

money to buy something new, he gave it back to me for a Christmas present; then I gave it to Jim, junior, on his birthday, and he gave it to Sue Belle on hers.

'The next spring all the kinfolks got up a birthday party for old Aunt Sally Spicer, and we took her the vase; after she' kep' it a good bit, she gave it to Jim's sister Jane for a weddin' present, and afterwards Jane gave it to me and Jim when we had our china weddin'. I was counting on giving it to Jim on his next birthday, and now here it it smashed to pieces.

'I tell you, Miss Ann, it most makes me cry to think of losing such a useful family article—so near Jim's birthday, too!'

#### RESPECTABLE ORIGIN.

The Prince of Wales is becoming more and more enthusiastic over his arduous duties at the front, and in spite of his high position he is not avoiding extreme hardship and danger.

Those who know the Prince intimately say that he is as fond of a joke now as he was when he was a little boy and in his nursery days his quaint sayings were proverbial in the Royal Family.

The late King Edward used to tell the following story. The King asked the little Prince what part of history he was then studying.

'All about Perkin Warbeck,' replied his Royal Highness.

'And who was he?' inquired his Majesty, anxious to test his grandson's knowledge.

'Oh,' answered the Prince, 'he pretended he was the son of a king; but he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents!'

#### MISSED EVERY SHOT.

One of the best stories told about Sir John French is how, one night at dinner, some officers were discussing rifle-shooting. The general was listening, as was his wont, without making any remark, until at length he chipped in with:

'Say, I'll bet anyone here,' in his calm, quiet, deliberate way, 'that I can fire ten shots at 500 yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of cigars on it.'

The major present accepted the offer and the next morning the whole mess was at the shooting range to see the trial.

Sir John fired. 'Miss!' he announced. He fired again. 'Miss!' he repeated. A third shot. 'Miss!'

'Hold on there!' protested the major. 'What are you doing? You are not shooting at the target at all.'

But French finished his task. 'Miss!' 'Miss!' 'Miss!'

'Of course I wasn't shooting at the target,' he said. 'I was shooting for those cigars.'

#### IT PUZZLED PAT.

Pat was at the railway station, and he put a penny in a machine bearing the inscription, 'Pull the handle with a jerk.' After Pat had put the penny in the slot he began looking all over the machine.

A porter passing at the time said, 'Halloa. Pat, won't the machine work?'

'Begorra!' said Pat, 'I dunno; it says "Pull the handle with a jerk," but I can't find the blessed jerk to pull it with!'

#### WILLIE'S ANSWER.

Some time ago the teacher in a public school was giving a talk on classic mythology. Little Willie was not very attentive, and when it came to the questioning part of the game he was lost in the wilderness.

'Willie,' said the teacher, closing the book and looking impressively at the youngster, 'can you tell me who Cyclops was?'

'Yes, ma'am,' was the prompt answer of Willie. 'He was the feller what wrote the cyclopedia.'

#### A BIT OF CONCEIT.

'My brother in the trenches,' said a French chef, 'writes me a little anecdote about General Joffre, the generalissimo, you know.'

'Our brave Joffre was examining a map while under fire. The map was held by a young subaltern boy of 16 years from the military school of St. Cyr. Bang! S-s-s! went the marnites and Jack Johnsons and whistling Willies—for so they call those shells, you know—and the boy could not help starting and trembling as he held the map, and this lost our brave Joffre his place.'

'The generalissimo was vexed when he lost his place three or four times, and he said to the boy soldier:

"Voila, you are too conceited, dodging the shells like that! Do you suppose the Boches aim those expensive shells at you? You are only a little boy soldier. Do you take yourself for a cathedral?"'

#### BUSINESS FIRST.

Fussy Man (hurrying into a newspaper office): 'I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them; but I can't see to write without them.'

Advertisement Clerk: 'I will write the advertisement for you, sir. Any marks on them?'

Fussy Man: 'Yes, yes! Gold-rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters "L. Q. C." on edges. Insert it three times.'

Clerk: 'Yes, sir. Three shillings, please.'

Fussy Man: 'Here it is.'

Clerk: 'Thanks! It gives me great pleasure, sir, to inform you that your spectacles are on the top of your head.'

Fussy Man: 'So they are! But why didn't you say so before?'

Clerk: 'Business before pleasure, you know, sir.'

#### A CONUNDRUM.

It is often literally true that 'the weak things of the world' are able to 'confound the things which are mighty.' Not long ago a member of Parliament was caught napping by his little granddaughter, who is the delight of her parents and the idol of her grandfather. She came before him, her face wreathed in smiles, and said:

'Grandpa, I saw something running across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was?'

He studied for awhile, but finally was obliged to give it up. 'What was it?' he asked.

'Water,' answered the little lady, triumphantly.

#### A SMART ANSWER.

An English bank clerk, who imagined that no one was as clever as he, was recently on a visit to his aunt, who lives in a village in the South of Ireland. It was this young man's greatest pleasure to hold up Pat to ridicule on every possible occasion. One morning when he was out for a stroll with some of his friends he met a boy leading a very thin horse along the road, and called out:

'Say, Pat, why don't you get inside and fill him out?'

'I would, sir,' said Pat, 'if his mouth was as big as yours.'

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