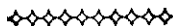


HER WAY OF KNOWING.

An old farmer handed in a telegram-form at the market post-office, containing nothing but the address and eight strokes. "But surely you are going to send a message?" said the counter-clerk. "No, that's all right, miss," he replied. "If them strokes comes out the same at the other end my missis'll know as I shall be home at eight o'clock. Her can't read or write, but her can count, so just see as you puts the proper strokes in."

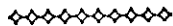


SILENCED.

A newly-married couple were entertaining their friends and amongst the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him objectionable to the rest of the company.

His conduct, although almost unbearable, was tolerated for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humor remarked: "Is this pig?"

"To which end of the fork do you refer?" asked a quiet-looking man sitting at the other end of the table.

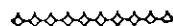


THE REASON WHY.

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax-works, pointing to a very slim figure with a theatrical crown on his head.

"I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator.

"Werry likely," replied the man, sharply, not approving of the comment of his visitor, "but if you'd been here without wittles half as long as he has you'd be twice as thin."



SMILE-RAISERS.

Customer (referring to the slackness in trade): "You're very quiet to-night."

New Assistant: "Well, ma'am, I never was one of the chatty sort!"



Passenger (in a hurry): "I want a ticket for the last train to London, please."

Facetious Booking Clerk: "You aren't going to live as long as that—are you, sir?"



Salesman: "A velvet hat, madam—what size would your husband take?"

She (buying his birthday present): "Let me see—I really don't know—but he takes 16 in collars; so I suppose his hat would be about 19 or 20."



A schoolmaster picked up a penny in the playground. Later, when all the scholars had assembled, he asked: "Has any boy lost a penny?"

After a short pause a small boy held up his hand.

"Please, sir, I did."

"Ah, Tom Jones, and where did you lose it?"

"Please, sir, where you found it!"



"How long have you lived in this village?" asked the man from the city.

The oldest inhabitant was tired of answering questions.

"You see that hill over there," he said. "Well, when I first came here that hill was simply a hole in the ground."



A young woman of heroic build met a man who had known her father and mother. As he gazed at her the light of memory came into his eyes.

"Let me see," he mused, "which side of the house do you resemble most?"

"Sir," she cried in accents far from mild, "I don't resemble the side of any house."

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN OURE. 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.



Beware of Pure Water.

French scientists have made this startling declaration as a result of experiments they have been conducting (says *Tit-Bits*, London).

Chemically pure water, they say, has to be distilled which frees it of all germs. But distilled water, if taken regularly, weakens the human body because it contains nothing but oxygen and hydrogen.

The process of distillation removes all mineral salts, which are of the utmost value to the body; in fact, they are indispensable. The working of the human machine is continually destroying the mineral salts found in it, and therefore we must take fresh supplies into our bodies, the most effective way being by means of water.

Consequently, if chemically pure water is taken regularly we are using up our salts without obtaining others. This tends to tuberculosis, among other things.

Our Most Powerful Light.

The discovery of X-rays was a lucky accident. Professor Röntgen, who died recently, was certainly not searching for them when in 1895 his eyes for the first time beheld a light more powerful than any ever known before.

He was experimenting in a darkened room with a Crookes tube, stimulated internally from an induction coil and covered by a shield of black cardboard, when he became conscious of a faint, greenish, flickering light on a paper which he had painted with a fluorescent chemical preparation.

The value of this ray to medicine has been incalculable. Prior to its discovery the position of an internal injury had to be guessed, and a patient might even have had to be cut open so that the surgeon might see exactly where the mischief lay.

Now the Röntgen ray can disclose the exact position of the broken bone or foreign matter.

The rays have caused the death of many experimenters since their discovery by Röntgen, but, fortunately, those days are past, and the X-ray is doing ever-increasing work in the service of man.

Oldest Hospital.

Few institutions can rival in antiquity St. Bartholemew's Hospital, London, which this year celebrates its 800th anniversary.

The hospital was founded in 1123 in the reign of Henry I., and it holds the record of being the oldest in England. Among its first patients were English lords and Norman squires, who went to get relief for their arrow wounds.

The story of Bart's is the story of progress in surgery and medicine. When it began patients were dosed with powdered snails and concoctions of adders, bats, and earth-worms.

Many thrilling episodes have marked Bart's existence. The Black Death and the Great Plague crowded its limited accommodation, and both added materially to the medical knowledge which, as the years advanced, was being gathered within its walls.

Hogarth, the great painter, served Bart's as a governor, and his painting of the Pool of Bethesda hangs on the great staircase. Of this picture, doctors say it is possible for any medical man to diagnose the different ailments of the patients, so faithfully did Hogarth depict them.

In the course of its 800 years the hospital has been rebuilt three times.



A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing—that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.

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.

Brownette Bros.

NAPIER'S LEADING FOOTWEAR AND REPAIR SPECIALISTS.
EMERSON ST. (Opp. Working Men's Club), NAPIER.