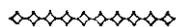


NUTS TO CRACK.

Why is a thump like a hat? Because it is felt.
 I am forever, yet was never? Eternity.
 How do you swallow a door? Bolt it?
 "Where does charity begin?" At C (sea).
 What makes all women alike? The dark.
 What man do most men admire? Wo-man.
 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 can cross a stream in the most brilliant sunshine and not cast a shadow? Sound.



HOW HE FARED.

A bishop asked the minister in a temporary charge how he got through the service.
 "Well, bishop, the service was soothing, moving, and satisfying," was the answer.
 "How do you mean?" asked the bishop.
 "Well," replied the minister, "it was soothing, because over half the congregation went to sleep. It was moving, because half of the other half left before I was through. And it must have been satisfying, inasmuch as I wasn't asked to come again."



HAD HIM THERE.

Mr. Sparks gave a grunt as he limped painfully up to the counter of the chemist's shop. From behind a pne of germ-destroyers and pain-killers, and various other remedies, a sleek young man appeared. He beamed upon Mr. Sparks.

"Good evening. What can I get for you, sir?"

"I want a corn cure," said Mr. Sparks. "A good one."

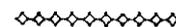
The young man held out a small bottle filled with a black fluid.

"Here is the very thing. I guarantee this to cure any corn in one night. Only one-and-six, sir."

Mr. Sparks paid the fee and took his purchase home. A week later he limped angrily into the shop again.

"That corn cure you sold me," he snapped, "was no good at all! You're a fraud! I thought you said you guarantee it to cure a corn in one night?"

"Quite so," said the young man, blandly. "But I didn't say which night."



SMILE-RAISERS.

Ethel: "My new teacher's awfully mean."

Mother: "Hush! You musn't say that!"

"Well, she is. What do you think? She borrowed my knife to sharpen a pencil with which to give me a bad mark."



A yacht was coming into the harbor and a number of sailors were watching to see what its name was.

At last one of them spelt out the name—P-S-Y-C-H E.
 "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "What a way to spell fish!"



Teacher was endeavoring to make clear to the youngsters the grammatical tenses. "My father had money," she pointed out, "is the past tense. Now, Grace, what tense would you be employing if you should say 'My father has money'?" "That would be pretence," said Grace very soberly.



A little boy had returned home after having been out to dinner.

Said his mother: "I trust that when it came to the extra helpings you had manners enough to say 'No'?"

"Yes, ma; I said 'No' several times."

"You did?" exclaimed his mother, sceptically.

"Yes; Mrs Stout kept asking me if I had had enough!"

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"

What is a Whale Worth?

The whale is worth more money than any other living creature. For this reason it is hunted unceasingly, and if the present rate of destruction continues our grandchildren may look upon it as an extinct monster.

A single Greenland whale will have in its mouth about a ton of whalebone, which alone is worth from £1500 to £2000. From its blubber 25 tons of oil may be obtained. As whale oil fetches £20 a ton, this represents another £500.

Another species, the sperm whale, not only provides enormous quantities of the finest oil, but may also prove to contain ambergris, which is worth considerably more than its weight in gold.

The Pace of Wind.

The recent twelve-minutes tornado in New York, which capsized 250 boats and caused the deaths of fifty people, brought to one's realisation the great power of the wind when it works at high pressure. Happily, when it is in its most furious mood, we are usually given warning.

The following table gives the different speeds of wind, according to the usual meteorological descriptions:—

Hardly perceptible, 1 mile per hour; just perceptible, 2 miles; gentle breeze, 5 miles; brisk wind, 10 miles; very brisk wind, 20 to 25 miles; high wind, 35 miles; very high wind, 45 miles; storm, 50 miles; great storm, 60 miles; hurricane, 80 miles. And great hurricane, capable of carrying trees before it, 100 miles an hour.

When a tempest blows at sea, the wind may rush over the water at 60 miles an hour; but the waves, assisted by other forces, will travel 20 miles an hour faster.

Perhaps the greatest speed of wind ever recorded was that at Wallingford, U.S.A., during a cyclone on March 22, 1892. The pace was just under 250 miles an hour.

Handwriting: Is It Hereditary.

Charles Darwin long ago recognised that handwriting was inherited, and this idea may be found scattered through scientific literature as an axiom for the past fifty years. For the most part writing is the upshot of inheritance, childhood discipline, habits of character, temperament, disposition, and what may well be called your chronic mood. Mr. R. H. Chandler has recently devoted great care to the study and investigation of likenesses which exist in the writing of various members of the same family (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*).

So strong is this similarity in some families that it is often difficult for the expert to distinguish one member's hand from another's. Indeed, the same word written by different persons seems to be written many times by one.

Likeness in handwriting follows the same general principle, according to this investigator, as that which acts in families as regards resemblances in face, motions, and that family likeness among human beings which may be defined as an accumulation of indescribably faint suggestions of similarity rather than any strong identity. For instance, a family likeness may show itself by the color of the eyes, shape of the nose, general outline of face, or eccentricity of manner; but more often it is the tout ensemble, something that cannot be put into words and defined accurately, which causes old friends of parents to exclaim: "Isn't he like his father?" or "He is just like his father as a boy."

This brings us to another point of agreement between handwriting and ourselves—likeness at corresponding ages. It would be absurd to expect a grandfather of seventy to write like his son of forty-five or his grandson of twenty; but there may be just comparison between the grandfather's writing of middle-age and his son's at the present time, or between that of the son and the grandson at corresponding ages.

Another point of agreement is what may be called "peculiarities," and the father who has a style of handwriting which shows these peculiarities will frequently bequeath them, more or less unaltered, to his son.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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