

language is called the 'Pantang Kapor,' or camphor language, and is used by the natives and all others who are engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor-tree, and only at that time. If they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, the natives believe that they could not obtain any camphor; and for a most curious reason.

The camphor tree, *Dryobalanops camphora*, grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is of a sort very highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense and in medicine, and the gum brings a price much higher than that of the common camphor.

The Malaysians and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit, or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor tree is known by the name of Bisan—literally 'a woman.' Her resting-place is near the trees; and when, at night, a peculiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing, and camphor will surely be found in the neighbourhood.

But the spirit of the camphor-trees seems to be jealous of the precious gum, and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it she will endeavour to turn their steps aside. For from Mr Lake's account the supposition is probable that the natives think that she is acquainted with both the Malay and Jakun languages, and if the camphor-hunters spoke either of those she would know that they had come for camphor, and would defeat their purpose. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue which she does not understand. For this purpose the 'camphor language' has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered or reversed; and the natives possibly believe that the divinity of the camphor tree is completely confused when she hears this jargon. They speak it when they are on camphor expeditions.

The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of people, but inoffensive. They live, together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls and perhaps a tame horribill, in perfect harmony, under movable leaf shelters built on poles in the woods.

They have a formidable weapon in a sort of blowpipe, not unlike the pipe through which the schoolboy projects wet paper balls. The Johore blowpipe is made of a very long jointed, straight variety of bamboo, which is generally carved and traced with many rude devices.

The projectiles used in these are thin splinters of wood about a foot long, having a plug of pith at the butt end. The point is as sharp as a needle, and is covered with a black, resinous substance, which in many cases is extremely poisonous. Monkeys and other small animals struck with one of these darts die from the effects almost instantly. On man and the larger animals its effect is less rapid, but quite as deadly. The poison is popularly supposed to be obtained from the upas tree.

The Jakuns provide the graves of their dead with food, just as the North American Indians do. They also thoughtfully furnish them with cooking utensils and torches. With these people the forest is indeed full of spirits, not the least important of which is this spirit of the camphor tree, whom they believe they fool so adroitly with their 'camphor language.'

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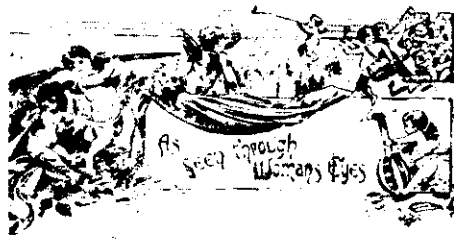
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MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

ABOUT HER CLOTHES.

THAT country girl is wise who, remembering that the blue of the skies and the green of the trees form her background, elects that during the summer she shall wear pretty cottons daintily made, and wide-brimmed, somewhat fantastic straw hats. She would be entirely out of place in stuffy woollens or elaborate silks, and yet each one of you knows that this mistake is sometimes made. For the morning she can have the simplest of gingham or lawn—in winter neat winseys, serges, and homespun or tweeds—and for the evening a somewhat more elaborate, but still a simple costume. She is unwise in imitating her city cousin, who nine times out of ten looks overdressed. I wish I could make the country girl understand exactly the charm, the restful charm, that there is in her simplicity, and I wish I could make her content. I know it is in the heart of every girl to long for pretty gowns, and a much-trimmed lace, silk, or velvet frock may look very charming to the girl who has not one, while to the unprejudiced observer it seems absolutely out of place.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.

When the city cousin comes, and the girls who are to have tea with you are all together, don't ask questions about the silly habits of the town, and above all things if you hear of some silly habit affected by a so-called fashionable woman don't attempt to imitate her in her folly. Induce your city cousin to tell you about the things worth seeing and hearing about: of the great paintings, art exhibitions, tennis tournaments, of the flower market, and how it interests city women, while you country girls have so many flowers you scarcely seem to set any value on them. But do not ask about little vices, and do not believe that well-bred women in the cities do many of the ill-bred things that are described—that they smoke cigarettes, that their gowns are cut immodestly, that they are slaves to drink or opium, that they are offensively free in their language—there may be such women, such women are everywhere. But, my dear child, a gentleman is always the same, be she in the city or the country, and she is not addicted to anything that takes away from her womanliness. Talk about frocks, if you like, there is no harm in that; hear pretty ones described, they are a pleasure and a delight to the eyes; but if you feel the little demon of envy biting at your heartstrings, change the subject right away. You think the city girl, as she talks about amusements and admirers, must have a very good time in life. It is not as good as yours, for she does not have plenty of fresh air, she does not know the joys of the singing birds, she cannot tell the flower or the bloom of the tree that announces the coming of spring, and her world is, curiously enough, a much smaller one than yours.

ABOUT HER SWEETHEART.

Of course you believe in him. But still you have quite a funny little heartbeat when you see his eyes open wide with admiration as he looks at your city cousin, who, in a silk faced tailor-made gown with man's shirt and tie or frilled crepon, seems like a Dresden statuette. It is useless to say you are foolish. But you are. If he is worth anything, if he is worth the having, he will never give you up for the city cousin, and any courtesy he may show her will probably be not only because she interests him, but especially because he loves you. Sweethearts, my dear, are much truer than we give them credit for, and if you want to keep yours believe in him, and that belief will make belief. If his so-called love has only been the fancy of a moment, then be thankful that by the appearance of the city cousin you discovered in time that what you thought was pure gold was not even silver gilt.

Some country girls tell me of little liberties they allow their sweethearts, and which can really not be called wrong, but I wish I could make them understand how much more what a man cannot get to him, than what is given to him as if it were of no worth. No, my dear country girl, I do not think you ought to let your sweetheart kiss you whenever he wishes. A kiss from you should mean so much that it should be an event, then he will be certain that nobody else is getting your treasures, and that you are hoarding great expressions of affection for the time when you shall be his very own. The city girl in keeping her sweetheart at a little distance is very wise, and the country girl should be equally wise. I do not mean that there should be no love-making—I like that old-fashioned word—but I do believe that a little too much freedom is a speck on the perfect fruit of love, and it is one which it is in the power of the girl to prevent.

THE DRESSING OF AN INFANT.

(BY MRS GLADSTONE.)

WHEN we approach the subject of the clothes of infants, the most important fact to be borne in mind is to have the clothing light, soft, and warm, varying with the seasons—so adapted that it may be put on and taken off easily. This latter point should always be borne in mind

when either purchasing or making an infant's clothing, so that the child may be saved as much discomfort as possible while its clothing is being changed.

Every mother should see that the dress of an infant will admit of expansion of chest and stomach, with perfect freedom for limbs and joints. Much irritation, as Dr. Squire says, 'is produced by keeping damp clothes close to the skin, and more when caustic soda has been used in washing, and is left from careless rinsing and drying. All impervious wraps are to be avoided; there must be frequent changes of linen.' The supply of animal heat in a baby being small, the dress should be chosen with a view to warmth, but while taking every care to maintain a comfortable and equable warmth, do not coddle or overheat the child; beware of loading it with too many clothes, and of covering the neck with warm shawls or tippets within doors. All that is wanted is to keep the upper part of the dress sufficiently high to protect the chest and arms, for over-heating is bad and relaxing.

Exceptional circumstances, of course, demand exceptional care; for instance, in a case of premature birth the preservation of vital heat is the one thing to be attended to; it is safest to wrap the baby in flannel, or, as has been done with good effect, to imbue it in a basket of cotton wool, and not to expose it to air at all—at all events not till the doctor comes.

Never overlook the tendency in young children at the period of teething to nervous excitement. Keep the head cool. Avoid over soft pillows, close wrappings up of the head, and heavy bonnets or hats. How often, from affection and pride, a velvet hat is chosen, laden with feathers or trimmings, which oppresses the poor little head. Such things are objectionable both in winter and summer. I would also warn mothers against the turned-up hat; it is almost sickening to see the poor children in perambulators, with the sun's full glare beating upon the susceptible head and eyes.

THIBETIAN TEA-MAKING.

MRS ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, while in Thibet, was invited out to tea, and learned the art of tea-making as practised in that country. This is the method:

For six persons, boil a teacupful of tea in three pints of water for ten minutes, with a heaping desertspoonful of soda; put the infusion into the churn, with one pound of butter and a small tablespoonful of salt. Churn until the combination is as thick as cream. Mrs Bishop adds that Thibetians prize butter for its age—forty, fifty, or even sixty years old!

LENIENT DISCIPLINE.

'SKULKING and misbehaviour in action were treated severely by all worthy commanding officers,' says Captain C. A. Stevens, historian of his company, 'but disobedience of orders of an unimportant or trivial nature, where the comfort of the soldier was concerned, was sometimes treated leniently.' Two instances are cited. On one of the long marches where rations were scarce, a man in Company A stole a chicken, notwithstanding the general orders against foraging. Not knowing when he would have a chance to cook it, he put it alive in his haversack.

The chicken peeped loudly, and as the soldier was near the head of the regiment Colonel Berdan could not well pretend that he did not hear it. The soldier was put in the guard-house, and at court-martial the next day the colonel asked why he was under arrest.

'For stealing a chicken,' replied the soldier.

'Are you sure?' asked the Colonel.

'Yes,' responded the man, meekly.

'Keep him under guard at the rear of the regiment,' ordered the colonel.

A day or so later the soldier was again questioned and gave the same answer.

For the third time he was questioned, and becoming more outspoken because of his long humiliation, he changed his answer.

'Not having cut the chicken's head off,' he said.

'Go to your company!' said the colonel. No more chickens were carried alive in haversacks.

On another occasion, when the regiment camped for the night there was no wood for fire to boil the coffee, so that, despite orders to the contrary, the men were compelled to take fence rails. One of the men, in order to save time, made a short cut, which took him in front of the colonel's tent.

He was at once brought to a halt, and then and there made to march in front of the tent for half an hour with the rail across his back. The colonel then stopped him and asked him if he knew for what he had been punished.

'Oh, yes! because I did not go behind your tent,' was the prompt reply.

'Go to your company!' said the colonel.

The soldier was well laughed at by his comrades, and the old proverb was made clear to him that 'the longest way round is the shortest way home.'

'COMMON' THINGS.

ONE autumn day, beside a mossy brook,
I saw a bird with plumage exquisite—
'Twas crimson flecked with gold—a jewel fit
To flash in summer skies; in the same nook
A glittering gossamer of diamonds shook.
With silent step I moved unseen to sit
And watch—when lo, a change! the sun but lit
A dying leaf, 'mid pathways spiders took.

Sayest thou, 'All things are so, when better seen
The glory dies—dark leaves and webs remain?'
Nay, read from left to right, it then shall mean,
Nothing so common but it may attain
Transfiguration, if it bear the keen
Calm light of heaven—then wherefore my disdain?'

A. V. HALL.