

occult influence upon those which were about to come up; for example, they imagined that if, say, red had come up six or eight times in succession, that red, in the very nature of things, would become tired and exhausted, and require a rest; so they would have no hesitation in staking heavily on black.

Many of this particular class actually remain about the tables for days at a time, so as to be present when there has been a long run on some even chance, and then they stake their money on the opposite chance. They think that if they wait long enough they are sure to win. With this class of players, the mathematical side in their heads is evidently loose or altogether missing, as anything which has already taken place on the board has not the slightest influence on the chances which may afterwards come up. Still, the man has not yet been born who can so present the problem as to bring it within the grasp of this class of player.

As many players are ladies who have the free use of their hands impeded by tight gloves, and as they have an enormous number of numerous francs and francs about their waists, it is quite impossible for them to handle the small gold pieces with facility, and, as might be expected, a considerable number of gold pieces are dropped on the floor, and, no matter what time one goes to the Casino in the busy season, a considerable number of empty gaiters will be found looking for these gold pieces, while they themselves are being watched by the employees of the Casino. It often happens that players, who come with their systems and are cleared out, find that by careful watching, they can easily pick up fifteen or twenty dollars a day, so they remain at Monte Carlo and spend their time in looking for lost coins and taking the employees of the Casino.

If a woman is only moderately good-looking she attracts the attention of men; but if she is extremely pretty, and especially if she is beautifully dressed, she attracts the attention of the ladies. I remember a girl at the Casino some years ago who was certainly one of the best-looking creatures I have ever seen. She was young, of good height, very erect, with a faultless complexion, and a certain inextinguishable charm about

her; I do not think I have ever seen a woman more beautifully dressed. She looked as if she had just stepped out of one of Peter Robinson's show windows.

No sooner had she entered the Casino than she was followed about by a troop of women, and I heard such expressions as:—"What a darling!" "How beautifully dressed!" "What a lovely creature!"

She changed a thousand-franc note into hundred-franc gold pieces, and commenced to play. She was extremely successful, and it was not long before a number of other players were following her lead, and staking on the same chances. When she had won a few thousand francs, perhaps 1000 dollars, she changed her gold back into paper, and without noticing anyone, floated majestically out of the Casino, a vision of loveliness. Upon inquiry, I found that this charming young creature had rather a pathetic history.

A few years before she had met a young duke in Paris; they had fallen violently in love with each other at first sight. They were both under age, but decided to elope. However, the Dowager Duchess, who was of a particularly proud and obdurate nature, was unyielding, and as she had complete control over the young duke, she banished him to Algiers, where, separated from the woman he loved so passionately, he grieved over his misfortune, and soon died of a broken heart.

But the young lady was as brave and clever as she was beautiful; she soon obtained a situation in a theatre, and within a few months had become the leading lady in one of the Paris theatres, where her earnings were more than sufficient to provide a comfortable home for herself and her little boy.

A young man out west had a cold on his chest.
But Woods' Peppermint Cure he decided.
And he got that cold tip till life gave him the ship.
For bronchitis and death decided.
The cure is clear, if you wish to stay here.
Don't neglect your breath, but when it's aheery,
And be warned, while you've strength, keep a hold of your strength.
Woods' Peppermint Cure does it easy!

The Evils of Deforestation.

Continued from page 21.

of timber conservation and reforestation; yet France imports 738,000,000 feet of timber annually. The greater sources of supply for these countries are Northern Europe, America, and to a small extent New Zealand. But the enormous pine forests of Northern Europe are now almost denuded. New Zealand has 30,000,000,000 feet of timber still available, but it is diminishing at the rate of 430,000,000 feet a year. And America, comparatively speaking is no better off. Throughout the United States the total quantity of marketable timber in 1906, according to the departmental calculations, was 2,000,000,000 superficial feet. But America has 21,000 sawmills at work, which are cutting the enormous quantity of 37,500,000,000 feet per annum. It is obvious, therefore, the "Age" concludes, that the world's timber outlook is very serious, and a shortage of supplies within the next couple of decades appears to be inevitable."

The Coming Crisis.

"I may supplement these facts with a few further extracts from the article on "The Coming Timber Famine," by Mr J. M. Young, to which I have already referred:—"The tremendous strain upon Russia's timber forests has been, and still is, of such a vast nature that the country will not long be able to supply the wants of outsiders. Norway a few years hence will be almost equally crippled. Indiscriminate cutting down of millions of tons of timber in years past, with little or no preparation for the future, is already telling a tale. . . . Twenty-five years hence at the present rates of cutting, the timber supply of the United States will cease. Britain alone receives 1,500,000,000 worth of timber annually from America, but the rapid increase in the population points to a not far distant day when it will be only able to supply us with little more than half that amount. The once magnificent forests of the United States have been enor-

mously reduced within the last few years, and as the demand for a considerable time has been 25,000,000 tons ahead of the natural supply, the process of extermination goes remorselessly on. . . . Canada hitherto has materially helped to make good the deficit in America's timber supply; but here, again, the march of civilisation is making itself felt. The vast and ever-increasing population that has poured into Canada within the last few years has resulted in immense forests being cut down to make room for agriculture;" and in Canada, as well as throughout the United States, an ever-present and assiduous enemy is at work in the shape of "the devastating fire-bird, the blighting irrepresible flames of which are responsible for the destruction of ten times more trees than those felled by the axe." It is true that before the timber famine actually becomes acute, the vast forests of Central and South America, of Central Africa, and North-Eastern Asia will be requisitioned and will help to avert the evil day. But all this evidence tends emphatically to confirm the opinion already advanced that the world's supply of timber is no longer equal to the demand, and that unless existing conditions are radically altered, a very few years will bring us all face to face with a most serious crisis through the universal scarcity of one of the indispensable necessities of progress and civilisation.

The Rev. J. C. Harris, pastor of the Kingston (England), Congregational Church, who recently lectured on "Rudyard Kipling," told an excellent Kipling story.

He said it was hard to believe that the man who would write the "Recessional" could descend to the level of "Pay, pay, pay," but no man was more keenly alive to his own blunders than Mr Kipling.

Mr Harris said he was sitting with Mr Kipling in his garden at Rottingdean one day when a street organ struck up "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Kipling was silent one moment, and then remarked, "If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that."

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