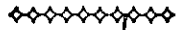


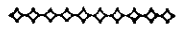
TOO SMART FOR HIM.

Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, a notable Scots worthy and a very clever man, once met his match. When examining a student as to the classes he attended he said: "I understand you attend the class for mathematics?" "Yes." "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," said the student. "Indeed! What are they?" What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he promptly said, "An inside and an outside." The doctor next inquired: "And you attend the moral philosophy class, also?" "Yes." "Well, you doubtless heard lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?" "Yes." "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes." "Give me an instance." "A barrow wheeled by a man." The doctor hastily sat down and proposed no more questions.



AN ACCIDENT.

A spinster once who was antique
Daubed lots of rouge upon her chique,
But by mistake
She made a break,
And got a little on her bique.
The people saw the crimson strique
And laughed until they all grey wique.
The spinster saw
What made them "Haw!"
And vanished with a fearful shriek.

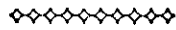


HIS TERRIBLE FIX.

Brown was always trying to borrow money. One morning he tackled an acquaintance in the street before the chap had a chance to escape.

"I'm in a terrible fix," began Brown. "I want some money badly, and I haven't the slightest idea where I'm going to get it."

"Glad to hear it, my boy," returned the other promptly. "I was afraid you might have an idea you could borrow it from me."



SMILE RAISERS.

Mother: "Is Johnny well yet?"

Little Dick: "I think so. I heard his mother scoldin' him this morning."



Teacher: "What is the Equator?"

Pupil: "A menagerie lion running round the earth."



Sunday School Teacher: "And you have no brothers or sisters?"

Little Edna: "No, ma'am. I'm all the children we've got."



Tourist: "In what direction does the village lie, my friend?"

Villager: "Well, sir, it's liable to lie in any old direction that comes handy, but at this time of the year it's mostly about fish."



Roberts: "What's the matter? Finances bothering you?"

Richards: "Yes; I owe Rogers five shillings, and today I've got it, and he knows I've got it, and he knows I know he knows I've got it."



Hobson: "My wife says if I were to die she would remain a widow."

Dobson: "Evidently she thinks there isn't another man like you in the world."

Hobson: "On the contrary, she says she is afraid there is and that it might be her ill-luck to get him."

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"

Water Harder Than Steel.

Can you imagine a strong man armed with an iron crowbar unable to drive it through a thin jet of water?

Several such jets exist at the new turbine station at Fully, Switzerland. The nozzles from which they issue are about one and a-half inches in diameter, and the water, the pressure of which is nearly two tons to the square inch, is so rigid that if you strike with a steel bar, the latter simply bounces off!

The water is brought from a lake more than 5000 feet above the station, through great pipes drawn from tempered steel. They are two feet in diameter when they leave the lake; on their way down they become narrower, and have thicker walls in order to withstand the terrific pressure.

The jets are directed on to the vanes of huge turbines. There are 12 of these monsters at the generating station, and each is capable of giving out 3000 horse-power. Three thousand horse-power produced by a jet of water smaller than a child's wrist!

Making a One-Ton Bell.

It is a busy day at the foundry. A peal of eight bells has been ordered for a church in Yorkshire, and these, starting with the heaviest—the tenor, weighing one ton—are about to be cast (writes a Foundry Foreman in a London paper).

Into a large squat furnace are hurled three tons of bell metal—a copper-tin alloy—the stoker shovelling in fuel until the temperature is well over 1800deg. F.

The slightest opening of the shutter and a wave of heat strikes across the sanded floor with fierce intensity.

In front of the furnace is a pit in which is suspended a huge iron ladle lined with ashes and supported overhead by massive chains fastened to a movable frame.

When at length the "soup is cooked"—as the foundry hands say—a workman with a long iron prod the lip of the furnace, penetrating the bung of sand compost and releasing the molten stuff below.

With a leap the lava stream begins to flow, scattering the operatives momentarily with a spitting of scalding fragments.

Red as fire, and all aglow, it surges into the ladle.

Gradually, with much straining of sinews, the heavy ladle—a cup of fire—is hoisted and placed into position over the mould.

This consists of an outer shape of metal with a core built up of brick-work and a kind of hard clay.

By means of a wheel at its side the ladle is slowly turned, and soon begins to pour out its vivid stream of scorching, red, liquid metal.

Great care has been taken to make the mould absolutely dry, for the least trace of moisture would send molten meteorites flying about, burning the onlookers.

As it is, a stream of hot, burning air escapes with a loud hiss as the lava gains ground.

The flow of molten metal must be unbroken, for the inclusion of any air bubbles will result in a faulty bell. When the mould is filled the contents are stirred with a long iron pole to ensure homogeneous setting.

In a few days the bell will be taken out, a dull black in color, and practically tuneless. Here it passes to a masked workman for sand-blasting, and the sand, acting against the bell surface at a high pressure, turns it out a bright white color.

The final process, that of tuning, must be done by a skilled hand. A special machine is brought into action which shaves off the interior of the bell until the right note is gained.

Bells are not cheap, costing on an average £11 a cwt. Thus the tenor bell costs about £250.

In the olden days, it is believed, churches did their own casting, as the question of transport offered great difficulty. Pieces of bell metal have been found under the font in many old sanctuaries.

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.

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