

The Eskimos of the frozen North, the Tupinambas of the Brazilian pampas, the gamins of the Paris streets, the boys and girls of London have one kindred tie—the love of sport. There is nothing new under the sun, said the wise man; and especially is there nothing new in youthful games.

Archaeologists have found dolls in Egyptian pyramids and on prehistoric tombs; the name of a popular ball-club was found scrawled upon the outer walls of Pompeian houses, and one of the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought between the rival nines of Montezuma, King of Mexico, and Nezahualpili, 'tzin of Tezcuco.

The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whip-top, and quoits, and baseball, and pitch-penny, and blindman's-buff, and hide-and-seek, and jack-stones, and follow-my-leader, just as do the boys of to-day; the girls were experts at see-saw, and swinging, and dancing, and grace-hoops, and dice-throwing, and ball-play; and, in Sparta, even at running, wrestling, and leaping.

### TALL STORIES.

At a dinner one evening recently there were a number of famous artists. Frivolity prevailed, and soon the conversation turned to art.

Said one of them: 'The other day I painted a little deal board in imitation of marble with such accuracy that, on being thrown into the water, it immediately sank to the bottom.'

'Faugh!' said another. 'Yesterday I hung my thermometer on the easel supporting my view of the Polar regions. It fell at once twenty degrees below freezing-point.'

'All that is nothing,' remarked the third artist, in conclusion. 'My portrait of a prominent New York millionaire was so lifelike that it had to be shaved twice a week.'

### SALA AND THE CABMAN.

Before the days when it was necessary to economise in the matter of cab fares (says the *Universe*), the late George Augustus Sala enjoyed the delight of a drive round London on his way to the *Daily Telegraph* office at a trifling cost. Arriving at Charing Cross early one morning the distinguished journalist hailed a cab, and, in broken English ordered the driver to take him to 'ze *Daily Telegraph*.'

The cabman, who showed himself to be bad at guessing, thought Sala to be a stranger to London, and took him for a long drive round the West End before pulling up triumphantly at the *Telegraph* offices.

Sala handed the cabman a shilling, and in his best English thanked him for his nice long drive.

The cabman's observations upon the characteristic humor of his fare are, unfortunately, lost to posterity.

### HIS ORDERS.

'Remember,' said the sergeant, 'no one is allowed to dismount without orders.'

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle, than he was thrown to the ground.

'Murphy!' yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, 'you dismounted.'

'I did.'

'Did you have orders?'

'I did.'

'From headquarters, I suppose!'

'No, sir, from hindquarters.'

### MUCH MISSING.

A young fellow who was an inveterate cigarette-smoker went to the country for a vacation. Reaching the small town in the early morning, he wanted a smoke, but there was no store open. He saw a boy smoking a cigarette, and approached him, saying:

'Say, my boy, have you got another cigarette?'

'No, sir,' said the boy; 'but I've got the makings.'

'All right,' the city chap said. 'But I can't roll 'em very well. Will you fix one for me?'

'Sure,' said the boy.

Don't believe I've got a match,' said the man, as he searched his pockets.

The boy handed him a match.

'Say,' the boy said, 'you ain't got anything but the habit, have you?'

### FROM SAD EXPERIENCE.

The parish priest had preached a fine sermon on married life and its beauties. Two old Irishwomen were heard coming out of church commenting on the address.

''Tis a fine sermon his reverence gave us,' said one to the other.

'It is, indeed,' was the quick reply, 'and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does.'

### THE POLITE FARMER.

A farmer was driving down a narrow lane on his way to visit a friend, when he espied an old woman in the middle of the road picking up some pieces of turf, which had evidently dropped from some passing waggon.

Pulling up his horse to prevent running over her, he said, rather sharply:

'Women and donkeys are always in the way.'

'Sure, sir,' she said, stepping to one side, 'I'm glad you've the manners to put yourself last.'

### FINE DISTINCTION.

Little Molly had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl to-morrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper.

Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely:

'Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves.'

As Sergeant Larke patrolled the park,  
He heard two sneezes in the dark.  
His staff gripped tight, he flashed his light,  
His stern tones echoed through the night.  
'Kape ahf th' grass! ye coodle there;  
Yure dith av cowl'd ye'll get f'r shure!  
Come! hurry home, ye love-sick pair  
And both take Woods' Peppermint Cure.'

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