

that part of the bush. Also though there were many springs nearer her father's whāro, yet Rotiro must often fetch water from this one.

As time went on, therefore, by thus frequently meeting, they grew to love each other beyond all else, and Rotiro, knowing that her father would never allow her to wed a Ngakohe, at length agreed to leave her tribe and flee with Māpiri to his people. On the next night but one they agreed to meet and escape to the Ngakohe, for then the moon would be dark and no man might see them.

Now it chanced that Rotiro had a cousin, by name Tupehe, who still loved her, and, being by nature jealous and suspicious, he wondered much why Rotiro so often went not with the other girls to bring water. At last, for he was a very contemptible wretch, he followed her, and on this same night secretly came upon her with Māpiri at the little spring.

Now Tupehe feared to attack Māpiri, who was a famous warrior, openly and by himself, so creeping back he made

were proud of their friend, and wished to give up neither him nor the maiden to the Ngatiwai, whom they hated. At length, after much korero (talk), the young men had their way, and the Ngakohe sent their defiance to the Ngatiwai with the refusal of their demand.

Then the Ngatiwai gathered their taus (fighting bands), and coming round the headland in their canoes they landed on the beach and attacked the Ngakohe. But the Ngakohe retreated to their pa, and though the Ngatiwai attacked many times, and slew many men, they could not break through the palisade. At length they in turn had to retreat, and fled to their canoes, whither the Ngakohe did not pursue them, for they were much weakened by the fighting. But as the Ngatiwai fled one of their chiefs stood forward, and, shaking his mere at the Ngakohe, spoke:—

"O Ngakobel! Taurekareka and cowards, we go now, but another day we will come with many men, and your pa we will destroy, and your men we will put into our cooking holes, and your women, for they are ugly, to work in the kamara fields."

In the night came a chief, a friend of Māpiri, and said to him:—

"E koro, you are lost. It is decided to send Rotiro back to her tribe, and you, too, only you will go in a kit, ready for the longi. Arise, therefore, and flee."

Then Māpiri rose with difficulty, for he had been wounded, and with Rotiro, who carried a kit of kumaras and fern root, he fled to the beach, that he might escape in a canoe.

But the wind blew hard, and great waves rolled on the beach, so that Rotiro was afraid, and begged him to flee through the bush. But as they turned they heard shouts in the pa, and knew that their escape was known, and that in a canoe alone could they escape. So in despair they ran to the shelter of the point, where the canoes lay, and with difficulty succeeded in launching one.

But Māpiri was weak with his wound, and Rotiro but a woman, so that they could not paddle against the wind, and though they struggled for a long time, and no doubt their tapui (familiar spirits) helped them, it availed not, and in sight of their tribe, who stood on the beach, they were cast on Motu Pourirua, and the life beaten out of them by the wind and waves.

Thus the Ngakohe lost their bravest warrior, and the Ngatiwai their fairest maiden, and for three weeks was the lamentation continued in both tribes, for Rotiro was much beloved by all, and now that Māpiri was dead the people forgot their grievances against him.

This then, Hori, is why that island is called Pourirua (double grief), for in both pas was the tangi held, and in their common grief they forgot their ancient enmity, and each mourned their own and the other's loss.

"Whakamutunga, Hori. Emoe Koe!" (That is the end, Hori. Good-night!)

Mecca, the Forbidden.

Although one of the most inaccessible cities on earth Mecca each year has visitors in such number that it must be ranked in this particular with London and New York. Even the world's metropolis on the Thames can boast no such cosmopolitan character as is imparted to this mysterious city in the wilderness of Arabia by the myriads of pilgrims, who at the cost of incredible pains annually crowd into its confines. This city is the oldest place of resort in existence, yet of all the millions who have visited it not a score of Christians are known to have come out alive. No flag

Baronets "Reduced."

Sixty baronets have been excluded by the Herald's College from its official list on the ground that they have failed to establish the validity of their titles. Their cases have been dealt with as quietly as possible. No opprobrious epithets are used. Virtuously indignant members of the order may speak of "bogus" baronets if they choose. The heralds merely say that baronets are now subject to registration, and must give satisfactory proof that their claims are sound. If they fail to do so, that is their affair. It is not necessary to assume that they are unable to make out fairly plausible cases; and there is always the possibility that at least some of those who have failed to register may find documentary evidence sufficiently clear to meet official requirements. It is known that a few of the excluded baronets are at present too short of cash to bear the expense of genealogical research. Others prefer not to risk inquiries of which the result might only be to diminish the appearance of authority on which their titles depend. The Herald's College seems to take a strict view of its duties, judging from a claim which Mr. Edmund Charles Cox is making to the old Irish baronetcy of Cox of Dunmanway. His inability to produce the register of a birth which took place 200 years ago is the only defect in the chain of his family evidence. He is now endeavouring to get over this by proceedings before the Privy Council.

INDIGESTION AND PALPITATION

WASTED AWAY—YOUR DOCTORS WERE BAFLED—ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY BILE BEANS.

Here is a further addition to the long list of grateful people who have been restored to robust health by Bile Beans. Mrs. A. Steele, Danzie-street, Stone's Corner, Brisbane, says:—"About three years ago I was so ill that I thought I should never recover. I could neither eat, sleep or work with any degree of satisfaction, and when walking I would feel giddy and often half faint away. Palpitation and indigestion troubled and frightened me very much, and I was wasting away to a skeleton. I took many different kinds of physic, but nothing had the slightest good effect. I consulted no less than four doctors, but none of them did me any good. Two said I needed a thorough change, and one told my husband that if I did not recover I would most likely go out of my mind. I was about giving up all hope of ever being cured again when I heard of Bile Beans. After reading of some splendid cures by this medicine, I commenced taking them. Bile Beans had a splendid effect, for soon I was able to partake of a good meal without any ill effects. Palpitation ceased, and I could sleep well at night. As I continued with Bile Beans, so my condition improved until the indigestion was ended, and I was restored to perfect health. Thanks to Bile Beans, now I am healthy and robust, and feel as fit and well as anyone could wish to."

Bile Beans are a proved remedy for biliousness, headache, indigestion, constipation, piles, dizziness, flatulency, nausea, belching, spasms, heartburn, anaemia, impure blood, offensive breath, vomiting, and all ailments that owe their origin to defective liver, stomach and digestive action. The Beans are obtainable from all chemists and stores.

Woodward's Gripe Water.

The following Letter has been recently received from an important Pharmacy in London:

To Messrs. Woodward & Co. Gentlemen.—This Pharmacy has been established for over 22 years, and during that period there has been an increasing demand for Woodward's Gripe Water by our many patrons. They have invariably spoken highly of its great value in the various ailments and febrile ailments of Infants and young Children, especially during the period of Teething and in Diarrhoea. As the formula is accurately known by us, we can speak of it with the greatest confidence. We absolutely affirm that the "Gripe Water" does not contain any Opium or Narcotic whatsoever, nor yet any drug of a harmful nature, and it can be used with every confidence.

Woodward's Gripe Water is stocked by leading Wholesale Chemists in the Dominion. English price, 1/6.

of citizenship would save a man's life were he known to be a Christian within the sacred precincts of the city, where the Prophet himself decreed that no unbeliever should set foot. Of the 225,000,000 Moslems in the world only 15,500,000 live under the Turkish flag, yet most of them acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as their caliph, the successor of the Prophet. As Mohammed shrewdly foresaw, the Mecca pilgrims binds together his disciples into a unity which could be effected in no other way. "Mecca" says Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, of Arabia, "has become the religious capital and the centre of universal pilgrimage for one-seventh of the human race."

EVEN IF YOU ARE TWISTED INTO KNOTS WITH RHEUMATISM, there is a sure and permanent cure in Rheumo. This splendid remedy restores health by driving out the excess Uric Acid in the blood. If you are a sufferer try RHEUMO. 2/6 and 4/6 everywhere.



REGINALD SUSCEPTIBLE, WHO WAS CONVALESCING SPEEDILY.

known to the tribe that Rotiro met one of the enemy in secret; but, though a party immediately pursued Māpiri, he escaped, for he saw them coming and fled swiftly, so that they could not find him in the thick bush and scrub. But still he knew not (as they were aware) that they had seen him with Rotiro, but thought only that they were a stray band, who had by chance surprised him.

Then the chiefs of the Ngatiwai, of whom the father of Rotiro was one, being highly incensed, took counsel together and decided that they should put Rotiro in a safe place before the following night, while some of the young men lay in wait at the spring to slay Māpiri when he came. So it was done, but Māpiri came not, for it yet wanted a day till the appointed time for their flight. But the Ngatiwai resolved to wait again till they caught this bold Ngakohe.

Now Rotiro feared greatly for Māpiri, for she knew the plans of the Ngatiwai concerning him. Therefore since she could not herself leave her hut, she bribed a slave to meet him as he came over the ridge, and warn him of his danger. Thus the Ngatiwai were again foiled.

In the night, Rotiro, who slept by herself in a little hut of which the door was fastened, heard a ruru (mopoke) call within her hut, and her heart swelled within her breast, for she knew the voice of Māpiri, and softly hooted in answer. At last, after calling again and again, Māpiri found her hut, which he knew not before, and unfastened the door. Then they fled away, and before daylight came to Māpiri's people.

In the morning came heralds from the Ngatiwai, who demanded the daughter of their chief and the life of Māpiri in payment. When the reason of their demand was made known many of the old men wished to do as they asked. "Fare," said they, "in this thing has Rotiro done wrong, and in it not just that he should pay the utu for it father than that the whole tribe should suffer for his fault?" But the young men



HE HAS SUFFERED A RELAPSE AND MAY NOT NOW BE ABOUT UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Then the Ngakohe were angered, and would have pursued, but their chiefs would not allow it.

Now, after the Ngatiwai had gone, great was the turmoil in the kainga of the Ngakohe, for a great many men indeed had been slain, and the rest knew that if the Ngatiwai came again they would come with all those who were allied with them by marriage, and they would not be able to stand against them.

Then said many, "Do we suffer all this for Māpiri and his wahine? Let him pay his own utu."

And there were but few to speak for Māpiri, for many of his friends had been slain in the battle, and many more, having had friends and relations slain, had become his enemies. Therefore once again the chiefs held a korero and discussed whether Rotiro should be sent back to her people.