

# Wise and Otherwise

By "OLD SALT"

when you found out you were lost, Master Jack?" they asked.

The Sunny Boy lifted his "lap" and stooped forward, as if to renew acquaintance with his little brown legs and the strap-shoes—very dusty and scuffed they were, too; and then he replied, "Sure I just look-ted down, and I saw I wor dere."

Thus did Jack, probably without design, express the great truth, that a man can always possess himself. It is very often only "a poor thing but mine own," yet has this inward suzerainty been found comforting under worse adversities than befell this Sunny Boy.

## Lady's Absent-minded Mistake.

An embarrassing situation arose one day last week in consequence of the absent-mindedness of a fashionably-dressed lady, who was shopping at a large establishment in Princes Street. In the course of her bargaining she placed her parasol on the counter near to a large feather duster with a long handle, which one of the assistants had been using. After making some purchases she caught up the duster instead of her parasol and went out. As soon as the mistake was discovered a boy was sent after her, but did not overtake her until she had entered another shop close by and put it down on the counter, still under the impression that it was her parasol. Noting the curious glances cast in her direction, she looked round for an explanation, and not seeing her parasol, asked who had removed it. Nothing would induce her to believe that she had come in carrying that duster. She was becoming very indignant when a fellow assistant, seeing a boy waiting outside with a parasol, called him in. When the lady at length realised that she had flourished that feather duster along Princes Street she was so overcome that she had to be sent home in a cab.

A postcard addressed "Gisborne, God's Own Country," reached its destination the other day at the very first try, and it would probably have accomplished the same feat without the endorsement of a sapient P.O. official, "try New Zealand." This is all very nice and pleasing to our national pride; but with the near approach of wireless telephony, the practice of using such fanciful addresses should be crushed in the bud and nipped in the egg—so to speak. Imagine the feelings of the operator coming into communication with the heroine of that pathetic ballad which has softened so many hearts and brought tears to so many eyes, and which opens, to waltz time—

"If you please, miss, give me Heaven,  
For my mother's there."

I do not know the song, but am assured that it is very touching, and it would be a very un-sympathetic operator who would reply "Switch off, and ring up the Lost Property Office"—a person, indeed, quite unfitted to live in G.O.C.

It is fine to have friends; but even the best of friends are likely to prove embarrassing when they allow their enthusiasm to run away with them, as they very often do, unfortunately, at election time. A belligerent supporter of Mr Bullard's was much in evidence the other night, when he declared that a certain person—name me no names—alleged to have aspersed the character of the sitting member, "would never have lived if he had said it here." The cooing of doves seems more appropriate to this particular electorate, and to breathe slaughter and murder! is not a little bit like the breath we expect to blow o'er Eden. An-

other heated gentleman has been supplied with a nice large writ with which to fan himself, and as that does not create enough air for cooling purposes, he is humming the old one from Nancy Lee, "illy, 'Oily, 'illy, O!" The candidate for Farnell has achieved fame, for Moss started a ball rolling; while the reply by Mr Kidd to a question as to whether he would favour "a strict inspection of the greatest gift to man—beer," was lost amid great laughter. From the form which the question took I assume the interrogator expected it to be shouted—the answer, not the beer.

An observant person may read while he runs, or run while he reads (writs and things), or read, then run away afterwards. These dicta are laid down as postulates, because I want to defend the position of the Theosophical Society of Auckland, which has taken premises—just houses, you understand, not argumentative bases—which were formerly occupied by a sporting club, and which caused that part of Queen-street to be known as the "two-upper," in distinction from the highly respectable "Upper Queen-street," where, by the way, lots of dirty linen are washed. Oculists affirm that inanimate objects and in-offensive residences are so imbued with the aura of their owners and occupiers respectively, that time will not disassociate one from the other. I shudder to think, yet dare to anticipate,

"CLAIRVOYANCE."

The ecstatic circle met on a Sunday night, sang hymns from a prayer-book in an ever-fading light:  
Felt the trembling little fingers,  
In the thrill that always lingers,  
For the thrill that leaves the left must sure be right.

Then they waited for a message in the dark,  
While the lark trilled and twittered, for  
lark  
For while one wished for her mother  
To speak; and one his brother.  
The message that came through was "O!  
a mark!"

This was slumping to the psychical parlour  
suit.  
The next words sounded just like "stouch  
and 'boot."  
Then a wheeler horse, "Why, loony  
I put 'im on a rummy,  
And he done me for my corner of the 'oot."  
Then the ribald voice and sentiment  
were lashed.  
Good spirits came, made good attempt  
and gushed.  
But again that misdemeanour—  
"Set the center for a 'deca."  
And "tins" or "outs," I'll bet until I bust!  
So the circle, broken by one little link,  
Declared 'twas due to rambling and to  
drunk.  
That they found these mixed conditions,  
Then to find their own positions,  
Each went outside to think and think and  
THINK.

For the benefit of those who do not understand the language of the (two) upper classes, I may explain that the professors and graduates refer to the game of two-up as "swai," or "swai up." A "deca" is a shilling. A "corner of the boot" is the equivalent to a share of the plunder, which is generally obtained from a "rummy," or unsophisticated young gentleman who is anxious to "do in his little bit of splotch." Really, I am afraid evil communications have corrupted my good manners. I am growing almost slangy.

## A LITTLE ASSISTANCE.

At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band. Presently the man laid down his instrument, and went out. Pat investigated, and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. The player returned. "Who's maddet mit my drombone?" he roared. "O! did," said Pat. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an' O! did it in wan minut!"

*Pears' Soap*  
 beautifies the complexion,  
 keeps the hands white and  
 imparts a constant bloom  
 of freshness to the skin.  
 As it is the best and lasts  
 longest it is the cheapest.