

Let us tell the public on what fearful conditions its food is cooked even in the best restaurants! Let us reveal how sauces are made even in first-rate establishments! That will bring our employers to their knees! "Our employers, indeed! It would bring us all to our knees—to say nothing of disturbing our emotions higher up! We do not want to enter into any such diabolical knowledge. Ignorance is bliss, and we demand to be left in it. It is the least we can ask, and we ask it passionately. We don't want to know how sauces and gravies and fancy dishes are made in hotels and restaurants. We enjoy them, and we pay for them. Let it end at that!"

A brochure published in Leipzig (Germany), under the title "Banzai," by an author who conceals his identity, paints a curious picture of a coming Japanese-American war. The American fleet is on its homeward voyage when the cables are cut to Manila. This is explained by a steamer which arrives with a Hong-Kong newspaper describing how a typhoon has interrupted telegraphic communication. Not till two days later do the American garrison discover that war has broken out, and simultaneously the American monitor Monadnock is blown up by a Japanese tramp. The Philippines are blockaded and San Francisco is seized by an army of 100,000 Japanese, who "issue mysteriously from various shops." A fearful financial panic in the United States follows, and yellow men are generally massacred when they show themselves. The American fleet while manoeuvring is attacked by a Japanese force, which sinks every ship, Admiral Sperry going down last with his flagship. Finally, the American assemble a great army and expel the Japanese. England is represented as treacherously aiding Japan, while the final victory of the United States is declared to be due to German officers.

The surgical profession will await with keen interest the confirmation of some remarkable reports about experiments

which have been made in the Rockefeller Institute, New York. Hitherto operations upon the lungs have been practically impossible, because when the lungs are exposed they collapse under the normal atmospheric pressure, and the patient dies. Dr Sauerbruch encloses all the patient's body except the head in an air-tight cabinet large enough to accommodate the operating surgeon and his assistants. The atmospheric pressure is then reduced to a point at which it does not affect the exposed lungs, yet enables the operators to breathe with comparative freedom. If this singularly ingenious device proves effective, it may pave the way to the cure of internal cancer and possibly even of tuberculosis. Incidentally it may be mentioned that a dog has already been successfully operated upon, and the ease seems to be one in which vivisection as a necessity of physical research is demonstrated. Without the power of making such experiments, Dr Sauerbruch dare not have tested his invention.

The writer best known to us under her maiden name of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has recently been writing what she would do if she were a man, and under the present circumstances of her father's election to the Upper House, her views will be read with interest. "First of all," she writes, "I should make up my mind what it is to be a man, and then I should try to become one; for a man comes before a soldier or a sailor, or a statesman or a poet, and yet I doubt how few boys grow up with the idea of manhood properly pictured before them. . . . I would marry, and learn therein the beauty of a fully developed life. Bachelors always take too much or too little care of themselves, and both extremes are bad. And if I were a man I would marry a woman with an old-fashioned heart—as old-fashioned as the teaching of St. Paul. A good temper she must have, and be easy to get on with; a sweet nature, and, if possible, the merry heart which is 'like the medicine in a house.' I would avoid the mistake of so many men who admire a portrait and take it for

a helpmeet, and then blame their wives for not being what it was really impossible for them to become. If you plant a carnation it is utterly ridiculous to say afterwards that what you wanted was a vegetable marrow, and not a buttonhole."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has offered to give £20,000 for the purpose of building a Temple of Peace in Costa Rica, has for many years been an ardent worker in the cause of international amity. It is his firm belief in the goodness of human nature that has induced him to work for universal brotherhood. "I find that every year I take a higher view of things," he once remarked, "and think more and more about humanity, and that I have brighter visions of the future." "I believe I am the greatest optimist alive," he said on another occasion, "and were I to choose a motto it would be, 'All is well, since all grows better.'" Mr. Carnegie's scrupulous attention to money matters is well illustrated by the following story. One day a friend called to see him, and during their intercourse the millionaire kept looking about on the floor for something he had apparently dropped. Suddenly a man rushed in to tell him that one of his buildings had been burned down. "I am afraid that has occurred before," said the millionaire, unconcernedly, still looking about the floor. "What on earth have you lost?" asked his friend. "Why," replied Mr. Carnegie, "I dropped a dime (5d) here a few minutes ago, and I can't find it. If a man's buildings burn down, they are gone and he can't help it, and he is bound to let them go; but a man who deliberately throws away a dime because he won't take the trouble to find it is not to be forgiven." And he went on looking until he had found the money. Mr. Carnegie is a great admirer of Professor Ernst Haeckel, the famous scientist, and he once asked a friend of his to obtain the professor's autograph for him. The friend spoke to Haeckel on the subject, and a short time afterwards Mr. Carnegie received the following message:—"Ernst Haeckel gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Andrew Carnegie of a microscope for the biological

laboratory of the Jena University." The millionaire was highly amused, and it is almost needless to add that he took the hint, and sent a substantial sum for the purpose of buying a magnificent microscope for the university in question.

SORE THROAT, TIGHT CHEST, COLDS AND CHILLS.

ZAM-BUK IS A SOOTHING AND WARMING EMBROCATION-BALM.

Colds and chills are the starting-point of many a dangerous illness, especially to those people who are getting on in years and are not so proof against the vagaries of the winter as they once were, and in children, whose little bodies are not yet sufficiently strong to withstand or throw off cold. The usual sign of an attack is a shivering, which may pass down the back, along the limbs, and produce a chilling sensation throughout the body. Rub the patient's chest and back thoroughly with Zam-Buk Balm, slightly warmed, and spread on with the palm of the hand. With the application of Zam-Buk Balm the circulation will be promptly stimulated and the patient should remain between blankets (in preference to sheets) for the night. "I have great pleasure in stating that I have proved Zam-Buk Balm to be that it is claimed to be," says Mr. J. H. Reed, of Illawarra Road, Marrickville, Sydney. "I find Zam-Buk a splendid remedy for children's colds, a little rubbing with the balm considerably easing them, and a good night's rest assured. Zam-Buk is also unequalled for chapped hands and face chaffings, the latter being caused through driving about in the winter weather, but an application of Zam-Buk soon takes the smart out." Winter is here, and your skin is sure to need Zam-Buk's soothing and healing aid. Keep a pot handy for chilblains, chaps, cold-sores, winter eczema, chaffings, and painful cuts, and cracks. Is. 6d. per pot, or 3s. 6d. for large size (containing nearly four times the Is. 6d.).

Patronised by the Prince and Princess of Wales,



Governors of Australia, New Zealand, etc.

THE GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN HOT LAKES DISTRICT.

Close to the Railway Station and the Government Gardens, and Famous Curative Baths. Superbly Furnished and Supplied with every
Luxury, Comfort, and Modern Convenience. Attendance and Cuisine equal to the best in the Dominion.

TARIFF: From 12/6 per day.

GEO. M. BROWN, Proprietor.

LAKE HOUSE HOTEL, OHINEMUTU, ROTORUA.

On the Shores of the Magnificent Lake Rotorua; one of the most commanding positions in the district. From its spacious balconies a wonderful view is obtained. Among the GREAT ATTRACTIONS this Popular Hotel has to offer are

TWELVE NEW HOT MINERAL BATHS

of the latest and most up-to-date design in SEPARATE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BATH HOUSES, situated on its own SPLENDIDLY LAID OUT GROUNDS, which are free to the use of visitors to this Hotel.

TARIFF: From 8/6 per day.

CHAS. A. SANSOM, Proprietor.

GEYSER HOTEL, WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

SITUATED IN A UNIQUE POSITION CLOSE TO THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS AND MAORI SETTLEMENT.

From the verandah of this hotel visitors have constant opportunity of witnessing the Geysers playing, and of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading Continental Spa Hotels.

TARIFF: From 10/3 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.