

Ethel was cowering close to her mother's side, and when he reached a point which he emphasised more than all the others, she exclaimed in a frightened whisper:

"Ma, what would he do if he got out?"

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LITTLE BY LITTLE.

To the relief of the neighbors, the snobbish and unpopular Jones family were moving. While the furniture was being brought out some difficulty was experienced in removing a pianoforte from an upper room, and someone proposed getting it through a large window and sliding it down.

Then came a suggestion from the Jones's next-door neighbor, who had long fostered the deepest enmity toward them, though until now she had attempted to conceal it.

"No," she said, acidly, "let it come out as it went in—on the instalment system!"

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SMILE RAISERS.

Two small boys were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last one of them said, eagerly: "I know Billy; let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Garu! No fear!" was the reply. "Look what a start you've got!"

¶

Johnnie (to new visitor): "So you are my grandma, are you?"

Grandmother: "Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnnie: "Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll soon find out."

¶

"Mummy," said the little girl, "I bet you can't guess what I've got under the table."

To humor her, her mother and father made various guesses. One or two visitors joined in.

"All wrong," she said.

"What is it, then?" asked her father.

"A tummy ache," she answered.

¶

Mrs. Homer (in need of a cook): "Have you a letter of recommendation from your last employer?"

Applicant: "No, ma'am."

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"Because the husband and wife were always quarrelling."

"Indeed! And what were they always quarrelling about?"

"About the way their meals were cooked."

¶

"And so this is little Walter!" said the visitor. "Dear me, what a big boy you are now! I wouldn't have believed it possible!"

"Mother," said Walter, when the visitor had gone, "doesn't it pass your comprehension how persons in whom one would naturally expect an ordinary degree of intelligence appear to believe that the children of their acquaintance will always remain infants, and persist in expressing surprise when they observe the perfectly natural increase in their stature?"

¶

A man who had obtained work in a railway yard was told off to mark some trucks.

"Here's a bit of chalk," said the foreman. "Mark each of 'em eleven."

A little later the foreman came round again. There was a large "I" on the first truck. Nothing else had been done.

"What does this mean?" asked the foreman. "Only one truck done—and I said eleven, not one."

"I know," said the man, "but I couldn't think which side of the 'I' the other 'I' goes."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

STEERING BY SOUND.

Unusual interest has been aroused by the working of the "radio" piloting cable laid at the bottom of the English Channel leading to Portsmouth, which enables fog-bound vessels to steer an accurate course into the harbor by means of sound.

This cable, which is about 20 miles long, is laid from the entrance to Portsmouth Harbor to the Warner Light on the Channel side of the Isle of Wight. It is beneath the exact course to be followed by vessels, and its "free" end is out at sea. The high-frequency electric current in the cable emits a certain "note" in Morse code.

The navigating officer on board a ship wears a set of ordinary wireless telephone receivers. These are connected to a battery, a set of "amplifiers" similar to those used in wireless telephony, and two coils, the latter being hung one over each side of the vessel above the water-line.

When approaching the harbor the officer listens first through one coil and then through the other for the "note" of the guiding cable. It may come to him through the starboard coil; if so, he knows his vessel is to the left of the cable.

As soon as he hears the "note" equally loud through both port and starboard coils, he knows that his ship is directly above the cable, and in the correct channel.

A similar cable has been laid in one of the channels of New York Harbor, and these are the only two in use at present.

A CHANGING WORLD.

The tendency of the age is to transfer the burden of the breadwinners for the masses of the people from the muscles to the nerves (writes Dr. C. T. Hastings in the *Health Bulletin*). The successful farmer of to-day is the man that is farming with his brain even more than his muscle. The introduction of machinery into all branches of industry makes life more monotonous. Take, for instance, the manufacture of the automobile. In many of the factories you will find the men all lined up, every one with a fixed duty to perform when the piece of machinery in passing through reaches him, striking his blow when the time comes. The man is simply a human machine working with a monotony that is most irritating and nerve-racking. In fact, in practically every vocation stimuli are reaching the brain much more frequently, making more demands on our nerves, hence the lamentable increase in our nervous breakdowns. No one will question the advisability of the introduction of machinery into all industries, but are we making proper provision for nerve relaxation and nerve rest? Are we not adding insult to injury by crowding our people in the cities instead of having them live in garden suburbs? The latter can only be accomplished by an efficient transportation service. One frequently hears those who have gone away for nerve rest boast that they are on the go from morning to night and even get up early to lengthen the day. Your best guide is "be temperate in all things." In fact, intemperance in all things is usually the cause of nervous breakdowns. Make a mental note of this, that any man or woman using their brain and nerves can do more, can accomplish more, in eleven months than he or she can in twelve; and after middle life it may be that five month's work with one month's relaxation will be the best procedure. We have probably few more fitting applications of the proverb that "a stitch in time saves nine" than in the conservation of nerve energy. Take no chances. Keep your nerves fit.

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The sentiment of justice is so natural, so universally acquired by all mankind, that it seems to me independent of all law, all party, all religion.—Voltaire.

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