Fun through canding machines. Both the sand papering and colouring pro-cesses are automatic, the pencils being fed in quantities in bappers. In the latter acce they are carried one at a time through small colouring vats, and discharged through an aperture of the calities of the pencil and deposited in a plawly moving drying-belt, which extries them a sufficient distance about twenty from to allow them to dry. They are feet to allow them to dry. They are then gathered from the receptade into then gathered from the receptable into which they are deposited, and the process is repeated often ten or more times, ne-cording to the quality of fluids desired. Odd-shaped panelis, such as hexagons, flats, etc., are cohored by the old process, by being suspended by their ends from fratase and innoversed in cohoring vats, then slowly withdrawn by machine. This rises a smooth enamed finids gives a smooth enamel finish.

pices a smooth enamel furth. The finest grade penells are polished by hand, and it takes a workman several menths at best to learn to do this work skiludly. (they high-grade penells are given the steel polish, but these, while they show a fine finish, lack the warmth and rich effect of the hand-polished pen-ell. cil.

The Wail of the Rejected MS.

Tranded as "unavallable," alas! Saily 1 pass Forth from each sanctum where post bastel came In search of fome.

Editors tall, short, dark, blond, fat, and thin, Near as a pin for with decks whilly strewn all, all spree To fewent on me.

Newly enveloped cach successive trip, Honeward I sliv Hog care, bethumbed, stamped, travel stained, and worn-Why was I horn?

Always the same old jack-o-lantern quest— Tuwelcome guest, -Even my author sheds a secret tear When I draw near.

How could her pretty hand so cruel be As to men me? Lo, she is writing by the open door - 1im back once more.

Fain would 1 and the miscries of earth Here where I had my birth. Oh that I might-there glows the open grate Myself cremate.

Architions scribbler, I have done my best; May 1 not rest? Grand me the pence my soul hath long de-stred... I san so tired!

The early bird

Wise and Otherwise.

What a man can do is his greatest ornament.

Don't accept a favour unless you expect to pay interest on it. Better to be necessionally deceived

than to be always distrustful. It is best to be on with new cook before you are off with the old.

before you are off with the old. Enthusiasm generates energy as na-turally as the sun gives forth heet. A man may have more movey that brains without having much money. Of all the advantages which come to any young man, poverty is the greatest. As soon as a man begins to jose his work, then he will also begin to make unarress. progress.

A woman may be as young as she looks, but would rather be as young as she thinks she looks.

as she thinks she looks. It always pays to be polite. When you are shaking hands with a mun he can't very well be picking your pocket. Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect that his flowers and gar-den will resemble the views shown on the seed parkets. Italf of us are wondering where we will spend our summer bolidays, and the other half are wondering if we shall have anything to spend - n them.

The Oldest Love Letter in the World.

What is believed to be the oldest love letter in existence was recently discovered in Chaldes. It was written on clay, probably in the year 2200 B.C., and is described as follows:

"We possess many love songs of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love let-ter had not heretofore been found. Only recently, in Chaldea, was a love letter found, written on clay. Though the letter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies hidden between its lines. ness that lies hidden between its lines. The document was produced, we should say, in the year 2200 B.C., and was found in Sippara, the biblical Sepharvani. Ap-parently the lady lived there, while ber lover was a resident of Babylon. The letter rends: "To the lady, Kashuya (little ewe) says Gimil Marduk (the favonrite of Merodach) this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write wishing that I may know how your

health is. Oh, send me a message about I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very up you, and for this reason 1 am very an-xious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that 1 may be happy. Come in Marches-van. May you live long for my sake. "Doubtless the summons to come in

Marchesvan is based on the writer's wish that she may have an opportunity to shave with him the festivals of that static month and the galety that comes with

"Though no love letters have been found in Egypt, this country may claim to have the most beautiful love songs. to have the most beautiful love songs. Egypt was the land of eternity; there death was only an incident of life, and woman was man's 'beloved sister' as well in the 'hidden land' as on earth. This beautiful side of the Egyptian character is shown most clearly in the celebrated Song of the Harpist, of the year 2500 R.C., that probably was sung at the Egyptian festivals: "Graciously grant us days free from serrow, Holy Futher. Come neart Be-hold, ointments and perfumes bring we unto you; blossons and Hiles do we bring to adorn the neck of your sister— of her who lives in your heart, of her who sits there beside you. Come neart Music and song are greeting you. And

Music and song are greeting you. And Music and song are greeting you. And the days of sadness—these have sunk away, and radiant joy is smiling, and will smile till the day on which you pass into the land that loves eternal silence."

The Editor.

There is a being brave and bold, Ouroipotent and wise, In trailing robes of eight of gold And pinnes of Paralles. His mandates breathers thousands walt (0h, aspirations nipt); el sits apart in kingly state Rejecting manuscript,

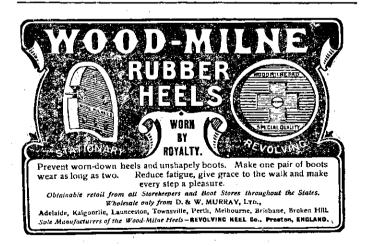
On locust and wild horry fed Ambrosia and dew. Anthrosis and dees, A hurse crown upon bis head, like holds a neared bine. Into that chamber consecrate No allen ever slipt, He sits alone in strays state Rejecting manuscript.

With gleaning eyes he loves to sit Inditing, color, screne, "Your work is good but will not fit Within our measure." The literaties at his gate Are with keen angulab gript The with he sits in kingly state litefecting manuscript.

The stalwart man child of our brain, The baby of our thought. He eyes them both with cold disdata That withers them to naught They come back wearily and late Of all their spiendour stript, . From him who sits in kingly state Rejecting inauwerppt.

There is a being brave and bold Omminutent and wise. In frailing robes of cloth of gold And plumes of Paradise-As long as in the huk of fate Our foolish puns are digt He'll sit apart in kingly state Rejecting innuscript.





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