Dreamily the visitor stands in front of Wild Acacia Honey from Syria, Hymettus Honey from Greece, Peach Blossom Honey from Jamaica, honey from France for those who favour the peculiarities of bees who hum in French.

Let us onward. There is the caviare bar ... here is the brand of tea that Florence Nightingale liked—here that supplied to King Edward. If the tea should taste less royal at home than we expected, it is due to the inferiorities of the water used to brew it. But a tea expert is only waiting for the chance to analyse this obstinate water and conquer it by a subtle addition to the tea mixture.

Roast pigeon would have to be of old aristocratic lineage to pass the scrutiny of the watchful commissionaire. Even then they have but little chance to compete with a spring chicken, hunted to its lair by riders in the pink.

Tropical Fruits. Old wines. Proud cigars. And in between, the macaroni smiles in its box at seeing itself decorated in the Italian national colours.

All that is the background of the "Commentaries". Stuart Menzies, their creator has worked up his tricks like a variety artist. He has trained behind the scenes until all laws of gravitation and boredom were swept away. His public appearance was a world success and has remained one (even evoking the applause of Bernard Shaw).

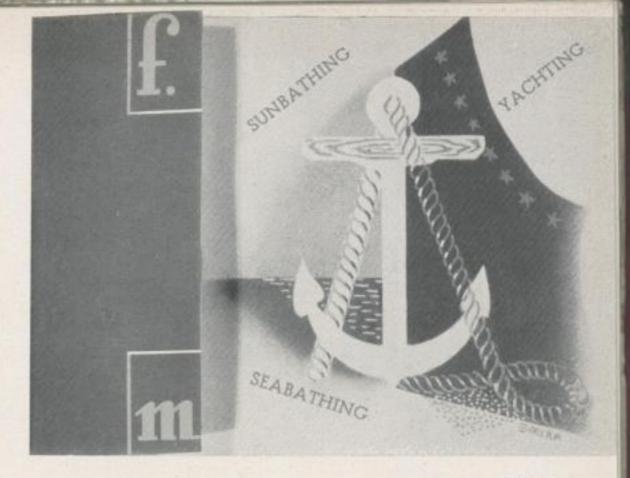
How psychological is the appeal of these pages, which yet have something of the gay, untrammelled tone of a young draugthsman's letters to his sweetheart. Bright and informal, they scoff at all regulations. In their bizarre typography, too. (At this point the teacher raises a minatory finger—but he does not reach for his cane.)

All these carefree figures, apparently so irrelevant and so grotesque, have a mission to perform. Their object is to make all that the house has to offer still more select und desirable.

Good wine tastes better in a beautiful glass. And these enthusiastic poets of lobster, hymnists of pies, excited nobles and bold hunters of delicacies are the design cut into the crystal.

They court our favour in the true sense of the word; they court the heart and hand—and the dowry of the courted one.

Who is petty enough to consider the price when he can buy a pheasant which has the right to wear the



Prospekt McKN1GHT-KAUFF



Mamma: Because th

which way to turn Little Emily - Why d turn, Mamma ?

Monney Nurse ! Tak, and keep her there for Our PATE DE FOIE GRAS port it from Strasbourg by Aeroplane

he accoplane directeds we rush forward y, creing to the pilot." Are they pink?" replies." Assuredly some are of the muchink. Others, again, are of the wonted hue, to plates on crofite have I brought thee." Pilots speak like this—reason unknown.)

aly take our Plités from the very best Straspuses and give our word that every one we perfect as can be obtained anywhere.

Terrine: - - - rail 21 - 10 65/

Corrows - - - - ranh al-ress!-



Arrival of a Pate at the Guildball

Ankunft einer Pastete in Guildhall



We sing the praises of customers who order EARLY before Christmas

Wir singen das Lob der Kunden, die ihre Bestellungen rechtzeitig vor Weihnachten aufgeben



hy, came and folled him. It se licence shor the

4 - 7/6,15/-



Watchman goarding our soup by night

Nachtwächter bewacht unsere Suppen