

too, presents many traps. "Nine men out of ten," says the writer, "talk in all good faith of a 'just cause or impulsion,' when 'cause or just impulsion' is what is written; and among the laity it is usual to substitute 'for ever after hold his peace' for 'hereafter for ever.'"

"An eagle towering in its pride of place."

But eagles were never used for hawking, and what Shakespeare really wrote was, "A falcon, towering in her pride of place."

"Hark to the hurried question of Despair! 'Where is my child?' An echo answers 'Where?'"

whereas the echo would have answered 'child.'

Lucky Birth Stones.

By her in January born, No gem save garnet should be worn;

The February born shall find cheerily and heart of mind, Freedom from passion and from care,

Who in this world of ours, her eyes In March first open, shall be wise,

She who from April dates her years, Diamonds shall wear best bitter tears

Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet flowery month of May,

Who comes with summer in this earth, And owes to June her hour of birth,

The glowing ruby shall adorn Those who in warm July are born;

Wear sardonyx, or for thee No conjugal felicity;

A maiden born when autumn leaves are rustling in September's breeze,

October's child is born for woe, And life's vicissitudes must know;

Who first comes in this world below, With drear November's fog and snow,

If cold December gives you birth, The month of snow and ice and birth,

Departed Flirting.

"Time was," says the "Lady's Pictorial," when the ballroom was the absolute headquarters of the flirt."

Obscure corners of conservatories, dimly-lit recesses of picture-galleries, and billiard-rooms and libraries are no longer eagerly sought for, and "sitting-out" is not done in couples, but en masse.

not lend themselves to tender interpretation or offer opportunities for stirring the passions. In short, the young men and maidens of the present seem to take their dancing as a pleasant duty.

Horror!

It was a church sociable, and for the entertainment and instruction of the guests the committee had prepared some slips of paper on which were printed a word-puzzle—that is, a little story was told, with certain words indicated with blanks.

"Near the waters of the Mediterranean a ——— old man wearing a ——— ragged coat was walking along the ——— way. He was approached by a ——— man who asked him, 'What is your ——— nationality?'"

Most of the contestants had succeeded in filling the blanks so that the anecdote read pleasingly—some of them were even funny; but the shocking surprise of the evening came when the young son of the local fifty-year-old man read his effort.

Eccentric Sportsmen.

As those who own shootings are aware, it sometimes happens that in spite of alluring advertisements they do not succeed in letting them. Farmer Partridge was in this unenviable position, and after much consideration he decided to let it out by the day to whatever chance sportsman might come his way.

"Halloo!" said the farmer, "Shot all the birds?"

"Well, not exactly," said the other. "What have you come back for, then?"

The Land of Make-believe.

It is well to wander sometimes in the Land of Make-believe, Through its ever-smiling gardens, where the heart may cease to grieve.

There's a queen within an arbour, where she rules in high renown, With a fly for a sceptre and a rose wreath for a crown.

He Answered the Advertisement.

An Irishman who had been dining not too wisely finished the evening at his club, and before leaving took up a paper

at random, and there saw an advertisement for a travelling companion to go to Italy, and giving the address at which application should be made for the post.

It was about the witching hour of one A.M. when he reached the house, and all was in darkness. He got out and rang the bell; peal after peal re-ounded. At last a window was thrown open, and the voice of an old gentleman inquired angrily: "What the devil do you want at this hour?"

To which Pat replied: "Jush seen your advertisement, and called to shay I'm very shorry can't go with you to Italy—got another engagement!"

Our Mother Tongue.

He may be a druggist who drinks, But he's not a juggler who lugs, And no tinker ever has tunk;

We say of the swimmer, "He swam," But not of the trimmer, "She tram."

'T is common for sailors to sail, But it isn't for tailors to tail, And more than one plan are not plent;

Though never a spender has spoon, The kind-hearted leader may roan, And many a dealer has deah;

Tenderness and Love.

The constant virtues of the good are tenderness and love To all that live—in earth, air, sea—great small—below, above;

The Appreciative Husband.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I shall certainly have to punish the children."

"What have they been up to now?" asks Mr. Duzzit. "They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spools of thread, scissors, darning balls and everything have been poked away into the most unexpected

corners. I had to search all afternoon to find a card of buttons. It is perfectly exasperating."

"My dear, the children didn't do that I did it."

"You? What possessed you?" "I thought I was doing you a kindness. After you straightened up the papers and books in my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in similar shape."

"Treasure Island."

"On a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window, I began 'The Sea Cook,' for that was the original title of 'Treasure Island.' I have begun (and finished) a number of other books, but I cannot remember to have sat down to one of them with more complacency. It is not to be wondered at, for stolen waters are proverbially sweet. I am now upon a painful chapter. No doubt the parrot once belonged to Robinson Crusoe. No doubt the skeleton is conveyed from Poe. I think little of these, they are trifles and details; and no man can hope to have a monopoly of skeletons or make a corner in talking birds. The strackade, I am told, is from 'Masterman Ready.' It may be, I care not a jot. These useful writers had fulfilled the poet's saying; departing, they had left behind them footprints on the sands of time. Footprints which perhaps another—and I was the other! It is my debt to Washington Irving that exercises my conscience, and justly so, for I believe plagiarism was rarely carried farther. I chanced to pick up the 'Tales of a Traveller' some years ago with a view to an anthology of prose narrative, and the book flew up and struck me; Billy Bones, his chest, the company in the parlour, the whole inner spirit, and a good deal of the material detail of my first chapters—all were there, all were the property of Washington Irving. But I had no guess of it then as I sat writing by the fireside, in what seemed the springtides of a somewhat pedestrian inspiration; nor yet day by day, after lunch, as I read aloud my morning's work to the family. It seemed to me original as sin; it seemed to belong to me like my right eye."—R. L. Stevenson, in "The Art of Writing."

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 is. has been sent to the writer of this verse—Miss R.M. Hawkestone Crescent, Wellington. How wondrous is SAPON, its charm is complete, When washday arrives, we say, "What a treat!" For mother is singing, and washing's soon o'er, And all things are clean from ceiling to floor.

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