

Germany's Ambassador in London.

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show that he thought it part of his duty as a diplomatist to put the case of his Government before the public opinion of its neighbours. He put it, I do not doubt, as adroitly as he could, stressing what was behind it, passing rapidly over what was open to criticism.

What he did in this way at the Hague was an ordinary incident of his routine at Constantinople. While our Ambassador was commonly inaccessible even to an influential deputation from the Young Turk leaders, Herr Marschall was already ready, with none of the fencing and the mystery of the conventional diplomatist, to state his own case, to hear every intelligent view, to live not merely at Court and in the Embassies, but also among the Turkish people themselves as the official spokesman of the German nation.

The record of his long tenure of the German Embassy includes its triumphs of personal skill. Through the greater part of the period it wanted, I think, no exceptional genius in a German Ambassador to succeed. Abdul Hamid, for different reasons and in varying degrees, had his reasons for fearing and detesting the Liberal Powers on the one hand, and the Austrian and Russian rivals on the other. Germany alone gave him no trouble, and she received her natural reward in a series of economic concessions. I once tried to "draw" Herr Marschall into a discussion of the Macedonian question. He answered with a brevity and an honesty which typified the concentration of German policy during this period: "Our interests lie rather in Asia Minor." The laconic answer meant, what is plain for everyone to read, that German policy pursues in Turkey economic ends, and closes her eyes to every other consideration.

The testing time for Herr Marschall's diplomatic skill came after the fall of Abdul Hamid, when all the Ministers and courtiers with whom he had dealt were in exile or disgrace, and the new men looked on him and on his Government as the friends of the despotism which had fallen. Had there been a capable man at the British or French Embassy his task must have been hopeless. He used the sympathy which Germany still possessed among the officers of the army. He spared no pains to influence the Turkish press. He profited by the lethargy, the inaccessibility, and the aristocratic aloofness of our Embassy, and before two years had passed he had become once more under the new regime what he had been under the old—the dominant European influence at Constantinople.

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein will bring to his great task in London a reputation which will shrink from any anti-climax of a half-success. He can crown a great career only by the achievement of a complete reconciliation. It will be, if this exponent of Real Politik can manage it, a settlement decidedly favourable to his own country. But in the inevitable struggle of wits there will certainly be on his side directness with courtesy, and that cold temper of reason which declines to import sentimentality into the adjustment of material interests.

MR. COHEN'S EXPERIENCE.

In the course of numerous experiments with rheumatic and gony subjects, scientists noticed that the blood of every patient contained excess uric acid. Many prescriptions to neutralise and expel this uric acid were tried but without success. One of New Zealand's leading chemists worked on the problem for many years. At last he compounded a medicine which cured practically every case—even those who had suffered for over twenty years. One told another of this wonderful medicine—RHEUMO—and thus the sales grew. RHEUMO always gives relief. Read the testimony of Mr. Falk Cohen, a well-known Wellingtonian, and a Member of the City Council:

"I experienced a very bad attack of Rheumatic Gout; so bad that I had to leave business. On arrival home, I immediately took a dose of RHEUMO, repeating some every four hours. The pain soon left, and in the morning I came down to business as usual. I can confidently recommend it to anyone suffering from Rheumatic Gout, or Rheumatism."

RHEUMO cured Mr. Cohen and will cure you. Get a bottle to-night and you will find relief. All chemists and stores sell RHEUMO at 2/6 and 4/6.

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.

JOHNSTON—HEDGES.

THE marriage of Mr. Noble Johnston, eldest son of Mr. N. A. Johnston, of Kati Kati, to Ivy Laura, second daughter of the late Captain Hedges and Mrs. Hedges, of Montigo, Parnell, was solemnised at the residence of the bride's mother. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Murray, of St. Andrew's Church. The bride, who was given away by Mr. S. Butcher, looked charming in a dress of cream voile, with hat to correspond. Her bridesmaids were Miss Sarita Johnston (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss Esme Richards (niece of the bride), who wore pretty cream dresses. Mr. Holland was best man. The bridegroom presented the bridesmaids with gold cable bangles. After the ceremony Mrs. Hedges entertained a few intimate friends at Montigo. The presents were numerous, attesting to the popularity of the young couple.

SYMES—HORNER.

A wedding of some interest to Gisborne was solemnised at Patea, Miss B. A. Horner and Mr. N. J. Symes, of Gisborne, being the contracting parties. The Rev. H. J. Deane officiated. The bride wore a pretty white duchesse satin frock made in semi-Quaker style,

with long square court train, the skirt and bodice being trimmed with Maltese lace and pearl embroidery with silk fringe and heavy white silk girdle. The bridesmaids were Miss Vere Symes, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Ethel Horner, sister of the bride. Both wore dresses of white lawn with tunic of embroidered muslin trimmed with insertion. The hats were black with cerise roses and cords. The bride and bridesmaids carried shower bouquets, the gifts of Miss Mildred Honeyfield. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. B. Horner, as best man, and Mr. S. Symes, of Waverley, as groomsmen. Mrs. Horner, mother of the bride, wore a black silk merveilleux trimmed with black silk fringe, and black hat relieved with emerald green. The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. L. T. Symes, wore a gown of blue satin with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Symes spent their honeymoon in Wanganui and Auckland.

HARE—WALFORD.

On Saturday, June 1st, at St. Gabriel's Church, Warwick Square, London, Mr. Thomas Hare, eldest son of the late Mr. A. R. Hare, of Blackmount, New Zealand, was married to Miss Rosamund Walford, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Alfred S. Walford, and of Mrs. Walford, of 17, Warwick Square. The marriage ceremony was conducted by the Bishop of Leicester, assisted by Canon Morris.

Mr. Pumfrey's Purchase.

By JOHN K. LEYS.

IT was dusk, and outside a drizzling rain was falling. The house was very still, for upstairs Mrs. Pumfrey lay dying of pneumonia.

Her husband stood at the window of the sitting-room, gazing out into the wet street. The doctor had just left him, after telling him that he must not be surprised if "something happened" during the night. Mr. Pumfrey was sad, but, still more his feeling was what people call "lost"—a bewildered sensation, as of a man who does not know his bearings. Life without the sensible, clear-headed women who had been at his side night and day for the last forty years—he could not imagine how it would be.

Mr. Pumfrey had been a London grocer, but finding that he was getting on in years, and that younger men were passing him in the race, he had wisely retired and settled down in Camberwell to live on the money he had saved. But for the companionship of his wife, his days would have been intolerably tedious.

They had followed a daily habit of taking a walk between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, and since the beginning of his wife's illness he had kept up the custom, more because it was their custom than from any desire for exercise. It was now the hour for his daily stroll, and mechanically he turned from the window and went out into the hall, and put on his hat and overcoat. Merely pausing to send word to the nurse that he would be back in less than an hour, he took his umbrella and went out into the rain.

The quiet little street in which they lived was but a short distance from one of the great second-class London thoroughfares, lined with large shops whose spacious windows made the

street resemble a corridor in an international exhibition. At one or other of these shops there was generally a sale going on; and it was one of the favourite amusements of Mr. and Mrs. Pumfrey to visit such shops, go conscientiously through the sale catalogues, and if possible, help out their modest income by purchasing at the reduced prices such articles as they would require within the next few months.

Not till he had reached this street of shops did Mr. Pumfrey notice that he had not remembered to change for winter boots the pair of old summer shoes which he wore indoors. His wife if she had been with him, would have insisted, he well knew, on his going home and changing them at once. But she was not there, and with a faint satisfaction at the thought that he was free to do as he chose, he turned into the wide thoroughfare and passed along the line of shop windows, glancing in at them as he went along.

At one of these windows he stopped, merely from idle curiosity. It was the window of a large multiple shop or "stores," and presently he found himself gazing with awakening interest at a quantity of mourning paper and envelopes marked at an absurdly low figure. Large labels invited passers-by to observe that this particular "line" was of really first class quality, and was being offered at such a price that intending purchasers must apply at once. Never again would they find such an opportunity of laying in a stock of writing paper at a reduction of forty-five per cent on the normal selling price.

Mr. Pumfrey would have been a ready purchaser, for he knew that the supply of note-paper at home was running low, but this paper had a deep black border, and was, therefore, quite unsuitable— Suddenly he recollected. If what the doctor had told him was correct, his next

purchase of note-paper would have to be of exactly this description. It would be just what he would want, and if he bought it now, the saving, even on a single ream, would be considerable. But he could not buy it yet—not just yet. Perhaps to-morrow—

No. A mighty placard informed him in large red capitals that this was positively the last day of the sale. To-morrow would be too late.

Still, he told himself it would not be right or decent to buy mourning paper until he had actually become a widower; and he turned away from the great plate-glass window with a sigh of regret.

But before he had taken many steps his business instincts reasserted themselves. If it was morally certain that by this time to-morrow he would be buying that paper at an advance of forty-five per cent, on the price now asked, it was surely foolish to allow mere sentiment to prevent him from making the purchase at the reduced figure. He went slowly back to the shop, still hesitating. Then he stood quite a long time at the window, trying to make up his mind. He found it difficult, for business and sentiment have no common denominator.

Finally he resolved that he would look at the paper. He went into the shop, inspected a sample, and was so convinced of the genuineness of the bargain that he there and then ordered two reams and a thousand envelopes, paying for them on the spot.

When he reached home it was quite dark, his umbrella was dripping with wet, and he was shivering. If Mrs. Pumfrey had been at her usual post she would have seen to it that he changed his shoes, but he did not. He shivered once or twice during the evening, and when he went to bed he had something of a sore throat.

In the morning his throat was worse, and the doctor advised him to remain in bed for the day. He was cheered, however, by the news that his wife was slightly better.

Next day the doctor looked very grave when he came out of John Pumfrey's room, and the housemaid, happening to come down-stairs as the doctor and the nurse were exchanging a few words on the landing, told the cook that she was sure that she had heard him say "diphtheria." Another nurse was sent for, and all was done for Mr. Pumfrey that science and care could do, but the disease was severe; his vitality was low; and within a fortnight he had passed away.

Meantime Mrs. Pumfrey had been slowly recovering. A week after her husband's funeral she came down-stairs for the first time.

On a chair in the hall lay a large brown-paper parcel.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed to Anne, the housemaid, for want of a better listener. "If this isn't just the very thing I was thinking I would have to send you out for. I quite forgot to order some, being forbidden by doctor's orders to write letters. This will last me for a long while. But who can have ordered it? I'm sure I never did. Did you?"

"No, ma'am. I wouldn't take it on me to do such a thing."

The widow looked at the invoice, to see whether it would offer any explanation of the mystery. It was dated the nineteenth of November.

"Why," said Mrs. Pumfrey, counting on her fingers—"if that isn't the very day your master was took awfully! It was a Friday, and the doctor told me he had given me up."

She stopped abruptly, for the coincidence was illuminative, and she understood. The bill, too, was eloquent in its moderation.

She quite understood; but she did not feel at all bitter toward her deceased husband. She took a sheet of paper, felt it appreciatively between her finger and thumb, then spread it out on the blotter before her and dipped her pen in the ink.

"Poor John!" she murmured. "He was always so careful!"

**HEADACHE and MIGRIM** are two curses of modern civilised life, and which cause out of a hundred cases, ninety are met with functional disturbance of the bowels. The simplest and best of all remedies for the latter trouble is a pinchful of "Huxford's Jams" natural apple-water taken before breakfast every second or third morning.