

himself and all who knew him as a coward. The crisis enabled him to find himself.

There is timidity and a lack of confidence that come from inexperience. Abnormal introspectiveness may blind a man and his associates to the real quality of his courage. If a crisis comes of sufficient importance it will sweep away the small doubts and fears until the naked character stands out like a rock on the wind-swept desert. If the stuff is there, events will bring it out.

Women are proverbially timid. But it is a fear of small things like mice, not big things like death. Women ordinarily are sheltered from the perils to which men grow accustomed, but the critical moment finds many gentle matrons and girls to possess a courage that shames the valor of the veteran of many battles. Noble ladies went to the guillotine during the French Revolution, as if they were going to a ball. The history of the Indian Mutiny is filled with incidents showing forth the heroism of women who had been petted and protected all their lives. They looked death in the face and found themselves.

WHAT SHE MEANT.

Several villagers were discussing a departed sister, who had been given to good deeds, but was rather too fond of dispensing sharp-spoken advice.

'She was an excellent woman,' said the deceased lady's pastor. 'She was constantly in the homes of the poor and afflicted. In fact, she was the salt of the earth.'

'She was more than that,' remarked a villager. 'She was the vinegar, the pepper, and the mustard as well. She was a perfect cruet-stand of virtues.'

A LIE'S PUNISHMENT.

'Oh, Percy, dear, your birthday gift was so beautiful!' remarked the young lady, with her best smile. 'And you unintentionally left the pricemark on £10.'

'Oh, how careless of me!' replied Percy.

'And I see you bought it at Payne's. Now, I know you wouldn't mind taking it back and exchanging it for one of those lovely £10 sable muffs they have in the window, would you?'

'Oh, not at all; with pleasure!' he replied.

An hour later that young man was lamenting the foolish act of buying an ornament for £2 and sticking a £10 label on it.

DIPLOMACY.

A well-known English politician was much annoyed by reporters. One day he was enjoying a chat at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up who seemed to have something of importance to communicate, and led him across the room.

Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered, 'I am on the staff of an evening paper, and I should like you to tell me what you think of the Government's foreign policy.'

Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled: then he said, 'Follow me.' Leading the way, he walked through the reading-room, down some steps into the drawing-room, through a long passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner behind the hatrack, he whispered,

'I really don't know anything about it.'

BULLS, HIBERNIAN AND BRITISH.

In a new book, just out, the author relieves the Irish from a distinct burden of responsibility when he says that bulls do not feed on Irish pasture alone (says a writer in the *Universe*). Mr. Bonar Law, for instance, rather lost himself in the meshes of his metaphor

when he spoke 'of the habit of the Government in letting things drift until they run against some precipice which brings them to a standstill.' It is always damaging to the cause when a temperance speaker perpetrates sentences such as this: 'Let us take our guns on our shoulders and plough the waste places till the good ship Temperance sails over the land.' A native bank clerk in Calcutta, who had to make a report to some high official, was met on his return by an Englishman, who asked him what the official had said. He replied, 'In the language of your William Shakespeare he praised me with faint damns.' It was a Hindu baker in Bombay who catered for the English community, who advertised himself as a 'first-class British loafer.'

But although these examples of oratorical error are fairly good, we must return to Ireland for the real thing. Sir Edward Carson declared that 'Mr. Asquith was like a drunken man walking along a straight life—the further he went the sooner he fell.' Mr. Birrell, in the House of Commons, spoke of a certain report as 'a garbled version of what never took place.' This is an extract from a report of a meeting dealing with sweated labor: 'Mr. Thornton Burke gave a terrible picture of life in the East End of London where, he said, there were thousands of people grinding their faces in the dust of poverty and trying at the same time to keep their heads above water.' I forget for the moment who it was who, speaking of a certain man's perilous position, said he was 'walking on the thin ice of a burning volcano.'

HE DID NOT MEAN IT.

The proud father had come up from the country to see his sailor son on board his ship. He had never seen a battleship before, and accordingly marvelled thereat.

Just as he caught hold of the two ropes which hung over the side to assist sailors to the deck, he was somewhat surprised to hear a clanging of bells—the eight bells of seamen's time.

As he stepped on deck he met the officer of the watch. He saluted him and said timidly:

'I beg your pardon, sir, I've come to see my son Jack, but, 'pon my word, I didn't mean to ring so loud.'

AN ABSTRACT NOUN.

A teacher was taking a class of small children in English grammar, and was explaining the difference between a common and abstract noun.

'An example of a common noun is dog,' he said, 'for you can see it, while you cannot see anything that is an abstract noun. For instance, have any of you seen abundance?'

There was silence for about a minute. Then a little boy got up and said: 'Please, sir, I have never seen a bun dance, but I have seen a cake walk.'

STILL WEARS LAST SEASON'S FEET.

In a bootshop store a stout man appeared to be having considerable difficulty in finding just what he wanted.

After showing him a dozen or more pairs the salesman blandly observed:

'Now, here is a pair that I think will suit you to perfection.'

After examining the boots the stout man exclaimed:

'I don't like them. They are too narrow and too pointed.'

'Ah,' returned the clerk, 'but they are wearing narrow, pointed shoes this season.'

'Possibly,' returned the stout man, 'but I am still wearing my last season's feet.'

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