

Patrick Flannigan and Murphy Hannigan were in a dilemma—in fact, they were in a regular Irish stew.

"Shure," exclaimed Pat, in the approved Hibernian brogue, "these scales is no good at all, at all! They only weigh up to two hundred pounds, and Oim near to two hundred and fifty!"

"They laid their heads together and cogitated."

"Av course," reflected Murphy, "we might cut some av the superfluous off ye, till ye balanced."

But Pat objected.

Then Murphy, struck by a sudden inspiration, took the bull by the horns.

"Shure, Pat," he exclaimed, "phwat's to prevent ye gettin' on twice?"

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A WARM RECEPTION.

A gentleman meeting a boy who had run away from home, advised him to return, telling him that his father would, no doubt, like the father of the prodigal son, receive him with open arms, and perhaps kill the fatted calf. So the boy, taking the gentleman's advice, went home.

The man, meeting him some time afterwards, asked him how his father received him. He said:—

"Did your father receive you with open arms?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"And did he kill the fatted calf?"

"No," the boy answered. "But he nearly killed the prodigal!"

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THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the blue Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep ffool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Do a driving business," said the humor.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing, and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.

"Make the most of your good points," said the Compass.

"Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted," said the Ball.

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G. B. WAS ASTONISHED.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose plays an opera. He is a keen wit, and does lar, is a great lover of music. Indeed, one of his plays is about to reappear as an opera. He is a keen critic, and does not hesitate to voice his real opinions.

He was once invited by a friend to go and hear an Italian quartette of instrumentalists. He went, and sat through-out the performance with a stony countenance.

His friend, thinking to draw a little praise from him, remarked:

"You know, Mr. Shaw, these men have been playing together for twelve years."

"G. B." looked at him incredulously for a moment before he replied:

"Twelve years? Surely we have been here longer than that!"

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WHIST!

The adult members of a curate's family often spent the longest of the winter evenings helped by "the cards." On the occasion of a visit to the abode of his colleague, the vicar sought to amuse his three-year-old daughter of the house by exhibiting to her a medallion bearing on its sides the images of a king and a bishop. Little Mary, to the consternation of her parents, after correctly identifying the king, soon came to grief, for, when pointing to the figure of my lord the bishop, she exclaimed:

"Is that the jack?"

The vicar, smothering his laughter, speedily smoothed matters over by saying:

"Oh, no, my child, that's the knave!"

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READY TO RISK IT.

Dinner was a little late, so a guest asked the hostess to play something. Seating herself at the piano, the lady executed a very classical composition with precision. She finished, and there was still an interval of waiting to be bridged.

In the silence she turned to an old gentleman, who was sitting near the piano, and said, "Would you like a sonata before dinner?"

He gave a start of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, yes, thanks," he said, "I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could take another."

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A MIND READER.

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"—*Current Literature.*

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