



Down with sentimentalism. First Winter Sport (looking at a magnificent view of the Alps): "Not bad that."

Second Winter Sport: "Yes, it's all right; but you needn't rave about it like a bally poet." *Punch.*

A lion, by Albert Wolff, the sculptor, is in the Berlin Thiergarten. A young gentleman from Boston does not think the Berliners very intelligent. "The other day," he writes, "I took a walk in a pretty park called the Thiergarten, and saw a handsome work of art. Anybody would know it was a lion, but they don't seem to know much natural history here, as they have marked this particular work 'A Wolff'. Think of it! Such a thing could not happen in Boston. And look at the spelling!" *Punch.*

In the fog. The old gentleman was lost in a London fog, so thick that he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching through the obscurity, and sighed with relief:

"Where am I going?" he cried, anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness:

"Into the river — I've just come out!" *Tit Bits.*

Future wonders. Mike — "Phwat do yez t'ink av the way they have now av sindin' messages widout wires or poles?"

Pat — "Sure, it's a great invin-tion! I expect wan av these days they'll foind a way t' travel widout lavin' home." *Tit Bits.*