

FINDING WORK.

The laziest man in the village was actually running. His hat was off, and his coat was flying in the wind. On and on he sped, till—crash!—he collided with the portly vicar, and picked himself up out of the roadway.

"Why, what on earth has made you run, and so fast, Sam?" asked the vicar.

"Can't wait," gasped Sam, "I 'eard of some work."

"And did you get the job?" the vicar asked.

"I don't know," replied the man. "I only just 'eard of it. I'm going to find out."

"Well, good luck to you, Sam," said the vicar. "What work is it?"

"Some washing for my wife!"

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

NOT IN THE CONCRETE.

The professor was putting the finishing touches on the sidewalk he was laying down. Tommy, aged six, had been watching the proceedings with great interest, and at length, deeming the time right for trial, started to cross before the mixture had time to dry. When the professor displayed some slight pique, a passer-by observed:

"Why, professor, I thought you liked children?"

"I like 'em all right in the abstract," the professor replied, "but not in the concrete!"

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

DOUBTFUL.

A tiresome lawyer, in arguing a complicated case, had looked up authorities dating back to Julius Caesar. He had dilated on his subject for more than an hour and a half, when he was pained to observe what seemed to him inattention on the bench. It was as he had feared—his lordship was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument. "Begging your lordship's pardon," he said, "but do you follow me?" The judge shifted uneasily in his chair. "I have so far," he answered, "but if I thought I could find my way back alone I'd turn around now."

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

SMILE RAISERS.

Small Boy: "Take me to the pictures, mother, will yer?"

Mother: "Now, haven't yer just been an' had yer hair cut? You're always a-cravin' after amusement."

Husband: "How much did you spend to-day?"

Wife: "£2 18s 6d."

Husband (ironically): "Was that all?"

Wife (with an injured air): "That was all I had."

"Mamma, teacher whipped a boy to-day for whispering in school."

"Well, that was right."

"But, mamma, he hollered ten times as loud as he whispered."

Tourist: "It looks pretty good soil around here. What crops do the farmers grow in this section?"

Native: "That all depends, stranger."

Tourist: "Depends on what?"

Native: "On what sort uv seed they puts in."

Mrs. Lowe: "I do wish I could get a good housemaid."

Mrs. Upp: "You might interview mine. I think she'd be delighted to go to you."

"But why don't you keep her?"

"Oh! she won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so much silver to clean."

PILES

Can be instantly relieved and quickly cured by the use of BAXTER'S PILE OINTMENT. This excellent remedy has been a boon to hundreds of sufferers all over New Zealand. Sent post free on receipt of 2/6 in stamps or postal notes by

WALTER BAXTER :: CHEMIST, TIMARU.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Why are Birds' Eggs of Different Color?

This is a wise provision of nature to help the mother bird hide her eggs away from the eyes of her enemies. In the animal kingdom every kind of life is the natural prey of some other kind of animal. A bird will have enemies which try to catch her as food. A bird cannot fight back, so must fly away when danger threatens, in order to save her life. This means that she must leave the eggs in the nest for the time being. At certain times she must also leave her nest and search for food for herself. In order that the eggs so left alone may have better chance of not being discovered, nature has arranged matters so that the eggs take the color very much of the surroundings in which they are laid. Eggs of some birds are spotted or look like pebbles, because the mother bird lays them in the sand. Some of them are green, almost the color of the materials from which the bird builds the nest, and so the colors have a real, and to the birds, a valuable purpose.

Priest as Pioneer Scientist.

The *Journal des Debats*, commenting on the scientific discoveries of the late Professor Laverand, gives an account of the earliest data concerning the origin of malaria. It was a Catholic priest, a native of Dalmatia, who first called the attention of the learned Italian, Abbot Fortis, to the connection between mosquito swarms and epidemics of recurrent fever. In his *Book of Travels*, published in Berne in 1788, the Abbot wrote:—

"The inhabitants of the valley of the River Neretva sleep under nettings to avoid mosquito stings. Children and invalids are kept under them at certain seasons, even during the day. I met an intelligent priest who had studied the causes and effects of several diseases, and he explained to me his theory that fever was imparted by these poisonous insects who fed on noxious weeds and decomposing flesh before they alighted on human bodies."

Thus, once again, we find a Catholic priest as the pioneer of scientific knowledge.

Ancient Origin of Trumpets.

At every great Pontifical fete, it is traditional to announce the entrance of the Sovereign Pontiff by the sound of silver trumpets. These trumpets, which may be used only by the militia of the Noble Guards, are always sounded at the moment of the Elevation at Mass.

Their origin is most interesting. In a chronicle of 1350 during the sojourn of the Pontifical legate at Rome, we find mention of the silver trumpets being used as an accompaniment of the Mass.

After the creation of the Guard of the Light Defence in the pontificate of Innocent VIII., the band of the Guard, stationed at the gate of St. Peter's, awaited the arrival of the Holy Father and sounded the trumpets upon his coming into the Basilica.

Suppressed in 1798, this Guard was replaced by the Noble Guard, who kept the same tradition in regard to the trumpets and added the custom of sounding the moment of Elevation with the silver trumpets from the cupola.

Two melodies composed in 1846 were the work of members of the Noble Guard, the "Largo Religioso" composed by Count Silveri da Tolentino, and the "Marche" of the Marquis Giovanni Longhi. The original scores are preserved in the archives of the Body of the Noble Guard.

As the perfection of the rose depends on the perfection of each petal, so, too, does the perfection of character depend upon trifles. The words of Michael Angelo come home to us, "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/- (post free) from BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Theatre Buildings—TIMARU.

Gaze & Co.,
Hamilton

We use the best processes known to modern photography in the finish of our work, so that we can still guarantee that excellence in all branches with which you have long been familiar.