Weekly Observer

No. 18. NEWCASTLE WEST, DECEMBER 18, 1915 PRICE ONE PENNY.

BIRTHS—MARRIAGES—DEATHS.

Births, Marriages and Deaths charged 2s. 6d. for five lines. Every additional line 8d., and should always be accompanied by remittance in full.

Persons sending by post announcements of this class are particularly requested to give their names and addresses as a guarantee of authenticity. Should the name and address of sender not accompany the advertisement, it will have to be held over for the purpose of inquiry.

BIRTH.

WOULFE.—December 3rd, 1915, at the Pharmacy, Abbeyfeale, the wife of R. B. Woulfe, M.P.S.I., of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

McCARTHY—PARNELL.—On Dec. 8th, at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, by the Rev. T. J. Lawton, Owen F. McCarthy, Lieut. R.A.M.C., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarthy, Mount Alto House, Glanmire, Cork, to Philippa Dorothy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Parnell, Devon Lodge, Brockley, S.E.

DEATH.

WALSH.—December 10, 1915, at Private Nursing Home, Dublin, Mary Josephine (May), loved wife of Dr. J. J. Walsh, Mallow, and daughter of the late William Henry Cruice, M.D., R.N., Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, Exmouth, and grand-daughter of the late Daniel Cruice, R.M., Killarney. Funeral private.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY.—In loving memory of my dear mother, Elizabeth Hartnett, Kilmallock, who departed this life on the 12th December, 1913. Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on her. Immaculate Heart of Mary pray for her.

REGISTRATION FORMS for use in Hotels, Inns, Lodging-houses, &c. are printed by and can be obtained from the "Weekly Observer" and Eagle Printing Co., Newcastle West

IF ANY MAN OR WOMAN

WAS A GOOD SHILLING AND A BAD CORN,

THEY CAN GET RID OF BOTH!!

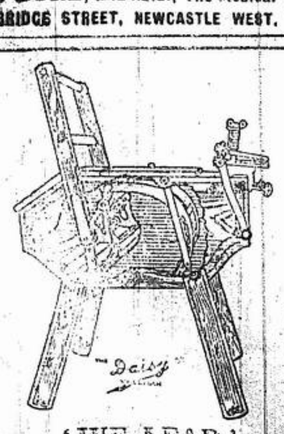
BY PURCHASING A BOTTLE OF

DORENA CORN CURE PER 1/- BOT.

Which will remove all Corns, Warts and Hardened Skin under the Foot.

PAINLESS & HARMLESS.

W. M. DORE, L.P.S.I., The Medical Hall, BRIDGE STREET, NEWCASTLE WEST.



'WE LEAD'

We take the pleasure of presenting our latest WASHING MACHINE

The 'Daisy' VOLLMAR?

(Patent 27663/12)

Ten years ago we were the Pioneers of the 'VOLLMAR' WASHER which then obtained an enormous lead. To-day we have a better lead than ever.

OTHERS FOLLOW

It has been said that 'Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.' If that is true we *have* been flattered. Our earlier machines have been imitated, but our latest

THE 'DAISY'

is above the reach of flattery. You cannot afford to wait for the man who follows.

The 'DAISY' VOLLMAR is years ahead of the copyist.

'VOLLMARS' at Reduced Prices.

'DAISY' VOLLMARS

No. 2 £3.10.0. No. 3 £4.5.0

Complete with Wringers

BOOKLET ON APPLICATION.

Sole Agents—

P. O'SHAUGHNESSY & SON LIMITED

NEWCASTLE WEST

Rathkeale Union.

Mr. D. J. Madden presided. Also present were—Mrs. O'Brien, Messrs. J. M. Donovan, J. Nolan, D. Naughton, M. Casey, T. Hayes, J.P.; J. Leahy, J. Fitzgibbon, J.P.; P. H. O'Brien, T. J. Nolan, J. Sheehy, P. McMahon, T. Sheahan, C. Cullinane, J. McDonnell and J. Walsh.

Mr. J. O'Connell, tea tester, submitted his report, which placed the tenders as follows in the order of merit:—1, Michael Mulcahy; 2, J. M. O'Grady; 3, Brennan Bros.; 4, Michael Mulcahy; 5, E. O'Donnell; 6, M. Madigan.

Mr. Mulcahy was declared contractor.

Mr. Michael Mulcahy's was the only tender received for the supplying of sugar. He stated he would supply Tates Twos at £1 17s. per cwt., and in case this brand could not be obtained he would continue to supply the next best quality of sugar.

Chairman—That is very reasonable.

Mr. J. Magner—I propose you accept the tender.

The proposition was declared adopted, the Chairman observing that Mr. Mulcahy always gave satisfaction in his contracts.

For the supplying of boots and slippers the following tender, being the lowest, was accepted—Thos. Guinane, men's boots, 10s. 5d. per pair; men's leather slippers, 2s. 5d. per pair.

Drs. Magner and Hayes wrote returning cheques respectively for the amounts of £4 and £2, in which sums the Auditor surcharged certain Guardians in connection with the approved salary scale.

The Chairman pointed out that the Guardians were of opinion that the new regulations would come into force on 1st October, 1915. He would suggest under the circumstances that the Local Government Board be asked to reconsider their decision.

The Chairman's suggestion was approved of.

District Council.

On the motion of the Chairman the following resolution was passed nem. con.:—"That this Council assembled rescind the former resolution passed at our meeting on October 27th, appealing to the area of charge only in the £20-1 10s. compensation allowed by the Judge at last Quarter Sessions to Michael Casey of Ballyea Wood, for the malicious burning of his hay and barn, wheat and oats, three cars and a ladder, and that this Council is fully satisfied with the decision of the Judge in the whole case."

The Local Government Board forwarded a complaint received from a cottier named John Clancy, Enniscouch, stating that his house was in need of repairs, and the Council were refusing to carry them out.

The Chairman explained the circumstances of this case, and said when a contractor went to do the work Clancy's wife hunted him out of the house. The Council subsequently re-advertised for contractors to do the work, but they could not get tenders. That being so, the Council could not be accused of neglecting to put the house in a proper state of repair.

It was decided to forward this explanation to the Local Government Board.

Mr. James Nolan said he wished to draw the Council's attention to a false report which had been lately circulated, for what reason he did not know. It had been stated that at the last meeting of the Council Mr. Madden proposed a resolution advocating conscription, and that he (Mr. Nolan) seconded it. Every member of the Council knows that there was not one word spoken about conscription at the last meeting.

The Chairman said that society included two classes of ignorant people. One class was innocently ignorant and the other class was maliciously ignorant. The latter class were a menace to society. As a consistent supporter of Mr. Redmond and the Party he led so ably he (Mr. Madden) should say that Mr. Redmond and his Party were the men who alone saved the Irish people from conscription.

Mr. McMahon—Hear, hear.

Mr. Naughton—That question does not arise now.

Mr. McMahon said Ireland contributed her fair share of men to the army.

The matter was not discussed further.

On the motion of Mr. Sheehy, seconded by Mrs. O'Brien, a vote of condolence was passed to the relatives of the late Mr. James Farrell, Ballycullen, Askeaton, whose death was deeply regretted by the members of the Council.

The meeting then adjourned.

Sale of Licensed House and Premises

At Shanagolden,

On Saturday, December 18th, 1915,

At One o'Clock.

SUBSCRIBER has been instructed by Mr. James Dalton to Sell his Interest in his Licensed House at Shanagolden,

BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

In the Carnegie Hall,

On above Date and Hour.

Conditions and Terms at Sale.

Particulars can be had from

R. Cussen, Esq., Solicitor, Newcastle West;

Or from Thomas Ahern, Auctioneer, Shanagolden.

Ballingarry, Co. Limerick.

FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

Dwelling House and Plot of Land,

At PREMISES, THE SQUARE, BALLINGARRY,

On Monday, 3rd January, 1916,

At One o'clock.

BURKE & REIDY are instructed by Mr. PATRICK BLAKE, to SELL BY AUCTION his INTEREST in his Holding at BALLINGARRY, consisting of Dwelling-house, attached to which is about 1 Acre Statute Measure, more or less, at the Yearly Rent of £2 0s. 0d., and held as a Yearly Tenancy from T. D. ATKINSON, Esq., D.L.

Usual Commission of 5 per cent. to be paid by Purchaser.

Burke & Reidy, Auctioneers, Ballingarry.

Fair of Newcastle West, 3rd JANUARY, 1916, at 8 o'clock, a.m.

Sale of In-Calf Heifers.

C. C. HARNETT has been favoured with instructions from James Sullivan, Esq., Dromin House, to

SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

20 In-Calf Heifers

Conditions at Sale.

Usual Auction Fees of 5 per cent.

C. C. Harnett, Auctioneer, Newcastle West.

County of Limerick.

Heathfield, Kilmeedy,

(Newcastle West, 6 Miles; Rathkeale, 7 Miles).

Annual Sale by Public Auction

OF

30 In-Calf Black Kerry Heifers;

ALSO

3 Prime In-Calf Heifers.

WM. COSTELLOE & SON have been instructed by EDWARD L. LLOYD, Esq., to SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AT HEATHFIELD,

On Thursday, 6th January, 1916,

At 12 o'Clock,

30 IN-CALF BLACK KERRY HEIFERS

AND

3 PRIME IN-CALF HEIFERS.

The above are a nice lot, well selected, and engaged to be clear calved the 10th May.

Terms and conditions at Sale.

Wm. Costelloe & Son, Auctioneers, Rathkeale.

Wanted Turkeys, Geese, Poultry

EVERY DAY FROM

Nov. 6th to 22nd inst

Highest Prices Paid.

M. CULHANE, MAIDEN STREET,

£20 TO £5,000 LOANS GRANTED BY POST.

MONEY LENT WITHOUT SECURITY

Ladies or Gentlemen can have their own acceptances discounted or post-dated cheques cashed without any securities, sureties, or interviews.

Clergymen, Merchants, Medical Practitioners, Farmers, Shopkeepers, and all Responsible persons.

No Fees or Beforehand Charges are made, and no Railway Fares.

Borrowers dealing with other Firms can have their loans paid off or increased, and those who are about to borrow should write for full information to

THE STANDARD PRIVATE FINANCE CO. OF IRELAND, LTD., JAMES J. WALSHE, Sec., 5, ARGLESEA STREET, DUBLIN.

PHELAN'S, Newcastle West

Apple Trees, Plum and Pear Trees.

BEST VARIETIES

CAN BE SUPPLIED OFF STOCK IN GARDENS.

Cattle Feeding Stuffs.

Cotton Meal and Cake,
Linseed Cake and Meal,
Howard and Sellar's Chilled Plows,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Turnip Pulpers,
Chaffcutters.
Vollmar Washing Machines,
Corrugated Sheets,
Barbed Wire,
Bamford's Celebrated Pumps,
And everything in

HARDWARE.

General Undertaker and Contractor and Hay Barn Erector.

Forest Timber Cut every Day at St. Ita's Saw Mills.

W. PHELAN, Ironmongery Stores, Newcastle West.

BERMALINE

Is a Bread to Enjoy and a Bread to Profit by. For Providing Pleasure and Health Combined, it is Unsurpassed.

Bermaline.

Is the Bread which has advantages for all. For the Weak and for the Strong it is a Necessity and a Pleasure.

Bermaline.

Is the Product of the Richest Wheats and Barleys the world Provides. To the Wealth of Nourishment in the Wheat is added the Digestive Life-giving Properties of Malted Barley. Such a Combination of food value is Unrivalled.

Bermaline.

Is Brown Bread at its Best.

Give Bermaline a Trial.

Manufactured and Sold by

Nash's Newcastle West Steam Bakery.

ROYCROFT, Auctioneer and Valuer, BANTRY.

Wednesday, 5th January, 1916.

Coolygorman, near Broadford,

Three Miles from Dromcollogher and Six from Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

One of the most extensive and highly valuable Residential Farms in the County.

EXCEPTIONALLY RARE OPPORTUNITY.

William B. Roycroft

Is specially favoured with instructions from MRS. MARY ANNE CUSSEN to SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION, on the above date, her very valuable Interest and Good-will in her highly attractive and very valuable Farm, at Coolygorman, comprising two separate and distinct Lots, adjoining each other, and will be offered for Sale together or separately, as follows:—

LOT 1—Containing 45 Acres, more or less, of absolutely prime level beautiful Land, and without an inch of waste, held as a Judicial Tenancy, at the Yearly Rent of £32 10s.; P. L. Valuation, £40 10s. This Lot includes a beautiful Slated Residence, with all requisite Out-Offices for the whole Farm.

LOT 2—Containing 35 Acres, more or less, of most attractive Land, laid out in large square, level, well-fenced fields, held as a Judicial Tenancy, at the Yearly Rent of £18; Poor Law Valuation, £19. This Lot has no buildings.

Not for many years has such a desirable farm been offered for public competition in this part of the country. It enjoys a most favourable situation, being only about half a mile from the Broadford Creameries, Schools, and Places of Worship.

The whole farm has a southerly aspect, and is noted for its great natural fertility. For pasture and crops, milk and butter, it enjoys a very high local reputation.

When those lands are, as they probably will be in due course, sold to the tenant, a very substantial reduction will take place in the present rents.

Carrying capacity of the whole farm as it is being worked at present, is about 25 cows, 3 horses, and about 40 head of dry stock, after allowing for the necessary tillage and meadowing.

A portion of the Purchase Money may, if required, remain outstanding on the security of a mortgage, at five per cent. interest.

The Auctioneer has personally inspected this Farm, and can with every confidence recommend it to West Cork buyers, as the opportunity it presents is of a very exceptional nature.

Mr. Peter Conway, of Broadford, will be pleased to show intending purchasers over the lands, and point out the boundaries.

Private offers, in writing, will be received by the Auctioneer previous to the day of Sale.

*** Sale on the Lands of Coolygorman on WEDNESDAY, 5th JANUARY, 1916, at 12 o'clock, sharp.

No incumbrance of any kind. Immediate possession. Clear of Rent and Rates to last Gale Day.

One-fourth of the purchase money to be paid as a deposit on the day of Sale.

Immediately after the Sale of the Farm all the Chattel Property will be Sold, including about 50 Tons of Hay, about 20 Cows, all the Dry Stock, 2 Farm Horses, 3 Lovely Colts, Farming Implements, etc.

The Chattel Property to be all paid for in full at the conclusion of the Sale.

Further Particulars and Conditions of Sale from

J. Travers Wolfe, Solicitor, Skibbereen and Bantry, Co. Cork having Carriage of Sale;

Or William B. Roycroft, Auctioneer & Valuer, BANTRY.

Newspapers for Abroad.

By a recent regulation the Post Office is refusing to forward newspapers to neutral countries on the Continent or to America, etc. No newspaper or magazine sent by an individual is permitted to leave this country under circumstances mentioned. The authorities, however, allow newspapers to be forwarded "if despatched from the offices of the publishers." Parties who desire to send the WEEKLY OBSERVER abroad in future can do so by forwarding the necessary subscription to this office. This is the only way that this paper can reach its destination. This regulation does not apply to France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, or the British Colonies.

Newcastle Divorce Case.

On Monday in the Probate Court, Dublin, before Mr. Justice Madden,

Mr. P. Kelly (instructed by Mr. P. J. Lavan) made an application in the matrimonial suit, Dowling v. Dowling. He moved for an order for alimony on behalf of the petitioner, Mrs. Dowling. The suit was brought by Mrs. Dowling, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, to obtain a divorce from her husband. The husband was a substantial farmer. There was no appearance for him.

His Lordship made the order, fixing the alimony at £1 a week to run from the date of the application.

THE BRITISH FRONT.

MINING AND ARTILLERY WARFARE

On Thursday the Press Bureau issued the following despatch from Sir John French:—

"Bad weather has limited activity in the air, but, in spite of very adverse conditions, our airmen have been able to do useful work. Two machines which went on reconnaissance on the 5th have not returned.

"As a result of a successful little enterprise in the region south of Arras, a small body of our men entered a German trench and bombed the occupants, successfully withdrawing after completing their mission.

"The destruction of the enemy's parapets and wire entanglements at various points on the front by our artillery continues.

"In reply to a successful bombardment of the enemy's position near Pilken on the 8th inst., the enemy shelled Ypres and the area north of it heavily, but did little damage.

"West of Fricourt we exploded a large mine with success on the 5th inst. Yesterday, near Givenchy, an enemy mine buried two of our men, who, however, were safely rescued."

EFFECTIVE WORK OF OUR ARTILLERY.

The Press Bureau issued the following communiqué from Sir John French on Sunday night:—

"On the 8th sixteen of our aeroplanes bombed a store depot at Miraumont and an aerodrome at Hervilly.

"This attack was carried out in a high westerly wind, which made flying difficult.

"All machines returned safely, and considerable damage is believed to have been done to both objectives.

"Our artillery has continued the bombardment of portions of the enemy's lines.

"At Wez Macquart and La Boutillerie the parapet was breached in several places.

"A fire was started by our artillery yesterday in Cité St. Elie, and was still burning this afternoon.

"The enemy's shelling of Armentières in reply to our bombardment caused two fires, which were quickly got under.

"A successful small bombing attack was carried out by us last night about Neuve Chapelle. The German trenches were entered, though strongly held.

"One German machine-gun was destroyed by bombs, and a number of casualties were inflicted on the enemy. The party returned to our trenches safely, with one officer and four other ranks wounded.

"The weather since my last communiqué has been very stormy and wet."

GERMANS AND LOST U BOAT.

The following statement regarding the recent sinking of a German submarine off the Belgian coast has been issued by the Press Bureau:—

"Berlin, December 1 (Wolff).—In his report of November 29 Sir John French states that a German submarine was destroyed by an English aviator near Middelkerke. Wolff's Bureau hears from an authoritative source, however, that this report is totally untrue."—("De Telegraaf," December 1.)

Wolff's Bureau says: "In spite of yesterday's dementi, Reuter's Agency repeats, upon detailed official information received, particulars of the air fight in which a British aeroplane broke the back of a German submarine with a bomb. On application to the proper authority, Wolff's Agency is informed that, if Reuter is correct, the sinking of a submarine must be that of a British or French submarine by a British aeroplane, as there can be no question of a German submarine being involved."—"Der Tag," December 3.)

With reference to the above German statements, says the Press Bureau, one of which appeared in "De Telegraaf" of December 1, and the other in "Der Tag" of December 3, it should be noticed that the denials are not official, but are so worded as to give readers the impression that they have read an official denial of the destruction of the German submarine off the Belgian coast. That, however, is not the case, and no authority for the denial is specified.

LABOUR PARTY PAMPHLETS.

At Westminster County Court there was a further sequel to the police raids on the I.L.P. offices at Manchester and London.

On August 27 Mr. C. H. Norman, who claimed to be the owner of three condemned pamphlets which had been published in London, started an action against Sir Chas. Mathews, Public Prosecutor, and Sir William Nott Bower, Chief of the City Police, claiming that he was entitled to the pamphlets, to an account of the number taken, an order for delivery up, and damage for detention. The Mansion House magistrate ordered the documents seized at the London offices to be destroyed, and an application by Mr. Norman in the High Court to quash the decision was refused.

The application heard now was on behalf of Mr. Norman in the action started on August 27. It was for affidavits to documents, leave to administer certain interrogatories, and to fix a day for the trial.

Mr. Branson (for the Treasury) asked that the application might be taken in chambers as there might be matters which in the public interest ought not to be dealt with in open court. Mr. Scott Duckers, for the plaintiff, objected.

His Honour ruled that the case must be heard in private.

The hearing was concluded, but the result was not disclosed.

CONTRADICTORY EVIDENCE.

An inquest was held at Lambeth Coroner's Court on Annie Louisa Ballard, aged 43, wife of a carman, of Clarendon-place, Somers Town, London, who was killed by a train at Waterloo Station. Her son, a private in the R.F.A., said that his mother and two aunts went to see him off at the station. They were all talking on the platform when the guard's whistle blew, and a lot of soldiers rushed into the carriage, the witness being the last to get in. The train stopped, and he got out. He denied that he put his head out of the window and caught hold of his mother's hand.

The Coroner: You have made a statement which is entirely different from that you are telling us now. You told my officer: "I was in the train, which had just started, and we were shaking hands, when she slipped and fell between the train and the platform."

The Witness: I did not tell him that.

A police officer said that when he made the statement the witness was very excited, and might not have intended to say what he did. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," and the coroner remarked that he was sorry to see a soldier make such conflicting statements.

The "Watch on the Spree" is the title bestowed on a battalion of female special police which has been formed in Berlin. The duty of these women, who have been chosen for their muscular development mainly from the ranks of music-hall acrobats in various North German towns, will be, as the Berlin papers put it, "to deal with the numerous enemy and neutral ducks (spies) that fly over the city, and, if possible, to destroy them."

LETTER FOR GERMANY.

Julius Barkousky, a German florist, of Kentish Town, was sentenced at Grays Police-court to four months' imprisonment in the second division for carrying a letter for transmission to Germany. The letter was found on the man when he was embarking at Tilbury.

It was stated by the prosecution that the prisoner's son, who was charged with writing the letter, was English-born and a British subject, but that the letter was strongly pro-German.

A daughter of Barkousky admitted writing a parody on "Your King and Country Need You" in order "to cheer father up."

A DISASTROUS CONTRACT.

"I hope the results of all commercial contracts made by the Government Department will not be as disastrous as this one has been," said Mr. Justice Scrutton in the King's Bench Division. His Lordship had acquiesced in the settlement of a petition of right by a suppliant named Van Mol against the King, in connection with what was said to be a big sugar contract. Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C., for the suppliant, said the Crown had agreed to pay his client £9,500 and costs.

WANTED IN "A FEW YEARS."

Giving evidence at Birmingham on summonses against manufacturers for employing children under twelve, Miss Martindale, factory inspector, said the Factory Act had been seriously infringed in Birmingham, and the Home Office felt it imperative that young labour should be husbanded for future needs. It might be wanted a few years hence in munition works.

Fines were imposed ranging from 5s. to £2.

BEQUEST TO SALVATION ARMY.

Mr. Edward Mossom Owen, of Grosvenor-gardens, S.W., senior partner in Myrtle Burt and Co., greycloth merchants, of Manchester and Java, who died on October 30, has left £205,298. Probate of his will is granted to the Public Trustee. After certain bequests Mr. Owen left the residue of the property, which will probably amount to £150,000, to the Salvation Army.

MR. SAMUEL RE-ELECTED.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-Geenral, has been re-elected for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire by a majority of 5,859. The actual figures were: Samuel, 7,312; Knight, 1,453.

VALUE OF FISH SCALES.

Among unconsidered trifles may be included the scales of fish. Of value and utility to the owner during its sojourn in the vasty deep, the scales are ignored after capture as good only for the manure heap. But it was not ever thus. In days gone by fish scales possessed a real value, notably those of roach, bleak, dace, and whitebait. Older writers tell us how the scales of these fishes were collected and used in the manufacture of necklaces, earrings and such-like ornaments. The Thames fishermen used to catch the fish, take off the scales, and throw the body back into the river. A pigment was obtained by treating the scales in a certain fashion, whitebait being the most popular fish used for the purpose. So great, formerly, was the demand at times that the price of a quart of fish-scales varied from one to five guineas. This treatment of fish-scales for making small personal adornments is attributed to the French. A Parisian artist one winter, it is said, used thirty hamperfuls of bleak scales in the course of manufacture. To-day, however, the industry is practically extinct.

THE FIRST BOMB.

The bomb, once looked upon chiefly as a symbol of anarchy, has come into such general use as a destructive agent during the present war that it is interesting to note its origin. It came into being during the troublous times in France towards the close of the eighteenth century. Its inventor was a French fanatic named Chevalier, who had conceived such an intense hatred of Napoleon that he determined to kill him. Being employed at a Government small arms factory, he had gained some knowledge of explosives, and with this knowledge he managed to construct a bomb out of a barrel which he filled with a mixture of powder, bullets, broken glass, and white arsenic. Chevalier's idea was for the bomb to explode under Napoleon's carriage as it passed through the streets of Paris. A miscalculation, however, caused it to go off a few seconds too soon. Had Chevalier succeeded in his object the whole history of Europe would, of course, have been changed.

CARVED IN CORK.

The art of carving on cork comes from Switzerland. The material is bought in its rough state, and a piece of the required size selected. It first undergoes a course of treatment with knives, sand-paper, and emery-dust until a smooth face is obtained; then the landscape, marine view, or other design is worked out upon it with small, fine-pointed knives and chisels, after which it is touched up with water-colours. The task of carving in cork is rendered specially difficult because of the imperfectness of the material and its exceeding brittleness. In a ton of cork there might not be five pounds of the material perfect enough to be used in this fine class of work. Steadiness of hand is also necessary to success, as the slightest slip of the knife or chisel would ruin the whole thing.

MAN LIVES WITH BROKEN NECK.

A robust-looking man, who was stated to be one of the only two men known who were walking about with broken necks, asked Mr. Fordham, at West London Police-court, to sign his green form.

The applicant's solicitor said that his client had been rejected for the Army. Five years ago he broke his neck at Eastbourne, but fortunately the spinal column was not broken.

The man with a broken neck said he only wanted to go to France for less than a fortnight, and Mr. Fordham signed the form.

Fire broke out in the Naval Recruiting Office in Argyle-street, Glasgow, recently, and, owing to the density of the smoke, the tenants could not escape, and had to be rescued in their night attire by firemen by means of ladders. They were temporarily housed in Red Cross wagons.

An Army veteran named William George, seventy-eight years of age, is among the most active workers on the Chatham recruiting staff under Lord Derby's scheme. George served twenty-one years in the Royal Field Artillery, retiring with the rank of sergeant. He belongs to the National Reserve, and is a special constable. One of his sons is a prisoner of war in Germany.

DRESS OF THE DAY.

A DAINTY BLOUSE.

One of the most useful, I had almost said indispensable, garments at this time of the year is a smart and pretty blouse that will serve either for best afternoon or for simple evening wear. A blouse of this type is particularly useful this year, when evening dresses are scarcely worn at all, for it is just the thing for the simple family gatherings or quiet entertainment of friends which will be the only form of festivity with most of us this Christmas. Our sketch shows just the very blouse for the purpose, simple, smart, practical, and most dainty. This charming model is carried out in an alliance of black and white, as are most of the more exclusive blouses shown just now. The entire under blouse is made of white

[Refer to X 657.]

chiffon and shows, unveiled, in front, where it is arranged in crossover style. The crossing fronts are full and soft, and leave a small, V-shaped opening at the neck. The outer edges are defined by a line of sparkling, cut jet beads of oval shape, and rather large size, and a wide, pleated frilling of white tulle rises from the back of the neck. A band of delicate black Chantilly insertion, with the design picked out here and there by sparkling jet beads, is carried across the lower part of the front. The blouse proper is made of plain black net and is absolutely simple in shape. Each side is finished by a band of the jetted lace insertion, and these bands are carried into a point at the back. The sleeves are full and are cut in one with the blouse. The fullness is carried into a group of small tucks at the outside of the wrist, and a band of the jetted insertion encircles the rest of the wrist. The sleeves are finished by frills of black not over underfrills of white tulle. A blouse of this type should be worn with a skirt of black taffetas, satin, charmeuse, or crêpe de Chine.

A FASHIONABLE COAT.

Years ago the long coat was nothing more or less than either a serviceable wrap to slip over a gown or costume for driving, motoring, or travelling in cold weather, or a mackintosh or raincoat for wet weather wear. To-day, however, the long coat for winter wear is every whit as smart and

[Refer to X 658.]

useful a garment as is the coat and skirt. It is made of nice material, is beautifully cut and finished, and is almost as much used for practical morning wear as is the complete costume. It is good to know that a smart long coat is really easier to make than the coat of a costume, the first necessity being a well-cut pattern. Our sketch shows a new and extremely smart model, which is unusually simple in style and which is just the thing for cold weather wear. It may be carried out in velours cloth, diagonal serge, or imitation fur cloth, of which there is such an excellent variety. It wraps over a little in front, and fastens with large buttons and diagonal buttonholes, and the edge of the front is neatly machined. The sleeves are fairly wide, and are finished at the wrist by big turn-back cuffs of the material. A wide collar of velvet or fur turns back from the neck. The coat is cut with plenty of flare, and hangs from the shoulders in most graceful and becoming folds.

A NEW TRIMMING.

Some of the new hats, and more especially those of large size, are trimmed with a single rosette of huge size and completely new type. The centre of the rosette consists of a big cabochon ornament of enamel or mock precious stones, and this is surrounded by a complete ring of tiny ostrich tips in exactly the same shade as the hat. For instance, a very smart model recently seen in a London show-room was made of tête-de-nègre velvet, and was very large and almost flat. One of these new rosettes was perched in front of the low and slightly rounded crown. It had a cabochon centre of pale, straw-coloured amber with a ring of small, tête-de-nègre ostrich tips all round it.

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

ABOUT YOUR BABY.

The average baby is at least a month old before it can be said to look at anything fixedly. Sometimes it is six weeks. By fixing its eyes upon it and becoming quite still a baby seven weeks old has been observed to take definite notice of a bright-coloured ball. But a much longer time elapses before a child acquires the power of following with its eyes any rapidly-moving object. Most children are unable to do so until from five to seven months of age. Baby can hear before it can see. Sudden and unfamiliar noises frighten it more than unaccustomed sights. Yet it is at least six months before the average youngster can tell at all from which direction a sound comes. Not until it is a month old has a child the slightest control of its muscles. With a very young infant, grasping objects near it is purely by instinct. The first voluntary movement is always the same. It learns how to put the hand to the mouth. Movements of hands and arms are learnt long before those of body and legs. At four months old baby shows distinct signs of temper. Displeased, it gets red in the face. Earlier, the crying has been rather from pain or discomfort than from anger. Six weeks and three days is the average age at which baby is first seen to smile. Real laughing does not come till about three and a half months.

THE WORLD'S COAL.

During normal years, miners in Great Britain extract little short of 300 million tons from our coal-pits, and according to expert calculation, based upon the present rate of consumption, we have enough coal to last for another 500 years. The Royal Commission on Coal Supplies have stated that our proved coal-fields contain 100,000 million tons, and our unproved 40,000 million—in all, 140,000 million tons. Astonishing as this figure is, it represents less than one-fiftieth of the total coal resources of the whole world. Already we can reckon on 7,397,533 million tons. The world will not use this up, at its present rate, for 5,400 years. It is probable, however, that for a period there will be an annual increase in the amount of coal we use. Many experts argue from this that our coal will not last nearly as long as the above figures suggest. But they miss two important points. Firstly, there is a limit to the number of men whom the world can spare merely for coal-producing. And, secondly, future generations will very likely find a substitute for coal.

KNOWN AS "SOUND-BLINDNESS."

Sound blindness is by no means an uncommon complaint, for many people, although they may possess perfect eyesight for reading or seeing long distances, are quite unable to distinguish between green and red, and many other pairs of colours. Lately it has been found that some suffer from an exactly similar affection of the hearing power—that is, an inability to distinguish particular shades of sound. One boy could not distinguish at all between the sounds of "very," "perry," and "Polly," and yet he could hear at as great a distance as any body. Another youngster would spell "different" "drifent." He said that was how it sounded to him. Several others ran the letters "r," "n," and "l" together in a hopeless way, being unable to tell one from the other.

IN NITRATE LAND.

A South American merchant thus referred to Antofagasta, the great nitrate port of Chili:—"It is a sun-baked, shrivelled place between sea and desert. There is but little vegetation, and that has to flourish on a minimum of moisture, for all the water that reaches the place comes through a conduit pipe 180 miles long. There never was such a thirsty place. In fact, but for the nitrate industry no one would live there. Nitrate is, of course, used as a fertiliser. It is found chiefly in rocks many feet below the surface of the ground. This rock, which is obtained by blasting operations, is separated by picks, and then hauled to the factory, where it is reduced by a boiling process. The Europeans who have visited Chilian deserts in search of nitrate have often made fortunes, but at least one crowded graveyard in that region tells of the perils."

PLAYING WITH MATCHES.

At an inquest at Richmond on Kathleen Isabel Mossat, aged three, whose death was said to be due to shock following burns, her father said that he found the child sitting up in bed looking at flames which were round her knees. She was not crying. His wife used to give the child matches to play with, and the child used to look forward to playing with them when she woke up.

The verdict was "Accidental death," the jury adding that the parents ought to be severely censured for gross carelessness.

MORE VESSELS SUNK.

News has reached Southampton that the crew of the Harrison liner Commodore are all safe, except the second cook, who has been drowned.

A Liverpool telegram states that the Cunarder Veria has been sunk. The crew are reported safe.

The Cardiff steamer Helsmuir has been sunk. The crew are safe.

NEUTRAL STEAMERS SUNK.

The Norwegian steamer Nereus and the Italian steamer Dante Alighieri have been sunk. The second mate of the Nereus was lost, but the other members of the crew have been landed.

The Nereus was a steamer of 742 tons gross, built at Rotterdam in 1898, and owned by Pettersen and Ullenes, of Porsgrund.

There are two steamers in Lloyd's Register named Dante Alighieri, one a steel screw vessel of 9,754, built this year, and owned in Genoa; the other a small steamer of 178 tons gross, built in 1891, and owned in Naples.

Finding it difficult to obtain domestic servants owing to the high remuneration which women can now obtain at other work, the Lambeth Guardians have decided to give each member of the domestic staff a war bonus of £5.

Information has been received that Lieut. A. F. Smyly, 8th S. Staffs, son of Judge Smyly, K.C., of Shoreditch County-court, has been wounded. Both the judge's sons joined as privates and are now lieutenants.

THE KING'S RECOVERY.

HIS MAJESTY ABLE TO RESUME WORK.

The Press Bureau has received the following bulletin from his Majesty's medical advisers for publication:—

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Dec. 13, 1915.

We are happy to report that the King has so far recovered from the grave accident of Oct. 28 as to be able to resume work with certain limitations.

The King has lost seriously in weight, and until a normal state of health is attained it is essential that his Majesty should avoid any cause of fatigue.

It has been necessary on medical grounds that the King should take a little stimulant daily during his convalescence.

As soon as the King's health is quite restored, his Majesty will resume that total abstinence which he has imposed upon himself for public reasons.

FREDERICK TREVES.
BERTRAND DAWSON.

SOLDIERS VICTIMISED.

"A most dangerous man—guilty of wholesale thefts from our soldiers at the front," said Mr. Francis at Westminster Police-court on Monday, sentencing a young man, said to be a native of Kentucky, U.S.A. The prisoner, who gave the name of Arthur Francis, was wearing khaki clothes, including an overcoat, belonging to various different regiments, and it was stated that he was a deserter from November 20 from a regiment which he had joined under false representations.

A detective said that early in September last the prisoner was sentenced at that court for wearing military uniform without authority, after several remands in custody and cablegrams had been sent to America to establish his identity. Since his release from custody he had simply preyed on soldiers going to or returning from the front. Many of the robberies took place at St. Andrew's Hall, Carlisle-place, where the prisoner stayed. One man who lost his money and everything valuable he possessed was greatly distressed about the loss of a photograph of his wife and child. He begged an officer to try to get this photograph back. The man was shot, and when dying he asked for the photo. Subsequently it was found that the prisoner had it. In a locker of which the prisoner had the use at the Soldiers' Home, Buckingham-gate, witness found a large assortment of stolen property, including soldiers' passes and photographs.

Mr. Francis sentenced the prisoner to nine months' hard labour, to be followed by deportation.

DEBTS DUE TO ENEMY.

At Bow-street Police-court on Monday, the Godfrey Manufacturing Company, Loughborough, and John Thomas Godfrey, director, were fined £450 and £15 15s. costs for failing to disclose debts due to enemies. It was stated by Mr. Travers Humphreys for the Public Prosecutor that the company was formed at the end of 1913, and that Mr. Godfrey had very little interest in the concern. He held half the £5,000 capitals as nominee of a Mr. Bastard, an Englishman by naturalisation. The other half was paid for by a German firm, Bolzani Brothers, Berlin, who lent Godfrey £2,500 to take up the shares. He was to have £300 a year, and anything beyond that was to reduce the loan. The magistrate said the case showed that a man who held himself out as a large shareholder turned out to be the salaried manager of a German firm.

PEER'S BROTHER DEAD.

The Hon. John Richard de Clare Boscawen, brother of Viscount Falmouth, died on Monday at the age of fifty-five. He was about to start the engine of his motor-car for the journey home from morning service at Devoran Church, when he was seized with a fit of coughing. He went to the churchwarden's house, and died almost immediately from heart failure.

Mr. Boscawen, who was formerly captain and hon. major of the 4th Oxfordshire L.I., married in 1890 the daughter of the Earl of Strafford. Their daughter was the wife of Lord Petre, who was killed recently at the front.

EXPLOSION AT DEMONSTRATION.

"Accidental death" was the verdict returned at an inquest at Aldershot on Monday on Lance-Corporal T. F. Neal, 19th Middlesex Regiment. He was assisting at a demonstration of explosives, and was standing 15 yards clear of what was considered to be the danger zone, his officer being much nearer. The charge exploded fanwise, instead of downwards, and a piece of flying metal struck Neal in the chest, inflicting a wound which proved fatal.

EARL OF CORK IN COURT.

Charles Spencer Canning Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery (fifty-four), of Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, London, W., no occupation, was charged at Marlborough-street Police-court, on Monday, with being incapably drunk at Hill-street, St. George's, on Sunday morning.

Mr. Wallis, solicitor, said that the defendant pleaded guilty, and Mr. Denman imposed a fine of ten shillings.

IN MESOPOTAMIA.

TURKISH ATTACKS REPULSED WITH HEAVY LOSS.

On Monday night the Secretary of State for India issued the following statement:—

"General Townshend reports that the enemy shelled his position all day on Dec. 8, and that the bombardment was continued during the night, when the enemy made desultory attacks on all sides.

"On Dec. 10 the enemy again heavily bombarded Kut, and developed attack against the northern front of the position, which, however, was not pressed.

"On the 11th the bombardment was renewed, and two attacks were made on our north front, which were repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy.

"Since then there has been less activity.

"The attitude of the Arabs is reported to be satisfactory.

"Reinforcements are being pushed forward."

The two daughters of the Dean of Rochester, the Misses M. and P. Storrs, are among the workers who on Sundays are engaged in shell-making at Erith, Kent.

The chair manufacturers of High Wycombe, Bucks, have, through the mayor, been requested to make 50,000 Windsor chairs for the War Office for soldiers' use.

BRITISH IN MACEDONIA.

WITHDRAWAL AFTER FIGHT AGAINST BULGARS.

On Thursday night the Press Bureau communicated the following statement from the War Office:—

"On December 6 the Bulgarians, after a heavy bombardment, attacked our troops to the west of Lake Doiran. Our advance trenches were entered by small parties of Bulgarians, who were immediately driven out with the bayonet.

"On the morning of the 7th the Bulgarians attacked again, and by weight of superior numbers drove our troops out of their position.

"Under cover of darkness the troops were withdrawn to a new line.

"Reports as to losses have not yet been received.

"On the 8th the British troops successfully repulsed all attacks, and in the evening they were withdrawn to a new position in order to conform with the general alignment."

DUKE'S BROTHER AND MONEYLENDERS

Lord Edward Fitzgerald attended the London Bankruptcy Court for public examination under two sets of proceedings instituted in May, 1914, and May, 1915, respectively.

He stated that the debts of the first bankruptcy had been paid in full with 5 per cent. interest, and he had applied for an annulment of the proceedings. The accounts under the second failure showed liabilities £3,392 against assets valued at £6,705, consequently he did not admit insolvency. He was a lieutenant in the Army, and before May, 1915, was in receipt of a voluntary allowance from his brother, the Duke of Leinster.

Upon attaining his majority in that month he received £20,000 under the will of his father. He settled £10,000 upon himself for life, with remainder to his wife and children, and had since received the income, but it had not been sufficient to cover his expenses.

In May last he went to a moneylender to borrow £300, and was given it on condition that he bought a picture for £650 and signed a promissory note for £1,000 with interest at 30 per cent per annum. He sent the picture to a firm of auctioneers, and it fetched £27 10s. under the hammer.

A second time he went to the moneylender, and on that occasion he could not get any cash, but bought a diamond pendant for £126 and gave a promissory note for the amount. He took the pendant to a pawnbroker, who said he had never seen a worse bit of jewellery and would not give more than £5 or £10 for it. He accepted the offer, but did not hand over the money to the moneylender.

The examination was concluded.

WAR OFFICE NOTEPAPER.

A canteen manager's order for notepaper stamped "War Office, London," was the cause of Robert Hardy, 30, Oxford Gardens, Notting Hill, London, being charged with an offence under the Defence of the Realm Act at Clerkenwell Police-court.

Hardy, who is a canteen manager, was arrested in Gray's Inn-road, Holborn, carrying a parcel of notepaper stamped "War Office, London," for which he had ordered a special die.

Hardy said that he had applied for a commission in the Army Service Corps, and had received a reply on War Office paper. He intended to copy this reply on similar paper and send it to different officers with a covering letter. He did not wish to lose the original letter, and since his arrest he had written from Brixton Prison to the War Office asking entry into a machine-gun section.

Mr. d'Eyncourt (to the prisoner): I don't know what your object was, but it seems a most dangerous thing to get hold of War Office paper. Six months' imprisonment.

GREAT LABOUR ALLIANCE.

The Triple Industrial Alliance, with a total membership of 1,500,000, has become an accomplished fact. A joint conference of the full Executive Committees of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, National Union of Railwaymen, and National Transport Workers' Federation formally ratified an agreement between the three organisations for offensive and defensive trade union purposes.

This combination will be the most powerful labour force ever brought together in the history of the organised workers' movement. The Miners' Federation contributes roughly 800,000 members, and the remaining 700,000 are almost equally divided between the two other unions.

The following representatives were appointed to be officials of the new organisation: Mr. R. Smillie, president; Mr. Harry Gosling, vice-president; Mr. T. Ashton, secretary; Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., treasurer.

A sub-committee was also formed, the president and secretary of each society being elected.

INVESTITURE BY THE KING.

An investiture was held on Tuesday by the King at Buckingham Palace. It was the first ceremony on any considerable scale performed by His Majesty since his accident. Personally he decorated about fifty officers for gallantry during the present campaign, and also bestowed two V.C.'s.

One of the V.C. heroes was Second Lieut. B. H. Geary, East Surrey Regiment, who won the coveted award in the memorable battle of Hill 60, and the other Lance-Corporal F. W. O. Potts, Berkshire Yeomanry, whose conspicuous bravery and devotion to a wounded comrade in the Gallipoli Peninsula gained him his distinction.

OLD PACKMAN'S FORTUNE.

An old Scottish packman named James Baillie, who has tramped Scotland and the North of England for many years, occasionally working on farms, besides selling his goods, was found on the roadside near Dalkeith in an exhausted condition.

He was taken to the Poorhouse, and on being examined was found to have carefully concealed under his clothing £120 in Scottish banknotes. A native of Stirling district, he is said to be ninety years of age, and the money found on him represents his life savings.

Thinking that a ship which was on fire at the Liverpool docks was about to explode, the captain jumped into the water, but he struck the gangway and was killed.

General Booth has received £5 from the King to assist in the furtherance of the Salvation Army's work amongst the poor.

London munitions tribunal decided that a boy under military age and engaged in clerical work was not a "workman" under the Munitions Act.

By order of the Admiralty, the steam yacht Oriental, of 272 tons, was sold by auction for £4,000. The name of the purchaser was not disclosed.

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THE FATAL ROOM

BY

JAMES McELDERRY,

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MURDERER.

"Then," I questioned, "events have marched rapidly during my absence?"

"No. 'The mills of God . . .' you know—nothing more. I have had this. It was lying on the dressing-table in the Fatal Room when I brought Dolores home—which leaves it still open as to whether this part of the game is Tocqueville's."

He held up as he spoke another of the typewritten warnings of which we had now had so many that I should have laughed at them had not that which Dolores had received been fulfilled.

"You notice," Hollow went on, "that I was allowed till yesterday evening in which to escape. I think that the end would have come last night had I not deliberately, by keeping my lights on, postponed it. I preferred that you should be here for the dénouement."

I flashed at him a look of gratitude which had now very little of incredulity in it. Obviously he knew something which I did not.

"Do you think that we owe this last warning to our rescue of Dolores? Because I should have thought our friend would have realised that it took more than that fool's game to alarm us."

"Yes," said Hollow. "I think we owe it entirely to our rescue of Dolores. I rather think that whoever sent those messages had just come to the conclusion that we were a couple of harmless fools, who could safely be allowed to go our own way without causing him much apprehension. Our rescue of Dolores upset something more than Walden's little conspiracy—or perhaps I should say rather more than that side of the conspiracy with which we have become familiar through Dolores."

"You mean," I suggested, "that some member of the household was not prepared for the rescue—for our success—and did not welcome it? Perhaps Detaille is not so innocent as I thought?"

"On the contrary, I fancy we shall have to apologise to Detaille for our suspicion. You are right as to the other part. Come, it is time that we began our last vigil in the Fatal Room."

I had taken the precaution of dining in town, and Hollow told me, as we went up the stairs, that he had had occasion to slip up to London for a few hours during my absence, and had done the same, while he had also brought back with him some provisions.

"I do not mean to run any risk of drugs to-night," he said. "You will see that I have had wine and food sent up here; but I do not propose that we should touch them."

He stopped suddenly in the centre of the room, into which we had by this time turned, and, looking me full in the face, said, almost under his breath:

"It may surprise you to learn, Vincent, that I know now how Margaret Denmark died—almost every detail of the diabolical manner of her death."

I paused in the middle of a hasty examination of some electrical contrivance which my friend was affixing to one of the wires which supplied the room with light.

"You—know—that?" I gasped.

"Yes," he said, in an undertone. "We will now extinguish the other light, if you don't mind, and lie awake on our beds with our revolvers ready. Within a few hours I hope to have unmasked the murderer of Margaret Denmark. Directly I switch on that apparatus, which has a strong reflector attached to it, and will concentrate all the light on one spot, leaving all the rest of the room in darkness, I want you to cover him. Now, not a word till I give the signal."

I walked to the second light and extinguished it, with my mind in a whirl of conflicting thoughts and emotions. The thing of which I had begun to despair was about to happen! Hollow knew, at last! In some way unknown to me his genius had given him the clue for which we had sought in vain, and he waited now only for the confirmation of his theory or his knowledge. He knew even the name of the murderer, in all probability; but for this I must wait.

I settled myself in the easiest position I could upon my bed, and peered forward into the darkness. A strained, sinister silence seemed to brood over the house. I could hear the watch in my pocket ticking off the minutes and the seconds, and presently the first hour chimed. I shifted my position and settled down again to wait. A little later I heard Hollow begin to breathe heavily, as though he were asleep, and I at once followed his example.

The second hour came and went; and then the third. Then I heard something that seemed like the faint whistle of some night bird calling its mate. It appeared to come from the direction of the dressing-room that led out of the room in which we waited for the end. The note changed. I was certain now. It became a low whistle from the throat of a human being. It was a kind of sensuous melody that lured. Almost, with a sort of hypnotic power, it drew me from my bed. I know that I could not have resisted it had I been out in the night air, and, unsuspecting, had heard it.

I caught my breath, and forgot, momentarily, to simulate sleep. Then there came a sharp click, and I remembered, and began to take heavy, long-drawn breaths again. Barely a second later I heard short, stertorous breathing somewhere between the door of the dressing-room and our own window, which was a little open. The whistling in the next room became slightly more distinct. . . .

Someone was in the room. . . .

The tension became unendurable. Would Hollow never end it? I longed to shriek aloud, and came to the verge of hysteria. Another moment and I should be obliged to shriek out. I began to choke in my throat.

Then Hollow moved. At last I should know.

A blinding flash leapt into the darkness and concentrated itself upon one object—a tall, heavily-built man, who stood riveted to the floor, where it had discovered him. I cried out with horror as I distinguished him. He put up a hand to shield his eyes, and as he did so I saw that his other hand held a small tray. His jaw began to drop, and hung loose, quivering; and his eyes filled with an awful, nameless, uncontrollable fear of he knew not what. His face worked; and he tried to move, and could not.

I looked at him again, and began to shudder with a kind of sickness and nausea. It was impossible — unbelievable — this ghastly, fearful revelation! There was some mistake—there must be!

Hollow sprang forward. His voice rang out low and threatening in the silence.

"Put up your hands, Max Denmark—put up your hands!" And as he spoke he pressed a revolver-muzzle right into the man's very temple. "Put up your hands, I say! If a sound escapes your lips I shall surely shoot!"

I went towards them dazedly, and Hollow made a motion with his hand. I pointed my revolver at the man, but I could not still the tremor of my fingers, and my knees shook a little.

"Keep him covered, Vincent, and for Heaven's sake keep his mouth sealed. If he begins to cry out, shoot him—shoot him like a dog."

I knew that he did not mean it, that he said it only to ensure the man's silence, but I took his place, and I rested my revolver against the temple of the assassin, because only so could I steady it.

Hollow went out, going by the ante-room door. All the time, in the other room, the low whistling rose and fell sensuously. Then, suddenly, just as Hollow must have reached the passage, it ceased abruptly, as it were, in the middle of a bar. The seconds seemed to stretch themselves into long hours. At last Hollow came back.

"She has gone," he said, quietly. "It is well that it is so. She heard, and she has gone."

"She has gone—who?"

"The Woman in Blue."

Then he turned towards Denmark, who was a ghastly sight in the glare of light that fell full upon him.

"Max Denmark—assassin!—assassin!—you remain here to-night, to meet the fate you prepared for us—to face the death you sent to your wife, to your daughter, to your guest. I have discovered your secret, and the way you came. Your retreat is cut off. If you move before we leave the room, I shoot!"

At that I saw Denmark's eyes begin to move, for the first time, fearfully about the room. But, save for the spot on which he stood, it was in darkness, and he could see nothing. His lips moved, and an awful spasm of hatred and fury shook him; but he could speak no words.

"God have upon you a mercy you never knew, Denmark!"

And then Hollow drew me after him out of the room, white and silent, and trembling with an anger that was almost beyond his control; and somewhere in the corridor he removed a piece of the wainscoting and broke the electric wires that fed the room with light.

I noticed also that as we came into the corridor he had shot a bolt on the door of the ante-room on the outside, that had not been there before, so that he must himself have fixed it some time during the day.

I followed him in a kind of trance. I was amazed and thrilled into silence—a dumb bewilderment into which there crept every now and then a blind rage and lust to go back and to feel my hands about Denmark's throat. What could it all mean? Denmark, the sportsman, the gentleman, the man we had all admired, the man with whom half the world that counted had dined and shot and travelled and raced—this man was a murderer, the foulest and most dastardly of all murderers—a hypocrite and a scoundrel of powers all but beyond belief! This was the man who had tricked and foiled us, and whom Hollow had unmasked! There was no room for doubt—the man himself had admitted it with eyes and the terror of his whole physical being!

Was he mad! Was this the explanation? Had he murdered his guest and his daughter and his wife—the wife he loved, and the wife who adored him—in a madness in which he had no consciousness of his actions? But it was too absurd to believe—too utterly grotesque and impossible! How had he done it? What diabolical ingenuity had he exercised?

And this man was the father of Dolores! What would it mean to Hollow, this unmasking? She would never marry him now—she, the daughter of a murderer, and of such a murderer!

We turned into the passage, and Hollow stopped before the door of the dressing-room, and went in. I followed him to the window, and we stood looking out in silence into the night. We heard Denmark moving here and there, and groaning every now and then. Once he tried the door between the Fatal Room and that in which we were, having first shot back the bolts. But it was locked, and he had no key. Hollow quivered, and his breath came in choking gasps. I had never seen him so completely mastered by himself.

After a while the sounds ceased in the next room. Still Hollow did not move, and I asked no question. A little light flickered upon the horizon, like a searchlight coming up from the edge of the world. Dawn was breaking. Quite suddenly Hollow swung round on his heel and strode towards the door of the Fatal Room, and threw it open, and cried out:

"Max Denmark, assassin though you are, I am going to let you go, because—because it is not you alone who would have to meet the punishment of your crime. Yes, I am going to leave you to God and the eternal retribution that goes on, and from which there is no escape. I am going to follow you—you hear?—to the gates of the park, with my revolver at your back. If you try to play any trick I shall shoot you like a dog. At the gates of the park I shall let you go; but if you ever come back I shall give you up, even though it should blight my life and hers! Yes, I shall give you up. You understand?"

There was no answer—neither sound nor movement.

"I am waiting—I am going to give you this chance, although you deserve nothing but the most awful death. Come out."

We waited in vain. Then we went into the room—I myself wondering and amazed at my friend's decision, trying in vain to reconcile his words now with those he had used when he left Denmark alone in the room. He switched on his electric torch, and a low cry broke from his lips.

Denmark lay on his face, quite motionless. We turned him over. His eyes bulged glassily, shot through with terror, such as I have never seen in any man's before or since. I dropped to my knees and felt his heart. Then I looked up at Hollow, and said:

"He is dead, the assassin! He is dead, Hollow."

"It is the way out—it is God's mercy and goodness. He has spoken: it is His way out. Let us carry the fellow back to his room. No one need ever know now——"

I looked up, and shot a question at him with my eyes.

"No," he said. "It is only heart-failure—it could be nothing else. The shock, and the fear. No one need ever know now."

We carried him out, along the passage to the east wing and the room he had occupied; and there we left him just as he might have fallen, full length on the floor. No one need ever know.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DEATH-SPIDER.

"The whole thing, once I was in possession of the threads from which I wove the web," said Hollow, a few minutes later, when we were back in the Fatal Room, "was really very simple. Indeed, no one but a fool would have failed.

"I built up my case upon some words I overheard. It was on the night Dolores met Walden. After following him some distance—before, I think, he suspected that he was being followed—I was surprised to see a figure emerge from a clump of firs near the outskirts of the park, which I recognised as Denmark's. There had evidently been an appointment. I dared not try to get very close to them, as I was uncertain of the lie of the ground; but I overheard sufficient to tell me that Denmark had laid the foundation of his fortune—a matter of many thousands—by an act of fraud of which Walden knew, and that Walden had been for some period blackmailing him.

"Denmark protested volubly that he was unable to meet Walden's demands, and Walden at once gave him two alternatives. Either he forced Dolores to consent to an immediate marriage, or at least offered no resistance to any act of force which Walden chose to employ to gain his end, or else the exposure should take place. Denmark blustered for some time and then began to whine; but I did not hear the conclusion of the interview."

"I think you might have told me of this before, Hollow," I said reproachfully. "It is possible that, had I known this——"

"I did not attach very much importance to it at the time, myself, Vincent, and it was for this reason that I did not mention it," he explained. "Of course, I saw that it presented Denmark in a new light—as a man who was, at least, something of a hypocrite. No man who had the love for his daughter that Denmark professed to have would have tolerated that blackguard's threats and proposals for an instant. Still, it did not occur to me that it would be possible for Denmark to have been scoundrel enough to deceive his wife and all the world for so many years."

"No, the man must have been one of the most consummate natural actors that the world has ever known. Certainly he has deceived completely not only some of the cleverest men I know, but men of the greatest acumen in reading character. I shall never understand how he managed to do it."

"It was after your magnificent simplicity, my dear Vincent, permitted the abduction to take place," Hollow went on, "that I knew Denmark for a scoundrel. When he came to us on the terrace I saw that he had known all along that the girl was to be seized by Walden's men, and that he was acting a part. When I brought her back I saw that he was frightened—genuinely frightened—of the effect of our frustration of Walden's plans. It was this which made me sit down and do a little thinking that I should have done before.

"The result was that I began to realise for the first time that Denmark had a motive in getting rid of his wife and daughters. I found out that he actually was in financial difficulties. His wife had a very considerable fortune, which was willed to her daughters. If he could possess himself of this, he could withstand Walden's demands for a while at least. Perhaps he killed Heider first merely as an experiment. We shall never know, but he was capable of doing that. He next killed Carlotta, because no suspicion of inheritance could arise if she died before her mother. I have absolutely no doubt that he would have made Dolores the third victim, had it not been for Walden's determination to win the girl and her fortune.

"Now, having discovered a motive, and accounted at last for Denmark's strange behaviour when I questioned him about the Woman in Blue, and at one or two other junctures, I was puzzled as to the means he could possibly have used. All the known facts of the incidents accompanying Margaret Denmark's death seemed to suggest that he had not actually murdered her in person. I remembered my discovery of the Brazilian relative of the American Poison Vine. It grows only in Brazil, and Denmark had spent a great deal of his life in that country. If he were the scoundrel that I now began to believe him, he was quite capable of planting the creeper before he actually took possession of the house. He might have planned these murders many years ago, foreseeing that one day Margaret Denmark's money might be a necessity to him in view of Walden's probably increasing demands.

"What, I asked myself, could be the connection between this creeper and the murders? You may know that there is no reliable work dealing with the rare plant-life of Brazil and I knew that this thing was rare. I remembered suddenly that in the fire in which Geoffrey de Goncourt's monumental work on this subject was burnt, detached fragments escaped. Goncourt, of course, devoted nearly thirty years to the collection of the materials of that book, and I knew that the creeper must have figured in it. Had the Fates been kind, and had the pages devoted to it been among those which escaped the flames? I went to the British Museum, where the MS is kept—Goncourt died immediately after its loss, as you will remember.

"I found, Vincent, that the page, or rather pages—for there were several—had been burnt and blackened, but that the writing was still decipherable. I learnt all I wanted to know. I learnt that, although not actually of a poisonous nature itself, it is the haunt of a spider almost the size of a toad, which burrows into its roots and feeds upon it. This insect, which is naturally much dreaded in Brazil, is armed with a long fang, the tip of which contains a deadly poison. It will not attack or bite a human being unless angered, but then, if it can obtain a hold unnoticed, it will make its way to the head and bury itself in the hair, whence it drives its fangs directly into the brain."

Hollow broke off for a moment as I reeled back, with a cry of horror.

"The man had the terrible cleverness of the Fiend himself. He was cleverer than I was. I had now obtained nearly sufficient evidence to hang him; but I had not discovered how he effected the murders. How did he manage to introduce the spiders into the room, and to arouse them to anger afterwards, at a time when he himself was out of the danger-zone? I made a shot in the dark. I suspected the Woman in Blue of some complicity. Last night showed that my guess was right—that I hit upon the truth by accident. She knew of some way to charm them. Denmark's tray was his method of carrying them to the bed. No doubt he then escaped from the room, and the Woman in Blue, by an alteration in her tune, enraged them to the point at which they would kill. Anything more diabolical it is difficult to imagine."

I interrupted him with a question.

"Do you imagine, Hollow, that, whoever she was, she could have had the least idea of the purpose for which she was employed?" I asked.

"It is charitable to suppose that she did not," he replied. "But I really despair of ever understanding the part she played, in the affairs of Denmark and at the same time of Walden, or whence she came or who she was. I think, if the truth ever came out, it would resolve itself into some unsavoury passage in Denmark's life that is better left alone. I, at least, shall never attempt to learn who she was, or how she came to be here."

"But still, you have told me nothing of the mystery of the Fatal Room; I mean, how the murderer—Denmark—entered the room and left it without passing through either the doors or window," I said.

"Or how the Woman in Blue managed to elude us when we all but had her at our mercy," added Hollow. "Ah, it is here that Denmark showed himself for what he was—perhaps the cleverest criminal of recent years. Before he took this house he discovered that, between this room and the dressing-room yonder, there was a hidden means of communication. Now I myself have stared at this, perhaps, fifty times during the last few days without seeing it.

"This is how I came to discover it. Of course, I knew that it must exist, since the man we thought to be Walden, but whom I have now no doubt was Denmark, disguised, escaped from this room almost under our eyes. The disappearance of the Woman in Blue told me that the hidden passage touched both this and the dressing-room. You did not notice it, but, before we left the room in the morning I went through into the dressing-room and bolted the door giving on to the passage. That was the only one we could not lock. If the secret passage was only a means of communication between these two rooms, the Woman in Blue would reveal the fact. She would be bound to escape by that door, and to leave it unbolted. On the night when she came down the stairs and I rushed past you in such a hurry, it was to see whether the door had been unbolted or not. I found that it had."

"Still," I said, "I fail to see how this helps us to the actual secret passage, Hollow."

"That remark, Vincent, only shows how amazingly blind we have both been all the time. There is only one place where the secret passage could be. Now look at those ancient dog-irons in the fireplace! Have they ever been used? We may be pardoned for putting down the excessive bulging of the fireplaces and the chimneys into both rooms—despite the fact that at a few feet up they narrow away to nothing—to their ancient design and the architect's desire for quaintness. But we really cannot be forgiven for not noticing that the fireplace has never been used—that there is not a speck of soot between the base and the very top of the chimney."

"It was this that gave me the clue—this thing that seems to have revealed itself to Denmark at once. Get into the fireplace and stand on top of those corner seats. If you look closely there is a spring which I have put temporarily out of action. Those tiles and brickwork are nothing but a clever imitation upon iron. Press the spring and a door opens. Between the two rooms there is a sort of cupboard big enough to hide a man for days; in fact, it would hide two ordinary-sized people. We know how it hid the Woman in Blue. I can show you the working of the thing from the dressing-room."

We went through, and as Hollow explained it, I marvelled how the thing could have escaped our eyes before. It was only, I suppose, the obvious absurdity of the narrow chimney each room boasted affording an avenue of escape for any criminal that prevented our seeing it at once—that and the naturalness of fireplaces so ancient running forward into the rooms as these did. I remember that a train of speculation as to who had been the first fugitive to seek the shelter of this amazing hiding-place had begun in my mind, when I was brought back to the present by Hollow.

"Of course, coming to Margaret Denmark's murder in particular, it is clear that the report of a revolver which has been described was merely the banging of one of those cupboard doors, which are naturally heavy. You will ask how Denmark gained his room before the alarm was raised. I think that it must have happened while Santiago was in the act of trying the fastenings of the passage window. Whether he calculated the thing to a nicety, or whether he simply had the most amazing luck, one can only conjecture. When the door banged I have no doubt that he hid the Woman in Blue in the cupboard. The dressing-room door, which Santiago declared to be locked, was at that time carefully bolted. Denmark slipped the bolts silently, gained his own dressing-room, the door of which is almost opposite this one, and so got to his bedroom, from which he emerged almost simultaneously with Manning. The slightest sound, an accidental turn of Santiago's head, and the Spaniard would have had him. But he had what one calls the devil's own peculiar luck."

"Yes. Of the two, I do not know which is the more amazing, the criminal or his detector. Then I suppose Manning's paralysis was caused by one of the spiders—that their sting did produce that brain-paralysis which baffled the doctors in all cases?"

"Yes, I should like to go and tell old Hailey, if it were not so obviously impossible. Our escapes on the creeper were sheer God-given luck. Of course, after I found out, I was careful to cover our window-sill with a mixture of molasses and eucalyptus, which is about the only thing that the brutes dare not cross."

"Then," I said, "you really only intended to frighten Denmark when you left him in the room?"

"I thought it the most terrible punishment I could invent. It proved so. I am glad that he died as he did. The mills of God again! I believe that Tocqueville discovered part, at any rate, of Denmark's secret, and that he also, levied blackmail. That is how I explain Denmark's awful hatred of him. No doubt the Frenchman imposed upon Margaret Denmark; but did any man impose upon a woman as that poor woman was imposed upon by Denmark? God was merciful in that He took her before she discovered his character. Do you think that any man ever lived the double life as Denmark lived it?"

"No. And while there are Hollows, I do not think that any man will ever live it as Denmark lived it again."

CHAPTER XXV.

A CROWN OF ROSES.

For three days we dared not stir from the house. Denmark's sudden death aroused, as we knew it would, the momentarily-slumbering sleuth-hounds which Fleet Street calls reporters. Night and day they thronged the place, waylaying first one and then another of us. Headlines flared in all the newspapers, recalling the tragedies of the Fatal Room. We stormed and raged and threatened violence in vain.

But at last they were gone, and the worst of the confusion was over, and I knew that Hollow and Dolores had settled it that their wedding should not be delayed by any mere question of sentiment. In his urgent anxiety to shield her, and to make sure that no knowledge of the real truth should ever come to her ears, I believe that Hollow would have carried her away out of the country had he dared.

Four days after Max Denmark's death, I came down to breakfast dressed for a journey, and, picking up a dozen or so of the magazines that had come in by the post and carrying them with me, left the house after the merest pretence of a meal. I had fumed and fretted under my bondage, but there had been no shirking it, and it had not been possible to go back to Ninon before. Now there was no longer anything that could possibly call for the sacrifice of another day. I went out to the car Dolores had sent round, and flung myself back among the cushions, in no mind to do my own driving and to arrive at my friend's house in a veil of dust and soil.

I picked up one magazine after another, scanning them idly, reading a paragraph here and there. Perhaps I was less than a mile from Jessop's house when the blood flamed suddenly, hotly into my cheeks. In one of the magazines, devoted for the most part to "society gossip," I had found half a dozen paragraphs relating to affairs in Helsia. Four of them were devoted to Ninon, and they were packed from end to end with the scandal and suggestion upon which such papers batten, with perpetual and intolerable hints of lovers and I know not what besides.

I leapt to my feet, cursing horribly. This, then, was what Ninon had meant! This, then, was what she had expected! This was what she had probably had to endure for years! It was this—this scandal that she thought would come between us! And I had not been able to go to her; and now she would think—— She would think that I should never come back—that I had failed her.

What if she should have gone away?

We stopped, and I got out. I did not enter my friend's house, because I did not think she would be there. I went straight to the garden and then towards the river.

I found her there, gazing into the silver waters. Her eyes were red as if with weeping; but I saw that in her hair there were white roses, drooping and withered and dead. They were twined there, crown-shape, just as I had laid them. So she had waited—and Hope had died with the roses, perhaps? But still she had left them there, that I might see them if I came.

Just as I was beside her she saw me, and cried out—a little fearful, joyful cry that was half a question or a doubt. I caught her in my arms and pressed her to me.

"Ninon! Ninon!" I cried, "lift up your eyes to mine—lift up your lips! Do you hear Life calling—do you hear Love calling? Lift up your lips."

Then she looked at me a moment, and half turned as if to flee. But it seemed that she changed her mind, for she turned back again, and said:

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh! You have come back! You have come back—although you have heard it all, and you understand? Why don't you believe it? Oh, Hugh, Hugh!"

And she lifted first her eyes, and I kissed her lids. And then her lips.

[THE END.]

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

When the King of England falls sick the duty of guarding the sick chamber falls, by ancient usage and tradition, to the Yeomen of the Guard. Their full official title is "The King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard." It dates from early Tudor times, having been first established in 1485 by Henry VII., and the yeomen still wear the old Tudor uniform, that of the officers, however, being of a more modern type. It is commanded by a captain, who must be a peer; and he has under him a lieutenant, who is a lieutenant-colonel in the Army, and an ensign, who must be a major at the time of appointment. Its adjutant is known officially as the "Clerk of the Cheque," a title which sounds as though it ought to have something to do with money payments, but which has nothing of his duty being simply to keep and call the "cheque," or roll, when the corps parades. Then there are four yeomen "exons"—an old Army name for corporal—and also yeomen messengers, yeomen bed-hangers, yeomen bed-goers, and a hundred yeomen privates at £50 a year each. The pay of the non-commissioned officers and officers is proportionately liberal. The whole cost of the Guard is defrayed by the King out of his privy purse. The term "beefeater," commonly applied to the Yeomen of the Guard, and also to the Warders of the Tower of London, who wear a similar uniform, is popularly supposed to be a corruption of the French word buffetier, a "sideboard man," i.e., one who waits at the buffet. It is just as likely, however, to mean exactly what it says—a beefeater. In Tudor times the common people rarely tasted fresh meat — other than pork — whereas the King's bodyguard no doubt fared sumptuously every day, and the great barons of roasted beef served at their table would naturally suggest to the envious multitude the appropriate, and at that time distinctive, name.

ALL ARE USED.

We no longer throw away fortunes as was once the case; to-day everything has its use. Old bones go to make soap and gelatine; are cut up into egg spoons, toothpicks, penknife handles, and tooth-brushes. Scraps of paper make paper again, papier maché trays and dolls' heads. Solder is taken from old tins, and broken glass becomes whole once more—via the melting-pot. A jeweller always gets enough for an old waistcoat to buy him a new one. Gold dust is found in the old garment. For this reason his old apron is very valuable. Pastrycooks now keep the whites of eggs, selling them to photographers, with which to prepare albumenised paper. For many years coal-tar was a pest; nobody knew what to do with it. It seemed to have no atom of use. Now it is converted into beautiful aniline dyes.

WHY MEN GO BALD.

Each time a man lifts his hat his head experiences a sudden change of temperature, and it is this constant heating and cooling of his head which causes the hair to drop out in the long run. It is very seldom that soldiers go bald early, for they do not raise their hats, but salute. Women, too, never go bald so soon as men; that is because their hats are retained on their heads when they are out of doors, and are only taken off when indoors. Another reason why men go bald is because they so often wear their hair clipped close to the head.

MEDALS FOR VALOUR.

Each country has its special medal for conspicuous bravery on the field of battle. Among some of these highly prized medals are: First, the Victoria Cross, instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856. Then there is the Distinguished Service Order, first in vogue in 1886, also instituted by Queen Victoria. The Cross of the Order of the Legion of Honour is the French symbol for valour. It is also bestowed for other than military services, but is essentially military. The Médaille Militaire was instituted by Napoleon III. It is as greatly coveted by soldiers as is our own V.C. The Order of Leopold is a Belgian decoration, founded in 1808. It is only conferred on soldiers who perform deeds of great heroism. The cross of the Russian Order of St. George is in five classes. Only four Russians in one hundred and fifty years have gained the medal for the first class. The medal was founded by Catherine the Great, in 1769. The Japanese Order of the Golden Kite came into being twenty-five years ago and, like our own V.C., is awarded both for Naval and Military gallantry. Serbia's medal for valour bears the inscription "For Bravery," and can only be won by men and officers whilst on active service. The German Iron Cross, conferred on soldiers and sailors and statesmen, is the German reward for valour, and was founded in 1813 by King Frederick William III. There are many classes of the famous Iron Cross, which has been the subject of so much ridicule during this war. Only very few wear the medal of the first class order. An incident is reported of how one of our own men in the present campaign did such a brave action by rescuing three German soldiers from the line of fire, that the German officer ordered the "cease fire," and, tearing off his own Iron Cross, handed it to the English soldier. The brave fellow, already mortally wounded, died a few hours later.

Farmers in the Hormead district of Hertfordshire having imported gipsy labour to replace men who have gone to the front, the parish council has passed a resolution protesting against the presence of gipsy families, on the ground that they do damage to public and private property and are a menace to the peace and quietness of the parish.

Private Albert Bamber, who joined the 8th Irish Regiment a year ago, when he was only fourteen, and has fought for four months in the trenches in Flanders, has been detailed for home service on account of his youth.

The Government has decided that during the winter the men in the trenches shall wear golf stockings instead of puttees, as the long trench boots are being supplied.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

But for the twenty-four hour extension for the recruiting under Lord Derby's group system many thousands of recruits would have been lost. The scenes at the recruiting stations during last week and on Sunday were extraordinary, and the queues of waiting men were longer than they have ever been since the outbreak of war. The extension was necessary, not in order to give a last chance for those who were still hanging back, but to make it possible to attest all those who had made the great decision and presented themselves at the recruiting offices. Though many additional offices were opened and hundreds more clerks were put on, the staffs were overwhelmed, snowed under, and could not possibly have dealt with the men in the time, even though the exhaustive medical examination had been postponed for a few days.

A large proportion of those attested during the last few days in London were married men, and of fine physical standard, while they were of all classes—"from heads of City firms to dock labourers," was the remark of one presiding officer. Apparently some were attested without going to the offices, for it is stated that a couple of recruiting sergeants paid a visit to a theatre on Saturday and enlisted all the members of the orchestra. Whether the Derby scheme has done all that was hoped from it is not known at the time of writing, but the number of men enlisted, particularly in the last few days, was certainly enormous. The armlet does not appear to be very popular, if one may judge by the number of men who wore it on "armlet day." It is not particularly ornamental, and besides, as the supply ran out at most of the offices, a good many of those entitled to the honourable badge had not then received it.

After some delays, the Bill to prolong the duration of Parliament has at length been introduced. Practically everybody agrees that there can be no General Election at the present time, but without special provision this Parliament would have come to an end this month or next, the life of any Parliament under the Parliament Bill being limited to five years. It was only the method of securing the prolongation that needed to be settled. It is to be managed by a kind of Parliamentary fiction, which is quite a simple business. The Session of 1915 is not to count in reckoning the life of the present Parliament, and 1916 will follow on 1914. It was the Plural Voting Bill that was the stumbling-block. Some people may have forgotten, in the clash of greater matters, that there ever was such a measure as the Plural Voting Bill, but they have remembered it in Parliament. Some members declared that in consequence of the party truce it was dead and ought not to be brought back to life, while others held quite as strongly that because of the party truce it was not dead at all, but had passed the House of Commons in two Sessions, and had to pass another only before becoming law. The passing of the new measure will make the 1916 Session consecutive to that of 1914, and the Plural Voting Bill may be presented again next year for the third time. So that's that.

Many people, reading the reports of Parliamentary proceedings, or skimming them, have probably received the impression that there is a strong party in the House of Commons which is opposed to the Government. There is a good deal of bitter criticism in the form of speeches or questions which might lead the casual reader to suppose that a vast amount of dissatisfaction exists. A careful examination of the reports day by day, will show, however, that speeches and questions of this character are nearly all put by the same members. They make a good deal of noise, but they are only a small group after all—a dozen or so—and not many of them were important Parliamentary figures before the war. And they do not count for very much now against the solid support of the Government by the House as a whole. The critics have their supporters in the Press, and when certain leader-writers let themselves go against the Government with "the nation wants" this, and "the nation demands" the other, they very frequently show that they are not in the least in touch with popular feeling, which, while it realises that Ministers are human and liable to err, is quite convinced that they are doing their best, and that it is probably a far better best than their critics would be able to do in their place.

The Chief Inspector of Schools for the London County Council has been giving a lecture based on essays on the Zeppelin raids, written by children from eight to thirteen years of age. The essays are by far the most entertaining Zeppelin literature that has yet appeared. Children of ten, eleven, and twelve years gave the most graphic descriptions. I think I like this one best: "My mother rushed up into my room and carried me bodily down into the kitchen, where I was among friends. I said, 'Why all this excitement?' They said, 'The Zeppelins have come,' and I said, 'Good gracious! You don't say so.'" But this one is nearly as good: "I was coming out of a cinema with my uncle and I noticed people were rushing to and fro in the streets. I went up to a policeman and said to him, 'What does all this mean?' He replied gravely, 'The Zeppelins have come.' 'What!' I said, 'Do you mean to tell me that those terrible monsters have come at last?' And he replied, briefly, 'They have.'" It is curious that very few of the essayists mentioned Father, but this reference deserves to be recorded: "My father was frightened during the raid and he ran into a beer shop and got under the counter and stayed there until it was all over."

There was a large attendance at Mr. Robert Newman's annual concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon. It was fitting that there should be, for the debt which London music-lovers owe to Mr. Robert Newman, the manager of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and to Sir Henry Wood, the conductor, is a pretty big one. They have played a great part during more than a score of years in the education of the musical public. That others have followed in their footsteps only makes the greater the debt to the pioneers. The programme on Saturday was made up of familiar and favourite compositions, including Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, finely played by Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch.

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Miss B. Leahy,

DRAPER AND OUTFITTER,
ABBEYFEALE.

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Rates of Subscriptions.

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STAMPED.

Yearly, 6s. 8d. Half-Yearly, 3s. 4d. Quarterly, 1s. 8d.

UNSTAMPED.

Yearly, 5s. 4d. Half-Yearly, 2s. 8d. Quarterly 1s. 1d.

M. PHELAN,

Market Square,
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Agent for GILBEY'S WHISKIES, 12 Years' Old, 5s. per bottle; 6 Years' Old, 3s. per Pint. Invalid Port, and other Choice Wines.

Guinness's Stout, Bass's Ale, in Wood and Bottle.

3m. oc. 9

MOTOR CAR

FOR

HIRE.

—:o:—

FOR TERMS APPLY TO

Wm. PHELAN,

NEWCASTLE WEST.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY,

LIMITED,

FIRE—LIFE—MARINE—ACCIDENT,

Capital fully subscribed	...	£2,950,000
Do. paid up	... ...	295,000
Life Funds	... ...	£6,119,520
Special Trust Funds:—		
"West of England"	... ...	526,880
"Hand-in-Hand"	... ...	3,668,885
"Union Life Fund"	... ...	4,078,216
"Liverpool Victoria Life Fund"		132,376
Other Assets	... ...	12,248,628
Total 31st December, 1914		£26,774,505
Total Annual Income exceeds	...	£9,000,000

HEAD OFFICE:

24, 25 and 26 Cornhill, London, E.C.

Branch Office:
37, College Green, Dublin.

LOCAL BOARD:

JAMES C. ANDERSON, Esq.
A. CHISHOLM CAMERON, Esq. (Messrs. Milward, Jones and Cameron).
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H. C. GRENFELL, District Manager.

The following classes of Insurances effected:

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ACCIDENT, including:—Personal Accident, Third Party, Burglary, Plate Glass, Fidelity, Guarantee, Employers' Liability, Workmen's Compensation and Live Stock.

Prospectus and all information needful for effecting Assurances may be obtained at any of the Company's Offices or Agencies throughout the World.

3m.

The Best House

FOR

General Drapery, Good Boots & Shoes.

SPECIAL OFFER:—

A Manufacturer's Stock of High-Class Blouses, 1/4½, 1/11, 2/6, 3/6, up to 15/-; all Worth Double.

500 Ladies' Cavalier Coats. Distinctive in Style, First-Class Cut and Finish, 10/6 to 50/-.

Gent's High-Class Suitings, Hats, Caps, Ties, Collars.

Irish-Made Shirts a Speciality.

J. D. CREGAN,

GENERAL DRAPER, MILLINERY AND MANTLE WAREHOUSE,

The Quay, Newcastle West.

12m. oc30

Father Casey Anniversary.

The members of the Abbeyfeale Gaelic Football Club held a meeting in the local Town Hall on Monday night for the purpose of organising the usual Father Casey Anniversary on the 29th inst. Mr. P. Collins presided. A committee and officials having been appointed, preliminary arrangements were made.

ABBEYFEALE PIG MARKET.

A large number of pigs were purchased at Tuesday's market, at prices ranging from 73s. to 75s. per cwt. Heavy pigs less.

Coals! Coals!

—:o:—

GO TO

O'Gorman's

STORES,

FOR YOUR COAL SUPPLIES.

Orrel, Wigan and Bentwall Coals Stocked at Lowest Prices.

Quality and Weight Guaranteed.

Trial Order respectfully solicited.

BATT O'GORMAN,
MAIDEN STREET, NEWCASTLE WEST.
3m.

Shanagolden

REIDY'S

FOR

GOODS OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.

—:o:—

We stock all Irish-made Goods.
Irish Soaps, Candles, Starch and Matches.
Irish Ready-mixed Paints and Brushes.
Irish Jams and Biscuits.
Irish Home-grown Tobaccos.

Where and when we can we give Preference and FIRST PLACE to GOODS MADE in IRELAND, thereby helping to give employment to our own people at home.

Agencies:—

Lipton's, London and Dublin.
Dockrell's, Ltd., Dublin.
Law Union and Rock Insurance Co.: Fire, Life and Accident.
Browne & Nolan, Ltd.: Dublin and Cork.
Educational Co. of Ireland, Ltd.: Dublin.
Goulding's Fertilizers: Cork and Dublin.
North Shore Mill Co., Ltd., Liverpool: Patent Purity Flour.
Advertisements taken for the leading DUBLIN CORK and LIMERICK Papers.

L. J. REIDY,

GROCERS, PROVISION DEALERS; AND NEWSAGENTS,

SHANAGOLDEN.

— TRY —

"THE WEEKLY OBSERVER"

FOR ALL CLASSES OF

HIGH-CLASS PRINTING,

LITHOGRAPHIC, AND

GENERAL COMMERCIAL WORK.

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. E. ENRIGHT, Draper, Bridge St., Newcastle West, every THURSDAY.

MR. JEREMIAH GALVANS, Main Street, Listowel, every FRIDAY.

MRS. McCARTHY, Lixnaw, FRIDAY, Fortnightly.

Artificial Teeth, Fillings, etc,

Painless Extractions - 1s. each.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

TERMS MODERATE.

Head Office: Ashbourne Villa, South Circular Road, Limerick.

Glin District Council.

The monthly meeting of the Glin Rural District Council was held yesterday, Mr. Patrick N. Fitzgerald presiding.

Also present—Messrs. Patk. O'Shaughnessy, M.C.C., and Patrick Culhane.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy (Clerk) and Mr. Mooney (Engineer) were in attendance.

The business was of a routine character.

Jam Pots & Jars

Don't Throw them Away.

We Buy them in Large or Small Quantities.
Highest Prices Paid.
Enquiries will have prompt attention.

Owen McCarthy,
Limerick.

Rathkeale Co-operative Poultry Society

LTD.

BEG to inform their CUSTOMERS and the PUBLIC that they are prepared to buy

Turkeys, Fat Geese and Poultry

The Purchases for the CHRISTMAS MARKETS will commence on
FRIDAY, 3rd DECEMBER,
And Each Day up to
WEDNESDAY, 15th DECEMBER.

The Highest Prices the English Markets can afford will be Paid for TURKEYS, GEESE, POULTRY, FEATHERS and EGGS.

Eggs 1s. 4d. per lb. making 2s. 3d. to 2s 6d per dozen.

Your friends at the front are anxious for all the local news. Why not send them the WEEKLY OBSERVER.?

G. A. A.

—A—

Grand Concert

IN AID OF THE ABOVE WILL BE HELD AT THE

Picture Palace

Newcastle West,

On Sunday,

December 19th, 1915.

Best Vocal and Instrumental Talent to be requisitioned; also Irish Step-Dancing, and a Choice Selection of up-to-date CINEMA PICTURES.

Admission - 2s., 1s., & (6d. Limited)

Tickets can be had from M. Griffin, M. Ahern, J. Roche, M. Spring, and W. Phelan.

Notice of Removal

C. Williams,

Practical Watch & Clockmaker,

Has Removed

(Next Door to his late Premises),

And trusts by strict attention to Business to merit a continuance of the Public Patronage.

Note the Address is at—

Mr. Michael O'Halloran's,
THE SQUARE, NEWCASTLE WEST.

Small Prepaid Advertisements.

Certain Cure for Pimples.

CALL Pay Box of Picture Palace, Newcastle West, on WEDNESDAY NIGHT and ask for PIMPLE.

£50 for a Kiss.

WOULD you give this amount for a Kiss? You need not. Apply DOORMAN, Picture Palace, Newcastle West.

Coal. Coal. Coal.

300 TONS

Best Special Orrell

AT 40s. per TON

This is a Special Offer to clear the lot and make Storage for another Cargo already purchased. Also a Large Stock of

BEST RED ASH COAL
BEST RANGE COAL
BEST SMITH'S COAL

AT LOWEST PRICES

Charles Collins

NEWCASTLE WEST.

The Weekly Observer

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1915.

To Correspondents and Agents.

*** As this journal will go to press on Wednesday night next Correspondents are requested to send in their reports in time to reach us at latest on Wednesday evening. Parcels containing the Observer will be forwarded to our Newsagents by the early trains on Thursday morning.

Benedict XV. and Peace.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer in an article in the "American Ecclesiastical Review" on the Pope's plea for peace, says that when war is waged on a world-wide scale nothing but the direst necessity and an absolutely just cause could justify its inceptance or continuance, and unless Christianity was to be set aside as irrelevant to the supreme crisis of the world there must be some moral power, some representative of right to which the combatants were bound to submit.

The London "Tablet," which posed as an organ of Catholicism, brushed aside contemptuously the suggestion that Mr. Redmond, as the representative of Catholic Ireland, should lend his influence to the British Cabinet in support of the Pope's appeal. They had sometimes heard of people who were Englishmen first and Catholics after, but that was carrying that spirit rather too far for the "Tablet" to tell them that Mr. Redmond should not think it worth his while to put the Pope's appeal for peace before the Prime Minister of England.

Mr. Redmond, he adds, was a Catholic and an Irishman. In his very blood there must be something that would warm to Ronie and the successor of the Fisherman, yet he could not find one word of courtesy or deference for the Head of the Church, but put aside his solemn and fatherly appeal, made in the name of Christ, Our Lord, as if it were a resolution passed by some pettifogging political clique. It was painful and somewhat humiliating, but they all knew that in his inner mind Mr Redmond thought and felt differently from the "Tablet" men.

"Mr. Redmond at the back of his mind cares, I daresay," adds his Lordship, "just as much as the average Irishman for Anglo-Saxon domination, but the exigencies of politics compel him to simulate feelings that he cannot possibly entertain."

Referring to American neutrality, his Lordship says: "If the belligerents will not listen to one who appeals to them in the name of the God and Saviour Whom they all profess to worship and follow, they may show more deference to a powerful nation that represents the material interests of the world that are being squandered, and at the same time is in sympathy, I should hope, with the higher views and principles which inspire the Pope."

Preaching in the Cathedral, Limerick, on Sunday, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer said they had reached a high level of what they called civilisation, and all that made for the accumulation of wealth had progressed, but almost at last had been the fate at which men fell away from God. Such carnage was never seen. First was the gospel of the politicians and the statesmen, who drove their people, like sheep, to the slaughter. It was the very denial of Christ Our Lord. Whether in the blindness of passion or the savage instincts of the heart that were aroused in them, or the calculated prospect of material gain, they refused to listen to their great Pope, and they said that they must fight until either side was crushed. One would think there was no God and no human responsibility. The people were scourged for their rulers' delirium.

Death of Capt. O'Meagher Condon.

A cable from New York was received in Dublin on Thursday evening announcing the death of Capt. O'Meagher Condon, who with Allen, Larkin and O'Brien was sentenced to death in 1867. It was O'Meagher Condon who first cried out from the dock "God save Ireland."

IRISH VOLUNTEERS' DISLOYALTY.

Answering Sir John B. Lonsdale in Parliament on Monday, Mr. Birrell said it would not be in the public interest to set forth all the steps that are being taken to counteract the endeavours of the Irish Volunteers to obstruct recruiting and foment disloyalty in Ireland. When persons in Government employment were found to be supporters of the movement they were warned to cease all connection with it, and if they failed to comply with this direction they were dismissed.

"Is the right hon. gentleman aware," further asked Sir John, "that seditious leaflets have been widely circulated in Ireland, and that although representations have been made to the authorities no reply has been given, and apparently no notice has been taken?"

"Well, sir," replied the Chief Secretary, "we watch these leaflets and do what we can to suppress them."

Market Intelligence

LIMERICK MARKETS---Dec. 17th

Pigs—Suitable pigs (1 cwt. 1qr. 0lb. to 2 cwt 2qrs. 7lbs.) 75s. per cwt.; Stout (1cwt. 2qrs 8 lbs. to 1 cwt. 3qrs.) 73s. per cwt.; Overweight (1cwt. 3qrs. 1lb. to 1cwt. 3 qrs. 14lbs.), 71s. per cwt.; Heavy overweight (over 1cwt. 3qrs. 14 lbs) 67s. per cwt.; Do. (over 2cwt. 0qrs. 14lbs.) 65s; Unfinished, special price; Berwick (about 8 stone), 75s. per cwt; "Sixes" (bacon pigs under 10 stone) 75s. per cwt.,

Newcastle Petty Sessions

FRIDAY.

POLICE SERGEANT AND FARMER.

(Before Messrs. P. D. Sullivan, R.M., in the chair; Thomas Hurley, R. J. Murnane, M. H. Woulfe, M. O'Shaughnessy, John McDonnell, William Phelan.

TOWN COURT.

John Shine, Chapel Lane, was summoned by Constable Monaghan for drunkenness on the 11th inst. (second offence). Fined 3s.

PETTY SESSIONS.

Head-Constable Galvin charged Stephen Moore, Knockannagun, with having assaulted one Michael Healy on the 7th Nov.

Mr. J. Condon, solr., defended.

After hearing the evidence the case was dismissed.

POLICEMAN V. FARMER.

Denis O'Connor, Glenastar, was summoned by Sergeant Igoe with being drunk and disorderly at Ardagh on the 22nd November.

There was a cross-case for assault.

Mr. J. Condon, solr., appeared for O'Connor.

Both cases were dismissed.

Patrick Windle, Glenshartrold, was charged with being drunk at Ardagh on the same date. Fined 2s.

Agnes Woulfe, no fixed residence, was charged by Sergeant Donoghue with drunkenness on the 11th inst. (second offence). Fined 21s.

James Doody, Tournafulla, was charged with a like offence on the 10th inst., by the same complainant. Fined 2s.

John Connors, same place, for a like offence, was fined 2s. at the suit of Sergeant Donoghue.

Patrick O'Connell, Clounlehard, was summoned for being drunk on the 2nd inst. Fined 5s. (second offence).

Sergeant Donoghue prosecuted.

Michael Mahony, Tournafulla; Michael (Harry), same place; Michael Ahern, Tournafulla; Michael Leahy, Ballycummane, Daniel Lyons, Knocknidiah, and Patrick Sullivan, Dromore, were prosecuted by Sergt. Scully for using unlighted vehicles, and fines ranging from 6d. to 2s. were imposed.

The same complainant summoned John Shine, Boherbee, for using an unlighted vehicle at Knockaderry on the 10th inst. Fined 2s.

John Neville, Lisbane, was charged by Constable McKenna with being drunk in charge of an ass and cart on the 25th Nov. Fined 2s. 6d.

Daniel Collins was summoned by Constable O'Brien for drunkenness. Fined 2s. 6d. For being drunk in charge of a horse and cart Denis O'Connor, Dunally, was fined 5s. at the suit of Constable Madden. Maurice O'Halloran was charged by Sergeant Scully with being drunk and disorderly. He was disorderly by shouting. Fined 5s. Edward Phillips, William Long, Thomas Ward and David Ward were each fined 2s. for breaches of the Lights and Vehicles' Act. Constable Mahony prosecuted.

A few persons were fined for non-compliance with the Sheep Dipping Order.

Concert at Newcastle.

On Sunday night, the 19th inst., a Concert will be held in the Picture Palace in aid of the funds of the Newcastle Hurling and Football Clubs. A splendid programme of twenty-two items has been arranged for the occasion, and comprises songs, step-dances, and instrumental music. In addition to this some excellent films will be screened, and everything points to the Concert being a huge success. But apart from the splendid feast of song, dance and music, which the energetic Committee in charge of the arrangements have provided for Sunday night's entertainment, and which alone should merit a generous measure of support, the object for which it is being held is of such a praiseworthy character that it ought to ensure a large attendance. The Newcastle Hurling and Football Clubs have proved themselves able exponents of the grand old national pastimes, and the people of the town and district have always been glad of their prowess on the Gaelic fields. This is only as it ought to be, and we anticipate that the funds of these Clubs will be largely augmented by the proceeds of their Concert. Some of the best local artistes have kindly offered their services, and we look forward to a crowded house at the Picture Palace on Sunday night.

Newcastle Picture Palace.

To-night's (Friday) programme includes a very fine two-part drama, entitled "Her Brother," by the Vitagraph Co. There is also an exciting jungle drama. Pictures will be shown only two nights next week—Monday and Wednesday. On Monday night the film, "The Call of the North," will be screened. This picture was photographed in Northern Canada, having for its background the beautiful mountain and lake scenery of British Columbia and the Yukon district. The film, "The Red Signal," will also be screened on Monday night. This is an exciting railroad drama. There will be no pictures on Christmas Eve.

A Wanton Act

—o:—

On Tuesday night the plate glass windows in the shop of Mr. J. Lyons, Bridge street, were broken in. The police are investigating the matter, but so far have not been able to trace the perpetrators of this wanton and cowardly act.

CO. LIMERICK MAN WOUNDED.

Captain R. L. Vance, 4th Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was seriously wounded recently, is the son of the Rev. Chancellor Vance, Rector of Rathronan, and Newcastle West.

At the last Charleville Sessions there were only a couple of cases of no interest, and anything of importance had to be adjourned owing to the fact that solicitors engaged were in attendance at Cork Assizes.

Direct Labour.

LABOURERS' WAGES INCREASED.

Mr. W. R. Gubbins, J.P., Chairman, presided at the adjourned half-yearly meeting of the Limerick County Council held on Saturday.

Lord Emly proposed a resolution, standing in his name and in the names of other members of the Council, that he resolution fixing the rate of wages of labourers, passed at the Finance Committee meeting on the 11th September, be rescinded, and that the matter be again considered.

Mr. M. O'Shaughnessy seconded the motion, which was adopted.

Lord Emly then proposed that the labourers get a shilling a week increase up to the end of the half-year, 17s. for surfacemen, a shilling a week increase for horses, and a shilling for jennets employed on the roads.

Chairman—That is 16s. a week for surfacemen, with a bonus of a shilling.

Lord Emly—Yes.

Mr. M. O'Shaughnessy seconded his lordship's motion, which was adopted unanimously.

Lord Emly and Mr. T. Lyndon, M.P., thanked the Council on behalf of the labourers, a large number of whom they previously addressed from the steps of the Co. Council offices. Mr. Lyndon announced that the labourers were quite prepared to accept the Council's proposal.

"Doneraile Litany."

"Alas! how dismal is my tale,
I lost my watch in Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May Fire and Brimstone never fail
To fall in showers in Doneraile,
May all the leading friends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile,
As lightning's flash across the vale
Go down to Hell with Doneraile.
The fate of Pompey at Pharsala
Be that the curse of Doneraile.
May Beef or Mutton, Lamb or Veal
Be never found in Doneraile.
And forward as the creeping snail
The industry be of Doneraile.
May Heaven a chosen curse entail
On rigid, rotten Doneraile.
May Sun and Moon for ever fail
To beam their lights on Doneraile.
May every pestilential gale
Blast the cursed spot called Doneraile.
May no sweet Cuckoo, Thrush or Quail
Be ever heard in Doneraile.
May Patriots, Kings and Commonweal
Despise and harrass Doneraile.
May every "Post," "Gazette" and "Mail,"
Sad tidings bring to Doneraile.
May loudest thunders ring and peal
To blind and deafen Doneraile.
May vengeance fall at head and tail
From North and South of Doneraile
May profit light and tardy sale
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.
May Fame resound a dismal tale
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile.
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail
To them the knaves of Doneraile.
May frost and snow, and sleet and rain
Benumb each joint in Doneraile
May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile.
May Oscar with his fiery flail,
To atoms thresh all Doneraile.
May every mischief fresh and stale,
Abide henceforth in Doneraile.
May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse and damn you, Doneraile,
Nay neither Flour nor Oatenmeal
Be found or known in Doneraile.
May want or woe each joy curtail,
That e'er was known in Doneraile.
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
May all the rogues that rot and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile.
May all the sons of Granuwaal
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.
May curses, wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.
May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile.
May every churn and milking pail
Full dry to staves in Doneraile.
May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile.
May every hour new woes reveal
That Hell reserves for Doneraile.
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps of Doneraile.
May no one wish or prayer avail
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.
May the Inquisition strait gibbet impale
The Rapparees of Doneraile.
May curse of Sodom now prevail
And sink to ashes Doneraile.
May Charon's boat triumphant sail
Completely manned from Doneraile.
On I may my couplets never fail
To find new cares for Doneraile.
And may grim Pluto's inner gaol
For ever groan with Doneraile.

AUCTIONS.

Mr. Thomas Ahern, Auctioneer, announces the sale of the interest of Mr. James Dalton in his licensed house and premises at Shanagolden on To-morrow (Saturday). Mr. Raymond K. Sheehy, will sell by auction on Tuesday next the valuable interest of Miss Sheehy in the Hotel Munster, Newcastle West, together with the entire contents comprising a splendid lot of furniture.

NEWCASTLE WEST MARKETS

Potatoes 4½d. to 7d. per stone.
Oats 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. per stone.
Oats (black), 1s. 2d. per stone.
Straw, 45s. to 60s. per ton.
Reed, 11s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per 120 sheaves.
Turnips, 18s. to £1 per ton.
Mangolds, 18s. to £1 per ton.
Parsnips, 6d. to 7d. per stone.

NEWCASTLE WEST PIG MARKET.

At the Newcastle West Pig Market held on Friday pigs (live weight) were sold at 55s. per cwt.

Limerick County Council

STATUE OF SARSFIELD.

The adjourned half-yearly meeting of the Limerick County Council was held on Saturday at the Council Chamber. Mr. Wm. R. Gubbins, J.P. (Chairman), presided, and there were also present:—Lord Emly, Messrs. John Fitzgibbon, Michael P. O'Shaughnessy, M. Clancy, James J. McDonnell, Michael Quinlan, Edmond Mitchell, Thomas Hurley, M. McGrath, Patrick Duggan, Thomas Lynch, P. K. Hogan, P. Fitzsimons, John Carroll, Thomas W. W. Bennett, John Bourke, Michael Condon, John Coleman, and Daniel O'Connell.

The Chairman said that before the regular business of the meeting was taken up he would like to say a few words with regard to the presentation of a beautiful statue of Sarsfield to the Council by one of their colleagues. He thought that it was the duty of the Council to show their appreciation of the generosity of their colleague who presented such a welcome gift to them. It might happen that in days to come their successors might not be inclined to walk so straightly on the path of nationality as the present members of the Council; but if there should be any wavering in that respect by their successors they need only look at the beautiful statue in the Chamber and remember Sarsfield's last words: "Oh, that this were for Ireland," and he (the Chairman) was sure that if they did so, that those words would keep every one of them in the right path (hear, hear). In presenting them with that beautiful statue, Mr. A. Mackey had performed a noble act, and his gift would always be highly treasured by the Council (hear, hear). It was therefore with great pleasure that he proposed:—"That we the Limerick County Council, place on record our sincere appreciation of the handsome gift so generously presented to our Council by Mr. Anthony Mackey, and representing as it does the arms of our Council, for whose design Mr. Mackey is also to a great extent responsible, and representing further the man whom we to-day regard as the embodiment of high-souled Irish patriotism, we feel that Mr Mackey's gift is particularly appropriate, and we desire to convey to him the best thanks of this Council." (Applause).

Mr. Coleman seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Mackey suitably acknowledged the Council's thanks, and said that in making the presentation to the Council he felt that he was only discharging his duty. He was sure that every member would agree with him when he said that no better figure could adorn their Chamber than the figure of a man who gave to the world an idea of what Irishmen could do (hear, hear). Sarsfield was a great Irishman, he was a soldier all the time, and Ireland was always his lookout (hear, hear). To elevate Ireland was Sarsfield's ideal, and it was only right and proper that his memory should be cherished (hear, hear).

The next business was to consider the following resolution from Kilmallock Rural Council:—"That we request the County Council will apportion sufficient machinery to the Kilmallock Rural District to meet the requirements of the district, and suggest that a roller, a traction engine, a stone-cutter and four waggons, with the necessary equipment, be allotted, and would point out that we have approved of having a large part of our roads steamrolled, and the work cannot be carried out unless the machinery is apportioned for the exclusive use of the district."

The Chairman said that it was a big question, but in the interests of Kilmallock district it would have to be tackled.

Mr. Bennett said that it was absolutely necessary, having regard to the present bad condition of the roads in Kilmallock district, that the machinery and equipment should be provided for the purpose mentioned in the resolution.

Mr. Mackey said that they ought not to sectionalise any part of the county in that respect. If the machinery were to be provided it should be utilised for the benefit of every part of the county. They could start with Kilmallock, but every other district should also be attended to.

The Chairman said there was no doubt the Kilmallock roads were in a scandalous condition.

Mr. Coleman said that he was not in favour of purchasing any additional machinery. The question of steamrolling was agreed to by the Council on condition that they would get a grant from the Road Board. At present they were getting no money from that body, and it would be necessary for them to alter their scheme in connection with the upkeep of the roads.

Mr. Mackey said that the question of the grant from the Road Board was one that should be fully discussed at some Council meeting.

Mr. Coleman asked if they had sufficient machinery to enable the Kilmallock roads to be be attended to without going to the expense of purchasing additional machinery.

Mr. Ryan (Co. Surveyor)—I have not enough of machinery at present for the western district, and I shall need more.

Mr. Bennett asked if Mr. Davison could do anything for Kilmallock.

Mr. Davison (Co. Surveyor) said that if he exclusively dealt with Kilmallock he would want more machinery for his other districts. It was very necessary that the Kilmallock roads should be attended to, and he would be able to send some machinery and equipment to the district.

After some further discussion it was decided that all available machinery and equipment should be immediately sent to the district with the view of improving the roads.

On the motion of Mr. Fitzsimons, seconded by Mr. Clancy, it was unanimously decided that a superannuation allowance be granted to Mr. Patrick O'Brien, retired poor-rate collector.

On the motion of Mr. Hurley, seconded by Mr. Coleman, a similar resolution was passed in respect of Mr. Martin E. White, poor rate collector, who also retired owing to permanent infirmity.

After disposing of some unimportant business the meeting adjourned.

The British Forces.

General Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed to succeed Sir John French in command of the British army in France and Flanders. The King has conferred a Viscounty on Sir John French.

Our Letter Box

BROADFORD GAELIC LEAGUE.

(TO THE EDITOR WEEKLY OBSERVER).

DEAR SIR,—I have read the report of the annual meeting of the Broadford Branch of the Gaelic League published in the "Munster News" of Wednesday. The meeting was presided over by my friend, Father Wall, and those present were addressed by an individual named Sean O'Murthille, who, in the course of his speech, made a venemous attack on a respected clergyman whom he referred to as A CERTAIN PRIEST WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN CONSPICUOUS FOR THE SUPPORT HE GAVE THE LANGUAGE MOVEMENT BY GIVING IT HIS VICIOUS OPPOSITION, AND HAD SAID HARD THINGS RECENTLY ABOUT THE GAELIC LEAGUE. A priest is entitled to express his views on matters of public interest as well as a layman, and I am really surprised that Father Wall did not stand up and resent the attack made on a brother priest by a well-paid organiser in the presence of a meeting composed of Catholic men and women, and boys and girls.—Yours faithfully,

A CATHOLIC CURATE.

(TO THE EDITOR WEEKLY OBSERVER.)

DEAR SIR,—In last week's OBSERVER I read a letter from an individual who signed himself "Flycatcher" with reference to the article which appeared under my name in your journal. He says that the age of miracles is not dead yet, and perhaps he is quite right. He was sorely disappointed, as I did not furnish the "Litany of Doneraile" for him in full, but he had not long to wait, as the Yuletide number of the "Weekly Independent" of 1913 turned up unexpectedly to him from some quarter or other. But still he was not satisfied; so he decided to write a letter for publication in this journal to inform its readers that the writer of the article in the OBSERVER was a plagiarist. He has carried out this part of the programme without bothering his head about an explanation, simply because he thinks he has "caught a fly." He also says that I added nothing to the same article which appeared some time ago in "Ireland's Own." What was to be added? Again he says he doesn't know who supplied "Ireland's Own" with O'Kelly's history, notwithstanding the fact that my name appeared at the head of the article in question. Perhaps "Flycatcher" was after a visit to the "Shrine of Tacitus," or had partaken of an early Christmas dinner when he wrote that letter. Now for the explanation.

About a year ago a friend of mine, who is a regular contributor both to Irish and English journals, sent me a couple of manuscripts which, he said, I could make use of myself. One of these articles dealt with the life of Patrick O'Kelly, author of the "Doneraile Litany." He said he had compiled these articles from books and other sources, and had sent them to some of the papers; but that they were returned as unsuitable. I rewrote the article on O'Kelly's life, made some slight changes in it, and forwarded the story to "Ireland's Own," which journal accepted it. I was not aware of the fact that it had appeared before in the "Independent," otherwise I would not have sent it. Then I thought that the subject would be of interest to readers of the OBSERVER, so I sent it on, and the Editor kindly published it. Had I known that it appeared exactly word for word in the "Independent" two years ago I would have written an original article on the subject myself. However, in the case of historical articles, it must be borne in mind that a great amount of material must be drawn from books and other sources.

In justice to me I hope you will publish this letter in your next issue. I do not wish to remain anonymous as "Flycatcher" did in his letter last week. But, perhaps, he considered "Discretion the better part of valour," and choose what he considered a suitable nom-de-guerre in his hour of triumph.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES M'AULIFFE.

Charleville, 6th Dec.

[Owing to pressure on our space last week the publication of this letter was unavoidably delayed. —Ed. W.O.]

(TO THE EDITOR WEEKLY OBSERVER.)

Dear Sir,—It is a pity that "Flycatcher" did not give his name to his excellent letter on the matter of (as alleged) a plagiarism from one of the greatest Irish journalists, D. J. O'Donoghue, by Mr. James McAuliffe, Charleville.

The contemptible sneaking of other people's brains ought to be exposed and severely dealt with where possible, and if a case of literary theft is proved, no punishment is too severe for the offender. But what I am mainly concerned with in this letter is the fact that plagiarism (of a sort) is being forced upon myself by people here who want to persuade me that "Flycatcher" and myself are one and the same person. I wish to make it public that I am not the writer of the letter signed "Flycatcher," and at the same time I want to remove any wrong impressions which may rest on Mr. McAuliffe's mind in regard to the matter.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES POWER.

Charleville, 14th Dec., 1915.

[Mr. Power is quite correct in stating that he is not the writer of the letter which we published two weeks ago from "Flycatcher".—Ed. W. O].

(TO THE EDITOR WEEKLY OBSERVER.)

DEAR SIR.—The tirade of good natured abuse showered on the shoulders of "your humble" by the able and versatile Poet of Carrickerry in last week's issue of your popular journal, has so thoroughly upset my mental and physical equilibrium, that I am warned by my medical adviser to discontinue immediately this nerve wrecking dispute, and retire myself at once to some quiet haven of rest to recuperate my powers of endurance. However, prior to going into temporary seclusion I should like to say P. J. A's accusation that I am "evading the question at issue" is not even "fairly accurate"—to borrow one of his own choice phrases. Now I put it straight to P. J. A.—did he not admit that I was correct in my assertion that he in the first instance jumbled up Brian, Conn, Hugh and Owen, by the leaving out of a comma or two. Every fair minded reader will admit that he did, and then in trying to justify his error, he went off on a wild goose chase back to the days of Fionn, Cuchullian, and other legendary celebrities of ancient Erin. I followed him to the first fence, and waited for his return, and when the wanderer at last rode back and got unhorsed after galloping over the English Dictionary he could find no heavier missile to throw at my unoffending cranium than "that I was evading the question." Of course all the rhetoric about footlights, etc., he gleaned from old Shakespeare, who once in a fit of temporary mental abberation shook himself free of the exclamation—"All the World's a stage." The Bard of Avon must have known that his ten unheard of rival would one day make a good word juggler on that stage. That's why he said it.

Considering that P. J. A. has admitted in his reply to my first letter that he dropped a comma or two, I think my point has been long since gained, and I now conclude by wishing him a very merry Christmas, a bright and prosperous New Year, and hope that when the names of Scott, Byron, Goldsmith, and even Shakespeare, are well nigh forgotten, posterity will perpetuate the name and fame of the glorious Bard of Carrickerry.—Yours faithfully,

"KNOCKFIERNA."

December, 15th, 1915.

GRAND NATIONAL ABANDONED.

It will be learned with genuine regret by racegoers that the continuity of the Grand National Steeplechase, the premier event decided under National Hunt Rules each season, is to be broken next year.

Our Poets' Corner.

—o:—

ONE OF THE BRIGADE.

Oh, Ireland, I am going, going across the water,
Going to take part in the gory work of slaughter,
Stern duty doth command me to my vigour thus to go,
To do my share of fighting where the crimson rivers flow.

Sure I never may return of defeat or triumph to tell,
But if this is England's battle it is Ireland's just as well,
For if by mischance our Allies should overwhelmed be,
Then good bye to human freedom and to Ireland's liberty!

'Tis true I hesitated when first I got the call,
I did not think my services would be required at all
But now my country's danger I carefully have scanned,
So with her "boys" in khaki I proudly take my stand."

I claim my lineage from a scion of Ireland's fighting race,
Whose martial deeds in history's annobling 'tis to trace;
For Freedom is our heritage, the birthright of the brave
Far better die in its defence than live an abject slave.

Then fare-thee-well my native Isle and all that I hold dear,
The voice that summons me away is sounding in mine ear,
I go to act a manly part where sweeps the battle wave,
Be it mine to win a soldier's fame, or else a freeman's grave.

J. AHERN

Carrickerry, December, 1915.

Irish Land and Labour Association

RAHEENAGH AND ASHFORD BRANCH.

A meeting of the above was held on Sunday last. Present—Messrs. P. Conway, M. Lynch, J. Brown, C. Savage, J. Maune, etc. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and signed, the Hon. Secretary said it was very satisfactory to be able to announce that they had done a magnificent day's work on Saturday. He complimented the Limerick County Council on their spirited and patriotic action in acceding to the demands of the Land and Labour Association for an increased wage for the labourers employed on the direct labour roads. He thanked Lord Emly for his advocacy of the claims of the labourers, and Messrs. Dwyer, Ryan, Sheridan and Conway. He condemned the action of the labourers and surfacemen for non-attendance at Limerick last Saturday, and pointed out that this apathy on their part was due to not having branches of the Association in Mountcollins, Tournafulla, Templeglantine, Broadford and Drumcollogher. The labourers had their claims acknowledged by the County Council, and had got an increase in their wages of from 1s. to 2s. a week.

The other members present endorsed the Secretary's remarks.

THE LATE MR. KELLY, ASHEATON

Much sympathy is felt with Mrs. Kelly and family, Asheaton, on the death of her husband, Mr. P. Kelly, Chairman of the Town Tenants' League, Asheaton. His son, the Rev. V. Kelly, was appointed chaplain to the wounded troops returning to New Zealand.

Forthcoming Auctions.

On the 3rd January Messrs. Burke and Reidy, Auctioneers, will sell the interest of Mr. Patrick Blake in his holding at Ballingarry. On the same date Mr. C. C. Hackett will put up for auction at the fair at Newcastle West a choice lot of in-calf heifers. Mr. W. B. Roycroft, Bantry, will put up for auction the extensive and valuable residential farms of Mrs. Mary Anne Cussen, situate at Coolygorman, near Broadford, six miles from Newcastle West.

On the 6th January Messrs. Wm. Costelloe and Son, Rathkeale, will put up for auction at Heathfield, Kilmeedy, a splendid lot of in-calf black Kerry heifers, and eight prime in-calf heifers.

Full particulars of these auctions will be found in our advertising columns.

Rathkeale Notes.

(A short history of the old borough town of Rathkeale and the Nationalists of the towns of Askeaton, 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 X.

Referring to that noble gentleman, Mr. Carroll Nash, of Ballyculleen, in your last issue, the people of West Limerick will revere his name for ever as a faithful Catholic in these tyrannical times. The Very Rev. Archdeacon Fitzgerald was pastor of Askeaton. Mr. Royce summoned the Archdeacon, and when the trial came on Mr. Royce called the Archdeacon "Mr. Fitzgerald," and Mr. Nash called him to order and asked him to say "Father Fitzgerald." Mr. Royce said the priest was a great poet, and the Archdeacon said that he was not half such a poet as he was a dancer. The kind-hearted Archdeacon was faithful to the poor Catholics, and was supported by Mr. Nash. Mr. Martin O'Shaughnessy, of the Craggs, was a great hero in these days, and he was loved by his comrades for his daring raids against their enemies. Mr. John O'Shaughnessy, Beteville House, was a great friend of the Archdeacon's. This deceased gentleman was grandfather to Mr. P. J. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., West Limerick.

(To be continued)

Bendigo Coil TOBACCO IS THE BEST.

W. & M. TAYLOR,
OFFICE AND FACTORY
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OUR SHORT STORY.

THE ETERNAL SECRET.

By E. VANCE PALMER.

Gilroy looked at the anchor lying stranded in the mud, and the blood sprang to his temples. His dinghy had been cut adrift, and was floating out with the receding tide—he could see it, a little pin-point on the sea-rim. And he knew at once that it was Delaney's work.

It was the last of a series of persecutions he had endured at Delaney's hands, and he could hardly bite down the raw passion that surged within him. The feud had become unendurable. The two of them were the only white men on the coral island, and yet Delaney's knife was always at the other's throat.

"I can't stand it any longer," Gilroy muttered fiercely to himself. "I'll go and have it out with Delaney once and for all."

He strode along the sands towards the other's thatch-roofed cottage. Gilroy was an Englishman, and had only been a year at the little trading station, but a hatred of it had already bitten deep into his soul. He was sick of the monotony of naked beach and sky, of the crowd of fawning islanders, and of Delaney, the irreconcilable.

The latter was a big, flashing-eyed beachcomber, a very Viking in strength and stature, whose delight it was to tyrannise over everyone with whom he came in contact. He lived by salvaging wrecked boats, and by means that were even more questionable. A gentleman by birth and breeding, he had given way to some wild strain in his blood, and laughed at any man's laws but his own.

Gilroy found him lounging on the veranda, his six feet of burly manhood sprawled out lazily in a hammock.

"Look here, Delaney," he said. "My boat's been cut adrift. Do you know anything about it?"

There was a masterful smile on Delaney's face.

"Guess so. In fact, I'm the only one that does know anything about it. Now what are you going to do?"

"You infernal scoundrel! I'll get square with you for this."

But the taunting smile was still on Delaney's face.

"And how will you do it? Tell the police? I guess you know it's no good, Gilroy. You're under my heel, and you've got to stick there."

Gilroy saw in a glance that he could expect nothing but evil from him. He turned abruptly on his heel.

"All right, Delaney. We'll have a reckoning some day."

And he strode off with the beachcomber's derisive laughter ringing in his ears.

For an hour he paced up and down the beach. He felt horribly lonely. This constant warfare with Delaney had jangled his nerves, and the monotonous life had sapped most of the boyishness out of him.

He was almost too preoccupied with his own thoughts to notice a red-funnelled steamer that had anchored in the roadstead, and when he looked up it was with a start. A boat had put out from the side of it, and there was a flash of white and scarlet in it that made his blood throb faster.

"A red parasol! Good gracious, it must be a girl!"

The idea was almost ridiculous. It was a year since Gilroy had seen a woman's face, for few strangers came to the island, and they were always men.

A few minutes later the boat had grounded on the pebbled beach. There was a swish of dainty skirts, and the girl sprang out and looked around her with a half-timid expression. Then, seeing Gilroy, she advanced shyly.

"Can you tell me, does my—my brother live here?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered, smiling; "I'm the only white man at the trading station."

"Really? I can't believe that he's not here. I hadn't heard of him for years, and then I got news that he was here, so I came to find him. Are you sure there's no other white man on the island?"

"None," he answered slowly, "except—a man called Delaney."

A sudden light leapt into her eyes.

"Then he is here," she cried excitedly. "Oh, why didn't you tell me before? You see, I'm his sister Alixe."

For a moment Gilroy could hardly comprehend the meaning of it. He watched the light on the girlish face, and he thought of Delaney, stained with his years of shame and villainy. His brain reeled from the thought that they were brother and sister.

"Can you tell me where he lives?" she asked eagerly.

"Er—certainly," he stammered awkwardly. "Come with me, and I will show you the way."

He felt a curious stirring of the blood as he walked with her along the beach listening to her girlish chatter. A hundred yards away from the cottage he left her to meet her brother alone.

But that night, as he lay awake, her pretty, piquant face haunted him strangely. And he thought of Delaney, coarse and rough-voiced, whose name was a byword among the traders as a rogue and a vagabond. A sudden temptation came to him to wreak his spite on the latter by exposing him to her.

During the days that followed he met Alixe frequently. Sometimes, when Delaney was away, they rowed together on the lagoon, and those were happy hours for Gilroy. One day she looked searchingly up into his face and said in her frank, girlish voice:

"I can't understand it, Mr. Gilroy. Have you and Chris quarrelled?"

He bent confusedly over his oars.

"Well, yes. It's merely a trifling difference, though."

Her forehead puckered up in perplexity.

"And how does he make his living here? He never will answer when I ask him."

Gilroy laughed awkwardly.

"It's a fad of his to be silent about his affairs. You see, we go our own ways here—no one bothers very much about other people's lives."

With her blue eyes looking up at him he could not tell her the truth. But he knew that the reply did not satisfy her, and that one day the awakening would come. And he was resolved to stave it off with every means in his power.

It was with this resolve in his mind that he met Graydon one night a few days later. The latter was a trader, a big, rough man, violent in speech and brusque in manner. His face was flaming and his voice was thick with rage as he approached Gilroy. A cargo of palm-oil had been looted the night before, and the little schooner had been sunk.

"This is the last straw," he said roughly. "It's Delaney's work, and I'm going to get square with him once and for all. They say he's got a sister with him now, who doesn't know what he is. I'm going to let her have a few facts about his history. That'll hurt him more than anything else."

Gilroy glanced up sharply.

"You wouldn't do that, Graydon. He's a scoundrel, but why should she pay for it?"

Graydon sneered.

"You're getting soft, Gilroy. He must have a lien over you. Anyway, I'm not a man to be stopped by any mawkish sentiment. I'm going to tell that little girl the truth of things this very night."

Gilroy looked up into his companion's heavy, bloated face. Clearly it was no good appealing to any of his finer instincts. He spoke abruptly.

"How much was that boat and cargo worth to you, Graydon?"

"About two hundred. Why, what's the odds?"

"Because I'm going to make it good—that is, if you let the matter drop."

Graydon's face was filled with blank surprise.

"I guess you're a fool, Gilroy. I suppose you've got your own reasons, though. Anyway, that's not my business. I'll take the money and keep my mouth shut."

And he went out into the night.

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It was the next day that Gilroy put out from the island port in the little schooner Doris. A cargo of copra had to be taken to the next island, and it was his business to arrange about the sale. The lowering night was quickly coming down as they swung out into the open sea.

As Gilroy lounged on the bridge in the gathering darkness, the old, weather-beaten captain came shambling up to him.

"Seems to me we're up against it, lad," he said slowly. "It's going to blow a gale to-night, and I guess we ought to put back."

Gilroy puffed at his pipe.

"We'll have to weather it through," he said grimly. "We must make Salu by dawn."

But there was an uneasy look on the captain's face. The sea was beginning to stir to the wind, and the boat shuddered as it rocked on. Heavy waves came crushing over the stern, and the black clouds were banked up threateningly. The masts creaked ominously, and the air was full of shouts from the Kanaka sailors as they hurried about.

But Gilroy paid little heed to the storm. He was looking back to the line of lights that marked the island, and thinking of Alixe. He was thinking of the candour of her blue eyes and the rapture of her girlish laughter.

He was aroused by a shouting that rose above the boom of the gale. There was a din of voices and a patter of feet along the deck. As he turned he met the captain hurrying towards him with lips like white cords. Gilroy spoke sharply.

"What is it? A leak?"

"Yes, and a darned sight more. There's three feet of water in the hold."

"But the pumps," said Gilroy curtly.

"No use. It's racing in like a flood. Look here, we've been scuttled—we've been sent into a death-trap."

"Nonsense. Who would be likely to do it?"

The captain's eyes flashed.

"I guess you know as well as I do. It's that scoundrel Delaney. I saw him hanging about the beach last night."

And the truth of it leapt to Gilroy's brain as he followed the captain below.

The water was pouring in like a racing tide, and the boat sank deeper and deeper. The captain looked swiftly at Gilroy.

"It's no use. The game's up. We'll have to take to the boats."

And they hurried up to the deck, where the Kanakas were shouting in a frenzy of fear. The flying spume-drift cut their faces as they dropped into the lowered boats. Then, bending to the oars they pulled their frail crafts towards the line of lights on the shore.

Heavy seas came crushing over them till they were half swamped, but still they struggled on. The captain was straining his eyes to see a sail which loomed up in the darkness a hundred yards away. It was a little cutter, and was being tossed like a cockle-shell on the waves.

"Delaney's boat," he muttered.

Gilroy looked up swiftly.

"He's coming to our help, then."

The captain laughed roughly.

"More likely he's come to mark where the boat went down. Well, it won't be good for him if we meet to-night."

As they neared him they could see that he was fighting to get back to shore. His sails were torn to ribbons, and his boat was half swamped. The captain hurled a volley of threats at him, and his derisive laugh rang out through the darkness in reply. Though ringed round with death, he was still cool and pitiless.

Then suddenly a wall of sea seemed to rise before them and come crashing down. A cry rose out of the darkness, and the Kanakas clung to their oars desperately. For a few moments the air was full of blinding spray, but when it cleared there was only a mass of floating wreckage where Delaney's boat had been.

The captain and Gilroy looked at each other in silence. Their eyes searched the water for any trace of the beachcomber, and they called to him loudly through the darkness. But there was no echoing voice. Gilroy's face was white as they battled on.

And half an hour later the pounding surf flung their boats up on the sand of the beach. As Gilroy scrambled out and stood half dazed on the shore there was a flutter of white in the darkness and a trembling voice beside him:

"Where is Chris? Oh, isn't he with you?"

Alixe's burning eyes were looking up into his. They were probing him with a passionate eagerness, and he knew that he could not withhold the worst. He spoke slowly.

"Alixe! I can't keep back the truth. His boat went down in the storm."

She gave a little cry.

"Oh, it can't be true! Why did he go out on such a sea?"

Gilroy bit his lips.

"He went out to our rescue. He gave his life for ours."

It was a very white lie.

And a few weeks later a boat swung out of the roadstead with a girl standing on its deck. Alixe was leaving the island for ever, and Gilroy stood by her side. She leant over the rails, and her eyes were very soft.

"Poor old Chris," she said. "He would never have wished for anything better than to lay down his life for his friends."

But Gilroy was silent. There was only one secret between him and the girl he loved, and that he kept all his days.

TRAINS COLLIDE IN SNOWSTORM.

The Liverpool to Hull express came into collision with a slow train from York in a blinding snowstorm at Micklefield Junction, near Selby, on Thursday evening. One engine was thrown over and the other derailed, but not one passenger was so much as scratched.

Owing to the snow the driver was unable to see through the window of his cab, and it is surmised that the weight of the snow on the wires pulled the signal to show a white light. Fortunately the express was running slowly when the collision occurred, about a hundred yards east of Micklefield Station. The lines from York to Hull were blocked, and all trains had to be diverted.

Bavarian schoolboys up to the age of eighteen are strictly forbidden by an official order to smoke cigarettes or use tobacco in any form.

The King has congratulated Mr. Thomas Goodburn, of Nottingham, on having six sons and a son-in-law serving with the colours.

For more than sixty years every male member of the Finucane family of Barnsley, Notts, has served in the Army, and in that period the family has won twenty-four decorations. Ten Finucanes are still serving, and four have given their lives for their country. The oldest surviving member of the family is Sergeant-Instructor [illegible] Finucane, who is eighty-four, and was in the Army when Lord Roberts joined it.

GARDEN GOSSIP.

Bright Winter Berries.—Ardisia crenata is a Chinese plant with red fruits, rather suggestive of holly. Sometimes it is propagated from cuttings inserted in spring, but some growers prefer to sow seeds. As a potting compost use sandy loam, leaf-mould, and sand, adding a little peat if available. Old plants may be grown for several years, but, as a rule, one- to three-year-old plants in 5- and 6-inch wide pots are the most useful.

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A Berried Evergreen.—Pernettya mucronata is a dwarf evergreen shrub allied to the heath family, and is at present gay with fruits rather larger than peas. The colours include pink, rose, purple, rosy-red, purple-black, and white. The plants thrive in a peaty soil or a sandy loam containing very little lime. Increase is by seeds sown in spring, or cuttings inserted in a hand-light or under a bell-glass in August.

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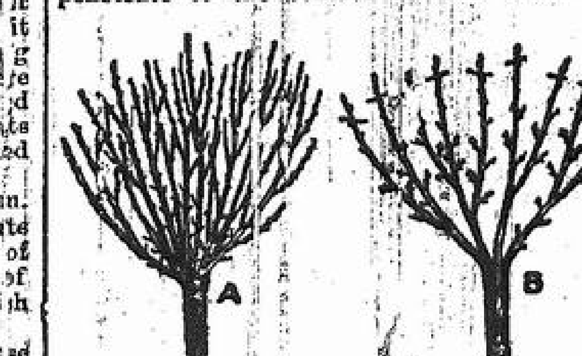
Pruning Bush Trees.—The main object to be aimed at in pruning these is to ensure an open centre, with sufficient space between the branches that the sun and air may penetrate to the centres of the trees. Do



PRUNING BUSH FRUIT TREES.
A, unpruned. B, pruned.

not unduly shorten trees making vigorous growth, as this only tends to accentuate their vigour and consequent barrenness. Many varieties called shy bearers have earned a bad name through a too drastic use of the pruning knife.

• • •

Planting Fruit Trees.—This work should be proceeded with as soon as possible. Take out the holes large enough to spread out the roots evenly, and avoid deep planting. Cover the roots with some fine soil, and tread down firmly. Stake trees that need support.

• • •

Bush Apples.—These are the most suitable to plant in small gardens, and they give a quick return. A distance of 12ft. between them each way is a suitable amount of space to leave. Always get bushes that have been worked on the paradise stock.

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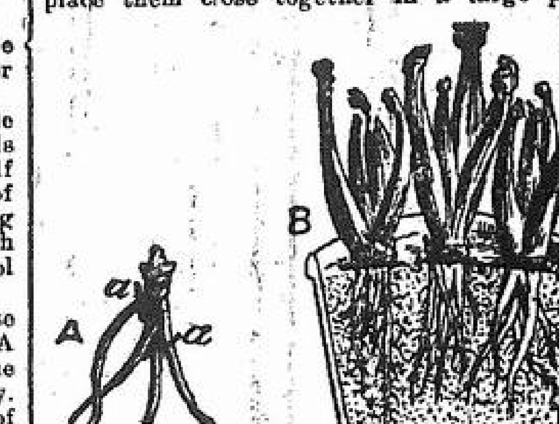
Cordons for Walls.—The best apples, like Cox's orange pippin, succeed admirably when grown as cordons on a wall in cold districts. Pears also do well as cordons, and this mode of training has much to recommend it in a small garden where wall space is limited, for more varieties can be grown.

• • •

Seakale.—This is such an appreciated delicacy, and so easily grown, that everyone having a greenhouse should try a few pots. If crowns are not obtainable from the garden, purchase some from a nurseryman, place them close together in a large pot or



LIFTING AND FORCING SEAKALE.

A, crown and roots ready for lifting; *a, a,* points of cutting off thong-like roots. These may be buried a few inches for planting out in spring to supply forcing crowns.

B, pot of produce fit for cutting; *b,* point of severance, a portion of the crown being secured with the growths.

box, fill in with light soil, water, and stand in a warm, dark corner of the greenhouse. Cover with an inverted pot, sprinkle daily, and cut when the produce is in the condition shown in the illustrations.

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The Week's Work. — All free-growing varieties of evergreen shrubs must be kept within bounds, and this is a suitable time to prune back exuberant shoots and regulate the growth generally, without practising undue restriction and severe formality. Deciduous shrubs must be pruned with a view to retaining an ample supply of flowering wood. In some cases the current year's shoots are the best to retain, cutting out the old flower-bearing wood. In others a general thinning out of crowded growths only is necessary. In all cases remove weak and dead branches. Hedges to be formed with holly, thorn, privet myrobalan plum, yew, box, and hornbeam may be planted now. If the ground is deeply dug and manured, the plants will have a better chance of becoming more quickly established. In mild weather carry out the pruning of wall, bush, espalier, cordon, and pyramid trees. First cut out any branches that are too crowded or worn out. Thinly dispose the rest, and shorten the side shoots to two buds. Exception must be made in the case of morello cherries, peaches, and nectarines, which principally bear on young growths. Peach trees under glass, now denuded of foliage, may be overhauled, first removing any weak growths, then dispose the branches evenly over the space available; and train in the young, well-ripened growths from 4in. to 6in. apart. Prune the mid-season vines from which the foliage has now fallen. The side shoots on the main rods are best shortened to two buds. New canes which are being originated to fill a vacancy or form a new main rod must be gradually built up. Hence, shorten long canes back to not more than 4ft. from the point the growth started at beginning of season. Occasional dividing and replanting of rhubarb is beneficial, as it gives an opportunity to dig deeply and heavily manure the soil. Divide into single or several strong crowns, and plant 3ft. apart. The stalks should not be pulled in the first season. Jerusalem artichokes are ready for use at any time, and may be dug as required, or the entire crop may be lifted and stored. The tubers keep well placed in clumps in the same way as potatoes, and it is advisable to lift the entire crop before bad weather sets in. The mint bed should be cleared of the old top growth and weeds removed. Then give a top-dressing of soil and manure. Should young mint be required early in the New Year, fork up a few roots from outside of bed now, and place in boxes, covering the roots with soil. Introduce boxes into a mild heat a few weeks before the mint shoots are required.

TEA TABLE TALK.

The Dowager Queen of Italy has written a patriotic war poem, each verse of which has been printed separately and placed before the eyes of Italian wounded lying in the hospitals in order to comfort them in their sufferings.

• • •

Mrs. McKenna, wife of the Chancellor of Exchequer, is well-known among her friends as a musician and composer. At a concert given at Wimborne House a few years ago a distinct success was scored with a song entitled "Evening," the beautiful words being by Miss Alice Meynell and the altogether appropriate music by Mrs. Reginald McKenna.

• • •

One of the favourites at the Italian Court is Princess Elena, the daughter of King Peter of Serbia. It has been her custom to spend several months in the year with her aunt, Queen Elena, and on one occasion, it was whispered, an Italian aristocrat had fallen in love with her, but that State reasons prevented the union.

• • •

Mrs. Valentine, the wife of Captain Valentine, is the daughter of General Knox. She is niece to Lord Lonsdale. Her husband won fame as an airman, and as a motorist he is most skilful. He is fond of playing tricks with his cars. For one thing, he is always ready to bet that his companion in the car cannot tell how many times he has changed gear; he does it so skilfully. He has been known to deceive an expert motorist.

• • •

Lady Paget is the only daughter of General Sir Arthur Paget, who is in command of a large section of the new armies. Lady Paget has inherited, no doubt from her American mother, notable talents for organisation and administration. Even before her marriage the then Miss Leila Paget was well known among her friends for a breadth of interest in the serious affairs of life uncommon in a girl of her age. She spent much time in travelling, and so became admirably fitted to take up the duties of the wife of a British diplomat when she married her distant cousin, then minister at Bangkok.

• • •

The Prince of Piedmont, as Prince Umberto is called officially, is of splendid physique. His complexion is dark and his hair heavy. Dressed in the uniform of the Cuirassiers he is a picture. His elder sisters are the pride of their Royal parents. Princess Yolande, the eldest, takes a keen interest in all social and charitable affairs, whilst all the Royal family are noted for kindliness of heart and sympathy for the poor and unfortunate.

• • •

The Court of Sweden is a simple one, and the King and Queen in consequence find ample time in which to follow their domestic bent, giving generous share of it to their four small children — Prince Gustavus Adolphus, his father's namesake, and some day successor to the Swedish throne; Prince Sigurd; Princess Engrid Victoria, the one small daughter of the family; and Prince Bertie, still a tiny baby.

• • •

The three children of the King and Queen of Belgium have not been spared sight of pain and suffering, and are taught that it is their highest privilege to help alleviate it. The school régime of both Princes and Princess is strict, but Queen Elizabeth has too keen a knowledge of the value of physical training to allow that branch to be slighted, and hours are spent in the fresh air daily.

• • •

Lady Edmonstone is pretty and graceful, with blue eyes and fair hair. Like many blonde women, she often favours black, which suits her wonderfully well. Lady Edmonstone owns some splendid jewels, notably a fine set of sapphires and diamonds inherited from her grandmother, the late Mme. de Falbe, and she has a gracious chatelaine at Duntreath, Sir Archibald's grand old castle in the Lennox county of Stirlingshire, which his Royal ancestress, Princess Mary, Robert III. of Scotland's daughter, brought in marriage to Sir William Edmonstone. Thus Lady Edmonstone's husband can claim the same blood as our reigning line.

• • •

Miss Gladys Story tells a good recruiting story about a loafer in Hyde Park who made both her and the recruiting sergeant she had with her smile. "He was asleep on the banks of the Serpentine," she says, "and after some little time he promised to come along and join the 'Oss transport. He said to another recruit on the way: 'I wasn't comin', only the lidy spoke nice to me.'"

• • •

Some prima donnas receive big salaries. Exactly what Mme. Patti earned during her career it is, of course, impossible to say, but her fortune has been estimated at close upon a million. That famous singer, Miss Mary Garden, is said to receive anything from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds a season, while Mme. Schumann-Heink placed her season's earning capacity at £40,000. Of this sum she received nearly £10,000 for making gramophone records, the rest being for concert work.

• • •

Bertha Krupp, of the great Essen gun factories, married against the will of the Kaiser. He had other plans for the richest woman in Germany, for he wanted her to marry one of his sons. Taking no notice of the Kaiser's remonstrances, Bertha Krupp insisted on marrying the diplomat whom she had met in Rome some years before. Although he did not hide his Royal displeasure from the heiress-bride, the Kaiser attended her wedding, made a graceful speech, conferred on the bride the Order of Louise, and invested her husband, who until his marriage was unknown and not overwealthy, with the rank and title of Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

• • •

Lady Burton, who is pleasant, bright, and unaffected, is a keen sportswoman, and devoted to dogs. She has the reputation of being a splendid business woman, and the success of the big hotel at Aviemore, on her husband's Strathspey estate, is largely due to her initiative.

• • •

After the Empress and the Empress Dowager, the greatest lady in Russia is the Grand Duchess Marie Pawlowna, the aunt of the Tsar, widow of his uncle the Grand Duke Wladimir. She is already advanced in middle age, but has kept the splendid carriage and fine figure which won for her so much admiration in the time of her youth. An excellent judge of art in all its forms, since her appointment as President of the Academy of Fine Arts by the Emperor she has done much to further artistic development all over Russia. Her palace on the Quay is admirably arranged and furnished in the most exquisite taste, and she loves to gather around her person a coterie of clever and remarkable men. Her evening parties are always delightful and smart, and she has always been looked upon as the most elegant and the best-dressed woman in Petrograd.

• • •

Lady Sybil Findlay is one of our best-known society travellers. In her time she has made trips to India, South Africa, New Zealand, North and South America, the Fiji Islands—and even to the Arctic regions. She and her husband, Dr. Findlay, once had a strawberry farm on an island off the coast of British Columbia.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

BARBARIOUS!

At a recent church service the clergyman giving out the weekly notices concluded by announcing as follows: "The preacher for next Sunday will be nailed upon the church door."

EXPERIMENTING.

A man walked into a grocer's shop and handed to the assistant a paper containing some white powder.

"I say," he said, "what do you think this is? Just taste it and tell me your opinion."

The grocer smelled it, then touched it with his tongue.

"Well, I should say that was soda."

"That's just what I said," was the triumphant reply. "But my wife said it was rat poison. You might try it again to make sure."

A HEART WOUND.

Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, who opened a new Y.M.C.A. recreation hut at Winnall Down Camp, Winchester, told the following story: "A very demure young woman—a niece of Lady Brassey—who took a great interest in the canteen work, was engaged behind the counter at one of the huts. Again and again she noticed a young soldier hovering about near the counter, and at last he gave her a photograph and asked her when her next free afternoon would be."

A "BOMB" STORY.

An amusing incident that took place at the judges' lodgings at Liverpool was told by Mr. Justice Low at the Liverpool Assizes. The story was brought to his mind by a description of an automatic barometer. "Oh!" said his lordship, "there is one of those at the judges' lodgings. Somebody put it on the windowsill to give it a little outside experience. A policeman making his rounds during the night saw the instrument, and, believing it was a bomb, he put it out of harm's way into a bucket of water."

TAKING COVER.

The man had had some wonderful experiences in France, so wonderful that one marvelled he was still alive. He only made one mistake. He told one story too many. This is it:

"We were coming along the road at Mons," he said, "when the Germans opened fire with their machine guns. Of course we dashed for cover. I was lucky, because if I hadn't hidden behind two kilometres I should have been riddled with bullets."

A GOOD NAME.

A story which will be appreciated by every agriculturist and university man is told in Edinburgh. A number of examinations were being held recently at the University, and at one of them a student bearing the name of Meadow, who had answered the printed paper, was called up for his "oral."

"Ah, Mr. Meadow, facetiously remarked the examining Professor, a genial man in his way, "fine old name yours."

"Yes, Professor," responded the student, without a moment's hesitation, "It would be a great pity if it were ploughed."

QUIPS FROM "LONDON OPINION."

"Deeds, not words," is the motto of the Australian contingent. Our gallant "Cornstalkers" scorn talkers.

A new fashion in America is the wearing of "ankle boquets." Roses which will not be born to blush unseen.

Umbrellas are among the few things that have not increased in price—yet they are of little use unless put up.

A gentleman, the afternoons of whose life have been saddened, says that the news of our drink restrictions is bound to encourage the enemy. Germans can now read that we are getting less stout daily and have fewer ports than when the war began.

Sold by auction in Huntingdon for a patriotic fund, a cockerel worth eighteenpence realised £165. Something to crow about!

If khaki isn't considered sufficiently attractive by our young men, the Government will find something more fetching.

By way of economy, the supply of notepaper in the Parliamentary writing-rooms has been cut down. As a theatrical manager remarked, you can have too much "paper" in the "house."

PICKINGS FROM "PUNCH."

In reply to representations made by the Roman Catholics of Germany on behalf of the Armenians, the Imperial Chancellor has replied that "the German Government, in friendly communication with the Turkish Government, has been at constant pains to better the situation of Turkey's Christian subjects." Thanks to this friendly intervention half-a-million Armenians will never suffer again from Turkish misrule.

From the list of Christmas books issued by the German publishers there would appear to be an extensive demand for British sea-stories, such works as "Robinson Crusoe," "Treasure Island," and "The Pirate," being freely advertised, though of course in translations. It is suspected that these books are issued by the German Admiralty to the sailors in the Kiel Canal, in order to give them a notion of the ocean.

A Berlin Professor, lecturing on the use of trees as fodder, stated that experiments have already been made in feeding dogs with beech-wood. It is hoped that in time these intelligent animals will be trained to subsist upon their own bark.

Extract of a letter from a soldier to his home: "All the French boys and girls can say 'souvenir.' It is the only English word they know."

A SNUB FOR POSTERITY.

Extract from a letter signed "Nationalist" in "The Irish Times":—

"Every eligible Irishman who emigrates, turns, whether or not he realises it, a deaf ear to the cry for protection of unborn generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen."

"Wanted for East Coast, Curate. One not afraid of occasional bombardments. Apply Vicar."—"Church Times."

"Why not install a canon?" asks the person who sends us the cutting. But perhaps so high a dignitary would not pay sufficient attention to the Vicar's maxims.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

A Bombay merchant advertises:—

"This butter, manufactured from the best cream, will stand any high temperature if kept in a cool place."

CLUB WINDOW.

King George follows the recruiting figures very carefully. In a conversation a little while ago with Lord Kitchener, his Majesty was able to give the precise recruiting figures in a certain district off-hand, without having to consult any reference papers.

• • •

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is an enthusiastic botanist. His collection of Alpine plants is considered the most complete in Europe. He is a distant cousin of King George's through an uncle of Queen Victoria's. He was born in Vienna on February 26, 1861, and for some time he served as an officer in the Austrian army. He possesses large estates in Hungary.

• • •

Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the American ex-Secretary for State, tells a good story apropos of his repeated failures to win the Presidency. "I shall soon," he said, "be in the position of the man, somewhat the worse for wear, who came to a dance at Texas. The floor manager saw him, and told him to get out. He came back. Then the floor manager pushed him out. He came back. Finally the floor manager kicked him out. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he muttered. 'They can't fool me. Those people up there do not want me to attend that dance.'" Opposed to trusts and Imperialism, Mr. Bryan has ever been on the side of peace. As someone has said, he is "not only too proud to fight, but too good to fight."

• • •

The King of Rumania is in his fifty-first year. He has six children, his eldest son, Carol, being twenty-two years of age. Ferdinand of Rumania did not succeed to the throne until last year.

• • •

Mr. Edison is well known as a clever raconteur, and the following little tale, which he has related, has a particular point to it at the present time. A school teacher was questioning her class on general knowledge. "Now, girls," she said, "what is the most wonderful thing that a man has ever made?" The class was silent as the grave, but presently one small girl's hand went up and a triumphant look overspread its owner's face. "Please, miss, I know—a living for his wife and family," she said.

• • •

Mr. Augustine Birrell some time ago, while travelling in a third-class railway carriage in the north of England, found himself in an amusing although very embarrassing position. He was only just in time to catch the train, and sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs. Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterwards, he saw that she appeared very uneasy and was regarding him with no great favour. Then it was that it dawned upon him that he was sitting upon her newspaper. "Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her, "I'm sorry!" The little girl did not look quite satisfied; but she said nothing till a few minutes later the train drew up at the station. "Please, sir," she then inquired, meekly, as she rose to get out, "may I have my fried fish? It was in the paper!"

• • •

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, the celebrated novelist, tells a good anecdote about a certain famous artist who one day made a particularly fine etching of a blacksmith. Some months afterwards, the blacksmith came up to London and called upon the artist at his studio. "Hullo!" exclaimed the artist. "What brings you here?" "Why," said the blacksmith, "I heard as how a prize had been offered for that there portrait you made of me, and I've come for the cash."

• • •

King Constantine of Greece is an enthusiastic pedestrian. He has tramped, incognito, through many of the countries in Europe. In comparison with other European monarchs, the King of Greece is poorly paid, for he receives only £70,000 a year for the maintenance of the Royal family. King Constantine married the Kaiser's sister in 1889. He was educated in Germany, received military training there, and has always been sedulously cultivated by the Kaiser, who wired to his sister: "Tell Tino" (King Constantine) "I shall crush all who oppose me." "Tino" has six children, three boys and three girls, the eldest of whom, Prince George, is fifteen years of age. King Constantine is a nephew of Queen Alexandra, his father, King George, who was assassinated in 1913, being her Majesty's brother.

• • •

Mr. Bernard Shaw has a characteristic that is not usual with men of his profession—he hates talking "shop," and will do everything he can to avoid doing so. This fact once caused him to make a very witty remark. Calling upon a friend, he knocked at the front door, instead of ringing the electric bell, and, as a consequence, he was not heard, and had to wait for admittance for some time. Later on, his host asked him why he had not rung the bell. "Well, you see," answered Mr. Shaw, "I avoided it because I saw the word 'Press' marked above it."

• • •

Sir Herbert Tree once, during the rehearsal of a certain play, asked a very young and by no means brilliant actor, who fancied himself greatly, to "Step back a little." The actor did so, and Tree went on rehearsing. A little later the famous manager repeated his request, and the youth obeyed again. Shortly afterwards, Tree once more asked him to "Step a little farther back." "But if I do," complained the youthful one, ruefully, "I shall be completely off the stage." "Yes," answered Tree, quietly, "that's right!"

• • •

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., has a reputation as a raconteur. At a lecture he caused great diversion by defining the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. The author, he said, was a colonel who confided the definition to him on his recent visit to the Front. "An optimist," he said, "is a man who has 'done' everybody, and takes jolly good care he is not 'done' himself. A pessimist is the man who lived with him."

• • •

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the millionaire, tells a good story about the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the founder of the family's gigantic fortune. The great financier was one day showing a friend his magnificent dog-kennels, when suddenly the visitor stopped to admire a particularly fine pointer. "That's a beautiful dog!" he exclaimed. "What do you call him?" "Lord Rothschild," answered Mr. Morgan. "Why on earth do you call him that?" asked his friend, in surprise. "That's easily explained," replied the millionaire. "It's because he never loses a (s)cent!"

• • •

Lord [illegible], years ago, when he was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, went to inspect a small torpedo-boat of some two hundred and fifty tons. The young lieutenant in command [illegible] much [illegible], he might have been in charge of a line-o'-battle ship—[illegible] superior [illegible]. The little craft was [illegible] [illegible] order, but when Jacky [illegible] wheel he came on it some [illegible] carving. It was an inscription: [illegible] "Ut Veniant Omnes." "Hullo," [illegible] Commander, "what the deuce [illegible]?" "Let 'em all come,' sir," [illegible] "Loo-tenant," saluting.

THINGS THOUGHTFUL.

TO HIM.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world —Richter.

LOST SIGHT OF.

You fall into the very common mistake of charging upon Nature matters with which she has not the smallest connection, and for which she is in no way responsible. Men talk of Nature as an abstract thing, and lose sight of what is natural while they do so.—Charles Dickens.

MAN'S CONCERN.

It is a small thing to a man whether or not his neighbour be merciful to him; it is life or death to him whether or not he be merciful to his neighbour.—George MacDonald.

HOW TO LIVE.

We complain, we fret, we hurry, we strive to make a figure in the world, and chafe against our limits. Let us live firmly, quietly, trustfully, without the desire to push or make haste, yet with the constant desire to do all with our might whatever our hand findeth to do, not taking too much thought for the morrow—and our life will be victory at last.—Stopford Brooke.

THE EVENTIDE.

It is the eventide; and, calmly down,
The silver stars look on the silent earth.
The hands of Work fold idly to her gown,
God's angels guide the steps of Death and Birth.

Each little flower within the dewy dark
Nestles, in trust, against the parent stem;
And souls that, wakeful, to their own fears hark,
Feel the sweet peace of sleep steal over them.

After the day, how dear the hours of rest!
Thanks be to Him who gave the gift of sleep,
Oblivion's hand, to calm the troubled breast,
And countless stars untiring watch to keep.

—Cora A. Matson Dolson.

THE GREATEST DESPAIR.

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope.—George Eliot.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

There are no circumstances so poor but that character may display itself and make itself therein. Strength of character lies not in demanding special circumstances, but in mastering and using any that may be given. Our work and daily contact with our fellows form our scene of action, and God blesses with a peculiar blessing the efforts to put to profit, not some self-selected occasion, but the actual conditions in which we find ourselves.—Scott Holland.

OUR DAYS.

So few the days, how eagerly they press
To be the comrades of our joy and care;
How shall our soul of any day confess
It hath been set aside and lost somewhere?

So swift the days, by tireless moments led,
They flock and fade like evanescent things;
Yet in their flight no one of them has sped
Too soon to bear a message on its wings.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

NONE SO POOR.

It is astonishing how much one without money may give. A kind word, a helping hand—the warm sympathy that rejoices with those that rejoice and weeps with those who weep. No man is so poor, no woman is so poor, as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those around them.

WITH A WANT.

You will get accustomed to living your life right through with a want in it. We all have to do that. You will get accustomed to wanting, and this habit will come to be a part of your life. You will be all the better for it.—H. S. Merriman.

THE WORLD'S THIRST.

The world is thirsting not for theories but for great good works of faith—for practical solutions of the spiritual difficulties of society—for the harmony of light and life—and wherever these appear it will now accept them gladly as bearing the manifest signature of God.—J. H. Thom.

TIME.

Make use of time, if thou valuest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled; tomorrow cannot be assured.—Jeremy Taylor.

HELP US, LORD.

Help us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath
The more shall he receive.

—Henry Hart Milman.

LEARN TWO THINGS.

You want to be true and you are trying to be. Learn these two things, never to be discouraged because good things get on slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into that sublime patience of the Lord.—George Macdonald.

UNSELFISHNESS.

Begin by denying yourself, and by and by you forget yourself. The kindness which was at first just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into self-forgetfulness.—Brooke Herford.

THOUGHTS FROM DICKENS.

It is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends.

Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn.

There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose.

What the poor are to the poor is little known excepting to themselves and God.

O what a bright old song it is, that O 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round.

There is no playing fast and loose with the truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it.

Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.

BUSY TIMES IN TORONTO.

The Toronto House of Industry, which deals with the civic relief work, reports 90 per cent. reduction in the number of families assisted, compared with October of last year, and 80 per cent. in the number of casuals fed and sheltered. The betterment of employment in Ontario in the past year has been most noticeable and is attributable to the general improvement in Canadian business consequent upon the bountiful crops and the increased production along staple lines.

EX-SOLDIER MINER'S PLUCK.

After being entombed in a mine at Hebburn-on-Tyne for seventeen hours, William Pigg was rescued on Saturday after exciting relief operations. Pigg, who recently left the Army, after serving ten months at the front, sacrificed his chances of escaping by going to warn another miner.

The latter escaped before the fall took place, but only one man could make use of the road at a time, and before Pigg could get out, stone and coal fell for a distance of thirty yards.

After his rescue Pigg told a Press representative that when the fall occurred he timbered his little prison as well as he could, and just waited for what would happen. Six hours later he heard his rescuers working at the fall. He was none the worse for his terrible experience, but added that it was nearly as bad as being in the trenches.

GERMANS POSE AS DUTCH.

Two German seamen, Von der Fecht and Berthold Leidorn, of Hamburg, pleaded guilty at Ramsgate to a charge of posing as Dutchmen. Each was sentenced to four months' hard labour, with internment to follow.

Another German named Gasler was sentenced to three months' hard labour, with internment to follow, for the same offence.

BOY OF FOURTEEN FIGHTS TURKS.

In hospital at Yarmouth, invalided home from Gallipoli, is a lad of fourteen, who took part in the landing at Suvla Bay and saw two months' fighting against the Turks. He will not reach his fifteenth birthday until the 21st of this month. His name is George Carr, and he left school in September, 1914, and went to work in a sawmill. In March last, during a recruiting march in Yarmouth he offered himself, and being a finely-built lad, easily passed for nineteen years of age. He enlisted for home service, but when the call for volunteers for imperial service came to his regiment he was one of the first to offer.

In July he sailed for Gallipoli, and was at the landing of Suvla Bay, where his regiment suffered severely. After two months' fighting against the Turks he was prostrated, and came home in a hospital ship.

NEW BANK HOLIDAY.

The following announcement has been issued for publication by the Press Bureau:

"At the request of the bankers the Prime Minister has decided that Saturday, January 1, 1916, shall be a Bank Holiday in England and Wales, in order that the banks, with their greatly depleted staffs, may attend without interruption to the work of that day, which is always one of the busiest days in the banking year.

"It is not intended that the day should be kept as a general holiday, as it is in Scotland."

COST OF MODERN WARS.

The cost of modern warfare is well illustrated by Great Britain now having to spend about £5,000,000 a day. It is interesting to note what the expenditure of other countries was in former wars. Towards the close of the great Russo-Japanese War in 1904-5, Russia was spending over £1,097,000 a week. The war in South Africa totalled £211,948,000. The total cost of the Crimean War was about £313,000,000. Of this Russia paid £142,000,000, France £93,000,000, and Great Britain £78,000,000. France, however, up to 1874, paid the most heavily for making war, for she had to part with £316,000,000 during the great Franco-German War. The Napoleonic wars, which practically ended with Waterloo, were comparatively cheap for France, seeing that her total bills amounted to only £255,000,000, while that of Great Britain, including the financing of many small Powers in their struggle against the Emperor Napoleon, amounted to £831,000,000.

ABOUT ZEPPELINS.

A Zeppelin really has sixteen sides, formed by the sixteen girders, made of very thin aluminium alloy, running from end to end of the ship, and over which the outer cover is stretched. To keep these longitudinal girders, or "stringers," in position, there are other girders which run like hoops round the ship, and act like the ribs of a boat. There are generally about eighteen of these hoop girders, spaced an equal distance from each other. These hoop girders divide the skeleton of the airship into a series of compartments, in each of which is fitted a gasbag. A Zeppelin has four propellers, each driven through a long shaft and bevel gearing by a separate engine, so that each can be worked, or can be stopped, independently of the others. This not only adds to ease in manœuvring, but is a safeguard in case of one or more engines or propellers being damaged. The most advanced type of Zeppelin built before the war was the L11, which was built at Johannisthal in October of 1913. This ship was 540ft. long and 46ft. in diameter at her deepest point. Her speed was between forty-five and fifty miles an hour, and her theoretical longest journey without replenishing gas or fuel was 600 to 700 miles. Her total lifting power was about thirty tons, and her own weight complete was twenty-five tons, leaving a "useful" lift of five tons, which would have to include her petrol and oil for the engines, her crew, all their supplies and equipment, the wireless plant, machine-guns and their ammunition, bomb-dropping gear, and bombs. In the more modern ships the engines are said to be of 1,000 horse-power, and the higher power, combined with small refinements in the ships themselves, is said to have put the speed up to over sixty miles an hour.

Sir John Simon, in a written answer to Commander Bellairs, states that in some towns it has been arranged to stop the ringing of church bells and the striking of church clocks, but he is advised by those responsible for the defence of London from air-raids that in London they contribute so small a part of the general noise that it is not as a rule necessary to take this step.

Captain R. C. McFee, R.N.R., has died at Glasgow. For thirty years he was shore superintendent of the Anchor Line, prior to which he commanded many important Anchor Line vessels, having been in the service of the line for forty-eight years.

Two firemen who were helping in the work of extinguishing a fire at the Peppermint Distillery, Mitcham, fell into the River Wandle but managed to save themselves. Another fireman was badly injured by falling brickwork. The damage is estimated at £1,000.

MOTHER AND HOME.

A really wise woman, who knows the incalculable romantic and social advantage of a happy marriage, makes every effort to prevent finding fault with her husband, who may make some mistake. Let her feign ignorance of some misdemeanour rather than cause the offender to feel ashamed of himself, for so often it is that directly a man feels ashamed of himself he commits further actions which may legitimately increase that sense of shame! Self-respect is such a desperately important factor in masculine moral make-up, and the wife who fails to help her husband to respect himself puts a very long nail in the coffin of her own particular little household Cupid. If your husband sets seeds which don't come up, conveniently forget those seeds were ever set, and don't make awkward inquiries concerning the absent flowers; if he makes a mistake in the selection of a suit, agree how very difficult it is to judge of a cloth in the piece; if he puts a few pounds into an unsatisfactory investment, remind him of the many times his judgment in such matters has been accurate, and that the bad must be taken with the good. This doctrine should be remembered by young wives, and the satisfactory results will come. The woman should mingle tact with her affection, and thus make her husband all he ought to be by means of stimulating his self-respect.

Exercise Your Fingers.

The following two simple exercises will work wonders of flexibility with the wrist and finger-tips. Stand with the arms at right angles to the body. Close the hand till it becomes a tight fist; then throw out the fingers sharply, spreading them as if you were trying to stretch ten notes on the piano. Repeat fifteen or twenty times. Then bend the hands from the wrist, first as far up as they will go, then as far down as you can bend them. Repeat until the wrists are tired, but do not strain them.

Give Nature a Chance.

A vast amount of illness might be prevented (according to a medical writer) if only the patients took their mind off their particular disorders, lived healthfully, and allowed Nature to effect a cure. When a bone is broken the surgeon sets it, and the rest is done my Nature, who does the mending and repairing just as she would do in the case of a damaged tree. In sickness she is equally willing to heal the disease if she is allowed a fair chance, and the wise physician is always ready to admit that it is Nature, and not he, who restores the patient. The great obstacle to the free play of Nature's healing power is the artificial conditions under which most of us live, our habits of life all the time undoing the beneficent work she performs. When an animal is sick it secludes itself, reduces its allowance of food, and rests while the healing process is going on. And mankind might usefully take the hint.

Compared With Men.

Those who hold that women are the inferior sex will have their convictions shaken by a study of the results of some tests carried out by a number of scientists. The experimenters found that proportionately to their size women have larger brains than men, that they have better memories, and far greater self control. Their average of "brightness" or cleverness, too, is found to be considerably higher. The men's points of superiority were found to be physical courage, muscular strength, keenness of vision, ability to estimate measurements and distances, and practicality. They also have greater manual quickness and administrative ability.

Winding a Clock.

Many a valuable clock is ruined by being wound up too tightly. The best clocks will keep better time if they are wound not too tightly and never allowed to run completely down. The best way to wind an eight-day clock is to wind it once in every four days, and then half or a little more than halfway each time. A watch that is wound twice a day will keep better time than if it is wound up tight once every twenty-four hours.

Onions for Health.

Onions contain sulphur oil, and are just the thing for insomnia or as an aid to digestion. Sufferers from rheumatism should eat as many onions as possible, for they help to allay the pains. Turnips and parsnips both contain a peculiar oily substance which is valuable as an aperient. The sulphur compound which it contains makes cabbage excellent in cases of scurvy trouble. Carrots are useful for liver, as are tomatoes, one of the best vegetables in the garden, indeed, for its medicinal effects.

Table Linen Hints.

Buy table linen by the weight, not by its fine appearance. Heavy tablecloths always last longer than light ones. Never buy a mixture of cotton and linen, and beware of damask that is too stiff, for it has probably been starched to make it appear of better quality than it really is. Good linen has an elastic texture. Some of the French damasks look all right, but they do not pass the soap-and-water test. Considering all points, Irish linen is far superior to any other. Two and a half yards is the best width for the ordinary table. Avoid very large table-napkins—no one likes them. Select a medium size, and buy a dozen and a half to go with each cloth. Do not starch your linen when it is new, but when it begins to get thin and limp a little thin starch is advisable.

Washing Children's Clothes.

The washing of children's clothes was once a most important item in the expenditure of a household, and even now, when one considers the number of little garments worn, it will be seen that in order to keep small children really nice the mother or nurse must spend a good deal of time and trouble over washing and getting up their clothing. It is certainly not necessary to send all garments to the laundry. Indeed, it is much better to have them washed at home; many children's clothes are of woollen material, and hence need more careful washing, and the wise mother will supervise this work herself as far as possible. A good soap should always be chosen when baby's clothes are to be washed, and it cannot be repeated too often that no soda must be used in the water, especially when quite small children's clothes are being washed. Not only is the texture of clothing ruined by the use of cheap soap and soda, but the sensitive skin of the little one is almost bound to suffer in the long run, because the chemicals in the cheap kinds remain even after rinsing. Indeed, cases of eczema have occasionally been traced to such an irritant.

Preserved by Singeing.

Hairdressers advise the singeing of the hair on the ground that it prevents the sap from exuding from the ends, as is the case when the hair is cut. Certain scientists who have studied the question have now discovered another reason why singeing is preferable to cutting. According to these authorities grey hair is caused by the ravages of a particular microbe known as the chromophage, which devours the colouring matter of the hair, and weakens it so that it falls out. The application of heat to the hair destroys this germ, hence the benefit of singeing.

OTHER MEN'S MINDS.

Keep smiling.—Mr. Louis Raemaekers.

HAMMERED OUT.

It is on the anvil of trial by the blows of sacrifice and of sorrow that the life of man is shaped to its noblest form.—Archbishop of York.

SAVING FOR VICTORY.

Before the war is brought to a successful conclusion some system will have to be adopted of sponging up the savings of the people before they are spent, and a system which will induce people continuously to save more.—Professor S. J. Chapman.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

It is the only happiness of my life at present to believe most confidently that the crime of this war rests upon other shoulders than ours, and that Great Britain had no choice but to take the part which she has taken.—Mr. Birrell.

THE NEW SPIRIT.

The spirit of sacrifice is abroad; the sense of fellowship and brotherhood has gained new life and power; class hatreds and class divisions, which marred our national life, cannot live in the trenches.—The Bishop of St. Asaph.

SCIENCE IN WARFARE.

In this struggle science has played, and will continue to play, a tremendous part, and I am convinced we must employ it a great deal more than we have done in order to achieve success. The failures which have occurred were nearly all due to the national neglect of science and the excessive predominance in Parliament, and especially in the Government, of the spirit that is most antagonistic to science—the spirit of the advocate.—Professor E. B. Poulton.

THE ONLY PEACE.

Peace is more to be desired than any other thing at this moment, but peace only on the terms that it means the peace of the world, not only for the moment, but for the years to come.—Lord Haldane.

RELIGION AND LIFE.

Religion was given not to make life easy, but to make it difficult.—Canon Scott Holland.

FACTS IN OUR FAVOUR.

There are two main facts in this war which sooner or later are going to give the Allies victory unless we chose to fling away our chances. The first is that no machine is immortal. France, Britain, and Russia can create a machine at least as good as Germany's, given a little time. When the counter-machine is ready the decision rests once more as of old with the human element. The second fact is that that human element, so far as Germany is concerned, is wearing very thin.—Mr. John Buchan.

A QUESTION.

We rightly honour the self-sacrificing heroes who give their lives for a sacred cause; but if the cause be sacred and the heroism that of martyrs, how can it be wrong for the clergy to enlist in so noble an army?—Bishop of Carlisle.

THE MODERN GERMAN.

What the modern German has to do is not to learn a lesson, but to unlearn it. He is already a clotted mass of lessons; if you took away the lessons he has learned at school, there would hardly be any of him left. That which presses on his brain and makes him a madman dangerous to the whole world is not something added just before the war; it is something put into him when he first began to live.—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

I am the only member—out of 669 wise men and one fool—who has urged that the Government ought to have said at the very commencement of the war that nobody would be allowed to make any profit out of it.—Sir Arthur Markham, M.P.

SHOULD THE CLERGY ENLIST.

Is it not particularly appropriate that the clergy should enlist, seeing that there is nothing doing in Christianity at present.—Mr. Outhwaite, M.P.

FOR HONOUR AND CULTURE.

We claim no exclusive superiority, but England stands, in the vital struggle in which we are now engaged, not only for honour and good faith, but also for a high ideal of spiritual and intellectual culture.—Sir F. G. Kenyon.

"THE LIGHTNING OF CRITICISM."

The cartoonist at his best discharges a function which no other medium can supply. One may say of him that he is the lightning of criticism.—Mr. A. G. Gardiner.

A VITAL MATTER.

In my belief the economic factor is going to be the determining factor of the war, and if it is we shall have to consider that we are at a fearful discount owing to our lack of self-containedness in the matter of home-grown food, while millions of money are paid out to other countries for their supplies.—Capt. Bathurst, M.P.

A FIRM STAND.

As long as I occupy any position, however humble, in the Government I will not concede to clamour, either in the House or outside, in a matter which I consider to be against the public interest.—Lord Robert Cecil.

THE GENEROUS PUBLIC.

I am of opinion that the generosity of the public in endeavouring to relieve the sufferings of the sick and wounded is unlimited, and that any demands made upon it will be responded to.—Sir Robert Hudson.

THE GREAT RALLY.

I believe that their (the Dominions) goodwill, the manner in which they have recognised the justice of our cause, and thrown themselves heart and soul into it, has done more to strengthen the Empire, more to render us strong in the estimation of the whole world, than anything else that could have been done during the course of this protracted struggle.—Lord Lansdowne.

NOT BY SCIENCE ALONE.

We cannot base life anywhere on science alone. Science must go hand in hand with religion—that is, a reverence for the unknown and unknowable and submission to moral restrictions that devout fear of a universally postulated Deity dictates and cherishes. Otherwise we shall all go the way of Prussia, and make science a means of turning this world of ours, "the garden of God," into a bottomless Hell.—Sir George Birdwood.

BALKAN BATTLE.

SITUATION SAVED BY IRISH REGIMENTS

On Sunday night the War Office issued the following communiqué:—

"After sustaining violent attacks delivered by the enemy in overwhelming numbers, the 10th Division succeeded, with the help of reinforcements, in retiring to a strong position from Lake Doiran westwards towards the valley of the Vardar, in conjunction with our Allies.

"The division is reported to have fought well against very heavy odds, and was largely due to the gallantry of the troops, and especially of the Munster Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers, and the Connaught Rangers, that the withdrawal was successfully accomplished.

"Owing to the mountainous nature of the country, it was necessary to place eight field guns, for the purposes of defence, in positions from which it was impossible to withdraw them when the retirement took place.

"Our casualties amounted to some 1,500 men."

FARMERS AND LABOUR PROBLEM.

The Earl of Selborne addressed an audience of farmers convened by the Winchester and District Agricultural Association at the Guildhall, Winchester, on Saturday. He said that "starred" agricultural hands would not be given an armlet. As they were indispensable there was no reason to put them in the Army Reserve, and they must be content to know the authorities thought they were doing the best work they could for the country. To meet the labour difficulties farmers ought to ask landowners, through the local committees, for their gardeners, their keepers, and their woodmen. It was the patriotic duty of every landowner, squire, or parson, and everyone in the county, to put all labour not employed on essential work at the disposal of the county war agricultural committee to help the farmer. As regarded women, he wanted to see a canvass of them around villages like Lord Derby's canvass of the men. The women must be told their war work was in the fields, and that there they would be contributing as much to the defeat of Germany and our victory as their boys in the Fleet or the trenches.

PRISONERS AT BLANKENBERG.

The following report has been issued by the Press Bureau:—"Reporting on the condition of the British prisoners of war at Blankenberg, Messrs. Jackson and Russell, officials attached to the United States Embassy at Berlin, state that the atmosphere of the camp is excellent. The British officers now have a mess room by themselves. In addition to Colonel Gordon, there are now twelve British officers in the camp, the four who came since the last visit being Major Robert A. Gray, Captains Robin Grey, J. H. C. Coulston, and F. J. Graham Watson. Colonel Gordon still occupies a room by himself, being attended by his own officer's servant, who was brought to the camp in order to replace the R.A.M.C. soldier who is to be sent back to England in December. There are also four other British soldiers who are doing duty as officers' servants, all of whom appear to be contented. At the time of the visit some of these men were playing hockey in the snow on the tennis court. The officers had no complaint to make, and the only wish which they expressed was for more space in which to exercise."

PERSECUTING GIRLS.

George Glenville, 35, manager, pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to serious assaults on six young women. Mr. Curtis Bennett, who prosecuted, said that there was another indictment charging the prisoner with obtaining sums of money from the same young women, and from four others, by means of false pretences, but it was not proposed to deal with that charge.

The prisoner, who had an office in Oxford-street, London, advertised as follows:—

"Cinema Acting.—Well-known manager and producer requires a few ladies and gentlemen of refinement, without experience, to prepare for cinema. Salary earned from one guinea upwards per day."

He got into communication with the women, and explained that it was necessary that they should receive lessons, the charge for 12 lessons being £3 3s.

Altogether he obtained three guineas each from nine women, and from one £103 3s. (£100 of which he got from her to continue, he said, the building of a theatre at Shoreham).

The prisoner, who is a married man, was convicted in 1906 for obtaining money from girls by means of a bogus theatrical agency. There had been complaints of similar treatment from over 50 girls in the present case. He was given the maximum sentence of two years' hard labour.

FORGED TREASURY NOTES.

At the Old Bailey, Henry Ralph Lyons, thirty-six, printer; Harry Williams, thirty-nine, agent; and Alfred Ernest Edwards, forty-two, agent, pleaded guilty to forging over a thousand currency notes. Mr. Justice Coleridge sentenced Lyons to eight years' penal servitude, and Williams and Edwards to ten years each.

The prisoners were arrested and charged with being in the possession of apparatus for the forging of Treasury notes as a sequel to a police raid on printing premises at Vartry-road, Tottenham, on November 17 last.

Harry Lyons, sixty-one, printer, father of Henry Lyons, who was also charged with the offence, pleaded not guilty. Giving evidence on his own behalf, he said: "I had no idea that forged notes were being made on the premises at all, and I never saw the other two prisoners until we met at Bow-street." He added that he had been out of work for some time, and his son Ralph was the main support of himself, his wife, and invalid daughter.

The jury found the prisoner not guilty, and he was discharged.

Addressing the prisoners before passing sentence, the judge said: "The gravity of your offence is twofold. Firstly you have put before innocent people the grave temptation of uttering false documents, and secondly it is a grave matter that in this tremendous time, when our men are fighting and dying to preserve our country abroad, you should seek to debase our currency at home. Shame on you."

The prisoner Williams, through his counsel, said he accepted full responsibility for engineering the crime.

For refusing to billet four soldiers, Private H. W. Hewitt, landlord of the Cross Keys Hotel, Reading, was fined 40s. His excuse was that he was in the Army, but this [illegible] failed because he was not serving away from home.

Certain classes of persons of non-military age are interned, Sir Edward Grey said in the House of Commons, because it has not so far been possible to arrive at an agreement for their mutual release, but it is hoped that the necessary agreements in the majority of cases will be reached shortly.

HOME HINTS

To prevent black stockings from changing colour add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the rinsing water.

If a broom is given an occasional soaking and stood out in the open to dry, it will last twice as long.

To remove paint spots from clothing, saturate with equal parts of turpentine and spirits of ammonia.

After washing glass in hot soap and water rinse it in quite cold water. Dry at once with a clean cloth, giving it a final high polish with a silver cloth or chamois leather.

Needles that have become rusty can be cleaned by rubbing them with a coal cinder, which not only removes the rust but makes them smooth for knitting or sewing.

Stained or polished floors should never be washed with water. To remove the dust wipe over with a soft cloth, and once a week apply a good floor-polish.

To remove creases from clothes which have been packed away for some time, hang in the bath-room, then turn on the hot water tap. The steam will entirely remove the creases. Press afterwards, if necessary.

To find out if game has been hung sufficiently, pull a feather from the plumage at the lower part of the back near the tail. If it comes out quite easily, the bird is "high" enough for the average consumer.

To Wash Satin.

Make a good lather with soap, wash the satin, rinse in cold water to which a little gin has been added, and iron on the wrong side, when the material should look equal to new.

Knitted Ties.

To prevent gentlemen's ties from stretching, stitch a piece of narrow ribbon along the centre, on wrong side, the entire length of the tie.

To Renovate Old Fur.

Prepare a plate of hot wet bran, and add to it a few drops of ammonia. Rub this well into the fur, then rub it all over with plenty of dry bran and a dry flannel. Finally brush with a stiff brush to remove flakes of bran and to regulate the fur.

A Pretty Christmas Gift.

If you have an oak frame which you do not want to use for a picture, it may be made into a pretty and useful tray by framing a dainty piece of embroidery, then covering it with glass in exactly the same manner as for a picture, only seeing that the back is made neat and more secure. Instead of fixing hangers, arrange a handle at each end of the frame, and the tray is complete, and makes an acceptable gift.

Newspaper Rack.

An original newspaper rack can be made by cutting a strip of ordinary floor covering, without pattern, about 2 in. long and 12in. wide. This rack is quite acceptable as a Christmas present to a friend. Fold the lower end back about 6in. to form a pocket, fastening it at each corner with twine. Turn the raw edges back towards the front and cover them with a scalloped piece of red leather, fastened with brass paper-fasteners. A narrow strip of red leather forms the hanger, which extends down the sides, ending in a leather tassel.

Christmas Hints.

In making Christmas puddings and cakes, you should wash all currants and dry them in a cloth, then set them before the fire, for if damp they will make the cakes or puddings heavy. Eggs should be very well beaten, whites and yolks apart, and always strained. Lemon peel should be pared very thin. The heat of the oven is of great importance, for cake especially. If not quick the paste, dough or batter will not rise. To lay paper over a cake will prevent burning. Cakes upon no account should be cut for a day or two, but rich cake should be kept a week before cutting.

Salt Hints.

Salt thrown on a fire will extinguish a burning chimney. Salt and lukewarm water is an excellent lotion for styes. Salt and warm water is an emetic in cases of poisoning. Mixed in cold water salt will remove bloodstains from linen. Sprinkled on a range it will absorb all grease splutterings. Warmed, and rubbed on a soiled light coat, will clean it. Salt added to the rinsing water prevents clothes from freezing.

SOME USEFUL RECIPES.

Orangeade.—Squeeze six oranges and three lemons well through a fine sieve into a jug, then rasp the rind of two of each, pour over a pint of hot syrup, then add water to liking. Pass the whole through a sieve. It is then ready for use. This makes a delicious drink for Christmas and the children will be very fond of it.

Boiled Turkey.—A turkey is best dressed by the poulterer. If you cut off the legs at the first joint, then draw the upper leg into the body, break or flatten the breast-bone, fill the crop with force-meat and tie it up closely. Put the bird into hot water, and as soon as the water boils skim well, and allow it to simmer for about two hours or according to the size of the bird. Care should be taken to keep the water perfectly free from scum. The liquor may then be used for soup. Many cooks boil turnips with a turkey, they may be sent to table in a well made white sauce. Celery sauce may be had if preferred. Boiled ham or tongue or bacon may be served with boiled turkey.

Cheap Christmas Cake.—For this you will require half a pound of flour, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of castor sugar, six ounces each of currants, sultanas, and butter, quarter of a pound of mixed peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, mixed with a little milk, half a pint of milk. Rub the butter into the flour, add the dry ingredients, and mix well. Put in the soda, and lastly the milk, which must be boiling. Bake at once in a well-greased tin for two and a half hours. When baked, this cake has the appearance of rich pound cake. It is an excellent cake to send to the Front, as it keeps moist a long time.

Roast Goose.—When the goose is well feathered, cut off the neck close to the back and the feet and pinions at the first joint; put a skewer into the wings and draw up the legs closely. Dry the goose well inside and out. Boil three onions for three minutes, then chop and mix in some dried sage leaves, a few fine breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste. Many cooks add butter, but it is better without. Put the stuffing into the body of the goose and tie the openings (both ends) safely and firmly. Baste well, roast from an hour and a half to two hours; serve with brown gravy and apple sauce.

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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 24 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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