

and at an awkward moment he missed a pudding from his stock of edibles. He made a diligent search without success. Then he inquired of a healthy-looking 'Tommy' if he had seen the missing pudding.

'Ah,' said 'Tommy,' candidly, 'Aw've 'etten it!' 'Tha's 'etten it, 'as ta? Well, what's ta dun w't cloth?'

'Wha,' said 'Tommy,' laconically, 'wor there one on?'

A SYMPHONY IN PUNS.

During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep.

'Now's your chance,' said the organist to the soprano: 'see if you can't die the tenor.'

'You wouldn't dare duet,' said the contralto.

'You'll wake hymn up,' suggested the bass.

'I can make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm,' remarked the boy who pumped the organ: but he said it solo that no one quartet.

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS.

It is often the case that great mathematical minds are incapable of appreciating poetry. There was once a mathematical tutor in one of our great Universities who was in the habit of boasting that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about poets or poetry, and considered it all 'a lot of unpractical rot.'

A certain brother tutor was very anxious to convert him to the admiration of fine poetry, and by way of accomplishing this gave him the famous 'Charge of the Light Brigade' to read.

The mathematician took it up and began to read aloud, thus:

'Half a league, half a league, half a league,' then he banged the book down, exclaiming, impatiently, 'Well, if the fool meant a league and a half, why on earth didn't he say so!'

WANTED THEM CHEAP.

She sailed into the shop with such a haughty and dignified air that the head shop-walker advanced with most obsequious politeness, and bowed her into the most comfortable chair in the shop.

'I want to try on some mantles, please,' she said. A large assortment was immediately brought forward for inspection.

'How much is this one?' he asked presently, after trying it on.

'Five guineas, madam.'

'That is much too dear,' he said, and, pointing to another, inquired the cost.

'That is two guineas, madam, wonderful value for the money.'

'The prices are outrageous!' she declared, after trying on one mantle after another and giving no end of trouble.

'I'm afraid you've come to the wrong shop, madam,' said the assistant, who had dealt with that sort of customer before.

'Oh, no; I don't think so.'

'But I do, madam. You had better try the gas-fitter's next door. They are selling mantles from three pence halfpenny upwards!'

DID NOT IMPROVE WITH AGE.

Scribb and his wife were going to the theatre.

'Will you please go upstairs and get my goats off the dressing-table?' said Mrs. Scribb.

'Your goats?' queried the puzzled Scribb. 'What new-fangled idea have you women got now?'

'I'll show you!' snapped the wife.

Then she sailed away, and soon returned putting on her gloves.

'Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids.'

'I used to,' replied Mrs. Scribb, 'but they are getting so old I am ashamed to call them by that name any longer.'

He took the hint.

NOT A PATHETIC SUBJECT.

The conversation turned on the effect produced on the emotions by pictorial art, when one man remarked:

'I remember one picture that brought tears to my eyes.'

'A pathetic subject, I presume?'

'No, sir; it was a fruit painting. I was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head.'

VERY THOUGHTFUL.

Young wife: 'My dear, there is a gentleman waiting in the other room. He wants to speak to you.'

He: 'Do you know him?'

She: 'You must forgive me, darling, but of late you have been troubled with a cough; besides, you take so little care of yourself, and—oh, if you only knew how anxious I am about you! Suppose I were to lose you, love?'

She burst into sobbing and throws herself on his breast.

He: 'Come, my dear, silly child, do be calm, do be calm. People don't die of a slight cold. Still, if it will pacify you, show the doctor in. Who is it? Dr. Pallot, eh?'

She: 'It isn't a doctor, dear. It is—it is—it is a life insurance agent!'

WANTED A FAMILY TREE.

'John,' said Mrs. Atwood, thoughtfully, 'everybody in society appears to think an awful lot of genealogy these days.'

'Jenniewhat?' exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper.

'Genealogy,' repeated Mrs. Atwood.

'What's that?'

'I don't exactly know,' replied Mrs. Atwood, 'but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree.'

'Well, what of it?' he asked.

'Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one, I suppose.'

'Buy one, then,' he said, irritably. 'Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of that affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large.'

'But I don't know anything about them.'

'Find out, and if it's too large for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next garden in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you.'

Still she hesitated.

'The fact is, John,' she confessed at last, 'I don't just know where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep the family trees and all such things?'

'What do you suppose I know about it?' he exclaimed. 'You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him.'

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