

AWARDED SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL
for Artistic Floral Display of Flower Bouquets, Baskets, and other Designs at the Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show, 1906.
Table Decoration and all classes of Floral arrangements undertaken.
FLORETT & BERDMAN,
GILBERT J. MACKAY, 125 QUEEN STREET

J. D. WEBSTER

FLORIST
37 QUEEN STREET
Opp. Railway Station,
and Yates' Buildings,
Queen Street.

Flowers to suit all occasions at the most notice.
PHONES 344 and 1915

Wedding Rings

Be as particular in choosing your Ring as choosing a wife.—
It's a matter of quality.

Only 18 carat stocked by
G. MCGREGOR
Watchmaker and Jeweller 144
Karaokape Road

It's easy to buy at McGregor's.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie Lysaght, Ponsoby, to Mr. J. A. Campbell, H.M. Customs, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Turner, youngest daughter of the late Mr. C. W. Turner, Christchurch, to Captain England, of the Nimrod.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Edmiston, youngest daughter of Mr. Edmiston, of "Ibrox," Ponsoby, to Mr. Bernhard Schmidt, of Ponsoby, Auckland.

Orange Blossoms.

WILLIAMS—PIERCE.

A wedding of great interest was celebrated on Tuesday, December 10th, at St. Sepulchre's Church, Auckland, when Miss Mary Isabel Pierce, eldest daughter of the late G. P. Pierce, was married to the Rev. Percy Williams, son of the late John Williams, Napier. Bishop Neligan, assisted by Rev. W. Beatty, conducted the service. The bride, who was given away by Mr. G. Nelson Pierce, looked lovely in a gown of white satin with Duchesse lace, an embroidered tulle veil and a pearl necklace, the bridegroom's gift. She carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethna Pierce and Miss Kitty Williams, who were daintily attired in white embroidered muslin with pale pink straw hats with crowns of Paris lace and pink roses. Their bouquets were composed of pink roses and carnations. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Douglas Hay as best man and Mr. Hector Pierce. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were very pretty pearl and amethyst brooches. After the ceremony a delightful morning tea was provided for the guests at Bichigh, Mrs. Pierce's residence, Khyber Pass. The bride's travelling costume was a moss green eolienne with a green hat to match with floral ribbons.

The misery of headache is quickly banished by Stearns' Headache Cure, which promptly cures all kinds of headaches, and neuralgic pains as well. No one should be without it.

A Post-mortem Vengeance.

"Stripped of all legal phraseology, Michael," explained the parish priest, "the will states that the three-family house known as No. 8 Clune Street becomes your property, under the following conditions: You are to collect the rent monthly in person; you must keep the property in good repair, and you must not evict or disturb the present tenants so long as they express a desire to remain. Do you quite understand the conditions, Michael?"

"Sure father," returned Michael—known to the "gang" as Tough Mickey. "But what I can't get t'rough me nut is why de old junkman left de place t' me. I ain't no relation o' his."

"The late Peter Casey," said the priest musingly, "was, in some respects, a strange man; and his last will and testament is characteristic of him. Still, it is valid, and, since he had no living relatives, there is nothing to prevent your taking possession of the property, subject to the terms of the will."

"An' dere ain't no strings to it?" asked Mickey incredulously.

"There is a codicil that gives the property to the orphan asylum in the event of your failure to observe faithfully the conditions of the will," returned the priest.

"De ole junkman was more fun dan a goat," said Mickey with a reminiscent grin. "Many a time he chased me, wid a quart bottle in one hand an' an iron bar in de odder; but he couldn't never kotch me!"

"I'm afraid, Michael," said the priest reprovingly, "that your treatment of the old man was reprehensible."

"Aw, dat was when I was runnin' wid de gang," said Mickey, with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "I'm woik-in' now, an' I don't do nuttin' like dat no more."

"Well, well, said the priest good-naturedly, "perhaps your faults were no more than venial, everything considered. But now that you've reached the age of discretion and are about to become a property-holder, I trust you will always respect the rights of others."

"Sure I will, father," said Mickey earnestly. "I've shook de gang for keeps. But who is me tenants?" he asked as he reached for his hat.

"An Irishwoman—a widow she occupies the lower floor," explained the priest, as he accompanied Mickey to the door. "The second floor is tenanted by a German family named Shultz, and an Italian named Marco lives on the top floor. Mr. Casey, I understand, usually went to collect his rents on the first of the month. You, of course, will do likewise. You had better provide yourself with a rent-receipt book."

When rent-day came, Mickey donned his "foist best." He was glad to see that it was raining, as it gave him an excuse to carry an umbrella.

"It looks kind o' prosp'ous t' carry a rag-stick," said he with a grin, as he started out.

Mickey reached Clune Street in due time. Entering the yard of No. 8, he rapped at the rear door of the lower tenement. The door was opened, in answer to his summons, by a red-haired Irishwoman.

"I'm de noo lan'lord," said Mickey, assuming his best manner. "You're Mrs. O'Brien, I suppose?"

"O! an, sorr," said the Irishwoman, wiping the suds from her arms with her apron. "Come in, sorr."

Mickey entered. Mrs. O'Brien wiped a chair and requested him to be seated.

"O!m glad there's a noo lan'lord," she began, as Mickey took the proffered seat. "Ould Casey war a harrd man t' dale wid. There's a bit o' ploombin' O've been wantin' him t' have t'ind to since Lord knows whin; but he'd never have it done. It's roight unther the sink so it is, an' the shuell from it do be horrid, sometimes, sorr."

"I'll send a plumber in a day or two," promised Mickey.

"Musha, O!m glad t' hear that!" said Mrs. O'Brien, resuming her interrupted labours and vigorously sousing some articles in the tub. "Sure, ye have the daint cut about ye—no loike tiot ould miser, Casey, the Lord be good t' him!"

"I'll have it fixed, sorr," said Mickey. "An' now, Mrs. O'Brien, I'd hke t' have de rent."

"So ye would, sorr, an' small blame t' ye," she agreed complacently. "An' it's me thot'd pay it wid a heart an' a half—av Oi had it. But Oi haven't, sorr."

"But, Mrs. O'Brien," protested Mickey,

"I've got t' have de rent, or I can't have nuttin' done."

"Arrah, will ye listen t' the man!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien, as she lifted an article from the tub and gave it a vigorous whirl preparatory to sousing it down again. "Wan 'ud think, t' hear ye, thot ould Casey left ye his miserly shperit as well as his property!"

"That's all vry well," grumbled Mickey, "but I want me rent."

"So ye do, sorr," she acquiesced cheerfully. "But Oi haven't a cint t' me name, at prisint. Whin ye come again, sorr," she concluded hopefully, "mebbe O'll give ye twisct as much."

"Twisct nuttin' is nuttin'," said Mickey, with a wry grin, as he climbed to the next floor. "I should 'a crossed me finger when I seen her hair."

"Vat iss?" asked the stout German woman who opened the door in answer to Mickey's knock.

"I'm de noo lan'lord—" began Mickey. "Gome righ in," she interrupted, grabbing the young man by the arm and dragging him into the kitchen. "You see dot blaster vot issn'd dere because auf dem crazy peopel vot lifs updairs?" she went on pointing to the ceiling. "Und doss window-banes vot's gone by Irish boys mit bail-games? Ven you goin' do haf dem fixed, yet?"

"I'll—I'll have 'em fixed in a day or two," gasped Mickey. "Honest, I will; but I'm here t' collect de rent now."

"Rendt!" she snorted. "Vat you dink, I bay rendt do ged my headt proke mit blester, und gatch numony mit ball-games? Rendt? You talk mid a fool-ishness!"

"But, Mrs. Shultz," protested Mickey, "If I don't get me rent I can't have nuttin' done."

The German woman pushed him to the door.

"You go by doss crazy peopel," she said, pointing upward, "und make dem bay you; und ven you come again maype I git you some more."

"Gee!" muttered Mickey, as he climbed the last flight. "Dis is fierce! I'll be owin' meself money soon, if dis keeps on."

A swarthy son of Italy opened the door of the Marco tenement in response to Mickey's rap.

"Whata you want?" he asked civilly.

"I'm de noo lan'lord," said Mickey. "I've come for de rent."

"I no gotta da mon'," said the Italian, with a shrug and an upward turn of the palms.

"Aw, gimme none o' dat!" said Mickey, with an outward set of the chin. "I've been jollied by de Irish an' bullied by de Dutch, but I ain't goin' t' take no song an' dance from no dogo! I wan me rent. See? And he pushed into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

"I no gotta da mon'," the Italian stolidly repeated. "Alla da wint' I no work; my borda's no work—nobody work! Springs come, I getta da job, but it raina alla da time. Whata you t'ink I giva you da mon' when I no got?"

Mickey's shoulders squared, and his chin assumed a more aggressive angle.

"Look here, Mr. Dago," he said threateningly, "if you don't gimme me rent I'll knoek yer block off!"

"Whata dat?" cried the Italian. "You knoeka my block? Geta outa here!"

He tried to push Mickey to the door, but the young man now thoroughly angry, punched him in the face.

"Hollofadam!" screamed the Italian. "Angelo! Dominic! Giuseppe! Krank! Comea quick!"

"Whata da matt'?" asked five or six partially clad Italians, as they swarmed from the various bedrooms. "Whata da matt', Pietro?"

"Disa fell' knoeka my block!" shouted Pietro, "Giva da fit!"

"Dat's where I live!" cried Mickey joyfully. "Dis is pie t' me!"

He dropped his umbrella as the Italians rushed on him, and met them with flying fists. "Fortunately for Mickey, they had no knives—or if they had they showed no desire to use such weapons. Instead, they rushed on him, cuffing, kicking, and shouting excitedly.

Mickey, the lust of battle raging in his veins, met them half-way. It was "Donnybrook rule" with him—hit a head wherever you see it. The Italians went down in one, two, three order before his well-aimed punches. But they didn't stay down. Instead, they got up quickly and mixed in again.

There were so many of them, and the room was so small, that they hampered one another; still, they got in an occasional kick or awkwardly delivered cuff,

and although Mickey fought furiously and skillfully, his enemies, by sheer weight of numbers, gradually drove him to the door and eventually through it. If any of his angry assailants had had the forethought to open the door for him, the operation of going through would have been less painful for Mickey. Still, he went through, and the Italians followed. There was a strenuous mix-up on the landing outside, and then Mickey went downstairs. If he had had a choice, it is probably that he would have preferred to walk down in the normal manner. As it was, he went down less gracefully but much more rapidly.

On the landing below stood Mrs. Shultz, with a pail of soapuds in her hand. Seeing the new landlord's plight, and fearing, no doubt, that he might injure himself, she clapped the pail on his head. It was unfortunate for Mickey's "foist best" that she did not first empty the pail. Still, her intentions were kindly, no doubt. Moreover, not content with giving him a protection for his head, Mrs. Shultz dragged him to the head of the next flight, where, with a forward movement of her strong arm, she sped him on his way.

It was quite to be expected that the turmoil of Mickey's battle and subsequent retreat would call the Irishwoman to her door. Anyhow, she was there. She took in the situation at a glance, and when Mickey, bruised and breathless, landed at her feet, she seized him by the shoulders and dragged him out into the yard. Here a couple of boys, with hair reminiscent of her own, ran to her assistance. They seized Mickey by the feet—the Irishwoman still retaining her grip on his shoulders—and between them carried the unfortunate young man to the fence, and lifting him over, dropped him on the wet sidewalk.

"Run away from here, loike a woise felly," advised the Irishwoman as she turned to re-enter her domicile, "or thim Oitalians'll do ye hurt!"

Mickey extricated himself from Mrs. Shultz's pail and rose painfully to his feet. Something more than a glimmer of comprehension entered his brain as he stood shaking the soapuds from his hair and garments.

"Gee!" he muttered. "De ole junkman handed me a lemon! An' dere's more o' 'em confin' every foist o' de ment—if I want 'em. But I don't. I'll let de orphans have 'em; Orphan's is used t' havin' lemons handed to 'em, anyway. But gee!" he finished, as, taking careful aim, he returned Mrs. Shultz's pail through her front window. "If I could find out where dey planted de ole junkman I'd—I'd go an' jump on his slats!"

—James J. Carroll.

An Unerring Marksman.

An interesting story is told of the German Emperor's skill as a shot. While waiting with Baron Heintze for the approach of a wild boar, his Majesty, while away the time by practising on objects at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. One of these was a signpost inscribed, "To the Drakenberg." Turning with a laugh to Baron Heintze, the Emperor said, "Which letter shall I hit?" "The capital 'D,'" was the answer. "And now!" inquired his Majesty. "The 'K,'" replied the Baron. Just after this a wild boar appeared. "Which eye shall I hit him in?" asked the Emperor. "In the left, your Majesty," said Baron Heintze. When the party reached the dead boar, they found that the Emperor had shot him in the left eye, and on coming up later to the sign-post they found the capital "D" and the "K" both shot through. Unlike King Edward, the Kaiser is compelled to carry a shooting license. It is signed by the Chief of Police at Berlin, and reads: "Valid for one year. Twelve month's shooting license for his Majesty, the Kaiser and King, living at Berlin, Good from December 1st, 1900, till November, 1907." A footnote says: "Fifteen shillings must be paid for this license." The good use made of his license by his Majesty is attested by a monument erected in Gross Streitz, Upper Silesia, in the form of an immense block of granite, which bears the following inscription: "His Majesty, the Emperor and King, William II., shot on this spot, on December 2nd, 1902, his fifty-thousandth creature, a white cock pheasant."