



VACATION DAYS.—PROVISIONS FOR THE TRIP.

shielded their left side, thus protecting the heart—were the ones who usually came out victorious. Down through the ages this selection continued, the right hand gradually becoming more proficient."



### A Humorist's Confession.

In Tit-Bits we found the following amusing item:

"I would like," said Mr. Graves, "to tell you a story of my early days, because it illustrates the manner in which actors may amass fortunes on the road. Many summers ago, with two other uncaptured criminals, I tried my hand at 'busking.' We bought lavender-colored flannels and mysterious masks and hied ourselves to a popular watering-place in the Isle of Wight—that is to say, a watering-place which is popular in the

season, but, as events turned out, we arrived on the scene precisely two months before the season started.

"Anyhow, after endeavoring to boom our show with the aid of the local printer and a few bibulous boatmen, we opened on Saturday night on the pier, because we thought it would be pay-night. The curtain was rung up. The audience consisted of a hospital nurse in charge of an invalid chair with an old lady in it.

"Shades of 'House full' at Drury Lane and elsewhere! Visions of five-pound notes—and legacies! We put the tenor on at once; I recited; our pianist played a sonata with feeling, whereupon I went round to 'the audience' with the plate.

She coughed violently, adjusted her ear-trumpet, told the nurse to give us twopence, and gurgled out: 'Please, Mr. Musician, could you play "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay?"'

"The rain came down in sheets. We closed the show, after assisting the audience out in her bath-chair. I put the twopence in my waistcoat pocket and buttoned up my coat, lest the crowd should repent of her lavish generosity—and London saw us next day."



### Another Scott.

He was a sturdy Scotsman, with no education and no vestige of a shred of humour. He stood before the new city hall, gazing up at the simple legend over the portal. Then he turned to his wife, "Annie," he said, "d'ye see hoo the Scots will be ever cappin' them a'! I dinna ken who this man McMix may be, but his name above the door yonder makes my heart leap with pride." A passer-by, happening to overhear the worthy laborer's remarks, could not refrain from smiling. The building bore the date MCMIX.