cheerful, in fact is given to gloomy meditation. Much more does the man who habitually wears his hat pushed off his forehead enjoy the confidence of his fellow-men. The man who wears his hat pushed off his forehead is essentially frank. He is admired by those who do not agree with any of his views for his straightforwardness. If nature has not gifted him with a singing voice he whistles. The man who places his hat on one side is independent, self-assertive. He is in danger of becoming vicious. He is a "sport" by nature if not by practice.

✦ ✦ ✦

Qualified for the Part.

"And now, sir," said the venerable Doctor of Divinity, after administering an arm-aching hiding to one of his hopefuls, "what do you think of yourself? Such a disgrace to your school and country. Whatever do you intend to do for the future?" "Please, sir," quoth the youth, "what with the stripes you've given me and the stars you've made me see, I think I'll turn Yank."

✦ ✦ ✦

The Wrong Bride.

A very tremendous recent Sydney wedding led to an unfortunate adventure which befell a young man from Melbourne, travelling for pleasure with the missus and the kid. It was announced that the principals of the magnificent marriage hereinbefore alluded to were going honeymooning in a certain picturesque locality not far distant from the metropolis, but this announcement was merely a "blind" to preserve the fond, but shrinking couple from the offensive curiosity of the vulgar. The bride and groom took another direction altogether, but fate carried the travelling Victorian with his missus and his kid to the salubrious township mentioned in the papers, and to the man's surprise he found the station platform packed with a sympathetic crowd. When he stepped from the carriage his surprise heightened to amazement, for the sympathetic populace howled joyously at the sight of him and threw up its hat and cheered till it went purple in the face. But when that bewildered stranger handed his wife on to the platform the delighted population cheered more furiously still, and discharged about two and a half cwt of rice down the backs of the distracted couple. The young man arose to protest, but when he opened his mouth to speak the populace heaved pounds of rice into it and howled like a delighted insane asylum, so the man grabbed his baby from under a rug and turned and fled. At the sight of the infant an Arctic coldness and an awful calm fell upon the populace, and as the couple broke from the station the engine whistled a long, low, insinuating whistle.

✦ ✦ ✦

Men in Colonial Life.

We have all our pet dislikes, and Miss Beatrice Harraden's, according to an article in the "Humanitarian," is sweeping carpets.

Says the author of "Ships that pass in the night":—

"I have done many kinds of work when on a ranch, even to making a fence and saddling the horses, but I draw the line at carpet-sweeping, and always make a man do that. I think men are perfection in Colonial life. They do not spend their time in saying whether a woman should do this or that; they are grateful to have her help on the farm or in business affairs, and in return are not above assisting her with the household burdens."

✦ ✦ ✦

Women and Drink.

There are some startling statements on the subject of women and drink in the annual report of the London City Mission. One missionary writes:—"I have seen young women between 14 and 20 years of age dead drunk, some lying in the gutter, while others are led home by their companions, bawling out a popular public house or music hall ditty. These girls are not of the coster type, as might be expected, but girls of respectable appearance." Another writes:—"Monday in my district is called 'Saint Monday,' because the laundry women have a holiday and spend the day in public houses, and the scenes at night in the streets are revolting." A third writes:—"One has only to keep his eyes open and he will find that many women are fast becoming complete wrecks." A fourth reports:—"The number of charges against women is increasing enormously at our Police Court in this district." These four testimonials are from all quarters of the world's metropolis—north, south, east, and west.

A LUCKY GIRL.

At Featherstone resides a young lady 19 years of age whose recent well deserved stroke of good fortune led a reporter to beg an interview with her for publication in the Wellington "Post." Miss Petrea Peterson very kindly gave the pressman a brief account of her career, stating:—

"Few girls have passed through so much suffering as I have. When I was 15 I became anaemic, grew thin and pale-faced, my lips were bloodless, and I was so weak that I could scarcely walk up hill. I lost my appetite and suffered from heavy headaches. I could not sleep and attacks of cramps came in my legs, the tingling pain of which caused me to scream aloud. I suffered greatly from heart palpitation, and after going upstairs I would sink into a chair, often too exhausted even to speak. I was also troubled with an affection of the eye. Different doctors attended me during my four years of illness, but I did not seem to benefit. In June, '97, I read in the "Evening Post" how a young lady suffering like myself had been cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills, so I commenced them. I felt better after the third dose and as I continued with them I regained good health. Since then I have been free of headaches, sleeplessness, cramps, heart palpitation, and all ill health. A day's work brings no fatigue, and my complexion is quite rosy. Dr. Williams' pink pills also cured my eye affection. They have greatly benefited several friends, and my mother has good cause to speak highly of them."

Miss Petersen is exceedingly lucky in having overcome a most insidious form of disease to which young women are susceptible. Anaemia or bloodlessness was responsible for her lifeless melancholy state, and the rational cure lay in replenishing the impoverished blood. Dr. Williams' pink pills increase and enrich the blood in such a way that they also cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, and nervous disorders in both sexes. They are genuine only with the full name in red ink on pink wrapper, and are sold by chemists and storekeepers and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Substitutes are dangerous.

Never Look Old

There is no need of it. You can look at thirty as if you are sixteen. Then why look as if you are sixty?

Thick and glossy hair belongs to youth. Thin and faded hair to old age.

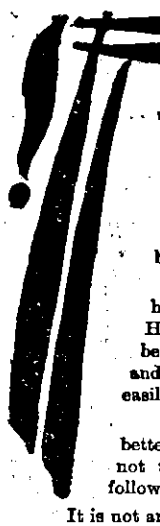
Ayer's Hair Vigor will make your hair soft and glossy, rich and abundant. It will keep your scalp free from dandruff, and will surely prevent your hair from falling out.

It Never Fails to Restore the Natural Color to the Hair

It gives to the hair that soft, glossy appearance so natural to early life. For men, this means the look of strength and power. For women, it is the one ornament of youthful beauty.

Remember that pimples, rashes, and like disfigurements of the face may be thoroughly removed by taking a course of treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make the skin smooth and the blood rich.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

It is a peculiar thing that the use of Tea and Coffee has not been replaced, more than is the case, by the use of Van Houten's Cocoa.

The reason for that is to be sought in the force of habit. But habits should be broken through, and Van Houten's Cocoa taken, now that it has been proved to be a much healthier and more delicious drink than Tea and Coffee, while at the same time so nourishing and easily digested.

For the Nerves, also, Van Houten's Cocoa is so much better; because, although it is equally refreshing, it has not the pernicious after-effects upon the nerves, such as follow after using Tea or Coffee.

It is not an expensive habit to use Van Houten's Cocoa; indeed, after actual trial of various brands, and even loose cocoa, many persons have discovered that Van Houten's Cocoa is not only the best and most delicious, but it is also the most economical.

BE SURE YOU TRY
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.

A PROPOSAL

TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY!

BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomées of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

MANUFACTURES ROYALES,

FRENCH **P.D. CORSETS**

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WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS

Have been awarded

10 GOLD MEDALS

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DIPLOMES D'HONOURS

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THE HIGHEST HONOURS.

OBTAINABLE FROM

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IN MANY VARIETIES, SHAPES, AND STYLES