

tralian bishop noticed in his congregation a strange face. The following Sunday the same individual appeared, and later in the week the bishop met him in the street. The bishop stopped him, congratulated him upon his attendance at the cathedral, and added:—"You don't live here, do you?"

"No," said the stranger; "I live way back," mentioning the name of the place.

"Have you many episcopalsians there?" inquired the bishop.

"No, sir," was the reply. "What we are mostly worried with is rabbits."

A LONG-FELT WANT.

The get-on-with-the-war enthusiast was warming to his subject. He had described the death of hundreds of women and children in Belgium with gruesome details, the treatment of British prisoners with more gruesome details, the sinking of the Lusitania with still more gruesome details, and as he saw the strained look of the audience he went on vehemently:—

"There are some spectacles one never forgets."

As he paused a moment impressively a little old lady in the front rose and chirped:—

"Oh, do please tell me where I can get a pair! I'm always forgetting mine."

GLASS FASHIONS.

Mrs Prior, a charity worker, was visiting a certain woman in a small country town. Four little children in the family all wore glasses.

"What a pity!" exclaimed Miss Prior to the mother. "It seems that all your children have trouble with their eyes."

"There ain't nothing the matter with their eyes, ma'am," said the mother.

"Then why do you disfigure them with those glasses?" asked the visitor, wonderingly.

The woman stared at her caller coldly and angrily. "Why, I thinks they look lovely!" she said. "I like glasses on little children. I think they're real dressy."

SMILE RAISERS.

"Robbie, can't you play without making all that noise?"

"No, mamma, I can't. You see, we're playin' picnic, and a storm has come up, and I'm the thunder."

"Your credentials are satisfactory," said a manufacturer to a youth who was applying for a situation. "Have you a grandmother?"

"No, sir."

"Any dear old aunt?"

"No, sir."

"Or any other relatives who will be likely to die during the present football season?"

"No, sir."

"You'll do. You can start work to-morrow."

Jimmy had just annihilated the whole German army, and he was putting his leaden warriors back into their respective boxes, when his roving eye glanced upwards and spotted a large, black, fierce-looking invader.

"Father," he cried, excitedly, "there's a great big spider on the ceiling."

Jimmy's father, who is a professor, was busy at the moment, and answered, without raising his eyes: "Step on it, Jimmy, my boy, and do not interrupt me."

FILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Caterpillars Stop Trains.

No story of a trip on the early transcontinental railroad was considered complete without an account of delay due to herds of buffalo and flocks of grasshoppers crossing the track. The buffalo has disappeared, and grasshoppers no longer give trouble; but there is still one of Nature's creatures whose desire for a life on the rail occasionally causes trouble.

The McCloud River railroad runs from Sisson to McGavie, California, through a territory where caterpillars exist in large numbers. During the spring these insects climb on the head of the rail and cover it completely. As the caterpillars are crushed under the wheels, both the wheels and the rails become so slippery that it is impossible to haul a train or to stop it effectively with the brakes. On heavy slopes the locomotives slip and the trains start to slide backward down the hill.

Trenches dug along the right of way are often effective in stopping the progress of the pests, but the distance over which they advanced made such a procedure impracticable in this case. Brooms and scrapers on the locomotives proved worse than useless, for they crushed the caterpillars instead of removing them.

The solution of the difficulty was found in steam jets directed at the rail a short distance ahead of the wheels of the locomotive. By this method the caterpillars were blown 20 or 30 feet from the rails and about half of them were killed.

Gas Attacks and Sparrows.

Investigations of the effects of poison gas on animals show that horses suffer considerably from the noxious fumes and are subsequently thrown into a state of nervous terror on again scenting them. Mules are inclined to stand their ground, and appear as if trying not to breathe. Gas helmets of a kind have been successfully tried for both these animals.

In the trenches many animals are kept by the soldiers as pets. Of these, cats quickly detect gas and run about howling. Guinea-pigs are the first to succumb. Mice emerge from their holes and are found dead in quantities.

Poultry of all kinds are useful for giving warning, ducks and fowl becoming agitated 10 minutes or so before the oncoming gas clouds. Many kinds of wild birds are greatly excited, and the usually unruffled owl becomes, as it were, half-demented. Only the sparrow seems to disregard the poisonous vapour, and sparrows chirp on where horses are asphyxiated, and bees, butterflies, caterpillars, ants, and beetles die off in great numbers.

The gas at once kills snakes, and earthworms are found dead in their holes many inches below the ground.

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