

RED FACES

Rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow, greasy, mothy skin, are the result of imperfect action of the Pores of the skin.

The only preventive of bad complexions is CUTICURA SOAP, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.

CUTICURA SOAP is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. Foreign depot: CHAS. CLAY & CO., 10, Rue de la Paix, Paris. U. S. A. depot: How to Produce a Clear Complexion, post free.

SALT RHEUM INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES.

NERVE, BLOOD, AND SKIN DISEASES PERMANENTLY CURED.

HERR RASMUSSEN,

The Celebrated Danish Herbalist and Gold Medalist, of 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, and 547, George Street, Sydney, is world-renowned for the

Thousands of Cures which have been effected by his **Alkaline Herbal Remedies**. Thousands of Testimonials speak for themselves as to the immense virtues of these Herbal Remedies.

Alkaline Vitality Pills Are a Certain Cure for Weak Nerves, Depressed Spirits, Debility, and Weakness of the Spine, Brain and Nerves. Special Powerful Course, 4/6s. 6d.; Ordinary Course, 2/6s. 6d. Smaller Boxes, 1/2s. and 6s., posted. Send for free pamphlets.

Alkaline Blood Pills Are unsurpassed as a Blood Purifier and Blood Tonic, and will eradicate the most obstinate Blood and Skin Affections. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

His Alkaline Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat-Reducing Powders, Variocele Powders, Gargle Powders, Flesh Producing Powders, Worm Cakes, Bath Tablets, Eucalyptus Oil and Jujubes, Hair Restorer and Complexion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all simply wonderful.

Send for His Free Book, which contains all particulars, many useful hints and numerous testimonials.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE STRICTLY PRIVATE. Write without delay, and address **Herr Rasmussen,** 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

seives were in any danger in the lofty trees, up which they had swarmed. Poor Dan Morkel was simply waiting around the clearing in utter bewilderment of agony and mind. The appalling blackness of the night added a horror to the thing which no pen could describe. At last my friend did induce two of the niggers to make a couple of torches of dry grass, and by the lurid and uncertain light of these Morkel was enabled, though very indistinctly, to see the lion over my prostrate body. He was an enormous, gaunt brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. Dan told me afterwards that, as he approached with his gun, I was moaning or crooning softly to myself. Up to this time my unfortunate companion was afraid to shoot lest he should kill me instead of the lion. He screamed out, 'Keep cool, Brockman—a funny admonition this—only keep cool and I will do what I can for you.' As I approached, the lion took his fangs out of my groin, which was by this time a mere pulp, and he faced about, growling and snarling horribly, and with one big paw on my chest. How Morkel kept his head at ten paces from the lion I don't know, but, anyhow, he levelled his rifle and fired. The lion immediately staggered back a few paces clear of my body, for he had been hit fairly in the eye, and the ball, after touching his brain, had come out through the lower jaw, which it had broken badly. Morkel instantly proceeded to reload, but he was in such a desperate hurry that the lever of his rifle jammed, and he found himself practically helpless. Will it be believed that this desperate man, now fairly at his wits' end, rushed forward towards the lion and dealt him a terrific blow on the head with the stock of his rifle? This did the lion no harm, whereas Morkel's gun was literally crumpled up. My friend, however, at once informed his torch-bearer to run over to the hut and get my rifle, and with this he killed the lion in two other shots.

It may be asked, what did I do when I felt myself free? It is important to remember that when Morkel's first shot rang out in the night air, the lion had been worrying, biting and sucking me for about thirteen minutes. Well, the moment the brute retreated from me I actually got up on to my legs and ran for twenty or thirty yards! Then I fell like a stone to the earth, and I remember no more until the next day, when I found myself in a warm bath that had been prepared by Morkel to wash my wounds—of which I had one and twenty! My poor friend tells me that my naked body presented so shocking, so revolting a spectacle—my hands, groins and thighs being chewed and bloodless, like paper pulp—that he nearly lost his reason and became delirious. All that night, however, my heroic companion had sat by my bedside until daybreak, and well do I remember that with awakened consciousness came the first poignant shock of agony from my wounds. For many days and nights I suffered the torments of the accursed, taking not one atom of solid food, but only enormous draughts of brandy and champagne.

Now comes the horrible sequel of my story. Remember at this stage, I am hundreds if not thousands of miles from civilisation, and even the nearest missionary doctor is far away from this remote spot. Without wishing to harrow you with unnecessary details, I may say that every one of my wounds mortified—no doubt owing to the poisonous filth that incrustated the man-eater's fangs. As I was rapidly growing more and more feverish, Morkel resolved to send me by lake steamer to Bandawe, where I could be attended by Dr. Prentice, of the Livingstone Mission at that place. This steamer was due to make its monthly call the following day at Domara, only a few miles from our camp. A messenger was therefore sent to intercept the captain, and ask him to make a call a little further down the lake, in order that I might be put on board. I was wrapped in blankets and laid on a plank, which in turn was placed transversely on a canoe. Just after we had started for the steamer, however, quite a "sea" arose on the lake and the plank shifted to one side, so that if I had not been grabbed by one of the men in the boat, I should have been drowned. Is it not pitiful?

It took a day and a-half to reach Bandawe, the weather being boisterous and the water very choppy. A

little hut was rigged up for me on deck, but I had a shocking time of it. When Dr. Prentice saw me at the mission station he told me that my case was utterly hopeless. My right leg, I was told, would have to go, but owing to my condition it was deemed inadvisable to amputate it immediately on my arrival. Then there was no chloroform at the mission station, and the ether had gone wrong through the climate, and therefore would not act. Thus I had to lie, conscious and screaming, in agony, while the doctor was cutting and carving away the mortified flesh from all parts of my tortured body. It is perfectly clear that my day had not come, for all the bites in the thigh had missed the artery by about an eighth of an inch! And night after night I went through the whole fearful business again. Ghastly, horrible nightmares took possession of me, and I would have gone raving mad were it not for the powerful opiates that were administered. A slamming door, the sudden appearance of a man before me, anything and everything threw me into a perfect agony of terror, pitiful to witness. My mind and reason were all but gone, and I, who had been a giant of strength, was like a timid little child, a mere wreck of a man in mind and body.

The British South Africa Company

have been very kind to me, for, of course, it isn't as though I had gone out hunting, when, naturally, I should have to take the risks incidental to sport of that kind. I believe mine is the only case on record of a man-eater taking a man out of his bed at night. I still hobble about on sticks, and I often wake up in a cold perspiration, thinking I can hear the soul-destroying snuff, snuff of the man-eating lion beneath my bed.

A celebrated physician says that nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are tired and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease. They may think they are only tired, but, in fact, they are ill, and it is that sort of illness in which the will is weakened and the patients give way to annoyance they would ignore if in a healthy condition.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scoury, Eczema, Itch Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s. 6d. each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

WEAR SCARBOROUGH'S CELEBRATED

FEARNOUGHT SERGES

BEST FOR ALL WEATHERS. TOWN, SEASIDE, COUNTRY. USED EXTENSIVELY IN LONDON AND PARIS. OF LEADING DRAPERS & STOREKEEPERS.

SCARBOROUGH, NEPHEW & Co., ELLEN ROYDE MILLS, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

"KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

- ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRIF
- PREVENTS HAIR FALLING
- PROMOTES GROWTH.
- IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.
- CONTAINS NO DYE



The Celebrated Authoress, **MRS. E. LYNN LINTON,** says: "I have used your 'KOKO' hair dressing for some time, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been incessant, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing proof of your preparation."

1/-, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC. KOKO MARIGOPAS COY., LTD., 18, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS. EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING. Distinguished everywhere for DELICACY OF FLAVOUR, SUPERIOR QUALITY, and NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled **JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,** Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

BREAKFAST SUPPER EPPS'S COCOA

Agents for Auckland—**J. B. GILFILLAN & CO.**

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Is the most perfect and reliable dentifrice. It imparts a brilliant polish to the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, preserves the enamel, whitens the teeth, and thoroughly cleanses them from all impurities.

ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE

Is the most reliable preparation for dyeing red or grey hair a permanent brown and black.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair, and is the only remedy for baldness: Ask Store and Chemists for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London.