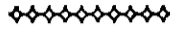


AN OPTIMIST.

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door and almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said: "No, I aint hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?"

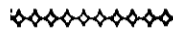


WHAT SHE HEARD.

A woman was very ill. Her doctor brought a specialist to see her. She had warned her sister to hide behind a screen in the drawing-room, in order that she might overhear their opinion when in consultation after examination.

When the doctors came into the drawing-room the specialist said: "Well, of all the ugly-looking women I ever saw, that one's the worst."

"Ah," said the local doctor, "but wait till you see the sister."



LEARN IT OVER AGAIN.

The inspector was paying his monthly visit to the village school. He examined the children in reading and general knowledge, as was his custom, and was very pleased with the answers he received.

After the last question had been asked and answered satisfactorily, he rose to his feet, and, looking slowly round on the upturned faces, he remarked genially:

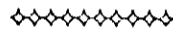
"I wish I was a little boy at school again."

He allowed a few moments for this to sink in, and then added:

"Do you know why I wish that?"

For a moment or two there was silence, and then a childish voice from the back of the room was heard to say:

"'Cos you've forgot all you ever knowed."



SMILE RAISERS.

"Now I want you to save me an extra supply of flowers next week," said Mrs. De Smyth-Jones to the florist. "My daughter Alice is coming out, you know." "Yes, mum," the proprietor of the stall replied, "I'll save her the very best, pore thing! Whatever was she put in for?"

Mrs. W.: "You never nag your husband, do you?"

Mrs. G.: "Only when he is beating our rugs. When he is thoroughly irritated he makes a better job of it."

"Let me see," said the young man thoughtfully. "I've got to buy some flowers, and some chocolates, and theatre tickets, and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" asked the senior clerk.

"No, sentimental arithmetic," was the reply.

"Listen, Smith," said the producer to the elderly actor who was "resting." "I'm willing to give you a part—that is, if you think you can do the landlord in 'The Lady of Lyons.'"

"Bless me!" said the old stager. "I'm the very man for the part. I've done landlords all over the country."

Mabel: "Papa, does our family own a planet?"

Papa: "What nonsense, child! Who put that idea into your head?"

"Why, I asked sister last night what big star it was above us, and she said it wasn't a star, but a planet, and that it was ma's."

PILES

Can be instantly and quickly relieved by the use of BAXTER'S PILE OINTMENT. This excellent remedy has proved a boon to thousands of sufferers all over N.Z. Sent (post free) on receipt of 2/6 in stamps or postal notes. BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Stafford Street, TIMARU.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Microbe Manufacturers.

A new microbe has been discovered whereby 10,000 tons of waste hops can be made to yield annually half a million gallons of alcohol suitable for motor spirit. It is a British discovery, and another proof of the value of chemical research.

Until two chemists made this discovery, brewers paid large sums every year for the carting away of their "waste" hops. Now not only can motor spirit be extracted from this so-called waste, but a further result is the manufacture of acetic acid, essential in many industries.

This useful microbe develops so much heat by its evolution that it kills all antagonistic germs and greatly stimulates the process of fermentation. Apart from motor spirit, 15,000 cubic feet of gas, suitable for internal combustion engines, is also rendered available by the process, and the whole discovery has aroused keen interest in the chemical and commercial world.

What is Agar-Agar?

Agar-agar is a pearly white, shiny product invaluable to medical research, to the hospital, to the kitchen, to the cotton mill, and to the brewer. As a culture medium for bacteria it is unrivalled, for it is the only gelatinous substance that can stand the necessary temperatures.

Medical men say it has chemical properties which will displace many drugs, and is without their harmful after-effects. It is also very useful as a size for textiles, and for stiffening the warp of silk. The chef uses it as a thickener in jellies and soups, and the brewer for clarifying beer.

Until lately almost the sole supply for the world came from Japan, but there is a movement for establishing factories elsewhere, although there are to-day over 600 in Japan alone. Its raw material is seaweed.

The newest industry of Los Angeles is the manufacture of agar-agar, and the process of manufacture takes seventy-two hours.

Steering the Boat.

It is not as easy as it looks to steer a rowing boat.

Most people make the mistake of pulling the rudder much too hard to one side or the other when the boat's head swings a little way out of the proper direction. The rudder acts as a brake, and if you keep on pulling it right over, you are giving the rower a great deal of extra work to do.

Don't wait until the boat is right off its course before you apply the rudder. Watch carefully, and directly it begins to swing a little to one side pull the proper tiller line quite gently. If you do this, the boat will never get far out of the straight line which its course should make.

When you come to a bend, if you are on a river, do not wait until you are at the corner and then pull the line fiercely; apply gradual pressure just before you come to the turn, and bring the boat round quite gently.

Straighten the rudder before the turn is finished. If you do not do this you will find suddenly that you are swinging towards the bank.

Wanted Urgently £1000

— for —

New Presbytery at Alexandra

Alexandra has a Church, Convent, and School but no Presbytery. The Pastor is like the man in the modern song with a slight variation:

"Got no home, got some friends,
Grateful for everything the good Lord sends."

Donations sent (c/o Box 76) by friends old and new will be gratefully acknowledged by—

FATHER DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Brownette Bros.

NAPIER'S LEADING FOOTWEAR AND REPAIR SPECIALISTS.

EMERSON ST. (Opp. Working Men's Club), NAPIER.