



The Pistol and the Bottle.

The man who has once driven a burglar out of his house with a pistol is likely to keep the weapon handy for use in the future.

On a similar principle Mrs Elizabeth Langmaid is never without a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup where she can lay hands on it any day.

About four years ago she was taken bad with what was called "a complication of complaints." The doctor said she had an abscess on one of her lungs, and also indigestion and heart troubles.

And, seeing how she looked and felt, we should have believed him without a moment's hesitation.

"You can get an idea," she says, "how bad I was when I tell you I lay helpless in bed nearly nine months."

(That does give us the idea and no mistake. Save for the hope of recovery—which seldom quite perishes in the mind—I would as lief be dead, and so have the trouble over and done with.)

"Finally," Mrs Langmaid goes on to say, "when I got out of bed, all of me that could waste away was gone. I was just a skeleton covered by a skin. In truth they wrapped me in wadding—for appearance and for such comfort and warmth as the protection might give me.

"Whatever my complaint was I always had a dreadful pain in my sides and under the shoulder-blades; but the medicines I took had no more effect on it than so much sweetened water would have had.

"While in this miserable condition, I remembered how different friends of mine had spoken of the virtues of Seigel's Syrup for many kinds of ailments that nothing else seemed able to help.

"Anyway I was sure it would be no mistake to try it, and so I got a bottle from Campbell and Co.'s store in this town. Up to that time I always had a great feeling of weariness and drowsiness after eating, and could not shake it off.

"But to my delight I soon discovered that a dose of the Syrup dispelled this almost immediately, and by the time I had finished the first bottle I was greatly improved.

"As you would suppose, I persevered in taking the remedy until by degrees I got strong again. Gradually, too, I picked up my lost flesh, and recovered my former good health.

"Ever since then I keep a bottle of Seigel's Syrup in the house, and take a dose whenever I feel out of sorts in any way.

"You may publish this if you like, and I shall always be glad to hear of Seigel's Syrup doing for others what it did for me." Elizabeth Langmaid, Market-street, Muswellbrook, N.S.W., Sept. 26th, 1899.

Equalised.

The keeper of a certain lunatic asylum happened to hear the name of Mann. One evening a patient rushed into his room, and after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances, challenged him to fight. "My dear fellow," Mr Mann replied, "it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't the odds are so unfair. I am a man by name and a man by nature—two against one. It would never do." "Come on," rejoined the madman. "I am a man, and a man beside myself. Let us all four have a fight!"

Little Clarence: Pa, what is the difference between a professional and an amateur?

Mr Callipers: Why, one does it because he has to, and the other because he doesn't have to.

While Alfred the Great, for centuries past,

Has slept in his tomb of rest, Old England has grown to be ever so vast,

Till now she is greatest and best, May her sons never have to suffer defeat,

But hold their dear Island secure, Their healths they can keep and coughs always beat

With WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-MINT CURE.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Important Notice to Graphic Cousins and Prize Competitors.

Owing to this being a special Royal number, there is extraordinary pressure on our space. No cousins' letters can appear in this issue; all will be kept till next week. I can only tell you this time that

THE WINNER OF THE PAINTING PRIZE

is F. W. Young 13 Ellice Street, Wellington.

Next week I will pick out one for second prize, and tell you all about the pictures. I got ever such a lot.

Puzzle Competition.

Here are the correct answers. I will tell who won the prize next week.

Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

- ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Title of Book.
- R—Grape—Gape.
- O—Po—River.
- B—Cabin—Cain.
- I—Ideal—Deal.
- N—Ann—Lady.
- S—Snow—now.
- O—Bout—Bat.
- N—Throne—Three.
- C—Clark—Lark.
- R—Cab—Crab.
- U—Mouth—Moth
- S—Pit—Spit.
- O—Cut—boat.
- E—Beacon—Bacon.

- 2. (a) So that he would always have a spring with him.
- (b) Because it has small blades.
- (c) A peacemaker (peacemaker).
- (d) They both wear white ties and take orders.
- 3. Stom. (tone - ton - one - on - ne (knee)).

Andy's Adventures in a Toy Shop.

(Conclusion.)

HOW THE TIN MOUSE WON THE HUNDRED YARD CRAWL.

(By Douglas Z. Doty.)

The tin mouse, you remember, who had been sentenced to two days' imprisonment in a mouse trap by Judge Owl and whom Andy had hidden in Jack's box, kept very still while the brownie policeman looked everywhere for him.

After a while the owl became disgusted with the proceedings and with a great flapping of wings he flew away.

That, of course, signified that the court had adjourned for the day.

Miss Wax Doll and her friend, little Miss China Doll, put on their wraps and hurried away, escorted by the gallant colonel of a troop of wooden soldiers. The three of them paused for a minute near where Andy stood and the boy overheard Miss Wax Doll ask the brave soldier how he came to lose his sword arm.

Andy had often wondered about it himself, but it had never occurred to him to ask the fellow, so now he wait-

ed with interest to hear what the stiff little commander would say.

"Why, it was this way," began the Colonel. "One dark night about the hour of twelve (here the dolls shuddered with delight and Miss Waxie murmured 'How romantique!') I, with a company of as sturdy soldiers as were ever turned out of a German toy factory, started out to capture a strange animal which had been seen prowling about in the outskirts of Nurseryville. We were in Bed Clothes Valley when we caught sight of the monster rushing about on the top of Bolster Mountain. Then we lost sight of the foe, but later came upon his tracks by Bathub Lake. Now, it happened the water in the lake was very warm, as Master Andy's papa was about to take a bath. Now, all wooden soldiers with any glue in their composition should avoid warm water as you would avoid the plague. But three of my men—foolhardy fellows—ventured too near and toppled in."

"Mercy!" screamed Miss China Doll, "how exciting! Did the poor dears drown?"

"No," rejoined the Colonel, "you couldn't drown a wooden soldier if you were to try ever so hard. Poor fellows! A fearful feet—I mean a fearful fate overtook them, however. The warm water melted the glue that fastened their feet to the little round discs on which they stand, and when we fished the fellows out they couldn't stand up; and I am afraid they never will be able to walk again, unless our commander in chief, Andy—you know we're called the Andy Light Infantry—should take enough interest in their case to have 'em repaired."

"Dear me," thought Andy, with a pang of remorse, "I'll mend the poor fellows the very first chance I get. I never thought that wooden soldiers might have feelings."

"But you haven't told us how you lost your arm!" cried Miss China Doll.

"Oh, yes," replied the Colonel, with that easy, indifferent manner all great heroes assume. "It was really a very trifling matter. We had just reached the top of the Doorsill range of mountains when we were surprised by a sudden attack on the part of the wild animal. Before I had a chance to order a charge the beast seized me in his short teeth and began tossing me in the air and then catching me."

"How horrible!" cried Miss Waxie.

"Of course, my men did what they could to effect a rescue," went on the Colonel. "But with one blow of his paw the beast had knocked my entire company flat on their backs and senseless. In the course of his savage onslaught the animal bit off my right arm. After a while he got tired of tossing me about and ran away."

"What kind of an animal was it?" asked Miss China Doll.

"It was one of the canine species," replied the Colonel, "and one of the most ferocious specimens I have ever seen."

"Why, that must have been my fox terrier, Tags!" broke in Andy, with a laugh.

The Colonel looked up and turned very pale under his red painted cheeks. "Bless me!" he muttered, nervously. "My dear General!" he began, bowing jerkily to Andy. "I hope Your Excellency has taken no offence at what I have been saying?"

"Not the least, Colonel," cried Andy, with a grin. "On the contrary, I have heard for the first time of how you lost your arm, and as a reward I will bestow the order of the Eagle upon you. I'll paint it on your coat to-morrow, if I can find my box of paints, and I

now appoint you a brigadier general."

The poor little Colonel began to bow more than ever and to mumble his thanks till Andy thought he would never get through. Finally, with a last grand bow, he turned and offered his one arm to Miss China Doll, while Miss Wax Doll walked at his right.

Andy watched them till they disappeared; then the boy turned, to find a great crowd gathered along a road which was being kept clear by a company of Andy's light infantry. "What's up?" asked Andy of the camel.

"Why, there's going to be a hundred yard crawl between the tin mouse and the giraffe," replied the camel.

"Let on the mouse, my boy," whispered the elephant in Andy's ear.

"I never bet - it's wrong," said Andy.

The elephant winked one of his wicked little eyes at him and remarked, "It's very wrong if you lose, but it's all right if you win."

"Shut up, Ella!" said the camel, with a grin. "Master Andy is quite right; betting is a very wrong thing. Jes' the same, I don't mind betting you a pound of fresh dates that the mouse wallops old Gre."

"I can't take that up," replied the elephant, "because I'm going to bet on the mouse myself."

"So am I," drawled a familiar voice, and Andy turned, to see his old friend the lion.

"It's this way," explained the camel, when the two had shaken hands, or paws. "The tin mouse was in our class at the Zoological College. That old Lunnox of a giraffe was a freshman when the rest of us were sophomores. So of course we're bound to see mouse wins for the sake of class spirit."

"Of course," cried Andy, growing interested.

Just then a shot was heard, and Andy, with the others, rushed to the track for the race was on.

"It certainly was a 'crawl,'" they came along so slowly. The giraffe was slightly in the lead when they came near to where Andy stood.

Suddenly the lion stepped to the edge of the track and began dropping little white squares along the way. Then he went back, and took his place again behind Andy.

"What were those things you just put on the track?" asked Andy.

"Ham sandwiches," replied the lion, with a grin. "Just you wait till the racers get up to them and see what happens."

"They had no long to wait, for even a hundred yards crawl does not last for ever."

The tin mouse, decidedly in the rear, plodded along bravely, while the clumsy giraffe, with his stupid, smiling face, kept gaining with every inch.

When the first sandwich was reached, however, his eyes lit up with gentle joy, and he stopped to eat. Immediately all his friends yelled at him to go on, but he only went on eating the faster.

Then someone called out, "Foul! a foul!"

The giraffe raised his head for a moment. "Fowl? No, only ham," he murmured, and then went on eating.

As the tin mouse crossed the line a winner, a terrific hubbub arose the like of which was never heard outside of a menagerie. The noise seemed to blend into one piercing, increasing scream, and Andy suddenly awoke and sat up in bed, to hear the seven o'clock whistle at a neighbouring factory still blowing.

[THE END.]