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A SUCCESSFUL RISHTON LAW STUDENT.

The January issue of "Law Notes" contains an interesting account of the career of Mr. William Slater, of Rishton, Clement's Inn, Daniel Reardon and John Mackrell Prizeman, Michaelmas, 1913, and Scott scholar for the year and Clabon prizeman. "Born on 23rd October, 1887, at Rishton, says the journal, Mr. William Slater received his education in early days at a primary school, and then at the Technical school, Blackburn. Originally, he was intended for the Civil Service, but his taste for science tempted him to aspire to a University degree, but in the long run the law prevailed, and he was articled to Mr. Ellis D. Little, of Blackburn, on 3rd November, 1908.

His mind once made up, he worked steadily at Stephen, and took his Intermediate in April, 1910, obtaining a First Class. The Intermediate over, he settled down to office work, and came into close touch with most of the matters in the office. During this period he was also steadily reading for his Final, but not more than a few hours a week. In March, 1913, he came to London agents, Messrs. Pritchard, Englefield and Co., of Painters Hall, E.C., and attached himself to the Chancery department, where he obtained a few months insight into Chancery chamber work.

Mr. Slater had no particular method of study, just reading when he thought fit. He was a member of the Blackburn Law Students' Debating Society, and passed many pleasant evenings in debate, whilst he kept in touch with current legal topics and decisions by reading the weekly and monthly law journals. In sport he admits that, though he has done a great deal, he has never specialised; hence he does not "excel" in any line. Up to last year he played football, and he had some pretension to school cricket. He plays tennis and golf, and last year he took up rowing and yachting. Of winter indoor sports he prefers billiards, putting in frequently a nice little break of fifty. As to some of his vices, he admits to smoking a fair amount, and he has, even up to his examination, spent many happy evenings at the theatres and other of the many diversions in London, this mixing of work and play being, he believes, good: it prevents a man being either a bore or bored.

Mr. Slater was, unfortunately, twenty-six years of age ten days before the examination, and was debarred consequently from some of the special prizes, for which otherwise, on his merits, he would certainly have been in the running, but he has won the local Judge Coventry prize, and the Blackburn Law Students' Debating Society prizes. The total value of the prizes won by Mr. William Slater is nearly £100.

THAT JACKHOUSE RESERVOIR.

[By W. J. W., Church.]

There were twelve fishermen good and true,
With baskets, rods, and nets enoo,
Went up to the Jackhouse rendezvous,
Dreaming of a Piscine Waterloo,
Oh, listen to a tale of woe!

Some with flies and some with bait,
Some came early and others late,
On the emerald grass they stood or sate,
Some said nothing and others did prate;
Oh, listen to a tale of woe!

Some years ago in the month of May,
Two thousand rainbows (don't say nay),
Who were one year old am sorry to say,
Got put in the Jackhouse Lodge to stay,
Oh, listen to a tale of woe!

And stayed they did, but they never grew,
Or those that grew were indeed but few,
For the aforesaid fishermen good and true,
Could not catch one that was long enoo!
Oh, listen to a tale of woe!

For the trout did jump to the artful fly,
To the worm they said, "We'll ha'e it or die;"
And the fishermen landed 'em high and dry,
And many a curse went hurrying by,
At these fingerling Gillaroo.

For twelve bold fishermen wended home,
And Simon talked of a kingdom come,
And Spencer muttered an epitome,
On that topmost Jackhouse reservoir.

[The angling fraternity is anxiously awaiting the move of our esteemed District Council of Oswaldtwistle to give them permission this year to angle for "Ye Lusty Trout." The few thousands of yearling trout put in the Jackhouse Reservoir two years ago should be of good proportions now. If I am not mistaken they will be what we "sports" call three-year-olds. Considering that they are Loch Leven trout, it goes without saying that we shall have some real good sport, for a gamer species of "salmo. fario" is not to be found. The American Rainbow Trout, the above verses refer to, were an utter failure.]

DON'T LOOK OLD—but use LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which restores the natural colour in a few days. Lockyer's maintains a youthful appearance. Large bottles everywhere. Post free 1s. 6d. Bedford Laboratory, London, S.E. Advt.

THE EXODUS FROM THE LAND.

[FROM THE FREE TRADE UNION].

The report of the Board of Agriculture on "Migration from Rural Districts" effectually disposes of the well-worn contention of the Tariff Reformers that rural labourers are being driven from the land owing to the absence of taxes on imported food.

Over 480 reports, covering the whole of England and Wales, have been received by the Board from agricultural correspondents, crop and market reporters, Secretaries of Chambers of Agriculture, and other bodies similarly interested in the agricultural problem.

Throughout the whole series of reports there is a general consensus of opinion regarding the causes of migration from the land to the towns and to the Colonies overseas. First and foremost come the enormous activities of the emigration agents maintained by the Colonial governments and the various transport companies. The rural districts are systematically canvassed, and leaflets depicting the allurements of Colonial life are placed in the hands of every farm labourer. The freer life, the easy facilities for becoming a landowner, the wider scope for energy and enterprise, and the higher wages paid for manual labour make an appeal to the rural worker which proves too attractive to be neglected. Education is likewise a powerful factor, for it produces a disgust for the monotonous and slow-moving life in the villages where change and excitement are unknown.

The whole explanation lies in a nutshell. Unless something can be done to render agricultural pursuits more attractive in themselves, and afford the possibility of a career to the rising generation of worker, and unless the possibility of obtaining holdings on the land becomes more general, the depopulation will continue.

The Board, in its report, illustrates this point perfectly:—

"These prospects (the attractions of the Colonies) appeal specially to those who do not wish to leave the land, but do not see in this country a reasonable chance of living by it. The low wages in the rural districts are mentioned as a cause of discontent, but it may be doubted whether this in itself is so powerful a factor as the lack of opportunity, and, in fact, there appears no evidence that emigration is greatest in districts where wages are lowest. More than once in these reports it is observed that many who emigrate would prefer to stay at home if they could see a reasonable prospect of advancement in life. Better education . . . which gives a distaste for country life is referred to; while the desire for shorter hours, for free Sundays, and for more holidays is also mentioned."

In what precise way the fiscal policy of this country will alter the disinclination of landlords to part with land for the purpose of small-holdings, or induce a liking for long hours and seven weekly workdays in the breast of the farm labourer, Tariff Reformers have not been able to explain with satisfaction even to themselves, much less to the country as a whole.

DAN ROLYAT AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

Next week, at the Theatre Royal, Blackburn, there will be a particularly strong attraction. The brilliant musical comedy, "Princess Caprice," will be produced by Mr. Robt. Courtneidge's Company, which includes the great London comedian, Mr. Dan Rolyat. This merry musical play ran for many months at the Shaftesbury Theatre, for it is pretty, tuneful, and very amusing. Leo Fall, Harry Beswick, Scot Craven, and Percy Greenbank have combined to produce the music and the lyrics, and with such a combination, it need hardly be said, that everything is of the highest order. The score of Herr Leo Fall's "Princess Caprice" is particularly dainty. The melodies are delicately fanciful, and the orchestration charming and distinctive. Mr. Courtneidge is sending the entire production as used in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and the scenery and costumes alone will repay a visit to the Royal. In addition to Mr. Dan Rolyat, there will be a strong company of artistes, including Miss Dorothy Moulton, Miss Gladys Archbutt, Miss Maudie Francis, Mr. Alfred H. Majilton, Mr. Gibb McLaughlin, Mr. Michael Dwyer, Mr. Leslie Vernon, and Mr. Gordon Cleather, the popular leading baritone from Daly's, Prince of Wales, and Vaudeville theatres, and the Queen's Hall concerts.

The jamming of the tail of his overcoat between the shoe of the back brake and the back stays of his bicycle was stated at a Camberwell inquest to have led to the death of Charles Herbert King, aged 17, of Peckham, who was killed by a motor omnibus in Half Moon-lane, Dulwich, on New Year's Day. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

Haslingden Board of Guardians

THE CHAIRMAN'S REVITW.

An Interesting Survey.

No business, except of routine character, occupied the attention of the Haslingden Union Board of Guardians at their fortnightly meeting on Wednesday. The Rev. J. Falconer presided, and there were also present Messrs. Walmsley, A. Wilkinson, F. Wilkinson, Marsden, Haworth, Waite, O'Connor, Morley, Accrington; Messrs. Cooper, Barcroft, Green, Hitchen, Bacup; Messrs. Cartin, Pickup, Kelly, Cunliffe, Hoyle, Miss Bradbury, Haslingden; Messrs. Tomlinson, Neill, Buckley, Law, Fenton, Ashworth and Mrs. Cunliffe, Rawtenstall.

The suggestion of the House Committee that the Guardians subscribe £5 towards the Manchester and Salford Ear Hospital was accepted.

RELIEF RETURNS.

A return of the number of persons in receipt of relief on Saturday, December 27th, showed there were in receipt of institutional relief 278 in the Workhouse, 117 in the Infirmary, 17 in the Boys' Home, and 23 in the Poor Law schools, etc., making a total of 435, an increase on corresponding week last year of 9. In out-relief £91 15s. was expended on 497 persons, as against £100 14s. spent on 575 persons in the corresponding week of last year.

The Chairman (Rev. J. Falconer) gave a brief but interesting account of the work during the past year of the Board. He congratulated all the committees on their chairmen. The Assessment Committee during the past year had continued with the great work of Union valuation. The work had not been altogether pleasant to the members of the Committee during the past year, as the preparation of the lists had imposed upon them many awkward tasks. The chairman, however, with his tactful manner, had sent away some of those appealing, if not satisfied, at least a great deal more contented than when they came. He believed that special work of the Assessment Committee was drawing to a close, and he understood it was ending more satisfactorily in regard to appeals against assessments on licensed premises than was at first thought likely to be the case. He trusted when all was settled everybody would be satisfied. As chairman of the Finance Committee they had an able Chancellor of the Exchequer, and although he came sometimes with increased demands, he always endeavoured to prove, not exactly that they had no more to pay, but that it was not the Guardians' fault they had to pay an additional amount. As they knew a great deal put down under the heading of Poor rate was for purposes with which the Guardians had nothing to do. In Bacup, for instance, where the rates were 8s. 6d. in the £, they would find that of the Poor rate of 2s. 2d. only 11d. was for the real purposes of the Guardians. The rest was for county purposes. Hence it was not altogether fair that the Guardians should be blamed, as they were sometimes, for increased expenses. Of course, as they knew, there were expenses facing them into which they had been forced, from the necessities of the case, in connection with the old Infirmary, the new disinfector, and the new valuation. All those things were absolutely necessary. The cost would be spread over a few years to minimise the demand upon the ratepayers for the moment.

Passing to the Children and Boarding-out Committee, Mr. Falconer spoke of its importance. There were at the present time 152 children in the care of the Committee. Thirty-one were boarded out, 11 were in special schools, 41 were placed out, 46 were in the Workhouse, and 17 were in the boys' home. Very recently the Committee tried to get some of them out of the Workhouse, but were unable to do so for the reason that out of thirteen twelve were not medically fit to be sent out. That was a very sad comment upon their previous life. The days of Oliver Twist and Bumbledom, when the aim was to get as much as possible out of the boy, were past, and in their exercise of parental control they had not to forget to use every care and discretion as to where they should put the children in order that they might be trained in a sense of responsibility for future citizenship. With the Infirmary Committee he was thankful to say everything was working very satisfactorily. Their superintendent nurse had been a great help to the Committee since she came, and they might congratulate themselves on having matters so comfortable there. The scarcity of nurses had caused considerable expense in advertisements by Boards of Guardians throughout the country. They had been saved all that, and he trusted that condition of affairs would continue. Incidental to that was that five of their probationary nurses would have completed their term shortly, and they ought to be looking out for others to fill their places. There would, of course, always be the call for Infirmary treatment.

The work of the Building Committee was also proceeding satisfactorily. They had several big schemes on hand, and bigger things in future. The new regulations of the Poor Law, by which every child over three must be away from the Workhouse, were now in force, and it became absolutely necessary they should have the girls in their new home in a very short time. They trusted there would be no difficulty now in proceeding with that work, and also that the boys would soon be all right. He felt rather disheartened they had been so long. Mr. Falconer briefly alluded to the work of the Farm and the House Committees, and in conclusion said that the new duties placed upon them during the coming year would perhaps give some of them cause for a good deal of thought. When they came to recognise the good things that might be contained in the new order, they would wonder, perhaps, how they had managed to get along so well without them. He hoped that, with the year before them, they would work together amicably, and that they would always agree, even were it only to agree to differ.

MOTHER, YOUR CHILD NEEDS A LAXATIVE.

IF TONGUE IS COATED, STOMACH SICK, OR THE CHILD IS CROSS, FEEVERISH, CONSTIPATED, GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged wih bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhœa, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given today saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle.

Of two taxi-cab drivers who were sentenced to 21 days in the second division by Mr. Hopkins, at Bow-street, for drunkenness, one had collided with and damaged the statue of the Duke of Cambridge in Whiteball. The other collided with a street refuge and injured his wife and another woman, who were inside the cab.

At Mansfield, a Crimean and Indian Mutiny veteran, William Lacey, and his wife, whom he married at Benares, celebrated their golden wedding. There was a family gathering of their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. They have four sons and seven daughters living.

SOME FAMOUS RESTAURANTS.

[Copyright.]

It may be said with some truth that in no place will the spirit and character of a city be more completely mirrored forth than in its dining resorts, its tea-rooms, its cafes. There, if anywhere, may be seen the racial types who compose its sets and coteries, with their special qualities of business keenness of leisured ease, of artistic Bohemianism or stiff decorum—a sort of concentrated essence of the whole city's varied life. Everywhere may be discerned this distinctive note, from the solid, unflimsy, yet withal picturesque comfort of the old London coffee houses, to the flyaway paper tea-rooms of Japan with their dainty air of graceful unreality.

LONDON'S MODERN RESTAURANTS.

Curiously enough, the fashionable restaurants of London are for the most part of comparatively modern origin. Their interest and fascination—for they have undeniably a spell all their own—is a totally different thing from the old-world charm of the historic coffee-houses, taverns, and ordinaries which are among London's places of pilgrimage. Few cities can show more brilliant gatherings of rank and wealth, fame and fashion, than those which throng the sumptuous dining-rooms of the Carlton, the Ritz, and the Savoy during the London season. Restaurant parties are becoming more and more frequent with the growing tendency among fashionable folk to keep up smaller establishments and entertain less at home, and it is not wonderful that the proprietors of the great restaurants have to be somewhat careful about their patrons. Some of these resorts do not admit diners except in correct dress, a restriction which has been the subject of vigorous discussion from time to time. Gunter's, famed for ices and their new rivals from America, Fuller's, may be mentioned among those who cater more especially for the lighter forms of refreshment.

RESORTS OF OLD LONDON.

The celebrated diners' resorts of older London would in themselves fill a volume, and space will only allow here of a brief account of the most important. First and foremost comes the "Cheshire Cheese," famous as the resort of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. The present building is now about two and a half centuries old, and its old traditions and quaint atmosphere are respected carefully in its furnishing and appointments. On the left of the principal entrance in Fleet street is the genuine old eating-room, with its plain old tables, homely seats against the walls, and spindle backed chairs, its floors sprinkled with sawdust, and a portrait of Dr. Johnson after Sir Joshua Reynolds, looking down from its place above the nook in the far corner where the great man was wont to sit. Below the portrait is the inscription: "The favourite seat of Dr. Johnson. Born 18th September, 1709. Died 13th December, 1784," concluding with the following quotation from the lexicographer's own conversation: "No, sir! There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern." The ceremony of cutting the cheese at the famous hostelry has been performed by distinguished visitors on various occasions, amongst others by a baby elephant, whose sagacity was the rage of London a few years ago.

HAUNTS OF CELEBRITIES.

Of more recent literary celebrity is the "Cock," whose room "high over roaring Temple-bar," was Tennyson's favourite London dining-place amid the

"Old boxes, larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners,"

of which he sings in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue." The poet's son in his biography tells how "a perfect dinner in his estimation was a beefsteak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe (never a cigar)."

And how many memories linger about the "Mermaid" Tavern in Cheapside, the haunt once of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and, according to some authorities, of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh! Its good cheer, as well as its literary past, is immortalised by Keats in his "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern."

"Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dreet as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bouse with horn and can."

GEORGIAN COFFEE HOUSES.

The most famous of the eighteenth century coffee-houses as a meeting place of the wits and men of letters of the day was "Will's," near Covent Garden, of which Macauley gives a vivid description, but this, like "Button's," its great rival, has passed away, and only memories remain of the "Wit's room," where Dryden was the central figure of the witty and pleasant discourse" to which Mr. Pepys alluded in his "Diary." Another vanished coffee-house of interesting associations is the Chapter in Paul's Alley, with its memories of Goldsmith and Johnson and Chatterton, who wrote to his mother: "I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there;" most interesting of all, perhaps, its two quiet, countrified lady visitors from the Yorkshire vicarage, Charlotte and Anne Bronte, on their first visit to London. And while the subject of the old London coffee-houses is uppermost reference may be made to the fact that the national institution known as "Lloyd's" was in the first place an establishment of this kind, to which shipbrokers and marine insurance agents were wont to repair together with mere literary men like Addison and Steele.

FAMOUS PARISIAN CAFES.

Paris, it goes without saying, is the city par excellence of restaurants and cafes, ranging from the expensive haunts to the fashionable quarter to the queer cafes and cabarets of the Boulevard de Clichy. Amongst the former class must be mentioned the Cafe Anglais and Paillard's, in the aristocratic district of the Rue St. Honore; and Voisin's, in the same region, makes special boast of being the only restaurant in Paris which never once failed to provide its patrons with a meal (of sorts) during the famine period of the siege. On December 18th, Mr. Labouchere tells us, the bill of fare was ass, horse, and English wolf (whatever that may mean) from the Jardin d'Acclimatation. A Scotch friend informed him that the English wolf was in reality Scotch fox! In view of this appetising fact it is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Labouchre contented himself with the ass. The head waiter can still display copies of the siege menus to interested visitors.

YESTERDAY AND LAST NIGHT IN PARIS.

Other noteworthy Paris restaurants are Marquery's in the Grand Boulevard, widely celebrated for its filet de sole in a special sauce, and in the Bois de Boulogne the Pre Catelan, which is a favourite early morning resort of the gay habitues of the Montmartre night cafes. One of the most famous of French restaurateurs during the nineteenth century was Tortoni, whose cafe, in the Boulevard des Italiens, is described by Captain Gronow as "the centre of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment." During the reign of Louis Philippe, the boulevards used to be crowded with the carriages of fashionable folk on their way to supper at Tortoni's, which was the chief rendezvous of the society of the time. But in spite of his great success and large fortune Tortoni was not happy, and his career closed with his hanging himself in a fit of insanity.

Many of the Bohemian resorts of Paris in the Boulevard de Clichy are really more showplaces for the edification of the sightseer than genuine haunts of Parisians. Amongst the real meeting-places of Bohemia may be mentioned, however, the "cabaret" of Le Pere Lunette in the Rue des Anglais.

NEW YORK'S MANY DINING PLACES.

Two names stand out conspicuously among the fashionable dining-places of New York—Delmonico's and Sherry's. The latter employs 16 chefs and 200 kitchen employes, and is amongst the most expensive and luxurious of New York restaurants, its Sunday night "dinner de luxe" being its chief attraction. Delmonico's, close at hand, was founded by two Swiss brothers of humble origin, Peter and John Delmonico, in 1826. It is the place above all others for smart wedding breakfasts, and is also noted for its game. Fifteen hundred quail are consumed there in a month, and every afternoon witnesses the disappearance of fifty gallons of their famous chocolate. As for the Waldorf-Astoria, where are given most of New York's eccentric dinner-parties, such as the equestrian dinner which a well-known horsey man gave there not long ago, its statistics make one's head swim. Its chefs number 35, and other kitchen employes 1,500; while in one day are consumed 5,000 loaves of bread, 20,000 rolls, 500 chickens, 25 barrels of potatoes, 6,500 eggs, 500 gallons of milk, and 1,000lb. of roast beef. Roof gardens and terraces are provided for the hot weather by all the good American restaurants. Some idea of the salaries paid in New York to really high-class chefs may be obtained from the fact that at the Savarin, a much smaller place than any of those just described, the chef receives 7,500 dollars a year and his meals, and has a contract of ten years.

The restaurants of New York are countless in number and variety, from the haunt where one wears an apron up to the chin and eats beef-steak served on bread without knife and fork, to the Syrian cafe, where rice is cooked with everything, and the Chinese Delmonico's, where it is easy to pile up quite an appalling bill for Oriental dainties. Indeed, since all the nationalities of the world are represented in New York, it would be possible in a tour of that city to get a fairly comprehensive idea of the cooking, the manners, and the restaurants of all nations.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. CHIOZZA-MONEY'S LECTURE.

Sir,—I have just read the reply of a "Young Liberal" to my letter appearing in your issue of 23rd ult.

Though your correspondent has said a lot of heartless and cruel things about me, and some of his deductions are scarcely fair, I freely forgive him, for I really enjoyed his letter very much. He is apparently a very young Liberal, and I have not the heart to be hard on him. When I had read my condemnation, my eye wandered to another very interesting letter from Mr. Josiah Oldfield in which it is stated that "the famous actor, Kean, not only dressed for his parts, but ate for them also. When he wanted to pourtray a tyrant he fed on pork, and when he wanted to play the murderess to the life, he fed on beef." "Young Liberal" wrote his letter about Christmas time. Confess it now, laddie, that you fed heavily on goose! Try serpents—for wisdom.

Perhaps it will be a comfort to this champion of the L.Y.L. if I make a confession. The truth is, I enjoyed Mr. Money's lecture immensely, but in an evil hour I was seized with the desire to play the role of a narrow-minded party politician, and alas, succeeded only too well—at least, to the understanding of "Young Liberal." I thought I had made my letter sufficiently ridiculous to be amusing, rather than offensive, even to the least imaginative of persons. But life is full of surprises. I am very sorry. I won't do it any more.

The couplet quoted by the boy is very nice. I have noted it for autograph albums. Might I point out one slight inaccuracy in your correspondent's letter? He describes my production as a "whole column letter," but I find that room was found in the same column for particulars of the number of rate summonses at Haslingden Police Court, and an interesting account of a man in a workhouse who broke 74 panes of glass, took a running kick at the workhouse master, and afterwards blamed the authorities for tempting him to commit suicide.

This correspondence must now cease, as I am at present interested in the study of the manners and customs of junior Conservatives with apologies to "Young Liberal" for delay in acknowledging his letter. I have been away, lecturing with Mr. Money for the Navy League. Yours,

DISAPPOINTED.

THE STREET SWEEPERS.

Sir,—Just at the present time everyone's attention is drawn to the unrest and strikes amongst Corporation employes in different towns around us. Let us hope Accrington will escape trouble of the kind that is occurring now in Blackburn. But some weeks ago I saw in your valuable paper an application from a most deserving and necessary body of men, the street sweepers, for overcoats and clogs, which I believe was refused to them, but that it was decided that they should be provided with capes during inclement weather. I have conversed with several of these men, and I find from talking with and observing them at work that on the whole they are a body of intelligent, hard-working people. They are exposed to all kinds of weather, rain, frost, sleet, cold, etc., in order to keep our streets clean and healthy; and I must say that the streets of Accrington are the cleanest for a manufacturing town it has been my pleasure to see. I think that these men require some concessions to protect them from the inclement weather, just as our police and tramway drivers and conductors are protected, for they are our public servants, and they are just as necessary as our police or tramway men, if not more so; and the wages paid to street sweepers are not so large that they can afford to provide suitable clothing and footwear out of them, especially those who are married and have a wife and children to support, for I find on inquiry that their wages are from 17s. to 22s. for a week of 53 hours' working week, with an average of 19s. 6d. per week.

I was watching some of these men at work during the late wet and stormy weather, and some of the poor fellows were cold and almost wet through, and I did not notice one of them with a cape on that had been provided for them by the Health Committee. Many of these men are getting well on in years, and I feel sure that the ratepayers would not grumble to see our sweepers in some degree protected from the weather. I feel sure that our Health Committee are only too desirous to do all they can to make their employes feel comfortable and contented with their lot, so that there will be such good feeling between them and their men that such unfortunate thing as strikes and discontent will become impossible.

I should like to know what some other of our ratepayers think about the matter, and hope shortly to see our street sweepers with warm coats on them; or at least something that will keep them dry while they are at work keeping our streets and footwalks clean and wholesome for us to walk upon.—Yours,

ONE RATEPAYER.

Accrington.

HOW I LOST A STONE OF FAT AND REGAINED MY GOOD FIGURE BY A SIMPLE RUBBING PROCESS.

Three weeks ago I read in the paper of a lady who found that a simple mixture of herbs could be rubbed on fleshy places, and that this would gradually dissolve excessive fat. I was sorely in need of just such advice, so I obtained from a chemist one dram of quassia chips and 3 ozs. of cirola bark extract. After taking them home I put the quassia chips in a basin and poured over them a teacupful of boiling water. When it had stood for about half-a-minute I strained it through a cloth and added the cirola bark extract. Then I poured the mixture into a bottle and applied it freely every night and morning with my hands for about five minutes, using a circular movement. The fat just seemed to melt away each time that I rubbed it on, and I never dreamed it would be so easy to get slender. Friends are amazed at the improvement in my appearance, for I have reduced over a stone of fat from my hips and abdomen and I look fifteen years younger. Now I feel just like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her how I did it. G.M.B.

"I have considerable powers. I can arrest, imprison, or fine those who disregard the warning of my officer," said the Grimsby Coroner at an inquest, when he issued a warrant against a woman, warned as a witness, who declined to attend. The woman was brought to the Court in custody, and after hearing her explanation the Coroner said that the warning would suffice.

Columbia University publishes a report dealing with the vacation earnings of students. It appears that 402 men made over £10,000. One man was successively bootblack, mason, plasterer, and painter, and agricultural labourer. Another worked in a land agent's office all day and over the counter of an ice-cream soda emporium by night. Another personally conducted a party to Europe. Another was mate on a yacht. Another looked after caddies on a golf course. Another worked as a milkman, and so on

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