

has been too good this year, has it, Cousin Kate? Anyhow, the beautiful blooms of the summer months are now leaving the gardens and bowers, and their places are about to be refilled by the various tints of the autumn leaves. Then it will not be long before dreary old winter will scare them into their hiding-places, and with it will come the long evening hours to be passed away by games and books.—Cousin DAISY.

[Dear Cousin Daisy.—You have had only too good an excuse for not writing. I hope you are quite well again. If I had no faith in that proverb I should get quite disheartened with some of the consuls, but they generally bob up again, sometimes after months of silence. Our summer has been a huge disappointment, but I believe we will have a very dry winter.—Cousin Kate.]

Service Intelligence.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

Tired Out (Aldershot).—This is undoubtedly the Leave season, but Leave is a privilege, not a right. "Travelling in Switzerland to learn the language" is a feeble excuse. Why not try "A

Big Game shoot with the Secretary of State for War," or "A Yachting Cruise off Ulster with the First Lord of the Admiralty?"

"Padre" (Dockyard).—We agree with you. It seems a perfect scandal that sailors should be forced to go to church when they are obviously suffering from whooping cough, St. Vitus's dance, and hay fever. Perhaps if you would let us know the length of your sermons we might suggest a remedy.

"Squire" (Hampshire).—Yes, rabbits are to be issued shortly as Army rations, and we see no reason why the authorities should not issue pheasants as well. Your suggestion that the War Office might rent your shooting and allow Regimental Officers (below the rank of Major) to procure their own company rations seem an excellent idea from every point of view.

"Senex" (Weymouth).—We know of no regulation which would prevent you, as an officer, from applying for an Old Age Pension. Perhaps this concession was in the minds of the authorities when the promised something would be done "shortly" for the Royal Garrison Artillery subaltern.

"Fishing to Let" (Thames).—See answer to "Squire," substituting "trout" for "pheasants," and "fishing" for "shoot-ing."—Punch.

A Bishop's Wit.

The late Bishop of Ripon possessed a ready wit, which stood him in good stead when addressing conglomerate crowds in the open-air. He was once asked by an Atheist heckler if he believed that Jonah was really swallowed by the whale. "When I get to Heaven," he answered, "I'll ask Jonah." "But suppose he's not there?" "In that case," was the crushing reply, "you will be able to ask him yourself."

Rescuing Father.

A telephone story current in America goes back to the time when Grover Cleveland was President. During a visit to Chicago he spoke over the long distance wire to his wife at the White

House, and asked her to bring their little girl to the instrument. Mrs. Cleveland did so, and the child's expression changed from bewilderment to wonder and then to fear. The voice was surely her father's, but he was nowhere to be seen. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver, the little girl burst into tears. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, "how can we ever get papa out of that little hole?"

A Remarkable Voice.

A young millionaire, being enamoured of the new school of opera, persuaded Mr. Hammerstein to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in "Thais," "Salome," "Tosca," and other famous modern works. Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man's powerful voice, said gently:—"I'm afraid that you won't suit for any of the very subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' later on, and I'd much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene."

The Ups and Downs of a Pirate

