

WARE THAT LASTS!

KENRICK'S

ST IRON TINNED HOLLOW-

WARE will last a lifetime, and pots and pans are subject to rough use. There is nothing superior. We have a good stock of:—

SAUCEPANS.

BAIL HANDLE ROUND POTS

KETTLES

OVAL BOILERS.

your requirements now while we have the stocks.

We have a very fine line of

ALUMINIUM STEWPANS

exceptionally heavy quality, and at prices that are good value.

BROAD SMALL

AND CO.

DEE STREET.

—MUTTON BIRDS!—

—MUTTON BIRDS!—

ARGE SUPPLIES NEW SEASON'S

BIRDS TO HAND.

COOKED AND UNCOOKED.

Wholesale and Retail at—

LINDSAY & CO.,

TAY AND ESK STREET

SHOPS.

W. DRAKE, DEE STREET.

(Near Club Hotel).

CHOICEST—

FRUIT, and

CONFECTIONERY

ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.

Everybody's Fruit Confectioner.

Dewar's

Imperial

Thomson's

Purity

Soda

He got up, carefully dusted the knees of his trousers, and then sat down in his chair with a sigh, and called himself a miserable wretch again.

"Now listen to me, father," she said. "Only yesterday I had an offer of marriage from a noble and true gentleman, from Dr Weston. I was going to bring him to see you and ask your consent."

"I can't consent to anything under the circumstances!"

"Listen to me," she went on. "I am not sure that your change of circumstances would allow me to enter into an engagement with Dr Weston, certainly not unless I told him first. But I do not think he would pay any attention to a reverse of fortune, and he would help you. I am sure of it."

He shook his head impatiently, and waved his hands in the air.

"You talk nonsense!" he wailed. "You talk nonsense! You choose poverty. You have a right to choose it for yourself, but it is not what I looked for in you, Doris, not what I looked for in my daughter. Listen to me, Doris! I believe that Armer worked this on purpose, he as good as told me so. He said he loved you, and he knew there was no chance of winning you, and he's not a man to be turned from his purpose lightly. Only this morning he rang me up."

"Rang you up! Stay!" She went across to the telephone. "What is your number in the City?"

He told her. She rang up, and when she got a reply, desired to be put through to Mr Armer, and soon the answer came.

"Yes? who's that?"

"I am Miss Thobury."

"Yes, Miss Thobury?"

"I have received a communication from my father, Mr Armer, which has surprised me very much. I can hardly believe that you are in earnest."

"I am sorry for that, Miss Thobury, because I am in earnest."

"But you surely cannot mean—"

"Excuse me, Miss Thobury," the voice interrupted, "but at the present moment I am very busy. Things here are in a critical state, and require my immediate attention. I have explained to your father exactly what I do mean, and I shall be calling upon him to-night to receive his answer to my proposition."

His answer! Not hers; There, again, she was not to be taken into consideration. Her whole soul rose in rebellion against this position. "Well, are you satisfied? Her father asked.

"I am satisfied that this man is in earnest," she answered. "I am wondering whether you are in earnest, whether you can stoop to such degradation, as this, whether it would not be better, father, for us to beg our bread in the streets."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Doris!" I sent for you expecting to find a dutiful daughter. If you cannot help me, if the crash is to come, I won't face it. I'll take my own life!"

To anyone else the idea of Walter Thobury taking his own life might have been ludicrous, but she shuddered. It was too terrible. She felt bewildered. If she had had time to think things out, to contemplate it, it might have been different; but to bring this suddenly upon her with a crash, and just when she had been so happy; it meant the sacrifice of all her life, of all her hopes, of all her prospects. It meant a living death for her!

"Doris, we must give an answer soon. For Heaven's sake, my dear girl, be rational! Armer is coming this evening for his answer."

"Heaven give me strength for this!" The prayer was formed in her heart. "Heaven give me strength for this, and then, in mercy, when the sacrifice is made, let me die!" Surely it was a terrible prayer, although unspoken, yet it came from the very bottom of her torn and racked heart.

"Tell me honestly, father," she said, "is there no other way but this?"

"No other way, my dear."

"Then I promise."

He would have rushed in and embraced her, and called her his darling, noble girl, but she shrank from him. She could not endure that.

"Please leave me alone, father," she said.

"I'll phone to Armer, and tell him. He will dine with us, my dear. I'm sure you will be very happy, and all that sort of thing." And with that he left her.

There upon the bed lay her cloak and bonnet, her nurse's uniform. She was dressed in nurse's garb now. She took it off, her eyes were full of tears. She took her gown and kissed it; she kissed the cloak. She took off the little chatelaine slowly and reverently, as one who puts aside that which is brightest and sweetest. She laid them in her box, and then dressed for dinner—to meet her future husband!

In her room were some of her medical works, books of reference, books of nursing and bandaging. She took them down one after another. She was very calm now, unnaturally calm. She placed them

all away, then she sat down and wrote two letters. One was to the matron, telling her that duty would prevent her ever going back to the hospital, the second was to her lover, telling him that circumstances had arisen which forced her to alter her decision, that she could be no engagement between them. She bade him good-bye. They would never meet again, because she was going to be married.

She rang the bell, and when the maid answered the summons, she handed her the letters.

"I want these posted at once, please," she said. And yet, as soon as the girl had gone with them, she cried out for them to be brought back. She could not do it. But they were gone, they were posted, and she cowered down there in her room.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned. "Heaven strengthen me! Now I feel as though my heart was dead!"

Her torture was only beginning, however. The maid returned in a few moments with the information that "Mr Armer had arrived and would be pleased to see her if she would come down."

Like one in an evil dream she rose and went downstairs, her face flushing with shame at the thought of what she was about to do. Slowly she opened the drawing-room door and entered, to find herself face to face with Rodger Armer.

(To be continued.)

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

Casey bet on a horse which finished last. He went down to the paddock, called out the jockey who had ridden him and asked: "In havin' name, young man phawt delayed you?"

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long distance during torrents of rain, was asked if he was not very wet.

"Arrah, I wouldn't care about being so very wet, if I wasn't so very dry, your honour."

"Did the fisherman have frog's legs, Bridget?"

"Sure, I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

"Have you a very quiet horse? McSorley. It must be like a lamb, neither kick nor shy and not go too fast."

"Certainly, McCahey; which'll you have, a clothes-horse or a rocking-horse?"

"There's a great art," says Mickey Dolan, "In knowing what not to know when yez don't want to know it."

Pat: Who is being lowered into a well; "Stshop, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up again."

"Murphy: Still letting him down, 'Phat for?"

Pat: "O'll show ye. 'Af ye don't stshop lettin' me doon, O'll cut the rope."

"I hear, McGinty, that yez broke yer leg." "Then yez heard wrong, Lafferty. Yez must think I'm a fool. It was broke by accident. What would I want to break me own leg for?"

Once there was a millionaire named O'Reilly, who had a servant girl working for him also named O'Reilly.

O'Reilly disliked fortune hunters, so when one came to town—a duke from England—O'Reilly immediately invited the penniless man to his home.

"Pleased to meet you, duke, said O'Reilly. "Let me introduce you to Miss O'Reilly."

The duke, and Miss O'Reilly, who was dressed for the occasion, got along famously, Miss O'Reilly doing most of the listening. Before two hours had passed the duke came out of the parlour, and said to Mr O'Reilly: "Margaret and I love each other devotedly. Will you give me her hand in marriage?"

"Certainly, duke," answered Mr O'Reilly, gazing up at his cigar smoke. "Margaret has always longed for a title. Can I send for a clergyman and have the ceremony performed now?"

The duke was delighted with this. Of course, and answered heartily in the affirmative.

So they were married and the drinks were on the duke.

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said:

"You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr Haggerty?"

"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

Irish Foreman, to gang of men in a sewer: "How many men is down in that hole?"

Voice from the sewer: "Three, sorr." Irish Foreman: "Then lave half of yez cum up."

MOTORING NOTES.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

With the coming of summer, your thoughts naturally turn to your Motor cycle again. We want you to get all the pleasure possible out of your machine this season. But before you take it out on the road, there are a few things that you should do, in order that you do not run up a big repair bill later in the year, and have to be without your machine when the riding is best.

Go carefully over your Indian as outlined below, and when you are through, your machine will run better and you will get a lot more satisfaction from its use.

Motor.—Remove both cylinders and scrape all carbon deposit from them.

Grind the valves to a perfect seat, and after replacing, adjust the clearance carefully.

Drain the oil from crank case, and wash out thoroughly with plenty of kerosene. Drain kerosene and put three pumpful of oil into the case before starting the motor.

Clean the points on spark plugs, and remove carbon from the shell and insulation.

Clutch.—Remove screws and plates; clean all grit from inside; if necessary replace linings. Tilt the machine to one side and put a small amount of light oil into the adjusting screw holes for oiling the roller bearings. Assemble and adjust to proper tension.

Speed.—Drain off the old oil through the lower screw hole in side of case. Fill the case with a fresh supply of good steam engine oil or Mobiloil "C," through the upper screw hole. Do not use grease of any kind.

Fork.—Remove fork, clean cups and cones with kerosene, and repack with a hard cup grease.

Oil bell cranks and studs so that the fork will rock easily.

Springs.—Either remove or spread the front and rear springs, and after cleaning all rust, coat the leaves with a thin layer of graphite grease.

Inject oil in shackle pins through the oil screw holes.

Wheels.—Remove front and rear wheels; clean bearings carefully, inspect for wear, and repack with good hard cup grease. Inspect the brake linings and renew if necessary.

Chains.—Clean thoroughly in kerosene or gasoline; wipe dry and put into oil bath; hang up and let surplus oil drain off, use new connecting links and adjust chains to fit without slapping.

Tanks.—If gas has been left in the tanks over the winter, drain it off and ref. fill with fresh gas.

Refill oil tank, inspect oil and gas lines for leakage, and examine hand pump to see that it draws oil. After the motor is running remove small screw in the automatic oil pump; replace when oil issues through hole.

Magneto.—Put only a few drops of light machine oil into the oilers. Remove front brush holder and with a piece of clean cloth wrapped around the blunt end of a small pencil, clean the collector spool visible inside the opening. Turn the motor over slowly when doing this.

Inspect wires for burns or breaks, and be sure they are not too close to the cylinders.

Battery.—Keep the battery and battery box very clean. Add distilled water to all three cells through the plug openings in the side, until the water reaches the openings. Always use a glass syringe or battery hydrometer for adding water. Never use ordinary water; get a quart of distilled water at your druggist's for a few pence.

Generator.—Put four or five drops of light machine oil into the oilers at each end of the generator; repeat every 400 miles. Remove end cover and put a drop of oil the moving parts of the automatic cutout.

Wiring.—Carefully inspect all wires for chafes, breaks and short circuits; replace wires wherever necessary.

Controls.—Inspect the controls to the—Carburettor.—Magneto.—Clutch.—3 speed.—Brakes. Be sure they are all working properly and easily. Oil all joints, shafts and bearings with light oil.

Sidescar.—Inspect and tighten all braces; remove wheel, clean bearings and pack with hard cup grease; see that the wheel is parallel to the machine, and that the machine does not lean towards or away from the sidescar.

Last: Go over the entire machine carefully with screw driver and wrench, and make sure that all nuts and screws are tight.

"A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—Emerson.

CHEAP MEAT.

ONLY PRIMEST QUALITY,
BEEF AND MUTTON.

AT EVERYBODY'S
BUTCHERY.



A. CUNDALL,
Proprietor.

For several years Manager
City Meat Co.

(Kelvin St. one door from Esk St.)

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT
LOVELY FRUIT?

THAT HANDSOME BOX OF SWEETS!

THOSE BEAUTIFUL PALMS AND

ASPIDISTRAS!

WHY AT—

WELSH'S

FRUITERER AND CONFECTIONER,

TAY STREET.

THEY HAVE ALSO CLEANEST AND

BEST OF FOUNTAIN DRINKS.

A. E. HOBBS,

Proprietor.

Phone—400.

IN STOCK

Chocolate Raspberry, Dates, Almonds, Ginger, Raisins, Caramels, Montebellini. Also Creams, and a large assortment Boiled Confectionery.

Cadbury's, Fry's, Romson's, Court, Ausbrook's Fancy Boxes.

Ring 1370 and I will have your Sweets ready for you.

F. C. Jarvis,

"EXCELLA," DEE STREET

Next Bank N.S.W.

Books to Read.

LATEST NOVELS, AT

"This Marrying" (Margaret Culkin Banning).

"Desborough of the North-West Frontier" (Joan Sutherland).

"No. 7, Saville Square" (Mr Le Queux).

"Pink Gods and Blue Demons" (Cynthia Stockley).

"Penelope" (Elizabeth Kirkby).

"Days of Probation" (Louise Gerard), (A nursery Novel).

Gardner & Son,

TAY AND KELVIN STREETS,

INVERCARGILL.