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NAPIER.

(Delayed.)

DEAR BEE, JUNE 26.
The commencement of the month's festivities was

A GRAND BALL.
given by Mr and Mrs Beamish in the Princess Theatre, Hastings, which in every way was an unqualified success. It had been raining heavily for three days before, and there was a talk of postponing...

THE GUESTS.

I cannot attempt to tell you of every one present, but will enumerate a few: Miss Beamish wore a lovely gown of bright yellow silk which fitted exquisitely; Miss Cara Russell looked lovely; Miss Russell wore brown and cream; Miss Beatrice Lassells wore her red silk in handsome gown which suited the brunette beauty of the wearer to perfection; Mrs and Miss Sydney Johnston, Miss Inglis, Mrs Milne Thompson, Mrs H. Tyler, Mr and Mrs Tom Philson, Miss Cotterill (two), Chapman, Fulton, and Baker, Mrs Arthur Kennedy were present, but not mentioned in her wedding gown; Miss Rhodes, Miss Locke, sea-dull surah; Mrs and the Misses Williams (Framley), Miss Nelson, black and green. However, I must bury this on and reserve a little space for the annual Caledonian ball. Champagne and iced drinks were going all the evening. The supper table, beautifully laid out and groaning under the weight of its delicacies, was a marvel of culinary art.

CALEDONIAN BALL.

was quite so enjoyable or well attended as on previous occasions. The Scotchmen, in their kilts, were also conspicuous by their absence, in a good many instances. However, the ball was a great success, and I thoroughly enjoyed it, although by the band being placed in the centre of the room I missed my reversing, which was almost impossible with the orchestra where it was and it was rather deafening. Mrs Handyside, in her lovely wedding gown with an immense train, was much admired. Mrs E. D. Douglas Maclean, who does not often go to any Hawke's Bay dances, looked beautiful in an English gown of white and silver embroidered; her diamond ornaments were, of course, unequalled; Mrs James Maclean wore white; Mrs J. B. Kella, a fresh gown of black broche with big bows of yellow silk and vevers of yellow; Mrs Wood, white silk with green velvet sleeves; Mrs Sidney (Johnston) wore an elegant gown of broche with bright crimson velvet sleeves; her daughter was yellow; Miss Inglis, black; Miss Lassells, crimson silk; Miss Dinwiddie, heliotrope; Mrs and the Misses Ormond, both sisters wore pretty white gowns; Miss Flossie Bell, I never saw look so well as in a new frock of yellow silk with a low (New York) Mr and Mrs Florence Sutton, yellow; Mrs Milne Thompson (who always looks well) wore an art looking dress; Miss Fulton, cream silk; Miss Hilda Fulton, her pretty white gown; Mrs and the Misses Henderson (two), Miss Adèle Baker, black with scarlet flowers; Miss Troutbeck, white, with tartan silk sash in compliment to the Caledonians; Miss Miller, black; Miss Peddie, black velvet; one young lady, I did not learn her name, looked very well in white.

MR MAUGHAN HARNETT'S PIANO RECITAL.

It was better attended than any of the afternoon recitals, which shows how popular the concert programme is when Mr Harnett contributes all the items himself. Every piece he played was a gem. Amongst the audience were Mrs and the Misses Ormond, Mrs Harnett, Mrs Wood, Mrs Rose, Mrs Inglis (New York), Mr and Mrs Gollinith, Miss Lassells, Mrs and Miss Cornford, Mrs Kinross White, Misses Cotterill (two), Mrs Jago, Miss Fraser.

WANDERERS.

A number of our residents are still taking advantage of the excursion fares to see the beauties of the Australian colonies. Mr Frank Hutchinson and Mr E. Chapman left by the Mararoa last Saturday. Mr Hutchinson, who is an artist of no mean repute, will enjoy the Art Galleries. I hear it is Mr Hutchinson's intention to go to England at some future date and pursue his studies in art. Miss Ringwood's classes (gymnasium) are proving very attractive, she having a considerable number of pupils.

GLADYS.

WORRY.

WORRY is the most dangerous penalty of modern progress. How the word grew into use we cannot say; perhaps it was through observations similar to those recorded by delightful Dolly Winthrop in 'Silas Marner' respecting the pupa which the lads were always rearing.

'They will worry and gnaw, worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hang anywhere so as they could drag it!'
One of the commonest expressions used by doctors, when their patients seek remedy for the nervous wear and tear and exhaustion which our over-busy life entails, is that 'worry kills, not work.'

'Worry' is not a word to do half-a-dozen things at once, like a conjuror's trick, but to do it seriously and constantly with strained attention.

It is the being pulled different ways by equally important calls; it is the care of one piece of work sitting on one's shoulders while another piece of work is being done; it is the mental indecision that makes us halt, facing two roads, and, when one road is taken, it is the uneasiness and

sense of vacuum which accompanies us because the other road has been left.

But it is more than the extreme perplexity which dogs the steps of the over-busy; it is the uncertainty that clings to almost all our speculative modern business; we are seated at a gaming-table all our lives, or rather have stakes on a dozen gaming tables if we are in the great of business or if we are even pursuing an ordinary professional round.

And worry is finally the fear of the slow crushing grind that comes with failure in an age when failure means the loss of much that we have thought best worth having.

Too much to do, too little time for the effort, uncertainty as to the outcome, and fear of being forced back into the gulf where the unsuccessful are lost—these form the component parts of business worry.

Mental irritation of the same character as is produced by business uncertainty may be felt in a lighter form, though not less persistently, by mothers who are never free from the care of a young family.

How seldom do we recognise the wear and tear that rack the women who are rearing a large family!

We meet a woman whom we knew as a merry young girl, plump, bonny and high-spirited; only half a dozen years have passed, but she is angular, drawn, dragged down, sharp faced, weary, pale and dispirited—an aged, careworn outline of her former self.

The difference has been made for the most part by the unceasing worry of a band of children, too dear for neglect, too lively to admit of rest.

It is not only that the anxious mother must be always afoot, working in ways that are overlooked when men reckon up the total of toil and average the hours of labour, but she has a constant nerve friction to withstand in the accession of anxieties that make up her day. The little girl's injunction to her companion, 'Go and see what baby is doing, and tell it it mustn't,' has often been laughed at, but it is an index finger to a world of care suffered by solicitous mothers. Of course the troubles of the household are chiefly small; they are not comparable to the grave difficulties with which the tather battles if he is fighting his way in the world of business; but none the less they form a very disagreeable companionship; and they induce that state of irritability and nerve sensitiveness which is the distinguishing symptom of worry.

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS FOR BOYS.

How glad you must be to have the children all at home from school for a time. Their clear voices and untiring energy keep the place alive. Sometimes a little too much so, perhaps. But although it is right that children, and boys especially, should have a real good holiday time, with plenty of fun and exercise, and though I think holiday tasks a very mistaken idea, still the holiday will be none the less a holiday and a playtime, but a very much more profitable one if a boy (or a girl, either, for that matter) is allowed, for instance, to have a few lessons from a skilled workman in the branch of mechanical work that he has a special aptitude or fondness for, and in exercising this new found knowledge in leisure moments or on wet days. He may find even a chance acquirement like this of great use to him in after life, and things like these he could not otherwise have any chance of learning during his school life. If, as some of our greatest men think, the best and healthiest form of rest and relaxation is a change of work, this would form a capital alternative to lessons and brain work, and might be classed with cricket, football, fishing, etc., any of which are not to be excelled in extent by dint of really hard work, as any schoolboy knows. As a schoolboy friend of mine once closed an argument by saying, when he had got somewhat beyond his depth, 'It's pleasure when we like it, it's work when we don't!'

Another thing, too, for preventing the employment of 'idle hands' in the holidays by a certain personage we know of, is to allow the boys to earn the money for a coveted bicycle, or watch, or camera, or whatever he has set his boyish heart on at the moment, by doing a certain amount of healthy, muscular work, which will at once be of real use, and exercise the muscles and the qualities of patience, determination, and conscientiousness. A boy will appreciate 5s and what it will buy infinitely more if he has weeded a garden for it, or chopped a certain quantity of wood, or built a hen house, or made and put up a set of new clothes pegs and lines, or whitewashed a wall, or painted a cupboard, or done any one of half a hundred other things I could name, than if it is given him for nothing. Of course the work should be light, remember it is holiday-time, and work will be plenty and hard enough by-and-bye when school life is over, but utter idleness only varied by aimless and unproductive amusement was never good for any boy or girl yet! Our old family doctor firmly believed in this method of training his boys, and I can assure you it was a perfect success as far as I could judge. Of course they had each, in proportion to their age, a small allowance of pocket money, and this continued both at school and in the holidays, and during the holidays if they wanted any more for any purpose they had to give some equivalent in work for it. Various things that they might do if they so wished had a market value attached to it, so that they could tell just how much work they had to do to earn a certain amount. For instance, I remember if they chose to

get up early in the morning and walk about two or three miles to some meadows where mushrooms were to be found, they could furnish the family breakfast table, or luncheon table, at the rate of 6d a plate.

Plenty of wood and a sharp hatchet were always at hand in an outhouse, and bundles of wood at 1d each were always accepted and paid for by the kitchen, or rather a slip of paper with the number of bundles on it, endorsed by the cook or some other authority, was always honoured by the doctor himself with cash down. He showed me once quite a collection of these curious little documents, and I laughed heartily over them. Some were endorsed by the cook, some by the coachman, some by the boys' mother, and some by the doctor's assistant, according to the nature of the work. The boys themselves liked the system and seemed to enjoy it immensely, and I am sure it was good for them in every way.

IT TAKES

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IT TAKES,

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