

he lifted the telephone receiver, and waited in vain for 'Are you there?' Failing to establish any communication with the office, he dressed and started for the office to register indignation. The elevator wasn't running. He began to walk down. On the fourth landing he met a housemaid, and asked in strong Chicago language what was the matter with the hotel.

'Well, sir, you see, sir,' came the answer, 'the Zepelins were reported, and we were all ordered to the cellar for safety.'

'—' After which the American said: 'Well, I'm on the next to the top floor, and I wasn't warned.'

'No, sir,' was the bland reply; 'but you see, sir, you don't come under the Employers' Liability Act, sir.'

JIM DID IT.

The waggon was heavily laden with great bags of meal, too heavy for a single horse to draw; one would have thought.

It turned into a side street, and half way down the block, again turned into an alley at the rear of a livery stable. It required considerable tugging on the part of the horse to pull the load up the incline of the alley driveway, but he did it, and the driver looked pleased when the back wheel had made the rise and settled down to level ground. At the barn door it was necessary to turn the waggon around completely and back in. Surely one horse could not do that. The turn was made easily enough, but there the waggon remained.

'Back him up, Jim!' said the man, pulling lightly at the reins.

The horse braced his fore feet and shoved.

The waggon didn't move.

The man got down from the seat and went around to the back of the truck and pulled. 'Back!' he commanded. The horse put every muscle to the strain. 'Back!' The waggon moved, this time at least a foot. Two more, and the back wheels would be over the threshold of the barn door.

'Back!' The command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort. There was a crunch of splintering wood, and the waggon rolled back.

Not a blow had been struck the animal. Only gentle words had been spoken, and the horse had done the rest.

And when it was all over the man did not go on unloading the waggon without a further thought of the great, obedient animal standing still between the shafts. He went to him and took his nose in his hands, and patted him between the eyes, and said: 'Good, old Jim! You did it, didn't you? I knew you would.'

And the horse rubbed his nose against the man's neck. It is pleasant now and then to see such things.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

When the conductor came to collect the young lady's fare she discovered she had left her pocket-book at the office where she worked as stenographer.

'Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me,' she said, looking very much embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood there and waited.

'I guess I'll have to get off,' said the girl, 'I have left my pocket-book at the office.'

'Here, lady,' said a boyish voice from across the aisle. 'I got a nickel I'll lend you.'

She looked at the boy and took the nickel.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name.'

'Don't worry 'bout that,' he replied. 'I'm the kid you give the half-dollar to last Christmas when you see me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I ain't forgot you. I'm sellin' papers there yet.'

She smiled at him when he left the car and he was about the proudest boy in town.

TO LET 'SOMEWHERE' IN FRANCE.

There is a prince among humorists 'somewhere in France.' The following is a copy of a notice posted in the dug-out he formerly occupied:—

'In one of the choicest localities in Northern France, to let. (Three minutes from German trenches.) An attractive and well-built dug-out, containing one reception kitchen, bedroom, and up-to-date retiring room, 4ft by 3ft. All modern conveniences, including "gas" and water. This desirable residence stands one foot above the water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy's trenches. Excellent shooting ("snipe" and "duck"). Particulars of the late tenant, Base Hospital.'

TOO CARELESS.

The editor in charge of the personal inquiry column opened his seventieth letter with a groan.

'I have lost three husbands,' a lady reader had written, confidentially, 'and now have the offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?'

The editor dipped his pen in the ink. This was the last straw.

'If you have lost three husbands,' he wrote, 'I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth.'

HOW TO 'ECONOMISE.'

'I think we ought to have someone in to cut up that old tree for logs,' said the wife.

'Nonsense,' replied the husband. 'It'll be fine exercise for me. I'll go out and saw the logs myself.'

For one half-hour he persisted. The net results were two logs, a broken saw, a pair of trousers scarified by saw. It was at this point that he went indoors and said:

'My dear, after all, I think at this time of the year the jobbing gardeners will need work. I'll ask a man to come round and finish the job.'

'Yes,' said the tactless wife, 'and at the same time you might leave those trousers at the tailor's and see if you can get a new handle fitted to our only saw. The worst of this war is the way you men will economise.'

A USE FOR HIS HEAD.

A Washington man had in his employ a faithful but at times stupid servant in the person of an old darkey named Zeke.

Recently when the employer had vainly endeavored to get something done in a certain way, he gave up in despair, exclaiming:

'Zeke! Zeke! Whatever do you think your head is for?'

Zeke, who evidently thought that this was another of the troublesome questions that his employer was always asking, pondered deeply. Finally he replied:

'Well, boss, I guess it's to keep my collar on.'

'GUILTY OR INNOCENT.'

The game called 'guilty or innocent' is interesting.

One of the company gets himself up to represent the old man of the woods; the rest take the names of various animals, such as lion, tiger, leopard, and so on.

The players seat themselves around the room, and the old man, standing in the centre, tells them that some one of their number has committed a crime, and he is about to question them in order that he may discover the guilty one.

He then begins, 'Now, Mr. Lion, where have you been hunting, and what have you eaten to-day?'

'I hunted in the forest and caught an antelope.'

'Then you are twice guilty and must pay two forfeits,' says the old man, and the lion must pay his forfeit without being told the crime he has committed.

The old man passes on to a polar bear, 'Where did you hunt, and what have you eaten?' he asked.

'I hunted in the water, and had a fine fish to eat.'

The polar bear is pronounced innocent. The real game is that no animal may bring in the letter 'o' either in his hunting ground or the food he eats. 'Forest' and 'antelope' both have an 'o' in them, so the lion has to pay two forfeits, whereas, 'water' and 'fish,' having no 'o,' the bear was declared innocent.

The great fun is for the old man to keep the secret of 'guilty' or 'innocent' to himself, but even if the other players know the secret it is very difficult not to make a slip, as the answers must be given promptly.

When the game is over the players must pay for their forfeits in any way the old man decides.

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