

## BEGIN WELL

The late Ian Maclaren, novelist and clergyman, was once talking to a group of literary beginners.

'Begin your stories well,' he said, emphatically. 'There's nothing like a good beginning. Indeed, it's half the battle.'

Then with a smile he added:

'Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, succeeded in getting a hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words:

"I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money."

## SLIGHTLY MIXED

At the Labor demonstration in the Olympic Grounds, at Botany, Sydney, recently, Mr. T. Brown, M.P., towards the close of a spirited address, became a little carried away (says the *Sydney Morning Herald*). He was urging that, in spite of Labor's victories, she should relax no effort. 'You must not rest in a fool's paradise,' he said, 'but keep your powder dry, put your shoulder strongly to the wheel, and make every post a winning one.'

## THE HARDEST PART OF THE PRESCRIPTION

'Medicine won't help you any,' the doctor told his patient. 'What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet country place for a month. Go to bed early, eat more roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day.' A month later the patient walked into the doctor's office. He looked like a new man, and the doctor told him so. 'Yes, doctor, your advice certainly did the business. I went to bed early, and did all the other things you told me. But, say, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting to smoke at my time of life.'

## ODDS AND ENDS

A countryman entered a furniture shop and said he wished to see some beds with a view to purchasing one.

'What class of bed do you require?' asked the shopman; 'is it a spring bed?'

'No,' replied the customer; 'what I want is a bed that will do all the year round.'

Doctor: 'Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a note stating that you had been attacked with mumps, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.'

Patient: 'That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.'

'Ah,' said the fortune teller, in mysterious tones, 'beware of a dark man in the house.'

'Gracious!' exclaimed the young lady in the next chair. 'I bet that will be pa after he has cleaned the stove.'

## FAMILY FUN

When does a man have four hands?—When he doubles his fists.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he's a shaving.

What country is like a happy dog?—America (a-merry-cur).

When is it best to lose your temper?—When it is a bad one.

When are your eyes no eyes?—When the wind makes them water.

Why is coffee like a dull axe?—It must be ground before it is used.

Why are feet like olden tales?—Because they are legends (legends).

What table has not a leg to stand upon?—The multiplication table.

What is that which never uses its teeth for eating purposes?—A comb.

Why is a pig's tail like the letter K?—Because it is the end of pork.

What is the riddle of riddles?—Life, because we must all give it up.

If a barrel weighs ten pounds, what can you fill it with to make it seven pounds?—Holes.

## All Sorts

The first iron wire was drawn at Nuremberg in 1351.

The cost of growing an acre of wheat in England is, on an average, £8 10s.

'You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?'

'Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't.'

At Blair Castle, in Perthshire, the Duke of Athol lives in most regal state, being the only individual in Great Britain who is allowed to maintain an army, and keeping 300 men, kilted, armed, and regularly drilled, who are ready for war at any moment.

In one of the great houses in the West End of London there was a dinner and reception. After a while the maid was called and the mistress said: 'Serve the dinner; there is no one else to come, except a relative of little importance.' Five minutes afterwards the maid announced in a loud tone: 'The relative of little importance!'

'Captain,' remarked the nuisance on shipboard who always asks foolish questions, 'what is the object in throwing the anchor overboard?' 'Young man,' replied the old salt, 'do you understand the theory of seismic disturbances? Well, we throw the anchor overboard to keep the ocean from slipping away in the fog. See?'

Nowhere in the world has the dog such unrestricted right of the way as in Alaska. In winter, when the more than 600,000 square miles of territory are sealed up in solid ice, dogs are almost the sole means of getting from place to place—in fact they seem necessary to life itself. The aristocrats of arctic dog life are the mail teams in the service of the United States Government. They are today a superior breed to the dogs employed some half dozen years ago before great gold discoveries demanded increased mail service.

Commercial travellers will appreciate this story, which is told of one of their number. He had been summoned as a witness in a case at court, his employers having sued a delinquent customer, and the lawyer for the defence was cross-examining him. 'You travel for Jobson and Co., do you?' asked the attorney. 'Yes, sir.' 'How long have you been doing it?' 'About ten years.' 'Been travelling all that time, have you?' 'Well, no, sir,' said the witness, making a hasty mental calculation, 'not actually travelling. I have put in about four years of that time waiting at railway stations and junctions for trains.'

According to all accounts, the Cameron Highlanders' militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the last crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scottish railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment and tried to edge himself in between two of the Highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right and said: 'Sit up, please. You know that according to Act of Parliament the seat holds five.' The Highlander looked at him for a moment and then replied: 'That may be a-richt for your kind, sir, but shairly ye canna blame for no' bein' constructed according to Act of Parliament.'

It will come as news to most persons that there exists in Germany a monument to Napoleon I. This curiosity is to be found eleven miles from Alzeny, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse. The monument is situated near the Volholz hunting lodge, at the summit of a wooded hill, and the spot is known as Napoleon's Garden. It is a dwarfed pyramid of three sides, rather more than 3ft in height. Upon it stands the inscription in Latin, French, and German, showing that it commemorates the marriage of Napoleon I. to Marie Louise, Grand Duchess of Austria, on April 1, 1810. The monument is practically unknown to tourists, and few writers seem aware of its existence. Tradition ascribes its erection at Alzeny to the townsfolk in 1810. Then, after three years, when the Napoleonic star began to wane, the people transported it from the town into the wood near Vorholz. Then it was removed to the museum at Mayence, but later, by order of the Grand Duke Louis II., it was erected on the spot where it is to be seen to-day.

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