# Weekly Observer

No 19. NEWCASTLE WEST, DECEMBER 25, 1915 PRICE ONE PENNY.


BIRTHS—MARRIAGES—DEATHS.

Births, Marriages and Deaths charged 2s. 6d. for five lines. Every additional line 3d., and should always be accompanied by remittance in

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.


## Saddlery.

—:o:—

GIG AND CART HARNESS
ALWAYS IN STOCK,
OR MADE TO ORDER AT

## T. Kennedy's

HARNESS MAKER,
MAIDEN ST., NEWCASTLE WEST.

—:o:—

HARNESS OILS, HARNESS DRESSINGS, AND ALL STABLE REQUIREMENTS KEPT IN STOCK.

Repairs Promptly Executed.

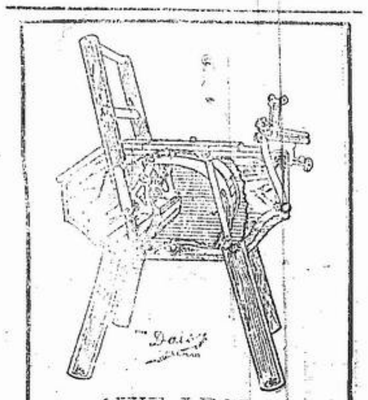
10w.

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
WILL A GOOD SHILLING AND A BAD ONE
THEY CAN GET IT BY SENDING A BOTTLE OF

DORENA
CORN CURE
PER 1/- BOT.

which will remove all Corns, Warts and Hardened Skin under the Foot.
PAINLESS & HARMLESS.
Sold by 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 27669 1912)

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—
[illegible] HAUGHNESSY & SON
LIMITED
NEWCASTLE WEST

## 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.

## M. PHELAN,

**Market Square,**
**Newcastle West.**

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

£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 interview.

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 C. WALSHE, Sec. 15, ANGLESEA STREET, DUBLIN.

## Wanted Turkeys, Geese, Poultry

EVERY DAY

*Highest Prices Paid.*

## M. CULHANE,

MAIDEN STREET,

## R. T. LEVERY,

**Printer,**
**Bookbinder and Account Book Manufacturer.**

## PHOENIX

**Printing Works,**

THOMAS STREET,
LIMERICK.

'PHONE 77.
Telegrams—"LEVERY, LIMERICK"
d4 13


### Restitution.

MRS. ENRIGHT, Bridge Street, Newcastle West, hereby acknowledges Postal Order, value 16s., Restitution Money, from an unknown person.


**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).

—:o:—

**Annual Sale by Public Auction**
OF
**80 In-Calf Black Kerry Heifers;**
ALSO
**8 Prime In-Calf Heifers.**

M. COSLELLOE & 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,
80 IN-CALF BLACK KERRY HEIFERS

AND
8 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.

## 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.

## 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.

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

## 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.

—:o:—

## 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.

—:o:—

EXCEPTIONALLY RARE OPPORTUNITY.

—:o:—

## 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 their 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, Living 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.


## Artesian Well-Boring.

—:o:—

**JOHN CAHILL,**
BALLAUGH, CHARLEVILLE,
Co. LIMERICK.

Artesian Wells can be Bored as Cheap and as well as by an English or Scotch firm, and Thousands of Artesian Wells made successful by

**JOHN CAHILL.**

NO CONTRACT TOO BIG.
NO CONTRACT TOO SMALL.

# Extracts From Annuals

### CHRISTMAS BATTLE HYMN.

Brightly burns the Yule-log, comrades,
In our homes beyond the sea;
Children's voices ring with laughter—
What know they of things that be!
And at ev'ry evening vesper
There's a prayer for you and me!
"Father Christmas" will be missing;
Mrs. Santa will, instead,
Fill the stockings in the chimney
When the wee ones are in bed,
And the heartiest "God bless 'ems"
Have for "Daddy dear" been said!
Christmas in the trenches, comrades,
With strange imagery arrives;
Not "good will" but gun and dagger,
Set the epic of our lives;
Yet we fondly dream of homeland,
Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives!
When the war is over, comrades,
Earth her robe of peace has donned,
We shall not all be returning
To the waiting ones so fond;
Heroines will meet their heroes
Only in the Great Beyond!

—Lena Guilbert Ford, in the "New Magazine."

### CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

Take first the hottest day we can imagine—hotter than anything that England knows—a fiercely blazing brilliant day, with the thermometer registering from 90 to 110 degrees in the shade and even higher, and nine chances to one that will be this Christmas Day in Australia, or, rather, in many parts of Australia.

As to a typical Christmas (says Mary MacLeod Moore, in "The Queen"), it all depends upon where you spend it in that vast continent. In Sydney and Melbourne or away back in the bush the spirit of it is the same as in England. In the country the principal things one notices, besides the real Christmas spirit, are the heat, the dust, and the flies. That is, if there should be a drought, but even those draw-backs do not affect the cheeriness of the people.

It is the custom out there to have Christmas dinner in the middle of the day, and no matter what the heat nor how bad the dust and the flies, there is always a special dinner, with roast beef and turkey, and always the proper Christmas pudding, which is boiled in a cloth, and never in a basin. These dishes are eaten with the same relish as if the snow lay on the ground and the icicles hung on the walls, as they do in all proper winter pictures.

In its small way this seems one of the most touching instances of the strength of the tie between the Motherland and her big daughter. Also a proof of the conservatism of the British wherever they may make their homes. Christmas fare means these substantial dainties in the Old Country; therefore when fruits and cold dishes would be more appetising British people who may never have been "home" in their lives sit down to eat them, and rise up to go boating or to enjoy a picnic or a dance in their thinnest clothes.

Until lately a popular Christmas card represented the old coaching scenes, with quantities of snow and burly robins, and the big shops in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney displayed their beautiful wares in a setting of imitation ice and snow, because the Christmas of the early settlers' memories contained these ingredients, and their children have clung to the same. When you look at them and then at the blazing blue sky your sensations are akin to those of Alice in Wonderland.

### NATURE IN WINTER.

If there were any lack in Nature's winter colouring, even to those who deem a wealth of colour necessary to the completion of a picture, she surely compensates in mastery of form, in grace of construction, and visible design unequalled at any other season of the year (says Edith Jenkinson, in "Great Thoughts"). Perhaps the exquisite structure of trees is never so obvious as when their branches are frosted with fine snow. Then each twig and spray, each line and curve takes on new beauty, and to the unaccustomed eye there is presented a vision of Nature's great and inimitable genius. Trees of spun silver, trees of thistledown, trees seemingly woven of the ethereal filaments of a dream, trees whose fairy structure is too frail to bear the breath of the faintest wind, that would crumble into ruin under the soft fluttering of a bird's wings.

The leafless hedgerows, though usually described as "brown," present to the attentive observer a variety of tints. Nature rarely uses dull brown in her shading. She loves the transparence of dark gold, the warmth of crimson and dim blue, and these are the colours of the hedgerows, blended from the bronze of cut twigs and sprays, and the red of clustered berries, with here and there an emerald gleam of lingering leafage and the brilliant yellow of a frosted spray.

Again, the bare branches of trees are pure purple against the sunset sky, softened at their fringes with gold, thus assuming their rightful tone in the harmony of rose and saffron and deepening violet, which compose the landscape of the winter twilight.

### WAR IN WINTER.

In an article on "Winter Warfare" in "The World's Work," Mr. Frederick A. Talbot says the effects wrought by winter, taken on the whole, are more serious and far-reaching upon the western, than upon the eastern, front. In the latter area the cold is intense, perhaps, and the snow-fall may be heavy, but the atmosphere is dry. The snow packs well and freezing hard provides an excellent surface over which movement may be made rapidly provided the proper vehicles are employed.

Once "General Winter" grips the land towards the closing days of December he holds it tightly and unrelentingly until the dawn of spring. In the Kœnigsberg country, which may be accepted as typical of the Eastern area, although the severity is perhaps more trying in the Carpathians, the depth of snow covering the ground—the mean average at typical points—ranges from 1½in. in December to 3½in. in January, and attaining a maximum of about 4¼in. in February. With the approach of spring it falls rapidly to 1in. in March, and in April disappears altogether.

This prevailing condition contrasts very vividly with that experienced upon the Western front. The seaward end of this battleline is exposed to violent and considerable climatic fluctuations. The wind, chopping from land to sea and back again, brings snow and rain alternately. There is no stability or continuity about the climate until one passes well along the line and commences to approach the broken country of the Argonne, where the winter records are those of Continental Europe.

Military activity having again reverted to the Near East, the armies battling in the Balkans will be faced with terrific odds ranged on the side of Nature. In that mountainous country the snow-fall is heavy, and as the mountains provide the main fighting ground, movement is certain to be slow and costly, owing to the stupendous character of the obstructions offered by the snow. Similar conditions prevail in the fighting area along the southern Austrian borderland, the Italians and Austrians being called upon to struggle for supremacy among snow-blocked mountain passes. Here it is quite possible that the obstructions may assume such a character as to bring active operations to suspension until the winter breaks.

### TRINITY OF NEEDLESS FATIGUE.

The festive season means hard work for many. A writer in the "Girls' Own Paper" refers to the Trinity of Needless Fatigue.

First, the fatigue of those who make. Nobody knows beforehand how the taste of people is going to jump, and so, after samples have been sent out and orders have come in, the girls in the manufacturing places begin to work.

Then there is the fatigue of those who sell. These are not only the girls whom we see, pale-faced, behind counters, selling goods to a thoughtless public at the last moment, but that horde of girls who are rolling up packages in the packing-rooms, who work twelve or fourteen hours a day in this mad orgy of eleventh-hour buying. All these people are pressed into service for a few weeks each year because of this riot of hasty buying with which a Christian nation is paradoxically getting ready to celebrate the feast of "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

The third in the Trinity of Needless Fatigue is the woman who buys and the woman who makes at home: the woman who must buy a great deal on a very little money, the weary house-mother on whose shoulders rests the burden of all the unnecessary part of each individual little Christmas, sacrifice that is being celebrated throughout the country, the woman who is going to be finishing Christmas presents and tying up Christmas bundles until late on Christmas Eve, who is going to be too tired on Christmas morning to enjoy the joy of her own children.

With each individual one of us rests the responsibilty of seeing how many victims to this Christmas madness there are going to be: how many house-mothers too tired to enjoy their own Christmas merrymakings, how many overworked girls and women in factory and shop. We must not only do our Christmas buying early, we must also do our Christmas buying sensibly and our Christmas making sanely. Any family group co-operating together could lighten the burden of fatigue and keep bright the cherished Christmas spirit.

### ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS.

About A.D. 300 a boy was born in Lycia. His parents called him Nicholas, but—so the chronicles tell us—though that was a man's name, he preserved the nature of a child, for he chose "to kepe vertues, mekness, and simpleness, and therefore the children doe him worship before all other saints."

The modern child's Santa Claus is a Dutch contraction of "Sankt Nikolaus," "Sank 'ni K'laus," and the saint's custom of giving presents secretly and in the dead of night is the development of a deed of charity he performed when he assisted three young women out of grave misfortune by tossing three well-filled purses into their bedroom long after they had retired.

Thus (says the "Windsor Magazine") Santa Claus comes about when the children are asleep, and gives them their hearts' desires. St. Nicholas Day was originally early in December, but later it became identified with Christmas.

### INDIAN MAGIC.

In an article on "Conjurers of all Countries" in the "Strand Magazine," Mr. Frederic Culpitt states he was once present when the celebrated Indian rope trick was performed, but did not see it. Two of my friends saw it (he continues), and one of them can corroborate what I am about to say. (The other man was recently killed in action.)

Everybody knows what, apparently happens in the rope trick. The Indian conjurer throws a rope into the air. It remains rigid; a boy climbs up it and disappears into space. He afterwards reappears beside the conjurer. That is the bald outline of the trick, but it is occasionally filled in with other details.

The performance at which I was present took place in a large open space—a market square. The time was about half-past two. The ground on which the conjurer stood I was at least one hundred yards from any house. I mention that fact because it knocks over the theory, advanced by some conjurers, that the rope is held up in the air by a thin line stretched between the roofs of two houses.

The conjurer began with the performance of some little tricks which permitted him to approach his audience individually. He then took the rope from a basket and asked someone to examine it. The conjurer then told his audience what he was doing, and he emphasised each point. "The rope I now throw into the air—it remains—the boy will now climb—there he goes—he reaches to the top—the boy now screams—the boy now refuses to come down—something is the matter with the boy—curse him—the boy has gone—the rope falls to the ground," and so on. Finally the boy was discovered under a sheet on the ground.

The magician spoke rapidly, and in very good English. I believe I was the only one present who did not look at the rope during the whole of the performance, and my explanation of the famous trick is that it is done by hypnotism and suggestion. The only thing I saw was this: I saw the conjurer throw the rope in the air; I saw it fall to the ground. But my friend is certain that he saw the whole trick as it is usually described.

I am aware that the explanation—hypnotism—is not accepted by conjurers older and more experienced than I am, but to them I reply, with all respect: I was there—I know what I saw; all the doctors I have spoken to about the trick assure me that it could be performed by means of hypnotism. The reader will recall the fact that the performer did not begin with the rope trick. He began with a lot of little tricks, and at times the conjurer was practically performing to an audience of one. I am convinced that in this way he was able to hypnotise his audience.

### LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

A beautiful legend of the moss rose is retold in the "Quiver" by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield.

In a deep hollow in the heart of a forest grew a bed of moss. Though it was thick and soft like a velvet carpet, no one ever stopped to see its beauty, but hurried on to the sunshine. And the moss mourned its hard fate and wished itself a flower in a fine garden; people only trampled upon it; no one ever looked at it. One evening, just as the last golden rays of sunlight shone upon the tree-tops, a pale and weary man came slowly through the forest. He was Jesus returning from the wilderness after His forty days of fasting and temptation. His feet were blistered with wandering over the burning sand, and were torn and bleeding from the sharp stones and briars.

When He came to the bed of moss and felt its soft coolness on His wounded feet, He paused and spake a blessing on his little plant.

"Do not fret," He said, "because no one notices thee. Bear thy trouble patiently. Thou hast done good to Me and the Father will remember thee."

He had scarcely spoken when out of the moss budded a lovely rose. Its colour was like the glow of the western sky, when the sun had set, and the veil of tender moss which half concealed it only increased its beauty.

"Moss rose," said the Saviour, "spread throughout the world and teach men the happiness of humility and patience."

The despised moss had softened the Redeemer's earthly pain, had kissed His sore and wounded feet, and for this it had such sweet reward.

### SAVING OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

In the "Land and Water Magazine" the naval correspondent of the "Times" tells how the British Navy swept the German commerce raiders from the high seas:

Elaborate as were the German plans for attacking our trade, they had relatively less success than those of our enemies during the old wars. This is because the enormous progress of science and invention, as applied to the material of naval warfare, has been decidedly to the benefit of the stronger Power. The principles of naval strategy remain unchanged, but they are quicker and more decisive in their application owing to modern methods.

As it was, the whole of the German cruisers only caught sixty-seven of our merchant vessels, representing a total value of £6,700,000, which sum, estimating the total value of the tonnage in the British mercantile marine at £200,000,000, is only equivalent to 7 per cent. This loss, moreover, was covered by a Government insurance scheme. Too much significance must not be attached to the altered and improved conditions, however, for the enemy had a full share of these advantages, and it rested with the energy and resource of the seamen of the British Navy to deliver the Empire from the havoc which might have been wrought had not the corsairs been promptly brought to account.

In the important task set them in this respect, our naval officers and men showed to a high degree those traditional qualities of courage, endurance, doggedness, and devotion to duty which are the glory of their Service. But for their activity, it is not difficult to picture, though it is sometimes hard to realise it to the full, what a scarcity of food would have been created. Every breakfast-table in the country would have felt the pinch; many industries would have been crippled for lack of their essential raw material from overseas. From such a catastrophe the Navy alone saved us, and it is well to remember that, while to the small squadrons abroad fell the duty of gathering the fruits of victory, the main factor in the situation was—and is—that silent and invisible power wielded by the Grand Fleet under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

### SANTA CLAUS.

Three cheers for Old Man Santa Claus!
Once more he's found a way,
To bring a host of hungering hearts the
joys of Christmas Day!
And dreary rooms are bright to-day, and
e'en the meanest slum,
Is beautiful with Christmas cheer, for Santa
Claus has come.
And from a horde of happy throats a grateful chorus swells
To mingle with the merry chime of jingling
Christmas bells.
And through a glad and joyous day, and
many glad days after,
The humblest tenements will ring with
with little children's laughter.
And mothers' faces will grow young, and
work-worn men will smile,
And sorrow, woe, and want, and grief, shall
slink away the while,
For Santa Claus has always been a master
of the arts
That weave a spell of happiness round
troubled human hearts!

—James J. Montague, in "Nash's Magazine."

### TO MY PLUM-PUDDING.

There was a time, O sweet, attractive
edible,
When on your welcome annual appearance
With tireless energy and zest incredible
I made of you a most astounding
clearance;
No thoughts deterred of nuts and fruit to
follow
When I perceived you, crowned with holly
sprig—
I tackled you till I could scarcely swallow;
I was, in fact, a greedy little pig.
Then came a period when with cautious
glances
And inward gustatory protestations;
I took with unaccustomed care the chances
Of sundry pains, digestive perturbations;
Still did I love you, still acclaimed your
magic,
Still hailed your odorus advent with a
cheer;
And if the morrow savoured of the tragic
It was, I made excuse, but once a year.
To-day, as then, I offer you the biscuit
For gracing every feast at this fair
season,
But as for eating you, I will not risk it
For anything, old chap—and with good
reason;
That is my firm resolve. . . . Yet when, all
steaming,
Straight from the kitchen's fragrant merchandise
You come triumphant, you will set me
dreaming—
For old times' sake, I might have . . .
just one slice!

—Wilfric L. Randell, in "T.P.'s Weekly."

### CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES.

A chaplain at the Front, writing from the trenches to the editor of the "Penny Magazine," says:—

"Strange as it may seem, the spirit of Christmas will be found among our soldier lads on the battlefields to a greater degree than among the folks at home. Out here, from day to day, they are face to face with the grim realities of life and death, but these lose all their terror in the trench comradeship that is dug deeply into their hearts. They are going to have a happy Christmas whatever betide. That expectant look is in their dear eyes already. What a time they will have dividing up the good things that come from good old 'Blighty!'

"Happy all the time are these boys of mine, but as one of them said to me the other day, 'This is going to be some Christmas, chaplain,' adding in a quiet aside, 'You've given me plenty of advice, and I hope as 'ow you'll accept a piece of granny's plum pudding in return. Maybe it won't be so easily chewed as your words, but you can 'ave a sporting try, can't you?'

"The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of these big-hearted, open-handed men. They are a great happy family, sharing each other's burdens, fighting shoulder to shoulder for that peace on earth which the Nativity called forth, and laughing and joking as they charge their way through to a realisation of their hopes."

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Blood-poisoning caused by cutting his wrist with a nail in a packing case, resulted in the death of Francis Emberson, a warehouseman, Dartmouth Park-road, Islington.

Senders of parcels by railway are advised that a duplicate address label should be enclosed inside each parcel.

As a shop which was showing lights illuminating the whole street was closed, the police had to paste brown paper all over the windows, it was stated at the Guildhall, London.

Over 27s. a week is earned by a boy of 15 and 30s. 11d. by a boy of 18, it was stated at Bristol when the youths were fined 21 each for taking an unauthorised holiday.

Baron Henry Edward William de Robeck, of Gowran Grange, Co. Kildare, who is now on active service, has been released from bankruptcy, the receiving order being rescinded on the approval of a proposal to pay in full.

A tramcar collided in High-street, Stratford, with a horse and van. The startled animal ran on to the pavement, and bursting through a paling, fell into a pool of the Channel Sea River. A man in the van was rescued by a soldier, but the horse was drowned.

## COSSACK CUSTOMS.

The word Cossack itself is a derivative from the Turkish prototype of "adventurer," which is a typical word for the description of these roving horseriders. The Cossack population amounts to roughly 2,500,000 men and women, and they collectively own some 146,500,000 acres of Russian territory. Their living is chiefly obtained by the pursuit of agriculture, together with cattle and horse-breeding. The Cossacks enjoy special privileges from the Government of Russia, in return for which they give military services—a form of conscription. The young Cossack spends the three years of his life between eighteen and twenty-one in military training; the next twelve years in active service; and, finally, the following five years are spent in the national reserve.

## OLD FOLK IN STREET ACCIDENTS.

Mr. H. Pike Pease, M.P., the Assistant-Postmaster-General, attended the inquest on his mother at the Westminster Coroner's Court, and expressed the opinion that the driver of the motor-van which knocked her down was not to blame.

He read a letter from an eye-witness of the accident to this effect.

Mr. Pike Pease said that his mother was seventy-two years old, but always insisted on going about by herself. Her sight and hearing were excellent.

"These are not times for old people to be walking about the streets," said the coroner. He mentioned that in the last seven fatal street accidents six of the victims were aged eighty-four, sixty-five, seventy-two, seventy-six, sixty-six, and seventy-two.

A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

## FINED FOR GETTING MARRIED.

There are certain sections and communities who penalize marriage, and regard it in the light of a punishable offence. It is the rule, for instance, at All Souls' College, Oxford, that a Fellow forfeits his Fellowship if, when studying the classics, he should marry. In such an event he must not only pay the penalty, but must also present his college with a memorial in the shape of a silver cup, with the further condition that on this cup shall be inscribed in Latin, "He back-slid into matrimony." Many people will have doubtless heard of the Bachelors' Club in London. When a member so far forgets the principles of the club as to marry he is promptly expelled. By payment of a fine of £25 he can, however, retain an honorary membership, but, of course, he cannot enjoy the privilege of this select band of non-marrying men. There is a similar organisation in Germany—the Jungesellen Club. Whenever there comes to the officials of this club any intimation that a member contemplates matrimony he is immediately summoned for trial in the club court, with the president as judge. The culprit is allowed to plead in extenuation of his offence, and upon his skill in presenting such plea depends the amount of his fine, which ranges from £20 to £200. The humorous feature of the fine consists in the purpose to which the money is applied. The money is devoted to a dinner, whereat all members appear in mourning attire. At the conclusion of the repast the president solmenly reads the sentence of expulsion, and the delinquent is led from the room amid the groans and lamentations of his erstwhile clubfellows.

## UHLANS AND THEIR LANCES.

The Uhlan—the cavalry arm of the German Army—won great favour with the German people during the Franco-Prussian War, when they did wonderful scout service and were no mean factor in beating down the opposition of the French in the field. The Uhlan hussar was borrowed from the Polish military system. Uhlan simply meant lancer. Hussar is a word that comes from the languages of the Hungarians, meaning twenty. It commemorates the time when every group of twenty men in the kingdom was required to furnish one cavalryman. So it means the representative of twenty men. The word dates from the time of Mathias Corvinus, when, in National Hungarian levies, every twenty men had to furnish one fully-equipped horseman, who, in accordance with the fact, was called "hussar." So efficient was the Uhlan in the Franco-Prussian War that he was called the "ubiquitous Uhlan." The lance is the distinguishing arm of the Uhlan. It was the Polish lancers, the finest regiments of light horse in the Austrian service, that made the arm popular in all the armies of Europe. Part of its success is owing to the great care taken in forming the regiments. They are divided in groups of 100 or less, and only men of like habits of mind are admitted to a group. The officer in charge must understand each man intimately in character, physical strength, and temper, for horse and man must be matched with the utmost care and judgment.

## BLESSING THE SWORDS.

That the Japanese are past-masters in the art of sword-making is proved by the splendid weapons, equal to those of Toledo and Damascus, which they turn out. The actual methods of sword-making in Japan are jealously guarded, an extraordinary feature of the industry being the religious ceremony which accompanies every process of their manufacture. The walls of every sword-making shop in Japan will be found to be covered with allegorical representations of the sword-makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos. Evil spirits are kept away by charms consisting of bits of paper and wisps of straw, while should any woman enter the shop, disaster would certainly come to the swords that are being made and to their wielders. Consequently women are absolutely debarred from entering business as sword-makers, while not only is prayer offered up before the work begins, but various religious rites, peculiar to the Japanese, are performed in order that the swords, when finally completed, may be said to have been well and truly made. Even the final processes of polishing and sharpening are characterised by certain religious ceremonies, and finally the weapons are offered, one by one, to the sword god to be blessed. This ceremony consists in placing the swords in front of the goddess of the Shintos on the wall, with an offering of sake, rice, and sweetmeats, after which prayer-scrolls are read and blessing upon the work is invoked.

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Kent Asylums Committee has selected a lady doctor, Miss Jane M. Fulton, M.B., for the post of assistant medical officer at Barming Heath Lunatic Asylum, Maidstone.

A cargo of fish landed at Grimsby by the trawler Hortensia after three weeks' fishing was sold for £2,780—the largest sum paid for the catch on a single voyage in the history of steam trawling.

Sir Edward Clarke has been presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., on a commission from his friends at the Bar on his retirement.

It has been stated in Parliament that the revenue from dog licences in 1914-15 was £715,151, the number of licences issued being 1,387,084, with 53,028 exemptions.

James Riddoch, a road foreman, of Huntly, Aberdeenshire, was handling a blasting cartridge near the fire when it exploded, killing him and seriously injuring his wife.

# OTHER MEN'S MINDS.

A premature or an inconclusive peace would be as disastrous as the war itself.—Mr. John Hodge, M.P.

### THE FEELING OF THE COUNTRY.

There is overwhelming evidence that the country is absolutely determined to do all in its power to bring the present war to a successful conclusion.—Lord Derby.

### RED TAPE.

Red tape, thou art from everlasting to everlasting, and empires shall perish before thou perishest.—Mr. Arnold Bennett.

### THE WELDING OF THE EMPIRE.

Henceforth, come weal, come woe, the British Empire is a world-wide fact with which all the universe has got to deal. So long as we stick together—and our union is now cemented thickly with blood shed in this war—there is no danger that can happen to us which we are not capable of confronting.—Lord Rosebery.

### DEMOCRACY'S DISADVANTAGE

A democracy always engages in war at a disadvantage; the blessings of popular institutions become curses.—Mr. Archibald Hurd.

### PROGRESS.

Progress can only be made as the results of much inadequately rewarded work and not without much injustice.—Dean Inge.

### OUR DEBT.

What do we not owe to the women who have sent their husbands, their sons, their brothers, their lovers to fight for the country?—Lord Knutsford.

### THE POSTPONED PICNIC.

The day of slippered ease and indefinite picnic has been postponed. The fruits which were to make this leisure possible are being poured down into a bottomless gulf at the rate of six thousand millions per annum.—Dr. L. P. Jacks.

### DOMINIONS AND PEACE.

Englishmen who have called the Dominions to their aid in time of war will not, I believe, refuse to give those Dominions a place at the Council at which the terms of peace will be decided.—Hon. B. R. Wise.

### CHURCH AND PEOPLE

The ordinary man regards the Church as a mutual benefit society, mainly concerned with what goes on inside itself.—Rev. W. Temple.

### A WORD TO NEUTRALS.

Neutrals should remember that they themselves may be belligerents one day, and, further, that, if this war terminates without neutrals taking their place as executives of international law, there can be but one safeguard for the future—increased armaments and ever greater armies.—Sir Edward Carson, M.P.

### ONE EXCUSE FOR DULNESS.

Dulness has but one excuse—that it is popularly supposed to be conductive to accuracy of statements. When it ceases to justify this popular expectation it becomes truly intolerable.—Mr. Lloyd George.

### SAVE FOR VICTORY.

There are large opportunities of thrift still open to all classes of society; and all classes of society should realise that in exercising any possible thrift (a virtue formerly rather despised in England) they are directly helping to shorten the war and bring victory nearer.—Mr. McKenna.

### PRAYER-BOOK LANGUAGE.

Can any sensible person suppose that the language of the Prayer-book corresponds with the minds, intentions, and thoughts of the great mass of the people?—Canon Woodward.

### AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.

His Majesty's Government are fully alive to the great importance of the economic, social, commercial, and financial problems that will arise after the war, and I am strongly of opinion that not even our preoccupation with the immediate and paramount task of ensuring victory ought to prevent us from taking measures to ensure that these problems shall be carefully explored by skilled experts in advance.—Mr. Asquith.

### NEVER AGAIN.

I am convinced that after the war the people of this country will not be prepared to resume trading relations with the Germans on the conditions which existed before the war.—Sir J. Walton, M.P.

### FOREIGN OFFICE SECRETS.

The secrets of the Foreign Office are generally not so extensive as many people would imagine, but they are secrets which the Foreign Office ought to keep to itself.—Lord Robert Cecil.

### GOOD PAY, GOOD WORK.

Speaking generally, I think we may say that this country is coming to the conviction that the general efficiency of labour is promoted in all our industries by the payment of good wages, and that it is assisted by the use of moderate hours.—Marquis of Crewe.

### A PEACE BOOK.

After years of work the Committee of Imperial Defence in preparing for war produced a war book which was of the utmost value. I would like to see a peace book of the same kind prepared in much the same way by a small Committee or Royal Commission which would tell each department of the State and each body of employers and of labour just what they are expected to do when peaces comes.—Lord Haldane.

### WOMEN AND INDUSTRIAL WORK.

If the war is long prolonged, I hope that a great number of women will be occupied in various industries, but should be sorry to contemplate the possibility that these women would at the end of the war have to be provided with other industrial work in lieu of what they are now doing, and to see a very large number of women taken from their home life to be retained permanently in industrial positions.—Lord Lansdowne.

### ESPECIALLY KULTURE.

A [illegible] bridge has been constructed between the indissolubly allied Kaiser-Powers and the Balkans and the Near East. After the conclusion of peace this bridge will not resound with the tread of marching battalions, but will serve for works of peace and Kulture.—Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg.

# CALLING UP THE GROUPS.

## HOW INDISPENSABLES MAY CLAIM EXEMPTION.

It is officially announced that men who have attested under Lord Derby's scheme will, as already stated, be called up for service in their age groups, except in the case of men—

A—Whose National Register pink forms have (by reason of the occupation in which the men are engaged) been starred.

B—Who are authorised to wear a badge issued by the Government denoting that they are engaged upon essential work for the Government; or

C—Who are engaged in reserved occupations.

So long as the man continues to come within any of the categories (A, B, and C) he is not to be called up for actual military service unless it has been decided, after due inquiry by the competent authority, that it is no longer necessary in the nation's interest to retain him in his civil employment.

If any man within the above categories receives a notice calling him up for service (Army Form W. 3,195), he should at once see his employer, who should forward the notice to the recruiting officer who has issued it, together with a certificate signed by the employer, stating the occupation in which the man is engaged, and the name, address, and business of the firm by which he is employed.

On receipt of the particulars the recruiting officer will cancel the notice calling up the man, and if it is found that the statements made by the employer are correct a mark will be placed in the Army Register against the name of the man. If the recruiting officer has reason to doubt whether the man is entitled to have a mark placed against his name in the Army Register he will take steps to have the matter investigated by the Home Office, the Ministry of Munitions, or the local tribunal, as the case may require.

The strictest accuracy must be observed in statements by an employer as to the occupation in which the man is actually engaged. Cases of misrepresentation will be reported to the War Office.

## MILLIONAIRE AND HIS WIFE.

Mr. Justice Neville, in the Chancery Division, has decided that the separation agreement arranged between Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, the American millionaire banker, and his wife came within the jurisdiction of the English court, as Mr. Drexel is domiciled in England. Mrs. Drexel is, therefore, entitled to continue her Chancery action to enforce the agreement under which she is entitled to £10,000 a year.

Sir Edward Carson, arguing in support of Mrs. Drexel's case that her husband's domicile was English, asked why it was that on Mr. Drexel's return to Paris from Baden in October 1914 he joined the British Red Cross.

"He brought his family up in England," continued Sir Edward Carson. "Every one of the children was educated here just as ordinary well-to-do English children would be. The boys were sent to Eton, and the daughter married an English peer."

Mr. Justice Neville: Is that quite just?

Sir Edward Carson: No, Viscount Maidstone is the heir.

Another point of Sir Edward Carson's was that Mr. Drexel's yacht had always been manned by an English crew and laid up at Cowes.

The judge gave leave to appeal.

## ATTEMPT TO EXPORT OPIUM.

Before Sir John Bell, at the Mansion House Police-court, David Ernest Ellis, thirty-nine, merchant, was charged with being the exporter to Hong Kong of ten cases of opium, the export of which is prohibited from the United Kingdom.

Mr. Frank Lart, for the prosecution, said the allegation against the defendant was that on two occasions opium was brought to the premises of the P. and O. Steamship Company in Leadenhall-street, London, to be shipped, contrary to proclamation. The defendant, being the exporter of the goods, was liable to a fine of £500 or two years' hard labour.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, for the defence, said his client, after despatching the goods, realised that he had done something wrong, and did everything he could to prevent the delivery of the stuff at Hong Kong. He had lost the goods, which had been confiscated, and were of the value of £550.

Sir John Bell said if he did his duty he ought to send the defendant to prison, but in view of the fact that he had lost £550, owing to the seizure of the opium by the Customs, he would let him off with a fine of £100 on each summons.

## AN OLD FENIAN DEAD.

The death of Captain O'Meagher Condon, the veteran Fenian, who was sentenced to death for his share in the rising in Manchester in 1867, is announced from New York.

He was concerned with four other men—Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, who were afterwards hanged, and Edward Maguire—in attacking a prison van at Belle Vue, Manchester, and rescuing Captain Deasy and Captain Kelly, two of their comrades.

One of the party blew off the lock of the van with a pistol, and Police-sergeant Brett was killed, but it was chiefly shown that Condon had no share in the murder, and on the intervention of the United States Government he was subsequently pardoned, after serving eleven years in prison and undertaking not to visit Ireland for twenty years.

On his release he was conducted to America, where he joined the United States army, and on his visits to Ireland after the expiration of the time limit the freedom of Dublin and other honours were bestowed on him.

Captain Condon was a supporter of the Allies.

## A GREEN FORM CONCESSION.

A man with an artificial leg asked Mr. Fordham at West London Police-court to sign the green form.

Mr. Fordham: I see you want to be away only four or five days, and I think I may sign. Although you have lost your leg you look a first-rate chap to make munitions. Still, we cannot keep everybody at home. Trade must be carried on. I shall sign.

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The City of London Corporation has agreed to purchase Spitalfields Market under the terms of the arbitration, which fixes the payment to Mr. Horner, the lessee, at £[illegible].

Captain [illegible] Bacon, of [illegible] crescent, Hyde Park, W., whose will [illegible] been proved at £36,[illegible], bequeathed to his eldest son [illegible] A. E. M. [illegible] broken [illegible] with which the [illegible] Robert [illegible] was stabbed by [illegible] named [illegible] in [illegible] year [illegible] spread was [illegible].

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# The Blue Holly-berry

BY

WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Author of "Fatal Fingers," "The Money Spider," &c.

As King's Foreign Service messenger, one is ever at the beck and call of diplomacy, leading a life of constant travel in those roaring, overheated trains of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-Lits, ever on the move between Charing Cross and the various Continental capitals, and ever keeping a wary eye upon bags of despatches.

To choose a time for rest is impossible. A week in trains without sleep is no uncommon occurrence, and in times of political trouble long and tedious journeys to and from London are incessant.

The small corps of King's Messengers are cosmopolitans, good linguists, and pastmasters in the art of travel. To them, the back streets of Pera or Galata, the crooked ways beside the Neva in Petersburg, or the narrow alleys beside the Tiber in Rome are as familiar as the Strand, or Piccadilly Circus. In society in every capital they are well known, and are welcome guests at each of His Britannic Majesty's Embassies and Legations.

Many of my friends, I believe, have envied me a merry life of constant change. And so it would be, were it not for that constant nerve-racking roar of the train, with the Channel boat at the beginning or end of every journey. And upon more than one of my journeys I have met with strange people and stranger adventures, some of the latter highly amusing, some exciting, and one even tragic.

In the year 1910 Christmas Eve fell on a Saturday.

I remember it well, because at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, while in my rooms in Jermyn Street packing my traps with the intention of spending Christmas with my brother at his place in Sussex—"a real old-fashioned Christmas" he had promised me—I received word from the Foreign Office, ordering me to leave Charing Cross at nine o'clock that night by the Indian Mail. There were urgent despatches to be taken to Rome, and the quickest route was by the P. and O. express as far as Turin, whence I could get on to Genoa, and thence to the Eternal City by way of Pisa.

I sighed, cursed my luck, and spent the remainder of the gloomy afternoon smoking in the cosy arm-chair by my fire, for I knew it would be all the fireside cosiness I should get that Christmas.

My bags for foreign travel were always kept packed; therefore I sent Shepherd, my man, away for a week's leave. Suddenly Jack Tarrant, who was in the same Service as myself, burst breezily into the room. He was a big, bronzed, athletic-looking fellow, who had been a lieutenant in the Navy before he joined our Service.

"Halloa, old chap!" he cried; "I'm just back from Constantinople. Wretched journey; snow in the Balkans, and line blocked south of Belgrade. But I say, you're off to-night, they tell me. Hard luck to have to spend Christmas with old Bernardo, on the Indian."

"Yes, rotten luck," I said. Old Bernardo was the chief of the restaurant, a fierce-looking, grey-moustached old Italian, who was full of fun, and whose chief delight was to sit and gossip with us and while away the long hours between Calais and Brindisi.

Tarrant flung himself into the chair opposite me and began to tell me all the gossip of the various embassies beside the Bosphorus.

At half-past six we went across St. James's Street and dined together at the club, and then, after coffee and cigars, he wished me a Merry Christmas, and we parted. At half-past eight I picked up the despatches at Downing Street, and on the stroke of nine, seated alone in one of those stuffy old first-class compartments of the boat train, I moved out across the Thames on the first stage of my long journey.

The Channel crossing was abominable, as it always is about Christmas time, but at Calais, at one o'clock in the morning, I met old Bernardo on the platform, and we were soon in the warm, well-lit wagon-restaurant having a whisky and soda together.

"*Diavolo!* What a night!" the old fellow exclaimed. "We didn't think the mail could cross. And how have you been, Captain Welsford? *Bene*, I hope. I haven't seen you for a month."

"*Benissimo grazie*," I replied, and then once again I cursed my luck to have to spend Christmas in his infernal train.

The old fellow laughed, saying:

"Well, we'll have a Christmas pudding—a real one made in England, at any rate. They send me one over each Christmas; the passengers always like it."

"I like to eat mine at home, Bernardo."

"And I, too, like to spend the festà at my home in Firenze. I was home last week, so, alas! it is my turn on duty."

"Many passengers?" I inquired.

"Nine only—and Signor Matthew." The latter was the English postal official in charge of the outgoing mail.

And already the mail vans had been coupled up to us, and we were moving slowly out of Calais-Maritime.

I spent a sleepless night, for when in charge of confidential despatches, sleep is forbidden. So I lay in my berth reading a novel, and next morning at breakfast—served between Paris and Laroche—I took, as was my habit, a critical view of my fellow-passengers. There were eight men, two of them evidently officers on their way back to India after leave, some foreigners, and one pompous, middle-aged man whom I learned was a petty judge somewhere away in the wilds. The other was a woman—a very pretty, fair-haired woman of thirty.

From old Bernardo I discovered that her name was Mrs. Lang, and that, though she had paid her fare to Brindisi, she was leaving at Turin.

All that day she seemed very dull and lonely. Once or twice I found her seated in the corridor gazing sadly out of the window upon the wintry landscape, for snow lay in the valley of the Saône, through which we were then passing. She was well-dressed in a smart navy blue travelling gown, a long sealskin coat and seal toque to match, and she had the manner and bearing of a lady.

At last, in the afternoon, after we had left Aix-les-Bains, I got into conversation with her, and found her in no way averse to a chat. She was tall and handsome, and evidently a woman of the world, for I found she had travelled extensively. As a brooch, in the lace of her blouse, she wore a rather strange ornament—two holly leaves in gold together with a single holly-berry enamelled in blue.

For several hours I sat chatting with Mrs. Lang, and found myself quite interested. At the frontier at Modane at five o'clock I got out and put on my watch to "Central European" time; then, declaring that she was cramped, the lady got out and walked up and down the dark, dismal platform at my side.

She was, I found, full of quiet humour, and very amusing. After all, I was passing Christmas Eve quite pleasantly.

She was going out to Santa Margherita, a little seaside resort beyond Genoa, to join her husband, she told me. He had gone out six months ago on business—business connected with some copper mines in the Maremma. Out in those deadly marshes beyond Volterra he had contracted malaria badly, and he was at that moment lying very ill at the Hotel Miramare at Santa Margherita.

"So my Christmas cannot be a very merry one," she sighed as we walked the platform from end to end, while the Italian Customs formalities were being gone through.

A short, black-moustached little man in dark overcoat passed us and, smiling, raised his bowler hat. I returned his salute and at once recognised him as the Chevalier Martini, the shrewd, argus-eyed commissario of police at the frontier. Every traveller who passes Modane—from France into Italy—passes also beneath the close inspection of the Italian secret police. The agent is sometimes dressed as an ordinary traveller, sometimes as a Customs officer, and sometimes as a railway servant.

We passed Martini again as we walked back, and I saw by his manner an eagerness to speak with me. But I was chatting with Mrs. Lang, somehow fascinated by that strange little ornament, the spray of holly with the dark blue berry, and I disregarded him.

"*Partenza!*" shouted the Italian conductor. We again entered our carriage, and as it was now quite dark I sat with her in her compartment. More than once she tried to learn who and what I was, but I gave her the explanation of myself which I always used—that I was special correspondent of a certain London newspaper.

"So you are a special correspondent!" she exclaimed; "how very interesting. And you are going to Rome?"

"Yes," I replied. "I hope we may travel together?"

"I shall be delighted," she declared. "But—but I am most anxious for news of Dick. I expect to receive a wire in Turin to say how he is. He is sending word to his agent there, so I expect he will meet me."

Re-entering the train we went slowly through the Mont Cenis tunnel, emerging into that wonderful mountain scenery on the Italian side, but being dark and snowy in the Alps we could see nothing outside. Therefore I sat out in the corridor with my pleasant fellow-traveller and chatted the hours away before dinner.

We dined together at the same table, and after she had left, and every one had passed out of the restaurant-car, old Bernardo came along to gossip with me.

"Then you won't be staying for some of our Christmas pudding, Signor Capitano?" he remarked.

"No, I'm off at Turin. Five hours to wait for the Rome express," I grumbled.

"And the lady also?" he grinned meaningly, because I suppose he had noticed that we had dined at the same table.

"Why do you laugh, Bernardo?" I asked.

"Did I, signore?" he replied quickly. "I did not know. *Scusi!*"

"You know something about her. I see it in your face. Now—what is it?"

"Nothing—I know nothing," he declared quite seriously; "only——"

"Only what—tell me?"

"Well, only when at dinner those two men—the one in the brown suit and the one in the dark blue with brown boots—you noticed them—eh?"

"Yes, I know; go on."

"Well, while they were sitting over at that table yonder she passed out. And as she passed she dropped some word to them in a low tone. I heard it quite distinctly, but could not catch its meaning."

"Then she knows them?" I said in surprise.

"Apparently. Yet they have treated her as a perfect stranger. Indeed, one of them came to me this morning, just as you did, and asked her name."

"As a blind, perhaps?"

Bernardo shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, signore!" he cried. "No one knows but ourselves the curious life on board these cars of the Wagon-Lits."

What Bernardo had told me would probably have quite slipped my memory were it not for the fact that the two well-dressed middle-aged men he had indicated were standing in the corridor close to the door of my compartment when I returned to my car.

They were both smoking cigarettes, and one was chatting loudly in Italian, apparently recounting some amusing story. I managed to get a good look at them, but their appearance was that of the typical foreign gentleman of means—considerably over-dressed, and full of the most exquisite politeness.

Though I stood in the corridor near them for some minutes, finishing my cigar, they took no heed of my presence; therefore I turned to collect my traps, Mrs. Lang having already returned to her own compartment at the further end of the car.

Just before nine o'clock we ran, with great noise and clatter, into the big, echoing station of Turin, where the two men got out and left the station. Mrs. Clifford Lang—for she had given me her card—descended, carrying her small dressing-case, and I was the last to get out.

"*Addio!* Captain Welsford," cried old Bernardo cheerily. "*Buona festà, Buona Natale.*" (A Happy Christmas.)

It was an ironical wish, surely, for a five-hour wait—until two o'clock in the morning—upon a dark, dismal platform, with snow outside, was scarcely an ideal way of commencing the festive season.

I crossed and bought a copy of the "Corriere della Sera," when, to my astonishment, I found that the papers had discovered a grave war-scare—another European crisis, in which Italy was seriously implicated. The British reply to certain demands was eagerly awaited in Rome.

Then I knew the truth. The despatch I carried in the belt beneath my clothes conveyed the Government's instruction to Lord Coryton, our Ambassador to the Quirinal. According to the paper, upon the expected reply depended whether Italy and Austria would fly at each other's throats, in which case a great European war must result.

I had been reading the paper eagerly beneath one of the lamps, until suddenly I saw that the Indian mail was already moving slowly back out of the station on its journey down to Brindisi. And at the same moment I caught sight of Mrs. Clifford Lang.

"My husband's agent, Signor Florio, has not come. I can't find him anywhere," she said in a state of distress. "I wonder if he has bad news and fears to bring it to me?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I hope not. It's horribly cold here. Let us go into the buffet."

The lights had now all been turned down, and the huge station was again silent and deserted. And we had five night hours to wait for the train!

In the buffet it was bright and warm, and for an hour we sat sipping coffee from long glasses. The only other person in the big buffet was a sad-looking, crooked-legged waiter, who, seated in a corner, was dozing over a newspaper.

"Yes," my companion was saying, "it is really most annoying. I am so anxious to get on and see how poor Dick is. I fully expected Mr. Florio to meet me, but he has not come."

The little woman seemed very much agitated and distressed. I suggested that she should telephone, but she replied:

"Unfortunately, there is no telephone at Santa Margherita—only at Nervi."

"Do you know Turin?" I asked.

"I've only been here, at the station, once before," she replied.

"Well, we can't very well sit here for five hours. Why not drive to one of the cafés? It must be more amusing. At the Café degli Specchi—the Café of the Mirrors—down in the Via Pietro Micca, there is an orchestra. Let's go there," I suggested.

"Certainly," she replied quickly. So together we found a cab and drove to the other side of the town to that big, brilliantly-lit café which is so popular with the half-French, half-Italian citizens—those people who speak with such a difficult patois and who are so industrious and enterprising.

The night was piercingly cold, for an icy blast was blowing across the plain direct from the snow-covered Alps; therefore we were glad to get into the big, handsome café, where many men were playing dominoes, women were drinking sirops, and an excellent orchestra was playing a selection from "Manon."

I had chanced to take a seat facing the snow-covered street, white under the glare of electricity, and while I smoked I suddenly experienced a distinct feeling that one of those two men—the man in blue—who had travelled from Calais with us, and to whom Mrs. Clifford Lang had, according to Bernardo, dropped a word in secret, had passed by the big plate-glass window, casting a quick, inquisitive glance within.

I should, perhaps, have remarked upon it to her had it not been for Bernardo's statement—that my handsome companion who wore the blue holly-berry had actually spoken to the pair.

Yet I felt that the old fellow must have been mistaken. I had watched, and I had not detected any look of recognition passing between them. Besides, the men had surveyed her critically, just as every Italian surveys a pretty woman who is a stranger.

I looked at the blue holly-berry at her throat, and wondered why it should be enamelled such an unnatural colour. Could it be an emblem, or something? Curiously enough, it continued to fascinate me. Why, I really cannot tell.

"So you know Turin?" she remarked suddenly, after we had been there perhaps half an hour. She had leaned her elbows upon the marble-topped table as she spoke, and looked me straight in the face. "I wonder if you know the Via San Domenico? That is where Mr. Florio lives."

"The Via San Domenico," I repeated reflectively. "Oh, yes. It runs down opposite the Royal Palace—a long, straight street, ending in the Corso Eugenio. It isn't far from here."

"I've half a mind to call upon him, and see if he has any news," she said.

"You have plenty of time," I replied. "It is only five minutes' walk from here, and, if you care to go, I will be pleased to show you the way."

"Then let's go," she said suddenly. "I shall feel so much more settled if I know how my husband is."

At that moment a man in a big overcoat, with fur collar, was passing the window. I only caught sight of his back, yet I felt convinced he was the man in brown who had been our fellow-traveller from Calais. They had no doubt been in the café.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I finished my coffee, helped my companion on with her furs, and got into my big travelling-coat. We both went forth into the snowy street. In a few moments we were in the large, well-lit square, the Piazza Castello and then, entering a number of dark, gloomy side streets, where the snow was piled high beside the side-walks, we at last emerged into the street Mrs. Lang wanted—a long, quiet, ill-lit thoroughfare of high, grim, inartistic houses, mostly arranged in flats. The place, a highly respectable neighbourhood, was silent and deserted at that hour.

"I forget the number," my companion said, "but I shall recognise the house again. Signor Florio does a great deal of Dick's business for him in Italy."

Then, a few moments later, she halted suddenly, exclaiming eagerly:

"There it is! Across the way. That's the house!"

And she indicated a big, ancient place, almost a palace, the heavily-barred windows high from the street. The great arched door, ponderous, and studded by heavy nails, was closed, but she unceremoniously tugged at the bell.

"I expect he won't thank me for ringing at this hour," she laughed.

Thrice she rang, until at last the door was slowly unbarred, and a white-headed old man inquired angrily who was there.

"I want to see Signor Florio," said my companion in English; whereupon she was admitted, I preferring to remain outside in the street.

The great entrance-hall was, I could see, quite dark, lit only by the doorkeeper's lantern as he conducted her along the great marble corridor, which echoed to their footsteps.

Suddenly, however, I was startled at hearing her give vent to a piercing scream—a shriek of horror. Then I heard her cry:

"Help! Help! I—I—help! Spare me! Help! Help! Help!"

What had occurred, I wondered.

Without a second's hesitation I pushed open the ponderous door, and plunged into the blackness beyond. I heard the door bang behind me with a clang, but dashed forward to where the light flickered at the further end of the hall.

Next instant, from the pitch darkness, I was dealt a blow—a staggering blow on the left side of the head. Instinctively I struck out at my assailant, but while I fought the air I found myself suddenly seized.

I struggled with all my might, but I was held by the arms from behind—held as in a vice.

The lady again screamed for help, and I fought with my unseen assailants, until suddenly I felt a strange stinging sensation beneath my left jaw. It was prolonged for, perhaps, five seconds, and then, almost in an instant, my whole body seemed aflame, a sensation I have never before experienced in all my life.

I heard the hard breathing of my sinewy captor, and fought with him desperately—frantically. I am usually pretty athletic, yet, to my amazement, I found myself growing perceptibly weaker on account of the intense pain spreading to all my limbs.

"Where are you?" I cried in the darkness to my companion. But she was silent, and gave no answer.

The hands that gripped me in bonds of iron still held on—the hands of somebody I could not see. What the fate of my fellow-traveller had been I was unaware.

The intense pain I was now suffering on account of the punctured wound I had received beneath the jaw caused my brain to reel. A strange dizziness seized me, and in its midst I felt myself dragged along to the end of the entrance hall, into a room where suddenly the electric light was switched on.

Next second I saw how cleverly I had been duped and entrapped. I was standing in a corner of the small, barely-furnished room, while before me were the two black-moustached men who had been my fellow passengers from Calais.

I stood, with limbs paralysed, helpless in my agony, as, laughing with each other, they placed me upon a chair. I could neither speak nor move. I knew, alas! that the sting I had felt beneath my jaw had been the prick of a hypodermic needle, and that there had been injected into my blood some substance which had produced that terrible effect upon me.

The men were searching my pockets. They took out my money and my pocket-book, but neither concerned them.

I wondered what had happened to Mrs. Clifford Lang—for she had disappeared.

My captors undid my waistcoat, and beneath my clothes felt the broad belt which contained the secret despatch.

Then I knew the truth. I had been betrayed by that woman's cry of distress into the hands of a pair of unscrupulous spies!

Inert, helpless, speechless, I sat there in full possession of all my senses, yet I experienced tortures such as I would never wish my worst enemy. My heart stopped. I felt myself dying. In agony—fierce, terrible agony—I waited for the next beat, believing that it must be my last. Ah! the awful suspense of those moments.

And roughly the two men were searching around the belt for the oblong pocket with its wide buttoned flap, from which they at last drew the despatch.

The man in brown, a dark-faced, sinister-looking fellow, dressed as a gentleman, held it up in triumph to my gaze, and laughing in my face said in English with a decided German accent:

"This is what we want. After we have copied it you shall have it back—if you like."

Thus was I compelled to watch while his companion heated a long thin knife in the fire and carefully ran it beneath the five seals with which the envelope was secured. Next moment the confidential despatch was open in the hands of our enemies—the Secret Service of the Austrian Empire.

Rapidly the man in blue serge produced a note-book and made a complete copy of what was written there by the British Foreign Minister's own hand—the instructions to Lord Coryton. Afterwards he refastened the despatch in its envelope, carefully gumming down the seals, so that at first sight it would not look as though it had been tampered with.

I felt myself dying. I was distinctly weaker, and the periods between the beats of my heart became perceptibly longer. After each heart-beat I waited, my senses frozen by terror lest the next should not come.

Great beads of cold perspiration stood upon my brow, while my lips were cold as stone.

I saw the Austrian secret-agent reading over the copy of the chief's despatch, and I knew that we were betrayed.

I tried to speak—to utter reproach—but my tongue refused to articulate.

I waited for the next heart-beat—waited in agony. No. It would not come. I sat horrified. I had breathed my last!

Then I fought for air, struggled frantically, and the blackness of unconsciousness fell suddenly upon me.

I knew no more until I found a dark-bearded man, an Italian doctor he proved to be, standing over me, with a hypodermic syringe in his hand. He had been giving me some injection or other.

I was still in the same room. On the table before me I saw my despatch, which had been so cleverly secured and copied, and the text of which was probably already in Vienna.

Consciousness and speech came back to me quite suddenly, thanks to the drug which the doctor had administered, and, looking up into his face, I asked what had happened.

In response a man stepped forward—a man whom I at once recognised as old Bernardo.

"You've had a very narrow escape, Signor Capitano," he said. "Fortunately the Chevalier Martini, commissario of police at Modane, gave me the word, and I remained behind here. The woman Lang is well-known to the police as an expert international thief, and has been in prison half-a-dozen times. She was evidently employed by the two Austrians to play their game."

"But my despatch!" I cried. "They've copied it."

"Yes; but we have their copy here," he laughed, showing me a pocket-book. "And all three of them have been arrested, and are now in the cells at the police headquarters. I arrived with the detectives only just in time. They'll get a pretty heavy sentence, too, for here, in Italy, we have no love for Austrian spies, I can assure you."

I turned to the doctor and asked him what had happened to me.

"Well," he replied in Italian, "the men who have just been arrested hit upon a very ingenious and up-to-date method—the most ingenious I've ever known. They apparently gave you an injection of an alkaloid of veratrine, cevadine and cevadilline—which acts upon the motor-muscles and heart muscles in a very peculiar manner, and which ultimately produces death, after very prolonged agony, by the affection of the respiratory tract, and ultimate asphyxia. It was a refinement of espionage—to say the least."

"And Mrs. Lang?" I inquired of Bernardo.

"Oh, they have a dozen charges against her, jewel-robberies and other things, so the commissario told me. But, Signor Capitano it is now half-past one! At two-thirty your train leaves for Rome, and you can go on in full confidence that you have here the copy they made of your despatch, that they have telegraphed nothing, and that they certainly are not likely to," and the old man grinned in triumph at so cleverly outwitting the enemies of his country. He, with two detectives from the station, it seemed, followed all our movements, and broke in and arrested the spies just in the nick of time.

The Austrians, by administering that drug, evidently intended that I should, while helpless, yet be aware of all they had done, and that I should deliver the despatch after it had been copied. They did not intend that I should die, but believed that, in fear of disgrace, I should not reveal to the Ambassador what had occurred. In which case Austrian diplomacy would have won.

Need I relate more, save to say that I arrived at the British Embassy in Rome at five o'clock on Christmas afternoon, and delivered the despatch to Lord Coryton—to whom I related my strange adventure. Perhaps, too, I may add that owing to those instructions, his Excellency was able to take such a firm stand that the clever Austrian intrigue was frustrated, and war in Europe was once again averted.

Bernardo received a suitable reward from the Foreign Office, and at the present moment Mrs. Clifford Lang and her two friends are each serving terms of eight years' imprisonment.

Being in Turin early in the New Year I called upon the Prefect of Police to thank him, when he revealed a curious fact. Upon two German women who were wanted for a great jewel robbery in Naples, and who had been arrested a few days before at the frontier at Modane while endeavouring to leave the country, there had been found brooches which were, no doubt, worn as secret emblems—brooches exactly similar in pattern to the one worn by Mrs. Clifford Lang—two golden holly leaves and a single Blue Holly Berry.

## DINNER-TIME IN TURKEY.

No tables or chairs are used in the ordinary Turkish household. When the family (the male part of it only) sit down to the meal, they occupy cushions placed on a bench about eighteen inches high. A large tray of wood, plate or silver, according to the position of the family, is set in the middle of them. On this tray is placed a big bowl, from which everybody helps himself. Next comes a dish containing mutton, game, and poultry cooked together. It is considered a great honour for the host to find out of this compound a dainty bit and present it to a guest.

## SALONIKA.

Salonika, the Greek port where the Allies have landed troops, is the ancient Thessalonica to whose Christian community St. Paul addressed the two Epistles to the Thessalonians. It is connected by rail with Belgrade and has direct railway communication with Vienna, 820 miles distant. Salonika has a population of a million and a half. It is a busy commercial city, one-third of its total maritime trade being in the hands of Great Britain. Direct British trade with Salonika began after the Greek war of independence.

# GARDEN GOSSIP

Plantain Lily.—To see this (of which the botanical name is funkia) in full beauty, plant in partial shade or by the side of water. It thrives in ordinary garden soil, and is readily increased by division of the clumps, the present being a suitable time for lifting and re-planting. The funkia grows about one foot high and the flower-spikes reach two feet high. Six good sorts are fortunei, robusta, ovata and var. marginata, sieboldiana major, subcordata grandiflora and undulata argentea.

• • •

Goat's Rue.—Galegas are popular in the flower border. In cottage gardens one usually finds a clump or two of the old galega officinalis, lilac, and the white variety alba. Compacta, lilac, and snowball, white, are selected varieties. These all grow about three feet high, while G. Hartlandii, lilac, reaches 4½ feet. The clumps may be lifted now, and each will divide into several pieces. Seeds also form a ready means of increase sown in spring. Galegas thrive in ordinary border soil.

• • •

Coelogyne Cristata.—This fine cool orchid will now be well forward, and a few plants according to stock may be transferred to a stove structure. In this the spikes will

COELOGYNE CRISTATA.

a, flower spike at the stage to force successfully.

make rapid progress and the flowers very shortly open, when the plants should be returned to a cool house, but not to a moist atmosphere, or else the flowers will damp off immediately.

• • •

Cyclamen.—From November to March cyclamen provide richly coloured flowers for the greenhouse and home. The earliest plants to flower are the old corms and those raised from seeds sown some fifteen months ago. Sufficient plants for a small greenhouse may be obtained from a packet of seeds, while those who prefer distinct colours may choose from butterfly, white; vulcan crimson; salmon; rose queen, crimson and white; and cherry red varieties. Cyclamens thrive in a loamy soil, with leaf-mould and sand freely incorporated, adding some old decayed manure for the final potting into five and six-inch wide pots. Sow the seeds thinly in light, sandy soil, and place on a shelf in the warmest part of the greenhouse from August to November.

• • •

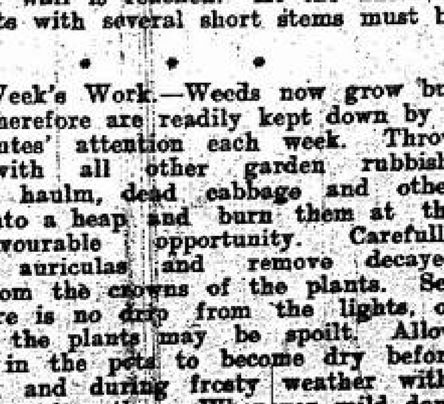
Apricots.—In the case of apricot trees, prune back the fresh growth at the end of the main branches to a length of 18 inches each year, until the trees fill the space available. The side growths should be shortened to three buds from the base to form spurs. Lay in young shoots when possible without overcrowding.

• • •

Plums.—The treatment is similar here, but it is advisable to shorten the main growths to 1 foot or 15 inches, for if not cut back hard enough there will be bare spaces at the base, owing to the basal buds failing to break. Tie in young growths on old trees.

• • •

Cordon Fruit Trees on Walls.—A number of cordons may be grown on a fairly high wall. It is possible to obtain some of the best specimens of fruit from such trees, and a great variety from a very small space. The distance between each two cordons should be about 18 inches, and the stems



must be trained parallel, as shown at *a* in the sketch. The training of each plant at an angle of 45deg. or 50deg. renders it necessary to have short cordons at one end of the wall, or several plants may be trained as double cordons until the full available length of wall is reached. At the finishing end plants with several short stems must be used.

• • •

This Week's Work.—Weeds now grow but slowly, therefore are readily kept down by a few minutes' attention each week. Throw them, with all other garden rubbish, prunings, haulm, dead cabbage and other leaves, into a heap and burn them at the first favourable opportunity. Carefully examine auriculas and remove decayed leaves from the crowns of the plants. See that there is no drip from the lights, or many of the plants may be spoilt. Allow the soil in the pots to become dry before watering, and during frosty weather withhold water altogether. Whenever mild days are experienced without rain, do not fail to allow all the ventilation possible to the frames. A sowing for early fruiting tomatoes may be made at any time now. Employ an open compost, sow very thinly, and place the seed receptacle quite near the glass in a hothouse. Choose a time when the endive plants are free from moisture to cover them for blanching. The readiest method is to cover the plants with pots, pans or tiles. Full-grown lettuce plants should be protected from damp so as to keep in good condition until used. Lights may be placed over them where they stand, and a free circulation of air allowed. Opportunities are now afforded for extra attention to plots not occupied with crops. Ground deeply trenched and freely manured will be greatly improved for next season. Plots intended for carrots, parsnips, and beet must have the manure buried well down. Clumps of rhubarb roots which have been dug up and rested for a time may be placed in moist heat of 60 deg. to 65 deg. The crowns will soon push growth, providing the clumps are kept moist.

• • •

Celery.—During very severe weather it is a good plan to cover this rather thickly with strawy litter or bracken. In fact, anything of a light, protective character may be pressed into service for the preservation of this useful vegetable.

# THINGS THOUGHTFUL.

## WHEN?

How many ages hence shall this, our lofty scene, be acted o'er, in states unborn and accents yet unknown.—Shakespeare.

## PROGRESS.

Earth and Heaven are for me the lowest and the highest steps of the ladder of human progress. Man is placed upon earth not to vegetate, not to expiate, not to contemplate; but to progress; to walk in the path of life according to the Law of which God has placed the germ in his heart, to accomplish his own elevation, and that of others, according to the providential design.—Mazzini.

## THE SAD DEFECT.

The sad defect about the progress of the human race is that, whilst we are occupied in learning one thing we are almost always engaged in forgetting another.—Bishop Gore.

## SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayers your lips
 have pleaded?
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was
 uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun,
If you will keep the incense burning there.
His glory you shall see sometime—some-
 where.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unan-
 swered.
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands un-
 daunted.
Nor quails before the loudest thunder
 shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her
 prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done sometime—
 somewhere."

—Christina Rossetti.

## EXCEPT MEN.

In our big modern manufacturing cities we manufacture everything except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages.—Ruskin.

## TRIALS.

The winds may be boisterous, but they are never contrary. Sometimes we can see that the storm drives us homeward. But at other times it seems, to our imperfect vision, only to keep us back or drive us from our course. We cannot always explain the mystery of trial to others nor understand it ourselves. Winds and waves and currents seem against us, and yet we may be sure that, directed by a Father's wisdom and love, they are promoting our salvation. These light afflictions "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And so by needed discipline—so, by the rough winds and waves of trial—"so he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Newman Hall.

## THE WORLD'S LOSSES.

Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral?—John Stuart Mill.

## FOR THEE.

We take with solemn thankfulness
 Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
 May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
 Whose will be done.

—Whittier.

## THE PAST AND FUTURE.

Children see in their parents the past, they again in their children the future; and if we find more love in parents for their children than in children for their parents, this is sad indeed but natural. Who does not fondle his hopes more than his recollections?—Eötvös.

## SUFFERING.

Suffering alone has no motive if we subtract that of the Life Spiritual. Just as the courage of the soldiers on board the sinking Birkenhead, calmly awaiting the grip of inevitable death, affords us a finer example of valour than all the chronicles of armies, so the serenity of those who live only to suffer and to die witnesses to the quality of the Life within, and the fever of our revolt is calmed by that atmosphere of benediction.—Thomas J. Hardy.

Convey thy love to thy friend, as an arrow to the mark, to stick there, not as a ball against the wall to rebound back to thee; that friendship will not continue to the end that is begun for an end.—Francis Quarles.

## OUR LOST ONES.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair
 names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet
 bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take
 not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now
 lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume
 that die not, dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome,
 and we farewell.

—Swinburne.

## TRUTH LIVES.

Individuals die, but the amount of truth they have taught, and the sum of good they have done, dies not with them.—Mazzini.

## EFFICIENCY.

Efficiency is the power of doing one's most and best, in the shortest time and easiest way, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Efficiency offers the only short cut to experience by showing us what other men similarly placed have [illegible] and done and been. An efficient man, like an efficient house, has four sides. His body forms the foundation, his mind the outer walls, his heart the inner hangings and treasures and pictures, his soul the [illegible]-windows, the tower, and the roof.—E. E. Purinton.

## DESPISE NOT.

The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up, for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. Though there was a little superstition in this, yet truly there is nothing but good religion in it, if we may apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there that thou knowest not of.—Archbishop Leighton.

## TAKE CARE.

Let us take care that our straining after what is desirable we do not [illegible] that which is vital and essential, [illegible] grasping what we should like to have [illegible] into the [illegible].—Earl of [illegible].

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1915.


# Christmas.

ANOTHER year has passed away and Christmas has again come round. The year which is drawing to a close has been one of the most tragic in the world's history. It has been a year of slaughter and crime and destruction, and yet Europe remains as it was last Christmas only in a truer sense—an immense battlefield. Serbia has replaced Belgium at the public mind, and Poland northern France. The great Catholic nation of ancient days has been drenched in blood; the gallant little Balkan State lies prostrate under the heel of the invader, and other countries are threatened with the scourge of war. Preparations are said to be in progress for the invasion of India in the Spring, while Egypt is also looked upon as a probable battleground for European armies. But, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary these matters are only of secondary interest to Irishmen. This country is not threatened with invasion; it is for once in its tragic history one of the happiest countries of Europe. Not even a Zeppelin has reached its shores. The contending armies are battling in other lands, but that means, as it has meant through all our chequered past, that many a Irish home will be sad this Christmas,—many a wife and mother, son and daughter will shed tears for the loss of dear ones fallen in Flanders and in France, in the Balkans and in Gallipoli.

While thoughts of these things must be uppermost in the minds of all it would be well if Irishmen, during this season, reviewed the situation, at home and put themselves the question, How far has Ireland advanced on the road to freedom during the past twelve months? It will not solve the problem to say that Parliament is too much occupied by the war to do anything for this country. We know that when the war is over the old struggle will be renewed. North and South will again be in conflict unless in the meantime an agreement is arrived at. Has an effort been made to bring about an understanding. We know of none. It is true that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond were invited to address a recruiting meeting in the North, and that the Unionist Leader refused, while the Nationalist Leader accepted the invitation. But even if both had accepted and spent an hour on the same platform, the most sanguine of optimists could not hope that such a meeting would bring a settlement of the Home Rule question anything near. An hour in one another's company does not make men better friends, and it is not likely that the Irish question could be touched upon at such a meeting. Other methods must be tried. It is with the people themselves that the remedy lies, and thinking Irishmen of all Parties must be convinced by now that no peaceful settlement is possible while the present policy of drift is allowed to continue. Great opportunities have been thrown away; blundering incapacity has taken the place of enlightened statesmanship. The result is, that the young men of Ireland are divided into a number of armed bands, Ulster Volunteers, National Volunteers, Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army, and (we must not forget to add) the party of ancients who are also being drilled "for home defence," and we have as many political parties. But, there is no unity, and apparently no desire for unity; all are pulling in different directions while the country's interests remain neglected. The present is an opportune time for taking stock of the situation, there must be no recriminations—all regrets for past blunders are of no avail. It is the duty of every patriotic Irishman to remember the past only as a guide to the future, and to urge his countrymen to closer unity. We have endeavoured since the start of this journal to create such an atmosphere of unity, and we are glad to know that our action in regard to this matter has met with the cordial appreciation of all those who are not blinded by political prejudices, and whose views are not thwarted by selfish or personal motives. We have to thank the public for the generous measure of support they have extended to us since the start of this journal four months ago, and to our readers, advertisers, and friends, both at home and in exile we wish

**A Merry and Happy Christmas.**

### A Tribute from Well-known Writer.

Mr. W. C. Upton, 213 West 16th Street, New York, who is a native of Ardagh, and a well-known writer, in the course of a letter says:—"I have seen one copy of the WEEKLY OBSERVER, which was sent to me from Chicago by Michael Corbett. The paper speaks volumes for go-ahead Newcastle West. A journal like it ought to be patronised and built up and made self-supporting by all within its radius, especially now when there seems to be very little of a discording element among the people of West Limerick." This is no mean tribute from the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

### CHRISTMAS TENURES.

In the olden days land was nearly always held in return for service which was not necessarily of a military nature. Some of these tenures seem ridiculous to us, but we must remember that when instituted the services were of no small importance, while others were merely nominal, so that the estate might not be regarded as an actual gift. The flag which the Duke of Marlborough must deliver to his Sovereign or his representatives is an example. Some of these services relate exclusively to Christmas Day, such as that by which the manor of Hawarden, the famous home of Mr. Gladstone, was formerly held. It was granted to Robert de Montault, Earl of Arundel, for serving the first dish to the Earl of Chester at Chester on Christmas Day. There was a farm at Langsett, Penistone, which had to supply a snowball at midsummer and a red rose at Christmas, a much more difficult matter if the weather in those days was anything like that of the present time. A farmer in Buckinghamshire had to present his landlord with a chapter of roses every Christmas.


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THE EARLY CHRISTMAS MASS.

Slipping down the Curlew mountains to the early Christmas Mass,
When the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on the grass—
Want may chill our highland cottage troubles bide with us alway,
But the Saviour makes us happy on His holy Christmas Day.

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn of peace and joy,
Little pet-lamb, pretty Nora, sturdy Nell, my comely boy,
When the hearth is clean and cosy and the dancing flames are grey,
And the kettle croons a welcome to the coming Christmas Day.

Darkness lingers on the valley and the fairy-haunted glen,
Eastward now the break of morning brings the peace of God to men.
Near the mountain-rim,—first jewel of the Christ-Child's diadem,
Burns a star of radiant beauty like the Star of Bethlehem!

Wake ye, now, my sleeping treasures, wake ye, now, your mother's joy,
Pretty No a, drowsy lamblin, blue-eyed Nell, my laughing boy—
For the shadow's on the heather, and the rime is on the grass,
And the angels hurry eastward to the early Christmas Mass!

See above yon ivied abbey, where God's servants prayed of old,
Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver, shafts of gold—
Swing the gates of glory open, shining souls unnumbered pass,
Let us hurry down to meet them at the early Christmas Mass!

Down the mountain, up the valley, from the riverside and glen,
Throng the cheery-chatting people, stately women, stalwart men;
Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin! bitter sorrow theirs, alas!
Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas Mass!

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has heard thy bitter moan,
Tho' His hand rests heavy on thee, 'tis to make thee more His own.
Faith has died where nations flourished—earthly gain His gifts surpass;
When He greets His gathered people at the early Christmas Mass!

REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity is part of life and everyone must kneel
Before that mighty Lord of Fate who spins life's magic wheel;
When sunshine turns we well may sound the slogan of content,
When cloudy pictures loom around let not our hopes be rent.

To brood o'er sorrows dismal page will not our grief allay;
To wish for things that might have been will not enchant our way;
For intermixed, in fields of life, the rose and thorn appear;
Without a choice are both bestowed, so take them with good cheer.

For he who bears his loss with cheer in life's uncertain game,
Has borne the brunt of battle well and wins an honest fame;
Who scorns the promptings of despair when pages [illegible],
Has won a treasure far more dear than countless [illegible] of gold.

MICHAEL HANLEY,
5[illegible] May St., Chicago.

## Concert at Newcastle.

On Sunday night a grand concert was held in the Picture House, Newcastle West, which was kindly given for the occasion by Mr. W. Phelan, J.P. The concert was organised by the members of the local Hurling and Football Clubs, and was a distinct success. The spacious Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity, and scores of people had to be content with standing room. Judged from the financial point of view, the result was all that could be desired, while the splendid array of local artistes acquitted themselves in a singularly able and creditable fashion, and the various contributions to the night's entertainment merited the enthusiastic applause of an appreciative audience, the different items encored. The following was the programme: Part I.—Orchestra, march, "Flambeaux;" cinema pictures; orchestra (selection), "Row, Row, Row;" song, "My Old Shako," Mr. M. Ahern; step-dance, Miss Cahill; song, "My Dark Rosaleen," Mr. H. Musgrave; step-dance, Misses Foley and O'Mahony. Part II.—Orchestra, Betty, "On Melodies from the Musical Play;" song, "I'll take you Home Again, Kathleen," Miss Lyons; step-dance, Mr. J. Moore; song, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," Mr. M. Murphy; song, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," Miss O'Connell; orchestra, "La Garde Republicaine," march; song, Miss McCarthy; song, "She's Far from the Land," Mr. J. Liston; step-dance, Misses O'Mahony and Foley; song, "Rip-Van-Winkie," Mr. P. Murphy; violin solo, "The Broken Melody," Mr. E. Collins; finale, "A Nation Once Again" (accompaniment by orchestra).

KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe was held in great reverence by the Druids. It was believed to be particularly and divinely healing; in fact, it was given this attribute for centuries. It had special significance as the cause of the death of Baldor, the Norse Apollo, who was killed by an arrow made from its branches. Subsequently Baldor was restored to life, the mistletoe tree was placed under the care of Friga, and from that time until it touched the earth was never again to be an instrument of evil.

The present custom of kissing under the mistletoe is the outcome of an old practice of the Druids. Persons of opposite sexes passed under the suspended bough and gave each other the kiss of love and peace in full assurance that, though it had caused Balder's death, it had lost all its power of doing harm since his restoration.

BANK HOLIDAY.—The Lord Lieutenant will proclaim New Year's Day a bank holiday.

## Death and Funeral of Mr. John A. O'Regan.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. John A. O'Regan, which sad event took place on Friday at his residence, Ballintober, Newcastle West. The deceased was a highly respected farmer, and his death at the comparatively early age of 58 is deeply regretted. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, was one of the largest and most representative seen in the district for a long time, and testified in a striking manner to the popularity of the deceased, and the widespread sympathy which his death occasioned throughout West Limerick.

The clergy present were:—Rev. W. Fenton, P.P., Killeedy; Rev. Fr. Lane, c.c., do; Rev. M. Byrne, P.P., Dromcollogher; Rev. Fr. Wall, c.c., D. Ph., do.

The chief mourners were:—Mrs. O'Regan (wife); M. O'Regan, J.P., H.C., Cork (brother); Mrs. J. Byrnes, Newcastle West; Mrs. J. Ambrose, Miss B. O'Regan, Mrs. M. Cussen (sisters); A. J. Byrnes, Clerk of Union, Newcastle West; J. J. Byrnes, Limerick; P. Byrnes, Cork; A. C. Ambrose, Churchtown, and M. Cussen, Broadford (nephews), Mrs. Dr. Roberts, Miss M. Byrnes, Miss M. Cussen (nieces); John Byrnes (late Clerk, Newcastle Union), Mr. M. Cussen, D.C.; John Ambrose, D.C.; J. Cussen, Feshonagh; T. Cussen (brothers-in-law); John O'Regan, and Mrs. O'Regan, Ballintober; T. Shanahan, Barnagh; P. Vaughan, J.P.; E. Irwin, Feenagh; J. Quaid, D.C.; M. Irwin, J.P.; J. Quaid, D.C.; John Irwin, Feenagh House; C. Collins, Glenmore; J. Cunningham, T. Herlihy, D. Herlihy, J. Magner, D.C.; M. Magner, D. Begley, Gardenfield; M. Begley, Kantogher; C. Begley, M. Creedon, M. Irwin, C.E.; P. Keane, D.C.; Laurence Dalton, Ballymurragh; Patrick Dalton (do), P. Carmody, Clooncooravane; J. Keane, P. Keane, junr., E. Irwin, Pallas; E. Irwin, D.C., Mondellehy; Mrs. M. Mulcahy, Ballylinane; Michael Dore, and Mrs. Dore, Killeedy (cousins).

Amongst the general public were:—Messrs. Thomas Hurley, J.P., V.C. co. c. (Chairman Newcastle West Board of Guardians and R. D. Council); E. D. Liston, V.C. (Newcastle R. D. Council); D. Leahy, co. c. (vice-chairman Newcastle Board of Guardians); John Guiry, Farnby; C. C. Harnett, Auctioneer, Newcastle West; W. Phelan, J.P., Newcastle West; M. Dore, Killeedy; P. P. Doody, D.C.; J. P. Doody, D.C., Ahaurek; D. L. Curtin, D.C., Ballintober; J. Harnett, Michael Phelan, Castlemahon; John King (Assistant-Clerk of Union, Newcastle West); James O'S. Liston, J.P., co. c., Ballinoe; M. O'Callaghan, D.C., Ballynoe; Jeremiah O'Callaghan Ballyduhig; P. Scanlan, co.; John L. Scanlan, Coolygorman; T. McEnery, D.C.; D. P. Casey, Killeedy; John O'Hara (do.); D. Flynn, D.C., Appletown; M. Mulcahy, Ballylinane; D. O'Callaghan, Feenagh; P. Mulcahy, Newcastle West; M. Murphy, T.C.; W. A. Roche, J.P., Newcastle West; Maurice Curtin, T.C., Newcastle West; John Leonard, John Hough, Dually; Miss Woulfe, Dually; John Scanlan, T.C., Newcastle West; M. Guiry, Coolaleen; J. Enright, do.; Denis Shanahan, D. Greene, Monagay; T. Shanahan, Creen; John King, Ballymurragh; T. Sheehan, P. Collins, P. Reidy, rate collector, Raheenagh; M. Scanlan, Killeedy; J. Scanlan, Daniel McEnery, Camas; Daniel Begley, do.; D Dore, do; James Ambrose, Killeedy; John O'Hara, do; J. Hennessy, Raheenagh; P. Hennessy, Killeedy; James Mulcahy, Rathcahill; T. Neligan, D.C., Ashford; P. O'Mahony, D.C. (do), D. O'Mahony, Clonecow; M. Curtin, T. Kennedy, Newcastle West, M. Kennedy (do), E. Lynane (do), T. G. Ambrose, Master of Workhouse (do), J. Dillane, Broadford, D. Ahern, Raheenagh; D. Cremin, Ballintober, D. Ryan, Moonroe, J. Mullane [do], T. Toomey, Ashford, T. Mulcahy, Killeedy, etc.

The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. W. Phelan, Undertaker, Newcastle. [—]

## Death of Rev. Fr. Jerome Irwin.

Genuine regret will be felt at the death of Rev. Fr. Jerome Irwin, Sub-Provincial, Mount St. Joseph's, Roscrea, which sad event took place on Monday, at the age of 65. The deceased clergyman was cousin of the Very Rev. Canon Irwin, P.P., Castlemahon, and cousin of Mrs. John Byrnes, Kilceline, and Mr. A. J. Byrnes, Clerk of the Newcastle West Union and District Council.

## Death of a Co. Limerick Nun in India

The Loretto Sisters have just had a gap in their ranks which has caused deep and widespread sorrow. The venerable and much-loved Mother Mechtilda Costelloe was called to her reward on the 30th October at Darjeeling, India, after a short illness accompanied by intense suffering which she bore with fortitude and sweetness.

She was daughter of Mr. John Costelloe, Kilteery, Loughill, county Limerick, and sister of Mrs. O'Connor, Ballyhahill.

## Funeral of Mr. D. J Ryan, Abbeyfeale

The death of Mr. Daniel Joseph Ryan, only son of Mr. Thomas Ryan, leather merchant, and a leading trader in Main street, Abbeyfeale, is very widely and sincerely regretted by the public and his many friends throughout the district. Dan Joe, as he was popularly known, was only in his twenty-first year, and an exceptional favourite amongst his associates. Kindly, unassuming, and always generous to those less fortunately favoured, his absence will be keenly felt, not only by his grief-stricken parents, to whom many sincere expressions of regret and sympathy have been tendered, but by his many friends and companions. On Sunday the remains were conveyed to St. Mary's Parish Church by an extremely large crowd of sympathisers, and the funeral, which took place on Monday, was of exceptionally large proportions. The interment was in the New Cemetery. The clergy officiating at the graveside were—Very Rev. Canon Lee, P.P.; Rev. William Fenton, C.C.; Rev. D. O'Riordan, C.C.; Rev. Father Carr, C.C.

The chief mourners were—Mr. Thomas Ryan and Mrs. Ryan (parents), P. Ryan (uncle), W. D. O'Connor, T. D. O'Connor, D. F. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. Doran, Mrs. Thomas Ahearne, William Wrenn, William and John Ryan, Mrs. C. Daly, S. Lyons (cousins).

At the instance of Sergeant Crowley, Inspector Weights and Measures, Messrs H. Denny & Sons, Limerick, were fined £3 and costs at Charleville Petty Sessions on a charge of having used wrong weights and measures at their Charleville receiving station. Complainant stated that on the 16th November the machine registered for 2 cwt. only 1 cwt. 3 qrs. 22lbs. He got it tested, and found that it was 6 lbs. out from 1 cwt to 5 cwt. For the defence it was stated the machine became rusty by rain falling on it.

## Shooting Accident at Dromcollogher.

LABOURER CHARGED.

A few days ago Mrs. Hannah O'Brien was, it is stated, accidentally shot in the leg by her brother, Denis Walsh, labourer. The injured woman was attended to by Dr. Hannigan, and subsequently removed to the County Infirmery at Limerick. On Tuesday before Mr. P. D. Sullivan, R.M., Mrs. O'Brien made a deposition detailing the occurrence, and Walsh was bound over in his own recognisance to appear at the next Petty Sessions. District-Inspector Dudgeon conducted the proceedings on behalf of the Crown. The injured woman, we learn, is progressing favourably.

## Kerry Tragedy

HOTEL PROPRIETOR SHOT DEAD.

Michael O'Connor, the proprietor of the Crown Hotel, in the village of Milltown, County Kerry, was shot and killed on Monday night. At present it is not known how he received the wound. He was seen staggering towards his own house, bleeding from a revolver wound under the jaw, and died five minutes later. His nephew-in-law, Michael Larkin, a shopkeeper, who, it is said, purchased the Crown Hotel from O'Connor a short time ago, has been remanded on a charge of murder.

## The Dardanelles.

TROOPS TRANSFERRED.

Portion of the troops in the Dardanelles, those at Suvla and Anzac have been successfully transferred with insignificant casualties to another sphere of operations.

## The Call for More Men.

ONE MILLION VOTED.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday the Premier's motion in Committee of Supply, voting another million men for the Army, was, after debate, agreed to.

THE IRISH PARTY AND COMPULSION.

At a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party, held in the House of Commons on Thursday, a resolution was passed repeating their resolve "to resist by every means in their power any attempt to bring into force a system of compulsory service."

## Father Casey Anniversary.

At a meeting of the Abbeyfeale Gaelic Football Club, Mr. P. Collins presided. Amongst those present were—Messrs. Joseph O'Connell, Captain; P. Collins, V.C.; F. O'Connell, W. Horan, D. J. McCarthy, Hon. Sec. It was unanimously decided to celebrate the Father Casey Anniversary this year on New Year's Day, Saturday, 1st January, 1916.

Mr. McCarthy said, as directed by the Committee, he sent out the invitations decided on, including the several bands named at last meeting.

Votes of condolence were passed to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan on the death of their son, Mr. Daniel J. Ryan, a popular and much esteemed member of their Junior Club, and to Mr. Patrick Beckley on the much regretted death of his wife.

## Prize Farm, Athea.

Mr. Denis Quill of Gortnagross, Athea, has been awarded 1st prize in this year's competition for the best managed farm of its size in the district, including crops, out-offices, farm house, sanitary arrangements, etc.

## Our Letter Box

(TO THE EDITOR WEEKLY OBSERVER.)

DEAR SIR,—You did only a public duty in reproducing in your issue of the 11th inst., the "Times" article of its Dublin Correspondent on recruiting in Ireland. It is a pity that other Irish journals did not follow your example. Irishmen ought be afforded the opportunity of reading what appears in the columns of the "Times" concerning Ireland, for, notwithstanding what is said in Parliament and in the Radical Press about Lord Northcliffe, the influence of the Harmsworth Press in England cannot be over-estimated, and what the "Times" says to-day Parliament will faithfully say to-morrow. The House of Commons re-echoes the sentiments of the Editor of the "Times". The politicians are led by the nose by a journalist. Politicians as a rule are made by newspapers financed by themselves; advertising goes a long way. But these men can as easily be unmade by papers independent of all parties; and the "Times" is one of the few papers in these islands free from the shackles of selfish and tainted placehunters. Accordingly the "Times" is for the moment unpopular with those whose business is politics. But that matters do not greatly concern Irish Nationalists. There is one thing, however, which does concern them, and it is:—The "Times" is a Unionist organ; its proprietor, although an Irishman, has been so found abused by our alleged patriots that he cannot be expected to throw in his lot with those in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. Accordingly when the time comes when the Irish question can be re-opened the hostility of the "Times" will have to be reckoned with, and the conflict is not likely to result in the defeat of the Harmsworth Press. It is a black outlook for this country that its fortunes should be bound up with those of the Party that must shoulder the responsibility for all the mistakes that have been made in the conduct of the war. But it is well that Irishmen should know beforehand that the foundation is being laid in England for another campaign against Home Rule by the publication of such articles as the one reproduced by you from the "Times."—Yours truly,

A CHARLEVILLE MAN.

As Mr. James Hayes, a farmer, residing at Ballinlough, was proceeding to Mass at Killeedy on Sunday, he felt unwell, and entered a house, where he rested. While some milk was being warmed for him, he fell forward and died. He was a member of the Kilmallock District Council for some years after the passing of the Local Government Act.


# Picture Palace,
Newcastle West.

# Mid-day Performance
On Friday, 24th
At 2 o'clock.

Usual High-class Programme.


## Carrickerry Notes.

"UNCLE PAT'S CABIN."

Another edition of "Uncle Pat's Cabin" is, we understand, about to be issued to the public. The work in itself is an admirable character sketch of the Irish agricultural labourer, reflecting the highest credit on its illustrious author, Mr. W. C. Upton, poet, author and patriot. The little hamlet of Ardagh and its historic environs has afforded much of the material that Mr. Upton uses in the production of such a splendid masterpiece—racy of his native land and brimful of anecdotes connected with the land struggle in Ireland. There is no doubt in the world but the work in itself is of a very high order of merit, appealing directly to the instincts of young Ireland and possessing a fascination by no means unpalatable to any student of historical facts pictured in the "light" of other days. The splendid personality of the author, rising Phœnix-like above his compeers in his native and beloved Ardagh, catching the sacred glow of Davis, and elevated with the noble desire of Tone, ought be a sufficient warranty, if such were requisite, to young Ireland, of the subject genuine beyond criticism of "Uncle Pat's Cabin," the immortal work of an immortal author, W. C. Upton. Copies, at a moderate price, can soon be had from Mr. Thomas Ahern, P.C., Ardagh, Co. Limerick.

EXIT "KNOCKFIERNA."

As my distinguished literary opponent, "Knockfierna," is, according to his latest announcement, suffering somewhat from a nervous attack, I have no desire to harass him further by the introduction of fresh "reminders," especially at the approach of the season of peace and goodwill. I wish him a hundredfold many happy return of his compliments. At the same time it must not be assumed that I am in the least crestfallen, but, on the contrary, chivalrous enough to recognise merit in any shape or form. To him I dedicate the following lines as salubrious Xmas fare:—

Let us to holy Bethlehem in spirit take our flight,
Now eagerly led thither by faith's celestial light;
To worship there with contrite hearts the Christ-child newly born—
The Father's co-eternal Son, this glorious Christmas morn.

The promise made to fallen man by the pitying God above;
This day is faithfully fulfilled in the fullness of His love.
The light of Hope has come to shine on earth's disfigured face,
And Heaven has given of its best to Adam's ransomed race.

With floods of melody divine the court of Heaven doth ring,
As the glorious choirs in unison their sweet Hosannas sing—
Glory be to God on high and peace to men on earth,
Let all rejoice and reverence our loving Saviour's birth.

The heart of all creation with a holy sweetness fills,
And in deep adoration bend the everlasting hills.
For He has come the Saviour to triumph o'er the grave,
To conquer sin and death and all mankind to save.

Thee, oh! loving Saviour, we beg on bended knee,
From the bondage of the evil one the erring nations free.
Oh, bid the deadly conflict cease, assuage the sufferer's pain,
And let the holy calm of peace reign on the earth again.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

On last Sunday the Kilcoleman team, composed of fifteen promising good players, paid a visit to Carrickerry to play a friendly match with the local team. The game came off according to appointment, and was exceedingly well contested at both sides. With closer attention to training both teams in a short time will become highly proficient, as the young blood needs but training and encouragement to make it assert itself magnificently. In a friendly and in a truly sporting style both sides acquitted themselves admirably, Carrickerry coming off victor by a good margin to its credit. Mr. John O'Connell, N.T., acted as referee, giving the utmost satisfaction.

P. J. A.

The Board of Management of the Glin District School have passed resolutions deeply regretting the death of Capt. O'Meagher Condon, and sympathising with Mr. O'Donnell, a member, on the death of his daughter; with Mr. Collins, J.P., on the death of a relative and condemning the attack on Dr. M'Donnell's house.

Kilmallock Guardians have passed a vote of sympathy with Messrs. Thomas and Michael O'Donnell, D.C's, on the death of Miss E. M. O'Donnell, daughter of the former and sister to the latter. The Guardians also adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with Mr. Cyril E. Browne, Local Government Board Auditor, on the death of his brother-in-law, Capt. Lewin.

## Our Poets' Corner.

THE VASELINE BOYS.

Who kept the old flag floating high,
And feared not danger when 'twas nigh,
But were prepared to do or die,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys;
Who cared not for the wounds they got
In many a stern encounter hot,
And gave more than they took, a lot,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys.

Who sang the songs of long ago,
That told poor Ireland's tale of woe,
And how their sires laid tyrants low,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys;
Who mourned for the Martyrs three,
Whose names are shrined in history,
And died that Erin might be free,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys.

Who gloried in Kilclooney Wood,
Where Peter Crowley nobly stood,
And fell as only hero could,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys;
Who stood for what was good and brave,
And never entertained a knave,
Who'd die their native land to save,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys.

Who cherished every kind of sport,
The hurling and the handball court,
To prove their muscle and their work,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys;
Who blew the fife and struck the drum,
And made the good old town to hum,
Who'll be our pride in days to come,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys.

Long may such loyal hearts remain,
From Fortlands down to Baker's Lane,
To do no wrong but right maintain,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys;
And may their number never fail,
Before the foe they'll never quail,
True sons of dear old Granuaile,
Hurrah! the Vaseline boys.

Charleville, 8th Dec. J. POWER.

HERE UPON GUARD AM I.

What matter though we lose an arm,
Throu' rifle-shot so bold,
'Tis for our country's good, and she
Will help us when we are old;
Will look with pride on us and say
For conquering the foe,
You now shall end your days in peace,
And want shall never know.

(Chorus).
Here upon Guard am I,
Bullets round me fly,
Something is creeping along the way,
Treachery there, 'tis plain;
Steady my aim shall be,
Nearer it crawls to me.

My trigger, I pull it,
It's accepted my bullet,
He'll never more breathe again.
Up, up they go, falling there,
Succeed they know they must,
You'd crush them, would you, Pat just yet,
Hurrah! they bite the dust;
I dare not leave my post, or I
Would not be in the war,
Take heed, ah, yes at last, at last.
One's found its way in here. (Chorus).

Still upon guard am I,
Is it I'm 'bout to die?
Heaven protect me my darling wife—
And look to my children dear;
Darkness seems coming to me;
Still the bright flashes I see;
Yes, at last they have done it;
The Irish—the battle they've won it.
List, list to the loud ringing cheer. (Chorus).

Rathkeale, 13th December, 1915. M. O. S.

THE KING'S PRESENTS.

The King gives away no less than £2,000 in Christmas gifts to the people who serve him. The tradesmen usually receive a sovereign apiece, which is often supplemented by a joint of beef, if the needs of the Royal Household have caused them to work much harder than usual. The servants on the Sandringham Estate also receive joints of beef, cut to the proportion of two pounds for every adult member of the family and one pound for each child.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Indispensable to the joy of the youngsters is the Christmas tree. Few households cannot find sufficient excuse for one. Be it large or small, something laden with presents and illuminated with tiny candles is an essential of the joyous season. Happily, there is never a scarcity of this delightful institution. Whatever winds may blow or rains may fall, there are always plenty of Christmas trees. "From midgets to giants," as one grower announced to intending purchasers, is the phrase that covers the range of Christmas trees. At times substitutes have been tried to do away with the acknowledged type of tree, but in vain. Nothing has been found to take the place of the growth so admirably suited to the holding of presents and flickering lights on its generous branches. Artificial trees have been made, but the youngsters refuse to accept anything but the real thing. They do not like the art and ingenuity of man—to them the Christmas tree is the thing of the season, just as the festival itself.

## Magistrates' Exciting Experience

As Mr. P. H. Madden, J.P., and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, J.P., were driving towards Knockaney on Sunday, the horse became restive at the approach of a motor car, on which were Coroner Clery, M.D., J.P., and Mr. Charles E. Clery, Assistant Clerk of Kilmallock Union. The latter alighted from the motor, and caught hold of the horse, who had backed the trap on to the water table, with the result that one of the shafts was broken. The animal continued unruly, broke the second shaft, and got away, leaving the trap to topple backwards, thus throwing Messrs. Madden and O'Brien on to the ground, but, fortunately, they did not sustain any injury.


# Grand Display
OF
# Xmas Novelties
AT
# C. CREGAN'S.


# Dungeeha,
Newcastle West.

Important Auction
OF A
Very Valuable Farm of Land,
TO BE SOLD
At the Courthouse, Newcastle West,
ON
Thursday, 13th Jan., 1916,
At One o'Clock, Sharp,
With the Consent of all Parties Concerned.

C. C. HARTNETT has been favoured with instructions from MR. DAVID DALTON, TO SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION his Valuable Interest in ALL THAT and THOSE part of the LANDS of DUNGEEHA, containing 90a. 1r. 15p. Statute Measure or thereabouts, held from the Earl of Devon as a Yearly Tenancy at the Yearly Rent of £83 18s. 4d., Poor Law Valuation £63 10s. 0d.

The Earl of Devon has agreed with Vendor for the Sale of his FEE-SIMPLE INTEREST in said Lands under the Land Purchase Act, 1903, for the sum of £1,549—the Interest in lieu of Rent at 3½ per cent is £54 4s. 4d., and when vested the Annuity will be £50 6s. 10d.

There is a substantial dwelling house partly slated and partly thatched, and substantial out-offices to suit a farm of its size, and a hay barn 45 × 25 on the Lands.

There is a pump in the yard which yields a plentiful supply of spring water.

There is a terminable Annuity of £3 18s. 0d. payable on 5th April and 10th November to the Board of Works for the hay barn. The annuity is paid to 10th November, 1915.

The Lands are all in grass, well-laid out in good sized fields and contain an everlasting supply of water.

This is a rare opportunity for intending investors of securing a Valuable Farm in very close proximity to the town of Newcastle West, Church Schools and Creamery.

The Interest in lieu of Rent will be paid up to the 1st November, 1915, and all rates to the 30th September, 1915.

The Purchaser on being declared will be required to pay 25 per cent of his purchase money and the usual Auction fees of 5 per cent.

Private bids will be received up to the day of Sale.

For further particulars and conditions of Sale apply to

C. C. HARNETT, Auctioneer,
Newcastle West;

Or to
WILLIAM LEAHY & SON,
Solicitors, 50, George Street,
Limerick and Newcastle West.

## 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 XI.

Referring to the name of the Very Rev. Archdeacon Fitzgerald, P.P., V.G., D.D., in your last issue, he was the first Parish Priest I knew in the old historic town. When I was a child he was living in his new residence in the New Road. In these trying times, after the famine of '48, his kindness to the poor, whom he loved, was unbounded and he was in the habit of keeping a large rick of turf, and would distribute it amongst the poor, and at the holy season of Christmas he would not have one sod left. He vacated his residence and went to live to Hospital House, and gave up his residence to the Christian Brothers, whom he brought to Rathkeale. He built the Christian Brothers' Schools. Like Newcastle West, Rathkeale suffered a great loss. During the lifetime of the late Very Rev. Archdeacon Halpin, P.P., V.G., the Very Rev. Dr. O'Shea, P.P., V.G., was a great benefactor of the Christian Brothers, whose departure was a severe loss to Rathkeale and Newcastle West. My namesake, Rev. Brother Hayes, Superior, was loved in both towns. Archdeacon Fitzgerald was at one time C.C. at Killeedy, and was wont to refer to the old families—the Scanlans, etc.—who were transported in 1821.

(To be continued.)

The old historic town has a gay appearance this year. The splendid supply of beef and mutton exhibited for sale can compare with any town in Ireland. The Rathkeale Co-operative Society has purchased thousands of all kinds of fowl. Mr. Joseph White is also doing a large business. The farmers of the surrounding districts are grinding their own Irish wheat, manufactured in excellent style at Castlematrix Mills. The farmers of Kerry are sending their wheat by rail to be ground at Rathkeale.

W. H.

## Outrage near Glyn.

The residence of Dr. C. McDonnell, J.P., at Eastwood, in the outskirts of Glin, was fired into between the hours of five and six o'clock on Friday morning, and though four or five gun shots were discharged into the sleeping apartments of the doctor and his wife they fortunately escaped injury. The darkness of the hour favoured the attackers getting away undetected. The outrage was reported to the police who are making inquiries.


# Bendigo Coil TOBACCO IS THE BEST.

W. & M. TAYLOR,
OFFICE AND FACTORY
119, 120 & 121 FRANCIS ST., DUBLIN.

When cooking bloaters, split them open before placing under the grill or in the oven.

To flush the kitchen sink, pour boiling salted water down the pipes. This is much better than soda and water.

When cleaning marble-topped washstands, use cornflour instead of soap, and polish with a chamois leather.

To treat a damp cupboard, tie some charcoal up in a muslin bag, and hang it in the cupboard.

Add half an ounce of Epsom salts to two quarts of clear water, and you will have a splendid mixture for rinsing coloured frocks and blouses.

Tea water is found an excellent cleanser for varnished woodwork. To obtain this pour water on used tea leaves, and strain through a cloth or muslin. The tea water removes the dirt quite easily.

Do not throw away the remains of cold rice pudding. Remove the skin, break it up with a fork and serve with jam.

After baking, when the gas has been turned out, leave the door of the oven open to let the heat out. This prevents the disagreeable odour so often noticed.

Black straw quickly loses its depth of colour. To renovate mix together a couple of teaspoonfuls of black ink and almost as much weak gum; rub into the straw with a stiff-bristled brush, and allow to dry.

When a wooden table becomes ink-stained it should be scrubbed with salt and vinegar. This is generally found most effective.

To remove the dirt from a holland blind, lay it quite flat over a table, and cover thickly with powdered bath brick; rub this well in with a small hard brush. Then thoroughly wipe over with a clean cloth. Turn on to the reverse side and repeat the treatment.

To Keep Taps Bright.

Before you begin to polish brass taps rub them over with a little turpentine. Then polish with metal polish, or whiting mixed with linseed oil.

To Take Soot Out of Carpets.

Sprinkle the place where the soot has fallen with a plentiful supply of salt, then brush vigorously. If the mark does not quite disappear, wait till there is no fire or light in the room, and rub the spot with a little petrol.

Worn Spot in Carpet.

If turning the carpet to get this out of sight is impossible, then get a penny dye as nearly as possible the exact shade of the ground-colour of the carpet. Make it strong, and dab it on to the worn place; let it dry; repeat twice, and the patch will no longer show up. Care is necessary to get the correct colour, and it is best to experiment on a corner first.

Rug Fringes.

If the rug is good still, remove all the worn fringe, and bind the ends. Get two ounces of wool and cut it into six-inch lengths. The colour can match the old fringe or the main colour of the rug. With a skewer make holes in the binding, putting them as close together as possible. Fold the wool lengths, push the hose ends through, then bring them over and push through the loop, and pull tight.

Save All Tea Leaves.

All tea leaves should be saved for about a week in a pail, and then pour over them one quart of boiling water. Allow to stand for one hour, then strain and bottle the liquid. This when applied with a flannel to mirrors, windows, and picture glasses makes them shine like crystal. It can also be used for cleaning lino and varnished paint.

## SOME USEFUL RECIPES.

Currant Patties.—For this you will require one ounce of cornflour, four ounces of currants, one lemon, four ounces of castor sugar, quarter of an ounce of butter, short-crust paste. Line some patty-pans with thinly-rolled-out short-crust paste, providing paste covers for each. Mix the cornflour with a gill of cold water, stir in the grated rind and strained juice of lemon, the currants, and the sugar; cook all together for five minutes, stirring all the time, and add the butter; mix well, fill the paste-lined patty-pans with the preparation, wet the edges of the paste, put on the covers, brush over with sweet milk, and bake for twenty minutes.

Irish Stew.—Irish stew requires more care in making than the average cook is prepared to give to it. Take the remains of any cold meat, mutton, beef, or pork, cut it into neat slices, devoid of fat and gristle. Brown these in a saucepan with some shreds of onion and a carrot, and a little dripping, pepper, and salt. Add to this sufficient water to make a good quantity of gravy, and ten or twelve potatoes according to the amount of stew. Let these simmer, but not boil, till the potatoes are reduced to pulp. Then season the stew with some herbs, salt, and pepper, and a little sugar if liked. Serve very hot with toast.

Almond Drops.—Rub three ounces of margarine into half a pound of flour. Add three ounces of sugar, three ounces of almonds, blanched and chopped, the grated rind of a lemon, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat up an egg with a little milk, and mix with the other ingredients. Place in little heaps on a greased baking tin, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

Breakfast Sausage with Apple.—Skin the sausage and form into little cakes, fry till nicely browned. Take two or three tart apples, peel and cut into slices half an inch thick. Dip the circles (from which the cores should be removed) in milk, and fry in the pan after removing the sausages. Turn the apples carefully so as not to break the circles, and when cooked place around a dish, arranging the sausages in the centre.

Rock Cakes.—Take half a pound flour, one egg, three ounces butter or dripping, two ounces sugar, one ounce mixed peel, two ounces currants, one teaspoonful baking powder, a little grated nutmeg, not quite half a gill milk, a pinch of salt. Sift the flour into a basin, add the salt and a grate of nutmeg, rub the butter or dripping into the flour and mix well. Shred the peel and add this with currants, the sugar, nutmeg, salt, and baking powder to the flour. Beat up the egg with the milk, and mix gradually with the dry ingredients into a fairly stiff mixture. Put this in rough heaps on to a greased baking sheet, and bake in a fairly hot oven for about twenty minutes.

## TEA TABLE TALK.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is greatly devoted to the people of her husband's unhappy country. When the German aviators have made attacks on hospitals and medical establishments behind the Belgian front which are under the direction of Queen Elizabeth, she has displayed great courage and fortitude. In spite of the advice and solicitations of the Consuls and doctors, her Majesty resolutely refuses to leave her post of danger.

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Tetrazzini, the famous prima donna, has been paid as much as £400 and £500 a performance. Mme. Sembrich, another of the older school of grand-opera stars, possesses a fortune which is said to run into nearly seven figures.

• • •

Baron Beyens, the Belgian Minister at Berlin up to the time of the outbreak of war, in a book on German royalty, gives some interesting facts regarding the Kaiserin as mistress of her household. He says she has much to do. It is her business to still the little storms which arise at Court, to reconcile the Crown Prince and his father after every new escapade; and it fell to her to induce the Emperor to consent to the morganatic marriage of another of their sons, desperately in love with a mere maid of honour. According to the Baron, however, it is quite a mistake to suppose the German Empress is a pacifist. "We were always going to retreat before the French, and to put up with their impudence?" she remarked, after a certain incident in which French diplomacy triumphed over Teutonic intrigue; from which it will be gathered that the Kaiserin, like her son, who once boasted that he "wanted to have a smack at those French swine," has no great love for France.

• • •

When at home the Dowager Empress of Russia resides in Anitchkoff Palace, which she occupied when her husband was alive, and where her whole life, since she arrived in Russia, has been spent. Always an early riser, at nine o'clock she emerges from her inner apartments into her study, where she applies herself to the perusal of her correspondence and the morning papers. Then she receives her private secretary, who comes with his daily report concerning current affairs. Lunch is served at half-past one, and is partaken of generally with one of the daughters or the grandchildren of the Empress. The afternoon is spent in visiting charitable institutions.

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At five o'clock the Dowager-Empress has tea in her private boudoir in company with her ladies-in-waiting, after which she plays the piano or reads. Dinner is served at eight o'clock, after which a theatre is sometimes visited. The late evening is given over to private correspondence, as the Empress has acquired the Russian habit of indulging in "late hours," and rarely retires before midnight. When she has audiences to give, these take place in the morning, before lunch, or immediately after it is over, and in the afternoon the Empress often goes to visit her daughters or motors to Tsarskoye Selo to see the Emperor and his family. No life could be more simple than that which is led by the mother of one of the greatest monarchs in the world.

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Mlle. Jeanne Prévost, the famous French actress, has been given the rank of corporal in the French army in recognition of what she has done to amuse the wounded soldiers.

• • •

The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg is apparently enjoying her stormy though discreet battle with the Kaiser for the maintenance of the rights of her duchy, and the honours seem not to be altogether on one side. In other words, the Grand Duchess is proving a "hard nut to crack," displaying plenty of character and independence. Those who began to think that Luxemburg would be incorporated finally into the German Empire, when German soldiers crossed the frontier and took temporary possession, cannot have reckoned with the slender, blue-eyed, charming girl who has her full share of intelligence and firmness. To have resisted the Germans would have been suicide, since the army consisted of 292 soldiers and 163 gendarmes, 455 men altogether, with a cavalry of 9 horses, 3 rapid firing guns, and 5 mortars out of repair. But the Grand Duchess has nevertheless conducted herself with dignity, and she is constantly reminding the soldiers from Germany that she is mistress in her own house in many respects.

• • •

Lady Eileen Clarke, youngest daughter of the Earl of Ranfurly, will have serious cause to remember the war. Her husband, a lieutenant in the Royal Bucks Hussars, has just been reported wounded, and her brother, Lord Northland, has been killed in action.

• • •

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorowna is the sister of the Empress Alexandra, and the widow of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, who was assassinated during the revolution of 1905. Her life has been consecrated to the service of suffering mankind, and even before the catastrophe, in which her whole existence was wrecked and her happiness destroyed, her thoughts were all for others. When the bomb of an assassin transformed the lovely, brilliant princess into a sorrowing widow, she rose up to the height of the misfortune which had befallen her, and decided to spend the rest of her days in the world that had become so empty of earthly happiness for her, in a convent which she built in Moscow, under the patronage of St. Martha and St. Mary.

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The clever and enthusiastic manner in which women have adapted themselves to munition-making, motor-car designing, repairing and general management, and various branches of farm work in which steel machines and mechanical appliances are used, is but another illustration of their capability in unusual spheres of work. Not that women engineers are in any way new. Edison years ago said he preferred women machinists for the delicate details of his electrical machines because they had "more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men have in the whole of their existence."

• • •

Possession of a fine head of hair is much more conducive to an effect of beauty than that the hair should be rich in colour. Experts say that an ample head of hair looks well no matter in what style it is arranged, and they advise: "If you possibly can, increase the growth of the hair; never mind about its colour."

• • •

Duchesses are not often to be found on boards of directors of commercial companies, but her Grace of Newcastle is a director of a toy-making company, formed in Nottingham. She has professed a great interest in the movement to capture the German toy trade.

• • •

Lady Theo Cadogan has the interests of all the war services at heart, and shows it in practical fashion. Her husband, the Hon. Alexander Cadogan, is in the diplomatic service; her elder brother, Viscount Acheson, of the Coldstream Guards, has been mentioned in dispatches, and her younger brother, the Hon. Patrick Acheson, is a lieutenant in the Navy.

## DRESS OF THE DAY.

### SCHOOLGIRL'S FROCK.

The schoolgirl of the family is at home for the Christmas holidays, and the probabilities are that she will need two or three new garments before she returns to school for the spring term. So, with a view to helping the busy mother to choose something at once smart and suitable for her schoolgirl daughter, our artist has sketched for us a neat and up-to-date little frock which is simple enough to offer no difficulties to the home worker. It is intended for every day school wear, and, as it takes the place of blouse and skirt, its wee effects a considerable economy in washing. This practical

[Refer to X 658.]

frock may be made of navy serge, gabardine, thin corded material, cashmere, or woollen poplin. The bodice is perfectly plain, and fastens down the front, the neck being finished by a detachable collar of linen, lawn, muslin, or net. The sleeves are quite plain, and are gathered into rather deep cuffs which are shaped to a point on the outside of the arm. The skirt, which is cut to flare nicely towards the bottom, fastens in front the line of the opening following that of the bodice. The fulness is gathered at the waist, and the indispensable patch pockets, which close with buttoned flaps, form the only addition to the perfectly plain skirt.

### A DAINTY PARTY FROCK.

Though few of us grown-ups will feel much like parties or entertaining this Christmas, we are not going to deprive our little ones of their customary Christmas festivities. True, we shall all make these parties as simple and inexpensive as possible, but we shall try to give the children a very happy time, for none of us want the little ones to be saddened by our anxiety and trouble. And for parties one must have a party frock, so it is high time to think about making such an indispensable addition to the small girl's Christmas wardrobe.

[Refer to X 660.]

Well, our sketch shows a perfectly charming little frock, no small maid could possibly wish for anything prettier, which is both simple and inexpensive, and which can be made at home by any mother who knows how to use a needle. The upper part of this dress is a small bodice of very original shape, which could be carried out in crêpe de Chine, Jap silk, or, preferably, soft washing satin. This little bodice has a square cut neck and fairly wide armholes, for it is sleeveless. At the slightly raised waistline a number of slots are cut and neatly buttonholed, and these slots are threaded with soft satin ribbon of the same colour as the bodice, which is tied in a smart bow at one side. The drawing up of the ribbon makes the bottom of the bodice flare in the prettiest fashion possible. A wee frill of net or tulle finishes the square cut neck. The under-dress may be made of net, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, ninon, or cotton voile. It has short and rather full sleeves which are finished at the elbow by pleated frills. The small skirt is short and very full, and is trimmed by three little pleated frills of the material which are set on with a space between each frill and the next.

### A NEW NECKBAND.

Some of the Paris and London shops are showing very pretty neckbands for Christmas and New Year. One of the nicest of these is made of black satin, is high, and quite plain. It is open in front, each edge being ornamented by small buttons, and inside is worn a still higher collar of clear white organdie. This flares all round the face with the most charming effect.

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

## MIMICS AMONG BIRDS.

The roar of the ostrich is said to resemble the roar of the lion, because the ostrich stole this sound from the lion. Birds, from the ostrich down, are imitative. The ostrich, where he lives alone, is silent, but in a country where lions abound he roars. Why? Because for centuries, admiring the lion's roar, he gradually learned to roar himself. Among small birds, buntings imitate pipits, and greenfinches imitate yellowhammers. They seek their food in the winter together, and they gradually steal each other's calls. The jay is an insatiable imitator. Some jays will include in their repertory not only the cries of songs of other birds, but also the bleat of the lamb and the neigh of a horse. Even the nightingale imitates. In a nightingale's song it is sometimes quite easy to detect phrases he has borrowed from other birds.

## INVADED BRITAIN.

We have to go back to the days of Charles II. for the last successful raid on the coasts of Great Britain, when, in 1667, the Dutch sailed up the Thames as far as Sheerness, being ultimately beaten off by five of our men-of-war. The Turks, according to MSS. belonging to Earl de la Warr, had the audacity to invade our coast two hundred years ago, taking three small ships of ours and landing within twelve miles of Bristol, carrying away many poor Christian men, women, and children. The French made a grand descent upon the Isle of Wight in the sixteenth century with 150 battleships, sixty decked pinnaces, and twenty-five galleys, but were ultimately driven off, while going back still further in the past, we find that the attack upon the Norfolk coast by the Germans is only an example of what his predecessors did nearly 500 years ago.

## PLANTS THUS PROTECTED.

Many plants protect themselves from their enemies by the use of spikes or prickles, and venom, just as certain animals do. Of those using the first-named device there are—as a naturalist pointed out—innumerable examples. The bramble, the gorse, and the holly are familiar instances of shrubs and trees "armed to the teeth," so to speak. Many plants imitate the reptiles in arming themselves with venom. Of these are the deadly nightshade, or belladonna, and the nux vomica. Less destructively inclined are those plants which are simply protected by their disagreeable taste. The common buttercup, which is one of these, is generally shunned by horses and cattle. A plant which, like the skunk, is protected by a disagreeable smell is the figwort. Only that hardy and insensitive animal, the goat, will touch it.

## THE TERRIBLE TORPEDO.

At the torpedo's head is an explosive chamber, which holds damp gun-cotton. This is fired by means of a rod which, on contact with the walls of a ship, is driven in upon a detonator. This fires a primer, which in turn explodes the gun-cotton. The next chamber stores compressed air to the pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. This is practically the boiler-room of the torpedo, for it supplies the motive power to the four-cylinder engine which drives it through the water on its errand of destruction. Next comes the wonderful gyroscopic control of the air-motor by which the rudders are adjusted. This is where the intricate mechanism of the torpedo is so clearly demonstrated. Should it rise or dip in the water, this gyroscope actuates a motor which in turn operates rods related with the rudders, and at once readjusts any deflections from the course originally set. The motor mentioned is but a few inches in length, yet the power it exerts by means of compressed air is such that the pressure of half an ounce operated by the steering-gear produces a pull of 160 pounds on the rudders. This terrible fish's tail holds wheel gearing for the driving of two propellers and the manipulation of the rudders. The propellers revolve in opposite directions, thereby preventing the torpedo describing a circle.

## SOLDIERS AND CINEMAS.

Among the German war novelties introduced in the Russian front the cinema is taking a prominent place. On the way to the attack, at the stopping-points, the officers show to their men cinematograph views of the villages and towns which they are to capture on the morrow. The soldiers see beforehand the road along which the army must march, with all its details. The officers explain how the difficulties of the route may be surmounted, where bridges may be thrown over the streams and where the best and most comfortable river fords are situated. The attention of the men is directed to any depressions in the soil, the existing trenches, forests, and villages; nothing is omitted that can give to the soldiers an opportunity to lighten the labours of the march.

## THE TROITSK MONASTERY.

The Troitsk Monastery, near Moscow, which has given its extensive workshops for munition making, might be termed a city rather than a monastery, for its walls have a circumference of two-thirds of a mile, and it comprises two cathedrals and eleven lesser churches, in addition to colleges, hospitals, and the dwelling-houses and factories of the monks. Founded in 1337, it has warlike memories, for it was captured and burned by the Tartars in 1422, and in 1608-9 successfully withstood a sixteen months' siege by the Poles.

After having served through the South African War, Mr. H. Ridler, a grocer, of Merrow, Surrey, who has only one leg, wrote to the War Office offering his services in any useful capacity. He has now been given a position in the Army Ordnance Corps.

A female child, a few weeks ago, which was found in a railway carriage between Victoria Park and Canning Town, has been christened by the local guardians "Victoria Canning."

Flora MacNeil, a Tobermory old age pensioner, has reached the age of 100 years. She is still wonderfully strong, and until a year ago could read fairly large print without the aid of glasses.

Up to the end of November 1,037,040 people had visited the Zoo this year. The receipts amounted to £22,928, this being a decrease of £1,262 as compared with the same period of last year.

## MOTHER AND HOME.

"I'll see to it, little woman—leave all that to me." "Thank you, Harry dear, but I can manage by myself. Even I am capable of looking up trains in an A.B.C." These two remarks made by a certain young married couple opened a new theme of conversation for two argumentative friends as they drove down from a pretty red-brick house. "Madge is making a big mistake," said the one lady thoughtfully. "Is she? How? Why?" "In telling Arthur that she can manage by herself.' Even if a woman can manage by herself she shouldn't say so—anyhow, not to the man who loves her, or to the man she has married."

Cupid Resigns.

A woman must be careful to appear to depend upon her husband, even if she doesn't do it. Once let a man get the notion into his head that his protection and advice isn't necessary to the woman he has married, and Cupid leaves off being so busy as we sentimentalists would wish him to be. At first you might feel inclined to disagree, but you could not conscientiously bring yourself to do so when you more closely considered the matter. To begin with, so many life stories of modern public characters go to prove that the women whose own talent and brilliance have placed them on high rungs of Fame's slippery ladder are not successful in their married lives. And why should this be so? Because they *are* clever!

The Real Cleverness.

No! Just because they are not quite clever enough sometimes to conceal the fact of that own cleverness—not quite wise enough to check that ostentatious self-reliance which makes the one-loved man feel a certain sense of undignified superfluity. Then that protective tenderness which forms the main element of a good man's love gradually begins to depart, till slowly love goes with it. At a party three of the guests specially attracted the writer's attention. One was a woman, a glorious creature with flashing eyes and red lips, from which fell not one dull or commanplace remark. She was the success of the evening, and every man—except one—paid homage at her shrine. And that exception was a tall, splendidly built, well-bred fellow, who spent as much of the evening as convention would permit hovering round a gentle, unobtrusive girl gowned in sober grey silk—his wife. "Mrs. De Dashe is a widow, I suppose?" the writer inquired of our hostess. "Oh! not at all—her husband is very much alive, only they don't get on well, and rarely go out together. Eva de Dashe is much too self-reliant a young person to need any husband's chaperonage." And now you will understand why it was that the dazzling brilliant woman appeared minus her natural escort, while the quiet, conventional little girl in grey chained to her side the handsomest man in the room, who loved his wife with all the protecting fondness of a man's strong nature.

Gossiping Man.

"Gossip," says the average man, "thy name is woman," and having delivered himself of the trite sentence, goes off to his club to talk about the scandalous manner in which Jones flirts with Smith's wife, or some equally choice morsel. Without doubt the average man is every bit as great a gossip as a woman. Half the scandals we hear originate in men's clubs. Of course they have a right to express their opinions; but to hear the average man talk, one would think that he was a perfect miracle of discretion and that woman was responsible for all the gossip going. Neither is man so wonderful at keeping a secret as he would have you believe. This may all sound rather abusive, but think of the endless criticism of this kind that man has aimed at woman! Ever since time began he has accused her of gossiping and being unable to hold her tongue.

Serving Christmas Dinner.

A pretty scheme of decoration for a Christmas dinner can be arranged with a white muslin table centre sprinkled with silver shreds, such as are used for decorating fire grates in summer time. This should be outlined with a wreath of holly. Bright red crackers and a red paper lamp shade introduce a cheery note suggestive of Yuletide festivity. A novelty may be introduced in the way of serving the Christmas pudding. In place of the usual unappetising pudding turned out of a plain basin the pudding destined to adorn the Christmas feast might be made in a high mould. This may be soaked in rum, and the alcohol set alight before serving. The etceteras of the Christmas feast should be in keeping, all the dishes being decorated with frosted leaves or sprigs of mistletoe and holly.

Sufferers from Eczema.

The cause of eczema, that most distressing of skin complaints, are many and varied. Amongst these are deficient circulation in the skin due to constant wearing of very tight clothing, varicose veins, etc., and poisons in the blood supplied to the skin in the case of sufferers from gout, indigestion, or nervous exhaustion. You must go to the bed-rock of the matter and remove the cause before you can cure the eczema in these cases. Sufferers from eczema should avoid every possible irritation to the skin; washing in bran and water and having frequent bran baths is a very good plan. You use the bran in the same way as oatmeal, by sewing up three or four large handfuls in a muslin bag and allowing the bag to remain in the water. A bran bath is very refreshing and soothing to the skin.

Bed-Sores.

Although it is not frequent for children to be afflicted with these, there have been cases when, through some illness, a child has had to lie in bed for so long a period that they have made their appearance. These require very careful dressing when once they become established. It is mostly owing to general debility of the patient, as well as long-continued pressure at one point, and as far as possible the nurse should arrange so that the little patient does not always lie in the same position. Careful washing of the back every day is another preventive, and the skin may be hardened by a daily rubbing with whisky and water or a lotion of two grains of perchloride of mercury dissolved in one ounce of spirits of wine, which should be applied after washing the back. Painting the skin with collodion prevents both chafing and a sore being formed, as it makes a kind of new skin over the part which is most tender. If a bed-sore is formed, a water mattress should be used and a dressing of zinc ointment applied at once.

Two members of the 2nd Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters who have been invalided home recount numerous instances in which German aeroplanes have deliberately dropped bombs on the wounded at casualty clearance stations, where soldiers and civilians alike were killed.

The Middlesbrough Board of Guardians have declined to accept a recommendation of the workhouse committee that permission to two eligible members of the staff to enlist be refused. "No man is indispensable," said one member of the board. "When we leave this world we have to be replaced."

## CLUB WINDOW.

Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son, who aspires to the hand of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, is the least military of all the Kaiser's sons. Once at Kiel, when King Edward was over on a visit, he was unable to sheath his sword in time to salute properly, and it is said got a good talking to afterwards from his Imperial father.

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General Joffre's quiet humour is typified in a story which comes from the trenches. Some members of the General's staff were discussing the number of officers whose hair had turned from jet black to white since the war began, and they had decided to their own satisfaction that the cause was to be found in mental strain. General Joffre was asked for his opinion, and, whilst agreeing with the conclusion arrived at by his officers, naively added that it was also very difficult in war time to obtain the toilet accessories to which one was accustomed in time of peace!

•

An idea of the vanity of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria may be deduced from the fact that he and his consort once sat for a mosaic portrait, to be inscribed, "Emperor and Empress of the Balkans." It was executed on the lines of the mosaics found in Italy representing the Byzantian Emperor Justinian and Empress Theodora.

•

Mr. Pett Ridge, the famous humorist, tells the following good story: One day there was a heavy shelling of the British lines just about meal-time, and, as a result, several pieces of earth got mixed up with the Tommies' food. The men were, most of them, used to hardships, and put a good face upon the matter, all except one London Tommy, who was heard to say: "Of course, I knew I was sent out here to help France, but I didn't know I should be called upon to eat the blooming country!"

•

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has a keen taste for music. He has composed the music for several hymns, but his musical leanings have mostly displayed themselves in insistence on the congregation singing the hymns according to the old melodies.

•

Mr. Rudyard Kipling at one time always used to pay his bills, no matter how small they happened to be, by cheque. After a while, he discovered to his amazement that his banking account showed a much bigger balance than the counterfoils of his cheque-book warranted. In fact, although he was drawing cheques for small amounts almost daily his money at the bank did not seem to dwindle in the least. For a long time he was at a loss to account for the astonishing fact, until one day, happening to visit an office where the principal was an enthusiastic autograph collector, he saw one of his own cheques framed and hanging on the wall. Then it was that the mystery was solved. It appeared that the local shopkeepers found that they could get more for Kipling's cheques by selling them to autograph-hunters than they could by cashing them at the bank, and thus it was that, although the author kept on drawing money, his capital remained almost stationary.

•

Sir Francis Elliot, the British Minister to Greece, was a great oarsman in his day. He was one of both the Eton and the Balliol "eights," and was one of the crew of Oxford Etonians which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley forty-four years ago.

•

Mr. Lloyd George is extremely fond of golf, though he rarely plays except on a Saturday. Mr. Lloyd George's home life is almost as simple as in the days when he was an unknown Welsh solicitor. He dislikes big dinners, though he attends them for duty's sake. But though a most domesticated man, he hates carving. Mrs. Lloyd George does that for him. The compliment of which he is proudest is that paid him by Mr. Bonar Law, who referred to him as "the little brother of the poor."

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Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist and playwright, wavered between two or three professions in the early days of his career. He has been severally professor at a deaf and dumb institution, lecturer in English Literature at a Canadian University, and associate editor of a leading Australian paper.

•

Mr. Winston Churchill is said to regard Saturday as his "lucky day." On a Saturday he left for South Africa. On a Saturday he opened his campaign against the then Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army reform. He won his North-West Manchester seat on a Saturday, and when (on his appointment as President of the Board of Trade) he had to seek a "safe seat" in Scotland he was returned on a Saturday. The offer of a post in the Cabinet also came on a Saturday. It was on a Saturday also that he was married.

•

Colonel Roosevelt comes of an old wealthy Dutch family. He might have chosen the easy path of life, but took the strenuous road and made it famous. Probably the most exciting time of the ex-President's exciting life was the two years he spent ranching in North Dakota. He became an expert in all cowboy tricks, and became a hero among the men on his ranch. He came near to death more than once, but was always favoured enough to escape. He was helping to round up some cattle when the herd took fright, broke and bolted. They came straight for Roosevelt. In such circumstances there are but two chances. One is to trust to your horse's legs, and the other is to "jump to the ground and shoot your horse, crouch under his carcase, and take your chance," as the well-known poem has it. Roosevelt chose the first course, and came out all right. But it was a bad half-hour, all the same!

•

Sir James Kingston Fowler, speaking at the opening of a medical school, related some interesting stories of life in a military hospital. It was, he said, almost a doctor's ideal to see plenty of empty beds, and in one case in France a medical director went around the hospital and saw a man who looked very well. "How are you?" he asked. "Quite well, thank you," replied the soldier. "Well, would you like to go home?" "Yes, sir." "All right; I will have your boots fetched and will see how you get on." "All right, sir, but you need only bring one, because I had a leg off the day before yesterday." It was wonderful how cheerful the men were. Four he knew of had each lost his right leg, and they delighted in walking down a wooden passage banging their wooden legs on the floor and crying "Left."

•

William Dean Howells, the well-known American critic, tells a Shakespeare story. "In Stratford," he says, "during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said: 'Who is this chap Shakespeare, any way?' 'He were a writer, sir.' 'Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such an infernal fuss over this one, then?' 'Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare—hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What the deuce did he write?' 'Magazine stories, shady stories for the Government, shady novels?' 'Oh, no, sir,' said the aged villager, 'I understand he writ for the Bible, sir.'"

# OUR SHORT STORY.

## A WARM WELCOME.

By VIOLET M. METHLEY.

A most exciting adventure has happened to me and Gerald, and I'm going to hurry up and write it down, so that some magazine chap can have it to print.

The worst of it is, I know that Gerald has thought of the same thing, although he hasn't said a word. But he shut himself up in his bedroom all day yesterday, and his middle finger was so jolly well soaked with ink that two lemons and a chunk of pumice stone wouldn't take it off.

The rotter's got ahead of me too; he posted a whopping big letter yesterday, but I don't think he'll gain anything by hurrying like that. To begin with, he can't have got his spelling and commas and things right in the time, and I've borrowed Aunt Ella's old typewriter for the job.

It's going to take time, I can see that; but, all the same, those editor fellows won't look at things unless they're typewritten, so I've heard.

But I'd better get on to the adventure. It has taken more than an hour to type all this stuff that hasn't anything to do with it.

We were staying at grandfather's for the first part of the holidays, and a rotten time we had taking it all round. It's not what I should call a bright house to be in. Grandfather never seems to have a happy nature, and he doesn't care for any sort of noise; that makes things dull. The park is a grand place for scouting, of course, and we had one good afternoon, when we borrowed the sort of flare thing that the workmen were using to burn the paint off the front door. But grandfather made a fuss about it afterwards. . . . . I suppose we oughtn't to have practised on the drawing-room paint.

Then the last night came and we took up a pound of mixed peel to bed with us, in honour of the occasion. It was past eleven before it was all finished, and then we both felt we'd had enough—sickish, you know, and full.

So Gerald went to the window and opened it wider to get some air. Everybody in the house had gone to bed, and the garden looked very quiet and dark. We were just going back to our beds when Gerald stopped short and said:

"Look!"

I looked. And there was a man, just creeping across the lawn by the laurel bushes towards the house. I pulled Gerald away from the window.

"Don't let him see you," I said. "It's a burglar."

You see, I guessed at once, but Gerald will always argue about everything, and it wasn't till we heard a noise in the library just beneath us that he would believe I was right.

"Look here, hadn't we better go and tell grandfather?" he said.

"What utter rot!" I answered. "As if the two of us couldn't tackle a burglar, and not a very big one either. Call yourself a scout!"

Well, of course, he didn't like that, so he began to put on his dressing-gown and slippers at once, and I did the same.

We went down the stairs into the hall like so many Red Indians, without turning a hair of the carpet. Then I tried to make signs to Gerald that we should want something to tie up the burglar with, but he couldn't understand. At last he whispered quite loudly:

"What *are* you getting at?"

Then I told him, and we cut the cords off the blinds in the hall, and tied them together. I'd remembered to bring my scout knife, so as to defend ourselves if the burglar got nasty.

He had turned up the electric light in the library; we could see the bright streak under the door. Gerald twisted the handle ever so softly; it's one of the sort that doesn't make any noise, if you're careful and keep tight hold of it.

We went in, and there was the burglar sitting with his back to us at the little desk by the window. He'd got one of the drawers open, and had just taken something out of it, and was putting it into his pocket.

Then that fathead Gerald let go the door-handle and the latch gave a big snick. The burglar turned round at once, as if he'd been shot; but I must say that Gerald was quick, almost as quick as I was.

We were across the room in a jiff, and one of us caught hold of each of his arms before the chap had time to get up from the chair, and we twisted them behind him in one of the patent ways we'd learnt scouting.

He just sat staring and gasping at us for several minutes without saying anything. He was pretty old—about the same age as father, I should think—and he looked fairly sick of things, white, you know, and thin; but that may have been because he was jolly well frightened.

"Well, we've caught you!" Gerald said.

"Yes, you've certainly caught me," the burglar said in a low, husky voice. "And what are you going to do with me next?"

"Why, keep you tied up here," I said, "until we can get the police to take you to prison, of course. But first, one of us must wake grandfather and bring him down, Gerald."

"No, don't do that; for Heaven's sake, don't do that!" The burglar spoke in a kind of whisper, and you never saw a man look so deadly frightened. "I say—let me go, boys—I swear I'll go away at once if you do, and not take anything with me——"

"Ho! it's a likely thing that we should let you go," said Gerald, "when we've caught you breaking into our house, and in the very act of burgling that desk! Next thing, you'll say you weren't doing it; that you'd only come here for fun!"

"No, I can't say that," the burglar answered. "But I wasn't going to take anything of—of—importance."

"You expect us to believe that?" I said. "Well, you must think that we're a pair of mugs! Gerald, you go at once and wake up grandfather."

"Look here, if you'll let me go without telling anybody, I—I'll give you five pounds each; upon my honour, I will!"

Five pounds each! That rather took our breaths away for a minute, as you may imagine—the very thought of it! Gerald recovered first.

"Let's see the money," he said, and I think he showed more sense than I credited him with.

"I—no I can't do that," said the burglar. "But I swear I'll send it, directly I get back to London, by the first post—I swear it."

"Well, you must think us mugs," I repeated; I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Likely thing that we'd trust a burglar!" said Gerald.

Then the chap began to struggle; my word, how he did struggle! I thought he'd get loose every minute, and it spoke jolly well for our knots that he didn't, I must say.

"You'd better stop," I said. "You'll hurt yourself if you go on like that, and it won't do a bit of good."

He didn't answer, only sat with his head hanging forward, as though he'd given things up. Seeing he was quiet, I said to Gerald:

"You go and bring grandfather down here at once."

But as soon as he'd gone out of the room the burglar looked up at me, and his eyes were just like a rabbit's that I once found in a trap.

"For Heaven's sake, let me go," he whispered, and something in the way he said it made me feel quite queer.

"I can't," I answered, and my own voice sounded simply idiotic; all shaky, like a girl's.

Then he began to beg and pray me to let him go, and I don't mind telling you that I felt jolly well inclined to before he'd done. But then I thought of grandfather, who—well, he belongs to us, of course, and of how the burglar had got the things he'd stolen in his pocket at that moment, and I said:

"I won't—I just won't! It's not a bit of use asking me—I tell you I won't!"

The burglar let his head fall again, and he spoke very low, so that I could hardly hear him.

"The shame of it—to be found like this—in the house again—by—*him*——"

"Well, it's your own fault," I said, and I do believe that I was about as near blubbering as I've ever been since I was a kid. "*I* didn't make you burgle—*I* can't help it!"

He didn't answer, just sat there very quietly, and I'm pretty well sure that I should have let him go if I hadn't heard the clip-clap of bedroom slippers on the stairs.

Grandfather came in, with Gerald close behind him. He was very tall and frightening, standing there in the doorway, in his black velvet dressing-gown, with a silver candle-stick in his hand.

The burglar never moved; he just sat huddled up, staring at the carpet.

And grandfather stood in the doorway, and he just said:

"Tony!"

That's me, you know, so I answered:

"Yes, grandfather."

Then I saw that he wasn't speaking to me.

The candlestick fell out of his hand with a clatter, but he took no notice of it. He was across the room in a minute, down on his knees by the burglar's side. And he said again:

"Tony, my boy!"

You would never have thought it was grandfather speaking; his voice sounded somehow quite different, and his face was different too.

And the burglar looked up and gave a sort of gasp, and said:

"Father!"

Then grandfather jumped up and began to try to undo the cords, and of course he couldn't, being in a hurry.

"Tony—Gerald—give me a knife—scissors—anything, do you hear, one of you—directly! Don't stand staring there——"

I gave him my scout knife, and he didn't even say thank you. He cut the burglar loose in a minute, and it turned me pretty sick, I can tell you, to see how the cords had made his wrists bleed. It made me feel jolly bad, too, to see grandfather crying—yes, crying!

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" he said. "Have you really come back to me like this! I found out years ago that you hadn't forged the check, Tony, and I've tried so hard to find you. I advertised—didn't you see it?"

"No, I've seen nothing," said the—no, I suppose I ought not to call him a burglar any more.

"I'd lost hope, Tony—I thought you must be dead—and then, when you did come at last, these young fools welcome you like this!"

"If they hadn't kept me here by force, you'd never have seen me again," said—well, I may as well call him Uncle Tony now, because that's what he is. "I—couldn't let you know I was here—after that last time——"

"Then—why did you come?"

"I was going to sail for Australia to-morrow; I'd scraped together just enough money to pay my passage, steerage. And I wanted something out of my old desk to take with me—the packet of—of my mother's letters. That's why I came—but if it hadn't been for the kids——"

"If it hadn't been for the kids—oh, Tony, Tony—— Yes, I'll thank them afterwards. . . . But, my boy, my boy, can you forgive your old father for all his cruelty——?"

That was where we got out of the room. Somehow I didn't think we ought to be there any longer.

We didn't sleep much that night, I can tell you; who could, with such a lot to talk about? And next day, when we came home, I was ever so much sorrier than I'd expected to be.

It's going to be jolly nice staying with grandfather now, I can see that. He's quite different himself to begin with, and then there'll be Uncle Tony living there too.

So, if that wasn't an adventure, I should like to know what is. I only hope my yarn about it will get printed first; Gerald never could tell a story for nuts.

## FIRING FOUR-BLADED KNIVES.

One of the best defences against the attack of modern infantry has proved to be wire entanglements, thousand of miles of which guard the fronts of opposing armies in the present war. Whenever a good defence is found, however, then human brains set to work to find some means of overcoming it. So well made and so intricate have been the entanglements, however, that the highest explosives have sometimes failed to clear a way, and the French have hit on an invention. This is a gun which fires a specially heavy four-bladed knife. The knife revolves rapidly when fired, and cuts a way through the strongest entanglements, so opening a way for a bayonet charge. It has the great advantage over all other methods that it does not involve any risk to the soldiers, who formerly had to place the explosive bombs beneath the wire, with every chance of being shot while doing so.

## HOW THEY KNOW.

Everybody who has had much experience of moving into a new house or flat knows the apparently miraculous way in which shoals of tradespeople appear upon the scene. No, they do not actually employ spies to follow any moving-vans which appear in the neighbourhood; their method is more subtle than that. You will remember that when you were seeking your new abode you placed the matter in the hands of an estate agent in the district. On several occasions you were shown over more or less suitable residences by a very polite and suave young man from the estate agent's office. When you had settled on the particular house or flat which you felt fitted the case, you duly informed the polite young man. And it would not be surprising if he passed the information on to the various tradespeople in the neighbourhood who made it worth his while to do so. Quite a considerable addition to the salary of an estate agent's clerk can be made in this way.

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George Rossiter and Edward Rossiter, father and son, were buried under a fall of coal at Abertillery Colliery, Monmouthshire. The father was killed, but the son escaped with a slight injury.

Surprised by a smell of gas, a Darlington workgirl entered a room in which her niece and great-grandmother were sleeping, and found the girl, Ellen Thompson, aged five, dead, and the old woman, Mrs. Ellen Whittaker, unconscious.

For the encouragement of the study of the theory and practice of forestry, Sir Eustace Gurney, of Sprowston Hall, Norwich, has offered to present to the Cambridge University certain farms producing a rental of about £100 a year.

As parting gifts from the congregation of the City Temple, London, the Rev. R. J. and Mrs. Campbell were presented with a motor-car and a cheque for £150.

# RAILWAY SMASH.

## MANY KILLED AND INJURED IN N.E.R. DISASTER.

## WRECKAGE ON FIRE.

A terrible railway disaster occurred early on Friday morning on the North-Eastern Railway, at St. Bede Junction, between South Shields and Newcastle, in which fourteen persons were killed and about fifty injured.

A passenger train from South Shields ran into a light engine at a signal cabin, and immediately after an empty passenger train ran into the wreckage, which caught fire.

Many of the unfortunate passengers pinned under the carriages had to be abandoned to their fate owing to the fierceness of the flames.

The disaster occurred to the 7.5 a.m. workmen's train from South Shields to Newcastle. Between Jarrow and the Tyne Dock it ran into a light engine standing at a signal cabin, and this engine in its turn was thrown against an empty passenger train on an adjoining line.

The front carriage of the passenger train was telescoped, and horror was heaped on horror by the three first coaches bursting into flame owing to escaping gas. The fire raged so fiercely as to preclude any possibility of assistance being rendered to the unfortunate passengers in the compartments nearest the engine.

So rapidly did the fire spread, that but for the prompt uncoupling of the four last coaches the whole of the train would have become enveloped in flames, and a much more terrible death-roll recorded. The passengers in the coaches that were uncoupled had to force their way out of the train, for the carriage doors, as a result of the collision, became jammed. Practically the whole of the passengers were munition workers, and with the aid of some tools which were in their possession they made good their escape on to the railway embankment, from which point of safety they witnessed what one of them described as a horrible and indescribable sight.

### ENGINES OVER EMBANKMENT.

The engine of the passenger train was hurled over the embankment, and on top of it was the pilot engine that had been standing on the up line. On the other side of the railway—the down line—was the wrecked empty passenger train, the engine of which had been thrown over the embankment in a badly damaged condition. The first intimation that anything was wrong was that the passenger train from South Shields to Newcastle, after being signalled at Jarrow, failed to arrive, and whilst the station staff was discussing the possibility of the accident the fireman from the stationary engine ran up the line asking for assistance.

During the efforts to extricate the victims from the burning pile many agonising scenes were witnessed, and more than one victim pleaded to be killed, so that he might be put out of his agony. One man, who was pinned by both legs by the side of a compartment, asked a railway porter who had a hatchet in his hand to chop off his legs. Within ten minutes the victim was burned by a mass of timber from the roof of one of the coaches.

### OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

A statement on behalf of the company was made by Mr. J. B. Harper, assistant general superintendent, on his return to York. In the course of it he said:

"A heavy goods train was coming up from Tyne Dock, assisted by an engine in the rear. In the ordinary course of working this engine leaves the train at St. Bedes Junction, where the Tyne Dock line joins the passenger line that runs from South Shields to Newcastle. The pilot engine waited on the opposite main line to go back to the docks, and stood for some time, when the 7.2 passenger train from South Shields to Newcastle was signalled and accepted by the signalman at St. Bedes Junction, who pulled off his signals, and the passenger train ran into the light engine.

"The derailment threw the leading coaches of the South Shields train over to the down line just at the moment that an empty passenger train that had been conveying workmen to Hebburn was returning to Tyne Dock, and this train ran into the débris. The train immediately took fire, and before the passengers could be got out the flames were so fierce that they were burnt to death if they had not been killed before. Doctors have examined the remains, and they seem to be satisfied that they are the remains of fourteen bodies, but they are so badly charred that not one of them is recognisable."

## A THOUSAND RINGS STOLEN.

At the Old Bailey James Wilson (fifty-nine), dealer, was charged with breaking and entering the shop of Mr. Lewis Savage, and stealing 1,224 rings. The prosecutor carried on business in the Old Kent-road, London. On the morning of November 10 he found that the shop had been entered and the rings and jewellery of the value of £1,350 were missing. The same day the prisoner sold some of the rings to a jeweller in Leather-lane, Holborn, and was arrested. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

## TELLING THE TIME BY OIL.

Every miner, when descending into the pit to work, takes with him a couple of clocks. These are not ordinary timepieces, for they have neither wheels, springs, dials, nor any of the usual appurtenances. The "clocks" are simply his lamp and oil-flask. By noting the quantity of oil consumed—or that left—the miner can tell to within a few minutes any hour of the day or night. When a miner's lamp goes out, as it not infrequently does, in almost any circumstances he must not relight it himself. Instead, though he may be left in pitch darkness, he must grope his way to the lamp-cabin, or to some other point where he can obtain the proper assistance. He does the "groping" with his hands, stooping down until he touches the tram-lines along which the coals are taken, and sliding his hands along the metals until he reaches his destination or meets someone going in the same direction. A coal-hewer's earnings depend on the weight of coal he gets, and also on the number of fathoms cut. A cubic yard of coal weighs about eighteen hundredweight, and the outstretched arms of an average man extend to about one fathom. By these measurements, independent of the official ones, each man can roughly calculate his earnings for any particular "shift."

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Under the revised regulations of the Insurance Commissioners panel chemists will in future be paid in full, any deficiency in the funds of the London Insurance Committee being made good by the Treasury.

At an inquest held in Dublin on Margaret Smith, domestic servant, aged 71, it was stated that she took a candle and went upstairs to bed. Shortly afterwards she was found in flames and died almost immediately. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

## AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER RUN OVER.

An inquest was held at Wandsworth on Patrick Ryan, aged thirty-eight, an Australian soldier, who died in the 3rd London General Hospital as a result of being run over and sustaining very serious injuries. A comrade stated that Ryan, who had been in the 4th Battalion of the Australian Expeditionary Force, disappeared from the Epsom War Hospital, where he had been for four days.

A policeman said that on the night of December 9 Ryan inquired as to the direction of Peel House, and a few minutes later witness found him lying in the centre of the road. He was removed to hospital, where it was found that he was wearing hospital dress.

Dr. Finucane said that Ryan would not admit to him that he was suffering from any injury, and as he was drunk witness certified for his detention in the cell. Next morning Ryan said he was ill, but he did not complain of any definite injury.

Other evidence showed that Ryan died after he had been operated on for abdominal trouble. Dr. Trevor, pathologist at St. George's Hospital, London, said that in a post-mortem examination he found marks of bruising, three ribs fractured, the heart injured, the spleen ruptured, and other ruptures. Witness formed the opinion that Ryan must have been run over by some heavy vehicle. Death was due to peritonitis.

The Coroner said that Ryan must have been a very hard man, with an extraordinary constitution, to have lived for four days and moved about, saying nothing about his injuries. The verdict was "Accidental death."

## EARL DE LA WARR DEAD.

Earl De La Warr has died at Messina, Italy.

Gilbert George Reginald Sackville, eighth Earl De La Warr, was forty-six years of age. He had a remarkable career, and was practically the founder of modern Bexhill.

He was twice divorced. His first wife, the Hon. Murial Agnes Brassey, second daughter of Lord Brassey, divorced him in 1902, and his second wife, the third daughter of Colonel C. Lennox Tredcroft, of Glen Ancrum, Guildford, whom he married in 1903, divorced him in April last year.

Although he was the owner of over 23,000 acres, he had appeared in the Bankruptcy Court, and was once summoned by a taxicab man for 2d. The summons was dismissed, and the earl was awarded two guineas costs.

Earl De La Warr served as a newspaper correspondent in South Africa, where he was wounded. His heir, Lord Buckhurst, aged fifteen, is still at Eton.

## ITALIAN GENERALS HONOURED.

The London "Gazette" has announced that the King has been pleased to confer the honour of G.C.B. on Lieutenant-General Conto Luigi Cadorna, Chief of the Staff, Italian Army.

Colonel Milivoi Nicolaievitch, General Staff, Serbian Army, Military Attaché of the Serbian Legation in London, has been made a Companion of the Bath.

The honour of G.C.M.G. has been conferred by the King upon Lieutenant-General Nobile Carlo Porro, Assistant Chief of the Staff, Italian Army.

## CHILDREN'S FATAL GAME.

James Charles Rogers, the four-year-old child of a pioneer in the Royal Engineers, was playing at Prospect-terrace, Gray's Inn-road, London, with a little girl, who, not noticing a bath of boiling water close by, tried to lift him on her back to give him a "pick-a-back" ride. Both fell backwards, the boy tumbling into the water. He died in hospital from blood poisoning.

"Accidental death" was the verdict returned at the inquest at St. Pancras.

## MR. ALBERT STANLEY, M.P., DEAD.

Mr. Albert Stanley, M.P., who had represented North-West Staffordshire in Parliament since 1907, has died at Northampton, at the age of fifty-two. He first worked in a coal pit and later in the colliery offices. He had been agent of the Cannock Chase Midland Miners' Federation since 1884.

## OFFICER COMMITS SUICIDE.

"Suicide during temporary insanity" was the verdict at Erith on Captain Alfred Howard Knight, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, stationed at Abbey Wood.

Captain Knight was in business as a manufacturer before the war, but had retired owing to ill-health. At the outbreak of war he received a commission. He volunteered for foreign service, but was not accepted, and this seemed to prey upon his mind. He shot himself with a service revolver at his quarters.

Captain A. C. Rowden, Adjutant of the Sussex Regiment, said he never thought that Captain Knight, by age, temperament, or military knowledge, was fitted for the position. He was amongst much younger men, and it depressed him. Witness expressed sympathy with the relatives, and said how deeply they deplored the loss of such an energetic officer.

## CHINAMAN'S DEATH SENTENCE.

The Lord Chief Justice and Justices Scrutton and Low, in the Court of Criminal Appeal, gave their reasons for dismissing the appeal of Lee Kun, a Chinaman, who at the Central Criminal Court was sentenced to death for the murder of a woman at Whitechapel, London.

The ground of the appeal was that the evidence was not translated to the accused, and that for that reason the trial had not been a satisfactory one. The Lord Chief Justice said, although it would have been a safer thing to have had the evidence interpreted to the accused, there had been no miscarriage of justice, as he was defended by counsel.

## DESPICABLE THEFT.

William Smith, a single man, earning £2 12s. a week at the Small Arms Factory, was sentenced at Tottenham Police-court to six months' hard labour for what the magistrate described as a mean and despicable theft. The evidence showed that while his landlady, a widow, was in hospital undergoing an operation for cancer he stole £25 from her bedroom. His excuse was that he didn't think his landlady would come out of the hospital alive.

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The staff of the United States Embassy in Berlin have paid no fewer than 125 visits to prison camps in Germany, said Lord Robert Cecil, and by their untiring efforts they had succeeded in securing many improvements. Even now, however, some camps were far from satisfactory.

Driver James F. O'Brien, the first Irish V.C. of the war, has died in the King George V. Hospital at Dublin.

Mr. Tennant, in Parliamentary papers, says that measures for speeding up the arrival of letters and parcels to soldiers of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force have been instituted.

# HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

### THE WAITS.

Southend Recruit: I've been waiting here five hours to be attested.

Recruiting Sergeant: And I've waited here twelve months for you.

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The question whether Germany is getting British goods by way of Holland is answered in "Syren and Shipping" by an anecdote. Quoth one newsboy to another, regarding his comrade with a suspicious gaze: "I'm a 'apenny short." "Well, I ain't got it," retorted boy No. 2. "I didn't say you 'ad," said the other, "but 'ere am I a 'apenny short, and there are you a-eating nuts."

### WHY THEY WENT.

"I fancy the Pharaohs were not over particular," writes a Yarmouth soldier from Alexandria, "and I see something of the reasons which prompted the Israelites to 'exodus' when they had the chance. The country seems to be inhabited by ants, beetles, flies, dirty niggers, scorpions, smells, and other undesirables."

### A PUZZLE.

When a man was charged at Willesden with being drunk—an unusual charge in these days—the magistrate said: "I am curious to know how you managed it in face of all the restrictions." The prisoner was equally perplexed. "I am bothered if I know, sir," was his reply.

### MORE FRIGHTFULNESS.

A soldier, writing from Flanders to his parents at Willesden, says: "We have had another instance of German frightfulness, hundreds of mice being released into the front line trenches.

"The artful manner in which one of them watched me write a message convinced me that they must be Hunnish mice."

### BIG GAME.

"My father is a soldier and is shooting turkeys in the Jargonelles" is the latest version of school war "howler."

### RECRUITING HUMOUR.

To the humours of the "Derby" canvass, the following reasons for refusal given on canvass cards in the Birmingham district demand record:—

1. "Weak eyesight; cannot see his way to enlist."

2. "Has varicose veins and no confidence in the Government."

### SLIM INDEED.

A very thin and haggard-looking youth, after visiting the recruiting sergeant, was very depressed to think he was not allowed to join the Army because of his slimness. But even then he was determined to join the Army, so he visited a recruiting sergeant in a neighbouring town.

"But, sir, couldn't I join the Foot Guards?" pleaded the youth, after being told the same as before.

"No, I'm afraid you would not be strong enough to do the marching," replied the sergeant.

Giving up hopes of becoming a soldier, he asked if he could join a military band.

"Well," replied the sergeant slowly, "I think if you painted a few spots down the front of you, you may be able to get in as a tin whistle."

### A SURE SIGN.

The wounded hero was sitting in an easy chair enjoying a smoke when the hospital doctor came along. "Ah, that's good," said the doctor. "You're getting on splendidly; how do your ribs feel to-day?"

The patient took a long pull at his pipe before he replied slowly, "Fine, doctor, fine; but I've an awful stitch in my side."

"Excellent!" shouted the medico; "that shows your bones are knitting."

### THE WRONG FACE.

"For inconvenience in accommodation," said the much-travelled individual, "I think the worst railroad I ever took a trip on was a little one-horse line out in the wild and woolly West. There were eighteen of us in one tiny compartment, and each of us desired to have a wash and clean-up. It was dark in the carriage, and in the general hustle and bustle around the wash-basins everybody got mixed up!"

"The dickens!" cried one man. "Here I've been washing someone else's face!"

"Don't you grumble!" howled another chap. "The face I was washing bit me!"

### QUIPS FROM "LONDON OPINION."

No wonder there is a revival in the Indigo industry. Some people so easily get the blues.

Austria finds it increasingly difficult to control her starving peasantry. Why not put a bit in their mouths?

Pictorial postcards may no longer be sent to netrual countries. Quite right, too! Every picture tells a story.

In future no mustard or pepper is to be provided in Army rations to home service troops. But this does not mean that all our seasoned troops are at the front.

Germany is taking steps to control the consumption of cheese. A watch on the rind!

A wife who recently applied for a divorce, said that her husband started throwing clocks at her: And then she struck—too.

In the giant statue of Von Tirpitz which will shortly disfigure Wilhelmshaven, the eyes are described as gazing into space far away over the distant seas. About as far, for instance, as St. Helena.

### PICKINGS FROM "PUNCH."

Extract from a soldier's letter (forwarded by Censor): "They are sending intoxiating shells over to the germans now. i supos thats where our rum issue is going, and then they talk about no treating in England."

On learning that Marshal von Hindenburg had told a newspaperman that war was suiting him "like a seaside-trip," Grand Admiral von Tirpitz is said to have remarked that, for himself, war suited him like an inland excursion.

*Tommy's father had gone to the Front*, and his much-loved Uncle Geoffrey had a post in the War Office. This was Tommy's prayer: "God bless dear Daddy and bring him home safe from the War; and God bless Uncle Geoffrey and bring him home safe from the War Office."

As a proof of the rigours of the Macedonian winter a correspondent at the British Headquarters states that ink frozen in fountain pens. Even the Censor's pencils looked quite blue.

# IN THE POULTRY YARD.

By COCK-CROW.

## MARKETING POULTRY.

At this time of the year poultry-keepers are busy sending birds to market. This Christmas is bound to be rather a poor one for those keepers who usually depend upon the price received for table birds to replenish their stock of layers, because hundreds of families with a view to economising, will not buy poultry for the Christmas feast, but will make shift with roast beef or pork. Of course poultry is very nice at Christmas, and all of us like to see a fowl or turkey on the table, but as it is the duty of the nation as a whole to retrench, it is not to be wondered at that many will forego the Christmas birds. But the market will not be wholly destroyed, and birds of no more use for laying purposes may be killed and sent to market for the table. Many poultry-keepers who send their birds to market for table purposes, send them in an ugly unkempt condition. They do not dream of dressing them nicely, and they consequently wonder why the prices received are small. "If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing well." You will do well to remember that when killing your stock for market, birds nicely trussed, dressed, and cleaned, are more readily bought by dealers than those sent to market in a condition of dirt and untidiness. To properly kill, pluck, and dress a bird is an art. It needs a certain amount of skill mixed with a certain amount of patience.

Different farmers adopt different methods of killing fowls. One method of killing is to take the bird's head in the right hand, placing the thumb at the back of the skull, the left hand holding the bird's neck. **METHODS OF KILLING.** Then a sudden jerk is given which dislocates the joints and causes instantaneous death. The people of noble France adopt the method of hanging the bird by its legs and thrusting a long, sharp-pointed, narrow knife through the back part of the roof of the mouth and drawing it all through the brain to the front. Either method is effective, but English poultry-dealers prefer the Surrey method. After the birds are dead do not lay them aside and pluck them later. Plucking should be done at once whilst the bodies are still warm; the feathers then come away from the flesh much easier. The small hairs should then be singed off. Some afterward dip the birds just one instant in boiling water; but this practice is not performed to any great extent.

The dressing of a fowl is highly important, but it is a point so many people are negligent about. It is common practice among many poultry-keepers to mash down the keel of the breast-bone with a round roller or handle of the knife, making the breast look broad and plump, which is then exposed upwards to tempt the purchaser. **DRESSING A BIRD.** It will be obvious to the reader, however, that this process cannot make meat; and the splinters effectually prevent the carver from getting a really nice slice, even from a good fowl. The people of France have a better method of making their birds look plump, which should be adopted by poultry-keepers in this country. The Frenchmen, after the bird has been killed, plucked, singed, and the gut washed (not drawn), place his knee against the back, and forcibly compress the body held by the ribs and breast. To prevent bruising of the back, sufficient padding must be used if the ordinary clothing is insufficient. This process forces the back and upper ribs towards the breast, the ribs bending or giving way in the middle; and it will be seen that the process, carrying with it the contents of the body, forces up the meat at the sides of the breast. The breast is thus also made to look flatter than it was; but it is done by really bringing more meat there, where the carver wants to get as many slices as possible. All parties therefore gain by this process, and it cannot be called underhanded business. After this the hocks should be tied together with a piece of clean white string, over the breast, the pinions drawn through them, and the bird placed on a shaping-board, which is an item often missing during killing time. The shaping-board, if you want your bird to look "tip-top," is a great necessity. This in a French poultry farm is modelled like a long trough, in which a large number of birds can be placed close together, breasts downwards. On their backs you should place weights, and the fowls are then to be pressed again. After this, ice-cold water should be poured over the birds, and they should be kept in the trough for at least twenty-four hours afterwards, and then, when taken out, they will be found to be of decent shape. This French method is a very fine one, but the method used in Surrey is much simpler and much more used in England than any other.

After death the bird is laid with the back against the thigh and the breast is pressed hard down with the flat of the hand, cracking the ribs and plumping the breast much after the French manner; some people, however, press so hard that they break the breast-bone down, but do not splinter it. **THE SURREY METHOD.** The vent, by the Surrey method, is first emptied as far as possible by pressure, and the hocks tied loosely together. The fowl should then be taken in both hands with the thumbs across the back, the stern knocked or jammed square against the wall, so as to flatten and square it, and placed in a trough or press of two boards meeting almost at a right angle. The width of the boards or size of trough depends upon the size of the birds, and large fatters have various sizes—in any case, a trough should be filled by one size, the necks hanging over in front. The first bird is then pressed hard against one end of the trough, and a heavy brick or a weight jammed up to it; the next is pressed hard up to this one, and so on, always keeping a weight jammed close up to the last, or till the trough is full, all being thus tightly wedged together. A board, which should be as long as the trough and about 4in. wide, is then laid all across the backs of the row, at the shoulder end of the carcasses, upon which heavy weights are placed, and the whole are left to grow cold and "set"; they must be put in the trough when quite warm if you want them to be of good shape. Birds plucked and dressed in this manner will be more easily marketed than birds prepared in a slovenly manner, and all poultry-keepers will do well in these hard times, when we are all desirous of adding to our incomes, to carry them out.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TED.—Those young fowls of yours that you are thinking of roasting, should have black legs. Young ones for boiling, white. Pliable feet and beak, no spurs, hairless thighs denote youth. A fowl needs ten minutes strong heat at first, then reduced. Always place poultry on a grid when oven-roasted.

F. W.—Far too many poultry-keepers neglect the nesting material. Many indeed never trouble to take out the old hay and remake up the nest. This is a great mistake. Always see that a fresh supply of nesting litter is given to the birds at regular intervals.

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Ironmonger and Hardware Merchant and Timber Stores. Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, Furniture, Iron Gates (any size), made to order; Pulpers, Root Cutters, Chaff Cutters, Plough, Spring Tooth Harrow. Close and open Fire Ranges, Catch Crop Seeds, Giant Essex Rye, Rape, Hardy Green Turnips, Clovers and Rye Grass.

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**Better "Kuland."**

Like Whitehaven in appearance and burning qualities, equals most Orrells.
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**Best "Ruby Arley."**

The best Coal that money can buy, slow burning, clean and cheerful.
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## Renowned Temperance Beverage

THE IDEAL HEALTH DRINK.
THE NEW INVIGORATOR.

A Delightful, Exhilarating, Non-Alcoholic Beverage.
Contains the principal ingredient used in the manufacture of Sanatogen.

The use of alcohol is terribly seductive, especially to those who fly to the sideboard for little sips of alcohol because they are intensely miserable. The greatest want of the age has been a satisfying non-alcoholic beverage, and at last we have it in Coleman's R.T.B.

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

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

To SPENCER, LAYTON & Co.,
BRUNDALL, near NORWICH.
Kindly send me a Champagne Quart of Coleman's R.T.B. I enclose 1/9 herewith.

SEND THIS FORM.

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