

It is a shame, Sam ; these are the same, Sam, 'tis all a shame, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A growing gleam growing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

She thrusts her fists against the posts and still insists she sees the ghosts.

The loom's wrong ; she's a wrong loom.

THEY WERE READY.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called around with the examining Board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they would give when he arose to propound his accustomed inquiry.

When the Board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said :

"You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison :

"Form a line and march down stairs!"

Sports and Pastimes.

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL; IRELAND'S VICTORY.

ONCE again, says an Irish contemporary, the flower of Irish footballers have successfully inaugurated their International campaign, for at Lansdowne road on Saturday, February 6, they gained a notable and decisive victory over the representatives of England. When the no-side whistle sounded the score was—Ireland, one goal from mark and two tries (13 points); England, two penalty goals and one try (9 points). The result is exceedingly gratifying to Irish supporters of the game, and the fact that this is the third victory gained by the Shamrock over the Rose within the past four years is highly significant of the change that has taken place in the relative strength of the two countries. An undoubted deterioration in the English teams, due to some extent to the establishment of the new semi-professional Northern Union, may in some measure account for the altered condition of affairs, but the real reason is not so much that English players are any worse as that Irish players are considerably better than they used to be. Saturday's English team was certainly a moderate one, but it must be remembered that those of 1894 and 1896 were in turn dubbed "the best that England ever produced"; yet the Irishmen in both these years fairly made "smithereens" of them. Accordingly Ireland is not to be robbed of any of her just merit by these arguments; and in dealing with Saturday's engagement it may be said that the English team would want to have been a very much better one indeed before it could have won the match. Ireland's majority of points, it is true, was not very large, but once they settled down to work our men had always the measure of their opponents, and after a certain point in the game the result was fairly safe, which seemed to induce a slackening in their efforts towards the close. It was a distinctly fine match to watch—one of the best international games we have been treated to at Lansdowne road, but the attraction of a match from a spectacular point of view is not always to be taken as a criterion of the merits of the teams. Judged from this standpoint, one would scarcely be right in extolling the excellence of either fifteen; on the contrary, though the game was fast and interesting to witness, the impression conveyed on the whole was that there was nothing wonderful about either side. The English team, at any rate, was not a strong one; the Irish one certainly was fairly good, but there is no reason to be enthusiastic over it until we see it more highly tried. There was not very much to crow about in Saturday's achievement; 'twill be time to do that when we have beaten Scotland. There is reason to hope that with more genuine scrummage work we can do so, but it will be far a harder task than Saturday's. As to the "triple crown," it is yet premature to express an opinion, even assuming that the match with Wales will be played; but there is no denying that we stand a good chance, and it will be greatly enhanced if Gwynn assist in the other matches.

For Our Lady Readers.

A BICYCLE WEDDING.

LONDONERS have just had an opportunity, says *The Daily Telegraph*, of witnessing a totally novel sight. It has been left to a party of enterprising foreigners to hold the first bicycle wedding, and, judging from the public interest aroused, it is possible that such functions may become fashionable. The ceremony took place at the French Catholic church, Leicester Square, and some little time before the hour appointed sightseers began to assemble in the narrow thoroughfare in which the sacred edifice stands, necessitating the presence of an inspector and half a dozen constables to keep a clear passage. The triumphal ride to the church door was marred by the surging crowd, whose incursions compelled the vanguard of guests to dismount. All eyes, however, were centred on the nuptial pair. Bride and bridegroom rode a Sociable Safety of the Royal Hampton pattern, as did the best man, bridesmaids and several others of the company. The bride was arrayed in white satin, veil and orange blossoms complete, whilst the appearance of the young groom was equally effective, in frock coat and tall hat. Nearly everybody wore white flowers in their buttonholes, and a number of machines bore large bouquets of lilies of the valley. The early stoppage forced the candidates for matrimonial honours to dismount half-way

down the street, and the "future" obligingly pushed his "bike" in front to the porch, with the lady walking at his side. The crowd, which was of quite an international character, as English, French or Italian was spoken freely on all sides, waited patiently for the reappearance of the wedding party, which numbered some thirty in all. As the happy couple, Mons. de Gasperi and his wife, late Mlle. Emily Pappacena, rode away, rice was thrown over them, and then the party wheeled out of sight.

NOT KNOWING.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half smiling, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends that we know.
—Longfellow.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere, as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth without a woman in it.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS THE ROAD.

HE drives directly home, even in dark nights, does the man who knows the road. The over-hanging gloom, the deceptive shadows, the uncertain sounds don't bother him. He can feel the ground under his waggon wheels, and the "lay of the land" is open to him as at clear noontide. It is the stranger in those parts who is confused and befuddled, who knocks people up to ask questions, who finally lodges in the ditch.

Where to go, and how to get there; what to do, and how to do it—why the man who knows that comes to the front everywhere and always. But the opposite—the waste of time, money, power, health, etc., in blind experiments, how disheartening and disastrous it is! Take an illustration of this sort, and you will see how it fits in a minute.

"In the spring of 1892," says a lady who lives down near the east coast, "I began to feel ill. I had a poor appetite, and after everything I ate, no matter how simple it was, I was seized with great pain across the chest and around the sides. I was frequently sick, vomiting a sour, bitter fluid. I was almost afraid to eat, and my food gave me no strength. In this state I continued, now a bit better, and then worse until December, 1893, when I became very ill. I got so weak I could hardly bear the weight of my body on my feet. I tried this and I tried that—all kinds of medicines I heard of, but none of them gave me any relief.

"In January, 1894, I read in a little book about the cures done by Mother Seigel's Syrup. The book contained letters from people who had been cured, some of whom had suffered like me. I got a bottle from Miss Caroline Foster, grocer and draper, High street, in this place. After taking it I was much better. I had a new relish for food, and no more distress after eating. I continued taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, and was soon free from all pain and sickness and fast gaining strength. Since then I have been in the best of health, and needed no medicine. (Signed) Mrs. Eleanor Clay, Messingham, Brigg, Lincs, April 30th, 1895."

"In the early part of 1875," writes another, "my health began to fail me. I felt low and weak, and lost all power and disposition to exert myself. After every meal I had pain in the chest and all over me. I felt so tight around the waist that it seemed as though something was holding me. I was much troubled with a sickening wind coming up from my stomach; and now and then I belched up a sour fluid that bit my throat and half choked me. Then, too, I had attacks of spasms, which gave me intense pain. I got about my work slowly and in much distress, and grew gradually weaker and more despondent in mind. I tried all the various medicines I could hear of that might possibly be good for me, but none of them were of any avail.

"After five tedious years of suffering, my daughter, who is in service in London, wrote me of the benefit her mistress had derived from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup when troubled much as I was. I replied, and my daughter sent me two bottles of the Syrup, and after having taken it, I felt quite like a new woman. I had no pain after eating, and was in better health than I had been in since I was first taken ill. From that time onwards my health was good and if I ail anything temporarily, as the best of us will, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup put me right. I have told many persons of what this now celebrated remedy did for me, and am willing you should publish my statement if you desire to do so. (Signed) (Mrs.) Ann Knight, near the Church, Fenny Compton, Leamington, September 27th, 1895."

By looking back to the italicised words in these letters the reader will catch my point on the instant. Both these ladies, not knowing the true remedy for their disease (indigestion and dyspepsia), blindly experimented with anything they could get hold of. Under like circumstances we all do the same. When one doesn't know the road he is almost certain to blunder and stumble; and he can't know until he learns. Now, in all ailments of the digestion, with the local symptoms which proceed from it, Mother Seigel's Syrup is, so to put it, the right road. Follow it faithfully, and you are fairly sure to bring up in the pleasant shelter of good health. Knowing this, direct your neighbours.

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