

WON HIS BET.

A farmer entered a grocer's shop and exhibited an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he declared had been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton-wool, and would not allow anybody to handle it, for fear of breaking the phenomenon.

The grocer examined it with the rest, and, intending to chaff the countryman, said: "Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

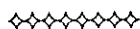
"I'll bet you a sovereign you haven't," said the countryman.

"Right!" replied the grocer; and, going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg-beater. "There's something that will beat it, I think," he said.

"Hold on there," said the farmer. "Let's see you beat it." And he handed it to the grocer.

The latter held out his hand, but dropped the egg in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup-plates.

It was of solid iron, painted white!



SMILE RAISERS.

Highbrow Youth: "What books have helped you most?"

Practical Maiden: "Mother's cookery-book and father's cheque-book."



Bride (at the 'phone): "Hello, Madge! Will you ask Helen to ask her husband to ring up Harry and ask him what he'd like for lunch—then Helen can tell you and you can tell me. Harry and I have quarrelled."



It was a dark night and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post.

With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read, "Wet Paint."



Irene was being shown off by her mother. "We are very proud of our little girl," said her mother to the visitor. "We are going to send her to school in the autumn, where she will learn, oh, such a lot, and be a bright and intelligent child."

"But I don't want to be bright and intelligent," said Irene. "I want to be just like mummy!"



Tommy was the dunce of the class, and was continually caned for inattention. One day the teacher was taking the class in history. After reading out the principal monarchs of the world, he said:

"Now, Tommy, which ruler inspires the most respect and fear?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, the one on your desk."

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

We have just received the latest Musical Novelty—"The Canary Songster"—considered to be the best and strongest musical toy ever made for children. Send postal note for 2/6 and receive this by return post. —ALLAN YOUNG, LTD., 17, The Octagon, Dunedin.

Science Siftings

By "Volt"

Chemistry of Emotions.

Even saints and martyrs are dependent on carbohydrates and proteids for their excellence. "King Lear" itself was made by means of beer and beef (says the *London Daily Telegraph*). But the man of science who has just told the world that the cause of anger is a superfluity of sugar in the blood goes far beyond the fact. Orthodox physiology disowns him. That in moments of rage we have in our blood rather more sugar than in our hours of ease is quite true. But to suggest that the sugar produces the rage is as reasonable as to suggest that a cold day sets the fire alight. The sugar is in the blood on account of the rage. We have in us a gland which when we feel angry is influenced by the emotion and sends more sugar into the blood. The sugar is provided in order that if our anger demands action the body shall not lack the necessary energy. The sequence is therefore not that a change in the chemical constitution of the blood produces emotion, but that emotion affects the blood's composition. It is the spiritual which rules the material.

A stubborn materialist may reply that there is no lack of cases in which the chemistry of the vile body is plainly the dictator of emotions. If we consume too much sugar we are very likely to suffer from anger. If we never have a square meal we shall probably be children of sorrow. But this does not weaken the evidence that we are so made as to be subject to appeals to the spirit. Since men are such that the chemical processes by which their bodies are made and maintained are affected by the injustice and the misery which others suffer, it is plain that they are not merely the creatures of physical laws.

Toll of the Fogs: What They Cost in Human Life.

An eminent authority has stated that a single fog may cost more in lives than a pitched battle (states a physician in the *London Daily Mail*). In support of this statement our experience in London may be advanced; a day or two of fog will double the number of deaths from bronchitis during the succeeding month.

A fog is nothing more than a cloud which has settled on the earth—it is the condensation of vapor upon minute particles of soot and dust floating in the air. In London we have what are called "dry" fogs, those in which the particles on which the moisture is deposited are large, and the amount of water small. The "wet" fogs of the seaside and country are composed of droplets of water—suspended near the earth. Under this wet blanket, those affected with lung disease are indeed in parlous condition. With their respiratory apparatus performing its function with difficulty under ordinary conditions they are called upon to breathe air which is saturated with moisture. England's greatest prevalence of fog is in December, with the two preceding and the

succeeding months a little behind, and it is worthy of note that it is during this period that the death rate from lung diseases is at its height.

But fog exacts a toll from others than those who suffer from respiratory trouble. Part of its deleterious effect comes from the depression of vitality due to the deprivation of sunlight. For a "place in the sun" is being more and more emphasised as being necessary to the maintenance of physical efficiency. Similarly still further depression of the body's forces results from the chilling of the skin by constant contact with moisture. The greatest effect of all is that on the mentality. Shut out from the usual sights, a prey to anxiety concerning delays and missed appointments, the fog-invested traveller accents the bodily effects of fog by his fall in spirits.

Experts tell us that fogs are preventable. They say, and every scientist must admit that there is truth in their statements, that a smokeless city means practically a fogless city. Public opinion will some day drive this home into the comprehension of those who sit about to govern us.

Who Made the First Paper.

The credit for making the first paper is due to a Chinese named Ts'ai-lun.

In A.D. 75 he made the first hand sheet of paper from the bark of a mulberry tree.

Before this leaves of trees and various barks used in crude form, had been good enough for the Egyptians, Romans, and other nations. The Chinese, however, did not use the crude inner bark of the tree as the final material on which to make his records. He used the bark merely as a raw material from which he produced a finished sheet of paper by a series of processes which, primitive as they may seem to us now, were the forbears of paper manufacture to-day.

China monopolised the art of paper-making for about 800 years, until the secret was learned from her by the Arabs, who improved upon the Chinese process by using linen or cotton rags instead of mulberry bark.

Soon after 1800 the first paper to be made with wood pulp came into the market.

Nowadays, to meet the enormous demands of the press and commerce generally, over 400 varieties of wood and grasses have been called into requisition. Linen and cotton rags are used only in the making of the finest note-paper.

Of the paper now manufactured, 99 per cent. is machine-made.

Shifting is not a pleasant experience, but it's doubly harassing when unskilled men do the carrying. If you want your furniture carefully, safely, and cheaply removed, we will assist you. The New Zealand Express Company, Limited. Offices in all chief towns.

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