

IN AGONY DAY AND NIGHT.

Rheumatism in the Blood. Mrs. Matthews, Masterton. Thirty Years of Pain Bed-ridden and Crippled Cured for Good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For fully thirty years, I was never a day free from Rheumatism," said Mrs Jacob Matthews, Queen St., Masterton, "I suffered the greatest pain a woman could bear. For months I never left my bed. I lay on my back suffering untold torture. The cleverest doctors in the town could do me no good. They said my rheumatism was in the blood. I was a crippled wreck till Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set me on my feet again, as strong and active as ever.

"Never to my dying day shall I forget what I went through. Often I shrieked with agony. I was wrapped in fannels and blankets—and even the touch of these almost sent me mad. At night, the sweat rolled off me until I thought I would die with sheer weakness. My joints were so stiff that I could not bend my elbows or knees. I could not turn in bed to save my life. I was the most miserable woman on God's earth.

"The pain I suffered was enough to kill twenty people," said Mrs Matthews. "It was no wonder my nerves broke down. The least noise irritated me. Even the shutting of the bedroom door jarred me. Every day I wished myself dead. I was a burden to myself, and a terrible expense to my husband. The best treatment did me no good.

"For months I lived on nothing but milk and such like sloppy food. At last, I even turned against these. My skin was dry and hard—I didn't seem to have any blood in my veins at all. I felt as if all my bones were broken, and my flesh battered and bruised. Words cannot describe what I suffered.

"So it's no wonder my cure is the talk of Masterton," Mrs Matthews went on. "For over fifty years I have been in the district, and everyone here knows how bad I was. They will all tell you how I lay in agony day and night. When I look back now, I wonder how I lived through it all. I had given up all hope, when I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured a man who hadn't left his bed for years. When they cured one cripple, I thought they might, at least, ease my pain. I tried them—and they saved my life.

"Soon after starting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," added Mrs Matthews, "I got a wonderful appetite. Then the pain began to ease off so that I could get a little sound sleep. I lost that old down-hearted feeling, and picked up hope. You may be sure that I kept straight on with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After three boxes I felt as if twenty years had been lifted off my shoulders. From that time on, I gained every day. Before long I was able to go for a short walk. The neighbours could scarcely believe their eyes. Now I am a strong, healthy, hard-working woman, although I am past seventy. When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life they worked a downright miracle. My daughter-in-law, Mrs Alfred Matthews, can tell you that they did just as much for her."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs Matthews because they struck straight at the root and cause of her crippling Rheumatism. They don't tinker with mere symptoms. They don't act on the bowels. They do only one thing, but they do it well—they actually make new blood. In their way they root out the cause of all common blood diseases like anaemia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, backaches, kidney trouble, lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, spinal weakness, and the special secret ailments of girls and women, who suffer unspeakably when the richness and regularity of their blood becomes disturbed. But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—in wooden boxes—sold by chemists and storekeepers, or sent, post paid, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, on receipt of price—3/ a box, six boxes 18/0. Write for hints as to diet, etc.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/2 has been sent to the writer of this verse, Mrs A.B. Palmerston South, Otago.

Said Bert to Brim, one Summer's day "Life can't be had of late, That wreathed SAPON'S come our way, I say, 'tis migrate!"

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best FOUR-FORGET-line about "SAPON'S" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAPON" Oatmeal Washing Powder, P.O. Box 683, Wellington.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, February 16.

The King and Queen returned to London last Saturday evening, after their eventful week's visit to Paris. Their Royal Highnesses appear to have enjoyed their spell in the French capital greatly, and the more so probably since they went as private persons, and could dispense with the pomp and circumstance which is inseparable from the visits of Sovereigns to other lands when they travel as such. The Parisians gave our King and Queen a great reception, but as far as possible they respected their visitors' desire for privacy, and beyond warm greetings to the royal couple as they drove through the streets, never attempted to mob them after the fashion that the people at Marienbad did King Edward on the occasion of his visit to that health resort last year.

Some fears were entertained by the Parisian police authorities that the Anarchical element in the Gay City might make their presence known to the King and his Consort in an unpleasant fashion, and the known dangerous characters were most carefully shadowed and shepherded during the visit, and the persons of the King and Queen as closely guarded as they could be without the royal couple having it made plain to them at every turn that they were the objects of much solicitude on the part of the French police. On their Majesties' departure from Paris the precautions of the police were, however, plain to see. Police and plain-clothes men swarmed the precincts of the Gare du Nord. It transpired that the reason for this was that a warning had been received from Brest. It appears that a private in the colonial infantry stationed at that port had written to the prefecture, stating that, from a conversation he had accidentally overheard between two well-known Anarchists, he was convinced that an attempt would be made on the King and Queen of England on their departure from the Gare du Nord. Although the police did not attach much importance to the information, they thought it wise to take all possible precautions.

On Tuesday the King opened Parliament in State, driving with the Queen from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament in his gilded chariot drawn by the familiar eight cream-coloured horses wearing their crimson trappings. A leaden sky overhung London, and a chill drizzle was falling as the Royal procession passed through the leafless, troop-lined Mall, but his Majesty's faithful subjects lined the route to St. Stephen's in their thousands, and cheered him and his Consort to the echo. On a fine day the procession to the House is worth going a long way to see, but on Tuesday it was a pageant in disguise. The accompanying mounted troops had hidden their silver bright accoutrements and vivid gold-laced uniforms under huge cloaks, and the soldiers lining the roadway were draped from chin to ankle in their somewhat ill-fitting great coats. Apart from the King's coach the only splashes of colour were the red and white plumes and the crimson cloaks of the Horse Guards. The old, big, rumbling, but comfortable-looking State carriage, with its huge windows and gaily-trapped cream horses, looked out of place in the sombre picture afforded by the procession as it proceeded through the muddy streets. It looked as if it had come straight out of fairy-land. In it sat the King and Queen, the former arrayed in the brilliant uniform of Field-Marshal, and the Queen, who wore her dazzling diamond-crown, had a white robe over her shoulders which concealed the dress she wore. Their Majesties looked well, the King particularly so, and the Queen undoubtedly looked as young as she did ten or twelve years ago. They were obviously pleased with the warmth of their reception from the crowds who lined the streets and from the Palace to the House of Parliament,

and the Queen was smiling and bowing and the King saluting and smiling all through the route.

The usual features of the Opening Ceremony were in evidence in the House of Lords on Tuesday, and the spectacle was one of great brilliance. The occasion, however, will remain memorable, more by reason of a most unusual occurrence in connection with the King. He and his gracious Consort did not take their places on the throne till ten minutes past the appointed hour!

Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, F.R.G.S., the leader of the new Antarctic expedition, will be remembered in New Zealand as the third lieutenant under Captain Scott on the Discovery, and as one of the party of three who carried the British flag to latitude 82.17 S., the southernmost point ever reached by man. It is for me personally an interesting coincidence that I was the first pressman to obtain, through Lieutenant Shackleton, the details of that famous sledge journey on the night of his return to Christchurch from the Antarctic, and also the first to get from him this week a full account of the plans of his new expedition in search of the South Pole.

Lieutenant Shackleton tells me that the edition due to the "South Polar Times"—the newspaper of the late National Antarctic Expedition—will be issued shortly. It is limited to about 250 copies, at 5 guineas a copy, and the cost of production has been something like £1000. The whole edition has already been sold before issue.

The announcement that Lieutenant Shackleton will take a motor car with him on his "dash" for the South Pole has inspired the muse of the "Westminster Gazette's" office poet. He explains why the bold lieutenant is taking the car—

"The reasons are enough to send the Automobile Club to the Antarctic, at full speed: There's not a fowl, a mongrel, or a cyclist, or a cub To make the careful chauffeur drive with heed. There's not a legal fault, and there aren't any pillars. There's ample room for safe side-stepping, there! Road-side repairs are plenty where there's none but frozen rickshaws; And frozen snails can not pollute the air! Where dust the driver misses, Cars can never need a scrub! A perfect Eden, this is, For the Automobile Club."

Mr Sydney Ernest Lamb, B.Sc., head of the engineering department of the Municipal Technical Institute at Portsmouth, has been selected for the position of lecturer in mechanical engineering at the Auckland University College. Mr Lamb holds the degree of B.Sc. (London), with honours in engineering, and is an A.R.C.S. (London) in both mechanics and physics, and an associate member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. He is 32 years old, and has had nearly nine years teaching experience—for two years as science master at Gravesend Technical School, and for six and a half at Portsmouth Technical Institute. He gained his engineering experience at the naval dockyard at Devonport, and at the Royal College of Science, London, which he attended for three years. The Principal of the Portsmouth Education Committee describes Mr Lamb as "an able teacher, thorough in his methods, a good disciplinarian, and with popular, maintaining a high average attendance to the end of the session. Mr Lamb is married, and has two daughters.

Mr F. H. Templar, of Auckland, who is on a visit to this country, and who is staying at present at Kidlington, lectured on New Zealand a few nights ago before the Oxford branch of the Tariff Reform Association. Mr Templar said it appeared to him, as he went about, that the only part of the Empire which knew little and cared less about the Empire was the Mother of the Empire itself. Replying to the argument that a tariff would increase the cost of living, he said he found the cost of living in free-trade England to be just as much as it was behind the tariff wall of New Zealand. Mr J. Allan Thompson, one of the New Zealand Rhodes scholars at Oxford, moved a vote of thanks to Mr Templar at the close of his address.

Recent callers at the High Commissioners' Offices: Mr E. Vermer Barrett (Christchurch), Miss A. R. M. Laird (Auckland), Miss Maude Francis (Christchurch), Miss Irene Skinner (New Plymouth), Miss C. Hudson, Mrs Chadwick (Ormondville), Miss A. M. Bradley, Miss Rouse, Mr Henry Hope (Wellington), Mr F. E. Laughlin (Ashburton), Mr B. H. Preston, Mr A. J. Blewden (Auckland), Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs Chayler (Wellington), Captain M. Irvine and Mrs R. Irvine.

Miss A. R. M. Laird, of Auckland, who arrived here on a pleasure trip last June, spent the ensuing three months in visits to Folkestone, London, and Woking. Since October she has not left Folkestone until this week, when she came up to London for a brief visit. Miss Laird will probably return to New Zealand about the end of this year, but her plans are quite uncertain owing to the long and serious illness of her relative Miss MacGregor Laird, of Folkestone, who visited Auckland some five years ago.

Madame Clara Butt, who is shortly to visit the Australian colonies, has been seriously ill, but is now recovering rapidly. She was able to leave this week for Bournemouth, where she will spend a week or two to recuperate. Madame Butt will make her reappearance at Leeds on Monday, February 25, her doctors forbidding her to sing at an earlier date. Madame Butt so narrowly escaped a severe attack of rheumatic fever that her speedy recovery is a matter for much congratulation.

London "Gazette" states that the King has approved the appointment of Mr Otto Romcke, at Melbourne, as Consul-general of Norway for Australia and New Zealand.

Colonel A. P. Penton, who formerly commanded the New Zealand Defence Forces, but has recently been Commandant of the Ordnance College, has been appointed to the post of Brigadier-general commanding the Scottish Coast Defences. His headquarters will be at Edinburgh.

Mr Blewden, the amateur boxer, has been spending his first few days in the Old County seeing the lions of London under the guidance of Tom Sullivan, champion guller, who is "mine host" of the Spencer Arms, Putney, and with whom the New Zealander is staying. Blewden commences serious training next week.

You often sing of England, And of Ireland, too, and Wales, And the "Briars of Bonnie Scotland," With her stirring Border Tales; But don't forget New Zealand (No other skies are bluer), And its famous household remedy— Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES. Established 1817.

Table with financial details: Head Office: GEORGE-ST., SYDNEY. Paid-up Capital £2,000,000, Reserve Fund £1,475,000, Reserve Liability of Proprietors £2,000,000, Total £5,475,000.

DIRECTORS: THE HON. CHARLES K. MACCELLAR, M.L.C., President; THE HON. REGINALD JAMES BLACK, M.L.C.; SIR JAMES R. FAIRFAX, Kt.; RICHARD BINNIE, Esq.; HON. SIR NORMAND MACLEURIN, Kt., M.L.C.; SENATOR THE HON. JAMES THOMAS WALKER.

AUDITORS: Harrington Palmer, Esq., Frederick W. Uther, Esq., London Office: OLD BROAD-ST. With Branches in all the Australasian States, New Zealand, and Fiji; and Agencies and Correspondents throughout Tasmania, the United Kingdom, Europe, India, China, Japan and the East, Africa, Canada, the United States, South America, Honolulu, and the West Indies. The Bank holds various kinds of Fixed Deposits, collects for its customers all Dividends on Shares in Public Companies, and Interest on Debentures; and conducts all customary Banking Business. Also, issues Letters of Credit and Circular Notes, negotiable throughout the World. J. RUSSELL FREWELL, General Manager.