

**HARD LUCK.**

Sandy was engaged to a girl who, a few days before her nineteenth birthday, succumbed to the prevailing craze and had her hair shingled. All her girl friends congratulated her on her improved appearance, and it was therefore without any misgiving that she showed herself to her sweetheart.

But Sandy viewed her with grave disapproval.

"It is hard on me, lassie," he wailed, "verra hard! After I've just bought ye a packet o' hairpins for your birthday."

**THE DIFFERENCE.**

The teacher wanted to know why Jim had absented himself from school for a whole week.

"But he's past his fourteenth year, ain't he?" said Jim's mother. "And me and his father think he's had schoolin' enough."

"Nonsense," said the teacher. "I didn't finish my education till I was eighteen."

"Oh," said Jim's mother, "but Jim's got brains."

**SMILE RAISERS.**

"... And your age is ... ?" asked the woman lawyer.

"Oh, about the same as yours," replied the woman witness.

"Maud seems to be a thoroughly up-to-date girl."

"Well, she isn't. She's six years behind in the matter of birthdays."

Mrs. Henpeque: "It says that this new elixir of life will make a man live for two hundred years!"

Mr. Henpeque: "If I was a bachelor I'd buy a bottle!"

A man in a hospital for mental cases sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and, wishing to be affable, remarked:

"How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

Mrs. Smithson dropped in the other afternoon to chat with Mrs. Brown, and was surprised to find Brown adorned with an apron, washing the dishes.

"Where's the wife?" the visitor asked cheerily.

"Over at the barber's shop," came the grumpy reply.

A Parliamentary candidate wound up a frenzied oration as follows:

"Gentlemen, the glorious victory which will swamp our opponents when the eve of the election dawns upon us will re-echo in words of gold through the corridors of time, until the last grand trump shall sound through the valleys on the mountain-tops."

**Science Siftings****(By Volt)****Secrets of the Earth's Core.**

With all our knowledge of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, we are still totally ignorant, except by inferences which amount to little more than guesses, of the state or composition of the earth's interior.

The deepest coal-mine ever sunk is, to the mass of the globe, much less than the skin of an apple in relation to the apple itself. Nevertheless, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the earth's core must be much hotter than anything ever heated artificially by man, although very high temperatures have been produced under pressure.

Even if we take it that, according to the experience of mine-sinking, the heat increases one degree for every hundred feet bored the temperature of the earth's centre would reach 211,200 degrees Fahrenheit.

We can form some idea of what this means when we remember that the boiling-point of water at sea-level is no more than 212 degrees Fahrenheit, so that the earth's centre would be almost exactly a thousand times hotter than the water with which you make your tea.

**Making a Modern Bell.**

The method of making a modern bell, such as the 10-ton giant which is to be installed in the new tower of Bristol University, has varied very little, except for the improvements due to machinery and to new methods of tuning, since the time the monks made their own (writes H.R. in the *Daily Express*).

First the bell is designed on paper, then a core of brickwork is made the required size, and covered with loam and sand. This is formed into the shape corresponding to the inside of the proposed bell by means of an instrument which is worked round and round like the arm of a compass until the right curves are moulded. For the outside shape a cast-iron case is used and lined with baked sand and loam, made bell-shape in a similar manner. On this baked lining are chiselled the inscriptions which will afterwards appear on the bell. The case is then placed over the core, leaving a space between the two which is the exact thickness of the new bell, and the whole is securely bolted to a cast-iron plate at the bottom. It is then baked for two or three days in order to get rid of all moisture, since the slightest trace of dampness would cause sparks of the hot metal to fly about during the filling process.

Meanwhile the furnacemen have been getting ready, and for several days have been anxiously watching a low furnace containing several tons of bell-metal—an alloy of copper and tin. When the metal has reached the right temperature the furnace is tapped and the molten liquid is poured into a giant ladle and brought alongside each of the six moulds, which have been placed in readiness down the middle of the "shop." Then, taking care that the flow is continual, for the presence of one bubble of air would mean a faulty bell, the fiery metal is poured

into the space left between the case and the core of each mould.

After some days, according to the size of the bell, the metal cools. The case is then lifted off, revealing the outside of the bell which is turned over and the blackened core chiselled out. It is now a dull color, and the final process is to polish it by means of sand-blasting, and to tune it with a special machine, which shaves off portions of the inside until the right note is obtained. It is then ready for mounting, either on a steel frame for a peal of bells, or on the steel girder of a carillon.

**COLDS AND COUGHS****HOW TO AVOID THEM.**

A well-known public man, who is constantly on the move throughout the Dominion, was recently asked by a friend on the Main Trunk Sleeper why it was that he always seemed to dodge coughs and colds. "Well, you know," he said, "I attribute my immunity largely to the fact that I always carry a bottle of Baxter's Lung Preserver along with me. Take to-night, for instance, when there is quite a 'nip' in the air, I would not dream of turning in without a dose of 'Baxter's.' It seems to keep 'old man cold' at bay. Although I am constantly travelling under all sorts of conditions, coughs and colds have no terrors for me when I have the reliable 'Baxter's.'"

Like this man you, too, can be free of all these disagreeable complaints if you will take a dose of Baxter's Lung Preserver in time. Be prepared and get a bottle without delay. Besides being a wonderful cough and cold remedy that is pleasant to take and does you good from the first dose, "Baxter's" possesses wonderful tonic properties that help to build you up. You can obtain a generous-sized bottle from any chemist or store for 2s 6d; or, better still, get the family size at 4s 6d.

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