too, presents many traps, "Nine men out of ton," says the writer, "talk in all good faith of a 'just cause or impedi-ment," when 'cause or just impediment' ment, when 'ensee or just impediment' is what is written; and among the lafty it is usual to substitute 'for ever after hold his peace' for thereafter for ever 'is "To fresh fields and pastures new" is the usual version from "Lycidas" of "fresh woods and pastures new," and Pope's "a little hearing is a dangerous thing " becomes "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Among the numer-ous slips by poets, Byron is accountable for the following:- He wrote "In "pride of place' here last the engle flew," adding in a note; "In pride of place" is a term in falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See "Macheth," etc.:-

# "An ragie towering in his pride of place."

But eagles were never used for hawking, But eagles were never used for hawking, and what Shakespeare really wrote was, "A falcon, towering in her pride of place." The "Manchester Guardian" adds:— "But Byron was not always as careful as he might have been. Does he not, in his Paidly Blake's echo in "The Bride of Abydos," cry—

"Hark to the burried question of Despair: "Where is my child?". An echo answers "Where?"

whereas the echo would have answered "child,"?

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# Lucky Birth Stones.

By her in January born No gen save parasts should be worn; They will ensure her constancy, True friendship, and fidelity.

The February born shall find Sincerity and peace of mind. Freedom from passion and from If they the anothyst will wear. n. Trom care,

Who is this world of ours, her eyes In March first open, shall be wise. In March first open, shall be whe. In days of peril firm and brave. And wear a bloodstone to her grave.

She who from April dates her years Diamonds shall wear lest bitter ter For vala rependance flow: this stone, Emblem for incocence, is known. 1000

Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet flowery moulh of May, And wears an concrate all ber life. Built be a lowed and happy with the comes with common to this earth, And owers to June hor hour of lifth, With a ring of agate on her houd. Can health, weiths, and long life con-mund.

The glowing ruby shall adorn Those who in warm July are born; Then will they be exempt and free From loye's doubt and 'maximy.

Wear surdonyx, or for thee No conjugal felicity; The August horn without this stone, "Tis said, must live unloved and long.

A mulden born when autumn leaves Are rustling in September's breeze, A sapplate on her brow should bind; "Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October's child is horn for wee, Aud life's viewstindes must know; But hay an opai on her breast, Aud lione will hall these words to rest.

Who first comes to this world below, With diver November's fog and soor Should prize the topiz's anaber hue. Emblem of friends and lovers true.

If cold December gives you birth, The month of suow and lee and mirth, Place on your hand a furguesise blue; Success will bless whate'er you do, 64 O

# Departed Flirting.

Time was, says the "Lady's Pietorial," when the ballroom was the absolute head-quarters of the first. It was here flirta-tion was to be studied in all its phases, and here that every maiden, on making bur delut, fully expected to be initiated into the mysteries of the game. The most observant looker on in the present-day obstructual looker on in the present-day obstructual looker on a material from which to weave romances. Wultzes are as durating as ever, and the games even more endanting, yet diritation, as it was un-derstood not so very long since, has ap-parently become obsolete. Observe conners of conservatories, dimby-lit recesses of picture-galleries, nod billiardrooms and libraries are no longer capety sought for, and "sitting-out" is not done in couples, but en masse, and apparently it is an understood thing between the young people of both seves Time was, says the "Lady's Pictorial,"

This apparently it is an understool thing between the young people of both sears, nowadays that mething is expected on either side, save a capoeity to talk and make merry. Between the dances now it its by no means uncommon to find two or there is no search of the search of the search of the there is a search of the search three couples discussing surong them-relves the newest plays or the political initiation or motoring, subjects which do not lead themselves to tender interpretanot read themselves to tender interpreta-tion or offer oppertunities for stirring the passions. In short, the young men-and maidens of the pre-ent secan to take their dancing as a ple-sant daty. They waltz indefatigably, they romp with the evident enjoyment through the Lancers, they frival in two-tens. betway whiles evident enjoyment through the Lancers, they frivol in two-steps; between whiles, they talk quite sectorsly to each other or banter one another as the case may be, and according to the degree of their intimacy. They eat their supper critic-ally, and bother little about small cour-teries; above all, they do not flirt. The fun has practically lost its use, and the absent chaperon is quite safe at home.

# 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 contain words indicated with told, with certain words indicated with blanks. The guests were expected to fill in the blanks with the proper words, and the one succeeding in guessing nearest the total number of words correctly should have the prize. After the slips had here filled they were read by their holders. In its puzzle shape the slip bore something like this:

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bore something like this: "I "Near the waters of the Mediterra-nean a — old man wearing a — ragged coat was walking along the \_ \_ \_ man way. He was approached by a —— man who asked him. What is your —— na-tionality? To which the —— old man replied. 'Go to —— and you will find out.' Whereat the —— man." etc., etc. Mest of the contestants had succeeded in filling the black or that the appellet in filling the blanks so that the anecdote read pleasingly—some of them were even funny: but the shocking surprise of the think i but the shocking surprise of the evening came when the young son of the local livery-mun arose and read his effort. He was stopped after the second sen-tence, it being evident that he had not thoroughly grasped the proposition. He had replaced the blanks with swear-words words. هکی

### Eccentric Sportsmen.

As those who own shootings are aware, it sometimes happens that in spite of al-luring advertisements they do not suc-ered in letting them. Farmer Partridge was in this unerviable position, and after was in this unerviable position, and after nuch consideration he decided to let it out by the day to whatever chance sports-man might come his way. One day a party arrived and paid a day's hire. They were boisterously anxions for the farmer to 'accompany them, but he noticed the way they held their guns and decined. Instead he gave them some dogs and fer-rets, told them where to find birds and rabbits, and bade them have a good day's reaction create where to min price internation rabbits, and bade them have a good day's sport. There was a good deal of banging as the day wore on, but in the afternoon one of the shootists returned to the farmhouse

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

"Er - no." said the sportsman. "Been going for the rabbits, ch? Any

luck? Well, not exactly," said the other.

"Well, not exactly," said the other. "What have you come bark for, then?" "Et—well, we want to know if you can let us have some more dogs and forrets, we've used them all up."

The farmer has ceased to let shooting by the day.

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# The Land of Make-believe.

It is well to wander sometimes in the Land of Make-belleve, Through its ever-smilling gardens, where the heart may cease to grieve, Where the beds are gay with roses and the paths are payred with gold. And our hopes, like souring sometres, their increarial wings unfold. Let us all be little children for a while and mike our way Through the sweet and sumy meadow hand of Make-believe to day.

There's a queen within an arbour, where she rules in high renown, she rules in high renown,
With a fly for a sceptre and a rose wreath for a crown;
And her haws are love and hughter, for they know not sorrow there.
Never hate, nor pain, nor money enters in her Kinglone fair.
So we sing the songs the children sing, and how the games they pay.
Ms we wander in the polden Land of Make-belleve to-day.

620 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 poper

at random, and there saw an advertiseat random, and there saw an advertise-ment for a traveling compution to go to Italy, and giving the address at which application should be made for the post. Ile signified this gravely for some time, shouk his head, and then, calling a hanom, he told the man to drive to the address given.

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

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

# Our Mother Tougue.

He may be a druggst who drugs, Bur ho's not a huggtst who lugs, And no tinker ever has tunk; Bhough you can't get a craftsman **10** craw

claw A respectable draughtsman may draw, And a drinker may often be drunk.

We say of the swimmer, "He swam," But not of the trimmer, "She tram," And we never say rowers have rown; Though a man who has brought may not bratch. The one who has caught still may catch, And many a thrower has throws.

"T is common for sallors to sail, But it isn't for tallors to tall. And more than one plan are not plent if the broker is not one who brokes ktill the smoker may be one who smokers. And more than one man are called men.

Though never a spender has spoan, The kind-hearted leader may boan, And many a dealer has dealt: ' We may say that the man who weaves But not that the one who grieves grove, And no squeaker ever has squeak.

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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; Compassionate of heart, they keep a gentle thought for each,

Kind in their actions, mild in will, and pitiful of speech; Who pitieth not, he bath not faith; full

many a one so lives, But when an enemy seeks help, the good

man gladly gives. -Edwin Arnold.

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## The Appreciative Hushand.

"I declare," complained Mrs Duzzit, "L shall certainly have to punish the chil-

dren." "What have they been up to now?"

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

# THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd. HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND-CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.



W. H. ESSEX, General Inspector of Agents,

corners. I had to search all afternoon to find a card of buttons. It is perfect-ly exasperating." "My dear, the eldlaren didn't do that

T did if 'You' What possessed you?'

"Your What possessed you?" "I thought I was doing you a kind-ness. After you atraightened up the papers and books in my desk so beau-tifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compli-ment by putting your sewing room is similar shape."

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## Treasure Island."

"Treasure Island." "On a chill September morning, by the check of a brisk fire, and the rain draumuing 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 com-placency. It is not to be womlered at, for stolen waters are proverbially sweet. I am now upon a painful chapter. No doubt the pairot once belonged to Robin-son Crussoe. No doubt the skeleton is conveyed from Pee. I think little of these, they are triffes and details; and no man can hope to have a momopoly of these, they are triffes and details; and no man can hope to have a monopoly of skeletons or make a concer in talking birds. The stockade, I am told, is from "Masteeman Ready." It may be, I care not a jot. These useful writers had ful-filled 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 be-lieve plagiarism was rarely carried far-ther. I chanced to pick up the 'Tales' of a Traveller' some years ago with a yiew to an anthology of prose narrative, and the book flew up and struck me; Billy Boines, 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 yedestrin inspirition; nor yet 'day by day, after lunch, as I read alond, my morning's work to the family'. It seemed to me original as sin; it seemed to helong to me like my right eye.'—R. to belong to me like my right eye. - R. L. Stevenson, in "The Art of Writing."

How wondrous is SAPON, its charm is complete, When washday arrives, we say, "What a treat !" For mother is singing, and washing's soon oler, And all\_things are clean from ceiling to floor,

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