

him with an almost irresistible assurance which brooks no contradiction, that he knows precisely the thing that you want. It may be that your conscience tells you the suit Salpa is measuring you for is not what you desire, or that the cut he insists on accords ill with the lines of your figure; it may be that the hat Smith has sent you forth into the street with makes you a guy; or that the tie fastened on you cries out on your taste. The chances are, if you are the average man, that you will meekly go on your way clothed, hatted and tied by the tyrannous shopkeeper. Ladies are not by any means so unresisting. They do not accept without a murmur the shopman's dictum. They know that the fact that he happens to sell ribbons by the half-mile does not make an artist of him; and he knows that they know it, for he will cheerfully spread his wares before them to choose when, were he dealing with a man, he would not go to a tithing that trouble. Still, even among the best of British shopmen, the tendency is to dictate to their customers. It is the tradition of the counter that the proper way to do business is to sell what you want to sell to your patron. Now, the success of the Paris and New York shopmen lies in this, that they seek to sell only what their patrons want to buy. And this difference of methods extends much further than the shops. Why is it that the British manufacturer is losing ground with his wares? Are we not repeatedly assured that it is because he will not make what his customers want.

A Rare Chance.

A wealthy Chicago lady has offered a prize of £200, to be paid to the first business or professional man who can conclusively prove that he has carried on his work for a month honestly and without lying. The offer, I understand, is confined to the United States, so there is no use in any New Zealander applying. But, although the business morality of the States is reputed to be somewhat low as compared with ours, I think anyone here might offer a similar prize to be competed for by his fellow colonists without much fear of loss. Not that I mean to infer that honesty and truthfulness are such rare qualities here, but the conditions of the competition are much too stringent. How is this absolute proof to be obtained? Where is even the saint who could lay his hand on his heart and swear to that absolute rectitude of conduct in his business affairs which is demanded in terms of the deed? For honesty and truthfulness have come to be in a large measure comparative. Here is the late Professor Blackie's category of lies which he would not have pretended was exhaustive. Just glance over them, and if you think you can live a month without being guilty of one of them, let me know. The "Graphic" is always on the look-out for novelties:—

1. Lies of carelessness, from loose observation and hasty generalisation—any hour's talk full of them.
2. Lies of cowardice, from fear of facing the truth, as when a man, labouring under a dangerous disease, reasons himself into the belief that he is quite well.
3. Lies of politeness, very common with women; taking the sting out of the truth, for fear of giving offence.
4. Lies of flattery, from a benevolent desire to please, or from a selfish desire to gain something by pleasing.
5. Lies of self-glorification, magnifying our own virtues or the virtues of the class to which we belong. This includes patriotic lies, sectarian lies, and almost every kind of lie that masks selfishness under a grand name.
6. Lies of unbecoming hostility, consciously intended to deceive an adversary, as in war.
7. Lies of self-defence, to save nature when a force is put upon her, or to save one's life, where honour is not concerned.
8. Lies of benevolence, as to save another person's life, as when a righteous man dies to you for concealment, hoodwinked by his persecutors, and you say he is not in your house.
9. Lies of convention, as when you call a man a gentleman who is not a gentleman in any proper sense of the word; or when you call the King, in

the prayer-book, a most religious and gracious Sovereign, when he may be a great blackguard; or when you call yourself "your humble servant," when you are as proud as Lucifer.

10. Lies of modesty, when you say you cannot do what you can do, to avoid the appearance of forwardness.

11. Lies.

Merely a Suggestion.

The Japanese Consul in Sydney has protested against the Commonwealth Immigration Restriction Bill, which proposes to treat the Japs as aliens. He contends that the Japanese belong to an Empire so much higher than those the Bill proposes to include, that it would be a reproach to exclude them. From what one knows of the Japs, the protest is well timed. To exclude them on the ground that they are an inferior race is to ignore contemporaneous history. If we are to have legislation restricting immigration working on the lines of what is inferior and what is superior it would be much more logical to do away with racial distinctions, and adopt individual ones. But as under that arrangement the pig-tailed Ching might conceivably take precedence of Bill Sykes, and one is a Chinaman while the other is an Englishman, it is never likely to come into force, and the suggestion would be at once vetoed as absurd. Yet in a purely academic way one may be allowed to ask whether, so far as the future of Australia is concerned, it might not be better were the restriction of immigration to these shores based on individual, rather than racial distinctions. Supposing the thing possible, we might then have something approaching a perfect state, whose population was culled from the flower of all peoples—Caucasian, Mongolian, African. Perhaps in the far future some such social condition may be found, as the contrary condition is said to exist in some localities where the off-scourings of all peoples congregate.

WAGGONER'S UPS AND DOWNS.

Mr Robert Clucas is a sturdy specimen of a waggoner, who has passed through fifty years of arduous work, and it was with a view to obtaining an account of some episodes in his life that a reporter invaded his home in Oxford, Canterbury.

"Doubtless, Mr Clucas," said the reporter, "in the ups and downs of existence you have met with incidents well worth publication?"

"As a waggoner," was the reply, "I had to endure the hardships common to those of that calling. Often I have had to go about in my wet clothes all day long, and night after night I have lain in damp blankets. I was also exposed during my trips to rain by day and frost at night,

with the result that many years ago rheumatism and sciatica laid hold of me. My legs, arms and shoulders ached with continual gnawing pains, while sharp, shooting pains, something like needles going through one's flesh, tormented me in my thigh. These pains, I was told, were due to sciatica. At last I became so crippled by these diseases that I was unable to work for my living, and for six months I could not walk outside the house without both a crutch and stick."

"Confinement indoors must have been a terrible affliction," said the reporter, "for one used to outdoor life." "Indeed it was," said Mr Clucas, "quite apart from the pain. I could get about so little that even a door mat formed an impassable barrier to me. Often for weeks I slept neither by day nor night, and as a natural consequence lost all desire for food of any kind. During these years of suffering I had excellent medical treatment and plenty of home remedies, such as hot water 'cure,' cold water 'cure,' and acid 'cure.' I also tried patent medicines, but they were

equally useless. Through continually seeing Dr. Williams' pink pills advertised in the papers I became at last convinced that there must be something in them," and I sent for a box. After using its contents I improved considerably, and thus encouraged I continued the treatment. As I did so the pains of sciatica and the aches of rheumatism gradually disappeared, my appetite returned, and I slept well every night. Now I have the full use of my limbs and faculties, and can do a day's work without trouble. I have advised friends to take these wonderful Dr. Williams' pink pills, and am pleased to learn that they have been benefited by so doing."

The case of Mr Clucas amply proves that Dr. Williams' pink pills are both a blood-builder and nerve tonic, for they cured him of rheumatism and sciatica, the first a disease caused by impure blood, the second a nerve disorder. For the same reason they cure neuralgia, lumbago, bronchitis, consumption, dysentery, skin diseases, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, anaemia, debility, nervous disorders of either sex, etc. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. By regulating health they impart to ladies a beautiful complexion.

A 125,000 Miles Walk.

That postmen cover a great amount of ground in the course of performing their daily duties we are all aware, but that in delivering letters for six-and-twenty years a man should have to cover 125,000 miles of ground is a fact which few of us have ever imagined possible.

Yet such is the remarkable record of George Thompson, who has just retired from service as postman in the Langrick district of Yorkshire. Can you realise what that means? Probably not, though when it is stated that Thompson's twenty-six year walk, if taken as one outing and the course were over land and water right round the earth, keeping along the track of the equator, would mean that he would walk five times round the earth, you may be able to grasp the idea better. And yet this has only represented an average outing of sixteen miles a day.

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"The missus called me names."

"What did she call you?"

"She said I were a domestic, mum, and me as hard workin' and honest a woman as ever lived."

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Mr Robert Clucas (A Hardy Waggoner.)

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