

not supply me with good and cheap food just as it supplies or ought to supply me with good and cheap water. Nor do I know any reason why heating should not be supplied by a Borough Council as well as lighting, and after all, if they cart away my ashes, why should they not bring my wood. Those tiresome people who always must bring up an argument about any trifling reform would doubtless argue as to how the dispossessed tradesmen were to live. That is a question it is not now convenient to discuss at present. We—I speak for others as well as self—wish to see some experiments; and our word to Wanganui is "go in and win."

The Correspondence Column.

Few persons can have failed to notice the extraordinary activity of the usual newspaper correspondent during the past month or so. For some time the Boer war practically closed the correspondence columns of the daily press, but now that news from the front is becoming "somewhat musty," editors have again become tolerant, and the gentlemen who delight in inditing letters to "the paper" have had ample encouragement. There can, I think be little doubt that for ordinary individuals the habit is dangerous, because so insidious. It is like taking to drink or to morphia, or to punning. Everyone thinks he can leave off when he likes. One sees a man start writing to the paper; to his surprise his letter is published. Unless the man is of quite exceptional strength of character, he is from that time doomed, a condemned, a hopeless literary bore. He begins, perhaps, by one letter a week, or even a month. But "increase of appetite grows on what it feeds on," and sooner or later you will find that man in print on every possible and impossible occasion. Stories have often been told of the cunning of victims to the drink habit, and of the clever artifices to which they will have recourse to obtain the wherewithal to gratify their passion. Of a publican's business I have no acquaintance at least, I mean no acquaintance from behind the bar; but as a journalist I can assert that the lengths to which men will resort, and the tricks of which they will be guilty, in order to see themselves and their letters in print, are beyond belief. For a man to write half a dozen letters backing up and contradicting his own original, is, of course, the most usual attempt; it is indeed so clumsy and common as to rarely succeed. When it does, the Editor is usually short for copy, and is in good truth particeps criminis. It may, of course, be urged that the habit is not vicious, and affects no one but the victim. This cannot, I think, be sustained. "It pleases him," no doubt, but it would be incorrect to say it does not hurt us. The letters of these cranks take up valuable room, and the reading of them, unless the habit is carefully crushed, is only less injurious than the writing. There are so many limits imposed on us nowadays that a further step should be taken, and persons so irrevocably given to writing to the press as to be a nuisance to the world at large, should have a sort of literary prohibition order taken out against them. I commend the idea to Mr Seddon.

Coming Events.

The appearance on the streets of the Christmas numbers of various illustrated newspapers, reminds one of the frequently stated fact that "Christmas is coming," though one may perhaps object that close on three months is rather far ahead to begin arranging for and celebrating the event. So long as rival publications attempt to come out ahead of each other, we shall continue to get further and further back into the year with our Christmas cards and annuals, and it needs no very great gift of prophecy to foretell the day when we shall start porting these to our friends at midsummer. Seriously however, the advent of the Christmas number has opened at once the inevitable question, what are we going to do during the holiday week. For this reason I think their early advent may be pardoned. With the exception of a holiday itself, nothing is more restful, nothing more delightful than arranging and planning for one. Indeed, how often are not our anticipations the better part. One can, when Christmas actually arrives, only be in one place at a time, but beforehand one can

spend the week in dozens of different localities, and in half a score of ways, and these "anticipating" trips are as cheap. Moreover, in anticipation the weather is always perfect, and, as you must admit, this is a great point. Again in laying out the plan of campaign for a nice holiday one has necessarily to look back over those that have gone before. And though anticipation is pleasant, I doubt if it ever equals retrospection. Looking back over past holidays is an altogether pleasant occupation. There may of course be circumstances which make it "sorrows crown of sorrow," but generally speaking nothing is more delightful. All the vexations of the time if such there were are either forgotten or are looked at through a softened atmosphere which makes them almost akin to pleasure. We forget, for instance, our mortification at the incessant rain, but remember old—and his stories, and the great games of cards we had, and what a glorious last day it was when the rain did finally clear off. Or if we suffered cold and fatigue or hardship, we forget all these and remember only the glorious supper when we did arrive—wherever it was—and had champagne, etc., etc. Anyway, both doors have now been opened, and we have for close on a quarter an opportunity of fixing up our future holiday and looking back on those which have passed. It might by the way be a good and useful thing if readers would contribute brief descriptions of enjoyable ways of spending a holiday, setting forth, in as few words as possible, where to go, how to go, what there is to do, and what the cost may be calculated at. An exchange of experiences such as this would entail, would undoubtedly be sure to prove both useful and amusing.

ONE OF LORD ROBERTS' SOLDIERS.

An old soldier of the Queen, Staff-Sergeant J. Chalkley, late of the Bengal Commissariat Department, and the 8th King's Liverpool Regiment, residing at Bunara Road, Horton Park (N.S.W.), was recently called upon by a reporter.

Asked for an account of his experiences Sergeant Chalkley said he had enlisted when only 17 and served in India and Afghanistan for 20 years.



STAFF-SERGT. CHALKLEY. (Late 8th King's, Liverpool.)

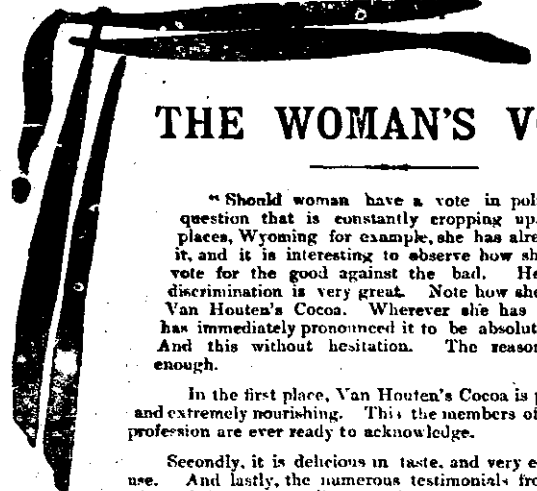
He was under Lord Roberts in the Afghan Campaign of '78-9-80 and fought at Charasia and Kabul, for which he received a medal and two clasps.

"The climate and exposure told upon my health," he continued, "and in 1870 fever and ague attended me with shivering fits, intense cramping pains, and copious perspiration. Then bronchitis came on and left me so weak that I could not walk without a stick, and I was so dizzy that I often had to catch hold of something to save a fall. I could not sleep properly and rose each morning quite worn out. Although treated for 19 years by army surgeons, on Christmas Day '88 I obtained my discharge, coming to Australia and settling here, working as a market gardener whenever my health permitted. Several doctors said I would never be rid of the effects of the fever and one told my son I had not long to live, but I was induced to commence Dr. Williams' pink pills. Two or three boxes made me so much stronger that I continued them, and although when I commenced them I was very ill and unable to work, I am now quite strong and well and work in my garden with the hoe and spade without ill effect. I am a living testimonial of the merits of Dr. Williams' pink pills, for I believe they saved my life."

Sergeant Chalkley's cure is not an exceptional one. Dr. Williams' pink pills by bracing up the unstrung

nerve, enriching the impoverished blood, and strengthening the spine, made an active man of him despite his long experience of suffering. By acting on the causes of disease they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, bronchitis, consumption, dysentery, coughs and colds, ladies ailments, dyspepsia, paralysis, etc.

Sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers—But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. Remember it was no substitute which cured Sergeant Chalkley.



THE WOMAN'S VOTE.

"Should woman have a vote in politics?" is a question that is constantly cropping up. In some places, Wyoming for example, she has already obtained it, and it is interesting to observe how she uses it to vote for the good against the bad. Her power of discrimination is very great. Note how she appreciates Van Houten's Cocoa. Wherever she has tried it, she has immediately pronounced it to be absolutely the best! And this without hesitation. The reason is evident enough.

In the first place, Van Houten's Cocoa is pure, soluble, and extremely nourishing. This the members of the medical profession are ever ready to acknowledge.

Secondly, it is delicious in taste, and very economical to use. And lastly, the numerous testimonials from "all sorts and conditions of men," prove that it is alike valued in the palace, and prized in the cottage.

The moderate cost places it within the reach of all, for it is less than one farthing per cup; and it is so easily assimilated and digested that all may take it, be they weak or strong.

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