

so. Of course it was not done right and Robert had to fix it all over.

When Fred wanted to send a letter to the folks at home he had no idea how to mail it. The boys walked over to town, and Fred looked for mail-boxes all along the way, but did not see any. After they reached the post office he could see nothing there that looked like a mail-box. Where would he put his letter? 'Ah, this is the place,' he thought, going over to a queer-looking affair close to the wall. He was about to slide the letter through the opening, when Robert stepped up.

'What in the world are you doing, Fred?'

'Mailing my letter,' replied Fred.

'That's a chute down into the cellar,' said Robert.

'When you don't know, why don't you ask? Here is the place.'

On the way home Robert spoke up suddenly. 'Country boys are too proud to ask questions in the city, and city boys are too proud to ask questions in the country. Wonder why!'

'Afraid folks will think they don't know everything,' laughed Fred.

'Well, folks usually find that out, anyway,' said Robert.

'We're about even, Robert, so let's call it square. We'll begin over and ask all the questions we can think of. City boys know about city things and country boys know about country things, and there's no sense in being too proud to ask questions of one another. We make dunces of ourselves when we pretend to know all about things we've never seen. After this we'll be more sensible.'

'Agreed,' said Robert.

THE TRUE MASTER.

It happened one day, in a town in Holland, that a knife-grinder went to the police and declared that a certain rag-picker had stolen his dog. The authorities gave the matter due attention, and learned that the rag-picker in question really had a dog, though he refused to tell how he had come in possession of him. The case finally came to trial; and the judge, after hearing a statement of facts, said: 'Let the dog himself decide the case. He certainly will know his master.'

A long table was arranged, the two claimants sitting at opposite ends, and halfway between them the bailiff, holding the dog by a stout string. The judge clapped his hands, the men began to whistle and call, and the bailiff let go the rope. The animal gave one look about the court-room, gazed into the faces of both knife-grinder and rag-picker, then jumped over the table and scampered out of the door as fast as he could. There was great consternation. 'Search for him,' said the judge, who was now greatly interested in the matter. So a hunt was made, and the dog was found lying peacefully upon a hearth-rug in the house of a gentleman, from whom the knife-grinder, the original thief, had stolen him a few months before. The rag-picker, of course, had robbed the knife-grinder.

Thus it sometimes happens that those who cry loudest, 'Stop, thief!' are thieves themselves.

AN OLD LADY'S GRATITUDE.

It was on a tram car, and it happened not very long ago.

A boy, perhaps fourteen, suddenly arose from his seat and gave it to a stout lady. The stout lady looked up at him.

'You're a polite lad,' she said. 'Few boys nowadays would do the like.'

'I guess you didn't read yesterday's paper,' said the boy. 'There's a story about a boy who gave up his seat in a street car to a lady, and when she died she left him £1000.'

'I didn't see it,' said the lady.

'Maybe you saw the one about the boy who carried the old woman's basket and she gave him a brick house and a moving picture theatre?'

'No,' said the lady; 'I didn't see that one either.' 'There was another one,' the lad went on, 'about the boy who had a lower birth in th' sleepin' car an' gave it to a sick lady an' she left him all her fortune. I don't know how much it was, but it must have been an awful lot. You see how it is—you can't afford to risk any chances.'

The lady solemnly nodded her head. 'Blessings on the man who invents those stories,' she solemnly said.

NEVER GIVEN.

'Pa,' said Johnny, 'who is a persistent knowledge-seeker, 'what is a law-giver?'

'There ain't any such thing, Johnny,' replied the old gentleman, who had been involved in considerable litigation in his time.

'But this book says that somebody was a great law-giver,' persisted the youngster.

'Then it's a mistake,' rejoined the father. 'Law is never given. It's retailed in mighty small quantities at mighty high figures.'

THE REASON.

Josef Hofmann tells of an eminent pianist who was giving a recital, and of a man who presented two tickets and was held up by the ticket taker.

'You cannot go in,' said the latter, 'you are not in fit condition.'

'Didn't I pay for my tickets? Aren't they in order?'

'They are perfectly in order, but the truth is you're drunk.'

'Drunk! Drunk!' said the other, placing the tickets solemnly in his pocket. 'Of course I'm drunk. If I weren't drunk, would I come to a piano recital?'

NEVER HEARD OF THEM.

At the examination of the pupils in a primary school a short time ago, the inspector put questions at random to the scholars. Among the latter was a red-headed lad, who, on being asked how many days there are in a year, answered 'seven.' When the tittering of the rest of the class subsided, the inspector remarked:

'I said a year, not a week. Now try again. How many days are there in a year?'

The lad appeared nonplussed and vexed for a moment, and then ejaculated:

'Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—just seven. If there's others I never heard of 'em.'

A GOOD REASON.

Among the out-patients of an ophthalmic hospital one was an old man. He was turned over to one of the younger specialists, who began to test in the usual manner.

'Can you read that?' he asked, as he pointed to the card placed on the wall.

'No, sir,' replied the old man.

The doctor then put on stronger glasses.

'Well,' he inquired, 'can you read it now?'

The old fellow shook his head, saying—'No, not a word.'

After repeating this performance several times, the doctor was about to turn him over in despair to his more experienced superior, when the old man quietly explained—

'You see, doctor, I never learnt to read.'

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