Weekly Observer

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Poet's Corner.

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TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH DIVISIONS.

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A nation's tribute accept, ye brave,
Whose valour guards her by land and wave;
All generations shall your deeds extol,
And your fame be noted from pole to pole.

Your martial spirit fierce trials survives,
'Neath whose fostering arm fair freedom thrives;
Whose seed is sown in the noblest blood,
To be productive of Nationhood.

When the heartless pirate dared our shores blockade,
Duty demanded your strength and aid;
Then you did not falter or like cravens crawl,
But answered proudly your country's call.

Whose grandest charter is by heroes sealed,
When for it they perish on the tented field.
And what more than life can a hero give,
That his fellow being may a freeman live.

But what is life to the fettered slave,
Consigned to sink in a living grave
Without a hope e'er to rend the chain
That saps the strength of his heart and brain.

Durance vile his best traits destroy,
Exterminating his every joy.
Ah! woe is me, then, what must he feel,
Crushed thus beneath the invader's heel.

But 'tis the brave that alone are free;
Their land enslaved it shall never be.
Adown the years long from sire to son,
The precious heritage shall ever run.

May Heaven your stainless banners bless,
And crown your arms with complete success;
Then the priceless fruits of ripe victory,
Garnered soon may you live to see.

Glory guards each honoured grave,
Immortal of our fallen brave,
Admired alike by friends and foes,
Oh, may their souls in peace repose.

P. J. AHERN.

Carrickerry, October, 1915.

NOTE—It is an undisputed fact and one that should appeal to the sense of gratitude of all Irishmen at home, that our countrymen in the fighting line whether in Flanders or at the Peninsula, have honourably maintained the military characteristics of our race. That alone have their leaders attested to the truth of this, but representatives from neutral States with the contending armies, have given the Irish soldier unbounded praise. This is a signal proof that the exhilating spirit of Brian Conn, Hugh Owen and Sarsfield, is as vigorous to-day in Ireland as it was a thousand years ago. The deeds of a modern Hercules find an equal in those of a present day Irish Cuchullain.—P. J. A.

PATRICK O'KELLY.

(By JAMES MCAULIFFE, Charleville.)

The genial old lampooner's plan was simple. He called on his victim for a subscription for one or other of his volumes then in course of preparation, and amiably expressed his intention of "celebrating" the virtues of the gentleman and his lady—if there were any. Of course there was an intimation, if support were not promptly forthcoming, that he wielded a pen which could be dipped in gall. In most cases this was probably unnecessary, and at least the poet's bodily needs were attended to.

The "Eudoxologist" contains an interesting selection of verses, both satirical and complimentary. It is a fair example of his style and method. He is in Galway, and he calls on one of the Kirwan's:

The prince of the grove, and a prince at his heart,
A lib'ral subscription did freely impart.

And he adds in the next couplet:

The kind Charles Bourke did with pleasure also
His aid and his friendship genteely bestow.

He scatters his compliments around with profusion in his native county:

In gentle Maguire all the virtues we trace,
In fullest extent, and improved with a grace;
Superior to meanness—regardless of self.
His worth is acknowledged by all but himself.

Moreover,

The incessant bounty of old Michael Morris,
Would furnish a theme not unworthy of Horace.

But there are occasional disappointments;

To vary the scene, and to prove me a fool,
I took a fly o'er to the Nabob of Coale;
Wild and free, recluse—a disgrace and a shock,
Whose home is a prison, and heart is a rock;
Soon cooled by this savage my voyage ended,
To seek an asylum where better befriended.

Of another country gentleman he says:—

Tho' rain and cold weather had proved that
I throne ill,
No force could unkennel this brute from his hovel."

And again he meets with another benefactor:

He nurtur'd and cherished the Bard and Pegassus,
And paved with his smiles the rough road to Parnassus!"

For some thousands of lines he proceeds in this way. Such a poetical itinerary may have gratified his subscribers, but it is weary some enough to-day.

(To be continued).

NATIONAL TEACHER ARRESTED.

Charged with being on railway premises while in possession of explosives, Alec. McCabe, a National School Teacher, of Keash, Co. Sligo, was remanded by Capt. Fitzpatrick, R.M., at Sligo on Saturday, pending the arrival of a military escort.

Lieutenant Mike O'Leary, while in Mayo, paid a visit to Straide, and prayed over the grave of Michael Davitt.

Limerick Co. Council.

Mr. W. R. Guboins, J.P., Chairman, presided at the meeting of the Limerick County Council on Saturday. There were also present: Lord Emly, Messrs. E. B. Daly, J.P.; E. J. Mitchell, J.P.; P. Duggan, M. O'Sullivan, J.P. J. Coleman, J.P.; T. Hurley, J.P.; C. F. Hartigan, J.P.; M. McGrath, J. O'S. Liston, J.P.; D. Leahy, M. P. O'Shaughnessy, J.P.; T. Lynch, B. C. Collins, J.P.; T. W. W. Bennett, J.P.; P. K. Hogan, J.P.; D. O'Connell, J. Bourke, A. Mackey, P. Fitzsimons J.P.; M. Condon, J.P.

Arising out of the Proposals' Committee of the 23rd October, on the motion of Mr. Hurley it was unanimously agreed to place Mr. J. P. Hartigan on the same footing with regard to salary as the other clerks in the office.

At the meeting of the same committee on the same date applications were received from the officers of the council. It was unanimously recommended that the existing salary increments of the council's officers be doubled as from the date of introduction, and that the clerks' increments be increased from £5 to £10 per annum from the date of the termination of the last £10 increment. In no case, however, are the increments to extend beyond the period at which the maximum salary originally voted will have been reached.

Mr. Daly expressed himself opposed to the recommendation.

Mr. Bourke seconded the motion, and remarked as the premier body in the county they should in this matter set an example to the other bodies at least until the termination of the war.

Mr. Hurley, as a member of the committee which voted the recommendation, said that the increment was perfectly legitimate, and the only thing that the committee desired to do was to give the increment at once instead of half-yearly.

It was ultimately decided to adjourn the matter until the conclusion of the war.

The Council then proceeded to take up the schedule of proposals for new and special works.

Mr. Bourke said already the council had initiated an economical idea in the matter of salaries, and now he thought they should go one step further by adjourning all applications for new and special works until the conclusion of the war.

Mr. Coleman: I am sure we are all in accord with Mr. Bourke's view, but it would be just as well to take up the schedule, and see what works were necessary.

Mr. Mackey: We are all in sympathy with the view expressed by Mr. Bourke, but there may be cases of hardship which could not be overlooked.

The Chairman: Mr. Bourke has anticipated me in this matter, but we will go through the list, and be guided by the county surveyors.

The council then went through the schedule, and rejected all but urgent and necessary works.

A deputation attended from the Irish Land and Labour Association in reference to an application for an increase of wages for the men working on the roads.

Lord Emly introduced the deputation, which consisted of Messrs. J. O'Dwyer, Vice-chairman of the Association, and Mr. M. Ryan, D.C.

Mr. O'Dwyer said the demand of the labourers was for an advance of 2s. all round for surface men and labourers. He need not go into the cost of food now as compared with two years ago—it was well-known to all of them, and what he urged was that the council should settle the question now, and not allow it hang on any further.

Mr. Ryan also addressed the meeting, and said the labourers did not come before them in a menacing attitude. He asked them to consider the application as a right on account of the high cost of living.

The Chairman said he had been in consultation with their officials on the matter, and they had drawn his attention to the resolution passed at the meeting of the Finance Committee on this question, and confirmed by the council, refusing to alter the decision arrived at with regard to the wages of the labourers. Until that resolution was rescinded, the council could not consider the application, and that could only be done by some member handing in a notice of motion.

Mr. Bennett held that the labourer was worthy of his hire, but he also held that the labourer had a duty to discharge to the council. If the demands of the labourers were met, then he trusted that there would be no further criticism about their work.

Lord Emly: After your ruling, Mr. Chairman, there is only one thing that could be done, and that is to hand in notice of motion. I take it that the council will endeavour to meet the wishes of the labourers.

The Chairman: Yes.

Lord Emly said he would hand in the requisite notice of motion.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy: Will there be more than one name necessary to the notice of motion?

The Secretary: Six.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy: Then I will sign it, Lord Emly. I trust that in future steps will be taken to see that men with families will get work on the roads, and not two and three from one family.

The Chairman said he was sure they had all read of the death of Lieutenant O'Dwyer, son of a former member of the council, Mr. White O'Dwyer, which occurred in France. It was with sorrow that he proposed a vote of condolence with Mr. O'Dwyer in the loss of his son, who shed his blood for the emancipation of Belgium and the freedom of small nations.

Mr. Condon seconded the resolution.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy, in associating himself with the resolution of sympathy, said that anyone who knew Mr. White O'Dwyer would feel deeply for him in his loss.

Lord Emly, Mr. Coleman, and the Secretary having joined in the expression of regret, the rerolution was passed, and a copy ordered to be forwarded to Mr. O'Dwyer.

Mr. Mackey called attention to the question of the cultivation of fruit throughout the county, and suggested that £100 be allocated for the purpose of encouraging the industry.

The council expressed sympathy with the suggestion, which was referred to the County Agricultural Committee, and the meeting adjourned.

"Thomas Davis."

LECTURE BY MR. WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

Under the auspices of the All For Ireland Club, a lecture entitled "The Influence of Thomas Davis" was delivered by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., in the City Hall, Cork, on Friday.

Mr. O'Brien, in the course of his lecture said that perhaps the most astonishing thing to be said of the man who had outweighed others in his influence upon the ideals of Irish patriotism during the last three generations, was that the public life of Thomas Davis only lasted three years. The "Nation" newspaper of which he was the soul, appeared in the October of 1842, and in September of 1845 he was dead. The lecturer then traced at length the life of Davis, and went on to say that in the overruling purpose of Davis' life—that of blending together into one homogeneous nation diverse breeds of men, thrown together in the convulsions of their storm-tost history, he failed in his lifetime, because probably nobody could have succeeded, but he could not have failed to foresee with his eye of faith that what for the moment was too great a deed, a future impregnated with his teaching was bound to accomplish, as it was most assuredly accomplishing. What in his day was an Eirencoin, beautiful, but not of the earth, was in their day practical politics, and the only practical politics. The Protestant minority, to whom Davis appealed had every motive that self-interest, cupidity and all but unbridled power could suggest to reject his mad-brained doctrines of self renunciation. Had they, indeed, listened to the voice of a higher wisdom and accepted their place at the head of a self-governing Irish Nation, it was more than possible that they might have preserved immensely larger remnants than the English Parliament had left them of their privileges as to the land and the Church, and quite certainly in the local government of their country. They might even have escaped altogether the unending series of bitter struggles and unvarying defeats which had poisoned their lives and annihilated their influence bit by bit every other year since Young Ireland was really young. They were in possession of the ownership of the entire country, with scarcely one legal restraint upon their despotic power over their tenants; they possessed all the fatness of a Church Establishment flourishing by the tithes of inferiors of another creed, who were humiliated by its ascendancy, even more than galled by its exactions; they had a monopoly of all the splendid patronage and unbounded power summed up in the term, "Dublin Castle," while in every department of the local life of the country—the Grand Juries, the magistracy, the boards of guardians, and the police—they exercised an unchallenged supremacy, upheld by an army of officials of their own naming, and in the last resort by the unconquerable arm of England. To ask them to surrender that glittering patrimony, and trust themselves to the generosity of a race whom they had too deeply wronged, to doubt they could do otherwise than hate them, was a counsel of perfection plainly beyond the range of poor human nature. But what could never be too often repeated was that in every consideration of rational self-interest, which would have made national unity in the days of Davis seem crazy self-destruction, now pressed itself upon every Irish Unionist of intelligence as his one hope of legitimate power, honour, and happiness in the land which, in the shrine of his most sacred memories, he knew he could never change for England. He could hope for everything from Ireland, but nothing from England. Certain recent symptoms indicated that Irish Unionists of the loftiest station were thinking and moving in the right direction. They shrunk with abhorrence from the possibility that the abominations of the continental war might only be succeeded by a more hideous death struggle between Irishman and Irishman. They were too keen-sighted, on the other hand, to share the calculations of meaner minds, that any possible calamity to the national cause in its present political shape could abate the passion of Irish nationality or do ought but increase the miseries of Irish Unionists even more than those of any other category of their countrymen. There was a fast ripening harvest of hope in the Irish Unionist community ready to the reaper's hand. Were they at that moment blessed by the uprise of another Davis, alive to their misgivings, firm in their confidence, and prompt to seize their opportunity, it was to him only less sure than Holy Writ that the Federal Inter-Party Conference, which proved in 1844 a splendid phantom would in 1915 issue in the permanent unification of their nation. But no student of Davis would fail to realise that it was from the Catholic majority—now the undisputed victors in numbers, power, and even property—must come the boldest initiative, the patience, which would not weary of assuaging prejudice, however obstinate, and the tenderness which to win a million of not the least steadfast of their countrymen for ever to their flag, would not stop at the letter of rigid justice, but would pour out encouragement and guarantees for the future with a prodigal hand.

Responding to a vote of thanks proposed by Rev. D. O'Flynn, and seconded by Professor Stockley, Mr. O'Brien said he had the confidence of the people of Cork. That confidence was the only reward he had ever received in his public life, and it was the only reward he had ever sought or would seek.

LABOURERS' WAGES INCREASED.

At the quarterly meeting of the Cork District Council on Saturday, a resolution was passed unanimously increasing the wages of the men employed on roads worked by direct labour to 18s. a week, and requesting the County Council to include this rate of payment in the proposed new scheme for maintenance of roads by direct labour. It was also ordered to pay the men engaged in breaking stones under the direct labour scheme 1s. 4d. per load, the present rate being 1s. per load.

Irishmen!

What will you Do?

YOUR political leaders, your famous countrymen and particularly your brave Irish soldiers have asked you to do your duty to your country.

The need for more men is urgent. We must not merely win, but win handsomely. Half hearted measures will not suffice. Anything less than a supreme effort invites defeat. Germany is putting forth her full strength.

Every possible step has been taken to meet the wishes of Irishmen. They are trained together, and serve together.

They are invited to select the regiments and divisions to which they would like to be posted.

To do nothing is to say "No." There are few considerations which justify a man of military age in refusing to come forward when his country is fighting for its very existence.

Full particulars of pay, of allowances to those who are dependent on you, and of pensions, may be obtained from any Post Office or Recruiting Office.

The response already received is an earnest of what Irishmen can do, but more and more men are wanted. If you are willing freely and voluntarily to respond

Sign the Form

You are invited to fill in and post this form to the Department of Recruiting, c/o The G.P.O., Dublin, Belfast or Cork, without delay. No stamp is required.

I voluntarily undertake to enlist, when called upon, FOR THE PERIOD OF THE WAR, in the Division, Regiment or Battalion I mention.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

Age..... Height.....

If you have any preference, write below, the name of the Irish Regiment you desire to join, specifying the Battalion or Division to which you would like to be posted.

HOW BELGRADE FELL.

GERMANS PAID "A PRICE FOR EVERY PAVING-STONE."

In a moving despatch to the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. George Renwick describes some of the recent fighting in Serbia, and bears enthusiastic testimony to the gallantry of the Serbian Army and the courage and determination of the Serbian people. Mr. Renwick has witnessed some of the terrific battles which attended the Austro-German incursion from the north.

At Belgrade (he says) the bombardment commenced on October 5. From behind the Semlin batteries 16in. guns rained a hell on the city, the huge shells throwing up débris to the height of five-storey houses. Every square yard of the city was systematically searched by machine-gun fire. When crowds of refugees were streaming out of the city German airmen appeared and dropped bombs on them. But there was no panic under that rain of death and terror. Attack after attack on the city itself was driven back, but at last the enemy gained a footing in the city.

Then the most formidable part of the Germans' task began. They had to win the capital street by street. It is no exaggeration to say they had to pay a price for every paving-stone. Prisoners have told me that it was appalling work. Every street-corner seemed to be a citadel. On October 8 street fighting continued fiercely, and before the Germans were masters of Belgrade the Danube city was a ghastly mass of smouldering ruins, strewn in the grimmest horror with a covering of the dead.

HILLS COVERED WITH DEAD.

Once in possession of the city the Germans opened a terrible fire on the Serbian positions behind it. The lines of trenches were searched one by one with a fire of fiendish accuracy. Facing Belgrade and Semendria the river bank was often a long-continuing line of flame. But the capture of the hills behind the two places named was also a frightfully expensive business. Every one had to be covered with dead to be won, and, indeed, after twelve days' violent onslaught, Mackensen had succeeded in obtaining little more than a foothold on the southern side of the river.

On the Drina front he found his task equally heavy. Time after time the attacking forces were driven back with appalling losses. Captain Milanomanovitch, who was wounded in that region, told me that the Germans at times were staggered by the opposition they encountered. In the encounter in which he was wounded the Germans launched a force of 500 men across the river. Not a single man of that body returned alive.

After about ten days of severe fighting Mackensen concentrated his forces on the positions beyond Belgrade and Semendria, the object evidently being to drive south from the former place to Kraguyevats, important on account of its arsenal, while the Semendria army was to ascend the Morava valley—the historic highway to Europe by which the Turks invaded Hungary in their progress to the gates of Vienna.

This army was evidently intended to join hands with the Bulgarians, and their united forces were to turn the Serbian right, while the Belgrade army enveloped the Serbian left. The latest information to-day is that this plan is little nearer to success than it was two weeks ago.

TEN THOUSAND SHELLS.

On October 18, at Majakresna, south of Semendria, after showering 10,000 shells on the Serb position, the enemy took it. No sooner were they in possession, however, than a strong force of Serbian infantry which had been concealed in the forest attacked and drove the Germans out of the position they had dearly won.

While the enemy retreated the Serbian cavalry got in amongst them and did heavy execution in the evening, leaving three guns on the field.

The German left had to retire four miles as a result. On the same evening, however, the enemy advanced again in great force, and partially made good the loss of ground.

On the 19th the Germans took Ralwa, south of Belgrade, and the height of Avala was also captured by them after heavy fighting extending from October 18 to October 19, on which day the enemy's most serious efforts were put forth in this direction.

Meanwhile in the Morava Valley progress was equally difficult, and on October 19 German advance lines were no further south than the line extending from north of the Lubejevo Bridge eastwards to slightly north of Pozharevats.

The German line when I reached the front on the morning of Tuesday, October 19, extended in a rough circle from Belgrade, round by Ralwa and Avala, to points slightly north of the Morava Bridge just mentioned and Pozharevats. To gain that strip of territory the Germans had to struggle for just two weeks.

GUNS FOR A MILLION MEN.

To sum up the story of the operations on the northern front, the correspondent says the German progress has been insignificant. The little that has been won has been gained solely by almost unbelievable artillery strength.

It has been established that Mackensen's army does not consist of more than 150,000 men, but it is provided with artillery which would be considered ample were his army composed of a million men. Into Belgrade alone 50,000 shells were poured.

It is interesting, as showing that Germany is getting towards the end of her resources in men, that the German army is a scratch force gathered together from all quarters. I have spoken with prisoners who had come from the Flanders, French, Italian, and Russian fronts, and from garrisons in Germany and throughout the conquered territory. Many of the prisoners are young men of eighteen, who left their homes but a few months ago. And it is an army fighting without reserves.

The progress Mackensen has made has involved a cost out of all proportion to the results secured, and is hopelessly behind expectations. Had the Bulgarians not entered the war the German army would never have crossed the river, and it was only the German attack which permitted the Bulgarians to succeed to the extent they have done.

STEAMER ATTACKED BY AEROPLANES

Reporting the arrival in Manchester of the Cork Steamship Company's Avocet, the "Journal of Commerce," Liverpool, describes how the vessel was attacked by three enemy aeroplanes.

One, a large battle-plane, dropped no fewer than 36 bombs, some of them missing the steamer by not more than seven feet. Having apparently exhausted all the bombs, the battle-plane opened fire on the bridge with a machine-gun. The ship's sides and decks and the water were struck with bullets.

The two small planes crossed and recrossed the vessel, dropping bombs as they passed over her. They all made a determined effort to sink the ship, and only failed because they had not nerve enough to fly lower. Seeing the ship was unhurt, they opened rifle firing.

The action lasted 35 minutes, and then the aeroplanes flew away. The decks of the Avocet were littered with shrapnel, but otherwise she escaped serious hurt, and none of the crew were injured.

GREEK CRISIS.

M. VENIZELOS OVERTHROWS THE CABINET.

Greece is in the throes of another Ministerial crisis—the third this year. M. Zaimis's Cabinet has been defeated on a vote of confidence which was rejected by the followers of M. Venizelos, who are in a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies. The voting was 114 for the vote of confidence and 147 against, that Government being thus defeated by a majority of 33.

The Athens correspondent of the "Morning Post" says the crisis was quite unexpected and that the Zaimis Cabinet has tendered its resignation to King Constantine.

The trouble started with the Bill for extra pay to Army officers during mobilisation or war. Thereupon (says the correspondent) a lively discussion ensued between General Yanakitsa, Minister for War, and Deputies of various parties. Finally, one Venizelist Deputy, using unparliamentary language, was promptly called to order, and hastened to apologise, but General Yanakitsa, ignoring the apology, gathered up his papers in a passion and walked out of the hall, saying he had no further place there.

The session was suspended for a few minutes amidst a great uproar, and Ministers withdrew to confer in private. When the session was resumed M. Venizelos stated that the War Minister owed an apology to the House for leaving the session so markedly after he had received an amende honorable. M. Zaimis read an answer, denying that an apology was due from General Yanakitsa, and declaring that the Government would consider insistence on this point a question of confidence.

In the debate which followed, lasting till five this morning, all the political chiefs participated. M. Venizelos made two long speeches defending his policy and condemning the policy of his opponents in regard to the present Balkan situation. Challenged by a Government deputy whether he thought the King wished the country's destruction, M. Venizelos said:

"I should have preferred not to drag the King's name into the discussion, but since you ask me I will say that in a Constitutional Government the Crown has no place in responsibilities. Only foolish political leaders can think of hiding behind the Crown, which is irresponsible, for if they admit that in Parliamentary Government there can be such a thing as Crown policy they are unworthy to represent a free and a sovereign people.

"No, the King does not wish the country's destruction; that is absurd. But our State is a Constitutional Kingdom, or rather a democracy presided over by a King, and the whole responsibility rests with the Cabinet. If you want a Monarchy, say so openly, and call for the necessary changes in the Constitution. But your efforts will be unavailing because the nation wants the Constitution to remain as it is. I admit that the Crown has a right to disagree with Responsible Government if it thinks the latter is not in agreement with the national will. But after the recent elections such non-agreement is out of the question, and now the Crown has not the right to disagree again on the same question.

"It is not a question of patriotism but of constitutional liberties. I know the King is a distinguished general, but he is not equally experienced in things political. If I have tolerated the present Cabinet I have done so because of the constitutional deadlock created by the Crown's action and the impossibility of holding elections in the present state of mobilisation. You are mistaking this toleration for approval of your policy, with which I disagree diametrically. Instead of new elections you had better suspend the Constitution until the end of the war that we may know exactly where the responsibilities lie, and do not drag the Constitution and the national will through the shams of empty constitutional forms."

EX-OFFICER'S REMARKABLE CAREER.

At the Essex Assizes, Percy Seymour de Willoughby, otherwise Eric Patrick Cosmo Gordon O'Killie, twenty-one, described as an Army officer, was found guilty of uttering a forged nomination of a candidate for appointment to a commission in the Army. It appeared that the prisoner was the son of a solicitor, and in 1913 obtained a commission in one of the Middlesex Territorial regiments. As the outcome of a bet he went to Gosport, posed as a clergyman, and preached three times. He went to Winchester, was entertained by one of the Canons, who became suspicious, and communicated with the police. Prisoner was arrested and sentenced to six weeks' hard labour. He had to resign his commission, but when war broke out he enlisted as a private in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, rose to the position of acting sergeant-major, and was then offered and accepted a commission in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was called upon to resign because his conviction became known. He then enlisted as a private at Birmingham in the Rifle Brigade; applied for a commission, and on the nomination form forged the references as to his character and education. He was gazetted temporary second lieutenant, but on being sent to an officers' training camp was recognised and dismissed from the Service. Very shortly afterwards he crossed over to Ireland, enlisted in the Dublin Fusiliers, and in a few days was offered a commission in that regiment, but in the meantime the police arrested him. Prisoner was bound over to be of good behaviour, Mr. J. Francis, a Southend magistrate, becoming a surety, and promising to find him suitable employment.

THE BURIED FORTUNE.

Mr. H. Warner Allen, representative of the British Press with the French Armies, in a dispatch describing of the shell-shattered city of Arras, declares that, of its 25,000 inhabitants, perhaps 800 remain in the place. There is not a single house that has not received its shells. Mr. Warner Allen tells a story of a wealthy resident who, when driven out of Arras, buried under a tree in his garden £60,000 in notes and stocks and shares.

Later he returned to dig for his treasure. He dug and dug and dug, and still his spade did not strike the leaden chest in which he had hidden his fortune.

Perspiration poured down his face, he tore his hair, and bewailed his fate, quite regardless of the fact that the Germans had just begun to bombard the town with exceptional violence.

Then suddenly he looked up, seized the spade, and began to dig madly under another tree. A minute or two later his efforts were rewarded, and he brought to the surface the still unopened chest. In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten the tree under which he had buried it!

"I do not think that women realise the importance of serving on local authorities when the loss of life is so great and when special attention should be given to the mothers and children," said Miss Charlotte Spicer at the London Congregational Union, Memorial Hall, London.

DRESS OF THE DAY.

A SMART AND SIMPLE COSTUME.

As the winter advances the costume of the more or less pronounced Russian type seems to grow in favour. Many of the very smartest of the new costumes shown by the leading West-End firms are of this type, and are eagerly sought after by the modish woman. They are made in various materials—serge, cheviot, cloth, gabardine, and Bedford cord, but practically all the most exclusive models are carried out in dark or unobtrusive shades, such as navy blue, black, crow blue, hunters' green, iron grey, deep Burgundy red, and African or nigger brown. Our sketch shows one of the very newest of these costumes. This attractive model was made of a peculiarly fine diagonal serge in the darkest shade of African brown. The coat, which closed right up to

[Refer to X 6.7.]

the neck, fastened down the left side, the fastenings being arranged beneath the edge of the opening, and thus completely hidden. A line of machining defined the edge of the opening. The neck was finished by a plain, standing collar of dark, natural-coloured musquash. A broad stitched band of the material held the coat in loosely at the waist line. This belt fastened at one side with a handsome, brown button, inlaid with steel, a similar button and buttonhole being placed at a corresponding point on the right side. Below the belt the coat was cut to flare a little, more particularly at the sides. The sleeves were quite plain, and were set into a shoulder seam. They were finished at the wrist by bands of the fur. The skirt was quite plain, wide, and short. It had a small round yoke at the top, on to which the lower part of the skirt was set without any fullness. The costume was completed by a round muff of the musquash, which was lined with satin of exactly the same shade as the serge.

SMART OVERCOAT FOR BOY.

Without doubt ready-made garments for the small boy are one of the most expensive items in the children's wardrobe. It is true that very cheap little suits are to be bought, but they are generally most unsatisfactory in shape, material, and finish, while anything at all nice is almost absurdly expensive in proportion to the cost of the materials used. Under these circumstances it really is a great wonder that many women, who make the most charming

[Refer to X 648.]

frock and coats for their little girls, are afraid to attempt a boy's outfit on account of the supposed immense difficulties. These difficulties are very largely imaginary, and any woman who can sew well enough to make a little girl's dress can turn out little boys' suits and overcoats which are far better cut and finished than the cheap ready-made garments one sees in the shop windows of the outfitter.

The most attractive coat shown in the sketch may be made of velours cloth, serge, tweed, ripple cloth, home-spun, or faced cloth. It fastens down the front, closing right up to the neck. The plain sleeves are set in to the coat in Raglan style, and curved pockets are placed on each side of the front.

THE VELVET DRESS.

The velvet dress, which in nine cases out of ten is made of cotton velvet, is tremendously popular just now and promises to be very much in evidence right through the winter. In its favourite guise the skirt is wide, short, and quite plain, except, perhaps, for a little yoke at the top, and the corsage is made half of velvet and half of chiffon or ninon, and net or lace. Generally the velvet, which in some cases reach quite to the elbow, and a sort of much cut away pinafore bodice of the velvet, which is worn over a dainty underblouse of ninon or chiffon. This underblouse, in turn, is mounted upon a lining of white net or lace, which is allowed to show unveiled in the shape of a little vest and collar.

Paper patterns can be supplied, price 6½d. When ordering, please quote number, enclose remittance, and address to Miss Lisle.

GERMAN CRUISER SUNK.

BRITISH SUBMARINES IN THE BALTIC

The German cruiser Undine has been torpedoed by a British submarine in the Baltic, about twenty miles from the coast of Sweden. The cruiser sank in two minutes. Two hundred and eighty-one of the crew were saved, but the first lieutenant, three other officers, and twenty-one men perished.

The Undine, with a torpedo-boat escort, was convoying the German ferry boat Preussen, sailing between Trelleborg and Sassnitz. Neither the torpedo-boat nor the ferry was fired at.

The Undine was a cruiser of 2,657 tons, and was built at Kiel, at a cost of £254,300, being completed in 1904. She had a deck of two inches of armour, and a speed of twenty-one knots. She mounted ten 4.1in. guns, besides fourteen machine-guns, and had two submerged torpedo-tubes. Her crew numbered 281.

The Undine was fitted, like the Albatross, which the Russians destroyed, for mine-laying.

CHILD'S FALL FROM TRAIN.

A little after midnight on Sunday a little girl, named Laura Wormsley, climbed the steps of a signal-box between Nottingham and Derby and informed the startled signalman that she had fallen out of a train.

When the signalman had recovered somewhat from the shock his little visitor lisped that she was five years old, and lived with her grandmother, who was expecting to meet her at Beeston.

She had travelled by the 11.40 from Nottingham, and after falling out found herself on some grass.

Two express trains had passed, but, with the exception of a few bruises, she was little the worse for her extraordinary adventure.

Horrified passengers who saw the child disappear into the darkness stopped the train, and subsequently Private John Hudson, who is just recovering after being gassed, set out from Beeston to find the body. He was greatly delighted at discovering the girl practically unhurt.

COMEDY OF AN ESCORT.

A little comedy of an escort that needed an escort was heard in the West Ham Police-court on Monday. When two soldiers were charged with being absentees the clerk inquired, "Is the escort on the way?"

"The escort is here, sir," a police-constable explained, "but the men are not in a fit condition to take charge of the prisoners."

"What shall we do—let the prisoners take back the escort?" the clerk asked, and though it was stated that another escort had been sent for, the soldiers said they would go back to their regiment of their own accord if the magistrate would permit it.

"Will you take the escort with you?" inquired the clerk. The soldiers were quite willing to reverse their rôles, but the magistrate decided that they must be put back to await the arrival of the second escort.

DEATH OF LORD KESTEVEN.

Official news was received at Casewick House, Stamford, on Monday, of the death of Lord Kesteven. He was twenty-four years of age, and only succeeded his uncle last July. He was unmarried, and the title now lapses.

He was a captain in the Lincolnshire Yeomanry, and sailed for the Balkans about a fortnight ago, attached to a cavalry regiment.

Lord Kesteven was the last of the famous Trollope family, whose pedigree goes back to 1390. He had royal blood in his veins; one of his ancestors married a granddaughter of Elizabeth Plantagenet, a daughter of Edward IV. Sir Andrew Trollope, one of the commanders at the battle of Wakefield in 1460, and Anthony Trollope, the famous novelist, were members of the family.

RELIC OF THE EMDEN.

One of the 4.1in. guns of the German cruiser Emden, which was destroyed by the Australian cruiser Sydney at Cocos Island a year ago, was on Monday placed on view on Horse Guards Parade, near the Admiralty buildings, London.

The gun has its mountings intact, and no damage is apparent. The breach is open, and above it there is the inscription, cut into the metal, "No. 407 L. Friedrich Krupp."

Since it was brought to this country the gun has been stored in the naval dockyard at Portsmouth.

CHARGE OF WORKING TOO MUCH.

Before the Manchester Munitions Court, the strange complaint was made against a munition worker, John Massland, of Ashton-avenue, Altrincham, Cheshire, that he worked too much.

He was summoned for leaving his work without permission, and a member of the firm who employed him said that he had put in time which was almost impossible for any man to work. In spite of warnings and instructions, he had failed to put in his check at the proper time, and they had been unable to get him off the premises.

The chairman, Mr. P. Atkin, making an order for Massland to return to work, told him not to work such ridiculously long hours.

SUCCESSES IN CAMEROONS.

The Nigerian Government has issued the following statement with regard to the fighting in German East Africa:—

"Bamenda was occupied by a Nigerian force under Major J. Crookenden (East Kent Regiment and West African Frontier Force) on October 21.

"On October 24 the important position of Banyo was occupied by Brigadier-General F. H. G. Cunliffe after an action in which at least three Germans and twenty-five native rank and file were killed.

"The casualties of the British force were four natives killed and nine wounded."

For a memorial to Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, M.P. for the borough, who was killed in action, a fund is to be opened at Cardiff.

Paris is to have a bronze bas-relief of Miss Cavell's execution.

The British steamer Friargate (264 tons) has been sunk, five survivors of the crew being landed.

LORD KITCHENER.

OFFICIAL DENIAL OF RESIGNATION STORY.

VISIT TO THE BALKANS.

On Saturday the Government issued, through the Press Bureau, two announcements with reference to the position of Earl Kitchener. The first, issued at 6.20 p.m., was as follows:—

"Lord Kitchener, at the request of his colleagues, has left England for a short visit to the Eastern theatre of war."

The second, sent out at 10.35 p.m., ran:—

"The statement that Lord Kitchener had resigned his post as Secretary of State for War has already been authoritatively denied.

"It is equally untrue to suggest that Lord Kitchener has tendered his resignation, or that his visit to the King had any relation to any such subject, or that his visit to the Eastern theatre of war in any way betoken that such a resignation is contemplated.

"On the contrary, this visit is undertaken by him in discharge of his duty as Secretary of State for War, which duty he has no intention of abandoning."

CONFERENCE WITH GENERAL JOFFRE.

The Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" says that on his way to Marseilles from Salonika, Earl Kitchener stopped a few hours in Paris and conferred with the Prime Minister, M. Briand; the Minister of War, General Gallieni; and the Commander-in-Chief, General Joffre. These conversations, I am able to say, were detailed and exhaustive, and the decisions come to were of the highest importance as regards the Allied action in the Balkans.

Lord Kitchener's mission to the Near East, which he knows better than anybody else, has given the greatest satisfaction here. No one, of course, on this side ever believed the report of Lord Kitchener's resignation from the War Office. French confidence in the British Secretary for War is as great as that of England in the French Commander-in-Chief. The closest conferences have, of course, already many times been held at the front by Lord Kitchener and General Joffre together. This time the Prime Minister and General Gallieni, Minister of War, were also present.

These conversations were, and always are, held in French. Lord Kitchener always refused the assistance of an interpreter, and always conferred alone with General Joffre. The latter speaks no English, but Lord Kitchener, though not precisely fluent, is at ease in French. At any rate, General Joffre himself is a cool, deliberate, and precise speaker in his own language, and the two military chiefs thus get on well together, being more or less of the same temperament. For instance, in London the other day General Joffre at the conferences sat down, brought plans and documents out of his pocket, put them on the table, and explained them in the plainest and slowest French. In fact, General Joffre is almost more English than the English in economy of words and in his genius for getting straight to the point.

LONDON PAPER RAIDED.

The Press Bureau on Saturday evening published the following:—

"This afternoon Chief Inspector Fowler, with other police officers, acting under the authority of Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., as competent military authority, entered the premises of the 'Globe' newspaper and seized all copies of the newspaper for yesterday and to-day, together with the printing plant and type."

Detective-Inspector Fowler was accompanied by nine detectives. They ordered the stoppage of the machines, and seized all the available copies of the paper of Friday and Saturday, with certain files and correspondence. They also cut off the electric current which fed the machines in the process of printing, and removed the papers and stereotypes in a pantechnicon to Scotland Yard.

Two of the "Globe" contents bills on Saturday read: "Kitchener and the Politicians," and "Lord Kitchener. The 'Globe' reassures."

LANDLORD AND SOLDIERS' MOTHER

At the Bow County-court a wounded soldier, one of five brothers who are with the colours, made a protest against his parents being "thrown into the street" for non-payment of rent.

When the landlord of the house at Charlton-road, Walthamstow, asked for an order that the premises should be given up, the soldier's mother appeared, and said that trouble over the rent began when her sons went to the war. She had five sons fighting for the country, two of them had been wounded, and there were three other children at home.

The judge made an order for possession in 21 days, whereupon a wounded soldier, with a lance-corporal's stripe, stepped forward and asked the judge if he considered it fair for an attempt to be made to throw his aged mother and father into the street at a time when their five sons were fighting for their country.

"It gives a man no heart to fight," he said.

The judge pointed out that the soldier's father was in work.

"Two days a week, and he is over sixty," the soldier replied. "Resources are crippled because we go to the war, and then they are to be thrown out. She (his mother) offered to pay 5s. a week as soon as she got the money."

The judge pointed out that no action had been taken from June 1 to October 1, and advised the soldier to see the landlord's agent and arrange terms.

"DEAD" COLONEL ALIVE.

Mrs. Vansittart, the wife of Colonel Eden Vansittart, of the 8th West Kents, who received official notification at her home in Exmouth on Sept. 26th that her husband had been killed in the battle of Loos, has received a letter from the Colonel.

Writing from Crefeld, Germany, on October 25th, Colonel Vansittart states that he is lying wounded in the prisoners' hospital there and is doing well.

Mrs. Vansittart received something like 300 letters of condolence when the report of her husband's death was received, and a memorial service was held in London.

For attempting to ship motor-car tyres to Norway, Henry Herbert Spencer, a ship's stores merchant, of North Shields, was at Newcastle fined £60.

A war bonus of 5s. weekly has been granted by the North-Eastern Railway to clerks with less than 5½d. per week. Youths under 18 will receive a bonus of 2s.

To combat high coal prices, Lord Tennyson, of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, has bought a quantity of coal, which he will sell at 30s. 3d. a ton.

The sisters and their brother, Mrs. Quarrington, Mrs. Milner, Mrs. Collier, and Mr. Hall, of Reade, near High Wycombe, Bucks, aged respectively 84, 81, 78, 71,

BRITISH NAVAL LOSS.

BOARDING STEAMER SUNK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

On Monday afternoon the Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement:—

"On the 5th inst. his Majesty's armed boarding steamer Tara, Captain Rupert Gwatkin Williams, R.N. (retired), was attacked by the enemy submarines in the Eastern Mediterranean and sunk. Thirty-four of the crew are reported missing."

STATUE TO CAPTAIN SCOTT.

MR. BALFOUR'S TRIBUTE TO THE NAVY.

A statue of Captain Scott has been unveiled by Mr. Balfour at Waterloo-place, London. The statue, erected by officers of the Fleet, was executed by Lady Scott, the dead explorer's wife. Lady Scott and little Peter, her son, witnessed the unveiling ceremony. Mr. Balfour, in the course of his speech, said: It is not a bad thing, when the British Fleet is supporting the whole of the Entente Powers in their efforts against Germany and Austria, that we should remember how also has been the performance of the Fleet in times of peace. The familiar quotation tells us that 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,' and the victories of his sailor whose great performances we are here to commemorate was a hero of one of those peaceful victories which nevertheless resemble victories of war more than most victories of peace in that it involved danger, struggle, and a heroic death.

"Captain Scott showed all the great qualities of a British sailor, a British explorer, a British man of science. His services to knowledge were great. He perished in carrying out a great work, and we did well to celebrate his memory and to place for perpetual record of his fame the statue which I am about to unveil.

"His statue has been made by Lady Scott," added Mr. Balfour. "It is not only to loving hands but to an eye that knew and to a memory that recorded, and to an artist so endowed that this statue is owed. We who look upon it and those who come after us will be able to look upon this memorial of Captain Scott and say: 'Thus he appeared to those who knew him in life and it was portrayed by one who has left an immortal testimony of him after his death.'"

NURSE SUES COUNTY COUNCIL.

Before the Reclaiming County-court Miss Lilian Kate Cassell, nurse, of Croydon, sued Mr. Reginald Hodges, clerk to the Visiting Committee of the Surrey County Council's Lunatic Asylum at Brookwood, claiming £1 16s. 4d., one month's wages in lieu of notice, and £2 16s. 4d. as repayment of amount contributed to superannuation fund.

The case, it was stated, was of importance not only to plaintiff, but to other nurses dismissed at the same time.

It appeared that a particular nurse was engaged, and a few days afterwards it was found that her head was verminous. Some patients were infected, and plaintiff and other nurses in the same ward were asked to submit their heads to medical examination. Plaintiff and the other nurses declined to do so on the ground that it was insulting to their dignity. On the matter being reported to the Visiting Committee the nurses were summarily dismissed.

In giving judgment his Honour said plaintiff had not refused to obey an order to perform any of the duties which were within the contract of employment. Although from a disciplinary point of view it was a perfectly reasonable request, it would be going a little too far to hold that the refusal of the plaintiff in the circumstances was a breach of discipline which entitled the Visiting Committee to dismiss her summarily. He thought it unfortunate that the plaintiff adopted the attitude she did, but as she maintained what he thought to be her legal right he was entitled to succeed. He gave judgment for the plaintiff for the amount claimed.

Leave to appeal was granted.

BRITISH PRISONERS ISOLATED.

Reports by Mr. Lithgow Osborne, of the American Embassy at Berlin, on seven camps for prisoners of war in Saxony and Silesia, have been issued by the Press Bureau. In each of these camps—which are occupied by large numbers of French and Russians—there are British prisoners, but in only one case does the total exceed thirteen, and at four camps the numbers are one, two, three, and two respectively.

This isolation was complained of by the men concerned, and in a communication from the Foreign Office to the American Ambassador, dated November 2, it is pointed out that the situation of the British prisoners in these cases must necessarily be much aggravated by their isolation amongst such large masses of prisoners of other nationalities with whom they are practically unable to communicate, or to find themselves in complete sympathy.

"Sir E. Grey thinks that the German authorities will have no difficulty in appreciating the justice of the complaints put forward by them, if they consider what would be the position of a few German soldiers interned amongst large numbers of prisoners of alien race, say, for instance, with Ottoman troops, and he will be greatly obliged if Mr. Gerard will be good enough to bring the matter again to the notice of the German Government, with a view to bringing about the removal of such British prisoners as may desire it to camps where they will enjoy the advantage of associating to a greater extent with their fellow-countrymen."

AT A SNAIL'S PACE.

Light travels at what to us is the inconceivable speed of 186,405 miles a second, but in the language of the spheres that is merely a snail's pace. The light from many stars has been travelling towards us for centuries and has not yet arrived. Similarly our own light has taken centuries to reach distant world's, and if there be anyone there watching the earth through some tremendous telescope he will be looking at a chariot race in ancient Rome, or pausing in review the battle of Thermopylæ, while another on a star a few million miles nearer may be gazing with a bewildered look at the mad carnage of Waterloo.

The widow of a prisoner who died in Pentonville Prison, at the inquest thanked the governor and staff for the kind treatment of her husband, who during his illness had received many attract. soup, eggs, grapes, and other luxuries. He could not, she said, have received better treatment in a private institution.

Following the recent arbitration between the City corporation and the lessees of Spitalfields Market and surrounding properties, the arbitrator has awarded the lessee, who claimed £600,000, a sum of £264,500.

The Master of Marlborough College (the Rev. Wm. J. Wynes Wilson, D.D.) has been appointed to a canonry in Salisbury Cathedral.

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THE FATAL ROOM

BY

JAMES McELDERRY,

Author of "The Veil of Circumstance," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOMAN IN BLUE.

Although Santiago and Tocqueville parted at the corner of Guelder Street, where the former hailed a cab, Santiago himself, as I had anticipated, returned direct to Eddlesham Court; and, having made a few effective changes in my disguise as I was whirled after him to St. Pancras, I followed him to Warling Station, and then set out to walk the distance to the Court, in this way timing my arrival considerably later than Santiago's.

There was a slight frost, with a clear sky, and the walk had the effect of bracing me as nothing else had done for many days. Nearing the end of my journey, I was about to take a short cut across some fields by a footpath-way when I was pulled up short by a figure vaulting lightly over a stile in front of me.

I suppose my nerves had been a little overstrained during our recent amazing experiences, and that I made a quick movement with my hand in the direction of my pocket. At any rate, Hollow laughed softly.

"I think, Vincent," he said, "that the time for that is not yet. There is someone whom I would prefer to see receive that compliment a few hours at least before myself. . . . Santiago returned half an hour since, and so I expected you would not be very far behind, and that you would take this road—a very discreet proceeding, which shows that you are advancing in the right direction. I am now anxious to know one thing only—what has become of Tocqueville?"

"My dear Hollow, it is impossible for me, as I hope you will realise, to follow two different men going in two different directions. He parted from Santiago at the corner of Guelder Street, and I imagine that he has motored down, and is by this time safe in bed at the Court. Are you certain he did not arrive before Santiago?"

"Absolutely certain. When we return I shall know whether he has arrived in our absence. I have set the rather astute little servant who noticed Detaille's eccentricity on the night of the murder to watch for him. I may tell you that, although I have satisfied myself that Tocqueville left the house before Santiago, both Denmark and Dolores believe him to be busy upon MSS of Mrs. Denmark's, and before leaving he had light refreshments sent up to his room to last him, he said, for the rest of the day. And now for your news. I take it that you have discovered—nothing?"

"On the contrary, I have discovered that both Santiago and Tocqueville went up to town to be present at a dress rehearsal of a somewhat curious musical-comedy-melodrama, of which Walden appears to be actor-manager and star!" I retorted.

And then I told him, not without a certain hesitation in the telling, of the amazing assembly into which I had forced my way. To my surprise, he did not laugh, but remained quite silent until we had almost reached the house. Then he said:

"I think you under-rate the importance of this thing, Vincent. Walden is not the man to indulge in opera-bouffe. I am not at all certain that, knowing what I know of him, I should have had the pluck to do as you did, and enter the house alone. I fancy there is a good deal more in this than meets the eye. How much, I do not think that even had you known your Spanish perfectly we should have been able to do more than guess. Well, in any case, I am tremendously indebted to you. Ah, there is the signal."

While he was speaking a light had flashed across one of the windows twice, in opposite directions.

"It means?" I asked.

"That Tocqueville has not returned. Now Denmark told me, when he gave me a latchkey, that no one else in the house holds one. I have satisfied myself that all the doors are locked. What I want to know is, how Tocqueville, when he returns, will gain admittance to the house. Will he go by way of the creeper? I noticed that the window at the end of the passage was not fastened properly."

We took up positions at opposite ends of the house, from which we could command all the entrances, and Hollow the western wing, and here we waited for a little over an hour. Then, in the distance, on the London Road, we heard the throbbing of a motor, which stopped almost immediately. Presently there were sounds of a footstep crossing the drive. I stifled a yawn, and moved a trifle nearer my friend. To tell the truth, I was beginning to grow tired of these nocturnal vigils which brought us so little satisfaction, and I realised that every day must inevitably make our chances of discovering the murderer we sought more and more remote.

Tocqueville disappeared among the shrubs about thirty yards away from us, and for some fifteen minutes there was silence. Then an owl hooted—once, and afterwards three times in quick succession. It was well and cleverly done; but there was no mistaking the nature of the signal.

Tocqueville moved swiftly to an entrance at the back of the house, and as he did so the door opened and he passed in. But by the light of the stars we had seen, framed in the doorway before he entered, the figure of a tall woman of queenly bearing, draped in some filmy garment of deep blue.

I looked at Hollow, startled almost into an exclamation of astonishment. Truly mystery followed mystery in this extraordinary household; for that the woman we had seen was no servant, even the brief second in which we had seen her revealed. There was too much grace and unconscious pride of carriage for that. And yet Denmark had said, and Dolores and Manning had assured us, that there was no guest staying in the house save the three we had met, and ourselves.

Obviously she had been listening for the signal, for her response had been so prompt that she must have been stationed very near the door. Obviously, too, she was in some way in league with Tocqueville—perhaps with Walden also. But all the same, it was utterly ridiculous to suppose that she was staying in even the most remote part of the great house without Denmark or any of the servants being aware of her presence.

We drew further back into the shrubs that concealed us, and Hollow said: "Vincent, this is getting a little too mysterious for safety. We appear to have run into the midst of not one mystery but a dozen conspiracies. Perhaps we had better go back to the house. We should be too late to discover the meaning of this meeting of Tocqueville's with the woman, but we can at least watch the staircases in the hope of finding out in what part of the house she has been concealed."

"Of course," I said, "you will insist upon an explanation from Denmark in the morning?"

"I shall demand an explanation. Whether I shall receive one is another matter."

"You do not think it would be better for one of us to remain here in case either the woman herself or Tocqueville should leave the house?"

"I do not think it likely that that will happen. She would hardly leave by herself, and had Tocqueville intended to go out again he would be scarcely likely to return to the house at all. No, I think it best that we should go together. If we see nothing we can at least pick up any further messages left us by our friend of the Fatal Room—or his emissary."

We made our way in silence to the front of the house, and let ourselves in by means of Hollow's key, turning at once in the direction of the ill-fated western wing. Hollow was in front of me as we went down the passage leading to the corridor, and just before we reached the junction of the two he pulled up short, blundering awkwardly on to my toes.

I drew a little to one side. But it was too late. There was no screen between us and the thing on which Hollow's eyes were fixed.

Very slowly the door of the dressing-room belonging to the Fatal Room was being opened from within. I drew in my breath sharply, and waited. The door opened another inch, and then another. Then it was pulled sharply and silently inwards, and there stood before us, in the act of emerging from the room, the Woman in Blue, whom we had seen but a little while before admit the French secretary into the house.

Almost before we realised it she had seen us and drawn back, and the door slammed noisily. I sprang forward, only to find that I had not been quick enough and that she had shot the bolts on the inside.

"Don't move, Vincent, until I tell you to," Hollow called sharply. "If she gets through the Fatal Room and bolts the door of the ante-room, we are done."

Already, as he spoke, he was dashing down the corridor, and a second later I heard his key grate in the lock and the door open. I breathed a sigh of relief. We were now within an ace of learning one at least of the secrets of Eddlesham Court. The door communicating between the Fatal Room and the dressing-room into which the Woman in Blue had disappeared had all its bolts upon Hollow's side, while I remembered that he held the key. Even if the woman had in some mysterious way obtained a duplicate key, it would, therefore, be a difficult matter to obtain admittance to the dressing-room.

My breath came and went in great gasps. Had Fate played into our hands, and were we now upon the verge of learning everything we desired to know? Inside the room I could hear no movement. Once, behind me, as I waited for a signal from Hollow, or the unbolting of the door at which I stood, I fancied that I detected the sound of a footstep at the end of the passage. But it was not repeated, and I concluded that I had been mistaken.

The minutes dragged by. At last I could hear Hollow unbolting the communicating-door. I watched the corridor anxiously, listening at the same time for voices within the room before me. But none came. Only once I heard a smothered exclamation from Hollow. And immediately afterwards there was silence again. Was the woman armed, and had he retreated hastily into the Fatal Room?

The bolts shot back. I fingered my revolver nervously, determined even to fire and disarm her rather than allow her to escape by intimidating me. Then the door swung back, and I found myself pointing a deadly little Browning at—Hollow himself.

I reeled a little where I stood. His face was ghastly pale, and his mouth worked, twitching spasmodically in spite of his effort to compose himself. I went forward in a half-frightened silence, a hundred questions framing themselves in my mind. There was no one in the room. Pushing Hollow roughly aside, I shut the door and bolted it. Then I rushed through into the Fatal Room. It was empty. Had Hollow been guilty of the unspeakable folly of allowing the woman to escape? Had the woman proved to be—Dolores? But then, I had watched the corridor up to the time I entered the dressing-room. If she had escaped she could be barely clear of the ante-room door by now.

I rushed across the room, determined to assure myself that it was Dolores and no other. The bolts—three in number—on the ante-room door stared at me mockingly. I think then that I, in turn, must have paled. I know that a kind of cold sweat began to drip from my forehead and stung my eyes as I went back into the dressing-room and stared at Hollow helplessly. And then, although I knew well that it was not so, I said:

"So, of course, after all it was Dolores—and you let her go."

"Good heavens, Vincent, don't jest!" he said. "She was here—in this room. The door before which you stood was bolted when I entered. She couldn't have got out. You couldn't have let her go. And yet, she isn't here. We saw her go in—there was no way out! She isn't in the Fatal Room! You can see for yourself! What does it mean? She has vanished into thin air! She can't have escaped, and yet she isn't here! For heaven's sake, Vincent, speak! What does it mean? What has become of her?"

"Obviously she has gone," I said, staring stupidly at him, "and obviously there is no way out! Hollow, I think we are a little mad! First Walden and then her—this amazing Woman in Blue. It is some trick—some hallucination—some devilry of Tocqueville's! Or are we mad?"

I went towards the window and stared at it. It was fastened. It was too small, besides, for anything bigger than a dog to have escaped by it—so far as the extent to which it could be opened was concerned.

"But Walden—you don't tell me Walden was a shadow—some devilry of Tocqueville's?"

As he stared savagely at me a thought flashed across my brain.

"Suppose, Hollow," I said, "we have both proved ourselves fools, and both these windows—this and the one in the Fatal Room—open bodily outwards or inwards, frame and all?"

"We have certainly proved ourselves fools, Vincent. But we have not been quite such fools as to overlook that possibility. No, the windows do not open bodily inwards or outwards. They are quite firmly fixed. And the Woman in Blue has gone by a way that is not. It does seem that we are perhaps more than a little mad."

"Yes," I said, "I do not think that we can any longer doubt it. Not that it surprises me. Still, it is a little sad."

I do not know how I found the heart to jest, but after that a long silence fell between us. It was Hollow who broke it. He said:

"All the same, Vincent, hallucinations don't open doors to people who wish to enter houses unobserved, and I am going to prove that there are elements of sanity in us still. I am going to remain in these rooms alone until the morning, and I am going to do a little investigation and a great deal of thinking. You would oblige me if you would watch the house. If you see the Woman in Blue, do not on any account permit her to escape without sharing with you her secret of sudden dissolution."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHO IS THE WOMAN IN BLUE?

I remember searching for a heavy overcoat, and going out in obedience to Hollow's request. I remember searching for some time for a suitable place of concealment from which I could command all sides of the house, and finding it after difficulty a few hundred yards away from the western wing. And lastly, I remember gazing up at the stars, searching the heavens vainly for a solution to the apparently insoluble problem. And that is all. But I know that no answer came to me, and that I did not watch very well, for in a little time I fell asleep, and only the fingers of the dawn, stretching slowly across the sky, awakened me.

When I went in to the house, Hollow met me in the corridor leading to the Fatal Room.

"Well?" I asked him, "you have solved the mystery of the Woman in Blue's disappearance, and with it, perhaps, the mystery of the Fatal Room?"

"No! No! I have solved nothing—done nothing, Vincent. I am beaten—utterly baffled at the moment. I have searched for the thing that must be, and have only succeeded in convincing myself that it is not. That hardly advances matters. You have seen nothing suspicious during the night?"

"I have to ask your forgiveness, Hollow. I was dog-tired and I slept—goodness knows how many hours."

He went away without saying anything, and I did not see him until shortly after breakfast, when he called me into the smoking-room. Before I had time to close the door Denmark put in an appearance.

Hollow turned to him at once, and I saw a look of pity cross my friend's face. In truth, I have rarely seen a more pitiful figure than Denmark presented at this time, contrasted with what he had been a few months since. From a stout and healthy man he seemed to have changed to a shadowy, cadaverous, nerve-racked semblance of his former self.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Hollow, about—about some discovery you have made, perhaps?"

Hollow pushed a chair into the light and waved a hand towards it.

"You are far from well, Mr. Denmark. Please take the chair. You will have to take very great care of yourself if you are to avoid a total collapse. . . ."

"Yes. I wanted to see you, Mr. Denmark, about a discovery I have made. I wanted to see you because I must know at once exactly why you are harbouring in your house a woman whom we will call, for the sake of picturesqueness, the Woman in Blue."

He broke off, and I saw Denmark's cheeks turn a little yellow. But he said, choking back something in his throat:

"You talk in riddles, Mr. Hollow—harbouring—the Woman in Blue—yes, picturesque, certainly. Still, I do not follow you."

"On the contrary, Mr. Denmark, you understand me perfectly, and I do not talk in riddles. I want to know exactly who the Woman in Blue is, and why she is in hiding here. And I intend to know this, because without that knowledge I cannot proceed with my investigations. Whether you inform me, or deny with your lips what your eyes have admitted, is your own concern. But do not let us have any more subterfuge about it. Mr. Denmark, I am here on a serious enough and ghastly enough business. Don't try to play the fool with me."

"Mr. Hollow," Denmark said, angrily, "this is intolerable. I allow no man to insult me even in my own house. I have told you that you talk in what are riddles to me, and I repeat it. What folly is this that you talk about a Woman in Blue? How dare you presume to threaten me—to suggest that I lie to you?"

He raised his fist above his head, and for one instant I feared that he would strike Hollow. My friend, however, did not flinch, remaining in the position in which he stood, his eyes fixed coldly but immovably upon Denmark's face. And presently Denmark's arm dropped to his side again.

"I talk in no riddles, and I talk no folly, Mr. Denmark. Last night this woman, who was dressed in some garment of blue network stuff, and whose face I saw, let into the house Tocqueville, your dead wife's secretary, about half-past twelve—or at any rate shortly after midnight."

He paused for a space, and in the silence I could hear Denmark's breath coming and going in what seemed almost heavy sobs, while his eyes were filled with a very malignity of hatred such as we had seen on the first occasion he had mentioned Tocqueville. He did not speak, however, and Hollow went on:

"Afterwards we saw her in the corridor leading to the Fatal Room. She disappeared into the dressing-room adjoining, and bolted the door. Vincent remained guarding the door, while I myself burst through the ante-room into the Fatal Room, and thence into the dressing-room into which we had seen her go. Now she had never made her way into the Fatal Room, because the communicating door was bolted against her; yet when I made my way into the dressing-room she was no longer there. At one moment she was; and at the next she was not! It is because of this extraordinary phenomenon, which is the key to all these mysteries of the Fatal Room—to all these deaths—that I want to know her name and why you are hiding her, and that I mean to meet her face to face and to force her to reveal what she knows."

Hollow had spoken quickly at the last, pouring out his words in a loud voice, till they carried with them something of the rush of an overwhelming torrent. And under them Denmark seemed suddenly to crumple like a limp, wet rag. As Hollow described our imprisonment of the woman and our search for her, his eyes stood almost out of his head in a kind of bewildered frenzy of terror. When my friend had ceased speaking and looked up at him angrily, he was standing beside a small desk, against which he vainly endeavoured to steady himself, and shaking like an aspen.

"But," he said, in a subdued, earnest voice, "the thing is impossible—impossible! It—it is some awful hallucination. Dolores—must never hear of this. Mr. Hollow, I swear to you by all I hold sacred that there is no one in any part of this house to my knowledge whom you have not met. This—this thing is incredible—awful! You don't realise what it means! I—I shall go away—from this, the only place I have ever cared for. But you must probe this thing to the bottom, Mr. Hollow, and, thank God, you need spare no expense. It is utterly—utterly incredible. And yet—— I don't know. I shall go away. I could never sleep safely while——"

And then he turned away towards the window, and we heard him say, almost as though it were a prayer, under his breath:

"Margaret! Margaret! My Margaret!"

For a little while Hollow did not move. Then he beckoned to me to go out, and as he followed me I heard him say:

"I—I think I understand, Mr. Denmark. Then that is all that I can know—for the present?"

And Denmark answered nothing. Whereupon I began to search for light in darkness. What had Hollow kept from me? Had he some clue to the identity of the Woman in Blue, some suspicion which he had forced Denmark to confirm by deliberately arousing his wrath?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "BAT AND BALL" INN.

It was late that evening when, having made a journey to our bungalow for the purpose of bringing back some books with which I intended to while away my hours of inaction at the Court, I again came upon Hollow and Dolores in the garden. Coming across the park I could see them long before they caught sight of me, and as they paced up and down I noticed that their faces were turned ever towards each other. And from that I knew that, for Hollow at least, all thought of the Fatal Room had vanished for the time that they were together.

Perhaps I made a good deal of noise in crossing some of the gravel paths. At all events, they heard me before I came up to them, and they were a little further apart, looking away from, instead of toward, each other. For a moment I wondered whether Hollow had made some advance which had frightened the girl, and which she had met by a repulse. A single glance at her face, however, reassured me. How little Hollow guessed the gift the gods had for him!

Just as I was about to turn into the house a thought struck me, and I said:

"Of course, by this time, Hollow, you have learned from Miss Denmark the identity of her spirit-like guest, the Woman in Blue?"

I had spoken carelessly, more in jest than in earnest or with any definite purpose, and to my surprise I saw Dolores stop and look up into Hollow's face with a little gasp of surprise upon her lips, and, I fancied, a slightly fearful glint in her wide-open eyes.

"No—I didn't ask Miss Denmark," he said. "I do not think it will be long before I shall be in a position to discover that for myself. I do not think we ought to add more to her burden than she has already had to bear."

"Ah, but I don't understand, Mr. Hollow, and you must explain," said Dolores. "Do you mean that you also have seen the Woman in Blue? Tell me, where did you see her? I have seen her only in the corridor of the west wing, and on the east and west staircases."

There was a childish ingenuousness and anxiety about the tone in which she asked the question that brought a smile to my lips; but a moment later I understood. For as Hollow told her of our discoveries her eyes widened and she began to laugh a little; then she said:

"Yes, you know all the curtains in those windows are blue—a very dark blue, though the cloth is not thick. I believe it is some kind of art stuff—the kind of thing some of the painters invent, isn't it? Or an imitation? You know what I mean. I am certain that it must be emanations of colour from the curtains, brought out by the moonlight playing on them. Isn't it curious? I believe those psychical people would think it was a ghost, don't you? And, really, it's rather creepy sometimes."

"Y—yes," said Hollow.

And then I realised that she had imagined his story to be only partially a relation of what had happened, and I knew that the thing we had seen had been very substance. And I said:

"That is rather a clever explanation of yours, Dolores—about the emanations of colour."

"It is not altogether mine, Mr. Vincent. I think I took it—partly, at any rate—from M. Tocqueville," she confessed.

Which was precisely the reply I expected.

• • • • • •

In the evening, long after the household had retired, we remained in the library, sitting in the darkness and talking in whispers intermittently. We had chosen this room because it lay near the foot of the central flight of stairs, upon which we had arranged to conceal ourselves during the night, and in the period of waiting for a suitable time to take up our positions I put a question to my friend which I did not think he could well evade.

"I find it difficult to account for Denmark's attitude in this matter of the Woman in Blue, as we will call her, Hollow. Do you think that he is sheltering her for some reason of his own, or that he is in possession of some information bearing on the murder that he is afraid to communicate to us? Or was his agitation due merely, in your opinion, to surprise and fear?"

"As you ask the question, Vincent, I may tell you that I have come to the conclusion that he has received a warning that has very seriously disturbed him. I believe that he has lost his nerve entirely, and that he dare not—at the moment, at any rate—tell us anything which could be of the slightest use to us, or which might conceivably lead to the arrest of the murderer. Also, I believe that it is Tocqueville of whom he is afraid, despite his hatred of him. I think I will take the left side, leaving you the right, at the head of the stairs."

And at that we went out, working our way noiselessly to the stairway, where Hollow managed to conceal himself among the curtains that draped a window at the foot, and I myself contrived to effect what concealment was possible at the head. Hollow was strongly of opinion that we should see more of the mysterious woman who had evaded us on the previous night, and had determined to miss no opportunity of laying hands upon her.

We had not long to wait. Barely a fraction of a second after the clock on the stables had boomed out the hour of two I heard, behind me in the passage leading from the western corridor, a silken swish of skirts. It came nearer—passed me—and began to grow fainter as the Woman in Blue descended the stairs. I waited, holding my breath, for Hollow to make a movement that would give me a lead.

The seconds dragged like hours. My heart began to pound madly against my sides. She was at the bottom of the stairs, and still Hollow had not moved.

She was gliding across the hall now, and had reached the front door. A blast of cold air swept up the stairs. She had been so heavily muffled that I had not seen her face. Hollow sprang from his hiding-place and tore madly up the stairs. As he passed me he said, quickly:

"Follow her—and, for God's sake, make no mistake. I must go back to the corridor. I shall overtake you if I can."

And then he was gone, and I was taking the stairs five at a time.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

Every time an officer or a seaman goes upon the quarter-deck he salutes it. He never by any chance forgets this, one of the regular customs on board. The quarter-deck is that part of the deck reserved for officers, and many people think that the reason why it is saluted is out of respect for those officers. The why and wherefore of the saluting has a far more interesting origin than that, however, and one has to go back hundreds of years to find the beginning of the custom. In the old days a crucifix used to stand on the quarter-deck. In those days all the sailors were Catholics, and, of course, every time they approached the crucifix they crossed themselves to show their reverence for the holy symbol. It is many a long year ago since the crucifix was there, but the custom of saluting the quarter-deck, which was a result of it, has been handed down in the Navy ever since.

"Whatever I can save in food, by simple living, or by going without things that I can dispense with without harm to myself or society, I will invest and lend to my country. That is my patriotism, that is my bit that I can do."—The Bishop of Lincoln, at Sheffield.

Private William Coles, 26, Army Service Corps, was killed by a motor-omnibus in Lewisham High-road. The coroner's jury exonerated the driver on account of the darkness of the street.

THINGS THOUGHTFUL.

EQUALITY.

As to equality, if by it be meant an equality of property or condition, there is no such thing; nor was there any such a thing in any country since the world began.—Bishop Watson.

RELIGION.

Religion is not something that a man may live without; rather is it the natural, normal fulfilment of life itself, life's blossoming out into perfect beauty and significance. It is the conscious bringing of man's will into harmony with the will of God, with good will, so that henceforth all discords cease, and the individual life makes music with the whole.—M. Brundage.

FAITH.

O living Will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual Rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out the dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trusts,

With faith that comes of self-control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul to soul.

—Tennyson.

THE CHOICE.

Each of us has daily and hourly to choose—to choose between right and wrong, between gratification and duty, between pleasing ourselves to the injury of others, and benefiting others at the cost of self-denial. To choose in the one way is easy, and at the time agreeable; but it means defeat and death. To choose in the other way is difficult, and at the time painful; but it means victory and life. To him that overcometh, and to him alone is it granted to eat of the tree of life.—A. W. Momerie.

MAKING LIFE WORTH WHILE.

You make your life worth while when you make the life of someone else worth while. Men and women are often transformed by service. One thing which makes a mother's life glorious is her unselfish devotion to her child. Love makes her accept every discipline which toil and helpfulness involve. Those who admire lives worth while can only imitate them by service, which develops such lives. Every teacher gets far more out of her preparation of the lesson than she gives to the pupil. Every task well done increases our capacity to do other tasks larger and better.—E. B. Allen.

REAL FORGIVENESS.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying "I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills.—Beecher's "Life Thoughts."

THINE ARE WE.

Lord, we are rivers running to Thy sea,
Our waves and ripples all derived from Thee;
A nothing we should have, a nothing be,
Except for Thee.

Sweet are the waters of Thy shoreless sea;
Make sweet our waters that make haste to Thee;
Pour in Thy sweetness, that ourselves may be
Sweetness to Thee.

—Christina Rossetti.

PLEASURE.

When we have been denied Pleasure for a long space, we no longer crave for her, and when she knocks at our door, we timidly open, fearing that she is but Sorrow in disguise.—Carmen Sylva.

NOT GONE.

Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone—those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will be closed upon you and you will be no more seen.—W. M. Thackeray.

BUILDING BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all perversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—J. Ruskin.

MINE AND THINE.

Two words about the world we see,
And nought but Mine and Thine they be.
Ah! might we drive them forth and wide
With us should rest and peace abide:
All free, nought owned of goods and gear,
By men and women though it were.
Common to all all wheat and wine
Over the seas and up the Rhine.
No manslayer then the wide world o'er
When Mine and Thine are known no more.
Yea, God, well counselled for our health,
Gave all this fleeting earthly wealth
A common heritage to all,
That men might feed them therewithal,
And clothe their limbs and shoe their feet
And live a simple life and sweet.
But now so rageth greediness
That each desireth nothing less
Than all the world, and all his own;
And all for him and him alone.

—William Morris.

COURAGE.

Tenacity of will, or wilfulness, lies at the root of all courage; but courage can rise into true manliness only when the will is surrendered; and the more absolute the surrender of the will, the more perfect will be the temper of our courage and the strength of our manliness.—Thomas Hughes.

REAL COURAGE.

More and more we come to see that courage is a positive thing. It is not simply the absence of fear. To be brave is not merely not to be afraid. Courage is that compactness and clear coherence of all a man's faculties and powers which makes his manhood a single operative unit in the world.—Phillips Brooks.

UNCONQUERABLE.

The soul of man knows that Goodness is right, and believes that it is unconquerable. There is reason for this. Evil trusts to physical force, and physical force can be worn out. Goodness, on the other hand, relies chiefly on that which transcends physical force, and which can be neither tired nor exhausted.—Sir William Crookes, O.M.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

It is pretty clear that the publication of the report of Lord Kitchener's resignation as Secretary for War forced the Government's hands. There was doubtless good reason for keeping secret, at any rate for a time, the fact that Lord Kitchener had gone to the "Eastern theatre of war," but when it was stated that Lord Kitchener had resigned, and when the news was "confirmed" by a news agency, it became necessary in the public interest to deny the report and to state the reason for Lord Kitchener's temporary absence from the War Office. The result is that at home and abroad, in allied, enemy, and neutral countries there is now speculation as to the precise object of Lord Kitchener's mission. As that is obviously what the Government desired to avoid, it is quite easy to see how mischief may be done by irresponsible newspapers. Even if it had been quite certainly true, an announcement so momentous as the resignation of Lord Kitchener, which was bound to cause consternation in the country, ought not to have been given to the public without official permission. Happily, the report was untrue, and Lord Kitchener's absence from the War Office will be only temporary.

Sir William Byles, the "zealous Parliamentarian," as Mr. Asquith called him, is anxious that the House of Commons should sit on four days a week instead of three, as has been the practice for some time. Sir William does not like late sittings, and he is not the only member. The time for the House to rise is eleven o'clock, and now and then the sittings have lasted until midnight and past. Sir William Byles suggested that if another day were taken the hour of rising might be earlier, and members could get home to bed at a decent time. London at night now is not a cheerful place for elderly and home-going M.P.'s, though there is much less traffic in the streets after eleven o'clock than there is at eight or nine. Sir William Byles pleaded rather pathetically that some members are getting older. The Premier could not deny it, but he remarked, perhaps with a sigh of regret, that any alteration of Parliamentary hours could not stop that process. One of the chief reasons for sitting only on three days a week is on account of Ministers, who are already overworked. So the present arrangement is to be continued.

The "no-treating" order does not apply to the House of Commons. That point has been settled to the satisfaction of members. I do not wish to convey the impression that the people's elected representatives are specially anxious to stand treat to one another or even to buy drinks for those of their constituents who may call to see them at Westminster. As a matter of fact, members are particularly abstemious, and what "the trade" calls "minerals" are almost as much in demand as whiskeys-and-sodas. But the House is jealous of its privileges, and it desired to have it definitely placed on record that, as a Royal Palace, it may do as it wishes in this matter. All the same, members might very well have imposed a self-denying ordinance and so shown their willingness to follow in their own case the precepts they have not been backward in giving to others.

Is it possible to induce people to do their shopping in the morning instead of the afternoon? The big West End shops are making the attempt. The reduction in public and private lighting is the chief reason urged, and now that it grows dark early the shoppers themselves are not anxious to be about the streets later than is really necessary. The remedy is in their hands; they must start earlier. For most people it only requires a little extra effort to start a day's shopping directly after breakfast instead of after lunch. To extend the shopping day more evenly over the hours has considerable advantages, both for the customer and the assistants. The nerves and tempers of both will be in better condition for escaping the rush which is now usual at the big establishments in the afternoon. The number of assistants in all the large shops has been largely reduced by enlistment, and Lord Derby's campaign is taking away still more men. This means more work for the assistants who remain, and the habit of late shopping compels many of them to work longer hours than they would otherwise need to do. The motto for shoppers in these days is: Start early and get home before dark.

It looks as though earlier theatres and earlier entertainments generally are to be the rule during the winter. Experiments in this direction have already been made at one theatre, where there have been daily matinées, and three performances a week at half-past five. The time is certainly rather early for patrons who are at business during the day, but to get home comfortably at nine o'clock instead of at midnight is a great advantage in these times. Other theatres are now trying experiments on somewhat similar lines. Several now have daily matinées, with one, two, three, or four evening performances in addition. Most of the managers are at present keeping to the usual hour for the evening performances, but it would not be surprising if they decided later on to open an hour or two hours earlier. The London Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Philharmonic Society are now giving their concerts at a quarter-past six instead of eight o'clock, and those of the Royal Choral Society take place in the afternoon instead of the evening.

A notable piece of railway enterprise is the electrification of that section of the London and South-Western line between Waterloo, Putney, and Wimbledon. The district served is a very important residential one, and large numbers of regular travellers are finding the comfortable new trains and the new service a boon and a blessing. Throughout the day a train runs in each direction every twenty minutes, and the journey has been shortened by six minutes, from Waterloo to Wimbledon now taking twenty-four minutes as compared with thirty minutes by the steam train. Other sections of the electrified line will be opened shortly.

A. E. M.

Sir J. D. Rees, M.P., has undertaken the direction of the Prisoners of War Information Bureau, in succession to Sir Paul Harvey, who has proceeded to America.

The Earl of Guilford, who went to the Dardanelles with the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, is in hospital at Alexandria owing to a breakdown in health.

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Irish Ready-mixed Paints and Brushes.
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Picture Palace,
Newcastle West.

—:o:—

Week Commencing 15th Nov., 1915.

FOUR NIGHTS ONLY,
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

—:o:—

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Special for the Week!
MONDAY 15th.
Munroe Manor Mystery.
Drama.
Banker's Double.
Drama.
When Samuel Skidded.
Comedy.
The Masked Ball.
Comedy.

WEDNESDAY 17th.
Madcap Adventure.
Comedy.
A Life in the Balance.
Drama.
Here Comes the Bride.
Comedy.
Fatty's Wine Party.
Comedy.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 18th and 19th
When Henry Saw the Joke
Comedy.
Eddie's Little Nightmare.
Comedy.
Exclusive Drama:
The Jockey of Death.
4,500 Feet of Sensational Action.
GAUMONT GRAPHIC.

Statutory Notice to Creditors.

In the Goods of MICHAEL DOOLEY, late of Newcastle West, in the County of Limerick, Shopkeeper, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to the Statute 22 and 23 Vic., cap. 35, that all persons claiming to be Creditors as against the estate of the said deceased, who died on the 9th day of July last, are hereby required on or before the 1st day of December next to furnish (in writing) particulars of such claims to the undersigned Solicitor for DAVID DOOLEY, the Administrator of said deceased to whom Administration with the Will annexed was granted on the 6th day of November last forth of the District Registry at Limerick of the King's Bench Division (Probate) of the High Court of Justice in Ireland.

AND NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN that after the said 1st day of December next the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the Assets of the said deceased having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had Notice.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1915.

J. P. LAVAN,
Solicitor for said Administrator,
2, Inis Quay, Dublin, and
Newcastle West.

IMPORTANT
Dental Notice.

—:o:—

Mr. T. D. Hogan

wishes to announce that he attends the following Towns:—

MR. JOHN SHEEHY'S, Main St., Abbeyfeale, every MONDAY.
MRS. H. ENRIGHT, Draper, Bridge St., Newcastle West, every THURSDAY.
MR. JEREMIAH GALVAN'S, Main Street, Listowel, every FRIDAY.
MRS. McCARTHY, Lixnaw, FRIDAY, Fortnightly.

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The Weekly Observer

Registered for Transmission at Newspaper Rate of Postage in the United Kingdom, and at Magazine Rate to Canada and Newfoundland.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1915.

AN ULTIMATUM!

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In last week's issue we quoted extracts from the speeches of the leading members of the Irish Party, all of whom informed the public in the most emphatic manner that there would be no Conscription. We, on the other hand, quoted from the speech of the Premier in the House of Commons, in which he referred to the recruiting question, and we pointed out that should the voluntary system of getting recruits fail he would favour Conscription. The following statement issued last evening by the Press Bureau confirms the view we held on the matter:—

"Lord Derby is authorised by the Prime Minister to express his surprise that his statement in the House of Commons on November 2nd should be considered in any way ambiguous. The Prime Minister on that occasion pledged not only himself but his Government when he stated that if young men did not under the stress of national duty come forward voluntarily other and compulsory means would be taken before the married men were called upon to fulfil their engagements to serve.

"Lord Derby is further authorised to state definitely that if young men medically fit, and not indispensable to any business of national importance, or to any business conducted for the general good of the community, do not come forward voluntarily before November 30th, the Government will after that date take the necessary steps to redeem the pledge made on November 2nd.

"It must be clearly understood that no marriage contracted after registration day—August 15th—will entitle any man to be relegated to the married groups.

"Whether a man is indispensable or not to his business will be decided, not by the man or his employer, but by competent authorities and tribunals, which are being set up to consider such cases.

"The instructions which will be issued to the local tribunals will make adequate provision for dealing with special or exceptional cases."

We have it, therefore, on unimpeachable authority that if eligible young men do not voluntarily come forward and join the army in sufficient numbers before a fortnight, the Government will favour compulsion. It is up to our brave young Irishmen to do their duty in the present crisis, for this is Ireland's war as truly as it is England's war, and the only way for avoiding Conscription is by a prompt and generous response to the appeal for recruits.

Newcastle Picture Palace.

For to-night (Friday) the programme includes one of the most exciting melodramas ever produced entitled **"413."** The story deals with a gang of Diamond Smugglers, and is brimful of thrilling incidents culminating in a realistic train smash. Next week's programme is of the usual high class order. On Monday night, "The Munroe Manor Mystery," a Drama of bewildering surprises. This drama was, we believe, shown before, but quite a number of people have asked to have it shown again. On Wednesday night a splendid Railroad Drama will be screened entitled "A Life in the Balance." This film gives an interesting view of life on the American Railroads. On Thursday and Friday night, the superb film, "The Jockey of Death" will be screened. This photo play is by far the most ambitious of anything shown here before, and patrons would do well not to miss an opportunity of seeing this picture.

Remarkable Occurrence.

ABBEYFEALE PRIEST STABBED.

A remarkable occurrence is reported from Abbeyfeale. It appears that last Monday, which was fair day in Abbeyfeale, two brothers named McMahon were fighting. Rev. Father Carr, C.C., came on the scene, and was appealed to by the mother of the combatants to separate them. Father Carr responded to the appeal, and in his efforts to separate the McMahons he got stabbed in the neck. One of the McMahon's was subsequently arrested, and was brought before a magistrate, who remanded him in custody for eight days.

Abbeyfeale Fair.

The supply of cattle at Monday's great November fair was up to the standard of the old patents, and it was satisfactory to note an improvement in prices in several departments. In some instances calves, four to six months' old, reached the exceptional price of £9 to £10. The average price was about £4 10s. Springers, £15 to £23; two-year old heifers, £9 to £13; three-year olds, calving about May, £14 to £17 10s.; strippers, £8 to £12; 78s. to 80s. per cwt. were paid for pigs at the pig market. Mr. J. J. Cahill, Ballaugh, got £15 15s. for a heavy sow.

Co. Limerick Magistrate Volunteers.

Abbeyfeale, Wednesday.

Mr. Wm. L. Creaghe Harnett, J.P., Moyusha House, Abbeyfeale, has volunteered for service with the East Lancashires (late 30th Foot), being the regiment in which his grandfather, Capt. Lockwood, was wounded at Waterloo.

J. S. Pegum, F.R.C.S., has returned to South Quay, Newcastle West.

Kilmallock Sessions.

The adjudicating magistrates at the above on Thursday were Messrs. H. Hardy, R.M. (in the chair); Dr. Byrne, J. Fleming, and T. Griffiths.

Edward Murnane, Kilbreedy, was charged at the prosecution of District Inspector Reid, with unlawfully entering an orchard for the purpose of stealing three bags of apples, the property of William Hurley, Glenfield.

Mr. J. J. Power, solr., Kilmallock, defended, and Mr. R. Fox, solr., Kilmallock, held a watching brief for Mr. Hurley.

Mr. Power said that perhaps he could shorten the case, as his client did not want to go upon technicalities, and he had instructed him to plead guilty. Mr. Murnane was a most respectable man, having a large orchard of his own. It was not a case of real stealing but a case of a man forgetting that he was no longer a school boy. The greatest men had done the same thing, and one member of the Cabinet was often flogged for doing it. Mr. Murnane had instructed him that he was passing, and hearing a noise he went into the orchard, and the bags of apples were already collected, and he had only eaten a couple of apples when the police came there. Whatever damage Mr. Hurley had suffered would be made good, and he would ask the Bench to leave Mr. Murnane out under the First Offenders' Act.

Mr. Hardy said they would allow the defendant out under the Probation of Offenders' Act, and he could now go away and conduct himself in future.

Constable Morton charged Thomas Higgins and William O'Grady with fighting on the public street at Kilmallock on the 14th Oct. Their conduct at both sides was equally bad. O'Grady explained that Higgins irritated him by making noises with his mouth, and it was all over a land dispute.

Both defendants were fined 5s. and costs.

George Houlihan charged John Gilston with assaulting him by striking him two blows on the face on the 16th Oct. There was no provocation. Fined 10s. and costs.

Maria Henery charged Mary Turner with abusive and threatening language. Mr. J. J. Power, solr., Kilmallock, represented complainant, and Mr. R. Fox, solr., Kilmallock, defended.

Complainant stated that some time previously she lost a badge belonging to her husband, who had been in the Cape Mounted Police and was now at the Front. She saw the badge with defendant and took it from her, and her life had been made a burden to her by the defendant's conduct.

Mr. Fox said that the badge bore the letter I.C.H.D.I.A., and was the German for "I serve," and it had been given to the Prince of Wales at one time.

Defendant was bound to the peace for 12 months.

Glin District Council.

The monthly meeting of the Glin District Council was held on Tuesday, Mr. Denis O'Brien, M.C.C., presiding. Also present:—Messrs. Patrick O'Shaughnessy, M.C.C.; Patrick Culhane, Michael Culnane, Patrick N. Fitzgerald, and Timothy J. Scanlan.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy (Clerk), and Mr. J. Mooney, C.E., were in attendance.

Regarding the cottages advertised to be repaired.

The Clerk said a tender was presented to her by Mr. Dore after 12 o'clock, but she refused to receive it.

The Council decided to consider it, as no others had been received.

The Chairman said there was no money to pay for these repairs, and likely a contractor would not like to wait until they would be in a position to pay him. The only chance would be to borrow the money from the Bank, and they should first see whether the Manager would give an overdraft.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy said he would be for repairing these five houses, which their Engineer had, by their instructions, visited and prepared specifications for, and if the houses were not now repaired they would be getting worse from day to day, and on this account it would pay to repair them at once. Besides, they would have to pay the Engineer for his work on the specifications whether they repaired them or not. There was no doubt but the Manager of the Bank would give them an overdraft as is the custom.

The Clerk said he was not far away today, and they could if they wished see him.

It was not a case of "Barkis is William," for nobody went to see him.

The Chairman said he was opposed to some of the work specified for such as the taking down of the plaster of a gable which seemed to be unbroken.

The Engineer said the taking down of such plaster was necessary, as the walls were damp.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy proposed that the tender be accepted.

Mr. Fitzgerald seconded.

Mr. Scanlan proposed that the matter be adjourned until the members would see the house in question.

Mr. W. Culhane seconded.

On a poll, Messrs. O'Shaughnessy, Fitzgerald and Patrick Culhane voted for the resolution, the other members (three) voting against, so it fell through.

A list of amounts for cottage repairs, totalling £150 odd, was read out, including the fire insurance up for contract that day.

On the motion of Mr. O'Shaughnessy, seconded by Mr. P. Culhane, Patrick Hallinan was appointed tenant of a cottage at Kilteery, lately held by Michael Kenrick.

The Clerk read a letter from the Local Government Board relative to the case of pulmonary tuberculosis reported to last meeting, and inquiring whether it had been brought under the notice of the Tuberculosis Officer for the County of Limerick.

The Clerk said the girl died next day.

The other business was routine.

HAY BURNING NEAR LISTOWEL.

Between 1 and 1.30 o'clock, on Wednesday evening a quantity of hay belonging to Mr. Stephen Stack, a farmer residing a short distance from Listowel, containing between 45 and 50 tons, as well as a large shed, were noticed on fire, and notwithstanding all that could be done to save it by police and people was in a comparatively short time burned to ashes. The fire is believed to be accidental.

Carrickerry Notes.

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THE NEW CREAMERY PROJECT.

Speculation here is rife as to whether the new Co-operative Creamery so long in contemplation is going to lapse. The leading members of the committee are men of more than ordinary intelligence which makes for the best results if a proper spirit of co-operation underlies their deliberations. The local public are aware that meetings have been held and decisions come to, but beyond that, no more to-day than a year ago has the work been began. Any legal difficulties in the way of acquiring the site have been removed excepting the merest technical details, so that it would look as if procrastination was dominating everything in connection with its erection. There may be criticisms of an adverse kind, but we are certain they are not deserved, because it is our conviction that when the committee as a whole properly understands their responsibility nothing will be left undone to make the undertaking in every sense a complete success.

THE LABOURERS AND ROAD WORK.

The labourers to their amazement have learned that their services on the roads will be dispensed with during the winter. If such a report proves true it is a crying shame to deprive them at such a hard and critical time of their right to win their bread on the public roads of the county. Road work to be done by them is the foundation of the Direct Labour Scheme, and now to undo it by excluding them when they most need their daily wages looks a bit blue. The officials feel no want, but do they feel for want is the question. The labourers allowed their Association through lukewarm indifference to fall through, thus they are now left to the mercy of every adverse wind that blows. The first law of nature obliges every man to preserve himself, but when men are careless of their outlook, what good can they anticipate will result from their indifference. It would be better if the County Council did something to ensure employment on the roads for labourers who are faced with heavy trials of acute poverty.

Rathkeale Notes.

(A short history of the old borough town of Rathkeale and the Nationalists of the towns of Ashkeaton, Newcastle West Abbeyfeale, by Mr. William Hayes, Rathkeale, founder and organiser of the Memorial Celtic Cross and Organiser of Blessed Wells in West Limerick).

CHAPTER V.

In 18[illegible] there was a comical man, nicknamed "Cock Robin." This man was a native of Rathkeale, and took a part in the Insurrection Movement. He was on his trial at the Rathkeale Quarter Sessions, and was in the dock, when Barrister Murphy said to the jury that he would leave his wig on the battlements of the Bridge of Rathkeale, and that he would have the Insurgents to taste that nothing would happen it until he would return to the Quarter Sessions. "If you do," said Cock Robin, "I will soil it on you before you return." The courage of this man, awaiting his trial, showed the noble spirit of these heroes. Newcastle West people suffered severely in these tyrannical years of persecution, and several were transported. At Kileedy the members of the Scanlan family were transported, and the people of Abbeyfeale and all the parishes in West Limerick met with the same fate. The leader in these troublous times was called Captain Rock. The name of this commander was a terror to his enemies. He issued a proclamation at Adare, calling on his followers to assemble in their thousands and be prepared to fall into line. The Insurgents attacked a police barrack at Churchtown. The great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, was wont to say that Ireland was not worth losing one life for the cause. This wise man knew that secret societies were bad. When the informers betrayed the people O'Connell unmasked these informers on various occasions. This great Irishman done noble work for Ireland. The Insurrection in West Limerick was a great help to him to get the Catholic Emancipation Bill passed, giving freedom to the Irish Catholics, and breaking the shackles which for centuries bound those who clung to the ancient Faith, and who were debarred because of their religion from participating in the local government of this country, which it now enjoys.

(To be continued.)

LARGE COAL CONTRACT.

Among the large coal contracts which Messrs. Wallace Bros., Dublin, have on hands in the South is one which Mr. J. A. Collins, Newcastle West, the local representative, has at Buttevant Military Camps for 800 tons. The firm apparently has come to stay, and the hardships to which people in the South were put last year, owing to the scarcity and excessive prices of coal during the winter months are practically removed by the trading of Messrs. Wallace Bros., in the South of Ireland.

Death of a Brilliant Young Irishman.

The death of Mr. Maurice Keane, Assistant Surveyor, Taxes Office, Edinburgh, second son of Mr. John J. Keane, Inspector H.M. Customs, Glasgow, and a native of Dromlegach, Abbeyfeale, is very sincerely regretted by his many friends in West Limerick and North Kerry. Maurice Keane, who was only in his 19th year, had a brilliant scholastic career. He attended St. Aloysius College, Garnethill, from 1906 to 1909, later studying at St. Ignatius College, Stamford Hill, London, for three years. It was only in January last he competed in London for the Intermediate Council in London for the Intermediate Civil Service, and took a leading place in the results. He was appointed to the Taxes' Office in Edinburgh, and acted Assistant Surveyor until his death. After Solemn Requiem High Mass his remains were conveyed by a large funeral cortege from St. Peter's, Patrick, to St. Kentigern's cemetery, Glasgow.

Castlemahon Tournament

At Castlemahon, on Sunday last, the two first matches in connection with the Junior Hurling Tournament came off—Broadford v. Killoughteen and Kilmeedy v. Castlemahon. Both matches were very well contested from start to finish. The match Broadford v. Killoughteen, the former team winning by 3 goals 1 point to 1 goal and 1 point. The match Castlemahon v. Kilmeedy, no decision could be given owing to a disputed goal for Castlemahon. It would be well if both teams would come to some arrangements with each other, as they are both adjoining parishes. The winners of the match to meet Broadford for the final of the Tournament. The referees of both matches gave entire satisfaction to all teams.

Credit Vote.

Premier's Statement.

House of Commons, Wednesday Night.

The new vote of credit for £400,000,000 is the largest of the eight proposed since the outbreak of the war.

It was explained by the Prime Minister, who, however, was unable owing to a technical delay to propose it, and showed that the true expenditure for the current financial year amounted to £743,100,000. The total of the eight votes would amount to £1,662,000,000.

The loans to Allied Powers and British Dominions totalled £98,300,000. The daily cost of the war from September 12 to the 6th inst. was at the rate of £4,350,000, and the new vote, which is to carry the country on till the middle of February, is based on a sum not exceeding £5,000,000 a day.

The Mansfield Case.

The "Irish Independent" says that, as the result of an interview which Messrs. O'Callaghan (President), Ramsay (V.P.), MacGrath, B.A., and Maher, B.A., of the Irish Teachers' Organisation, had on Tuesday with the Commissioners of National Education, the case of Mr. E. Mansfield has been settled on lines which the teachers regard as fairly satisfactory. The service for promotion and pension purposes of Mr. Mansfield will be recognised from the date of dismissal, and that of Mrs. Mansfield will, subject to Treasury sanction, also be recognised for salary and promotion.

NEWCASTLE WEST MARKETS.

Reed, 14s. per 120 sheaves.
Oats, 1s. 3d. per stone.
Potatoes 5d. to 7d.

NEWCASTLE WEST PIG MARKET.

At the Newcastle West Pig Market held on Friday pigs (live weight) were sold at 59s. per cwt.; sows, 46s.

Death Sentence Commuted.

The Lord Lieutenant has commuted to penal servitude for life the sentence of death passed last week in the King's Bench on Jane Reynolds, aged 18, of Ballymote district, for the murder of Mrs. Rosa di Lucia, wife of Angelo di Lucia, ice cream merchant, Sligo.

Reynolds, it may be recalled, was a servant in the house of the di Lucias, and was in attendance on Mrs. di Lucia, who had been ill. It was alleged that an intimacy had sprung up between Angelo and the girl, and that Angelo had suggested the murder of his wife, which Reynolds undertook to do. A further allegation was that the woman had been struck with a hammer on the forehead. Angelo has also been sentenced to death.

MR. REDMOND FOR THE FRONT.

The London "Evening News" states that it is informed Mr. John Redmond will shortly go to the front to address the Irish troops.

Newcastle Union.

At the fortnightly meeting of the above on Thursday, Mr. T. Hurley, J.P. (Chairman), presided. Also present:—Messrs. J. D. O'Kelly, M. Flynn, J. O'Brien, T. Roche, J. Quaid, P. Flanagan, J. C. Curtin, M. Irwin, M. J. Geary, L. Hartnett, J. D. O'Brien, T. Neligan, P. Keane, P. O'Mahony, J. Woulfe, M. Dalton, P. Dowley, T. Mulcahy, D. Corbett, D. Drew, P. Moody, T. McEniry, J. O'Mahony, D. L. Curtin, J. L. Curtin, M. Cussen, M. O'Connell.

A letter was received from the Local Government Board with reference to the minutes of proceedings of the Board of Guardians on the 28th ult., and to the order made on the circular letter from the Board on the subject of economy in food. In reference thereto the Board desired to suggest that the Medical Officer of the Workhouse should be consulted in the matter with a view to giving effect to the recommendations contained in the circular referred to.

The Chairman said that every half year the Guardians went very closely into the question of dietary in the Workhouse, and they found that there were no luxuries given to the inmates. He did not see they could go behind that fact.

Mr. Drew said they could not cut the dietary scale any finer than it was. They had asked the Local Government Board last year for suggestions, and they approved of the present dietary scale.

The Master said that the dietary scale was in accordance with the Local Government Board scale, and he did not see how the Guardians could possibly go behind it now.

After some discussion the matter ended.

Mr. O'Kelly mentioned that Nurse Cussen had taken away with her the book for registering maternity cases, and it was decided that she be requested to return the book to Nurse Naughton, who had succeeded her.

Mr. J. D. O'Brien asked if Nurse Cussen had been paid her salary up to the time of her resignation

The Clerk (Mr. A. J. Byrnes) said that the Local Government Board had sent down a form of queries to be filled by Nurse Cussen, and this was not yet completed.

The Local Government Board wrote requesting that the Guardians should ask the medicine contractor for an explanation in reference to the drug unfavourably reported on by the analyst, and stating that the quantity of the drug in stock should be returned to the analyst, and a fresh supply got instead.

It was decided to send a copy of the letter to the contractor for an explanation.

A letter was received from the Local Government Board stating that the salary of £24 to be paid to the analyst was excessive, and suggesting that the Guardians should re-advertise the post and offer instead of a fixed salary, say, a fee of 6s. for each sample analysed.

Mr. Quaid asked what was the salary of the Analyst?

The Chairman said that Mr. Thorpe was the analyst, and he was paid £12 a year.

The Clerk said that Mr. Thorpe sent in his resignation, and they had advertised for an analyst at a fixed salary. There were two applicants, one at £24, and the other at £27 a year. They accepted the lowest tender which was that of Mr. Thorpe.

The Chairman asked if they could now go back of what they did the last day when they accepted Mr. Thorpe's tender.

The clerk said he thought they should act on the recommendation of the Local Government Board.

Mr. J.L. Hartnett said when they were asked to cut down expenses it was a bad way to be increasing them, and he proposed that they re-advertise for an analyst.

Replying to the chairman, the clerk said that about seventy-two samples of drugs were analysed during the year.

The chairman said that would come to £21 12s., and the analyst's salary was £24, showing a difference of £2 8s a year.

It was decided to send a copy of the letter from the Local Government Board to Mr. Thorpe.

The meeting then resolved itself into one of

DISTRICT COUNCIL.

Mr. J. P. Lavan, solr., appeared before the meeting in reference to the labourer's cottage at Caherlarrig, for which his client, Wm. Flynn, was an applicant. He pointed out that a man named Vaughan was the original applicant at the Labourers' Inquiry, and somehow James Hartnett got into possession of the plot and was now claiming to be made tenant of the cottage. He submitted that Hartnett having an acre of land which he held in fee-simple, was disqualified under the Labourers' Acts. Flynn was a bona-fide agricultural labourer, and his claim was supported by the representative of the division as a deserving labourer and entitled to the cottage.

Mr. J. L. Hartnett said they should give encouragement to young men to stay in the country, and Flynn was a suitable man for the cottage in question.

Mr. Woulfe, solr., appeared in support of the claim of James Hartnett, and said that if he was evicted out of the acre all his improvements would be confiscated.

The chairman asked what about the point raised by Mr. Lavan that Hartnett had an acre of land in fee-simple.

Mr. Woulfe said that Hartnett did not now own the acre of, and as he had assigned it. It was utterly worthless, and the annuity was only 5s. a year.

The chairman said that the council should first decide whether they would have Hartnett there or not.

On a poll being taken, it was decided by twelve votes to six not to dispossess Hartnett.

The council then took up the consideration of the letter of Mr. Lennox Robinson, Organising Librarian, in reference to the utilization of the national schools for the distribution of books pending the erection of the Carnegie libraries in the Union.

The chairman said he was speaking to a friendly critic who informed him that the teachers could not use the schools for the distribution of books without the authority of the managers in whom they were vested. The question of the selection of suitable books was another important matter, and under the circumstances he (the chairman) thought the best course to adopt was to adjourn the matter until the central library was built.

Mr. Neligan thought that the managers should be written to for permission.

Mr. Corbett proposed that they take no further steps until the Library was built, and eventually it was decided to adjourn the matter.

Co. Limerick Action.

HUNT, LTD. V. FITZGERALD.

(Before Mr. Justice Barton.)

Mr. Patrick Kelly, B.L. (instructed by Mr. John Condon, solicitor, Newcastle West), applied that this action be remitted for trial before the County Court Judge of the county of Limerick.

Counsel moved on the affidavit of the defendant, which stated that the writ was issued for £39, being the balance of the price of a bakery oven sold by plaintiffs to defendant, and which they undertook to set and fix at his bakery at Broadford, county Limerick, but the defendant alleged that one of the doors was not closing sufficiently, and owing to the defect he suffered loss and inconvenience, and intended to counterclaim for damages.

The Judge remitted the case to next Newcastle West Quarter Sessions.

SNOWFALL AT NEWCASTLE.

Snow fell rather heavily in Newcastle to-day (Friday).

R.I.C. VOLUNTEERS.

In the report of the remarks of Mr. P. D. Sullivan, R.M., at the last Newcastle Sessions, the name Constable Ryan, should have been Constable Regan, of Ardagh, who had offered his services for the army, but was not accepted on account of his age.

AUCTION OF HOUSE PROPERTY.

On Thursday Mr. Michael Murphy, auctioneer, put up for auction the interest of Mr. John McCarthy in the house and premises situate at Barnagh. After keen competition the property was sold to Mr. John Harnett for £115.

DENTAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

His many friends in Newcastle and West Limerick will be glad to learn that Mr. Thos. D. Hogan, Dentist, has opened business on his own account. His high-class work has been always appreciated, and former patients will not forget to pay him a visit in future.

(—)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Killeedy Nationalist."—Your letter will appear in next week's issue.

"Grocer."—You have not enclosed your name and address.

"J. P."—Your poem is held over for next issue.

FARMER'S FATAL INJURIES.

At Newcastle fair, held on 3rd inst, Mr. Michael Cremin, a respectable farmer, residing at Ashgrove, met with a rather peculiar accident. He was standing in the street when he was knocked down by a cow, and two of his fingers got broken. He was at once attended by Dr. Pegum and subsequently by Dr. Hayes, but notwithstanding all that medical skill could suggest the unfortunate man died on Wednesday.

The Irish Exodus.

Shipping Co's Drastic Action.

When some 150 Irish emigrants presented themselves at the Cunard offices in Liverpool on Saturday to take up passages by the Saxonia, sailing that day for the United States, they were taunted and hooted by crowds of people as trying to escape military service, and later, the crew on the liner declining to serve if the men were allowed on board, the company decided not to allow the emigrants to sail, and issued notices to agents that no passages are to be booked to British subjects eligible for military service.

A New Government Order.

By a new Government Order, Foreign Office passports are now necessary for intending emigrants from the United Kingdom.

The "Liverpool Journal of Commerce" declares that the action of the Cunard Co. in not accepting bookings of military eligibles is illegal.

Some Adverse Criticism.

Messrs. Redmond and Dillon have expressed themselves in condemnatory terms of the action of those who have endeavoured to fly "from a danger which has no existence."

Mr. Brace, Under Secretary, Home Department, says that any attempt to evade military obligations by young men will be stopped.

Several of the Transatlantic Companies have decided not to issue passages to men of military age and eligible for service.

Important To Farmers, Builders, Etc.

:o:

Great Reduction in Price of Galvanised Iron.

Now is the time to Buy for Winter Requirements before Market Advances Again.

WILLIAM PHELAN,

ST. ITA'S SAW & CORN MILLS,

Newcastle West.

For Good Value

IN

Drapery & Millinery

— TRY —

Miss B. Leahy,

DRAPER AND OUTFITTER,

ABBEYFEALE.

nv.6 3m.

IF ANY MAN OR WOMAN

HAS A GOOD [illegible]

DORENA

CORN CURE

1/-

[illegible]

M. DORE, L.P.S.I., [illegible]

OUR SHORT STORY.

THE HONOURABLE'S ROMANCE.

By E. NEWTON BUNGEY.

The Honourable Arthur Allendale sat gazing over the deserted links at Hurstleigh-on-Sea.

"I'm bothered if I'm going round against bogey any more," he muttered savagely, jamming some tobacco into his pipe.

"I say, have you got a match?"

The Honourable sprang to his feet and turned round. The owner of the voice was about ten yards away. He was a young man dressed in a quiet golfing suit, and he suggested a plus man.

"No, I haven't," replied Allendale hopefully.

"Would you care to come in a foursome? If you don't we shall have to play a three-ball match, and three-ball matches are rotten."

"I shall only be too delighted," Allendale exclaimed.

"Er—it's a mixed foursome," remarked the new-comer hesitatingly. "That make any difference?"

"Not the slightest."

"My name's Elverston. Here come the other two."

Allendale saw a young and very pretty girl, and a middle-aged, attractive-looking woman.

"Mine's Allendale," he said.

"My aunt, Mrs. Elvereton, my sister Jerry, Geraldine, you know, Mr. Allendale," said Elverston breezily. "Mr. Allendale has very kindly consented to make up a foursome."

Eventually Miss Elverston became Allendale's partner, to his secret gratification. He was not overjoyed from the point of view of golf, however, for Miss Elverston played a quaint game, and apparently had a grudge against the turf.

They lost the match, but Allendale lost more than that, for he came off the links feeling that Jerry Elverston was the girl for whom he had been looking for years.

The Elverstons were staying at the Royal Hotel, whilst Allendale was at the Grand. It had been a toss up which of the two he should go to, and he was sorry now that the Royal had lost.

However, he played in several foursomes with the Elverstons, but just as he was getting a little intimate with them they were called away by telegram.

"Give us a call when you're in our neighbourhood," Elverston had said in his breezy manner.

But it did not occur to him to say where "our neighbourhood" was, and Allendale was left at Hurstleigh-on-Sea wondering how on earth he could meet Jerry again.

He drifted along the coast, playing on various links, hoping to meet the Elverstons on one of them, a hope that was not realised.

It seemed as though they had gone out of his life altogether, and then one afternoon, as he was walking along a street in a fashionable seaside town, his heart gave a sudden leap, for some little way ahead was Jerry Elverston.

He almost ran, and then pulled up with a jerk, and wondered whether she would want to know him again, or whether she had merely regarded him as a sort of stopgap.

While he was deliberating she passed round the corner, and then he resolved to take the plunge. But when he rounded the corner she was out of view.

He stood staring along the street, and saw that a little way down was the entrance to the Marine Hotel. No doubt that was where she had gone in.

An expensively attired porter strolled majestically up and down before the hotel, and Allendale resolved to inquire of him. He made his way to the man, who rapidly appraised him mentally.

"Is anyone of the name of Elverston staying here?" he asked.

The porter looked puzzled for a moment.

"Well, I dunno that you'd exactly say she's staying 'ere," he said, "but she's 'ere."

"Miss Geraldine Elverston, I mean," Allendale explained.

"Yes, she gave some rummy name like that, Geraldine or somethin', but we call her Jane."

"Jane!" gasped Allendale.

"Well, you see, the manageress could 'ardly say: 'Have you done out No. 17, Geraldine?' Could she, now?"

"Done out No. 17!" repeated Allendale. "What do you mean? Why should Miss Elverston do out No. 17?"

"'Cos she's paid for it. She's a chambermaid 'ere."

Allendale gasped. A chambermaid!

"That can't be the lady I mean," he said. "It's the only one of that name 'ere."

"Did she go in a few minutes ago?"

"Yes. I saw Jane slip round the court not long ago."

The porter indicated a narrow court just beyond the main entrance of the hotel.

"Maybe you're interested in 'er," he said.

"Yes, I am," Allendale replied.

"Lummy!" observed the porter. "That'll put William's nose out of joint. She's been goin' out with William—he's a waiter, No. 11. But I'll tell you wot, I'm goin' off duty in a little while, an' I'll take you round to the back if you like."

"Right you are," answered Allendale.

"Jus' you walk up and down, an' when you see the other chap relieve me you follow me down the court."

Allendale nodded and walked away. For some minutes he strolled up and down the street, musing over the extraordinary state of affairs.

"It's this free education that's doing it," he muttered.

Just then the porter went off duty, and Allendale followed him down the court to the back entrance of the hotel. A few moments later they were in a large kitchen, wherein sat a number of women and some men.

"Wot's your name?" asked the porter. "I'll introduce you."

Allendale nervously confounded himself for landing in such a position, and in sheer desperation he blurted out:

"Smith!"

He felt he could explain matters to Jerry afterwards.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Smith," said the porter with a grand sweep of his arm. "He's come to see Jane."

"Well, now, that's nice of 'im," observed a stout woman, whom Allendale put down as a cook. "Won't Jane be pleased?"

The porter evidently had a liking for trouble, for he turned to a lean, surly-looking man, saying:

"Your eye's in a sling, William."

The waiter glared at Allendale.

"Look 'ere," he said, "Jane's my mash, an' I don't want no interferences from you."

"Do I understand that you are engaged to the young lady?"

"Yes, I am."

"No, 'e ain't," ejaculated a kitchenmaid, "she won't have no truck with 'im."

"That's right, Mr. Smith," exclaimed the cook.

"You in our line?" asked the porter. "Valet, p'raps?"

"No."

"Tailorin', p'raps?"

"No."

"Jane will be pleased," said the cook. "Do 'ave a drop o' somethin', Mr. Smith."

"Thanks, I'd rather not," replied Allendale.

A whistle sounded, and the man who answered it shouted: "Up, William!"

The waiter hesitated, and then regretfully marched away.

"Photographer, p'raps?" asked the porter with a happy inspiration.

"No."

A wild desire to run came over Allendale. He stood in the centre of the room, the cynosure of all eyes. Several of the ladies present smiled at him languishingly, and the cook coyly held up a foaming glass of stout.

"Good 'ealth," she said.

A sustained gurgling noise followed, and then the sound of smacked lips.

"Ar, you should 'ave 'ad some, dearie," cook remarked. "Jane ain't so shy, she can put away 'er stout as good as anyone."

Jerry and stout! Allendale shuddered at the ghastly combination.

Oh! How much more of this was he to endure? If Jerry did not come soon he would have to go without seeing her. He was near the end of his patience.

"Ar, 'ere she comes. My! Watch 'er blush," observed the cook. "'Ere, Jane, look 'oo's come to see you."

Allendale turned eagerly and gazed at the new-comer, stifling a groan as he did so. This was not Jerry. What on earth was he to do?

"M-m-miss Elverston?" he exclaimed.

"That's my name."

"Oh, lor, 'ark at 'em," exclaimed cook. "Why don't you up an' kiss 'er, Mr. Smith? Lor' bless yer 'eart, we don't mind, we ain't bashful."

"Kiss me, indeed," began the chambermaid tartly.

Then she hesitated as she saw that Allendale was a gentleman, and very good-looking.

A desperate inspiration came to Allendale.

"Surely you haven't forgotten me?" he said. "Don't you remember meeting me at —er Margate?"

The chambermaid recognised the game instantly, she had often played it. No doubt this gentleman admired her and wanted to get to know her.

"Of course I do," she replied. "I couldn't remember at first."

Allendale went nearer to her. He must explain matters to her, and the only way seemed to be to arrange a meeting.

"Shall you be out this evening?" he asked in low tones.

"Yes, nine o'clock," she whispered.

"I'll be at the end of the court, then."

"All right."

He turned to go, and when out in the court he paused for a moment to wipe the perspiration off his face, and then he strode to the cliffs to think things over.

He walked away over the cliffs and had a quaint meal at a country inn, but at five minutes to nine he was pacing slowly along the street in which the Marine Hotel stood.

Suddenly Jane sailed up to him—Jane, in a hat large enough for three, a very hobble skirt, and a coy smile.

"I do hope I 'aven't kep' you waitin'," she said demurely.

"Er—no—no, not at all," he stammered.

"You are a one," she murmured. "You never met me at Margit. Now, go on, you know you didn't."

Allendale shuddered. This would not do. He must commence explanations.

"Oh, Jane! How fortunate! I want you a moment."

It was Jerry's voice. Allendale swung round, his heart doing a wild two-step.

"Excuse me, dear," whispered Jane, and then she ran up to Jerry.

At the same moment Jerry recognised Allendale, but gave no sign of having done so. She was too amazed by the company he was keeping.

Jane was in attendance on her at the Marine Hotel, and she wanted to give the maid a commission to execute.

"Who is that you are talking to?" she asked, when she had given her instructions.

"Mr. Smith, miss," replied Jane.

"A friend of yours?"

"Yes, miss; we're walkin' out," answered Jane blushingly.

Jerry nodded and walked deliberately past Allendale, looking him full in the face as she did so. He gazed at her miserably, and his hand went up to his hat.

Then her glance passed over the top of his head, and she went by him with a frou-frou of silken draperies, leaving him in a state of collapse. Jane's voice aroused him from his stupor.

"You were goin' to touch your 'at," she said. "'Ave you see Lady Edenleigh before?"

"Who?" gasped Allendale.

"Lady Edenleigh. She an' 'er brother, the Dook o' Penstone, are stayin' at our 'otel. I'm in attendance on 'er."

"Jane!" Allendale gasped. "Would you like a fiver—a five pound note, I mean?"

She edged away from him suspiciously.

"What for?" she demanded.

"A mistake."

Then he told her that he had been looking for a Miss Elverston; but there was another girl of the same name, and it was she that he wanted.

"There," he said, pressing the note into her hand, "you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Lor, sir," she gasped in awe, "I can do with them mistakes ev'ry day."

"Did—did Lady Edenleigh ask you anything about me?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you tell her?"

Jane explained.

"Oh, lor!" groaned Allendale. "G-good-night, Jane."

He staggered away into the darkness, and then suddenly pulled up. There was Penstone, he was a decent chap, he would understand.

Perhaps he had not gone out. Acting under the impulse he hurried back to the hotel and asked to see the duke. A few minutes later he was in Penstone's presence.

"Glad to see you again, Allendale," exclaimed the duke heartily. "We tumbled to who you were after we left Hurstleigh-on-Sea. We dropped the title there, you know. We met your mater, the Countess, and she told us she didn't know where you were, except that you were rambling from golf links to golf links. But how did you find us?"

Allendale explained, and when he had thoroughly grasped the story the duke fell back on a settee and shouted with laughter.

"And Jerry thinks you're walking out with Jane under the name of Smith," he exclaimed. "No wonder she cut you, old chap."

"Rum thing Jane's name should be Elverston," he added. "But Jerry will understand; I'll tell her."

He was as good as his word, and three months later the newspapers announced the engagement of Lady Edenleigh to the Honourable Arthur Allendale. Perhaps you saw the account of their wedding a few days ago.

A YOUTHFUL KITCHENER.

Horace Kitchener, a thirteen-year-old boy of Earl's Barton, Northamptonshire, who stands 5ft. 9in. and weighs more than 8st., managed to enlist recently at Wellingborough.

He was in uniform for two days, during which time he attended a military funeral, and was then claimed by his father on account of his youth.

A notification has been received by the Rev. C. H. James, vicar of Haigh, near Wigan, that his eldest son, Corporal Charles Edward James, was killed in France on September 28. The vicar has now lost three sons in the war. A fourth son is in the Army.

As Bertram Gaynard left Newport Police-court, where he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for failing as a seaman to join an Admiralty chartered ship, he gave the only 5s. he possessed to pay another man's fine, and so save him from going to prison.

IN THE POULTRY YARD.

By COCKCROW.

IN DREARY NOVEMBER.

November is generally considered to be the worst month of the whole year, even worse than December. It is in November that fogs are generally most frequent and the weather on the whole breaks up. The days are short and the nights long, and the time for activity in the poultry yard is very much restricted. The average working man finds most of the hours of daylight taken up with his business. Little time therefore remains for him to look after his few birds, but all are most strongly urged to squeeze in a little time every day. The best and almost only times that can be devoted to the stock is in the morning, before setting out for business, and Saturday afternoons. Before retiring for the night put that alarm clock of yours on to an hour or so before your usual time. This hour should be at daybreak, and when the ringing of the alarm awakens you from your dreams, do not yawn and turn over on your other side and go off to sleep again. This second sleep does you no good whatever, and does infinite harm to your birds, for it means that they will be neglected. Many poultry-keepers slacken up during the winter months, but it is to be hoped that under the present circumstances of things in general the "slackers" will be few and far between. This winter is to be full of trying circumstances. There are something like three millions of men gone from the industrial world to fight for King and Country, and this means that if those remaining are to carry out the splendid British motto of "as usual," they will have to put their "shoulders to the wheel" and work with even greater energy and vigour than they have in years gone by.

The Birds' Mash.

With November here, poultry-keepers will have a very trying and anxious time, but a good deal of this anxiety can be dispelled if one enters upon the task of the next few months with a fixed determination to win through. November should not be a month of rest from the poultry-yard for any, but one of great activity. As mentioned in the beginning of this article, you should be out and about at daybreak. The morning mash should be mixed and boiled up the night before, and then will only need warming in the morning. During the cold, frosty, and sometimes foggy mornings, that will be our lot for the next three months, it is essential that the birds' first feed of the day should be a warm mash. But do not let the first feed be a full meal. Short rations of mash, following by the balance in grain thrown over the scratching litter, will keep the birds working all the longer. Some people reverse this order of things, and give grain for breakfast, always well scattered, and meal an hour or so before midday, and the results, while they cannot be said to be quite as successful, are good. But the whole point to remember is that the birds must not be given a full feed in the morning. That item should appeal to many poultry-keepers, especially in these days of economy, for there are many people who feed their birds too much. Birds, remember, will eat and eat until they make themselves quite ill.

Colds and Roup.

Illness is very common among poultry during winter months when they are not properly looked after. Roup, frozen combs, and colds are the most common. Roup will affect a whole flock of birds, and should therefore be most carefully guarded against. The complaint is really a severe cold. The symptoms of a cold are easily told. A watery discharge is emitted from the nostrils, and there is a frothiness at the eyes. With roup the discharge becomes thicker and very sticky. Both complaints are acquired through wet, draughty and damp houses. A good treatment for a cold, if taken in hand early, is a two-grain tabloid of quinine every night and morning. The nostrils should be squeezed out and syringed carefully with hazeline tincture in an equal quantity of water. This treatment is only of use when the complaint is noticed in its early stage, but if the birds are neglected for a few days they are much more trouble to cure. When the complaint reaches an advanced stage the nostrils and throat must be cleansed thoroughly with peroxide of hydrogen and equal parts of water three or four times every day, and the nostrils must be well greased with vaseline, which must be melted and mixed with a few, not more than four, drops of eucalyptus oil. Internally, as a medicine, the birds should be given about twenty grains of Epsom salts, and this should be followed by two or three drops of eucalyptus and the same amount of terebene, or a meal pill every four hours.

After two or three days of this treatment, if no improvement is affected, you may depend upon it that the birds are suffering from roup. For this you should use the hydrogen treatment as for a cold, and give Epsom salts as well, and then a pill. The pills usually used are made as follows: Balsam copaiba, 1oz.; liquorice in powder, 4 drachms; and piperine, 1 drachm. To this add enough magnesia to make a mass. The prescription given above should make about sixty pills. It is hardly necessary to say that all birds, whether suffering from colds or roup, should be isolated from the rest of the flock. These two complaints have been dealt with at length because during the winter months they are the most common. It will be seen that by neglecting to see that the ground upon which the houses stand is dry and damp-proof endless trouble is caused. During the coming winter eggs will be fetching good prices. Indeed, a writer in a newspaper recently forecasted that new laid eggs will be fetching fourpence each. The prices of poultry foods has risen enormously in the past twelve months, but even so, with the great demand there is for eggs, keepers will be fully, and more than fully, repaid. The winter should give many poultry keepers' pockets a silver lining, and it behoves all to put their "shoulders to the wheel" and work unceasingly during the next three or four months.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. N.—Your pullets should be laying just now, and they should be kept busy at work when they once commence to lay. Attend to their every want, and extra trouble will be repaid by extra eggs. Remember that!

X.—You should not throw your egg shells away. Dry them in an oven and break them up in small pieces, and then place them in the chicken run. The hens will eat them, and this will greatly assist in the formation of new shells.

Bob.—Of course it is absolutely necessary to see that the fowls are comfortably housed and that their quarters are kept as dry as possible. Fowls will stand a good deal of cold without any bad effects if it be dry, but if it is both cold and damp sad, and perhaps disastrous, results will follow. Proper ventilation is a necessity if the quarters are to be kept dry and the air pure.

GARDEN GOSSIP

Border Chrysanthemums.—These have now finished flowering, and should be carefully lifted and placed in a cold frame with some soil around the roots for the winter, or they may be placed in boxes with soil. Plenty of cuttings will thus be obtainable early in the year.

* * *

Japanese Snow Flower.—This is one of the best hardy shrubs for the borders of small gardens, and to grow in pots for greenhouse decoration in early spring. The plants are bushy and average from 1½ to 2½ feet high. It is a Japanese shrub, and along the slender growths produces many white blossoms. The plants push up young growths freely from the base, and to prevent crowding the older growths should be cut out early after flowering. Cuttings inserted in a close frame will root in autumn, but the readiest manner of propagation is division now.

* * *

Climbers.—With a view to admitting all the light possible, climbers on the roof of the greenhouse may be shortened back as shown in the sketch. If about half of the current year's growth is now cut away, the final pruning may be left until the beginning of February. In the case of a spider or thrips infested specimen, the whole pruning had better at once be given, and an effort made to clean the plant.

PRUNING A BOUGAINVILLEA.

a, one of the main rods of the plant; *b*, point of present shortening; *c*, point of final pruning in February.

* * *

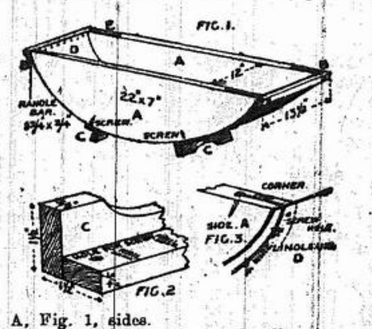
Wistaria Sinensis.—It is only within the last decade or so that the wistaria has been generally grown for greenhouse decoration. For this purpose it is usually trained as a standard, and the drooping racemes of lilac-coloured flowers are seen to considerable advantage. When plunged outside during summer the young shoots as soon as they are about eight inches in length should have the points pinched out, as the check thus ensured encourages the formation of flower-spikes at the base; the display of flowers is much greater than if the shoots are allowed to grow unchecked.

* * *

Campanula Pyramidalis.—Plants of this useful campanula can now be potted up from the open garden to flower next summer in the greenhouse. Place them in 9 or 10-inch pots, according to size. Pot firmly in light, rich soil and place them in a cold frame. Young plants may be kept in a frame until spring, and then planted out.

* * *

A Handy Basket.—This is always in demand about a garden, and it may surprise some readers to learn that a most serviceable article, which, whilst not exactly a basket, does all the work of one, can be constructed from a piece of discarded linoleum and part of a champagne case. This kind of case is selected, as they are generally made from willow or poplar wood, which is light, tough, and does not split in nailing, whilst it stands damp. Having selected the soundest piece of linoleum, and carefully taken the case down to the boards, proceed



A, A, Fig. 1, sides.
B, B, two end bars acting as handles.
C, C, two bottom bars acting as feet, enlarged at Fig. 2.
D, piece of linoleum cut a little longer than curved line of sides to allow of cutting flush when finished.
E, Fig. 3, two pieces of galvanised wire 5in. longer than curve of sides; an eye on each end admits 1in. No. 10 screws.
F, Fig. 3, light 1in. galvanised staples driven on the slant.

as directed in the sketch, which describes a basket 22 by 7in., to be painted, when finished, two coats of lead colour and one coat of green outside. If screw nails are used the linoleum can be renewed easily from time to time, the wire enabling the staples to be withdrawn.

* * *

The Week's Work.—Good bedding hyacinths in distinct colours are the best for outdoor bedding or groups in borders. Masses of one colour are preferred to mixtures, and should be planted 4in. deep and 6in. apart. Single and double tulips make a good display later than hyacinths. Plant the various colours separately, placing the bulbs 3in. or 4in. deep and 6in. to 8in. apart. Artus, belle alliance, cottage maid, chrysolora, Duchess de Parme, Alba Maxima, Rubra Maxima, F. Moore, and white pottebakker are good varieties. A good selection of narcissus will produce an early, mid-season, and late display. Among the best are Von Sion, golden spur, Stella, horsfieldi, Sir Watkin, emperor, empress, barri conspicuus, and poeticus ornatus. Plant the largest bulbs 5in. deep, and the lesser 4in., and 6in. to 1ft. apart. Constant attention is required to maintain grapes still hanging on the vines in good condition. Look the bunches over twice weekly, cutting out decayed berries. Remove fallen leaves from the vines, and give regular ventilation with a little heat in the pipes. Vines to be started in December should now be pruned, as they require a decided rest of a month or six weeks. Prune in two buds on each spur, and wash the rods with water and soft soap. Dress with an insecticide, such as Gishurst compound. The asparagus stems being now fully ripe, they may be cut down close to the soil. Fork up by the roots deep-rooted weeds, and prick up the surface soil of the beds without injuring the crowns. Then top-dress with decayed manure. Earth up finally the main rows of celery, breaking up the soil as finely as possible, and placing it carefully round the plants. Make the soil firm, and finish off with steep sides to carry off the wet. If not clamped in a pit outside, the potato tubers must be kept in a dark cool place, covering with dry bags or straw, if necessary.

FUN AND FANCY.

"I [illegible]er could see why they always called a boat 'she.'" "Evidently you have never tried to steer one."

"Ha[illegible], Bill. I hear you're just out of hospital after undergoing an operation. Was it a serious one?" "I don't know yet. The surgeon hasn't presented his bill."

"Ho[illegible] is Jephson going on?" "Growing rich by his pen." "Indeed? I didn't know he was a literary man." "He isn't; he keeps [illegible]gs."

Poet: "You say you sent back my poem? I did[illegible] get the letter." Editor: "Probably some unlucky postal employee stole it [illegible]y of the transgressor is hard."

"Yes[illegible] I'm sixty years old." "Well, you don't look it." "And married forty of those sixty years, too, my boy!" "My dear chap, you don't look that, either."

The [illegible]adv: "You can't cheat me, my man; I haven't ridden in cabs for twenty-five years for nothing." The Cabby: "Have you, mum? Well, you've done it!"

"Wh[illegible] are you studying now?" asked Mrs. [illegible]bson. "We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son. "I hope I will be very attentive, and practise constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get our father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

"Lo[illegible] here, waiter, do you remember what I ordered?" "Yes, sir; yo' ordered spring chicken and '74 port, sir!" "Exactly. And you've brought me spring port and '74 chicken!"

John[illegible]: "They tell me that Dobbs is an awful grumbler." Jackson: "He is. He is the only fellow who blames his face because it needs a shave."

The [illegible]acher asked the class to write down eleven Antarctic animals. Jimmy Jakes wrote down his answer, and took up his slate to the teacher's desk. This is what she read: "6 seals, 4 polar bears, and 1 walrus."

"My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck, "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony." "Well, I only hope so," returned Henpeck with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."

"Yes," said the old man, "I find my strength is failing me somewhat. I used to walk round the square every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I'm half way round I have to turn and come back!"

Pa[illegible]t: "But, doctor, you are not asking £1 merely taking a cinder out of my eye?" Specialist: "Er—no. My charge is for removing a foreign substance from the cornea."

Salt[illegible]man: "Let me show you our latest mack[illegible]s. We have a motor-car now that can [illegible]mb any hill on earth." Chauffeur: "That's nothing. The last one you sold me tried to climb a tree."

"W[illegible]at is your favourite flower, Lord Picca[illegible]lly?" asked the American heiress. "But you ought to know that without asking." "Well, what should it be?" "The marig[illegible]."

Fog[illegible]y (a moderate drinker): "I'll bet ye th[illegible] Rooshians are beginnin' t' feel th' loss [illegible] vodka." Flaherty (warmly): "Don't ye l[illegible] any slape over it. Mar-rk me wur-r[illegible]s, they'll retake it again before long!"

The Child: "I made thirteen mistakes in my [illegible]lking lesson." Parent: "Oh, well; I suppose I would have made more myself." The child: "Oh, no, you wouldn't. There were only thirteen words."

"Pe[illegible]e who lose their money are always complaining to their friends about it." Nonsense. People who lose their money haven't any friends left to complain to."

Fri[illegible]d of Shopkeeper: "That's a nice girl you have in your shop. I've seen her in the window several days as I passed." Shopkeeper (wearily): "She isn't an employee. She's a woman trying to decide on a new hat!"

Wh[illegible]e travelling to London, a gentleman's only companion in the third-class carriage was an elderly Highlander. He sat in his corner with his plaid wrapped round him, and an expression of supreme content on his countenance, only stirring occasionally for the purpose of taking a drink at his flask. Not a word was passed for some two hours and then, tiring of the monotony, the gentleman ventured to suggest: "This is a very fatiguing journey." "Ay, and so it ought to be," was the reply, "for twa pun twa shillins and saxpence."

"I [illegible]see the Government has sent our lads a supply of rum, mate," said a workman the other day to his fellow worker. "They deserve it," was the reply. "But the German army's favourite drink seems to be champagne." "Ah!" responded the other. "And their navy sticks to port."

"A[illegible] you may send me up a dozen strictly fresh eggs," said Mrs. Brown, concluding her order. "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Brown," said the grocer, "but I'm afraid I can't get you any fresh eggs. You see, the cold storage warehouse was burned to the ground yesterday."

Phy[illegible]ician (looking into his anteroom where a number of patients are waiting): "Who has been waiting the longest?" Tailor (who has called to present a bill): "I, doctor, I delivered the clothes to you three years ago."

Young Wife (rather nervously): "Oh, cook, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint. It is always something or other." Cook (with feeling): "Well, mum, I'm sorry for you, it must be awful to live with a gentleman of that sort."

"S[illegible] you think Katherine made a very suitable match?" "Yes, indeed; you know what a nervous, excitable girl she was. Well, she married a composer."

The C.O. looked worried as the [illegible]hard case of the regiment appeared before him for the fifty-fifth time. "What's the trouble now?" he asked, in despairing tones. "Somethink'll have to be done with this here, sir," replied the sergeant. "'E gets drunk when 'e likes, goes on leave when 'e wants to, and returns when it suits 'im. The other fellows about with 'is fists, in fact, sir, 'e goes on just as if 'e was a bloomin' hofficer!"

MOTHER AND HOME.

Marriageable girls should remember that a man who is very popular amongst his fellows often makes a very poor husband. It is true that he may be able to introduce more pleasure and amusement into a girl's life than the plodding, steady man, whose seriousness is not a fault in the eyes of many girls. But the plodder generally has far more backbone than any more dashing friends, and when trouble comes he usually proves to be a better fighter against adverse circumstances. Again, the popular man is apt to find so much of his happiness in his popularity amongst his fellows that he is very likely after marriage still to look for pleasure in the same conditions. The result is that he is not likely to spend so much of his time at home as he ought. Even if he desires to settle down into a quiet, home-keeping Benedict his male friends will miss him, and their solicitations may prove too strong for him to resist. Of course, there are popular men who are also steady and practical fellows, but popularity alone is a dangerous guide for girls as to the best man to marry.

Left and Taken.

As illustrating the fact that some men are quick to notice any display of selfishness in their sweethearts a lady tells the following anecdote: "I once knew two sisters, the elder of whom, on becoming engaged, considered that the other sister should perform the household tasks which they had formerly always shared between them, their mother being an invalid. The younger sister cheerfully undertook the additional tasks, while the elder girl spent the time either with her lover or in beautifying herself. It was not long before the swain became aware of his position, and, after the manner of young men, uttered some frank opinions on the subject. There was naturally a violent quarrel, the match was broken off, and in the end the young man married the younger sister, whose good qualities he recognised."

Cured by Motor Car.

Motor-cars are looked upon favourably by medical men now days, as they are said to form an excellent aid in the cure of consumption. This is due mainly to the fact that persons riding in those vehicles must do so in the open air, the additional advantage being the feeling of exhilaration which goes with it. According to physicians, persons suffering from lung complaints would benefit greatly by sitting on the front seat of a motor-car and going for a ride daily. High speed is not so essential, fifteen miles an hour being ample. In such a journey the mouthfuls of fresh air inhaled by the patient would be very beneficial. Of course, where the invalid is weak, a long journey should not be undertaken, but the distance travelled could be gradually increased as the strength increased. Localities that suit the patient best should, of course, be chosen, and beautiful scenery should also be taken into consideration, as it will help to take the patient's mind from brooding over his ailment, and this alone, according to physicians, is itself a long step towards recovery.

To Business Folk.

Where or how you live it takes something like at least an hour a day to go to and from your business, doesn't it? That hour is usually reckoned as lost, but why not utilise? How? Don't read in the train or car, says the oculist. Conversation is of the catch-as-catch-can order. Why not get the mind to think, to the exclusion of outward objects, and so make a profitable use of this travelling time? To do this a person need not be absent-minded. He or she need not think of business. Other topics that have been neglected because time has been short, are as important if life is to be properly developed. This is the time for them. Projects for self-improvement that have lain dormant can be perfected. One of the most successful writers is a dweller in the suburbs. He thought out an entire novel, page by page, chapter by chapter, en route to and from his home.

Lotions for Freckles.

The best thing to use for removing freckles is buttermilk, but when this cannot be obtained, the following lotion should be made: Acid lactic (10 per cent.), 2drm.; glycerine, 4oz.; essence of white rose, 1drm.; tincture of benzoin, 1drm.; water, 6oz. This should be applied several times daily with a soft linen cloth, and should any irritation of the skin be produced use a little cold cream or lanoline afterwards and reduce the strength of lotion. Another lotion for removing freckles is composed of 3drm. citric acid, 1oz. hot water, 2drm. borax, 1oz. red rose petals, and 1oz. glycerine. Dissolve the acid and borax in the water, infuse the petals for an hour; strain through a jelly bag, and after twenty-four hours decant the clear portion and add the glycerine. Freckles may be also removed by the use of the following lotion: Take 1 tablespoonful cucumber juice, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 2 tablespoonfuls elder-flower water, and 10 drops glycerine. Mix these well together, and rub the lotion into the freckles, avoiding going out into the sun unless the face is well protected. Yet a further way is to take 4oz. lactic acid, 2oz. glycerine, and 1oz. rose water. Mix well together and apply to the freckles with a soft sponge.

Test for Diamonds.

Wipe the stone with care and draw a line on it with an aluminium pencil. If the mark can be rubbed off with a damp cloth, the stone is a genuine diamond. A mark made with an aluminium pencil on clean glass or any substance containing flint cannot be obliterated. There are other tests, such as the following:—When the edge of a diamond is drawn over a piece of glass, the latter can be separated in two parts. Artificial stones only scratch glass, but do not cut it. The stone to be tested can be coated with borax, then heated, and dropped into cold water. Artificial gems (glass) will break into bits. When a diamond is placed in the light of the electric arc lamp, and then rubbed against wood or metal, it will be phosphorescent in darkness. The colours of a fabric with red and white stripes cannot be distinguished through a diamond which is passed over them as they can through imitations. A small drop of water on a diamond preserves its round form, when moved with the point of a needle, the diamond being clean and dry. On glass the water will spread. In a glass of water a diamond can be distinguished shining clearly, whereas an imitation stone is almost invisible. Hydrofluoric acid dissolves all imitations, but does not affect the diamond.

Lambeth Guardians have decided to convert part of the workhouse into an infirmary for the accommodation of 200 patients. The accommodation is required for some of the patients to be transferred from the South-Western Infirmary, which has been acquired as a war hospital.

To avoid congestion of traffic, the Port of London Authority has arranged for the occupation during the war of the old Shadwell Fish Dock, which adjoins the London Docks, and is an area of 2,500 square yards. The river frontage will be equipped for the discharge of cargo.

OTHER MEN'S MINDS.

Remember it is the final lap that wins.—King George.

HONOUR AMONG NATIONS.

There is a soul of righteousness struggling upward in all great nations, and that soul will be swift to recognise the august dominance of the kingdom which first purges its politics of secrecy, stands steadfast by its word, and founds a newer and nobler tradition of veracity and honour in its foreign policies.—Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

FACING THE TRUTH.

The way to discourage the enemy is to let him see that we are looking the truth in the face and marching boldly forward.—Lord Milner.

NO NAGGING!

There is no husband who does not know that for moral improvement "nagging" is the most fatal thing in the world. We shall do no good either to the Government, or to the country, or to the sacred cause for which we are fighting, if we indulge in this fatal spirit of nagging at our leaders.—Archbishop of York.

THE NEW DRAMA.

What we need from our stage is a drama that helps us to move habitually on the high plane to which we are roused by the death and heroism of our soldiers and our sons, by the agony and aspiration of our country. —Mr. Israel Zangwill.

THE TRUE PROPHETS.

I have noticed that optimists are more apt to turn out right than pessimists.—Viscount Bryce.

IF THE GERMANS WON.

The Germans, if they succeed, would levy upon the United Kingdom a stupendous fine, not less than four thousand million pounds. To secure payment they would occupy this country with an armed force, take control of the Imperial Treasury and of its financial system, including the banks, and proceed to realise their claim.—Professor Sadler.

THE IRON AGE.

Unless we are prepared to carry out our programme in defence of the rights of small nationalities and to finsh up this war in the only proper way, we must face facts and realise that an age of iron and steel, of armaments, and bankruptcy and revolution is at our doors, when idealism and honour will be banished from the world.—Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

THREE LINES OF DEFENCE.

For the continued security of the British Empire three lines of defence were vital—a powerful Navy, a strong, well-equipped Army, and a thoroughly efficient and sufficient system of education. — Mr. Albert Smith.

SIGNIFICANT.

It is a significant fact that not one native race which has experienced German rule has volunteered to fight for Germany, while there is not one native race which has experienced the even-handed justice of British rule which has not volunteered to be led by Englishmen against the enemies of England. —Hon. Bernard Wise.

SOLDIERS AND GENTLEMEN.

The British system of education has produced an Army chivalrous to the aged and to women, tender to children, and sportsmanlike to foes—but the German system has produced an Army which is none of these.—Mr. W. B. Steer.

COURAGE!

It would be idle to suppose that we need not expect many more bitter and anxious hours before an honourable peace was reached, but the greater the anxiety and the bitterer the suffering the more incumbent was it on us to look forward with bravery and determination.—Mr. Walter Long.

WARS AND WARS.

Some wars are to be regretted, some wars mar the annals of history, but some wars show that the spirit of man springs to great enterprises that are even greater than his own mind had conceived.—President Wilson.

A WHISPERING GALLERY.

The world at the present moment is more than ever a whispering gallery, and I have seen published in German papers on one day matters that had been published in the English papers of the day before.—The Lord Chancellor.

THE VARIEGATED EMPIRE.

The British Empire is the most variegated the world has ever seen. It is a curiosity shop, the contents of which are of the most diversified kind. If anyone wants uniformity let him go to Germany—it is made in Germany—but if he wants diversity let him go to the British Empire, where it grows of itself.—Sir Charles Lucas.

THE BRITISH WAY.

We have always felt that we must be true to our own principles of liberty, and therefore, when we began to set up Colonies filled by white settlers, we granted them institutions and ultimately representative government. It is to that attachment to liberty that is to be attributed the greatness of our Empire.—Viscount Bryce.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

The only thing that will give us a large outlook is education, and in a much wider sense than we have understood it up to the present. General education must be adapted to the needs of our time, and the needs of our time are going to be different.—Lord Haldane.

WHAT IS WANTED.

What is wanted in a Government is not reputation, but vigour and soundness of judgment.—Lord St. Davids.

THE CENSORSHIP.

Bad news, which the Censor makes it his business to suppress, does not dispirit a great people half as much as the suspicion that they are being kept in the dark.—Viscount Morley.

TRUE.

An engine-driver may accept every responsibility for a journey, but if he does not know how to manage the engine the journey may be very uncomfortable and even disastrous.—Lord Ribblesdale.

AMERICAN PROTEST.

OUR "SO-CALLED" BLOCKADE OF GERMANY.

The text of a Note from the United States Government relating to the restrictions placed upon American commerce by the measures adopted by Great Britain during the war was issued by the Press Bureau on Sunday night. The Note recalls the promise of the British Government to exercise their belligerent rights with every possible consideration for the interests of neutrals, and expresses regret that the hope thus raised has not been realised.

The Note complains that the detention of American vesels and cargoes have not been uniformly based on proof obtained at the time of seizure, that search in port was never contemplated before this war, and that commanders were instructed to avoid undue deviation of the vessels from their course. Complaint is also made of the British Prize Court rules regarding evidence as a result of which, it is said, innocent vessels or cargoes are now seized and held while efforts are made to obtain evidence.

Secondly, the Note deals with the "so-called" blockade measures, and challenges their validity on the ground of non-effectiveness. It is declared to be a matter of common knowledge that the German coasts are open to trade with the Scandinavian countries.

Thirdly, the Note deals with the refusal of the British Government to deal through diplomatic channels with individual cases of alleged improper interference with American ships and cargoes, and strongly criticises the jurisdiction and procedure of the British Prize Courts.

The Note concludes thus:—

"The task of championing the integrity of neutral rights which have received the sanction of the civilised world against the lawless conduct of belligerents arising out of the bitterness of the great conflict which is now wasting the countries of Europe, the United States unhesitatingly assumes, and to the accomplishment of that task it will devote its energies, exercising always the imparitiality which from the outbreak of the war it has sought to exercise in its relations with the warring nations."

FISH ARE NEAR-SIGHTED.

In the effort to discover why fishes are so near-sighted, scientists have been making some remarkable experimental studies of their eyes. One of the many interesting facts which these studies revealed was that fishes' eyes compared with human eyes are relatively large. The length of the eye of a fish is ordinarily about one-twentieth of its length, while the length of the eyeball of a man is from a sixtieth to a seventieth of his height. The eyes of fishes are in constant use except when they are asleep. Most fishes have no eyelids, their eyes being protected from injury by a shiny material or by a thick transparent skin. The puffer, or swell-fish, which habitually burrows in sand at the bottom of the water, has eyelids which cover the eyeballs when closed, the lower eyelid being larger than the upper. In the experimental work the eyes of normal fishes were first examined with the retinoscope, then by electrical stimulation the focus was changed from distant to near objects. It was found that, contrary to statements sometimes made, the eyes of fishes when swimming were focused for distant vision. Fishes are able to focus their eyes on near objects—as close as four inches—by the action of the superior and inferior oblique muscles; they have no ciliary muscles. It was found possible by operation on the oblique muscles to make the fish near-sighted, far-sighted or astigmatic.

BRIGHT LIGHTS.

Hugh Barnett Randall was fined £20 at the West London Police-court for failing to shade bright lights on the first and third floors of a house in Lansdowne-crescent, Notting Hill, London, which was described as one of the highest in the district. The magistrate also directed the police to summon a servant in the house, who was said to be responsible for uncovered windows in her room.

FATAL PIN-PRICK.

A young married woman, travelling home with her husband from Natal in the Kenilworth Castle, died from blood-poisoning, caused by pricking her lip with a pin. She was ill for six days.

Her death took place the day before the liner reached Medeira. The husband, with his two children, one only a few months old, left the ship at Medeira, and has arrived at Plymouth in another vessel.

A HORSE'S MEDAL.

A Russian artillery horse won a bronze medal at Plevna. Orders were given for some ammunition wagons to be hurried to a spot that meant crossing the enemy's zone of fire. All the time shells were crashing among the horses, bringing them down in heaps and frightening such as escaped. Times without number did the Russian drivers, sparing neither whip nor spur, attempt to urge the horses forward, but they stood cowed and shivering with fright. Some were blindfolded; but the effect was the same, and only one horse showed any willingness to go. Thereupon the driver jumped down, and cutting the traces of the other horses, drove the willing one at full gallop through the fire. The wagon passed through without exploding, and after the war the horse was decorated in the manner described and the driver promoted.

RECRUITS' RENT AND INSURANCE.

Sir A. Mond asked the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, whether, in view of the difficulties of a number of men anxious to join His Majesty's Forces, the Government would introduce legislation to suspend during the war the payment of rent, insurance premiums, mortgage interest, and similar fixed obligations of men joining the Forces.

Mr. Asquith said in reply, that the Government were alive to the importance of this problem, but any solution was beset with difficulties. He would see that the suggestion of the right hon. gentleman was carefully considered.

Owing to the absence on military service of Major George Lane-Fox, M.P., Mrs. Lane-Fox was "master" of the hunt at a meet of the Bramham (Yorks) Moor Hunt, and, as most of the huntsmen have enlisted, there was only one whiphand.

"Hundreds of thousands of pounds are being wrongly drawn in the names of dead people," said Mr. G. H. King, at Portsmouth, speaking of charges against soldiers' relatives of drawing allowances in the names of wives who have died since the war.

Cheese to the value of £1,000,000 has been requisitioned for the British troops by the New Zealand Government at the request of the Imperial Government.

HOME HINTS

To make milk easily digested, add a dessertspoonful of lime water to the half-pint of milk. This will prevent biliousness.

When cooking kidneys do not use a fork for turning them, but toss them in the pan with a knife. In this way the goodness and flavour will be retained.

To save sugar add a pinch of carbonate of soda when cooking fruit, and much less sugar will be required.

When eggs crack while boiling, throw a teaspoonful of salt into the water, and the white will not boil out.

Never waste scraps of meat or dripping; they should be melted down and clarified. You will then always have some pure dripping in readiness for cooking purposes.

As candle-ends accumulate drop them into a jar, and pour on sufficient turpentine to dissolve them. The cream thus obtained makes an excellent polish for linoleum and stained floors.

To clean enamelled saucepans, never use soda as this spoils the enamel. Rub with salt or fine ashes, then rinse in warm water.

When furniture looks dull, try rubbing with a flannel dipped in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and kerosine.

To clean brass taps use finely powdered bathbrick mixed with paraffin. This answers quite as well as brass polish, and is more economical.

To rid a cellar of blackbeetles sprinkle ordinary ground salt in the cellar, and leave it there for a week or longer. This will entirely clear the cellar of the beetles.

To remove match scratches from white paint, rub with half a lemon, then wash with a paste of whiting and water. Dry thoroughly, and the marks will disappear.

A Polisher.

To polish furniture, try using a piece of velveteen instead of chamois leather, the former being much cheaper than the chamois and acting quite as well. It is also quite good for silver polishing.

Old Candle Grease.

An excellent polish for oilcloth and linoleum may be cheaply made at home from old candle grease, generally thrown away. Place this in a moderately warm oven until liquid, then skim and add enough turpentine as will mix to the consitency of a nice creamy paste. Use in the ordinary way.

Soap Economy.

Soap should be stored some time before being used in order to get the best value out of it. But as everybody cannot afford to buy large quantities, the following hint should be appreciated by careful housewives. Take off the wrapper, put the soap in a tin, and place it in a hot oven until moist. Be careful not to leave it in too long, or it will run out of shape. Then set it away in a cool place.

Furniture Paste.

Scrape ½lb. beeswax into a basin, and add as much spirits of turpentine as will moisten it through. When this is dissolved add ¼oz. of powdered resin, and as much Indian red as will make it a fine mahogany colour. Stir it up, and it will then be ready for use.

SOME USEFUL RECIPES.

Prune and Apple Mould.—Stone ½lb. prunes, and put them into a saucepan with an equal quantity of peeled, cored, and sliced apples. Add ½ pint water, and cook gently until the fruit is very tender. Stir in 3oz. of sugar and ½oz. gelatine previously soaked in a little water. Turn into a mould and serve with any form of milk pudding, custard, or cream.

Baked Sheep's Head.—Split open the head and remove the tongue and brains. Then soak the head for a short time in warm salted water. Then remove from the water, tie the two halves of the head together, and bake in the oven for two hours, basting occasionally with butter or dripping. Potatoes should be baked in the dish with the head. Boil the tongue separately, and make brain sauce. To do this boil the brains, then mash them with a teaspoonful of mixed sweet herbs, a little butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Stir all over a gentle fire in a stewpan for fifteen minutes. Place brains round the tongue, and serve in a separate dish.

Potato Rocks.—Take one pound of boiled potatoes, one ounce of butter or dripping, one egg. Mash the potatoes smoothly, melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the potatoes, the beaten yolk of the egg, salt and pepper to taste, and stir the mixture over the fire for a minute or two to cool the egg. Whisk the white to a stiff froth with a pinch of salt and stir it lightly into the potato mixture. Have ready a greased baking-tin, and place small heaps on it and bake in a quick oven till nicely browned.

Meat Roll.—Finely mince any old scraps of meat, and some pieces of bacon, a little onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, and make into a roll. Have ready a good suet paste, place meat inside, roll up, tie in a cloth and boil for three hours. If pork is used, sage should take the place of parsley. Serve very hot with a tureen of good gravy.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni. When cooked place a layer upon a buttered dish, over this scatter some grated cheese and drop on three or four little bits of spiced butter over this, a layer of macaroni, then more cheese and bits of butter (three layers of macaroni is enough for one dish); allow the last layer to be cheese and butter. Pop into a good oven and when the top of the dish is of a golden colour, remove and send to table at once; garnish with green parsley. In these days when economy should be studied by everyone, it may be as well to add that the addition of breadcrumbs saves using a certain quantity of cheese, and the addition is much liked by many people. A layer of breadcrumbs can alternate with the macaroni and the cheese, forming every third layer.

Tasty Potted Meat.—Cut two pounds of lean beef and put it into an earthenware jar with six ounces of butter. Place the jar in a deep stewpan of boiling water and allow to boil till half cooked, then stir in a seasoning of pepper and salt, a few cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and cayenne. Place the jar again in the stewpan, and boil till quite tender, then take the meat out. When cold add some anchovies, washed and boned, pound well in a mortar, add six ounces of oiled butter and the gravy from the jar. Colour with a little cochineal, make it warm, and press into small jars, and pour melted butter on the pot. Cover and store.

BRITISH TRANSPORT SUNK.

THREE HUNDRED INDIAN SOLDIERS DROWNED.

The War Office on Friday announced the sinking of a British troopship in the Ægean Sea. The announcement is as follows:—

"The British transport Ramazan was sunk by an enemy submarine by shell fire at 6 a.m. on September 19 off the Island of Antecythera, in the Ægean Sea.

"There were about 380 Indian troops on board, of whom seventy-five were saved. Twenty-eight of the crew were also saved. A number of boats were smashed by shell fire.

"The survivors reached Antecythera in their own boats the same night, and were kindly and hospitably treated by the inhabitants."

LONDON TRAM-CAR TRAGEDY.

A verdict of "Wilful murder" was returned on Saturday at the inquest on Charles Edward Garton, 34, who was stabbed, it is alleged, by a man named Shipway, a lamplighter, of Huxley-road, Edmonton, while he was riding on top of a car near the Nag's Head, Holloway, London. Shipway is under remand at the police-court.

The coroner intimated that the accused man was still too ill to appear.

Div.-Det.-Insp. Neil said that when the charge was read over to him Shipway said, "Yes, I understand." Later he remarked, "I bought the knife by Camden Town tube station, just before I got on the car." The witness added that recently the man's mother died in a lunatic asylum, and since then Shipway had been going backwards and forwards to Islington Centery and sitting on her grave in a very distressed condition.

IRISH MURDER REPRIEVE.

The sentence of death on Jane Reynolds, a domestic servant, for the murder of Mrs. Angelo di Lucia, the wife of an Italian ice-cream vendor of Sligo, has been commuted to penal servitude for life. The husband of the dead woman was also sentenced to death for the same crime.

When sentenced at the Dublin Assizes the girl cried: "Oh, I did not do it. My lord, he killed his wife. Don't hang me. I have a little child. I am found guilty, but I am not guilty at all. I have a father and three brothers at the front."

The murdered woman was found in bed with several wounds in the head, apparently caused with a hammer. Reynolds was alleged to have stated to the police that the male prisoner urged her to commit the crime, and gave her whisky to give her strength. Her courage failed her, and then the man killed his wife.

ESCAPED DEATH TO COMMIT SUICIDE

A remarkable story of an escape from death followed by suicide on the same day, was told at an inquest at Woolwich on Saturday on Alfred Edward Case, 46, an Arsenal labourer, of Plumstead.

His widow said on Monday, the 1st inst., deceased fell off the platform at Stratford in front of a train. A porter shouted to him to lie between the rails. He did so, and the train passed right over him, leaving him uninjured. He said he had no idea what caused him to fall. After they had gone to bed that night her husband went downstairs and she found him with his throat cut. Fourteen years ago he fractured his skull at the Arsenal, and had suffered from periodical head aches. The verdict was "Suicide while temporarily of unsound mind."

SCRATCH CAUSES DEATH.

At an inquest at Hackney on Saturday on a butcher named William George Butler, who died from acute blood poisoning caused by scratching his finger on a bone while working at Smithfield Market, it was stated that the man was seized with delirium, and died a few hours after admission to the Metropolitan Hospital.

Dr. Lewis said the scratch was only about a quarter of an inch long. Probably there were septic germs on the meat.

A Solicitor: But are not septic germs everywhere?—Yes, they are in the air.

Then germs fall anywhere—on the just and on the unjust?—Yes, they are no respectors of persons.

A verdict in accordance with the medical evidence was returned.

SOLDIER'S SUICIDE.

A soldier's dramatic letter before suicide was read at the inquest at Dover on Saturday on the body of Private William Barton, 3rd East Surrey Regiment, who was found at the bottom of Shakespeare Cliff, a drop of 300ft.

Private Barton, who was on duty at the butts, was missed. His tunic was found, with a note on which was written: "Unfit: cannot be murdered by Germans. God forgive me and have mercy on my soul. May my soul rest in peace out of the way of those unmerciful, inhuman beasts."

A verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity" was returned.

THE MILITARY CROSS.

The Military Cross, designed expressly for the present war, is of silver, and is 1¾ inches square. The Imperial Crown is borne on each of the four arms, and his Majesty's cypher appears in the centre on a small raised cross surmounting the larger one. The decoration is a most effective one, different from any other in use, and most creditable to its designer, Mr. H. F. Burke, C.V.O., C.B., F.S.A., Norroy King of Arms. It is suspended from a riband 1¾ inches wide, having a central band of dark purple with white on either side, and is intended for captains, commissioned officers of a lower grade, or warrant officers in the British Army or Indian or Colonial military forces. As in the case of other decorations, many of these crosses have been awarded for life-saving under the enemy's fire.

The British and Russian Ministers at Teheran have received categorical assurances from the Persian Foreign Minister that the report that Persia had concluded an agreement with Germany and Turkey is without foundation.

Geo. Mure Martin, an ex-Army captain, was at Brighton the other day bound over in £250, and ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution, for attempting to trade with the enemy by sending money to an acquaintance in Germany.

Private Richard Buss, who was orderly to General Outram at the Siege of Lucknow and marched with Havelock to the relief of Cawnpore, has been buried at Reading, Berks. He was eighty years of age and had been blind for some time.

"Acts of Parliament are passed with no limit to the number of inspectors who may be appointed. Half the population will be inspectors soon," said Mr. Mead at Marlborough-street Police-court after hearing cases under the Shops Act.

THE KING'S RECOVERY.

NO FURTHER BULLETINS TO BE ISSUED.

On Saturday the Press Bureau issued the following:—

Buckingham Palace,
Nov. 6, 10.30 a.m.

The King has had a better night and was able to be moved to a couch for a few hours. His Majesty is progressing satisfactorily, but it will be some time before he will be well enough to leave his room.

No further bulletin will be issued.

(Signed)
Stanley Hewett.
Frederick Treves.

Neither Sir Anthony Bowlby nor Sir Bertrand Dawson saw the King on Saturday morning, and the fact that only two medical attendants were responsible for the bulletin was reassuring. The progress thus made by His Majesty has exceeded expectations, and he is now able to receive certain special visitors in his room.

PRINCE'S RETURN TO THE FRONT.

The Prince of Wales, who came to England in advance of the King after his Majesty's accident, and gave the Queen a reassuring personal report of the mishap and of his father's condition, concluded his leave of absence and returned to France on Monday, attended by Lord Claud Hamilton, Grenadier Guards, to resume his military duties.

QUEEN MARY INSPECTS TROOPS.

It was the intention of King George to visit Salisbury Plain on Monday for an inspection of troops, but, owing to his illness, the Queen made the inspection on his Majesty's behalf.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Mary, and attended by Sir John Cowans (Adjutant-General), made the journey to Wiltshire by train, and then drove to the parade ground, where she inspected the troops, and expressed to the officers her cordial appreciation of the bearing and general smartness of the men.

Her Majesty and the Princess returned to London the same afternoon.

EXODUS OF ELIGIBLE MEN.

The Cunard Steamship Company will not in future accept the bookings of any men who are eligible for service with the Forces. This fact they officially announced on Saturday in a notice which reads: "Until further advised, please note that we cannot accept the bookings of British subjects who are fit and eligible for military service."

The White Star and Anchor companies have also instructed their agents not to issue tickets to British subjects of military age.

"SIR J. FRENCH'S ORDERS."

At Feltham Police-court on Monday, John Robert Clarke, a chauffeur, of Lancaster-mews, Bayswater, London, W., was fined £4 for driving at 32 miles an hour at Stanwell on October 9.

Defendant pleaded that he was the London chauffeur of Sir John French, and he had to drive fairly fast for him.

The Chairman: But he was not in the car at the time.—Not at the time, but I was under his orders.

A Magistrate: Sir John French does not always exceed the speed limit, I am sure.

OFFICER'S SUICIDE.

An inquest was held at Paddington on John S. H. Beamish, 32, a lieutenant in the 3rd Shropshire Light Infantry, who was found dead in Edgware-road, London, with a bullet wound in the head.

His widow, who lives at Staines, said that they had been married for three months. Her husband returned home on leave from the front, having been wounded in the leg. He had always suffered from insomnia, and had told her that this interfered with his work in the Army. Although he had frequently complained of their comparative poverty, their financial affairs were not worse than they had been, and they had lately caused him no trouble.

In a letter he wrote to a friend, he said: "I can't attribute this action to any particular circumstance, and apart from the fact that I have always contemplated suicide, the truest reason I can give is that for the last three years I have not felt really well, and have consequently felt more fed up with life than ever."

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane."

UNREGISTERED "PROFESSOR."

A man describing himself as Professor Pierre François Popoff, fifty-three, and believed to be a German, was at Croydon Police-court ordered the maximum punishment of six months' imprisonment for not registering, the magistrate saying that his movements made the case one of very grave suspicion.

At Eastbourne he had lived at various addresses. Having been directed by the police to leave the town, as it was a prohibited area, he moved to Brighton in August. Walking into the registration office at Brighton he said, "I am Professor Popoff, a Frenchman, and want to register." The Eastbourne police had already warned Brighton about the professor, and he was informed that if he did not produce a certificate of identification from the French Vice-Consul he would be arrested next day. Then he left Brighton, travelled to various other towns and finally came to Croydon.

CARRYING GOLD AT SEA.

The specie locker of an ocean steamer is a carefully constructed vault, and is located in the stern immediately over the screw. It has the shape of a half oval, following the contour of the side of the vessel, and is generally about six feet in its extreme from top to bottom. Some vaults are fifteen or twenty feet in length, fore and aft. The interior is reached by a door or hatchway from the top, simply large enough to give convenient access. The door is of steel, and has a combination lock, which is known only to the purser. The purser receives the gold, carefully examines the seals, then checks off the weights, and assumes the responsibility for it. Gold is shipped in bags holding £1,000, or in kegs of £[illegible],000. When in bars the size varies. Silver generally weighs 125 pounds to the ingot.

Registrars report that since the National Register was taken there has been a remarkable increase in the number of marriages in England and Wales, partly, no doubt, in order to ensure maintenance allowances in the event of recruitment, but partly owing to the high rate of wages prevailing in manufacturing districts, where skilled workmen are earning from £[illegible] to £9 a week.

As a result of the owners of the fishing boats at Yarmouth giving a cran of herring per boat on "Our Day," a cheque for £[illegible] has been handed over to the fund.

FIGHTING AT ANZAC.

FOUR TURKISH ATTACKS REPULSED.

The General Officer Commanding Mediterranean Expeditionary Force reports that between 8.20 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Thursday night the Turks attacked four times against our extreme right at Anzac. The enemy advanced with filled sandbags and built small barricades. On each occasion they were repulsed with bomb and rifle fire, and by 11 p.m. all was quiet. Although during this attack there was considerable fire demonstration by the enemy against different positions of our line, no other attack was attempted. Our casualties were very slight.

VICTIM OF LONDON AIR RAID.

CORONER'S SOUND ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

A tobacconist's assistant has died from injuries to his spine which he received in the last air raid in the London area. At the inquest a verdict of "Killed by a bomb dropped from hostile aircraft by some person or persons unknown" was returned.

It was explained that he was on his way home on the evening of October 13 when a fragment of a bomb struck him as he was about to descend a stairway leading to the Underground. He was taken to hospital, where he lingered for over three weeks, succumbing to his injuries on the 4th inst.

A fellow employee described how he was lifted off his feet by the force of the explosion and blown through a public-house door. He was taken into the cellar for protection, and ten minutes later went home uninjured.

The Coroner, addressing the jury, said that out of thirteen deaths into which he had inquired only one of the deceased was indoors at the time he was injured. All the others had been in the street. He thought that showed the importance of keeping under cover during air raids.

CRIPPLE'S EAGERNESS TO FIGHT.

The fine story of a lad's patriotic sacrifice is revealed in the announcement of the death in the trenches of a former member of one of the Ragged School Union cripple parlours in South London.

Harry D., aged twenty-two, in his last letter to his mother three days before his death, wrote: "I have been chosen for bomb throwing. Please do not worry for me. Try to think that whatever happens it is only bringing the end nearer. Take care of yourselves, and if I can I will try and come back someone to be proud of."

According to one of his chums they had just taken a German trench, and were getting back to their own again, when, most of the men having jumped the parapet for safety, Harry was sniped by a German.

This lad, when he was first visited by one of the Union's Cripple Mission visitors, had spent nine months on his back, and had been treated in St. Thomas's Hospital for hip disease. Subsequently he spent six months in a sanatorium for consumption. He started work and was again and again brought down by asthma and lung trouble. But he was only "baffled to fight better."

When the war broke out he determined to enlist like other fellows, and it was only on his seventh application, on May 10 last, that he was accepted. Within eleven weeks he was at the front, and on September 25 gladly laid down his life.

LORD DERBY'S GROUP SYSTEM.

The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee is issuing leaflets and posters explanatory of the Earl of Derby's new recruiting scheme. It is pointed out that a man may either join the Army or Navy at once or enlist provisionally and stay at home till his whole group is called up. The grouping system is thus described:—

"There are forty-six groups, numbered one to forty-six. The single men will be put into the first twenty-three groups according to age, and the men entered upon the National Register as married men will be put into the following twenty-three groups, also according to age. Each group will be called up as a whole in the order of its number, but no man will be called up until he has attained the age of nineteen years. Single men will be called first. Men who have married since their registration and widowers without children will be regarded as single men. When a group is called up by Proclamation any man in that group will be able, if he so desires, and if there are very special circumstances in his case, to make an appeal to be placed in a later group."

EFFECT OF "NO TREATING."

The following is the official report for the Metropolitan Police district regarding the "no-treating" order:—

There is a consensus of opinion among the superintendents of all divisions that drunkenness generally, and among women in particular, has decreased. A marked diminution in the number of women and children standing outside public-houses drinking has been noticed, and in many districts the practice has ceased altogether.

Police have invariably found fewer people on licensed premises, and a tendency to make shorter stays has been observed. Practically no breaches of the order have been observed, and licensees and their servants have shown at all times their readiness to assist the police.

NO GENERAL ELECTION DURING WAR

The Marquis of Lansdowne, speaking in the House of Lords on behalf of the Cabinet, made an important announcement in regard to the next General Election. Parliament is due to dissolve in January next, but Lord Lansdowne stated that the Government were profoundly convinced that a General Election ought not to take place while the war was going on, and would spare no pains to prevent it taking place. As to the termination of the war, which he trusted would be before long, Lord Lansdowne observed that it might not be sufficient to make it date as running from the signature of certain international documents. A short Act of Parliament would have to be passed defining the term "termination of the war."

LOSS OF H.M.S. ARGYLL.

In the House of Commons Sir E. Cornwall asked the First Lord of the Admiralty, if he could make any statement with regard to the loss of the cruiser Argyll, more especially as to whether any salvage was effected.

Dr. Macnamara, who replied, said it was feared that salvage was impossible.

A young pig which was put up for sale by auction 1[illegible] times at Exeter on behalf of the Red Cross, realised a sum of £100 17s.

The Italian steamer Ionio ([illegible] tons) has been sunk.

Lord Revelstoke has received royal authority to wear the insignia of the Order of the White Eagle, conferred on him by the Czar in recognition of valuable services.

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—o—

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Contains the principal ingredient used in the manufacture of Sanatogen.

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Are You Willing to Test it? Strongly recommended by Doctors and the Clergy.

It will refresh you. You can drink Coleman's R.T.B. with cold or hot water, or any kind of mineral water. A bottle at 1/9 (a Champagne Quart) will make 25 half pints, which make the cost of the drinks less than a penny each. It is a powerful nerve stimulant, but has no after depressing effect like alcohol. It exhilarates, invigorates, and stimulates. It stops the craving for spirits. It is a magnificent tonic for those who are "run down" and not feeling quite well. The more you drink the better you are. It can be given to children with advantage.

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Kindly send me a Champagne Quart of Coleman's R.T.B. I enclose 1/9 herewith.
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