

SUCCESS AT LAST.

"Ah," said the lady palmist, as the stranger entered her studio, "you come to be enlightened? You desire to dip into the future?"

"Well, really, I've just called to——"

"I know—I know! Now look at me. Yes, I see you have suffered many grievous disappointments lately."

"That's correct. I——"

"Hush! Something which you have striven for and sighed for without avail will shortly come within your grasp."

"That's good!"

"Only be patient. Remember that the hard times are past, and that success is now yours."

"Thank you! You've relieved me immensely!" said the caller, diving his hand into his breast-pocket. "I've been here about five times for last quarter's gas-bill. I'm jolly glad to hear that I'm going to get it at last."

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SPOILED EVERYTHING.

The amateur dramatic society had spent many anxious nights in practice and rehearsal, and at length the great evening that was to show their powers arrived. One of the amateurs had found it inconvenient to attend, and his place was taken by an understudy. But, as he was allotted a part with only one sentence, no hitch was anticipated. He was the headman.

Arrayed in all the glory of black tights and mask, he strode on to the stage, and folding his arms, exclaimed: "My lord, my lord! I have beheaded the maid!"

"Oh, you have, have you?" returned the local butcher, who was taking the part of the cruel king. "Well, then, allow me to tell you that you've spoiled the blessed show. You've done it two acts too soon!"

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SMILE RAISERS.

Proud Mother: "Claude has learned to play the piano in no time."

Musician: "Yes, he's playing just like that now!"

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Barracker (at local football match): "How do you think we shall get on?"

Captain: "Well, sir, our goal-keeper ain't much use, our centre-forward 'as a gammy knee, and left 'alf-back may not turn up, but—my brother Jim is refereeing for us."

¶

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Vagrancy, your honor. He was loafing around a street corner."

"Ah, impersonating an officer."

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More Brains (at piano recital): "What is that charming thing he is playing?"

Less Brains: "A piano, y' dub."

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First Undergrad: "What shall we do?"

Second Undergrad: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

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Mrs. Brown: "I hear the vicar thinks your daughter has a real genius for reciting, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith: "Yes. All she wants, he says to me, is a course of electrocution, just to finish 'er off like."

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"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

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"

A MINERAL YOU CAN WEAVE.

Fifty-five miles from Selukwe, in Rhodesia, on an unspeakable road, axle-deep in dust, is Shabani. And Shabani is the centre of an important and evergrowing group of asbestos mines—or rather, quarries. The Shabani mine itself is cut out of the side of a hill, is some six years old or so, and has already an output of nearly 1000 tons a month.

You are probably familiar enough with asbestos as you see it in stores—a fluffy, cotton-like material that helps to give out heat but is indestructable by fire. As it comes out of the quarry it looks like stems of grass that have been welded together.

You can pick it from the rock with your hands; you can pull the stems apart into infinitesimal fractions, you can rub them in your fingers till they become pliable and silky, but you can't break them.

They are tougher than whipcord. You can weave asbestos. You can make string of it, or cotton or clothing. And yet it is a mineral.

Its uses and potentialities are not yet half realised. In the motor business, in the shipyard, in the building trades its importance is increasing yearly.

It is perhaps destined to supersede corrugated iron. The roofs of the huts in the Shabani native "compound" are made of it. It has a thousand possible uses besides making fire-proof curtains. In short, asbestos has a wonderful future in the world's industries.

I was shown a cross cutting in the walls of the Shabani quarry (writes a *Daily Mail* contributor). Its depth is roughly 20 feet.

There is a stratum of rock, irregular and varying from ten inches to a couple of feet—then a stratum of asbestos from one to three inches thick, then more rock, then more asbestos.

Experimental lodes have been driven down and the same formation exists below. The whole side of the hill is like some Gargantuan jam sandwich.

I have described asbestos in the rough as like grass stems welded together. They vary in this mine from one inch to three inches in length, and lying in the seam between the rock they are all perpendicular.

Except for the slight variation in depth there is no irregularity in their formation. They have been placed in their position, handy for exploitation by mankind, by the greatest engineers in the world, Dame Nature and Co., Unlimited.

It costs £13 a ton to get Shabani asbestos to London, as against £5 a ton for the Canadian.

Explosives and other mining materials and the bags in which it is packed all cost more than in Canada, and while labor is much cheaper, being mostly native, Rhodesian and South African asbestos are heavily handicapped by production and transport costs. And there are rumors of prices going down through Russian competition.

AN APPEAL FROM THE BACKBLOCKS

At Tuatapere—a bush township in Southland—Mass is celebrated in the most westerly part of New Zealand. The few scattered Catholics are making a bold endeavor to raise funds for a much-needed church but realise their difficulties without assistance from outside. They therefore appeal to the generously disposed readers of the *Tablet* to help them in their enterprise.

Subscriptions may be sent to the undersigned—Presbytery, Riverton—and will be acknowledged in the *Tablet*.

(Rev.) D. P. BUCKLEY.

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.**