

"My victories make you believe in me. Well, the universe makes me believe in God. What is the finest manoeuvre compared with the movement of the stars?"

Sensualism kills nations just as surely as it kills the individuals who have the folly to make it the basis of their existence."

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DON'T AND DO.

"I am tired of don'ts," said Margaret B.,
"As tired of don'ts as I can be;
For it's 'Don't do this and 'Don't do that,'
Don't hurt the dog, Don't tease the cat,
Don't be untidy and Don't be vain,
Don't interfere, Don't do it again;
Don't bite your nails, Don't gobble your food,
Don't speak so loud (it's dreadfully rude),
Don't mumble your words, Don't say, 'I won't,'
Oh, all the day long it's nothing but Don't.
Sometime or other, I hope—Don't you?—
Someone will say to me, "Oh, please do." "

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BAD BILLY BROWN.

"Oh dear!" sighed the new teacher. "I simply don't know what to do with Billy Brown!" He's so troublesome!"

"Send him to me," said the head. "I'll attend to him, you may rest assured!"

A few days later Billy entered the head's classroom. No sooner had he set foot inside the door than he was seized, dragged off to the cloak-room, and spanked well and truly.

"And now, young man," said the head, "tell me what your teacher sent you to me for."

"P-P-Please, sir," sobbed the astonished Billy, "teacher sent me to ask if you would lend her a bit of chalk."

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THE DRAWBACK.

An American tourist in Scotland took a great fancy to a handsome collie he saw, and offered to buy it. The owner asked some questions, and on learning that it was the would-be purchaser's intention to take "Jock" to America, he refused to part with the dog.

Just then an English tourist came along, and he also made a bid for the collie, which, though less than the first offer, was accepted. The American was annoyed, and when the Englishman had departed, he said: "You told me you wouldn't sell your dog."

"Na, na," replied the canny Scot. "I said I couldn't part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldn't swim the Atlantic."

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SMILE RAISERS.

The best thing to induce chest expansion—Medals.

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Doctor: "You cough more easily this morning."
Patient: "Yes. I've been practising all night."

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Pupil (to teacher)—"I am indebted to you for all that I know."

Teacher—"Don't mention it; it's a mere trifle."

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What is it that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Jim.

"I suppose it's the beams," replied his brother.

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Customer: "You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy." Newsboy: "I'm out o' practice, sir. You see, most of the gents say: "Keep the change!"

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"

HELPS FOR CYCLISTS.

Ever since pneumatic tyres were invented there have been countless contrivances intended to act as puncture-preventers.

The best remedy is a sufficient thickness of rubber in the tread, so long as it is of the highest possible quality. Injections of glycerine and other sticky fluids are messy makeshifts.

Puncture-proof bands inside the cover are unsatisfactory, as they overload the wheel, slow the running, and make repairs more complicated.

French cycles are taking the fancy of many expert riders. In more than one of the latest patterns the cycle frames are welded by the oxyacetylene process. This gets rid of all lugs, and provides a light and strong frame. Not one British manufacturer has yet ventured on this enormous improvement in frame-building.

A LIGHTING SET.

I have been using a Swiss-made dynamo lighting set for the two lamps on my bicycle (says a writer in *Tit-Bits*, London). It is one of the neatest and most attractive of the devices now marketed for enabling you to act as your own power-station when on a machine.

As there is a single wire to each lamp, and the return circuit is by way of the frame, connections have to be cleared of enamel to make sure they are metallic.

An electric fit-up has obvious conveniences, especially for short journeys, but it does not boast the brilliance of acetylene or the jog-trot trustworthiness of oil lamps.

SOME MEN OF SCIENCE.

How many present-day scientists could you name? Edison and Marconi come into your mind at once; possibly you might mention Sir Oliver Lodge. Of the older men many names occur in a flash—Darwin, of evolution fame; Huxley, the biologist; Herschel, the astronomer; Faraday, the electrician; Frank Buckland, the naturalist.

Scientists of to-day are not, as a rule, endowed with the power of self-expression; they cannot put the record of their work or of their discoveries into words which all can understand. If they give lectures or write books, they use a curious technical language of their own. A well-known writer said of them that they had more to tell us than any other class of men, but that they were of all men the least able to tell it. That is why we know so little of their doings.

When the present writer (to a London paper) was an undergraduate at Cambridge, Sir Joseph Thomson, the famous scientist, was a well-known figure—slim, stooping a little, and seemingly always absorbed in some deep train of thought. A rumor current in those days had it that he was so absent-minded that he invariably forgot to shave, and that when he had become too bristly to be respectable his wife forced him into a chair and shaved him!

The name of Marconi is so well known to most people that there is no need to say more than a word or two about this dark, slim, modest young man whose discoveries have made it possible for us to communicate with ships thousands of miles from land, or with flying aeroplanes; and to send messages through the air to the other side of the world.

It was in 1899 that Marconi first succeeded in sending wireless messages between England and France; three years later he had enabled Canada to talk to us by air; to-day we can send a radiogram to any part of the world.

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In devotion it is better to be safe than to be original.—Father Faber.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to **BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE**. 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. READERS!!!**