

It is stated that in the Vatican at Rome there is including the ecclesiastical treasures, as much if not more gold than is in circulation or existing in a coined state in the entire world.

"Johnny," called his mother, "quit using that bad language." "Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said what I just did." "Well," replied the mother, growing infuriated, you should quit going with him; he's no companion for you."—*Louisville Post*.

The *Strand Magazine* has an article on noses. Illustrations of the noses of notable personages, from Plato to Gladstone, are given. The writer says that early in the last century Thomas Wedders (or, rather, Wodhousse) with a nose seven and a half inches long was exhibited through Yorkshire.

## A SAILOR'S YARN.

### A DEMON IN THE RIGGING.

ALFRED T. STORY tells a good many sailor yarns in the January number of the *Strand Magazine*. The following amusing incident shows the superstitious mind of old salts.

On a dark and dismal night a few years ago a small coasting schooner was tressing about off the south-east coast. The wind whistled ominously, telling in its own unmistakable language of a rapidly approaching storm. The skipper, a seasoned old salt, felt, with a knowledge that had become instinct, that they were going to have a dirty night. He knew that there was not a moment to be lost if he would have his vessel put in readiness to meet the coming tempest. The first thing to be done was to get in the topsail, and he accordingly gave the order to a man standing near him:—

"Jack, go aloft and furl the tops'el!"

To the master's astonishment, the man he addressed, though a sailor of undoubted bravery, hesitated to obey. The skipper rapped out an oath, and bade him do as he was bid. But the sailor still

"Fiend or no fiend," shouted the captain, who was now in a towering rage, "I'll have that to, sail down"; and seizing a knife, he proceeded to climb the rigging.

But no sooner had he reached the top than he received, in a harsh, rancorous voice, the same greeting as his men:—

"Rough weather, mates—rough weather!"

Needless to say that, like Jack and Paddy, the skipper was terribly scared; and if he did not get down to the deck as quickly as they, it was because he was less supple in the joints, not because his hurry was less.

There was no doubt as to the ship being, for the time, the abode of a demon. The only question was what to do with the schooner with such an unwelcome visitor on board. A hasty council of war was held, with the resulting unanimous feeling that their prospects of ever seeing daylight again were very small. All were of opinion that the only chance they had lay in being very good, and doing nothing to anger the Evil One. Accordingly they steered the ship to the best of their ability, and kept very quiet, fearing all the time lest the grim terror in the rigging should lead them to destruction upon a treacherous sand, or against some sunken rock.

In this state of anxiety and fear they passed the night; and gladly did they hail the first faint gleam of returning day, which also brought some mitigation of the tempest. Then the eyes of the crew were strained as they gazed up into the rigging to see if perchance the demon was still there. Nothing as yet could they descry, for the mist continued to cling about the masts and shrouds; but the Irish sailor vowed that he could make out a pair of eyes a-gleam near the mast-head; and there was no mistake about the voice that suddenly cried down to them, making Jack almost jump overboard with fright:—

"Now then, you lubbers, belay, there, belay!"

Everybody expected next moment to see the grim monster show himself in their midst. But behold their surprise when, instead, they saw a large, handsome parrot fly down into the top and salute them with something very much like a laugh. The accomplished bird had flown into the schooner's rigging from a passing

## OUR WORD FOR IT.

The tide is setting strongly in the direction of a Prosperous Season. Yet, some will complain. There is no use in complaining. If we were to sell people common Boots and charge a big price for them they would not return. We sell Boots that fit well, look well, and wear a reasonable time, and customers are anchored thereby. They are "ours," so to speak. They come a second and a third time, and steadily on. Our profits are squeezed down to the lowest point, so don't fear on that score.

# CITY BOOT PALACE,

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J. M'KAY, Proprietor.

held back, and when reproached for a coward and a poltroon, the poor fellow blurted out the reason of his extraordinary conduct by saying:—

"A darn't, sir. A've 'eared queer sounds in th' riggin' as a don't much care for. It strikes me there's somethin' unnat'ral 'bout it."

"Rubbish?" cried the skipper, now well-nigh boiling with rage. "Do as I tell ye this moment, or it'll be the worse for ye."

Jack, fearing the rough treatment he would inevitably bring down upon himself if he persisted in his disobedience, made up his mind to dare the terror that lurked in the pitch darkness enshrouding the rigging, and began to ascend towards the top-sail yard. But he had not gone far aloft ere he came to a sudden stop. Then with a precipitancy which he had not shown in going up, he tumbled down to the deck again.

"Now, then, you lubber! What's taken possession of you now?" demanded the skipper.

"Oh, Cap'n!" cried the terrified fellow, as soon as his agitation would permit him to speak, "the bad un's in the riggin'. I ain't agoin' t'furl that ere tops'el with 'im a lurkin' there."

The skipper ground his teeth, but vouchsafed not a word to the scared man. With a look of contempt he pushed past him, and commanded a young Irishman to perform the task, adding: "And look smart about it, d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, skipper!" responded Paddy, who, glad to show his superiority to danger and fear, swung himself aloft with the alacrity of a monkey. But no sooner had he reached the top than, like Jack, Paddy became transfixed with horror. Not another step did he venture to take, but instead went helter-skelter downwards, reaching the deck even quicker than his shipmate had done. Nor did he attempt to hide the white feather either.

"Och, sure?" cried he, "an' if it ain't the foul fiend himself that has got into the tops'el!"

"Get along, you cowardly lubber!" cried the incensed skipper.

"Faix, masther, but I heered him say, 'Rough weather, mates,' as plain as could be—an' as far furling the sail in face of that imp of an—you may do it yourself, for, begor, I won't."

vessel, and was thus, no doubt innocently enough, the cause of a night of heart-quaking and anxiety to a whole crew.

Footballers and Cricketers use nothing but P.P.P. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

Mr Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the Colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.

The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French lieutenant in Algeria. The lion afterwards ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude devoured all of superior grade to the lieutenant, who thereby found himself promoted to the rank of colonel.

The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation. The culture which it is to spread, while an unspeakable good to the individual, is also to become the stability of the nation.

A literary man who was on the verge of bringing out a book at the Pitt Press, ordered his proofs to be sent to him at a house where he was engaged to dine out, intending to look them over in a half-hour after dinner. The printer's boy, however, was late in bringing them, and the gentleman had already joined the ladies in the drawing-room, when the company was electrified by hearing the sonorous voice of the butler announcing, "The devil from the Pitt has come for Mr Jones!"

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

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