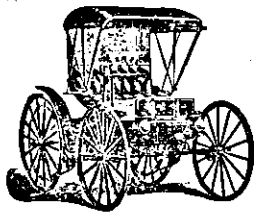


**THE HOLSMAN  
AUTOMOBILE COY.**



**HAVE YOU EVER WISHED  
FOR AN AUTOMOBILE**

What is built high enough to travel country roads like a carriage.  
Will climb any ordinary hill travelled.  
Has no divided rear axle.  
Has no differential gear.  
Has no friction clutch.  
Has no foot levers to bother.  
Is air cooled and will not freeze.  
Has solid rubber tyres.  
Is built like a carriage.  
Looks like a carriage.  
Rides like a carriage.

**THE HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE.**

Full particulars on application to—  
**W. J. COLES & CO., 183 Hereford St.,  
CHRISTCHURCH.**  
Sole Agents for N.Z.

**NO MORE DRUNKENNESS.**

You can quickly and permanently cure the drunkard without his knowledge by using ANTI-DRUNK, a tasteless, odourless powder, given in tea, coffee, food or drink. It has cured hundreds in N.Z. Write for further particulars, sent post free in plain package.

**J. W. COPITHORNE,**  
Department J., Ingestre Street, Wellington.

**Housekeeping  
Troubles  
are smoothed away**



by using

**BIRD'S**

**Home  
Specialities.**

**BIRD'S  
Custard Powder,**

**BIRD'S  
Jelly Crystals,**

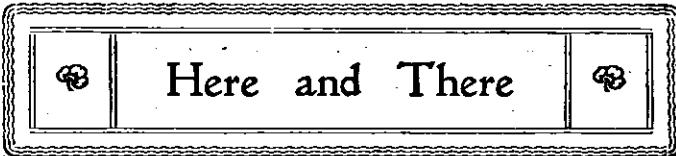
DISSOLVE INSTANTLY.  
UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCY & DELICATE FLAVOUR.

**BIRD'S  
Concentrated Egg Powder,**

**BIRD'S  
Pudding Powder.**

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of the above locally from their merchants, they again ordering through Home Houses only, from

**ALFRED BIRD & Sons, Ltd., Birmingham, ENGLAND**



**Here and There**

**Science and War.**

(Christian Science, according to report, is rapidly gaining ground among English army officers.)

The scout into headquarters rushed  
As pale as well could be.  
"Our vanguard from the hills is brushed  
Like twigs before the sea;  
The enemy is breaking through  
To cut us off behind!"  
The General said briefly, "Pooh!  
An error of the mind!"

An aide, dust-covered, staggered in,  
"Hark, hark—their cannonade!  
The bravest of our ranks begin  
To totter back afraid."  
"More Matter," said the Chief, "cannot  
Disturb high Minds that dwell  
Above imaginary shot  
And non-existent shell."

The Surgeon spoke, his aspect grave,  
"So thick the fallen lie  
We'll need an extra force to save  
The wounded ere they die."  
The Leader stroked his whiskers trim  
In raptorial slight—  
"Oh, give 'em absent treatment, Jim,  
And that will be all right."

All day the birds of war fed fat  
While earth with cannon shook,  
All day the peerless Leader sat  
And read the Eddybook;  
But when, defeated fore and aft,  
He saw his last resort,  
The calm Commander telegraphed  
To Concord for support.

But suddenly a cannon ball  
Across the hillsides tore  
And blotted out the General  
With one terrific roar.  
The agent of this deed of hell  
I hesitate to name—  
Some claim it was a lyddite shell,  
Some claim it was a "claim."

—Wallace Irwin.

**To a Heroine.**

Come out into the snowstorm, Maud,  
And do our little stunt;  
We linger gladly to applaud:  
"Turned from me father's dwelling—  
Gawd!"  
(Business with child L. Front.)

The calcium moon is ghastly blue,  
The founts are far from gay,  
The leader's trembling, too,  
(I've noticed that in scenes with you  
He's generally that way.)

And yet cheer up! The villain's mean,  
But then he's paid to be;  
And think of that fine foiling scene—  
(Of course you know the one I mean—  
The Mill by Night—ACT Three.)

Cheer up! Though painted storm clouds  
Heap,  
And wind (R.) fills the air,  
No matter what your dire mishap  
That most ubiquitous young chap—  
The Hero, will be there!

He will! He will! You bet he will!  
He'll grab the helpless child  
And band five knuckles to the Vill,  
And swing you from the Burning Mill  
(While we upstairs go wild.)

So Maud, come out into the snow,  
Which just at present falls;  
And we will clap until you show  
Yourself, the Child, and him in no  
Less than ten curtain calls.

HORATIO WINKLOW.

**To Cynthia.**

Now winter holds the world in thrall  
And planets gleam from frosty skies,  
But not a star among them all  
Is half so bright as Cynthia's eyes.

Yet, though were I celestial Jove,  
This earth to her I'd sacrifice,  
Not all the ardour of my love  
Availe to melt her heart of ice.

**The Peaceable Race.**

"Who says that the Irish are fighters by birth?"

Says little Dan Crone.  
"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race  
on th' earth.  
If ye lave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now,  
There is a lad  
That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity  
bad,  
But he's jist th' icception that's provin'  
the rule;

An' what else could ye ask from a lad  
like O'Toole?  
Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle  
and bone,  
Sizin' up to the heft o' some siventeen  
stone.

That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould  
buck  
To be wishful to hand him a couple for  
luck.  
An' to prove that there's others as clever  
as him.

Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was husky  
as Tim,  
Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should  
take a delight  
In defendin' yer title an' testin' yer  
might?"  
Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah; now it is jokin' ye  
are.  
But I bid ye be careful, and not go too  
far.

Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the  
height o' yer waist,  
But there's many a bigger has sampled  
a taste

O' the knuckles that's bunched in this  
little ould fist.  
Where's the dog would'n't fight whin his  
tail gets a twist?  
Do I hunt for the trouble? Mayhap,  
now, it's true

Upon certain occasions that's jist what  
I do,  
Shure, how else would they know—I'm  
that stunted an' small—  
Fd the heart of a man in me body at  
all?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little  
it's worth."

Says little Dan Crone.  
"Faix, we're jist the most peaceable race  
on the earth,  
If ye lave us alone."

**A Day of March.**

My soul went singing, for I knew  
That spring was close at hand,  
Although a sounding tempest blew  
Across the wintry land,  
And rarely broke the sunshine through  
The great clouds overspanned.

The keen wind swept the clouds along  
In swift, stupendous march,  
And angered past the oak tree strong,  
Or whistled through the larch;  
Great Nature's organ to her song  
In her infinite church.

About the northern slopes and dells  
The sheeted snow still lay,  
For proof that winter yet had spells  
To grudge that jocund day  
When prisoned leaves should hurst their  
shells  
And flame to green from gray.

Then, in a sheltered copse, I heard  
Some first sweet notes essayed  
By an undaunted prophet-bird,  
So blithe and undismayed,  
That to loud song my being stirred,  
And this the verse I made:

"Wild wind! beat with thy phantom  
wings  
Against the doors of spring,  
Thou shalt not dull the joy she brings  
Nor cease long tarrying.  
Listen! 'tis that this brave bird sings.  
Harkent! Thou envious thing."

**UNFIT FOR BUSINESS.**

**A VICTORIAN WOMAN'S ACUTE  
SUFFERINGS FROM INDIGES-  
TION AND BILIOUSNESS.**

**HER SPEEDY CURE BY MOTHER  
SEIGEL'S SYRUP.**

Loss of health is always accompanied by other losses. If wealthy, the enjoyment which wealth should confer is made impossible; if a worker, then the sufferer is prevented from following his life's occupation.

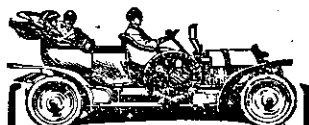
The experience of Mrs. H. Stuchbery, of 27, Elizabeth Street, Richmond, Victoria, as stated by her in a letter dated August 26th, 1905, strikingly proves the great value of Mother Seigel's Syrup as a cure for indigestion and biliousness, the two common and dangerous complaints, which so frequently lead to other troubles.

"Fifteen months ago," says Mrs. Stuchbery, "I was very ill. My appetite declined, I was sleepless, and rarely without headache. I lost weight, and became so feeble that the least exertion was painful. The cause of my trouble was indigestion and biliousness. For six months I suffered, trying all sorts of so-called remedies; but the only one that relieved me was Mother Seigel's Syrup. By the time I had taken one bottle of the Syrup, the end of my sufferings was in sight. So wonderfully beneficial was Mother Seigel's Syrup that three bottles were sufficient for my complete cure. I am now free from headache, can eat and enjoy my food, have no pain, and sleep soundly. Again, I am able to attend to my business without undue fatigue. For all this benefit, I have to thank Mother Seigel's Syrup, and nothing else."

Two years afterwards—on October 26th, 1907—Mrs. Stuchbery reported that she still remained "perfectly well."

**Mother Seigel's Syrup cures by strengthening stomach and liver. Indigestion is then impossible; impurities are driven from the blood, and health returns.**

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP IS  
THE WORLD'S REMEDY FOR  
INDIGESTION.**



**THE NACANT-HOBSON CAR**

is built of the finest material combining lightness consistent with strength, embracing speed and silence, a car that has produced more favourable comment than any other.

**THE HOBSON-  
POGNON  
PLUG . . .**

which has now obtained a world-wide reputation, and commands the largest sale of any sparking plug, is used by the leading motor-car manufacturers, and is guaranteed for one year.

**THE JENATZY TYRE,**

manufactured by Monsieur Jenatzy the world-famed racer, is the outcome of practical experience combined with his knowledge as an expert in rubber.



Correspondence Earnestly Invited.  
**H. M. HOBSON, Ltd.,**  
29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, LONDON, ENGLAND.