

welcome. He travelled in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy. Of himself in his youth he wrote: "My ears quickened at the sound of uncorking the wine-bask, for I took great pleasure in drinking and in fair array and in delicate and fresh eaties." This character he maintained more or less all his life, for he was a most genial companion, and no man has ever lived who enjoyed life with greater zest.

The town marshal of Elnora, in Indiana, was called to the telephone the other day by John Ketchem, a farmer, who lives eight miles away. "You have a warrant for my arrest," shouted Ketchem. "Please be good enough to read it." The officer did as requested, and added: "Consider yourself in charge." "Certainly," replied Ketchem. "I plead guilty to being drunk and incapable." The officer then called Judge Hastings to the telephone, who severely rebuked Ketchem, and fined him one half-penny, and twopence costs. "Thanks," came the reply. "Money shall be sent on by next post."

Great preparations are being made by the Dominion Government and by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the advent of new settlers in the western part of the Dominion this spring. This month 500 families will arrive in Manitoba to settle on land secured from the Government. They are going into the Dominion from the United States under the auspices of a Roman Catholic mission, whose headquarters is in Minnesota. At Regina, still further west, settlers are expected as soon as the weather permits, numerous land grants having been taken up in that district, with the result that land values have increased very materially.

America is exploiting a new system of advertising the lowest novel. The book must be morbid, choked with anguish, and purple passion. The author disappears and leaves a note behind, saying this tale of tears is beyond him. His publisher sends an announcement of his death to the papers, and affixes it to all advertisements, worded something like the following:—SNOOKS.—By suicide, Edwin Angelus Snooks, poet and man of genius, and author of "Out of the Lime-light" (just published), in his twentieth year, etc., etc.

He was a man of about 45, short and stout, and dressed like those extremely impecunious financiers, the Yarra-bankers. His clothes were very old and very mixed, and looked as if they had come to him through a long succession of wearers each more poverty-stricken than the previous one. His nose was red, and he had a vicious eye. He appeared at the window of a small suburban post office near Melbourne, and said to the young man inside, "I say, young fellow, do I get their income tax schedules here?" "We supply income tax schedules," replied the youth. "Well, gimme one, will you?" The postal official looked surprised. "You know it isn't necessary to fill these in unless you are earning about 8/ a day," he said. "Oh, I know all about that," replied the man, "I'm not earning eight farthings a day, but early last year I earned about £1500. I loosed it up in seven months, and now I'm rather interested, wondering how the government's going to collect my income tax."

The new comic opera, in which Miss Edna May is to make her re-appearance in London, is now in active rehearsal. The contracts with Mr Paul M. Potter (of "Trilby" fame), who has written the libretto, and with Mr Leslie Stuart for the music, were made nearly a year ago, but Messrs Charles Frohman and George Edwardes, who are to produce the opera, have only recently received the completed work. The piece is in three acts, and is entitled "The School Girl." The first act takes place in the gardens of a convent in Paris, which, with their air of seclusion, will form a delightful contrast to the scene in the second act. This presents the interior of a stockbroker's office, with clerks and typewriters at work on the details of a trust flotation. In this scene, Miss Edna May, the school girl of the first act, is mistaken for the new typewriter, and becomes the recipient of innumerable confidences, which heighten the intrigue of the piece. The third act is set in a Paris studio. In addition to Miss Edna May, Miss Hilda Moody, Miss Marie Studholme, and

Miss Ella Snyder—a rare quartette of beauty and talent—have been engaged for leading parts, and Mr George Edwardes has induced Miss Violet Cameron to return to the stage in order to sing the important "numbers" allotted to the mother superior in the first act.

It is fashionable in Worcester, in the United States, to take cast out for walks. This practice is not unknown in England. A common sight at St. Albans every morning is an elderly maidenly lady taking her tom cat for its constitutional, a justice she has never missed for years. The cat is a fine specimen of its breed, with the sleekiest coat of black, relieved with a white "cravat," or spot, under its neck, and white paws. Its owner has had specially made for it a red leather leading strap, which is attached to red leather harness, which fits over the cat's shoulders. The cat practically leads the lady, who all the time keeps up a running conversation with her pet. It is understood that the authorities of the cathedral crew the line at the animal being present at the Sunday morning services when its mistress appeared there with it.

"Why must a driver of an automobile look like a mountain goat in order to keep in the fashion?" Such is the problem propounded by a correspondent to an English paper. The growing weirdness of motoring clothes, he asserts, makes the motorist such a fearsome object that some reform is urgent. "When I purchased my motor-car," said one prominent business man, "I thought it was for the purpose of riding about. The real object, however, seems to be to give motor-car tailors a chance to sell me strange garments that I do not want, but which are considered indispensable for every well-conducted automobile establishment. And the fashions are getting worse. The driving-coats are becoming heavier and more unwieldy. An able-bodied man feels helpless when hidden in one of these bulky garments. A small man looks like a doorman, while the fat man resembles an animated ball of fur." A dealer in motoring garments admitted that the tendency was towards more ample and expensive coats. He defended the "mountain goat disguise" by emphasizing its warmth. The public in general does not view the new fashions with approval. The other day the proud owner of a 20 h.p. Mercedes stood on the pavement in front of a Pall Mall Club, struggling into the depths of a huge hair-covered coat. A costermonger who witness the operation stopped and regarded him with tender interest. "Uullo, matey," he said, admiringly, "bit's lovely. Cut us off a pup!" Similarly a street urchin, after wandering around a shaggy motorist in Regent-street, in a vain effort to discover "which end bites," came to a baffled halt, and exclaimed, "Bow-wow, Fido—shake yerself."

A New South Wales federal legislator became the owner of a new motor launch, and with a select party he started it on its maiden trip down Sydney Harbour. All went well until the refreshment call at Clarke Island came to an end, and an attempt was made to resume the journey. "Just turn the little wheel," ordered the legislator with the easy confidence of the expert. An obliging member of the party turned the wheel, with the determination of an experienced miner at a windlass. But without success. When he gave up all took turns at turning the wheel, but to no effect. As a police boat approached the owner of the launch was forced to hoist signals of distress. "Well, too you back," offered the policeman; but such an indignity was too much, and the offer was declined. An hour was spent in trying to master the mysteries of the machinery. Then one of the water police said, "I think you turn that wheel to make her go," and suiting the action to the word he sent the launch skimming over the harbour. Afterwards it was necessary to slow down, and the launch suddenly came to a stop in mid-harbour, near the berth of H.M.S. Phoebe. A suggestion to make fast to the man-of-war and obtain assistance was met with the objection that the entry would probably order the boat away. "If he does, I'll vote against the naval subsidy," said the owner of the launch; but happily such an Imperial tragedy was averted, and the motor was once more put in working order. Next, without warning,

it dashed straight for the side of the Phoebe, and the ramming of that man-of-war was averted only by the promptitude of a Melbourne visitor, who gave the launch a sudden turn at imminent risk of falling into the mouth of a big shark which was hovering about.

The recent unfortunate illness of the King, which caused the visit to Chatsworth to be postponed, brings to mind the enormous cost which has to be borne by entertainers of Royalty. A week-end visit from King Edward, if he were on your visiting-list, would cost you just about £5000, exclusive of special entertainment. Lord Knollys, King Edward's private secretary, writes to the host, giving the smallest details of everything required, and all the King's likes and dislikes. His Majesty takes his own cigars with him; he is only allowed five a day by his doctor. He must not be served with Indian tea, but prefers the China kind. Tea, by the way, is the first necessity in each day, and the host is instructed to have a service of it taken to the King's bedchamber at 8 a.m. Breakfast must be ready to the minute at nine, and served in the King's private room. Lord Knollys instructs the host that King Edward is not allowed bread, but, to keep his weight down, must eat rusks instead. The King breakfasts by himself and most of the morning is taken up with State business. When that is finished, His Majesty joins the house-party. A list of the other guests has to be submitted to the King, before he comes, for his approval; in fact, he suggests himself the number that shall be asked, and some of their names. If you are asked to a house-party that includes the King it is equal to an announcement that the King wants to see you, and it is just as urgent that you should go as it would be if you were commanded to Windsor. Besides this the host must send the King a list of the amusements he is preparing for him beforehand. At

this time of year there is sure to be a day's shooting, and if there is anything interesting in the neighbourhood an excursion must be arranged to go and see it. Lunch, at two o'clock, costs, with wines, about five pounds per head. Only the finest and costliest vintages in the world are ordered to the King. Then comes the afternoon's shooting—King Edward is one of the best shots in Britain—and when the shooting party returns there must be a good solid tea ready for him in his rooms. Dinner is at eight o'clock. It is especially laid down before the visit that dinner must not last longer than an hour, for King Edward dislikes dawdling for a long time over dessert and wine, as the Georgian habit was. He drinks little, but of finest quality, and the dinner will cost a clear six pounds a head. When the ladies have gone the King smokes his fourth cigar of the day, leaving one for the last thing at night. When the party moves to the drawing-room there will be some music, which settles down into cards until bed-time. In most games the King stakes in five-pound units, but when "bridge" is played this is reduced to half-crown points, which of course comes out very high in each game. It is altogether forbidden, by the way, for anybody to withdraw for the evening until the King gives the sign, and breaks up the party by rising himself. When he goes upstairs King Edward has supper in his private room, becoming host himself, and invites his entertainer and one or two of the men to join him.

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