

AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

The college collector of antiques stepped off at Bacon Ridge.

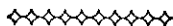
"Good day, sir," he said, addressing the postmaster, "I am collecting old-fashioned articles, and would like to know if I could find anything like that in this hamlet. Say antique mugs, for instance."

Uncle Jason stroked his chin whiskers.

"Antique mugs? By heck, I know the very place where thar's two of them now."

"You do? Here's a good cigar. Now, where can I find these antique mugs?"

"Why, down on Main Street, in Hiram Spruceby's barber's shop. Grandad Wheatley and Pap Simmons are in there getting shaved, and by heck, when it comes to antique mugs, I reckon thar be the oldest in the country, stranger."



CAUTION.

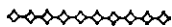
His friends had prevailed upon him to accompany them to a race-meeting.

Arrived there, Sandy—for he was a Scot—soon overcame his scruples, and ventured to stake half a crown on a horse.

It was an outsider, but imagine his delight when it came in first at heavy odds. He hurried to the bookmaker, who rather grudgingly, it seemed, doled out his winnings.

Carefully Sandy examined each coin, and the bookmaker, glancing at him, remarked: "Well, are you afraid they're bad?"

"No; but I wis just makin' shair that the bad ane I gied ye wasna amang them."



A REASON FOR REJOICING.

After a short meeting a little singing was indulged in by some of the members of a social gathering, and half-way down the programme the name of Mr. Bert Brown figured.

When the time came for him to appear a messenger arrived to say that the gentleman was suffering from a bad cold, and therefore the chairman had to excuse him to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to announce that Mr. Brown will be unable to sing as announced, and therefore Mr. Green will give us 'A Song of Thanksgiving.'"



SMILE-RAISERS.

Chairman (addressing a meeting): "I am sure we are all very sorry that our secretary is not here to-night. I cannot say we miss his vacant chair, but I do say we miss his vacant face."



A little girl was told that polite people did not talk about their ailments in company, or outside the family. So when a visitor asked her if she was well, she said, "Well, in the family, I have the stomach ache, but in company I am quite well, thank you."



She was a countrywoman, and travelling by train was something new to her. She sat down on a seat in the station, and after waiting for two hours was approached by the stationmaster, who inquired where she was going.

"But the train's just gone," he said when she told him.

"Dear, dear! I thought the whole consarn moved," replied the old woman.



"An' so you're goin' to teach French at the school, Mr. Canewell?" said the good lady. "It's as well that some folks can teach people, for I often think it must be shockin' difficult for furriners who come here. For instance, take the word 'air.' There's the 'air on our 'eads, the hair of the hatmosphere, the 'are they 'unts, and air you quite well? Yes, it must be awful confusin'."

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

How do you Read?

Few people see the whole of each letter as they read. Most of us glance only at the tops of them. You can test this for yourself by placing a straight-edged piece of paper along a line of print. Cover the bottom halves of the letters and you have no difficulty in reading it; but if the upper parts are hidden, reading becomes a difficult business.

Reading speeds vary enormously. The average man can get through about 20,000 words in an hour. Fast readers will easily double this speed and still take in what they are perusing.

The greatest speed ever achieved was that of a famous man of learning who could read and remember more than 50 words a second. He is said to have read six novels a day.

If each line of print was 3½ inches in length, and there were 40 of them to the page, his eyes must have travelled rather more than a mile and a quarter from side to side in half an hour.

How do you Walk?

How do you walk? Do you proceed in a straight line or zigzag from side to side?

If you watch a number of pedestrians you will find that nine out of ten bear to the right, return to their proper course, and then start swerving to the right again. This is because our right leg is more fully developed and stronger than our left. A left-handed person usually swerves to the left in walking, for in his case the left side is the more powerful.

If a man is slightly deaf in his left ear he will swerve to the left. If his other ear is affected he will go in the opposite direction. This is because the deaf stoop slightly on the side on which they can hear least.

Short-sighted people will swerve to the side on which they have their worst eye. Even people who are perfectly well physically and whose bodies are evenly developed zigzag in their walk. This is because their thoughts wander and their legs have not sufficient guidance.

Time-Saving Invention for Typists.

The newest idea in talking machines does not use wax records. Instead it employs a cellulose thread, as fine as thin cotton, upon which the little nicks and notches made by the sound-waves are recorded.

The machine, which is called the Parlograph, is meant for the business man. Instead of dictating his letters to a typist, he speaks into the mouthpiece of the machine, whilst the thread runs from one reel under the stylus to another.

As soon as he has finished a batch of letters he rings for his typist, who receives the finished reel of thread and takes it to her room. There she puts it on to a reproducing machine, to which are attached a pair of telephone head-pieces.

She then sits down to her typewriter, dons the telephones, and touches the starting lever. The machine reproduces what has been dictated, and she writes it straight away.

You can see at once what a great saving of time this is. Instead of spending half her time in taking down, and afterwards in reading, shorthand notes, the typist can remain busy at her machine.

As the thread passes under the sound-box of the recording machine the sharp-edged stylus, which is always moving up and down with the vibrations of the diaphragm, cuts little notches of various depths in its surface. The stylus of the reproducing machine follows these, and so causes its diaphragm to give out the sounds originally made by the dictator.

One great advantage of the method is that the thread "records" take up little room. The whole of a long letter can be recorded on a few feet of fine thread, and thousands of these talking threads can be filed away for future reference in a small cabinet.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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