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labour elsewhere should have been able to find more profitable employment at home than in the overcrowded markets to which they have gone. Ireland can spare very few more thousand of her young men and women.

Mr Murrough O'Brien's evidence before the Financial relations Committee merits passing notice. It is a direct impeachment of the system under which Ireland is governed, and is the more worthy of finger-posting from the fact that Mr O'Brien is no mere novice in the matter of investigating cause and effect. For example, quoting a report supplied to the Labour Commission. Mr O'Brien declared that the average weekly wage of an agricultural labourer—the only point upon which a comparison could be constituted—to be 10s in Ireland as against 14s 10d in Wales, and 15s 11d in England. Indeed, 10s be considered rather above the average. It was dearer to live in Dublin than in London; clothing in Ireland is very much dearer—for the poorer class—and altogether it was a source of wonderment how the labouring classes in Ireland lived at all. Mark this:—"If it were possible to get two farms, one in Ireland and one in England, identical in quality of land and equipments, be considered that for every 20s at which the English farmer could be fairly rented, the Irish farmer ought to be rented at 8s 6d. The gross produce of a farm in Ireland was generally less than in the case of an English farm, and he thought that a larger proportion of the gross produce went to the Irish landlord than to the English landlord." Mr O'Brien gives it as his opinion that the "agricultural statistics" for Ireland are "perfectly absurd," and he attributes their absurdity or inaccuracy to the method of collection—the old policeman method, with its counting of hens and chickens, and stocks of grain, and its consoling token of goodwill on the part of the farmer and his family in the shape of a "taste of churning." The day is long gone from us when the "agricultural statistics" did duty at vice-regal banquets in order to prove to a gullible English majority that Ireland never was more prosperous. With the destruction of that fallacy, which even a travelling Royal Agricultural Show could not preserve, we began to understand our position, and the result is seen in the advance which is apparent in the British view of Ireland and all that concerns her.

### A DOUBLE VICTORY.

(By JOHN J. CANTWELL in *Donahoe's Magazine*).

"WHEN anger arises think of the consequences," said that wise old celestial Confucius, and probably one of the reasons that his epigram is not oftener considered is that people of the present day do not know him as intimately as they do Shak-speare or even Oscar Wilde. But there are few quotations as apt as this ancient one, and while absorbing the details of this little domestic comedy, it would be quite apropos to put the moral in a safe place in your memory, for which purpose I have placed it at the beginning of the story.

Jack Leslie had political aspirations, ambitious, commendable or otherwise, according to your point of view in a young man whose 26 years had been lived in a model way; a young married man who had stepped from college to his father's banking business, and had been most successful; with a beautiful city home, deeded to him as a wedding gift, and possessing all those characteristics which make an able and popular fellow. It was not strange when the ward politicians were looking for a candidate for Senator that John Leslie's name came to be frequently mentioned. A nomination in the district was equivalent to an election, but there was another aspirant for the nomination. In the usual course of things the residence of Mr Leslie became a club house for the meetings of trusty workers and friends who had political influence in the district.

A June bride Mary Leslie had been, and while Jack was by no means as handsome as an Apollo, she had secretly been his champion for years. She would scan the papers for mention of his name, and once when a cut of him had been printed, as president of the ward committee, she treasured it carefully. Her hero was not long in finding out how matters stood, and as her brown hair and large gray eyes

had been his reason in all his undertakings (although he kept her influence to himself), he soon claimed her, and the four months of their married life had been most happy. Since Jack was interested in politics, she deemed it proper also to obtain an understanding of the science, and on one occasion she ventured to say:

"Jack, do you really believe that a cheap coat makes a cheap man?"

"Now, dearie," with a smile, "I am sure that a sealskin sacque becomes a dear girl, and you shall have one next month."

A few evenings later as he was resting after supper, the evening paper spread before him, and a cigarette between his teeth, she rushed in with a journal two days old and exclaimed:

"Oh, Jack, it says here that Mr Gr. ball, that man we met last summer, is running for the office of treasurer of Smith county again."

"You're behind the times, dearie. This evening's paper says that the authorities have found a shortage of 3,000 dollars in his accounts, and now the office is running after Graball."

At last convention day came, and if you have never been a candidate, you can little realise the importance of this day to him who, for a year, or perhaps longer, has spent his time and money on the result of the deliberations of the delegates. Jack Leslie was only human. He realised that while success meant fame and further honours, defeat at the convention undoubtedly sealed his political career. There had been a meeting of his friends on the previous evening, and he had been assured that nothing could prevent his nomination; but the fact of the matter was, that an unpledged delegation, from a rural district, held the balance of power. This morning, probably from anxiety over the results of the coming convention, he felt a trifle indisposed. Mrs Leslie, sharing in the excitement, had a slight headache. Our candidate came down to breakfast a little late and started in with the vehemence of a very hungry individual. Mary noticed that he had omitted something, and said:

"Oh, Jack, you forget to ask a blessing on your breakfast."

He looked critically at the meal, and answered, smiling:

"My dear, I think we've blessed everything here before."

She took this as a rebuff, although he only meant to joke, and during the remainder of the meal was somewhat silent. When he put on his coat, preparatory to going down town to the office, he remarked:

"Well, dearie, by this time to-morrow I shall probably be sure of having 'Hon.' attached to my name."

"And I shall be heartily glad to be rid of your district committee," she replied.

"I am sorry, little girl, if my friends have troubled you. We attain objects on the shoulders of others, you know."

"I hope the time will come when you will need no such assistance. Just look at your new coat, Jack. You threw it on the chair last night, and some of your gentlemen friends threw a cigar on it and burned a hole in it."

"My little wife's headache is making her cross this morning. I'll order a new coat to-day."

"Thirty dollars at least wasted, just because you haven't the firmness to stop those men from smoking."

"Stop a delegation of politicians smoking? Jack laughed outright. "They are my friends, you must remember."

"Indeed! I must remember! You are going to dictate to me now."

"Now, dear, this won't do. You're getting angry."

"Angry, did you say, John Leslie? You are very anxious to charge me with being angry, but the truth is I don't care whether your friends, as you call them, come here or not, but I do care about being spoken to in this manner. Angry, indeed. We are married only four months and you are already bringing charges against me."

"That is impossible. I—"

"You will charge me with falsehood next."

"Why, Mary! I never thought you had such a hot temper."

"Not quite as hot as yours, nor from the same cause. A man who can drink two bottles of wine at a sitting with his friends may well have a hot temper."

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