

All Sorts

Milkman: 'It looks like rain this morning, ma'am.'
Customer (examining contents of jug): 'Yes, it certainly does.'

We are fond of giving away that which is of no use to ourselves. Perhaps that is why we tender our advice so freely.

Glass brushes are used by artists who decorate china. They are made of glass fibres so thin that they seem like spun silk.

No Arctic explorers have ever had colds until they returned to civilisation. Then, one and all they are prostrated by severe influenza.

Statistics show that, though fair-haired people are as a rule less strong than those who have dark hair, yet the former live longer than the latter.

The Norwegian Government is considering the advisability of putting advertisements on the back of postage stamps, the proceeds to go to some national charity.

Sheep with a green fleece are a novelty, but they are to be seen in Germany near some copper works. They live in the dust and fumes and drink water contaminated by copper.

A correspondent of the London 'Mail' says that women always rode astride till Queen Elizabeth, in order to show a magnificent dress upon a certain state occasion, rode sidewise and so set the fashion.

Probably the most cutting thing President Lincoln ever said was the remark he made about a very loquacious man: 'This person can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met.'

Brain workers are proved to be long-lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women were taken as a basis, and their duration of life gives an average of about sixty-eight and a half years.

Sir Charles Napier's witty despatch, 'Peccavi!' 'I have Scinde!' is familiar to us. Not so well known is the happy phrase attributed to Sir Colin Campbell, 'Nunc sum fortunatus!' 'I am in Lucknow!'

The neatest town in the world is Brock, in Holland. So tidy are the inhabitants that they will not allow horses in the street. It contains a population of 2700, and the chief industry is the making of Edam cheese.

The report from Turkey is that the ban which has existed against the telephone has been raised, and that the matter of a system for the city of Constantinople is being considered. It will probably be done by an American company.

An inspector visiting a school, put a few questions to the class.

'Now, then, children, what did Samson arm himself with to fight the Philistines?'

'None of the children could tell him, so in order to help them he put his hand to his chin and said:

'Well, what is this?'

This jogged their memories effectively, and they all called out in chorus:

'The jawbone of an ass!'

'You never see a broken-winded horse in Norway,' said a horse doctor, 'because the horses are allowed to drink while they feed, as mankind does. Our horses, however thirsty, must eat their dry fodder, their dry hay and corn, with nothing to wash them down; but in Norway every horse has a bucket of water beside his manger, and as he eats he drinks also. It is interesting to see how a Norwegian horse relishes his water with his meals. Now they sip from the bucket, then a mouthful of feed, then another sip, then another mouthful. You never see a broken-winded horse in Norway, and the Norwegians say it is because they give them water with their feed.'

The position of librarian in some of our public libraries often calls for qualities which would at first thought occur to one as indispensable to persons of the Sherlock Holmes persuasion, rather than to those busy in the field of library work. For example, in one of these a little boy appeared at the desk one morning and demanded a 'book by a feller named Dirt.' Suspecting a discrepancy somewhere, the librarian searched the catalogue in vain, then had recourse to cross-questioning. This proved equally futile, and a note was sent to the boy's mother, asking her if she would be kind enough to write the name of the book she wanted. In about half an hour he returned with a slip of paper on which was written: 'Please send something by George Sand.'

The father did not hesitate long. He made a grab for the boy just as the latter was making a lunge for a pole. He pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knee, and began to fulfil his promise. The little fellow yelled and yelled, until he almost drowned the noise of the train; but during a lull in the uproar the father heard a giggle behind him. He laid the boy down and turned around to see what it meant.

There was his son, two seats behind and across the aisle, with two fingers stuffed in his mouth to keep his merriment in. The man looked again and rubbed his eyes, but there was no mistake.

He looked at the boy in his lap. Behind the tears was a face he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son!

LOUD TALKING

A good many boys and girls fall into the bad habit of talking in a loud tone of voice. Now, the next time they catch themselves doing that, let them stop and think of this, the ordinary human voice speaking in the open air, when it is calm, may be heard at a distance of 460 feet, and a powerful voice speaking with the wind, when it is blowing gently, may be heard at a distance of 15,000 feet. If ordinary tones can be heard 460 feet away, what's the use of straining your vocal chords and deafening the people around you by shouting at the top of your lungs? Don't talk as if you were in a mill, but in a gentle tone always. It is a mark of good breeding.

TOUCHED A SORE SPOT

'Sorry, sir,' telephoned the butcher, 'but we are just out of sirloin. Why don't your wife order you a round?'

'W-what's that?' exploded Harker at the other end of the line.

'I say, why don't your wife order you a round?'

'Why don't my wife order me around? Great Caesar, man; that is all she does—order me around from morning until night. If you were nearer I'd—'

But the startled butcher hung up the receiver and fled.

ODDS AND ENDS

If you have anything to say to a mule say it to his face.

'If you'll always give me full swing,' observed the pendulum, 'you will never have any trouble with your hands.' 'I don't know,' replied the clock. 'If it wasn't for your going back and forth in my works, I never would have any strikes.'

Clara: 'Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Faceallo?' Miss Maydeval (angrily): 'Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence.' Clara: 'Gracious! What was it?' Miss Maydeval: 'Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."'

FAMILY FUN

When are debts like coffee? When they settle themselves by standing.

When is a piece of wood like a monarch? When it is made into a ruler.

What is the first thing a man plants in his garden? His foot.

Why is a clergyman's horse like a king? Because he is guided by a minister.

Here is a 'catch' that is always sure to cause much laughter when the simple answer is announced after everybody has given it up:—

If as many women stood before me
As there are drops in the salty sea,
And I was told that I must try
Without a ship to transport them dry,
How, oh, how, would I ever do it?
Please tell me if you ever knew it.

After everybody gives it up tell the party that if as many women were there as there are drops in the sea you would simply put a drop on each woman's tongue and there would be no more sea.