

painted by Sir L. Alma-Tadema and studded with precious stones. Jan Van Beers has a piano, a miracle of painting, precious metals, and jewels, which cost him £6000.

One of the most remarkable cases of extravagance on record was the indulging by the Sultan of Turkey of a child's whim. One day the Sultan found his small son in tears because though he had been promised to be made an admiral, he could not see his flag hoisted on a particular ship from his nursery windows. The Sultan promptly had the vessel brought up and moored in front of the Dalmabaghteh, to the child's great delight. In order however, to bring the vessel to the required position it was necessary to pull down a newly-constructed bridge, which, at the Sultan's bidding, was done at a cost of £100,000.—"Good Words."

A RUM TRUST.

The public of late has been called upon to express its views on the Soap Trust; the public-house trade will, it appears shortly have to deal with a Rum Trust. It may suit the pockets of a few enterprising speculators to make a corner in Jamaica rum, but it is extremely doubtful whether in the long run the producer, the Trade or the public will benefit. However, it appears from information received by the West India Committee that the syndicate recently formed under the title of the Colonial Traders' Association, with a capital of £150,000 have now entered into contracts for the purchase of about 75 to 80 per cent. of the common clear production rum of Jamaica, including all the well-known Wedderburn and Plummers estates, thus providing for upwards of 1,000,000 gallons at the average price of approximately 2s 1d per gallon paid in Jamaica. At the present time the best Jamaica rum is fetching retail as high a price as the finest Scotch whisky, and it is argued that the price to the consumer need not necessarily be raised, as in handling such a large quantity the company hopes to materially reduce rates and other charges. It also has under consideration the question of dealing direct with the public-house Trade. Thus the whole course of business is likely to be changed. The experiment is a hazardous one, and

is calculated to bring about strained relations between the merchants and the Trade.—"London L.V. Gazette."

A FAIR DEPUTATION.

The New South Wales Licensing Act possesses many peculiar features. Some little time back the Licensing Court in a northern town held that a young man who was courting a girl employed in a hotel had a perfect right to be on the licensed premises during prohibited hours while he was attending strictly to the original business which attracted him there. That decision has had its result. While Mr J. W. Fletcher relieving police magistrate at Maitland was at Bulahdelag a few days ago he was waited upon by a deputation of young ladies who, in the most charming and modest manner possible, asked would it be lawful for members of the deputation, who were engaged at hotels, to see their "boys" on the premises on Sunday nights, and could the aforesaid "boys" visit their "girls" at the hotels without transgressing the regulation of the licensing law. Mr Fletcher, with an eye perhaps to future developments, assured the young ladies that the course of true love would be permitted to run unbrokenly so far as the law was concerned, adding so long as nothing was done in contravention of the Act. The members of the deputation were delighted.

METHUSELAH'S DIARY.

Year 687. since opening day at the Garden of Eden. Am thirty years old to-day; just cut my last eye-tooth. Ma gave me a piece of Adam's suspender buckle to chew on while it was coming through. After Pa gave me the bottle I went to sleep.

Year 697.—Celebrated my fortieth birthday yesterday by going to Adam's funeral. Pa carried me on his shoulder, 'cause there was so many animals present. They buried Adam close to the garden wall in the shade of the old apple tree which Eve loved so well. Pa said Adam looked just as natural as he did four hundred years ago, when Pa and little Cainy killed snakes together. Most everybody on earth was at the funeral. Ma and Mrs Eve sat together. All the

animals that Adam had named marched in the funeral procession, except the serpent, and Eve wouldn't invite him. He was awful mad and sent in a bunch of apple blossoms, but Eve just turned her back and said, "Fruit gratefully declined."

Year 757.—Just seventy years old; went to school for the first time to-day. Little Noah and me sat together. He got licked 'cause he spent all his time making boats out of birch-bark. I don't like Noah very well, 'cause he keeps saying all the time: "It's goin' to rain pitch-forks." He's got a regular managerie in his backyard. My teacher is Mrs Abel. She is the first widow ever ed. Once I heard Pa say he wished Ma made. She seems so happy and content was a widow, but Ma said: "Cheer up, pa, you've only got six hundred more years of it." Pa only said: "How time flies." To-day I walked home from school with Eve's little granddaughter, Serpentina. She is just ten years younger than I be, which makes her sixty, but she don't look it. She still wears short dresses and her golden hair hangs down her back.

Year 987.—I now feel I am old enough to look out for myself. Just celebrated my three hundred and first birthday this morning. I voted for Noah as head of the Department of Animal Industry and Commissioner of the Water Department. His habit of predicting rain grows upon him, so that he now carries an umbrella and a life preserver everywhere he goes. Old man Enoch came to me to-day, and said he wanted to have a little confidential talk with me, so we sat on the banks of the Euphrates, and he said: "Methuselah, now you have been courting my daughter nearly two hundred years and Ma and I begin to wonder if you really mean biz or just passing the time away. Serpentina will be 281 years old coming next wash-day and we feel we hadn't orter be supporting her more than another hundred years just to entertain you." He said: "You see, Noah has offered her the job of sorting animals and getting the right two together, against the time he's goin' on the road with 'em." Well, I told him I'd been building me a hut for the last forty years, and the architect promised it would be done eighteen years ago, but he had gone to his dinner and I had not seen him for three years. I told him I would run over home and shave and would be back in six months and then we would talk business.

Year 1000.—Been down to the Euphrates to bathe; stayed under water four days. I can beat Noah by nine hours; first bath I've taken in twelve years. Am going to marry Serpentina early the next century. My heart palpitates so I can scarcely write just at the thought of its close approach. Noah is going to stand

me we can go with him on his voyage for our honeymoon, even if it doe' rain, 'cause he wants another pair of cooing doves aboard. He promised that we could keep our wedding trousseau in the elephant's trunk.

Year 1487.—I am now a grandfather. They have just finished taking a census of my children and grandchildren. As near as we can count and estimate, there are 946 of them. Everybody says Noah has gone clean batty over the indications for the weather, predicts rain every day in the year. He has covered three farms with a boat he calls the ark. Says if I don't take some stock with him on the deal, I'll be sorry. Says I can have a rain-check if I don't want to stay. Don't believe he'll ever float it. The bulls and bears are already fighting which'll get in on the ground floor.

Year 1587.—Feel awful lonesome. Every feller who was born anywhere near me has been dead two hundred years. My descendants have been calling upon me all day for the last five years, and I have not seen half of them yet. Wouldn't know 'em if I did. Guess I won't leave a will, 'cause if they quarrelled over it, there would be a revolution in Asia Minor. Have just sent out invitations to my funeral. Noah says I was wise to get in out of the rain, 'cause it is surely coming.

The ark stock has not yet been floated. If I wasn't so old I'd wait and see him float his managerie boat, but I guess I have got my money's worth and won't wait for any side-shows. Serpentina says I must not die until she finishes telling me for the eight hundred thousandth time how her grandmother Eve was dressed when she and Adam were married.

P.S.—As the oldest inhabitant in the village I feel that more respect should be accorded my opinions of Noah and his foolishness.

—De Witt C. Wilcox.

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CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

From Mr. Thomas H. Roach, 24 Margaret Street, Enmore, Sydney, N.S.W., 16th March, 1906:

"About seven years ago my little daughter, now ten years of age, contracted scarlet fever in a very severe form. She recovered from the fever, but her constitution was left very weak, and some years later she began to suffer from Bright's Disease of the kidneys and dropsy. Her appetite at first became very capricious, then her body and head began to swell and her face became pallid. We were alarmed by her condition, especially when the doctor, after a thorough examination, pronounced her to be suffering from Bright's Disease in a bad form. She was taken to the hospital, where her disease was pronounced by the doctor to be quite incurable, and that they could do nothing for her. Her urine by analysis, showed much albumen. We tried every possible means of alleviating her sufferings without result. It was an awful and anxious time for us to see her dying and to be able to do nothing to help her. As a last resource we decided to give her Warner's Safe Cure, having heard such good reports of the efficacy of that medicine. The result proved the reports to be correct, for after she had taken one bottle we were delighted to find the medicine was doing her good. We persevered with the medicine, and she continued to grow better and stronger. Every week showed great improvement. Repeated tests proved that the quantity of albumen in her urine was decreasing. We continued to give her Warner's Safe Cure until all trace of albumen and sediment had disappeared, and all signs of dropsy had left her. She has now fully regained her health and strength, and looks more robust than any member of the family."

From Miss M. Cornish, Storekeeper, 352 High Street, Bendigo, Vic., 24th August, 1905:

"For many years past I had been suffering from kidney complaint. The pain in my back and sides was so intense at times that I could not lay down, and sleep was out of the question, whilst food was revolting to me. I also suffered from severe chronic headaches, recurring two or three times each week. Doctors' medicines did me no good, so I started to try the effect of Warner's Safe Cure. Soon after commencing to take this medicine I obtained relief, and gradually began to mend, until all pain had left me and I could eat and sleep without distress. I am now in the best of health."

From Miss Elizabeth Newbery, Bangor S.A., 3rd August, 1905:

"In hope that others may benefit by my experience, I wish to testify to what Warner's Safe Cure has done for me in saving my life. In October, 1903, I was taken ill with dropsy whilst away from home. I did not take much notice of it at first, but soon became so ill that I had to be removed to the hospital. For ten weeks two doctors attended to me, and at last had to confess that they could do nothing for me, and that the best thing I could do was to go home to my parents. They fully expected that I should die, and I thought the same. I decided to go home. Before leaving, a minister advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, saying that a like case, to his knowledge, had been cured by that medicine. For seven months, after arriving at home, my life was hanging by a thread, and everyone thought that I should die. Often I had such difficulty in breathing that a rope had to be passed through a beam in the roof and I had to be raised by that, so that, whilst holding on, I could get my breath. At one period of my illness I measured forty-four (44) inches round the waist. I then procured a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and finding that it did me a little good, I continued to take it, taking also Warner's Safe Pills. Altogether, I took thirteen bottles of the medicine (with the pills), and, marvellous to say, since then I have been stronger and have enjoyed better health than ever before. Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly saved my life after the doctors said that I was incurable."

From Mr. J. W. Jackson, Storekeeper, 87 Inkerman Street, St. Kilda, Vic., 25th January, 1906:

"For a number of years I suffered from disease of the kidneys, which gradually undermined my health. As the disease advanced I became weaker. I lost all appetite, and experienced extreme wakefulness and nervousness. I had a sinking feeling which increased day by day, unfitting me for exercise of any kind. When at the worst I commenced to take Warner's Safe Cure. I rapidly recovered, and was soon once again in the enjoyment of good health and strength."

A treatise containing many similar letters and an explanation why

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