

## NUTS TO CRACK.

How do you swallow a door? Bolt it.

Why is a fool's mouth like a hotel door? It is always open.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

What bird is in season all the year? The weathercock.

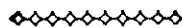
What will turn without moving? Milk.

What odd number when beheaded becomes even? Seven.

What enlightens the world though dark itself? Ink.

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk, the other the water.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.



## THEN HE WENT.

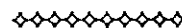
On Sunday afternoons Clark always called on Martha. One afternoon he stayed rather late and the family was beginning to get restless.

No one realised this any better than did Clark, but it was just this consciousness of the situation that made him hesitate to take any action.

Finally, taking his watch out of his pocket, he looked at it a moment, and then asked: "It's getting rather late, Martha. What time do you have tea on Sunday?"

But Reuben, Martha's little brother, took matters into his own hands at this point.

"Just as soon as you go home," he replied, knowingly.



## WASTED WRATH.

The mother of a child who had been bitten by a fox-terrier belonging to a neighbor, Mrs. Green, gave an authoritative rat-tat at the latter's door. The door was opened by a meek-looking elderly woman, and the vials of the mother's wrath were poured forth.

"You're Mrs. Green, I suppose?" she said. "Green by name an' green by natur', I should call you, to keep a feroshus animile like that there fox-terrier o' yourn, a-bitin' of innoceent children an' a-terrierizing the whole neighborhood! I'll have the law of you! I'll make you pay! D'you hear? I'll sue you for damages and 'ave that 'orrible dog shot by Act of Parlyment, I will!"

Then, as she paused for breath, the elderly woman produced a slate and pencil and said in a mildly apologetic tone, "Very sorry, but would you mind writin' it all down? I'm stone-deaf!"



## SMILE RAISERS.

Parson (in a whisper to mother, whose baby he is about to christen): "How do you spell her name—Anna or Hannah?"

Mother: "I don't know, sir. I ain't no scholar either."



A class of boys was asked to attempt to define an optimist. Some queer definitions were handed up, among them being the following: "An optimist is a man with a glass eye who is thankful he hasn't got a cork leg as well."



"Punctuate the following," ran a question in an examination paper the other day: "It was and I said not or." No one supplied the correct solution, which was: "It was 'and,' I said, not 'or.'"



The scene was a great industrial establishment. A visitor was being shown over the works.

"You must have a huge wages bill," he remarked. "How many men work here?"

"About half of them," replied the manager.

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## SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

What's in the Name Orange Pekoe?

"What is Orange Pekoe?" the answer almost invariably will be "I don't know, but I do know it is supposed to be a good tea." The words "Orange Pekoe" being rather unique have been gratefully adopted by the public as a means of identifying a certain quality of tea. There is a general misunderstanding as to exactly what Orange Pekoe means. It refers to a small leaf near the tip of the tea plant. The leaves on the tea twig, according to the maturity of the leaf, range as follows:

The first large leaf is called Souchong. The next leaf is Pekoe (pronounced peek-o), followed by Orange Pekoe and Broken Pekoe, which are smaller, younger leaves, and if grown at a high altitude and carefully manufactured, produce the finest quality of tea.

Orange Pekoe tea is not necessarily the best tea by any means. It may be good, bad, or indifferent. The goodness of the leaf is judged by the flavor only, which depends upon two things—the elevation at which the tea plant is grown, and the care exercised in the manufacture of the leaf. The higher the elevation of the tea gardens the richer the leaf is in essential oil, which constitutes its flavor. This, however, may be spoiled by subsequent treatment, so when buying tea remember that appearance means nothing in relation to flavor.

## London's Coldest Job.

Which is London's coldest job? Walking over London Bridge you can see the man who works at it.

The tide brings up large quantities of mud which, when the water recedes, is deposited on the banks. If this were allowed to accumulate, it would hinder barges from coming alongside the wharves; consequently, men are employed to keep the heavy sludge on the move.

Wearing high top-boots and armed with a long flat shovel, they start work at the wharveside as soon as the tide goes down. Their job is to stop the mud from settling, and they work their way to the water's edge, toiling over the sludge. When the tide turns, the rising water carries away the soft sludge, and the ships' berths are kept clear.

It is very hard work, and the energy needed saves them from becoming frozen by the cold. Occasionally they sink waist deep in the treacherous mud, and sometimes it is difficult to extricate them.

The work is hardest in the spring, when higher tides bring up larger quantities of mud. It is the coldest job in London, and if it were not for the strenuous efforts of these men on the banks of the Thames, many of our wharves would soon become unusable.—*Tit-Bits* (London).

## First Weather Forecasts.

The weather forecast that we read in our morning paper is the outcome of long hours of patient experimenting.

The earliest experiments in forecasting with the aid of telegraphic reports were probably those of Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution of America, made in 1849. The first national forecasting service, however, was established in France in 1855, and was the result of an episode of the Crimean War.

In November, 1854, a severe storm did much damage to the French and British warships in the Black Sea. The French astronomer Le Verrier made a study of this storm, and came to the conclusion that, with the aid of telegraphic reports, its progress across Europe might have been predicted, so that the disaster to the ships could have been averted.

In the United States the establishment of a similar service was frequently recommended by scientific authorities, and in 1869 an experimental service was established in the Cincinnati Observatory by Professor Cleveland Abbe, with the aid of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Professor Abbe's experiments in weather forecasting were so successful that Congress was induced to establish a national service.

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