

A Snake Story.

A soldier just returned from India relates the following remarkable story in the latest Birmingham "Post" to hand on Monday:—On going to his quarters one day he heard childlike prattle coming from the direction of a sort of lumber room, and, amused, went to look at what was the object of the child's evident interest and admiration. He went as softly as he could, not wishing to spoil the fun. His good humoured face contracted into a frozen look of stony horror and paralysing apprehension. The little boy was playing with and talking to a cobra! One that had most likely been spending the rainy season amongst the dry rubbish of the room, and was angered on being disturbed. For some moments the man stood there, his eyes riveted on the swaying be-speckled throat, the hideous little darting, forked tongue, and his ears hearing nothing but the playful scolding of the youngster. As the numbness of horror gradually left the soldier's mind he commenced coolly to sum up the pros and cons of the child's deliverance from terrible death. If he rushed in the cobra would certainly strike the quicker; if he tried persuasion the danger would be prolonged and end up only in one way. Slightly he took his boots off. Then he ran with all his might out of the building for a gun, nearly stumbling over an outcast mongrel dog, miserably wretched-looking, but a favourite of the child's. The cur yelped and prepared to slink away, but an idea struck the soldier. "Come here," he commanded, carrying him to the room where the child and snake were still conquetting. The soldier pushed the door open wide to let the animal witness the scene. Instantly every hair was on end, the teeth bared in mingled fear and rage. The cobra had seen the intruders, and his sways were getting slower and slower preparatory for the final strike. Slower and slower—when with one bound the dog was upon it, and snarls and screams of frightened childhood filled the air. In less than six minutes the mongrel fell into his death throes; he had the cobra's head almost torn from his body in his mouth, but the serpent's fangs were buried in the canine tongue.

WEAKENED BY BLEEDING PILES.

"THE PAIN I ENDURED WAS TERRIBLE."

BILE BEANS AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

Mr. George Agate, "Netherton Villa," Morningside, via Brisbane, says:—"Some nine years ago I suffered all the agony incidental to bleeding piles. At times I would lose large quantities of blood, and at one period I bled for six weeks without a break worth mentioning. The pain I endured was terrible, and I was caused much inconvenience in getting about. I consulted a doctor, but his treatment did not give me relief or stop the bleeding. I was in sore straits about my condition when Bile Beans were recommended to me as a grand remedy for piles. I was delighted to find that the first dose had a good effect. As I continued with Bile Beans the bleeding gradually diminished and finally ceased altogether and soon the piles were gone. Since my cure by Bile Beans we always keep a box in the house, and myself and family resort to them when feeling at all out-of-sorts. Our family doctor is now Bile Beans, and we do not need any other medicine in our home."

Bile Beans are a splendid family medicine and do not gripe. They are a proved remedy for headache, constipation, piles, liver trouble, bad breath, indigestion, stomach trouble, that tired feeling, lassitude, debility, anaemia, and female ailments. Of all stores and chemists.



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CUT FLOWERS
FUNERAL EMBLEMS &
FLORAL REQUISITES

NOTES FOR WOMEN.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, December 2.

"The Tailors' Friend."

It is only a few weeks since I wrote an appreciative notice of the work of Miss Angelica Patience Fraser—"the tailors' friend"—among poor young tailors and cutters of England, and now she is being mourned all over the kingdom, for she died on Sunday morning.

Miss Fraser was born in Aberdeen, and first took up her social and religious work among tailors in Edinburgh as long ago as 1858. Her work in London had been carried on for twenty-three years. On the completion in 1908 of the jubilee of her labours, a scheme was inaugurated to endow the tailors' hall and reading-room, Mill-street, Conduit-street W., which Miss Fraser founded, and with which she was connected up to the time of her death, and it was hoped that this would be accomplished in time to take the form of a gift to Miss Fraser on her 88th birthday.

On the 87th anniversary of her birthday in February last, Miss Fraser received a handsome diamond brooch and a letter of congratulation from the late King Edward.

Master tailors, at a meeting called after Miss Fraser's death, decided to close their premises for two hours on the day of their good friend's funeral.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

is surely one of the most surprising and enterprising anti-Suffragists that ever held forth, with much eloquence, on the enormous importance of withholding votes from women.

Her series of "Letters to My Neighbour" have been revised in order to adapt them to the present political situation, and they will be issued as a pamphlet on December 1.

Children's Strike

An unusual strike has taken place in Chopwell, a village near Newcastle-on-Tyne, the residents of one district having determined, after holding a meeting last Saturday, not to send their children to school until the roads are improved. The mud, in some places, it is reported, is 18 inches deep.

Plucky Aviatress.

A pilot's certificate was granted to Mlle. Marvingt on Sunday, who won it by a fine flight lasting fifty-three minutes, and covering about thirty miles.

Mlle. Marvingt is a keen athlete, and has frequently taken part in the long-distance swimming races in the Seine and elsewhere.

Unlovely Women.

A heated discussion has been taking place in New York lately, about the good and evil effect that sport and athletics generally are having on the physique and gracefulness of American women. The opinion of some experts in these matters make Americans, who have long prided themselves on the beauty of their women, chagrined and indignant, and we hear.

One of the most severe criticisms of women who go in for sport comes from Mr. John Alexander, president of the National Academy of Design, of which Mr. Edwin Abbey and Mr. John Sargent are prominent members. Mr. Alexander says that "athletics are making American women flat-chested, large waisted, and small hipped. In a few years they will so resemble men that feminine clothing will appear incongruous."

Mr. Dudley Sargent, the director of physical culture at Harvard University, not only backs up Mr. Alexander, but goes a step further.

"The Frenchwoman," he says, "is graceful, the English woman stately, the German woman motherly, but the American woman is mannish."

Shadow Value £80!

A rather extraordinary case is proceeding in Paris, in which certain Mme. Lacroix is suing her landlord because he refuses to reduce the rent after having cut down a large tree in front of the house, whose shadow in summer, she maintains, was worth £80 of the total rent.

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

COLEMAN—KIRKWOOD.

A QUIET but pretty wedding was celebrated at the Roman Catholic Church, Stratford, on January 28, when Miss Georgina Kirkwood youngest daughter of Mrs. A. Kirkwood, of Stratford, was married to Mr. Alfred Coleman, youngest son of Major Coleman, of New Plymouth. The Rev. Father Tracey performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her brother (Mr. W. P. Kirkwood), and Mr. R. Spence acted as best man. The bride looked well in a handsome frock of white satin charmeuse over an under-dress of chiffon velours. The yoke was of daintily tucked chiffon, and the sleeves were made of Limerick lace. The folded skirt was finished on either side of a front panel with embroidered and fringed ends. Her bouquet was composed of white roses and carnations. Miss Agnes Kirkwood acted as bridesmaid, and wore a pretty dress of white crystalline over glace silk, and large hat of amethyst straw wreathed with shaded violets. A reception was held at the County Hotel after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left by train for Wanganui, en route for Auckland and Rotorua, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling dress was a tailor-made blue linen with collar of spotted satin, and large black hat.

MOORE—MOORE.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Augustine's Church, Napier, on Wednesday, when Mr. Geoffrey Moore,

only son of Mr. John Moore, River Bank, Rissington, was married to Miss Sarah Moore (Ireland), niece of Mr. John Moore. The Rev. Canon Tukey was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, wore a white silk gown, a chiffon scarf, and large white hat. She was attended by Miss May Moore, sister of the bridegroom, as bridesmaid, gowned in blue muslin and black hat.

After the ceremony the guests were entertained by Mrs. P. S. McLean, Priors Hill. Mrs. McLean received her guests in a gown of pale grey crepe de chene, with over-dress of silver tissue; Mrs. John Moore, black and white silk, silver scarf; Mrs. George Sax, blue, with black satin scarf, and hat trimmed with blue roses; Miss George, white muslin; Mrs. Lowry, black silk; Mrs. Bernard Chambers, violet rose, white hat; Mrs. Saunders, pale grey; Miss Lowry, blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Carlyon, white cloth, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. C. Gordon, blue muslin, large black hat; Mrs. Troutbeck, white silk and black lace, handsome embroidered net scarf; Mrs. Twigg, black silk; Miss Twigg, white silk, Princess frock, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. F. Gordon, white crepe de chene and lace, black hat; Miss Gordon white muslin, pink and blue hat; Mrs. Wood, grey silk, black hat; Miss J. Duff, white embroidered pink hat with shaded green wings; Miss Irwin, white cloth, black hat; Mrs. Wenley, heliotrope; Mrs. L. Nelson, blue charmeuse, black hat; Mrs. Henley, green foulard, black hat; Mrs. Clarke, grey, with black hat; Miss Clarke, mauve; Miss A. Clarke, blue cloth, blue and brown hat; Mrs. Mason Chambers, black and gold.

Mme. Curie Honoured.

Mme. Curie, the famous French scientist, has been presented by the British Ambassador with the Albert medal of the Royal Society of Arts in recognition of the services rendered to the world by her work before and after the death of her husband in the discovery and study of the properties of radium. Mme. Curie is the second woman to be honoured with the medal, it having been conferred on Queen Victoria in 1887.

Medical Women.

At the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Medicine held this week, Sir Henry Morris, the president, said that a notable event of the past year was the admission of women as fellows of the society. There were to-day, he said, 1050 women who had passed through the London School of Medicine, and of that number he understood that 800 had taken a degree at the University of London. 855 women were practitioners on the register.

An Artist on Corsets.

Mr. Marcus Stone, the eminent artist, was interviewed by the "Daily Mail" on Wednesday as to his opinion about the beauty, or want of it, of the feminine figure of to-day, as compared with that of a few years ago, and said, very decidedly:

"Undoubtedly the figures of English women have grown worse, and it is extremely difficult for an artist now to find an ideal model. In my profession we are students of anatomy almost as much as doctors are, and we know how figures are corrupted. I hold that the corset is the reason for the feminine figure being worse than it was.

"You scarcely ever see a normal length of neck nowadays in a woman, because the shoulders are of necessity held so high. The impression of squareness in the shoulder given by the modern girl is due to the unnatural holding in at the waist by the corset. Young women are growing flat-chested, and that also I ascribe to the corset.

"I paint pictures in which the figures are of women of the last century at its beginning, when the women wore high-

waisted gowns and no corset. I have many girls and young women to sit for me, and I find that they cannot pose in these gowns properly. They always sit as though they were wearing corsets, and I have often devised poses, which I can do, but which the models cannot, because they have always been cramped with a corset, and have lost the natural way to bend."

The Passing of the Frock Coat.

While the amount of attention bestowed on ladies' fashions seems to increase daily, few journals concern themselves with fashions for men. Thus one of the most important events in the history of human progress seems destined to take place without exciting the attention of what we are all agreed in calling the "powerful organs of public opinion." The event to which we refer (says a London contemporary) is the passing of the frock coat. That stately garment, so suitable to the tall and the short, the stout and the slender, is leaving us without even the lament of a leader. Medical men still cling to it because their scientific instinct enables them to realise the solidity which it imparts to a bedside manner. A few journalists have not yet parted with it; but their attitude is not one of affectionate solicitude for the garment so much as a feeling that an important purchase like a frock coat is a thing they cannot willingly let die. But in other walks of life the frock coat is ceasing to be. It is no longer seen walking (like the personages in the social column) in the Park; it is absenting itself from St. George's, Hanover-square; and the last time when it appeared in public in large numbers was during the brief visit of the German Emperor—for it still lingers at the Embassies. It will be generally regretted, and it seems a little pathetic that it should have gone without even a protest from "Constant Reader" or "Paterfamilias," or others of those anonymous voices which contribute to the support of the newspaper world. But perhaps they haven't got frock coats.