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And Ladies' Journal.

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THEFTS at SOCIETY WEDDINGS.

THE mother of a modern society girl has many duties to perform on the occasion of a marriage. Besides providing the trousseau, inviting the wedding guests, and making arrangements for the display of the presents in the drawing-room, the London mother of to-day has to pay a visit to the local police station, and request that a detective may be sent to her house on the day of the wedding to keep an eye on the presents and costly jewels, during the time they are on view to the invited aristocratic throng. So numerous have been the thefts of late, at weddings, that

SOCIETY HOSTESSES ARE COMPELLED IN SELF-DEFENCE TO SEEK THE PROTECTION OF THE POLICE.

At all the police stations situated in the aristocratic districts 'a wedding present job' is eagerly sought after by the sergeant detectives, and no man in any one of these divisions considers his kit complete without a pair of light trousers, a black frock coat, a tall hat, and a pair of light kid gloves. The good looking and easily-mannered men naturally obtain preference of choice for such functions. In fact, one officer is so much liked that hostesses frequently make a special request for his attendance.

But to be more clearly understood on this subject, I will endeavour to give a pen-and-ink sketch of a familiar scene—a society wedding. Let us for the moment suppose, then, that the bride and bridegroom have been made man and wife, and are on their way home from church, and that the invited guests to the house are commencing to arrive. The first gentleman to put in an appearance is usually a 'big swell,' and John, in his especially powdered wig, ushers him into the drawing-room with as much respect as he would an Earl. The first batch of guests on entering the drawing-room to look at the presents will find the swell (the detective officer) and a lady attired in wedding costume ostensibly admiring the precious gems displayed. The lady in question is generally the governess, impressed into the service of the police for the time being, so that the detective may not appear lonely, and cause inquiries to be made, 'Who is he?' Whilst the hundreds of guests are admiring the presents the police officer has all his work to do. He has to keep up a flow of conversation with his companion, and also to keep his eyes constantly travelling over the de-

licate and light fingers—sometimes too light—of the aristocratic assembly. It may be asked why is all this watching necessary in this assembly of wealth and fashion? The answer is easy, because more thefts are perpetrated on such occasions than any sane individual would suppose to be possible. For instance, there is one lady who usually receives invitations to all the smart society functions. She is well known to the police officers, and never leaves the present-room without taking with her some of the valuables displayed on the tables. When she leaves the room she is followed closely till she returns home, where her maid removes the stolen goods from her pocket and returns them to 'the place from whence they came.' At a big society wedding held not six weeks ago,

THIS LADY WAS PRESENT AND LED THE POLICE A PRETTY DANCE.

She was seen to steal a diamond pin, a set of diamond earrings, and a very costly pearl scarf-pin, the articles valued together being worth many hundreds of pounds. The usual course of following the lady home was taken, and all the goods, with the exception of the pearl pin were forthcoming. The police officer who was in charge of the present room was at his wife's end, and when the lady in question had gone that same night to a dance, he went to her house and personally examined the dress she had worn to the wedding. The pin was not there, and the lady had evidently secreted it in some quiet corner. Early on the following morning, however, the lady's maid-servant went to the police-station and produced the pin. It appeared that whilst her mistress was dressing that morning the girl heard a scream, and ran to her mistress's assistance. 'There is a pin in my stocking,' said the lady, 'and it ran into me.' The girl on examining the hose found the missing pearl pin stuck inside it. The lady had evidently secreted it there, as she considered it a safe hiding-place. The lady I have endeavoured to describe is young, beautiful, and has plenty of money, but, like the Earl of Derby, suffers from kleptomania.

A funny incident occurred about a year ago. In one fortnight there were

THREE BIG SOCIETY WEDDINGS. ONE DETECTIVE OFFICER WAS ENGAGED TO ATTEND THEM ALL,

and his lady companion was a young Frenchwoman who, peculiarly enough, was employed at all the three houses to teach the younger members of the family the language of

France. The usual dose of the kleptomania subjects and would-be thieves attended the functions, and many articles would probably have been lost if it had not been for the eagle eye of the Frenchwoman in calling the attention of the police officer to the action of several of the would-be thieves. Despite this double vigilance a diamond and sapphire pin, a diamond ring, a gold snuff-box, a set of gold and pearl earrings, and other valuable jewellery, was found to be missing from the various houses at the conclusion of the three functions. The detective officer was furious at his non-success in being able to trace the goods, and the hostesses loud in their aristocratic condemnation of what they were pleased to call the stupidity of the police force generally. A piece of luck was, however, in store for the officer. Not quite a week after the third wedding he was in Portland Place, and there met by accident the French governess. She stopped to talk to the detective, and in shaking hands with him, displayed on one of her fingers a splendid diamond ring. The officer's suspicions were aroused and he followed the woman. He saw her enter a pawnshop and come out minus the ring. He then followed her home, and in her room discovered all the stolen jewellery. She confessed that she had taken the things from the 'present rooms' of the three weddings in question, and had succeeded in detracting the officer's attention from herself by calling to his notice the action of other people in the room.

LINES ON A CANTERBURY SQUATTER.

SIR RONALD, the squatter, is stalwart and tall;
Sir Ronald, the squatter, has thousands at call;
Tens of thousands his sheep, best of feed on his run is;
Fenced in with tall wire, he fears not the bunnies;
And the fame of his wool resounds near and far.
Do you want length and fineness? Well, then, there you are.
So bright and so dense, its fame reaches immensity;
Sir Ronald, in fact, is renowned for his density.
Altogether his clip is so far and wide noted.
That 'tis off on the market for topmost price quoted.
And he smokes his cigar with a nonchalant air—
(From the Governor borrowed, that you may wear!)
His ponderous watchguard might well tow a barge,
And his watch serve for ballast, 'tis so heavy and large.
His gloves, his fine linen, his dress-suit may pass,
He opens his mouth and he shows he's an ass.

R. A. BULLEN.

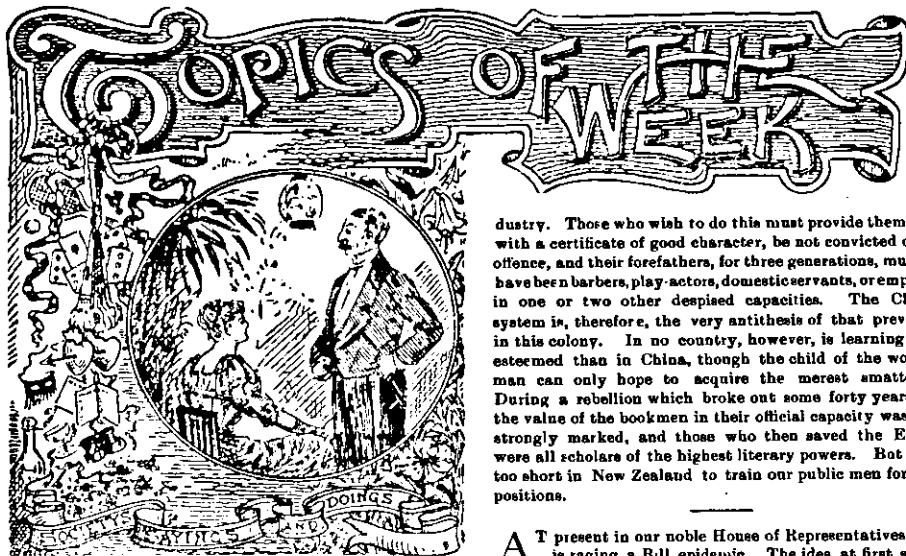


F. Edwards, photo. Auckland.

WELLINGTON REPRESENTATIVE FOOTBALLERS—SEE LETTERPRESS.

FRONT ROW.—J. Swindley, J. Pudney, W. Roberts, J. Bennett, H. G. Davidson. MIDDLE ROW.—J. Grant (manager), K. Davy (umpire), A. Duncan, J. Kelly, W. T. Wynyard (Capt.), D. R. Gage, W. Pringle, W. Sayers. BACK ROW.—G. Maber, J. Poland, A. Campbell, F. Bishop, W. McKenzie, F. Young, C. Hals, A. Jack.

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THE undesirable emigrant is a person of considerable importance nowadays, and has during the past week been the subject of a considerable amount of controversial conversation. Ever since Mr Reeves introduced his Exclusion Bill last week the public mind has been excited and the public tongue busy on the extremely vexed question of who is undesirable. The Minister of Labour answers the question voluminously, but hardly in the manner we should expect from the advanced minister of the most advanced government the world has yet seen save during the first French revolution. Take for example the clause which closes this colony to the single man who is not worth £20 in addition to his goods and chattels, and which on the same fashion demands that the married man shall possess £30.

SURELY this is a retrograde step in liberalism. If indeed it be wisdom: is it not the wisdom of the serpent? This is not the policy which made England great or peopled, and made these colonies prosperous. Did Mr Richard Seddon, or Mr Mackenzie, or Mr Cadman possess twenty notes when they first set foot in the colony? How many members of this or previous Ministries did indeed? and outside politics what is the proportion of those now in comfortable or affluent or even powerful positions in life in this colony who when they arrived had scarcely twenty shillings, let alone twenty pounds? Is there not indeed a distinct and most unpleasant suggestion of kicking down the ladder by which we mounted in this Bill. That the Minister for Labour has arguments on his side we do not deny. They are plausible arguments too, but they are scarcely those we expected to hear from a British colonist, far less from a Liberal gentleman, and less again from the Minister of Labour in a Radical Government. That emigrants, especially working emigrants, are more desirable when they bring money with them than when they do not is, of course, undeniable, but any attempt to lay down a hard and fast law as to the amount of money an emigrant shall be possessed of is retrogressive in the extreme. The manifest desire is to make New Zealand a close preserve, a land of which it will be said that it is easier to pass through the eye of a needle than to enter it. Mr Reeves has no doubt the best possible intentions, but his measure is overdone. It wants to make this colony a private little Utopia, where the gates open but to golden keys. There are other clauses still more indefensible, but everybody should read the Bill carefully for themselves. Mr Reeves has done much good work, but he will certainly kill the working man and everyone else with kindness if he presses labour and social legislation much further.

JUST now when all our faces are set China-wards, a few words on her system of Government may be interesting. China was the first country in which appointments in the Government service were thrown open to public competition. As a rule, the officials come from families which have been students for generations. They are extremely well educated men. In fact they cannot attain any position unless they have passed some very severe examinations. There will be, perhaps, seven or eight thousand candidates for the high degree of Master of Arts every year, and seventy or eighty degrees to be conferred. Many men enter the lists as regularly as the third year comes round. If the candidate be unsuccessful up to the age of eighty, and can produce evidence that his papers were good, the Emperor, as an act of grace will grant him his degree, but, of course, he attains no public position. In some few cases men can enter public life by contributing largely whenever the Treasury is in want of money for a special occasion, for instance in time of war. But everyone in China declares these men are not to be compared to those who work their way up by hard study and steady in-

dustry. Those who wish to do this must provide themselves with a certificate of good character, be not convicted of any offence, and their forefathers, for three generations, must not have been barbers, play-actors, domestic servants, or employed in one or two other despised capacities. The Chinese system is, therefore, the very antithesis of that prevailing in this colony. In no country, however, is learning more esteemed than in China, though the child of the working man can only hope to acquire the merest smattering. During a rebellion which broke out some forty years ago, the value of the bookmen in their official capacity was most strongly marked, and those who then saved the Empire were all scholars of the highest literary powers. But life is too short in New Zealand to train our public men for their positions.

AT present in our noble House of Representatives there is raging a Bill epidemic. The idea at first sound, to the uninitiated, bears a plausible ring, nay, is even quite natural when there is so much borrowing in prospect, for this seems meant to liquidate these little Bills. But alas! it will not, for who in this colony is not sufficiently acquainted with the essence of Parliament to know that it feeds on Bills? Not nice little tailor's and dressmaker's bills, which can be settled by a stroke of the pen, but Bills which take days and nights of anxious thought and ceaseless chatter—we mean serious discussion—to settle. Now to be the introducer of a Bill is a proud position for any member. If it be a big Bill, involving large interests, so much the more important is the father or foster father of the little William. But if a big Bill can't be managed, then by all means be the parent of the little Bill. It doesn't matter whether it is necessary or important, or whether it takes up the valuable time of the House; it is fashionable to introduce a Bill, and for fear the constituents should think their member lacking in style or in a knowledge of what is *commode il faut*, he racks his brain—if he has one, if not his neighbour's—for an idea for a Bill. To such a one I commend the following: A Bill to regulate the number of bonnets each woman in this colony may buy in a year. A Bill to limit the number and quality of cigars a man may consume in this colony in the course of a month. A Bill to ascertain the exact number of oranges eaten by each person in this colony during the months of July, August, and September.

HOW Mr Wragge makes his wonderfully correct weather forecasts must have puzzled many good people, and the article in the current number of the *Review of Reviews*, in which he tells the story, will doubtless be read with great interest by all classes of readers. Mr Wragge explains in lucid style, and lets us quite as far into the secrets of a weather prophet as there is any necessity we should go. This number of the *Review of Reviews* also contains the usual number of reproductions of Australasian cartoons, and the usual admirably written synopsis of colonial affairs for the past month, under the heading 'The Progress of the Colonies.' An article dealing with the GRAPHIC and other New Zealand papers is also a prominent feature. We quote some of the pleasant things said of us elsewhere.

THE ubiquitous cable fiend would seem after all to be identical with that mysterious Jack-the-Ripper-like personage who writes the penny dreadful, 'The Brother's Revenge or the Blood-stained Puffy-knife,' type—a being whom no man has as yet seen in the flesh. Listen to him! 'The Czar is almost a skeleton, and hardly able to use his arms. He spends his nights in weeping for his consumptive son, George. He suddenly walked to the telegraph office at one o'clock one morning, and wired an inquiry to the doctor attending the young prince. He waited shivering in a fireless office for an hour and a-half, and upon receiving bad news, cried, "Oh, God! what have I done to be so severely punished?"'

I DO not wish to impugn the cable fiend's truthfulness, I will content myself with saying that this is palpably a lie. Had such an incident occurred as that above described, had the Czar in his misery actually so spoken, the cable fiend would certainly never have heard of it. The actions of kings are not so public as the above would make it appear, nor is it conceivable that the unfortunate monarch has about him a dastard so base as would make of his agony a paragraph for the world's breakfast table. This raises again the question of the world's right to a knowledge of the private life of its conspicuous men—a right, it may be remarked, which the persons most nearly concerned have been universally and doggedly denied, even with their latest breath. It is probably criminal to be a Czar, as it is certainly criminal to achieve any kind of dis-

tingtion by personal effort and superiority, but there is such a thing as justice even in the treatment of criminals. It is never the virtues and true greatness of a man that the public desires to know, but his vices and weaknesses. It seeks to glut its vulgar vanity on the thought that the great man is after all as poor a thing as itself, and it springs instantly to the opposite conclusion that it is consequently as great as he is. What more delightful spectacle for the populace than the sight of a great man in the dust? Not only in China but throughout the alleged civilised world. Consider the case of Parnell—but the dead are no longer rivals and are forgiven—or of Stanley. The latter's whole life is a romance more glorious than that of the fabled Ulysses. Fiction has never conceived anything more wondrous and heroic than his voyage for two thousand miles down the Congo through a land beset with foes, where the sound of the war drum never ceased. Yet within six months of his return from his last African expedition this man was hounded and abused on the testimony of his subordinates, till, if one believed all, it hardly seemed fit that he should be suffered to live. The cable man knows his trade.

WHAT is wrong with the Auckland Hospital? Surely if there be any place on this planet where peace and good order should prevail, where the kind answer that turneth away wrath should be in daily requisition, where the voice of the disputant should be hushed and his yea and nay be of the gentlest order of human affirmation and denial—that place is a hospital. Yet for years past on one excuse or another the Auckland Hospital has been the scene and centre of a kind of unseemly petty wrangling which would disgrace even a House of Representatives. What is it, in the name of human patience, that is wrong? Are the doctors at fault, or the Charitable Aid Board, or the nurses, or the patients, or who is it? Who ever it be let us pay them a year's salary and have done with them. Peace at any price.

DOCTORS, as a rule, are not cantankerous folk. There is no more spite and petty jealousy existent among them than among members of the other professions, if as much. Auckland may be unfortunate in her medical practitioners—the Charitable Aid Board would almost seem to affirm that it is so—but the conclusion is neither pleasant nor probable. As for the nurses, it would be absurd to attribute even a fraction of the fault to the paid subordinates of the institution, the remedy against whom is at once both obvious and easy. There remains but the Charitable Aid Board. Individually every member may be and doubtless is, actuated by the purest motives, far be it from us to question the fact, but Charitable Aid Boards, no less than all other kinds of human assemblages, are occasionally in the habit of 'pooling their consciences,' after which their activities would frequently seem to be inspired less by the 'purest motives' than by the Arch Fiend. Charitable Aid Boards may thus come like charity to 'cover a multitude of sins.' Our advice to everyone concerned is—Stop arguing. There has been on more than one occasion in the world's history such a question as *Who is right?* but it has never been of any importance and never will be. Compared with that other question *What is right?* it is as a puddle to the Pacific. Yet men have blinded themselves in the slime of the minute swamp since time first was, and they will probably continue to do so until time ceases to be, and nothing will convince them that that they are not in the ocean, and the mud they raise is of their own brains, and not an integral part of the waters of Truth.

IF you possess £15,000 be content, don't try and become richer and speculate to that end! If you do you may probably end in the Bankruptcy Court. This platitudinising results from reading a recent Wellington bankruptcy case. Mr Andrew Young, of that city, was a wealthy man 16 years ago; he had quite £15,000, so he has sworn, and to-day he is over £1,500 in debt, and has been adjudged a bankrupt. It is a common case enough, and would scarcely have been worthy of notice except for the fact that the list of the bankrupt's unfortunate speculations offers a certain amount of food for reflection. Mr Young's chief business hobby was 'coaching,' and from his statement this appears to be as brisk and easy a way of losing as could well be desired. A passenger who was injured in an accident to one of his coaches cost him £1,200; a coaching contract between Tauranga and the Thames cost £800; a system of passenger carrying traffic in Wellington was squashed by Parliament and cost £3,500; a coaching contract between Christchurch and Hokitika was another unlucky venture. Such a series of misfortunes 'on the road' might have been deemed sufficient hard luck for any poor mortal, but fortune most obstinately refused to shine on this unlucky gentleman. The Wellington Opera Company which was going to make so many fortunes for its shareholders, cost him £250. The Collingwood Goldmining Company, over which a very distinguished mining expert pronounced a glowing panegyric reduced his resources by £700. With Wellington going ahead as it is one would have thought it impossible to lose money in purchase of real estate; yet Mr Young lost £1,000 in land at Thorndon. He dropped money in coal-mines, and was £700 out over race horse owning. In fact there is no limit to the bad luck that dogged the

footsteps of the speculations of this gentleman. We sometimes hear of men of whom it is said that all they touch turns to gold. It is wholesome occasionally to be told of men of whom it may be said that all they touch turns to the ashes of ruin and disappointment.

DODO and 'Marcella' are the two most popular books of the day, and a prominent and grave reviewer in the *Edinburgh* has expressed unbounded astonishment at the fact, in that it shows a decided contradictoriness in public taste. But as has been very well pointed out by an eminent novelist, the explanation is easy. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* expresses his surprise that 'Dodo' and 'Marcella' should be both so popular; it seems to him the world of novel-readers is a very large one, and is split up into as many divisions, and those as antagonistic to one another, as the religious world. With a large portion, the personal novel, provided it has a certain fashionable flavour, is always popular; its readers—who are not themselves all in the fashion—imagine that it introduces them behind the scenes, and exhibits the mysteries of high life; they are made to feel that they too are of the 'Upper Ten,' and when they are told whom the characters are meant for, they perceive at once their life-like resemblance to the originals; the conversation need not be very sparkling provided they are assured that it is carried on by persons of quality, and if it is rather 'risky' they see no such offence in it as they would be quick enough to perceive were it placed in the mouths of their equals. A large and increasing minority of this class are, however, being taught to welcome indecency for its own sake, and under the guise of philosophic wit it is permeating quite a little library of modern fiction. The clients of works of the 'Marcella' class are also numerous, but are recruited from quite other quarters. Some of them, but not many, are novel-readers, but the vast majority are earnest and serious persons who do not generally approve of the novel, but are nevertheless glad to get hold of one which they can read without a loss of self-respect, or the necessity of hiding it in a drawer (like Archdeacon Grantly) when their privacy is intruded on.

UGLY men are not entirely obsolete in this country. Would it therefore be worth while to send Home representatives to the Ugly Men Competition which comes off at Brussels almost immediately. We learn from the admirable weekly *causerie* of Mr James Payn that the lists of 'ugly men' are being rapidly filled up. This will doubtless be adduced by some people to prove that vanity is not an attribute of the male. The experience of almost every portrait painter, however, is to the contrary. Man is more particular about his representative on canvas looking his best than looking like himself, and is, on the whole, harder to please than woman; but then it is only a few men, as compared with women, who have their portraits taken at all. Unless they are exceptionally good-looking or very silly, they prefer to pique themselves upon some other quality than good looks. The intellectual ones are fond of quoting quipping Wilkie's boast that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England; and delicately intimate that as regards the fair sex they have found the observation correct. I knew a distinguished officer who was what is called in Wiltshire 'sinful ordinary' as to looks, and who was perfectly conscious of it. 'I am quite aware,' he used to say, 'that I am the ugliest man in the British Army, but then' (and here he used to throw his shoulders back) 'I have probably the finest figure.' The Duc de Rochore, the favourite of Louis XIV., was forbidding both in face and person; but there was another nobleman at Court who was still less agreeable looking; this person had killed a man in a duel, and besought De Rochore's interest with the King for pardon. 'Why do you want to save this fellow's life?' asked the monarch. 'Sire,' replied the Duke, 'if he were to suffer, I should be left the ugliest man in France.'

I ONCE knew an old gentleman so terribly disfigured by the smallpox (continues Mr Payn) that children used to gaze at his face with amazement. 'Yes, my dears,' he used to say, with a really sweet smile, 'it is very beautifully carved, is it not?' As when people grow very old they become proud of it, so it is with some persons who are very plain; they exaggerate what is amiss with them. As regards the candidates at Brussels, their chief motive is probably to gain a prize, but notoriety is also, we may be sure, a great attraction. This passion has of late become very widespread, and is responsible—as in the case of the Anarchists—even for the gravest crimes. The young negro minister who, when leading a prayer meeting, commenced it with the aspiration 'Lord, make Thy servant conspicuous,' has had many imitators both in and out of the pulpit, but until of late years it was confined to a few individuals; nor, indeed, were there the same opportunities for its display. A very mild example of it, the habit of carving one's name in prominent places, is somewhere defended by gentle-hearted Leigh Hunt. It is a vulgar and egotistic custom, he admits, but everyone wishes to be known to his fellows, and it is the only means that falls to the lot of the million of becoming so. But nowadays people are not satisfied with carving their names.

ARE we colonials harder-headed than Society in general at Home? If not what is the reason that the advertising tipster has never gained a foothold in a country where there is so pronounced a taste for racing and speculation. In New Zealand the philanthropic individual who will put you on all the winners for a trifling fee is almost utterly unknown. In England thousands of pounds are spent in these tips, and the name of the so-called prophete is legion. In Australia the custom also flourishes and keeps in affluent idleness a very respectable section of very unrespectable society. From his absence in this colony it is natural to suppose that we are less gullible than either our Australian or English cousins, for of course the sporting tipster is a fraud, and all his infallible systems are swindles. In order to test the quality of the prophetic spirit, a well-known British sport selected thirteen of these 'tipsters,' and applied 'to each for the names of the winners of forthcoming races, enclosing, of course, the stipulated fee in every case. Out of one hundred and fourteen names of 'certain winners' furnished to him, only *nineteen* turned out correct, four of the 'prophets' only managing to name one actual winner out of thirty-six 'selections!' In view of the result of the test, this particular form of imposture ought not to flourish quite so mightily in the future as it has done in the past.

WHETHER we agree with her theological views or no, one thing cannot be denied, that Annie Besant is a grand speaker and a great thinker. The GRAPHIC made no pretence over its disappointment with Talmage, so its *bona fide* cannot be doubted when it declares that no such orator as Mrs Besant has visited this colony. Her first lecture, 'The Dangers that Threaten Society,' is inspiring and forceful to a degree seldom attained even by more famous orators, and we cannot but hope thousands of young colonists will hear it. It cannot fail to encourage noble endeavour and to inspire noble thought, to cheer fainting courage and to create desire for better and higher things and ideals in all who hear it.



Falk, photo. Sydney.

MRS ANNIE BESANT.

Mrs Besant speaks in an earnest, thoughtful, often intense manner that immensely impresses her audience and carries it with her. Her word painting is exceedingly graphic, and in many instances powerful in the extreme. At the same time it is never lurid, and she never appears to exaggerate or overdraw. In describing the miseries of East and South London she certainly does not even go as far as she might if she would, as the writer well knows from experience on an East End journal—the *Star*. In scientific explanation Mrs Besant is also extremely happy. But we confess her statement of the materialistic case seemed to us more convincing than the arguments she brought to demolish it. From a religious point of view Mrs Besant should, we imagine, do an immense amount of good. We have heard nothing yet that is not deeply spiritual and religious.

ACCORDING to recent advices, Dr. Gore Gillon has successfully endured his painful operation, and is now preparing to enjoy his visit to England. Hitherto that was not possible.

The seventieth programme in connection with Mr W. H. Webb's musical evenings took place at Berlin House, Kyber Pass Road, last Friday, the occasion being the second pianoforte recital by Miss E. Macfarlan, one of Mr Webb's advanced pupils. Vocal and instrumental items were contributed by the following ladies and gentlemen—Mrs Cooper (soprano), Miss Spooner (piano and organ), Misses Barker, Thomson and O'Neill (piano), Mr Davidson (baritone), Mr John Fuller (tenor), Herr Zimmermann (violin), Mr Beale (cello), and Mr W. H. Webb (piano).

FITZGERALD BROTHERS' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE.

of PERFORMING WILD ANIMALS are performing every evening at the HARBOUR BOARD RECLAMATION, QUAY STREET.

Positively 4 nights only, and two mid-day performances on Wednesday, October 10th, and Saturday, October 13th. This is the largest Circus and Menagerie now travelling the length and breadth of the Southern Hemisphere.

We have a grand menagerie consisting of Royal Bengal Tigers, Cheetas, Hyenas, Wolves, Leopards, Pumas, Panthers, Monkeys, Bears, and the only Silver Lion ever exhibited in Australasia.

THE DARWINIAN MISSING LINK, THE OURANG OUTANG, and a den of WILD PERFORMING SAVAGE NUBIAN LIONS, when Captain John Graham will enter the den at each performance; also 80 HORSES, 70 ARTISTS and ARTISTES. HERR VON DEER MAHDEN, the greatest Cornet Virtuoso living, will give open-air performances previous to each performance. One ticket admits to all. PRICES: 4s, 3s, 2s, 1s.

J. MORRIS, Principal Agent. F. M. JONES, Press Representative.

MRS ANNIE BESANT.

AUTHORESS OF 'THROUGH STORM TO PEACE,' and the MOST REMARKABLE ENGLISHWOMAN of the Century, will deliver FOUR ENTIRELY DIFFERENT LECTURES, For which course tickets will be issued at CHRISTCHURCH—THEATRE ROYAL, 16th to 19th Oct. DUNEDIN—PRINCESS THEATRE, 22nd to 25th Oct. WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE, 31st Oct. to 1st and 2nd Nov. ALL PEOPLE THAT O EARTH DO DWELL, Believers and Unbelievers—Members of all Churches—Adherents of all Creeds should hear the GREATEST GENIUS AND MOST ELOQUENT WOMAN That has visited New Zealand. R. S. SMYTHE.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS for SEPTEMBER. Progress of the Colonies: 'How I Make My Weather Forecast,' by C. L. WICKACIK (Queensland); New Zealand Journals; Caricatures; Illustrations. The Busy Man's Magazine. All Booksellers.

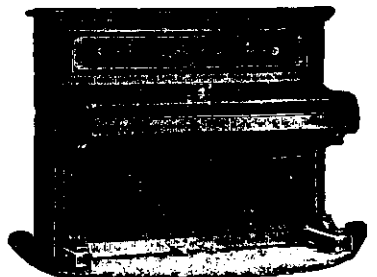
PONSONBY 'AT HOME,' 1894.

The sixth and last Dance of the Season will be held on FRIDAY next, October 12, at Ponsonby Hall, commencing at eight o'clock. PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS. Omnibus leaves Choral Hall at 7.20, returning after the dance. Tickets on application to the Committee and Mr A. CLARKE, Hon. Sec. Corner of Vulcan Lane and High-street. October 5th, 1894.

District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, September 23, 1894.

NOTICE is hereby given that the unencumbered TOWN and RURAL LANDS will be offered for Sale by public auction at the Land Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, 16th day of November, 1894, at 11 a.m. TOWN OF TAUPŌ.—Block XIV: Lot 5, 1 rood 8 perches, upset price £6. TOWN OF NGARUAWAHIA.—Lot 111, 27 perches, upset price £22 14s; 112, 27 perches, £2 14s. RAGLAN COUNTY.—Parish Karori: Lot 96A, 11 acres, upset price £5 10s. Open land, 12 miles from Inagan. MANUKAU COUNTY.—Parish Kohere: Lot 95A, 3 acres, 3 roods, 30 perches, upset price £12. First-class alluvial soil, nearly all ploughed and fenced, situated at Mangatawhiri Valley. Parish Makarau: Lots 71, 72, 99 acres, upset price £150. Broken forest land, containing kauri, situated close to proposed railway station at Waikanae, Helensville Makarau Railway. WHANGAREI COUNTY.—Parish S. D. Block 11: Lot 35A, 113 acres, upset price £1,097; 35c, 198a, 2538 ss. Undulating to broken forest land, situated about 9 miles by road from Whangarei and containing kauri timber as follows:—Section 35a, about 2,703,148ft green kauri and 229,400ft dead timber; Section 35c, about 1,070,088ft green kauri and 298,600ft dead kauri timber. TERMS OF SALE.—One-fifth of the purchase money on the fall of the hammer, and the balance within 30 days thereafter. GERHARD MULLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

W. G. THOMAS, WHOLESALE and EXPORT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER. STRAM WORKS: GOSPEL OAK GROVE, KENTISH TOWN, London, N.W., England



A PIANOFORTE SAME DESIGN AS CUT FOR 25 GUINEAS, INSECT and VERMIN PROOF. Packed in zinc lined case and shipped to any New Zealand Port FREE. SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE COLONIES.

7 OCTAVES, Richwood treble, check action, pinned hammers keys made and covered in one piece and screwed. Iron-frame volume sound board, and selected pedal. Hundreds of these perfect Pianos have now been sent to all parts of the World. TERMS—Half cash with order, balance on production of shipping documents.—ILLUSTRATED LIST OF OTHER MODELS, free by post on application.

AUCKLAND * UNIVERSITY.

THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA.

A SHORT STUDY BY A SOMETIME STUDENT-IN TWO PARTS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

HAVING glanced for a moment at the exterior of the College from Parliament street, having briefly considered the constitution of the University and paid our respects to the eminently respectable College Council, we may now turn our attention to the more interesting subject of the interior of the College, its pro-

few bequests or donations like that of the late Professor of Classics and English would be of immense benefit. Sometime graduates of the University would do well to recollect this when they are getting on in the world. A donation of even £5 to the library would buy many useful books now wanting, and would be an admirable form of showing in a practical and concrete form that the College by the Sea holds an affectionate place in their memories. Any student of the College is at liberty to use the library,

of registrar the duties of that office and librarian might have been combined, for the presence of a young man would not have been obnoxious to the students, who 'tween lectures often use the library as a club room for topical conversation. But the presence of an elderly clergyman—whose sympathies can scarcely be in accord with the students would be a 'bore.' Mr Runciman will, no doubt, discharge his official duties well, but we are sorry the Council did not see their way to appoint a graduate and a younger man, who might and who would have popularised the University. As an overseer at examinations, in which capacity all students remember him, Mr Runciman fills the bill to perfection; but we had hoped for a new registrar who would command the sympathies of the students. Mr Runciman can, in the nature of things, scarcely do so. Official he is, official he has been, and official he will, we fear, remain.

The classic and English portions of the library are, of course, the best, the shelves in the other sections being, as

Copy no. C14,850.



Hanna, photo., Auckland.
PROFESSOR FREDERICK DOUGLAS BROWN, Hon. M.A., Oxford, B.Sc. London, F.C.S.
Chemistry and Experimental Physics.



Hanna, photo., Auckland. C13,801.
PROFESSOR ALGERNON PHILLIPS WITHIEL THOMAS, M.A., Oxford, F.L.S., F.G.S.; Burdett-Coutts University Scholar.
Biology and Geology.



Hanna, photo., Auckland.
PROFESSOR ARNOLD TUBES, M.A., Oxford; sometime Craven Fellow, and Arnold Historical Prize-man.
Classics.

fessors, its students, its graduates and its day to day life. Let us enter by the, by no means imposing, doorway. The entrance hall is plain and unadorned to an extent which may arouse the adverse criticism of the unthinking, but which is, we understand, alluded to with a proper pride by the authorities as a severe and scholastic simplicity of style in keeping with the rest of the building. A tasteful row of

and may borrow two books for home reading. The rules provide that no book shall be kept longer than a week, but this is a rule more honoured in the breach than in the observance. It would, we think, be a very prudent step if the authorities looked after the library rather more carefully than is the case at present. There is, of course, no danger of students taking out books and intentionally

yet, somewhat sparsely filled. At the far end of the library is the cloak-room for lady students.

The lecture-room on the left hand side of the entrance hall is devoted to geology and biology. Our artist appears to have taken his sketch just at the commencement of one of Professor Thomas' lectures. The audience is as yet remarkable for its sparseness. The portrait of the sweet girl graduate may or may not be recognised. The rest of



Hanna, photo., Auckland.
PROFESSOR CHARLES WILLIAM EGERTON, M.A., Dublin; Senior Moderator and Gold Medalist, 1885; Vice-Chancellor's Prize-man in English Prose Composition.
English.



Hanna, photo., Auckland.
PROFESSOR HUGH WILLIAM SEGAR, B.A., Cambridge; Second Wrangler, 1890; Smith's Prize-man, 1892.
Mathematics.



Hanna, photo., Auckland.
HERR CARL GUSTAV SCHMITT, Professore Onorario della Scuola Danteica Napoletana; Knight Commander Order Crown of Italy; Medalist of the South German Orchestral Competition; late Music Director, Koenigsburg; Gallien Medalist, University of Florence.
Lecturer in Music.

hat pegs adorn the wall on the left, while that on our right hand is beautified by a notice board conceived, thought out and manufactured in a style to harmonise with other mural decorations. The first doorway on the left leads to the College library. Thanks to the late Professor Pond, this is now in a fairly efficient condition, though of course a

forgetting to return them, but we fail to see what is to prevent a stranger entering the library and appropriating such of the valuable volumes as his knowledge of the book market might lead him to deem desirable. There is no caretaker, and no real check on the issue or return of books. Had the Council seen fit to appoint a graduate to the post

the students are manifestly shamefully late. But such is all too often the wicked way of students.

Opposite the Biology Lecture Hall is the laboratory, which is really well fitted, and whence an occasional pungent chemical odour arises to greet the olfactory organs of those who may be loitering in the im-

mediate vicinity. From the windows of the laboratory one looks out upon the 'quad,' which an indulgent public must not expect us to describe. Ours is but a humble and un facile pen, and shrinks from attempting a task which might well discourage the foremost descriptive writers of the day. None but itself can be its parallel. Its beauties are not of the order that can be done full justice to in journalistic prose. They must be seen to be appreciated.

To be serious: the windows of the laboratory look out on to a sort of asphalted back yard of mean appearance, which has, with the sardonic humour of the supercilious student, been called the quad. Below the laboratory and across the yard are the Registrar's rooms, the Council Chambers and the messenger's residence, none of which merit description. Below these again is the handsomest, or to speak correctly, the most sightly, of all the College buildings. Here is the domain of Professor Brown, and it is from its balcony that a view is obtained which, as we said last week, completely atones for all architectural shortcomings. It is but a moment ago we said in jest that one part of the College—the quad, to wit—would tax the powers of the most expert descriptive writer. It is necessary to repeat the remark in sober seriousness in looking at the view from the balcony of Professor Brown's rooms. Almost at the foot of the slope on which the College stands ripple the waters of the harbour, smiling in the sunshine, and gay with the white sails of yachts or fishing boats. Green grows the grass on North Shore, or perhaps 'tis 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' for assuredly the marine suburb forms an exquisitely enchanting picture with its verdant hills, its shining white houses, and its dark fir trees on Mount Victoria. Keeping watch in the middle distance stands Rangitoto, like some old soldier whose fighting days are over, but who still stands sentinel over us. Beyond are Motutapu, and to the right Moti-ihii and Waiheke. We can also plainly see the lighthouse rock of Tiriti-tiri. The Little Barrier shows light but clear against the horizon, while almost mingling with the clouds we can (if the day be fine) just distinguish the pale blue cloud on the water that is Great Barrier Island, 60 miles away. We should like to have given a picture of this view, but drawings and photos have appeared so often in the GRAPHIC that this is neither necessary nor advisable. Besides, no picture in mere black and white could possibly do justice to a view the beauties of which so much depend on the richness and variety of colour.

Turning our backs regretfully on the view, let us retrace our steps to the first building of the College upstairs. Above the library are the classical and mathematical lecture rooms, and on the left is the English lecture hall. Up here, too, are the private rooms of Professors Egerton, Seagar, and Tubbs. Little more can be said concerning the College. Let us now turn our attention to the professors.

THE PROFESSORS.

It is not easy to even think of the Professors of the Auckland University without immediately conjuring up a picture of Professor BROWN, chairman of the Professorial Board, and probably the most popular University Professor in the colonies. If Otago and Canterbury can boast men who are his equals in lecturing New Zealand is very specially favoured. Speaking in a blunt, somewhat bluff fashion, Professor Brown has a perfect genius for explanation. He will drive the truth easily into the densest brains, and the most difficult matters appear clear and simple when you have listened to one of his lucid and simply expressed explanations. He will draw you parallels between his subject—perhaps a most abstruse one—and some common object or occurrence of every day life in a manner that is enchanting to the student, who has hitherto always imagined himself a fool of uncommon calibre, but who is now comforted by understanding easily what was heretofore impenetrable darkness and confusion. His experimental work in class is as excellent as is his supervision of laboratory labours. He is also possessed of a fund of dry humour, and when he does make a joke in lecture (and he often does) it is his own, and fresh. He talks to his students rather than lectures, speaking from a few headings only, and dictating notes. And that, as he would say in concluding a lecture on himself, is the story of Professor Brown.

Professor THOMAS, who came out in the same year as Professor Brown, is also extremely popular with the students. A quiet and very reserved man, Professor Thomas has accomplished a vast amount of good outside the walls of the University as well as within them. He lectures well, though his manner is hesitating. He has, perhaps, more method than Professor Brown, and reads his lectures. His illustrative drawings on the board deserve a special mention here, being of quite unusual excellence. Professors can seldom draw.

Professor TUBBS, the classical lecturer, is a fine lecturer, and his manner, which was at first somewhat repellent, is mellowing. Perhaps Professor Tubbs had suffered in Melbourne, but he evidently imagined when he came that everyone wanted to take liberties with him. At the soiree at which the students welcomed the new professors, Professor Tubbs, very much on his dignity, snubbed the students in a manner which was neither politic nor just. He has since, however, recognised that New Zealand students are for the most part

gentlemen, and expect to be treated as gentlemen, not as Melbourne schoolboy larrikins. The Professor has a brisk, incisive mode of lecturing, and enters into his subject with great detail, presupposing no previous knowledge of the subject. He is at present great on the morals of the Romans, and loves to compare them with those of France in the present day.

Professor CHAS. EGERTON, the English lecturer, is already a great favourite with his students. He is an admirable lecturer, and in his literature lectures gives one the impression of scholarship and deep reading. He is possessed of a very keen sense of the humorous, and contrives to bring out the characteristics of any author he is discussing with considerable clearness. His manner is genial, and he has a habit of getting students to speak and think for themselves that is rather rare in an English lecturer.

Concerning Professor SEGER, there is little to say save that he has the respect of all who have met him or attended his lectures. He is painstaking to a degree, and has the useful faculty of conveying knowledge. He is popular with his classes, and promises to be a great success.

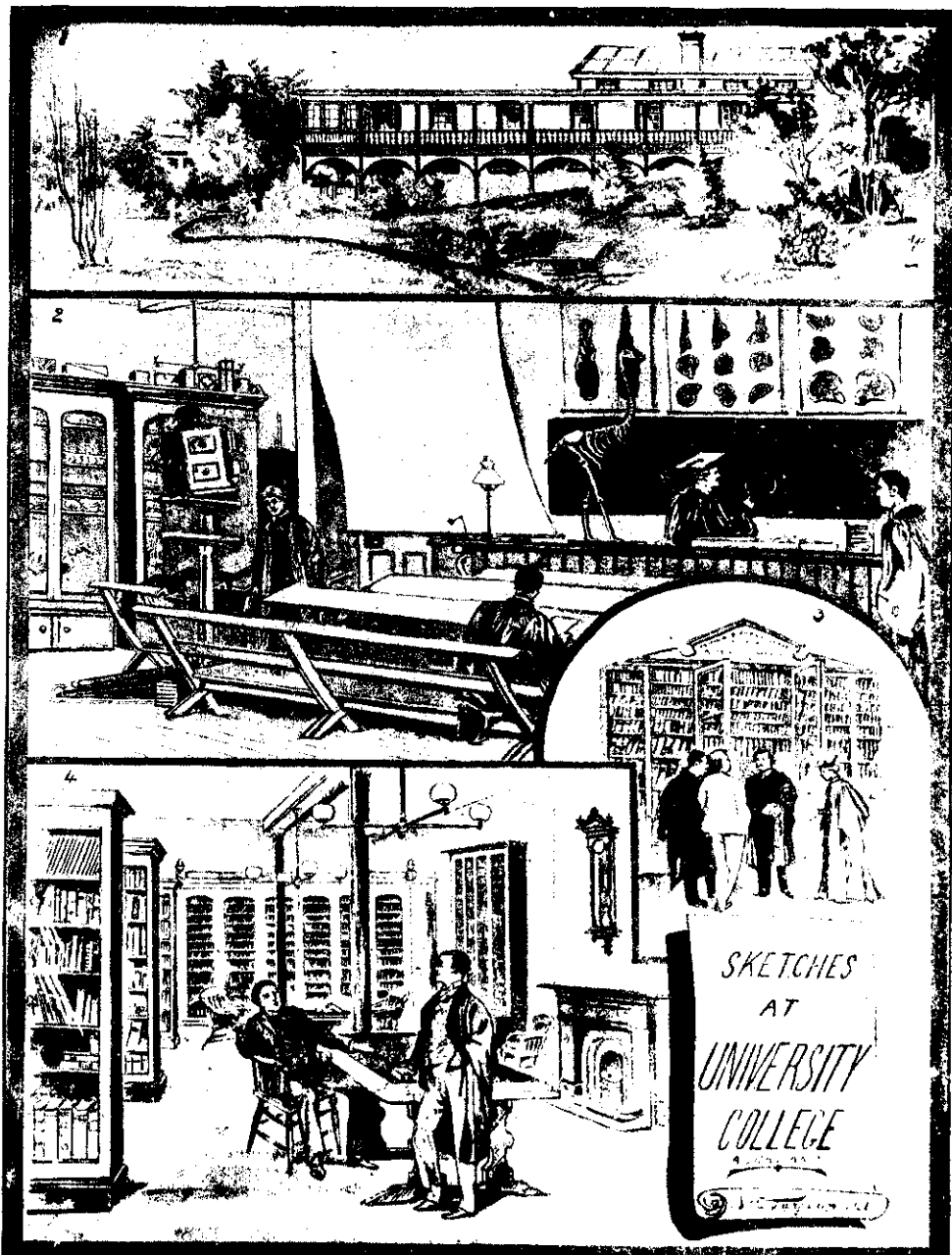
Herr CARL SCHMITT, who lectures on music, is too well-known to need much of our space. He is an entertaining lecturer, and ably fills the recently established chair of music. As most people know he is the conductor of the Choral Society, a position he has filled honourably for many years.

The next college institution to consider is the GRADUATES' ASSOCIATION. The graduates of the University College, who now number

over seventy, and whose numbers are yearly increasing, have their privileges and rights prescribed by the College Act, by which they are constituted part of the College itself. Besides the graduates from the College there are graduates from other universities whose names have been placed upon the books of the University. These *ad eundem* graduates possess all the privileges to which the others are entitled. The interests and powers of both are identical since the authorities recognise them all as graduates.

The power of the graduates is by no means a negative quantity. On the College Council they have three representatives elected by themselves, whilst as members of the University of New Zealand they are entitled to assist in the election of Fellows to the University Senate. The graduates have at last awakened to the fact that they possess a power for good in the College, and their newly-formed Association promises to do good work in the future in protecting their interests. Besides keeping all members posted up in matters affecting their welfare—a thing which the scattered condition of the graduates had rendered impossible in the past—it is the duty of the Secretary to advise every member of any matter which concerns the graduates, whether that matter be connected with the College or with the University. With the University the Association has a recognized status, and its sympathy with similar bodies in the South guarantees that the Senate will not neglect Auckland graduates in the future.

On the principle that simplicity in order prevents confusion, the Association wisely limits its officers to three—a President, a Vice-president, and a Secretary. Mr F. E.



1. The College from the Gardens. 2. Biology and Geology Lecture Room. 3. Professor Powell's Request Library. 4. The College Library.

Baume, LL.B. is the first President of the Association. He has ably defended the interests of graduates on all occasions. He enjoys their fullest confidence, and was elected by them unopposed to a seat upon the College Council during the present year. As President of the Students' Association, and of the graduate body, he as a Governor will not let their interests be neglected. The Vice president, Mr George Lippiatt, M.A., deserves the credit of being the first to bring in a practical scheme for the formation of the Graduates' Association. He was the first President of the Students' Association, and on all occasions has done his utmost on behalf of both students and graduates. Mr John Boyle, M.A., the secretary, like the other officers is a graduate of the College, and has worked hard for the success of his association. As a student and as a graduate he joined with enthusiasm in anything likely to advance the well-being of the College.

The officers are elected annually, and before the present officers retire there is every prospect of the graduates of the College being more in touch with College matters, of their taking more interest and fuller advantage of their powers and privileges, and of their giving their heartiest co-operation in the good and useful work of the University College Graduates' Association.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

This Association was formed in June, 1891, and is by far the most important of the College institutions. Its rules set out that the objects of the Association are 'to represent and act for the students in all matters affecting their welfare, to promote social intercourse among the members, and their mutual assistance and improvement.' In the attainment of these objects the Association has been eminently successful. Many little matters tending to improve the conditions of student life have been compassed through its agency. By its efforts, too, was obtained the use of rooms in the College for M. de Montalk to deliver French lectures in—a not unimportant point when it is considered that the Council has now appointed that gentleman as lecturer in French. Then, too, acting on the representation of the Association, the supervisor of the degree pass examinations obtained far more commodious and convenient rooms for holding the said examinations in. Several times the alteration of lecture hours to more convenient times for students has been effected by the representations of the Association to the Professorial Board.

The Association has conducted many social gatherings to

Grammar School. Mr Lippiatt held office from June, 1891, to the end of the year 1892, when he was succeeded by Mr E. K. Mulgan, who at the beginning of this year was in turn succeeded by Mr F. E. Baume, LL.B. There was a great deal of work done by the Association in Mr Mulgan's year of office,



Hanna, photo. Auckland.

MR F. E. BAUME, Member of Council; President Graduates' Association; President Students' Association.

and consequently there was a considerable call made upon Mr Mulgan's time. To this call, however, Mr Mulgan most generously responded. This year (1894) will be memorable for many years to come in Association annals owing to the fact that it was the year in which the unfortunate dispute between the College Council and Professor Aldis took place.

Association, and he held office till the end of 1892, when he was succeeded by the present secretary, Mr P. F. Battley. As will be seen by the photograph of the Executive above, there are lady members of the Association. It matters not whether the student be male or female, if matriculated, he or she may, on payment of a nominal fee, join the Association. In this point the Association differs from the parent Association—the Otago University Students' Association—in which the ladies have all along had to be represented by male students elected by them. This matter has this year been remedied, and in future lady students of the Otago University may join the Association. Miss Morrison, M.A., now a vice-president of the Association, has been a member of the Executive ever since the inception of the Association, as has also been Mr T. U. Wells, B.A.

For some years there was a very prosperous Football Club in connection with the College, but when the Auckland Rugby Union instituted the district scheme the 'Varsity Club had to go, with the other clubs of the old regime into oblivion. Till this year 'Varsity football was a thing of the past in Auckland, but under the auspices of the Association the Club has been revived, and has during the past season played matches with the country clubs. Efforts are being made to induce the Auckland Rugby Union to constitute the 'Varsity a district, and so entitle 'Varsity footballers to play as a team.

The Dramatic Club is the youngest of the College institutions, being just about two months old. The club is busy rehearsing 'The Rivals' (R. B. Sheridan) at present, and purposes making its first public appearance about December next.

Many persons were doubtless surprised not to find the photo of Mr Baume amongst his colleagues of the Council last week. But this gentleman occupies so many positions that were not mentioned last week, and that are this, that we held the photo over. Mr F. E. Baume, LL.B., is a gentleman whose name is rapidly becoming as well known in Auckland generally as it is in the University College, and that is saying a good deal. He is an old Dunedin High School boy, who in 1883 returned to Dunedin and studied law, and while there passed the first section of the LL.B. degree at the Otago University, gaining special class distinction in his year for Mental Science and Political Economy. In 1887 he came to Auckland and started to practise his profession, and at the same time entered the Auckland University College, where he soon passed the final sections of his degree, to graduate LL.B.

From the time Mr Baume first entered the college, he has been more or less intimately connected with student life there, and to-day occupies the high position of being Graduates' Member on the College Council, and President of both the Graduates' and the Students' Associations.

By some strange oversight we had almost forgotten to mention one of the College institutions—M. de Montalk, who is lecturer on the French and German language and literature. He is so old an identity, and is so well-known, not only in Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin, but, in fact, all over New Zealand, that he scarcely needs to be further described. He is extremely popular, and most deservedly so. M. de Montalk is a gentleman whom everyone respects, and a great number have a genuine affection for.

And now there remains little to add to this brief and necessarily very imperfect sketch of Auckland University and some of its institutions. If we have indulged in some rather cheap sarcasm at the plainness and humbleness of the buildings and appointments, it has been with no ill-natured intent. This is not a time to ask for or to expect grants of money for any save purely utilitarian purposes. Some day when the Ministers or the Opposition have made this colony the rich and prosperous place it should be, Auckland may demand and receive a Government grant sufficient to erect a University College worthy of the North Island, worthy of the beautiful

city, and inspiring to the young men and young women whom it will send out into the world. For there can be no possible doubt that noble architecture will and does produce noble aspirations, and noble aspirations, even if they do not always produce noble lives, at least tend that way. But whatever be the future of the buildings of Auckland University there is one thing that is far more important, the teaching, and this is about as strong and about as near perfect as can be obtained anywhere in

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE.



Hanna, photo. Auckland.

BACK ROW.—T. U. Wells, B.A. G. B. Wither. P. B. Battley (hon. sec). J. Drummond, B.A. W. R. C. Walker. C. J. Major, M.A., B.Sc. E. K. Mulgan (vice-president). FRONT ROW.—Miss A. C. Morrison, M.A. (vice-president). F. E. Baume, LL.B (president). Miss W. Pickon, B.A.

celebrate College functions, and to welcome to the College the various new professors who have come at different times. All the other college student institutions are under the control of the Association, being in most cases managed by sub-committees appointed by the Association. The chief of these are the Football Club, the Dramatic Club, and the Debating Society.

The first President of the Association was Mr Geo. Lippiatt, M.A., now science master at the Auckland College and

At the beginning of the matter the students warmly championed the professor's cause, and got up a largely signed petition to the Council praying that body to retain the professor's services. Though some members of the Council thought it was presumptuous on the part of the students to interfere in the matter at all, still the petition was received and acknowledged by that body, and thereby an official recognition of the status of the Association was obtained. Mr E. H. Barber was the first secretary of the

the world. Those who attend the University College have the advantage of learning from men, each one of whom has distinguished himself highly in the branches of knowledge he professes to impart, and each one of them possesses the art of communicating thought in an exceptional degree. The Editor has to thank Sir M. O'Rourke, the Professors, and the other gentlemen who assisted in bringing out this article. Special thanks are due to Mr Hanna, who with his accustomed courtesy, placed his studio and his abilities at our disposal. The photos illustrating the article are with one exception his.

WELLINGTONIA.

CHAT-FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

(BY OUR WELLINGTON SENTINEL.)

THE feature of a not very exciting week has certainly been the Musical Festival, and the feature of the Musical Festival has been the really splendid baritone voice of Mr Gee. I need not tell Aucklanders who Mr Gee is, but I can assure them his performances here during the last few days have surprised and delighted even his best friends and warmest admirers. Mr Saunders, the Melbourne tenor, has a sweet, light, skilfully-managed voice, and has rapidly made himself a favourite here, but the hero of the Festival has undoubtedly been Mr Gee. Lord Glasgow's name will also be remembered in connection with the Festival, but for a somewhat different reason. His Excellency has many estimable and amiable qualities, but his strong point is certainly not oratory. I don't know that there is much reason why it should be, or that the representative of Her Majesty should not be well able to fill his post without possessing any mastery of the arts of rhetoric. Perhaps on the whole, in a self-governing colony, the gift of silence is an accomplishment by no means without value to a Governor. He is never likely to have fault found with him for what he does not say. On the other hand, if eloquent, he labours under the constant risk of being tempted to perform Sir Boyle Roche's feat of opening his mouth in order to put his foot into it. Lord Glasgow at any rate is singularly unlikely to fall a victim to this temptation. No doubt he could fight for the Queen as bravely as becomes a British seaman, but he certainly cannot talk for her. I fancy he looks upon the task of addressing a public audience with unfeigned horror. On Monday night he had good naturedly consented to open the Musical Festival by saying a few words to the audience from the stage of the Opera House. The audience was large, and His Excellency was nervous. Over and over again he stuck dead, after getting out a sentence or two. Luckily the audience was as good-humoured as it was large, and the ladies and gentlemen present did their best to fill in the time by salvos of benevolent applause. Finally, Lord Glasgow observed with good-humoured desperation: 'I belong to a profession that never gives in,' drew his notes from his breast pocket, donned his spectacles, and doggedly read what he had meant to say. The audience laughed heartily, but rather with His Excellency than at him. He had their sympathy in his unfeigned nervousness, and in his frank and unpretending admission of it.

Nervousness when addressing a public audience is a strange disease, and at times attacks men in a most inexplicable fashion. I once knew an experienced and really eloquent speaker, who had in his time filled high public positions, so paralyzed by this strange sort of stage-fright that, to the amazement of his audience, he was unable to get through half-a-dozen simple sentences. He quietly apologized to his hearers and sat down, but the result on that occasion was highly comic. An enthusiastic and not very fluent friend of his had to make the next speech on the list. This gentleman, wisely distrusting his own powers of extempore speech, had learned a short address off by heart, which he proceeded to deliver with all the strength of very powerful lungs. In his second or third sentence he recited a neatly-worded tribute to the 'eloquent and exhaustive address of my hon. friend who has just preceded me.' You can imagine the effect upon the rather bewildered audience.

I also remember an occasion on which the gentleman chosen to move the Address in reply, which opens each Session of the House of Representatives, was at the last moment robbed of his voice by a sudden and severe cold. Muffled and overcoated he appeared in his place, and in the hoarsest of half-audible whispers apologized for his inability, and handed in the MSS of an elaborate speech to be embodied in Hansard. All eyes were then turned upon the seconder of the Address. That gentleman, who had a highly respectable share of humour, was equal to the occasion, which certainly had its comic side. Rising slowly he said in his most solemn and rolling tones:—'Mr Speaker, after the able and eloquent speech, which my Hon. friend has not delivered, any further remarks on my part would be so tedious and needless that I need say nothing at all.'

The subject of nervousness on the part of public speakers reminds one that one of the present members of the House of Representatives fainted dead away in his first attempt to address a New Zealand public meeting as candidate. However, he has quite survived that little mishap, now makes quite as many speeches as the average of his fellows—rather more so in fact—and does not appear by any means to suffer from any overwhelming dread of his audience.

Talking about the Wellington Opera House reminds me that that abominable drop-scene plastered all over with garish advertisements daubed in coarse paint, which used to nauseate every spectator possessed of a grain of good taste, has at last disappeared, never I trust to be seen again. How the town could tolerate it so long has always puzzled me. I wonder a society of playgoers did not band themselves together to boycott every tradesman, whose name and wares were advertised upon it.

This session of the House of Representatives will be notable, if for nothing else, for the number of the divisions. No less than four times this year have the ayes and noes exactly balanced each other, and thus given the Chairman the conspicuous task of deciding the question. I don't think I ever saw more than one tie division in the session before, though old politicians tell me that Sir Edward Stafford's Ministry was once saved by the Speaker's casting vote, and on the strength of that rather slender majority, stuck to office for the remainder of the session.

What may be called the domestic affairs of Parliament House have been in evidence to an unusual extent this session, and have caused many searchings of heart and violent differences of opinion. As you know Bellamy's had the narrowest possible shave of being prohibited at the very beginning of the session. Its continuation since has been a sore point with the teetotal M.H.R.'s, who look upon its bar traffic very much as an orthodox Hebrew of old must have eyed the images of Baal and Ashtaroth set up under his nose by a heretical Ahab or an idolatrous Jezebel. Just now the Puritan element in the House is especially wrath with the Premier for having dared to show an intention to perpetuate the abomination of alcohol. Mr Seddon, who is a member of the House Committee, has induced that body to order the usual stock of wine and spirits for next session, whereas the tea party had fully determined that there should, if possible, be no next session for poor old Bellamy's. They know, of course, that if wine and spirits are once ordered there will be a strong plea put in to give the unregenerate M.H.R.'s the chance of drinking them next year, rather than sell them to outside dealers at a loss. As a matter of fact, Bellamy's, whatever it may have been in ancient days, is certainly not now a scene of riotous conviviality. It is really nothing more than a large dining-room with a small tea room attached, and the amount of liquor consumed there diminishes steadily with every fresh parliament. Unfortunately, the builders who fitted it up provided an eyecore for many people besides Prohibitionists by putting a huge bar close by the entrance door of the dining-room. There is not the least need of this clumsy and unpleasant-looking thing, which gives Bellamy's the air of being a public house instead of being what it really is, a dining-room. The result is that visitors who see this bar, and notice, perhaps, one or two M.H.R.'s standing and talking at it, carry away exaggerated notions of the amount of drinking which goes on there, and tell stories to their friends outside, which pass into wild exaggerations as they travel from mouth to mouth.

But though the Premier and the House Committee won't cut off the supplies from Bellamy's, they are restricting the giving of tea parties. It is odd that in this the first

Parliament elected by the ladies, tea parties should to some extent be put under the ban; but it is mournfully true. Members are in the habit of asking their wives and lady friends to tea in one of the numerous committee rooms upstairs which help to make up that great and labyrinthine rabbit warren Parliament House. These little social gatherings sometimes take place in the afternoon, but more often in the evening, especially during the half hour in which the House adjourns for supper. They are very pleasant, and entirely innocent and harmless. However, some hard-hearted and unbending M.H.R. or another has lately been annoyed by invasions of rooms to which he considers that he has a pre-emptive right, or which should be sacred from the intruding feet of woman. Henceforth, therefore, tea parties are only to be held in certain designated rooms, the owners of which may now be expected to find themselves amazingly popular, and their quarters at an unexampled premium.

OURSELVES.

THE 'REVIEW OF REVIEWS' PATS US ON THE BACK.

IN a long article—one of the series on Australian Journalism—the *Review of Reviews* for September 20th, 1894, speaks of several New Zealand journals, including the GRAPHIC. It commences as thus:—

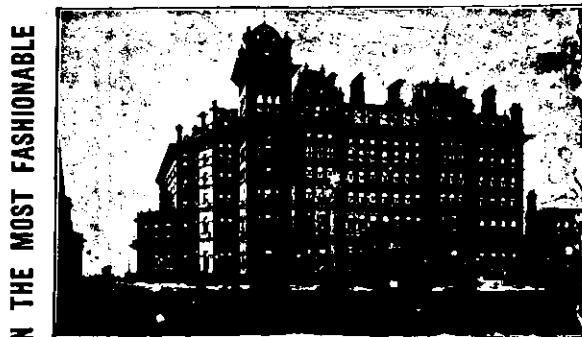
'The colonies are rich in illustrated journals of a certain type. The *Australasian*, the *Leader*, the *Sydney Mail*, the *Town and Country Journal*, the *Queenslander*—not to mention other weekly papers—all produce illustrations, which are often of high artistic merit. But with these journals the illustrations are, so to speak, accidental; they are added as a tiny pinch of art to sweeten the great mass of news overflowing so many broad pages. New Zealand alone boasts a weekly illustrated journal of the type of the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*. The NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC has artistic merits which deserve a wider recognition than they have as yet received; and its founder and proprietor—Mr Henry Brett—is an admirable type of the men who have shaped Australasian journalism. As a chapter in the journalistic history of the colonies, the story of Mr Brett and his literary enterprises deserves to be told. The following sketch is by a writer specially well-informed on the subject.'

The article then goes on to tell the story of the founding of the *Auckland Star* and GRAPHIC.

FITZGERALD'S CIRCUS.

AFTER we went to press last night Fitzgerald Bros.' Circus opened in Auckland. We cannot, of course, give any criticism in this issue, but according to Sydney papers the show is a splendid one. 'Taken from beginning to end there was not one dull moment, not one mediocre scene or act in this programme, and the Brothers Fitzgerald are to be congratulated upon the integrity with which they kept their promises to the public.' So said the critic of the *Sydney Morning Herald* recently. The menagerie is also an excellent one, and comprises a den of performing lions, silver lion, Bengal tiger, Barbam tigers, Cheetas, pumas, leopards, wolves, foxes, bears, monkeys, an orang-outang, and other animals. We are also told by the Sydney papers that the clowns are funnier than the average jesters. Some of the leaping feats are extraordinary, and the riding of the boy jockey team alone is a very great attraction. There seems, indeed, little doubt but that the Fitzgerald Circus is an entertainment that should by no means be missed.

—FOR—
COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE
THE LANGHAM HOTEL,
PORTLAND PLACE, AND REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

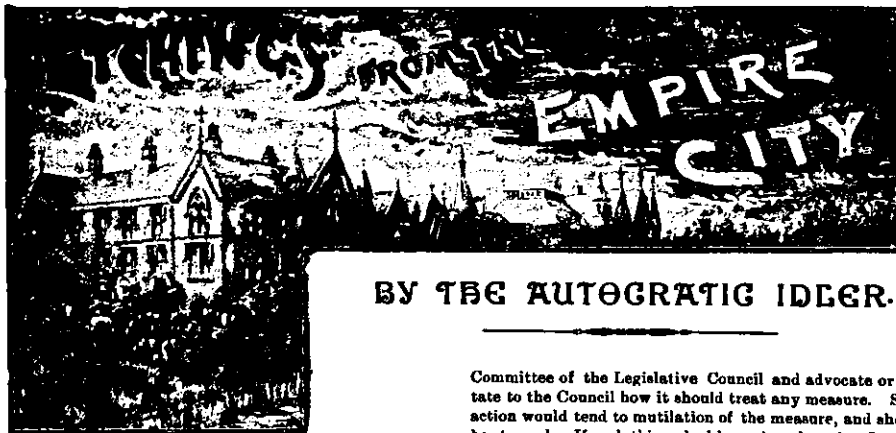


Near the Boat Shops, etc. Modern improvements. Table d'hôte 6.30 until 8.15. Artesian well water. Electric light throughout. Moderate tariff.

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Artistic
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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
CARDS, CIRCULARS BALL
& CONCERT PROGRAM-
MES, MENUS,
WEDDING & MOURNING
CARDS.
SEND ORDERS TO—
MANAGER,
GRAPHIC OFFICE,
AUCKLAND
DESIGNS SUBMITTED.

IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE

CONVENIENT & HEALTHY LOCALITY



BY THE AUTOGRATIC IDLER.

The Moon and Mr Collins, M.H.R. This very minor planet, the moon, was the subject of a Sunday evening lecture last Sabbath by Mr W. W. Collins, M.H.R. I didn't go to the lecture. It so happens that I know as much about the moon as anybody else does—I do think I know a great deal more about the moon than Mr Collins does. The ascertained facts with regard to the moon are accessible to anyone who can read; the other facts are to be learned from the man in the moon—whose personal acquaintance, and even friendship, I have had, for some years past. Mr Collins, I believe, disclaimed all imputations of shyness, with reference to the moon; and said that both himself and the full moon were about as wide awake as need be. I haven't the smallest doubt about either luminary. As to Mr Collins, the thing is obvious—and there needn't be any argument about it: Mr Collins is manifestly very wide awake indeed. I do hope he and the moon will continue to get on happily—and prosperously—together. The moon, to be sure, exhibits no less than four erratic and rather strange phases within even a month: sometimes she seems to be anxious to kiss Venus: at other times she exhibits a strong partiality for Mars—and she rises from behind the gloom of Mount Victoria in Wellington in a most unexpected way, and sails through the sky all night thereafter in a highly satisfactory manner. Collins, in like manner, phases, and rises, and sails along! Very good—let him! And, as to rising, Collins may rise—from any quarter he has a mind to, for all I care. As to his setting—I hope to live to see it! Collins will, without doubt, set in the vicinity of the Wellington Club: it won't be long till he gets there, if he goes on lecturing on the moon and on other things as he does—and I haven't long to live, maybe, after all! But whether I live to see it or no—Collins will set in the pleasant golden sky of the Wellington Club, all the same: he longs to be there, even at this moment!

The Grey George Barber. Mr Arthur Robert Guinness, M.H.R. for Greymouth, and Chairman of Committees has been known to this present Idle person for ever so many years. I long ago concluded that it would be an almost impossible thing to disturb his wonderful equanimity. A trace of anything in the way of emotion, or chagrin, or pleasure, or pain, or anger, or petulance, or deep annoyance, never, to my knowledge, passed over his serene and placid countenance. His Honor the Judge doesn't often attempt to sit on this suave and bland, and altogether cold and clever and clear gentleman of the long robe, but I have seen the thing tried on in a mild way. Mr Guinness took no more notice of the intended rebuff than he does of a puff of gorse wind—but cool as a cucumber continued his argument—only with more deference than ever to His Honor, and His Honor's superior judgment, and all the rest of it! Not that I mean to say that Mr Guinness is not warm-hearted. He isn't impulsive; he controls such emotions as possess him from time to time with consummate art; but beneath that waistcoat, which is concealed by a gown rather blue, and by no means captivating, the heart of the true West Coast man beats—and the heart of the West Coast man beats louder and stronger than any other in these islands. I have known Mr Guinness to travel twenty miles to defend a friend who was penniless, without fee or even expense. But it was this same impassionable, placid Mr Guinness who an evening or two since, electrified the house by a short speech, full of impetuous ardour and burning indignation. What was the matter? The Wellington Post relates the incident in this way:—'Mr Guinness strongly denounced the Minister for Labour. The class of hasty radical legislation that Minister was bringing down would lead to the ultimate ruin of the Liberal party. It interfered in the most unreasonable manner with the liberty of the subject. If a person was a master and employed no one, he or she should be allowed to carry on business as they liked. He took strong exception to the conduct of the Minister in attending the Committee of the Council. It was not the duty of any Minister to go to a

Committee of the Legislative Council and advocate or dictate to the Council how it should treat any measure. Such action would tend to mutilation of the measure, and should be stopped. If such things had been done by other Governments Mr Reeves would have been the first to use harsh and strong language against the member who had done such a thing.' And the member for Greymouth went on to ask what technical or special evidence could Mr Reeves possibly give the Legislative Council (or anybody else) as to the precise conduct of lollie shops, barbers' shops, fruit shops, or other shops? It comes to what I have all along said, that Mr Reeves is running to seed over these Labour Bills, and it was a good thing for Mr Guinness to tell him so, in the straight way that he did. There are scores and scores of small hucksters and other shops in all our cities, and a good many in our larger towns—shops kept by broken-down men and old women who employ no hands at all, and it is simple nonsense to say that Liberalism demands the closing of these humble premises for a half holiday, if the occupiers desire to remain in them, on the holiday afternoon. The mere fact that even the calm Mr Guinness grew indignant over the proposal, shows that there is something radically wrong in it. Mr Reeves, I must acknowledge, as everybody does, has taken immense pains with a number of the Labour Bills and bestowed as much thought and more learning, perhaps, upon some of them than many other men could. What everybody—and more especially what all democratic men—say, is, that in some of his proposals he is going altogether too far, and interfering too seriously with the personal liberty of many hundreds of our fellow colonists—fellow colonists who have no powerful Trade Unions or other organizations at their backs to help them or to speak or act for them. Liberty is the main object of the Liberal: and no Britisher ever forgets that every man's house, however much of a shanty, and every man's shop, be it even a huckster's, is his castle, in the one case, and still his castle, in the other, if there he resides and if his home be in it. As for the argument that the half holiday is still required in the case of these people, if not for themselves, then for their families—there isn't anything in the argument. As a rule these people have no families worth mentioning; their children are grown up and out at work, if they have any—which, in most cases, they haven't. But

where such people have children and young people about them, they require no law to teach them to be kind to their own flesh and blood. These people are mostly poor—the poor are kind to each other, and to their own people. It isn't the poor who take the most work out of those whom they have control over. I quite feel the force of the blast of Gorge wind which Mr Guinness blew over the Legislature; and I hope Mr Reeves will feel it too—and go round to a sheltered and safe corner as speedily as possible.

A Cynic Mr W. T. Rowe, the Chief of the Wellington Public Library, read a paper recently at the Technical School, before the Empire City branch of the Australasian Home Readers Union, on 'Vanity Fair.' The lecturer found it impossible to discuss 'Vanity Fair' without saying a good deal about its author—of whom he is an ardent admirer, and a considerable portion of a remarkably clear and concise address (containing indeed a compendious history of Thackeray and his works) was devoted to a consideration of the life and character of the man, the gentleness of whose fine spirit was so misunderstood by those many early critics of his, who called him 'cynic.' As a satirist, Mr Rowe said, Thackeray especially attacked all forms of affectation and snobbishness and insincerity—to which let me add cant and cad-tem. 'Of an extremely sensitive nature himself, he was gifted with a preternaturally keen perception of the meaner and baser side of human nature.' This did not at all sour the milk of human kindness in his own bosom, however. 'Vanity Fair,' Mr Rowe said, was Thackeray's best, best-known, and most characteristic work: a moral novel, the moral not being painfully thrust upon the reader, who is left to find it out for himself. The prose style of 'Vanity Fair' stood above that of any novelist of this century. It is marked by the utmost lucidity and limpidity. In 'Edmond' Mr Thackeray adopted, with perfect success, the characteristics and tone of the Queen Anne style, and by thus giving a supposed eighteenth century tale an air of complete verisimilitude he succeeded in producing what is commonly accepted as the finest specimen of historical novel in the English language. Thackeray was found dead in bed on Christmas Eve morning, 1863—with all the appearance of having suffered intense pain. His nervous dread of fulsome eulogy, says Mr Rowe, led him to request that there should be nothing of the sort about him after his death, and his daughters have observed this admonition perhaps too sacredly, and as a consequence, no adequate biography of the great man has yet been written. On the Thursday following his death Tom Taylor described the genius who had passed away in a few true and touching words in London Punch:—

He was a cynic! By his life, all wrought Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways: His heart wide open to all kindly thought; His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise. He was a cynic! You might read it, writ In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair; In those blue eyes with childlike candour lit; In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

It was this cynic who in visiting a sick brother journalist and penniless man, used to leave a pill box on the chimney-piece on leaving, labelled, 'one to be taken occasionally.' On opening it it was found to contain golden sovereigns. A 'cynic' only could think of such a delicate way of helping a brother in distress!

Rowland's Odonto

An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth. Is the most wholesome tooth powder for ladies and children, and being most beautifully perfumed, it is a perfect toilet luxury for ladies who value the appearance of their own and their children's teeth. 2s 9d per box.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It has been known for 100 years as the best preserver and beautifier of the hair; it prevents it falling, if or turning grey, strengthens weak hair, and eradicates scurf and dandruff; it is unsurpassed as a brilliancing for the beard and moustaches, to which it imparts a soft and silky appearance; it is also sold in a golden colour for fair-haired children; it is most exquisitely perfumed.

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A soothing and emollient milk for the face, and is most cooling to the skin in hot climates; it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, roughness and redness of the skin, pimples, cutaneous eruptions, etc., and produces soft, fair skin, and a lively delicate complexion; it is guaranteed free from any mineral poisons and is absolutely harmless. Bottles 2s 3d and 4s 6d. Sold by Druggists and Stores.

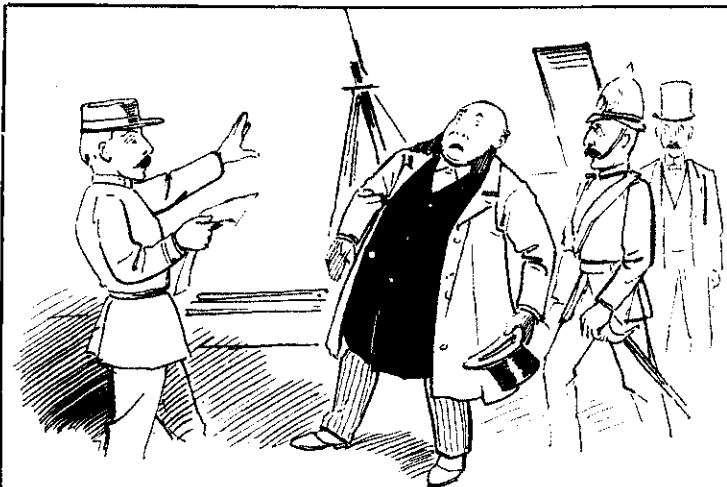
IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for Rowland's Macassar Oil, Kalydor and Odonto, of 50, Hatton Garden, London, and see that each article bears their signature in red ink; all others are worthless and poisonous imitations; 100 years prove that Rowland's are the best and only genuine.

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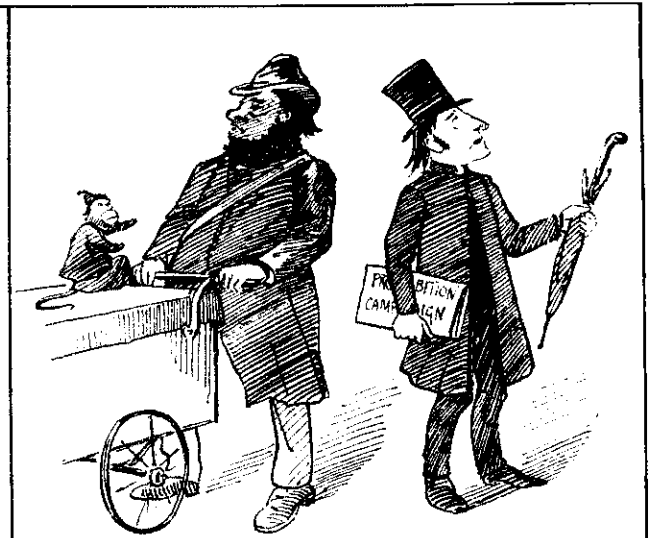
IS THE GREAT BLOOD-PURIFIER NERVE-TONIC AND Strength-Builder.

It attacks and breaks up every humor, cures skin eruptions, and restores exhausted vitality. Sufferers from indigestion, general debility, or any other ailment arising from impure blood, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It builds up the system generally, makes food nourishing, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable.

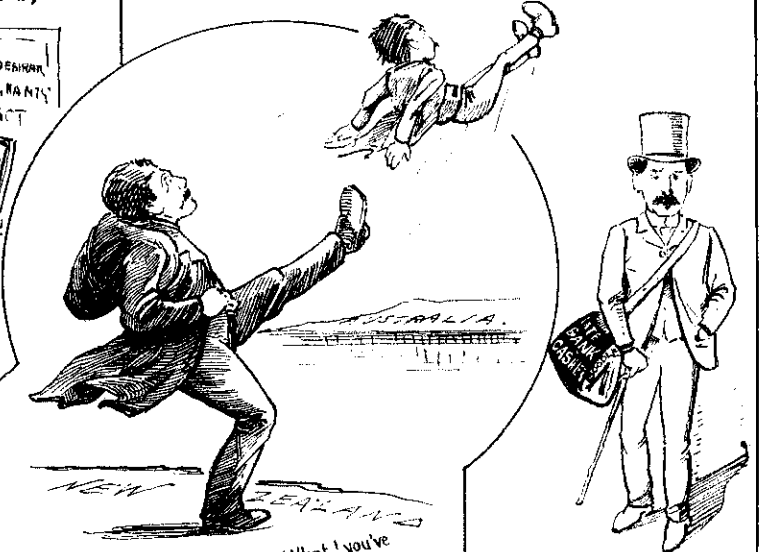
AYER'S PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA. As a Purgative, Ayer's Pills are the Best in the World. Highest Awards to Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Pills, Chicago Exposition, 1893. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



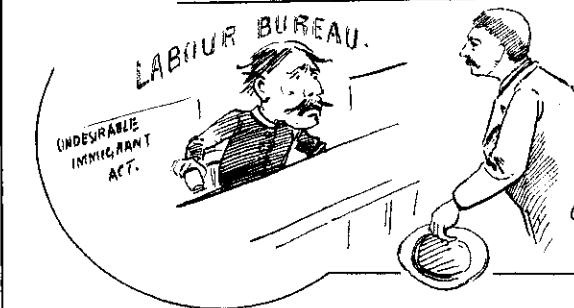
NEWLY-ARRIVED COLONIAL GOVERNOR IS NOT ALLOWED TO ENTER THE COLONY AS BEING UNDER CONTRACT.



SOME TOURISTS WE DON'T WANT.



A Tourist for the benefit of his healthy.



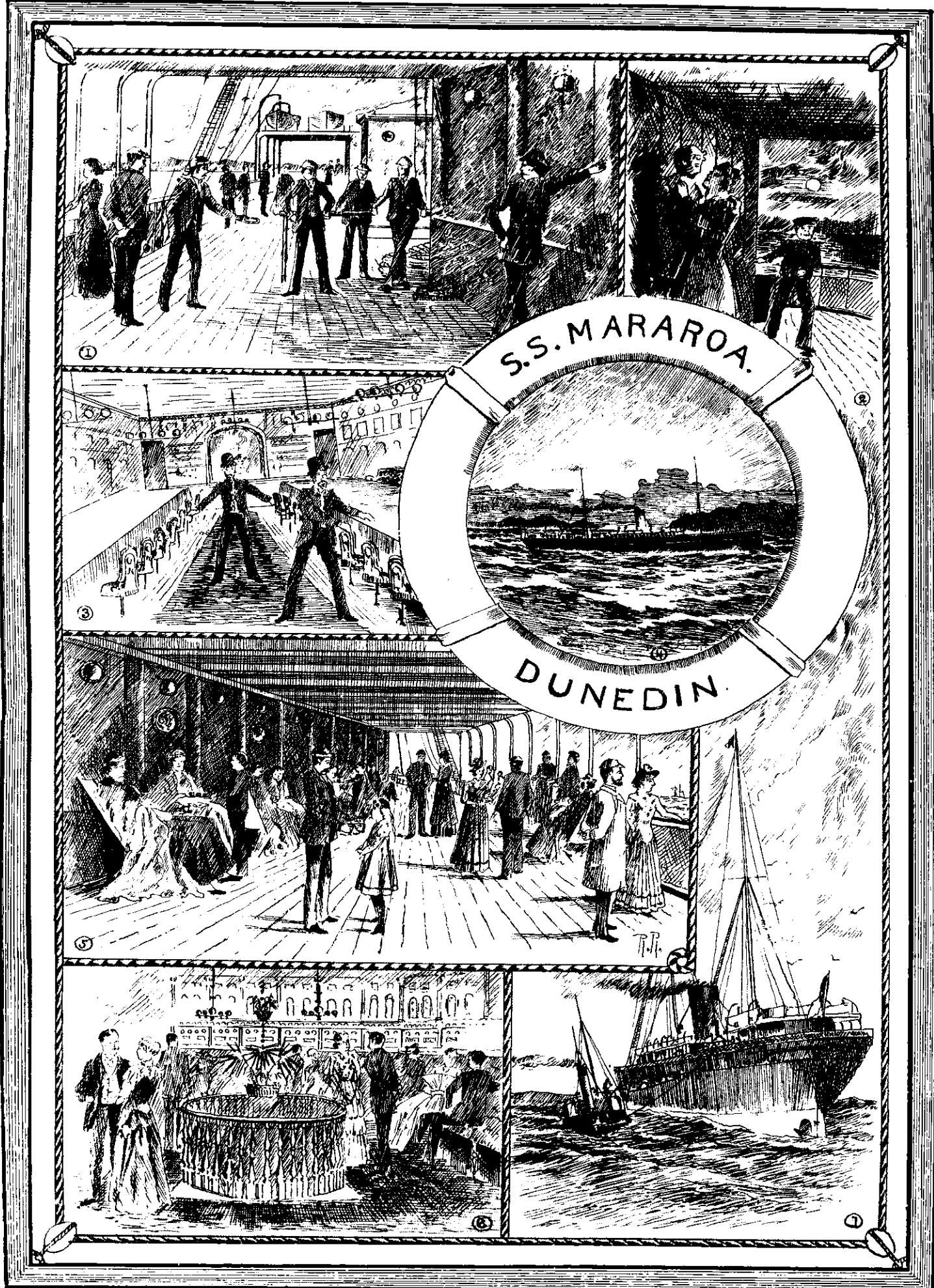
Government Official to recent arrival :- " What ! you've spent all your money, and got no work ? - Well out you go ! "



THE INSPECTION OF ARRIVALS
IMMIGRANTS MUST BE SOUND IN LIMB - CRIPPLES NOT ADMITTED.

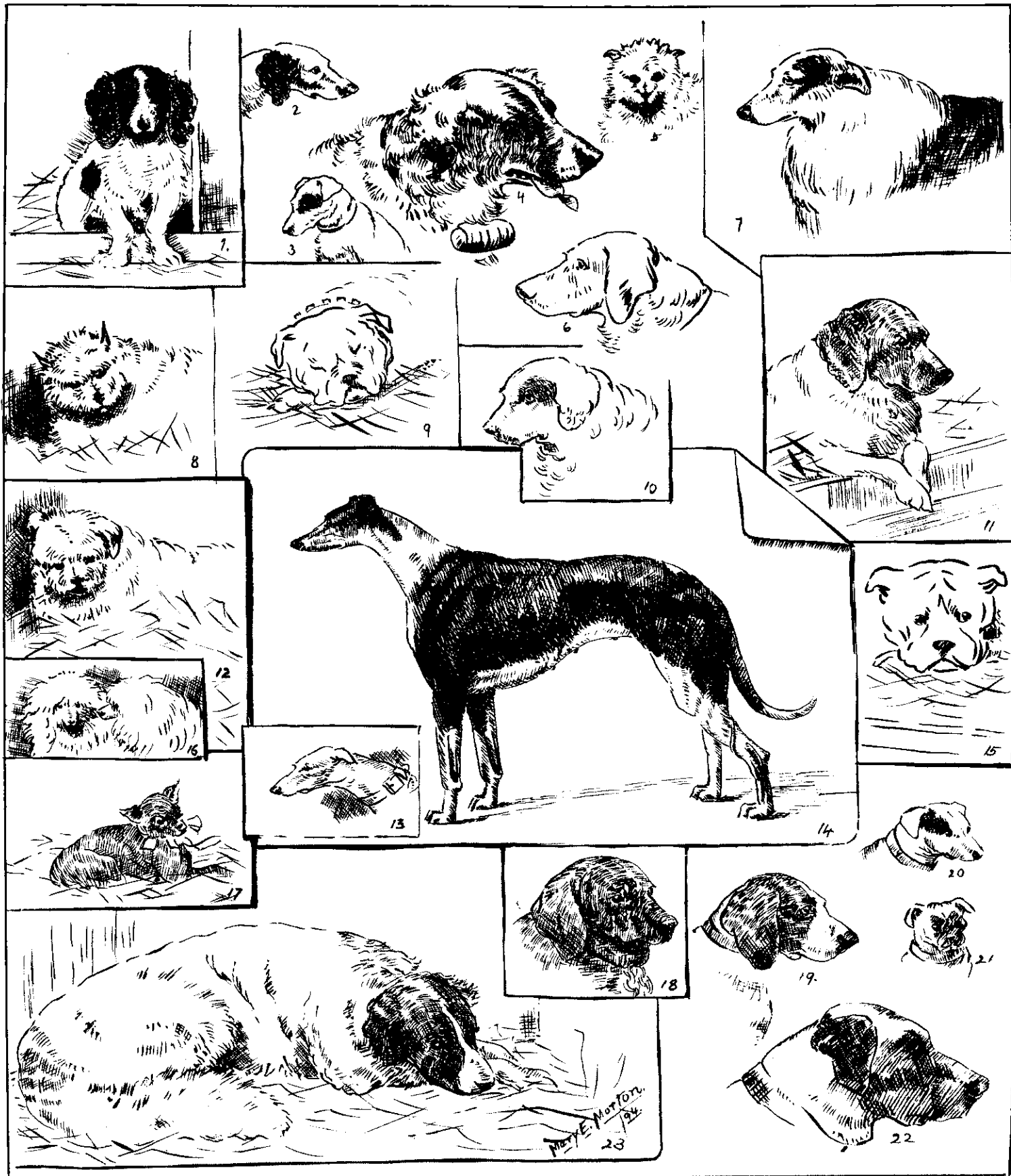
THE UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANTS BILL.

SOME PROBABLE RESULTS.



SKETCHES ON A TRIP UP THE COAST.

1. Playing quoits. 2. In a corner. 3. A rough passage. 4. Sunrise, Cook's Straits. 5. Afternoon tea. 6. In the Social Hall. 7. Getting on board under difficulties



SKETCHES AT THE AUCKLAND KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

1. Mr. Walter Minnitt's 'Max,' First Prize, Cocker Spaniel. 2. Mr. C. J. Phillipps' 'Don II,' First Prize, Black and Tan and White Setter. 3. Mr. W. S. Morrin's 'Naida,' First Prize, Fox Terrier. 4. Mrs. R. M. Jack's 'Lionel,' First and Special Prizes, St. Bernard. 5. Mr. J. W. Siddell's 'Sanitas Sam,' First and Special Prizes, Rough Terrier. 6. Mr. R. Edwards' 'Snap-Shot,' First Prize, Lemon and White Setter. 7. Messrs. Harrison & Horrock's 'Herdwick,' First and Special Prizes, Collie. 8. Mr. J. W. Siddell's 'Sanitas Gipsy,' First Prize, Rough Terrier. 9. Mr. A. Nutt's Queen of the Roses, Second Prize, Bull Dog. 10. Mr. E. Holloway's 'Patch,' First and Special Prizes, Clumber Setter. 11. Mr. J. R. Henderson's 'Bess,' First and Special Prizes, Gordon Setter. 12. Miss Jessie Murchie's 'Huia,' First and Special Prizes, Skye Terrier. 13. Mrs. J. W. Russell's 'Lulu,' Third Prize, Greyhound. 14. Mr. R. Barber's 'Roe,' First and Special Prizes, Greyhound, also winner of Championship. 15. Mr. Neill's 'Molly,' Bull Dog. 16. Mr. G. Duncan's 'Fluff and Fan,' Poodles. 17. Mrs. Richard's 'Tiny,' First Prize, Toy Terrier. 18. Mr. John Dixon's 'Chaff,' First Prize, Pointer. 19. Mr. C. H. Priestley's 'Tip,' Pointer. 20. Mr. T. Shewring's 'Harewood,' Fireworks, First and Special Prizes, Fox Terrier. 21. Mrs. Ida Kelly's 'Sambo,' First Prize, Pug. 22. Mrs. Lee's 'Leo,' Prize Mastiff. 23. Mr. A. Tarlin's 'Gip,' Second Prize, St. Bernard.

The Dereliction of the El Dorado.

By EDWARD CARLTON.

FROM THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."



ATTHEW CAPPER, third mate, told me the story as I lay in a deck chair during the middle watch of an intolerable African night, unable to sleep or even to rest in the heavy atmosphere of a state-room. The land then loomed upon our starboard quarter, gloriously lit with the full light of a great moon; but there was not a breath of breeze even to bely a skysail, not a spell of cool as the watches passed and the terrible dawn spread over the sea. The mate alone seemed proof against the visitation of the heat, nay, almost shivered in the worst hours of it; and when I gave him a cigar, he held it unlighted as a man who is carried by his mind from the present to a vivid memory of the past.

'I've told the story,' said he, 'to few; mostly silent ones. I don't know why you shouldn't have it if you'll hold back names where the men I speak of are part of the affair; though, likely enough, many of them are dead and gone now. That's Cape Verde showing to starboard there; and it wasn't a hundred miles from here that I last saw the El Dorado—a good ship, sir, though bought cheap and manned by rats.'

'You had your trouble with her, did you not?' I asked. 'I did, more's the pity. And what follows? Why, there's not an owner that will trust me with a kettle now, though I've told half of them what I'm going to tell you. I'm tarred with the brush that blacked the rest, as honest a lot as you'll pick up between Portsmouth and the Scillies, when they signed with me.'

'And what turned them?' 'Ay, what turned them? That's the story. What made us all creep about as though the devil's shadow was on the ship. What made them rave like madmen three days after we saw the last of Europe? I'll tell you in a word—it was a woman; the woman who commissioned me to the schooner; the woman for whom I bought it.'

'You interest me,' said I, 'let's get some more beer and have the yarn. My head's like a mop in a bucket, and there'll be no sleep this watch, anyway.'

We called the steward down below, for the whole ship was awake then and until dawn; and when we had the beer the mate began to talk to me. I was making a passage home from the Cape, the modern Mecca of the invalid, and had already come near to the Verde Islands in the full-rigged ship, Celso, of which this curious man was third officer. I describe him as curious with some reason. While he could not have been past his thirty-fifth year, he had the face of a sexagenarian, and the saddest eyes man ever had. Scarred with furrows and wrinkles as a study by Rembrandt, there was yet so much nobility about his countenance, he had such a perfection of balance in his features, and wore his melancholy with such a pretty grace that I could understand the words in which women spoke of him; and the meaning of the ejaculation 'Poor fellow,' which followed his footsteps. But his story is the better index to his personality, and I give it from pure memory; yet accurately, I am sure, since no man who once heard it could forget either the pathos or the pity of it.

'Well,' said he, 'it's more years back than you could count upon your hand, seven maybe, maybe eight, though time does not concern me now. I was at Portsmouth then, land-locked after the dirtiest summer of the century, and waiting a ship since I could not get a yacht. It's wonderful the hold a white deck has on a man once he's trod it, sir. I know many who would take a pound a month less on skipper a cutter, even if you offered them a five-master. That was how I felt. I'd had a bit of a job with an old schooner—she belonged to Ransom, the brewer—but August came and found me with my hands in my pockets, and precious little besides. Most owners went out of commission before September because of the wet, days not fit for dogs they were; and I was just about to sign for a berth as "second" on the Ocean Queen, when the letter came to me.'



'I SAW IN THAT MOMENT AN APPARITION BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO BLIND A MAN.'

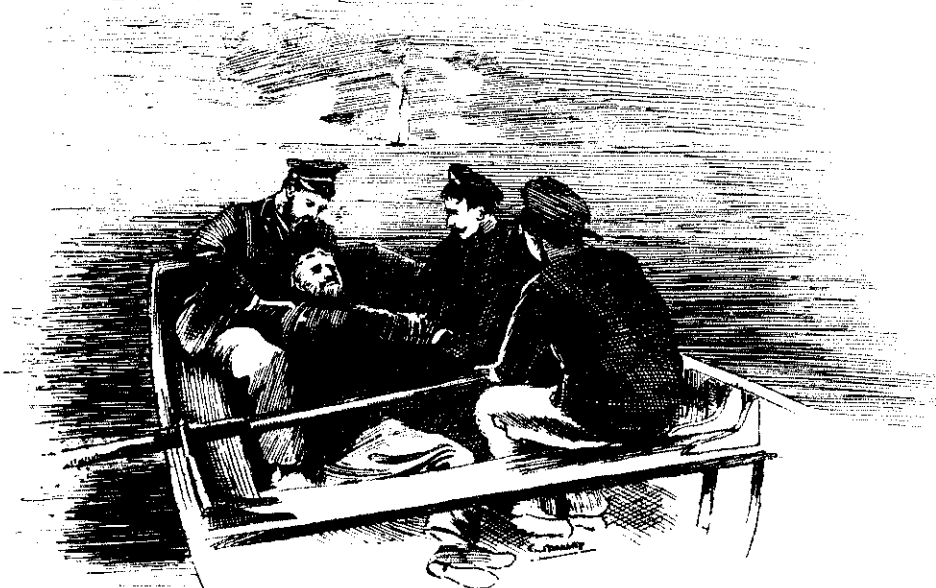
'You didn't mention a letter,' said I, as I offered him a match.

'Didn't I?' he went on, without lighting his cigar, 'well, it began with the letter—the queerest letter a seaman ever had. It was a note which held nothing less than a draft for two thousand pounds put into my hand by a stranger. She signed herself Emile Aldibert, and wrote from an address in Great Portland-street. Of course, there had been some one to speak for me, I don't doubt that; but a man who has not often called a hundred pounds his own may be thrown off his helm when he finds two thousand plumped down upon him, and left to be spent at his discretion. That was my case, and I was just for all the world like a big yacht griping for the wind. Twice I read the note, then twice again, but I could not get the bearings of it anyway. First, you see, I was asked to buy to the best of my judgment a sailing-ship large enough to make a journey to the Cape. Cheapness, said the lady, was a consideration, but so was safety; and then in her little writing, going up and down like

the scrawl of a mosoo, she said that she wished me to fit out this ship, and to man her with the smallest number of men which could bring her safely to port. But—and mark it as strange—everything was to be done in my name and not in hers. She said that the recommendation she had of me led her to trust me like an old seaman; but she pressed upon me the necessity of very great economy in my actions and hoped that the two thousand pounds would be money enough for her purpose. With that direction she hoped that I would accept two hundred and fifty pounds to take the vessel to the Cape, and sell her to the best advantage on my return; that I would hurry on the work, and would communicate with her, so soon as the ship was ready, at the address she gave me.

'This was the letter I read, ay, scores of times in the next three days, and carried about Portsmouth with me, wandering for hours like a man in a dream. Who was Emile Aldibert, and why did she want to go by her own ship to the Cape, when she could have bought a passage for a tenth of the sum? Why had she chosen me? for what reason was all this cry about secrecy? It was possible, I said, that she was running from the police; but a liner even then would have been the safer craft. It was equally possible that she was mixed up with some man; but I could not bring my mind to learn how a yacht would help her in that case. A man who sees water for the best part of a year is not usually quick at thinking. Lay it all down on a chart for him, and he will take you there. Tie him up ashore, with his lungs full of smoke, and he will smile while you pick his pocket. I was never an exception to the rule, and the woman's letter seemed to knock my wits all to pieces. For three days, as I tell you, the draft for two thousand burnt a hole in my mind; on the fourth, I found myself bidding, with all the excitement of a big buyer, for a fore and aft schooner which lay in the harbour. That was the year of deep-sea depression in every yard; you could pick up iron spars for a third of what they cost. The schooner ran out at one hundred and ninety-eight tons, with gear as good as gold all through, and I bought her, as I'm a living man, for nine hundred sovereigns. Three weeks later I had her fitted with gowaws, and silks, and good bedding, which many a rich shoreman might have thought himself lucky to see; and with a crew of twelve besides myself and the mate, good men all, that knew me as I knew them, we waited for my lady on the first day of October.

'Now I was very proud of that ship, sir, from the start. I had said to myself, "Provision is to be made for petticoats, and I am responsible for it." There wasn't a thing in any of the cabins aft that I did not see to myself. I put up a booby hatch where a common wooden bed had been; I carpeted the companion, and trimmed the chief cabin with blue and gold, until it was as fine as a state-room. On the day that we looked for the lady to come, I had enough flowers about the place to stock a market, great bouquets of them fore and aft, and more in the saloons. As for the men, there never was a smarter lot; and I dressed them in white ducks and blue jerseys with the name of the ship, the El Dorado, written in gold all across their caps. Every rag in the sail-room was new, and we'd worked on the decks till they shone like a dancing floor. You may imagine, then, that I was not very pleased when, at six o'clock on the day I looked for the lady to come, a crone of sixty, who gabbled in a tongue that no decent man would



'I WAS IN THE LONG-BOAT BOUND UP LIKE A LOG.'

THE POET OF THE PRISON.

THE prison world appears to have its 'Occasional Poets,' even as it can boast specimens of every other class of civilized and savage men. The other day I came across a sample of their work, for the publication of which an ex M.P., who at an earlier period in his career had occupied a cell at Dartmoor, is responsible. Turning over the leaves of a prison library book he had found the following couplet scrawled on a blank page:—

'Good-bye, Lucy, dear,
I'm parted from you for seven long years.—ALFRED JONES.'

This was simple, if touching, and the sad farewell to Miss Lucy would have been lost to the world had not the volume fallen into the hands of another poet whose soul was imbued with cynicism rather than sentiment. This is his reflection on Mr Jones's verse:—

'If Lucy dear is like most gals,
She'll give few sighs or moans,
But soon will find among your pals
Another Alfred Jones.'

This specimen of prison poetry gave me a thirst for more, so I hunted up my friend the Major, and inquired whether he had ever had in his care such a contributor to the gaiety of gangs as Mr Alfred Jones or his critic. I doubted not that he would go one better; nor was I disappointed.

'Ebenezer Carey was one of them,' said the ex gaoler; 'he had come to grief as a village schoolmaster, and had taken to vagrancy as a profession, for offences connected with which he was frequently sent to my prison. On one occasion he left his slate covered with verses. The idea seems to have been suggested by some hymn, though you could hardly call it a parody. I wish I could remember the whole of this lament for lament it was, caused by the snares and pitfalls set by ungrateful society to catch the erring "moocher." It began in this way:—

'The night is very gloomy,
The time is waxing late,
And yet, by all that's evil,
The slop is at the gate;
The slop who comes with moocher,
The slop who comes with scamp;
The slop who comes with glorious capture
Two half-starved, hungry tramps.'

Then came a melancholy apostrophe to the prison itself:—

'Oh, home for careless cadger,
Disgusted and forlorn,
Where they shall dwell in sadness
Until the fourteenth morn—'

and so on. And with a rebellious wind up, showing that if his incarceration had been punitive it had not been deterrent:—

'I know not, oh! I know not,
When I may next be there;
And to tell no lies about it,
I'm d—d sure I don't care!'

'That was the last I saw of Carey in prison, but I found out, quite by accident, that my poetical prisoner did on occasion try to earn a few shillings. I was in a country town about fifty miles from home, and had occasion to go to a certain watchmaker's shop. On the counter I noticed a little heap of leaflets, and, taking one up, I found that there was printed on it a panegyric in verse on the proprietor of the establishment and his workmanship. Something like this:—

'Hark! the long-hair'd poets sing,
Time is over on the wing;
Little moments how they fly,
Golden winged fitting by.'

'After more in the same strain, the "long-hair'd poet" got to business:—

'If you wish your erring watch
Cleaned with science and despatch,
Trust to one who knows his look—
You will not have far too look.'

'Then came some fulsome praise of the worthy tradesman behind the counter, and some local allusions; the ode, consisting of about fifty lines, ending:—

'And you'll certainly agree
That his time-piece surgery
Well deserves his high renown
As the foremost in the town!'

'"Are you a poet?" I inquired, as I put the paper down.

'"No, sir," said the watchmaker, "that was brought to me by a very disreputable tramp, who said that he had written it, and offered to sell it to me. He bothered me so much that at last I paid him for it."

'"What was the man like?"
'And then Carey was described to me, my informant adding that he had since heard that he was a notorious scamp, and well known to the police.

'In the out life world the sensual spirit of the poet is often broken by the sneers and jibes of his critics; so, in prison, if an inmate is caught endeavoring to immortalise his sentiments on his cell wall or his dinner tin—indeed, anywhere at all—the detecting warder acts the part of publisher, and the governor, in the rôle of critic, puts on the extinguisher. Such an effort, for instance, as—

'My name is Billy,
I don't like skilly!'

will probably lead to its author being deprived even of that article of diet.'

THE WELLINGTON REPRESENTATIVE FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1894.

ON the first page of this issue we reproduce the admirable photo taken by Mr Edwards, of Auckland, of the Wellington Football Representatives.

The recent tour was a most successful one, and with the exception of Taranaki, Wellington can probably send forth the best team in New Zealand. The matches played in tour were as follows: Poverty Bay-Wellington won by 19-6; Thames-Wellington won 5-3; Auckland-Wellington won 13 to nil; Taranaki lost by 6 to nil.

A word or two concerning individual members of the team will perhaps be of interest:

Mr S. H. DAVIDSON (11st), full-back, is one of the few really capable and reliable full-backs in the colony. A splendid kick with either foot, and a deadly collar. He is certainly an extremely hard man to beat in his own department of the game. His coolness and reliability make him a man of quite exceptional value in any team.

W. ROBERTS (11st), right wing three-quarter, is one of the finest all-round footballers in the colony. Kicks magnificently with either foot, and takes cleanly and surely.

W. T. WYNYARD (11st 10lb), centre three quarter, captain of the team, and one of the best players in the colony. Is a very fast runner, good kick and most unselfish, besides being tricky. He visited the Mother Country and Australia with the New Zealand Native team in 1888, and last year was one of the New Zealand team which visited New South Wales and Queensland.

A. DUNCAN (12st) can be placed either centre three-quarter or five eighths and is equally good in either position, being an adept at every department of the game. He has medium pace and great heart. He is an old Wanganui College boy, and this is his first year as a 'rep' man.

C. HALES, emergency, three-quarter only. Played once against the Thames. He is a good man, fast, and kicks well; an old Auckland. This is Hales' first season as a Wellington rep.

J. BENNETT (11st 9lb), five-eighth. It was also this gentleman's first year as a rep of Wellington. A fast man, and a constant scorer. Bennett 'came off' in nearly every match during the season.

D. R. GAGE is too well-known to need any description. Probably the trickiest player in the colony. Has played some wonderful games and is the hero of many victories.

J. PUDNEY (10st 12lb), extra half. A good player, passes and tackles well, and is fairly fast.

G. MABER, (11st 12lb), forward, is lightest forward in the team, but very fast, follows up grandly, and works hard from start to finish. Played in the last New Zealand team.

J. POLAND (13st 12lb), centre forward, plays a hard determined game, one of the heavy brigade. A well known Auckland player for many years.

A. CAMPBELL (12st 10lb), a real good man on the line out, and follows up well. The place kick of the team.

F. BISHOP (14st), forward, is the heaviest man in the team—'fourteen stone of beef and bone.' As might be imagined he is a grand man in the scrum.

W. MCKENZIE (13st 7lb), wing forward, is commonly nick-named 'off side McKenzie' from his scrum tactics. He is the tallest man in the team, 6 feet 2 inches in his socks, very fast and a good dribbler. McKenzie is a man who invariably gives trouble to his opponents.

F. YOUNG (13st 10lb), forward, a front man in the scrum, and good at securing the ball. Grafts from start to finish, good on the line out, follows up well.

J. SWINDLEY (12st 7lb), forward, front man with Young in the scrum, a demon to work. His first year as a rep, an old Auckland boy. He played with New Zealand team this year.

J. KELLY (11st 12lb), wing forward, an old Auckland, very fast, consistent scorer, always follows up smartly, and is a great man in the passing game.

W. PRINGLE (12st 6lb), very fast, good in open, and backs up well.

A. JACK (12st 13lb), forward; first year as Wellington rep. An old Otago High-school boy. Not very fast, but always there when wanted.

Mr GRANT, manager for the team, is treasurer of the Wellington Rugby Union.

Mr E. DAVY acted as umpire during the tour, and is Chairman of the committee.

A FINE ART PUBLICATION.

BY far the best fine art publication we have seen offered to the public at anything approaching a reasonable price, in the views and pictures of the principal cities of the world. Issued in sixteen portfolios of sixteen magnificent views each, the series comprises views of the most beautiful places in the world. The pictures are the perfection of the now favourite 'half tone' work, and cannot be too highly praised. Messrs Gordon and Gotch, the Australian publishers for the American firm who issue the work, have a splendid thing for their patrons in this portfolio. The photos from which the pictures are taken are costly, yet the numbers are but a shilling each, or the whole series for sixteen shillings. Mr Spreckley, of Auckland, is the agent. His advertisement is on our cover.

WANGANUI TOURIST TRAFFIC.

FACILITIES for tourists and others desirous of acquainting themselves with the beauties of the New Zealand Rhine are growing apace, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration which we reproduce from a photo taken by Mr W. H. T. Partington, photographer, of Wanganui, on the occasion of the launching of the Manuawai, Mr A. Hatrick's new river steamer, which is expected to be fitted up in good time for the opening of the tourist season. The launch was witnessed by a large number of spectators, who were unanimously of opinion that a prettier or more successful one has seldom been seen, spite of the fact that the vessel had to take the water broadside on. The Manuawai is a very pretty example of *fin de siècle* energy and go-aheadism. The order for her construction only went to the builders—Messrs Yarrow and Co., Poplar, London—in January last; she was put together, taken to pieces, packed and landed in Wellington by the close of July; from thence removed to Wanganui, where the work of putting her together again was begun during the first week in August, and on the sixteenth of September she was successfully floated, and ready for the erection of the deck cabins and other finishing touches. The Manuawai measures 121 feet, with a beam of 18 feet, an estimate draught of 12 inches, and a guaranteed speed of 11 1/2 miles per hour. She is built throughout of Siemens steel, with seven watertight compartments (each compartment having its own ejection pump); her high pressure engines are really splendid, and her whole construction has been carried out on the most modern approved principles. Her fittings will be first-class, and her passenger accommodation will leave nothing to be desired. We congratulate Mr Hatrick on her highly satisfactory launching, and hope his enterprise will receive its due reward. Certainly he is leaving no stone unturned in his endeavour to open to the world the beauties of the Wanganui river.



Partington photo, Wanganui.

WANGANUI TOURIST TRAFFIC—LAUNCHING THE MANUAWAI.

Personal Paragraphs.

THERE is a tradition—and a well-founded one—that Governors are seldom remarkable for 'side' or haughty stand-offishness, but that their A.D.C.'s usually carry enough of both these qualities for both Governor and suite. Rudyard Kipling tells the same story of Indian Vice Roya. It is always the A.D.C., who is 'igh and 'aughty, just as the gentleman's gentleman is always a far more difficult person to satisfy than his master. There are exceptions to every rule, and a very notable one is that of Captain Stewart, A.D.C. to Lord Glasgow. This gentleman, whose portrait is here given, is one of the plea-



Wrightsworth and Sims.

CAPT. STEWART, A. D. C.

asantest A.D.C.'s we have had in New Zealand with any Governor. He is a gentleman in the truest and best sense, and his courtesy and good sense have much to do with the popularity of the present Government House regime. Mrs Stewart, who acted as hostess at Government House on several occasions during the absence of Lady Glasgow, has made scores of friends, and so far as we have heard, no single enemy in New Zealand.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Thompson—H. B. Thompson, of Waipukurau, to give him his full name—is convinced he can extirpate the codlin moth. But he is not willing to play the part of the deliverer of his country save on strictly business principles. He wants, in brief, £2,000 before he will get rid of the pest of our orchards. We cannot congratulate the gentleman on his patriotism, and we think he is mistaken in policy. If Mr Thompson can kill the codlin moth he would be wise to do it first, and then ask for his reward. At present he says 'nothing for nothing,' and the obvious retort is what proof have we that it will not be nothing for £2,000?

THE multitudinous friends of Mr and Mrs George Beetham will regret to hear of the accident to the latter, which is interfering with the pleasure of their visit Home. It appears, from news via Brindisi, that Mrs Beetham snapped one of the tendons in her leg, and has made somewhat slow progress in recovering from this unfortunate occurrence. When the mail left Mr and Mrs Beetham were at Tunbridge Wells, a continental trip which had been contemplated, having been abandoned on account of the accident.

DR. STEWART, of Christchurch, has gained notoriety, if not fame, by his accusations against the Charitable Aid Board of Canterbury. If his allegations are proved Dr. Stewart will have done public service by exposing a very discreditable state of affairs. It is, on the other hand, asserted that the accusations are false and malicious. One can hardly understand a doctor of position and a City Councillor making such explicit charges without foundation, but of course it may be so, and in that case the doctor's position will be somewhat unpleasant.

MRS MILNE, of the Hutt, Wellington, did an extremely foolish thing last week in attempting to get on the train for the Hutt when it was in motion. It is generally men who play the fool with their lives in this fashion. Mrs Milne would have paid the penalty of a distinctly disagreeable death but for the presence of mind of Mr T. E. Donne, the well-known station-master at the Wellington Government Railway Station. The misguided woman was dragged off her feet by the momentum of the train and thrown between

the carriages. Luckily, she kept her hold on the stanchion, and still more luckily, a level-headed Mr Donne was by to drag her on to the platform, shaken, but safe.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Christchurch, the Most Rev. Dr. Grimes, is, as all who have met him know, a kind, broad minded and courteous Christian gentleman, and his recent visit to Dunedin has still further increased his wide popularity. He got through a tremendous amount of work, visiting Melton, Invercargill, and on Sunday last opening the new Roman Catholic Church at Lock, Dunedin.

IF, as is reported probable, Captain Ashby should come out to New Zealand on a visit, he will certainly be warmly welcomed by the numerous friends he left in this part of the world when he went to settle in London.

WANGANUI breeds brave boys: Herbert Olds and Willie Stevenson, of that city, were recently presented with the Royal Humane Society awards for bravery. Both lads made plucky rescues, saving comrades from drowning at the imminent risk of their own lives. May we always have some such worthy act to record in these columns!

So Mr A. R. Guinness, M.H.R., Chairman of Committees, and one of the most useful members of the House, is going to leave the West Coast, and settle himself in Napier. We congratulate both Napier and Mr Guinness. The M.H.R. will be an acquisition, for he is smart, enterprising, and social. And, on the other hand, he, too, is to be congratulated. Napier is the pleasantest as well as the most go ahead of the northern seaport towns.

THOSE people—and their name is legion—who have called Mr Tom Russell many hard names ever since he left the colony will, it seems likely, have an opportunity of saying to the financier's face what they have said so often and so virulently behind his back. How many will do so? And how many leading citizens of Auckland and Wellington will metaphorically lick his boots? We wonder!

THE Shorlands are evidently an athletic family. The New Zealand Shorland, who has just broken a local road record, is cousin of the English long distance champion. The characteristics of both men are endurance, speed, and recuperative power.

ALL Taranaki residents and settlers will regret the death of Mr Harry Downey, which took place at New Plymouth last week. The deceased gentleman was a useful and enthusiastic colonist, and took the greatest interest in his province. He bought Taranaki land at the sale three years ago and had converted a bush section into a good farm. Mr Downey, who was a member of several public bodies, will be a general loss to the district. The funeral was very largely attended, and was indicative of the esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held.

NORTH DUNEDIN sustains a loss in the departure of the Rev. Gibson Smith, of the Presbyterian Church. Mr Smith goes to Invercargill. On the occasion of his farewell sermon in Dunedin Mr Smith preached to one of the largest congregations ever gathered in the North Dunedin Presbyterian Church.

HERE MAX HIRSCHBERG, well known to all Christchurch people, is very properly exceedingly proud of the silver mounted baton presented to him by the members of the Canterbury Jewish congregation last week. A large gathering of friends and citizens witnessed the presentation, which took place in the Christchurch Synagogue.

MR OLLIVER, an ardent and enthusiastic cricket patron, has been appointed 'selector' for the season. The Canterbury Cricket Association could not have made a better choice. The appointment of Mr Olliver satisfies everyone.

MR JOHN REID, one of the most prosperous land proprietors in N.Z., is moving in the direction Messrs Seddon and Co. desire. The magnificent Elderslie estate (famous for wheat and potatoes) is to be cut up into farms of twenty-five acres and upwards. The rents, which will be moderate, are to be based on valuation.

MR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S aeroplane flying machine has been sufficiently described in these and other columns. It is, however, of importance to note that critics like Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh and Professor Osborne Reynolds spoke approvingly and hopefully of the new enterprise at the recent meeting of the British Association. Our satisfaction is diminished by Mr Maxim's forecast that his invention will be more useful in war than in peace, and that the aerial navigators will have to be 'not only experienced engineers but also acrobats.'

MR ARTHUR DE TROY, in Christchurch, is the recipient of universal sympathy in the bereavement which in so few days robbed him of such near and dear personal relatives. Mr William de Troy's death was not altogether unexpected, for the deceased gentleman had been in indifferent health for some time past. Mr William de Troy was a scholar

and a gentleman, and his death will leave a blank hard to fill in the ranks of those who were privileged to call him friend.

MR WATSON having reconsidered the matter, has accepted the position of President of the Bank of New Zealand. No appointment could have given greater confidence and general satisfaction. Mr Watson is lucky, for £2,000 a year is a good salary, but so is the Bank, for Mr Watson is a good man.

On dit that the engagement of Mr J. Prouse, of Wellington, for the 'Elijah' at Invercargill does not satisfy a section of the public there. They wanted Mr Gee, of Auckland.

THOMAS C. WILLIAMS, who signs himself a native of New Zealand, must be a little goldmine to the New Zealand Tories. Mr Williams writes letters of huge length to the Editor, and inserts them as advertisements. We can understand the objection of the Editor to insert them otherwise. Mr Williams is involved, not to say obscure, in his political writings, as witness the following par from one of his longest letters:—'Have a Liberal leaders, with their mischievous, destructive "Grand conceptions" lock them all up policy. Knights of Labour and tailoresses' councillors, mind your own business more, and we will mind your business a little less please policy. A read your Bibles and say your prayers, but no cant and hypocrisy policy. A love your neighbours, and your neighbours may if such best wish they may get it policy. A stand on your heads or if you prefer it there you are stand on your heels policy. An all hands "do as you please," but mind you behave yourselves or you will get your jacket warmed policy. Dear, oh me, dear, oh me, what with interfering here, meddling and muddling there, tying up here, smashing and paralyzing everywhere. Dear, oh me, dear, oh me, shall be having all hands turning wrongdoers in self-defence. Dear, oh me, dear, oh me, and the Councillors all running away. Dear, oh me, dear, oh me. "Are you there?" "Yes, I am here." "Well, then, stay there."'

THE appointment of Mr P. Fitzgerald as lecturer on mining, etc., in the School of Mines, Dunedin, is one in which the University Council of Otago have shown wisdom. Mr Fitzgerald is an able man, and should fill the position in a thoroughly useful and competent manner.

AMONG many things the German Emperor did during his stay in England, none was more delicately polite than the visit to the ex-Empress Eugenie at Farnborough. The Empress was deeply affected, and the meeting was quite a scrap of history.

LADY guides, lady journalists, lady doctors, lady lawyers, even lady mayors and lady councillors we have had, and now we hear of a lady house agent doing big business in London. A colonial lady who consulted her writes to this paper to say that Miss Etta Nauen, 14, Ladbroke Gardens, is a very charming and a very smart house agent. She obtained a house for our correspondent to the great satisfaction of herself and two Wellington friends, who desired to rent a house in the London suburbs for a month or two. Doubtless some enterprising New Zealander will follow the example.

MR W. MOSS, well known in Auckland Society, who went to Coolgardie recently, has, we are informed, obtained an important survey contract connected with the railway, which is to be constructed forthwith from Coolgardie to the present terminus.

MRS MATSON, the lady councillor of Parnell, desires us to state that our representative was in error last week when he said that she entertained a profound contempt for the 'goings on' of the Auckland Women's Franchise and Political Leagues. What Mrs Matson said was that she kept aloof from these organisations, but that if she ever saw good reason for joining either of them she might do so.

MR FRANK ROSS, son of Mr John Ross, of Sargood's, has arrived in England with his sister, Miss Maud Ross, by the Tainui. Unfortunately, two days after leaving Port Nicholson, Mr Ross developed symptoms of typhoid fever, and was confined to his cabin throughout the voyage across the Southern Pacific and well up the east coast of South America. The invalid experienced the greatest kindness on board the Tainui, and speaks warmly of the attention and sympathy of Dr. Adams, and the devoted nursing of Miss Maud. But despite all the care bestowed on Mr Frank Ross, he declares that a man six foot long finds a steamer's bunk a most uncomfortable place for a long illness. The passengers generally were much disappointed that the Tainui did not pass through the Straits of Magellan, and so had no opportunity of observing the Patagonians closely. At Rio they were intensely disgusted to find the city still in a state of siege, and no passengers allowed on shore.

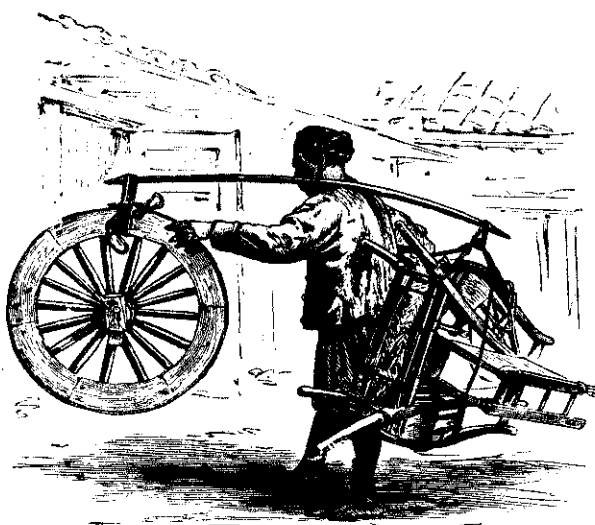
THE CURIOUS CHINESE.

THE war between China and Japan is assuming decidedly exciting features, and once more attention is being drawn to this 'peculiar people,' who are not so well known as they deserve to be. Our illustrations, which are from a collection of private photographs, especially taken a short time since, give us an insight into the everyday life of the Chinese. With regard to the funeral procession, we may mention that white is the mourning colour among the Chinese, the chief mourner being clad from head to foot in white garments. Soon after death the corpse is placed in a coffin on a layer of lime. All the chinks are then stopped with mortar and the coffin varnished. If the premises are extensive enough, several coffins may be kept for years, incense being burned before them periodically. This is, of course, the case only in rich families. On the day of burial, after many ceremonies, the procession is formed, the ancestral tablet of the deceased being borne in a sedan by itself. In front a man scatters imitation silver ingots made of paper, so that intrusive demons in their scrambles after the money may forget the funeral. The procession, with its attendant band of music, etc., often extends to a very great length. When the corpse has been interred amid much wailing and cracker explosion, the mourners disperse and the family return to a feast. Bridal processions are very gorgeous affairs. There are, according to the means of the parties, more or less showy sedans, a rich feast, a band of music, and countless boxes containing the bride's wardrobe. The family tablets, lanterns, and various official insignia, with red umbrellas, etc., are carried in state, the bride herself coming, as a *bonne bouche*, last of all. The demon is as greatly feared at these rejoicings as at the death scene—for it is the custom in some places to have the wedding procession preceded by a man carrying a baked hog in order to divert the attention of any sly demons who might be disposed to become guests. But the custom is not a universal one.

into simple burdens avoid the additional impost. The notion is not a bad one, combining as it does simplicity with ingenuity, and is especially to be commended as a novel means of evading an unpopular tax. Our picture of plough-

sent day, they are content, as in the time of Diodorus, to 'trace slight furrows with a light plough on the surface of the land.'

A familiar means of locomotion on water—an important matter in certain parts of this extensive Empire—is the dispatch boat. In appearance it is the veriest cockle-shell. But it will live where a stout foreign gig would inevitably be swamped, and as it is the only mode of progression for short water trips open to incidental passengers who cannot command the services of foreign boats, the Shanghai sampan is an absolute necessity. It is propelled by a large flat-bladed scull, which works on the principle of the screw propeller. The accommodation is not very luxurious, and there are certain objections to be taken to the cabin on a wet day when fresh air is shut out altogether with the rain by mats, and especially at the hour when the 'captain' or 'engineer,' or whatever he may most fitly be called who navigates the vessel, is in the act of cooking his dinner. The dispatch boats, which are long, narrow, and shallow, are employed by persons whose business is of so much importance that comfort must yield to celerity. They are also used for conveying dispatches and letters, and are the ordinary 'mail boats' kept by the native post offices. The man in charge sits in the stern and works an oar with his foot, while with his hand he works another on the opposite side, and at the same time steers. When the wind is favourable he uses the hand oar only when it is required to alter the course, and having rigged a slender bamboo mast and mat sail, he controls the sheet with the unoccupied hand.



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE

jug almost speaks for itself. Both plough and harrow are of very simple construction. The 'share' consists of a simple block of wood, sometimes tipped with iron, and sometimes not. As may be imagined, it merely scratches the ground,

on the opposite side, and at the same time steers. When the wind is favourable he uses the hand oar only when it is required to alter the course, and having rigged a slender bamboo mast and mat sail, he controls the sheet with the unoccupied hand.

CLAY.

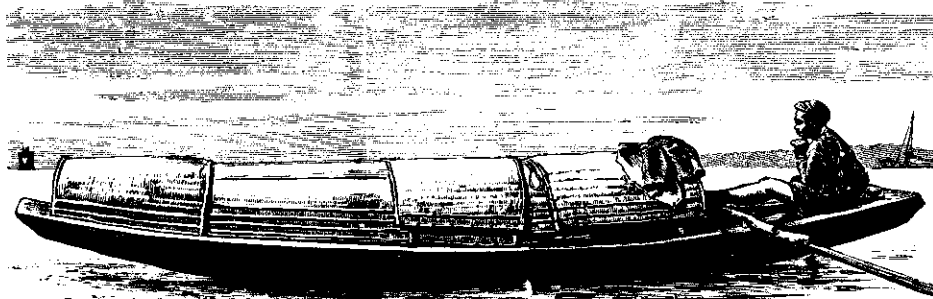
'We are but clay,' the preacher saith;
'The heart is clay, and clay the brain,
And soon or late there cometh death
To blend us with the earth again.'

Well, let the preacher have it so,
And clay we are, and clay shall be—
Well, so be it! for this I know,
That clay does very well for me.

When clay has such red mouths to kiss,
Strong hands to grasp it is enough:
How can I take it aught amiss
We are not made of rarer stuff?

And if one tempt you to believe
His choice would be immortal gold,
Question him, can you then conceive
A warmer heart than clay can hold,

Or richer joys than clay can feel?
And when perforce he falters Nay,
Bid him renounce his wish and kneel,
In thanks for this same common clay.



A DESPATCH BOAT.

'AN INGENIOUS DEVICE'

does full justice to the ingenuity of the Celestial mind. The toll for a wheelbarrow going over a bridge is eighteen cash (about three farthings), while a coolie carrying a burden passes for four cash; barrow drivers on arriving at the gate take their barrows to pieces and thus transforming them

and is not very effective. But, fortunately, the rich loam of the Yangtze Valley requires very little to stimulate its productiveness. In this it resembles the country below Memphis, where, as Herodotus relates, the people obtained the fruits of the field without needing to break up the ground to any considerable extent, and where, at the pre-



A FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE PLEASURE OF QUARRELLING.

YOUR cultivated man is apt to pity the respectable poor on the score of their lack of small excitements, and even in the excess of his generous sympathy to go a Toynbee-Halling in their cause. And Mr Walter Besant once wrote a book about Hoxton, chiefly saying how monotonous life was there. That is your modern fallacy respecting the lower middle class. One might multiply instances. The tenor of pity is always the same. 'No music,' says the cultivated man; 'no pictures, no books to read nor leisure to read in. How can they pass their lives?'

The answer is simple enough, as Emily Bronte knew. They quarrel. And an excellent way of passing the time it is, so excellent indeed that the pity were better inverted. But we all lack the knowledge of our chiefest needs. In the first place and mainly,

IT IS HYGIENIC TO QUARREL.

it disengages floods of nervous energy, the pulse quickens, the breathing is accelerated, the digestion improved. Then it sets one's stagnant brain astir and quickens the imagination, it clears the mind of vapour as thunder clears the air. And finally it is a natural function of the body. In his natural state, man is always quarrelling—by instinct. Not to quarrel is indeed one of the vices of our civilisation, one of the reasons why we are neurotic and anemic and all these things. And at last our enfeebled palates have even lost the capacity for enjoying a 'jolly good row.'

There can be no more melancholy sight in the world than that of

YOUR YOUNG MAN OR YOUNG WOMAN SUFFERING FROM SUPPRESSED PUGNACITY.

Up to the end of the school years it was well with them, they had ample scope for this wholesome commerce, the neat give and take of offence. In the family circle, too, there are still plentiful chances of acquiring the taste. Then, suddenly, they must be gentle and considerate, and all the rest of it. A wholesome shindy, so soon as toga and long skirts arrive, is looked upon as positively wrong; even the dear old institution of the 'cut' is falling into disrepute. The quarrelling is all forced back into our system, as it were; it poisons the blood. This is why our literature grows sinister and bitter, and our daughters yearn after this and that, write Pseudonyms, and ride bicycles about in remarkable clothes. They have shut down the safety valve, they suffer from the present lamentable increase of gentleness. They must find some outlet or parish. If they could only put their arms akimbo and tell each other a piece of their minds for a little in the ancient way, there can be not the slightest doubt that much of this *fin de siècle* unwholesomeness would disappear.

Possibly this fashion of gentleness will pass. Yet it has had increasing sway now for some years.

AN UNHEALTHY GENERATION HAS ARISEN

—among the more educated class, at least—that quarrels but little, and regards the function as a vice or a nuisance, as the Eastender does a taste for fine art or literature. We seem indeed to be getting altogether out of the way of it. Rare quarrels no doubt occur to everyone, but rare quarrelling is no quarrelling at all. It is an acquired taste. Like beer, smoking, sea-bathing, cycling, you cannot judge of quarrelling by the first essay. But to show how good it is—did you ever know a quarrelsome person give up the use? Alcohol you may wean a man from. Mr Barrie says he gave up the Arcadia Mixture; and De Quincey conquered opium. But once you are set as a quarreller you quarrel and quarrel till you die.

HOW TO QUARREL WELL AND OFTEN HAS EVER BEEN SOMETHING OF AN ART,

and it becomes more of an art with the general decline of spirit. For it takes two to make a quarrel. Time was when you turned to the handiest human being, and with small care or labour had the comfortable warmth you needed in a minute or so. There was theology, even in the fifties it was ample cause with two out of three you met; now people will express a lamentable indifference. Then politics again, but a little while ago fat for the fire of any male gathering, is now a topic of mere tepidity. So you are forced to be more subtle, more patient in your quarrelling. You play, like a little boy playing cricket with his sisters, with those who do not understand. A fellow votary is a rare treat. As a rule you have to lure and honour your antagonist like a child. The wooing is as intricate and delicate as any wooing can well be. To quarrel now, indeed, requires an infinity of patience. The good old days of thumb-biting—'Do you bite your thumbs at us, sir?' and so to clash and stab—are gone for ever.

THERE ARE CERTAIN PRINCIPLES IN QUARRELLING,

however, that the true quarreller ever bears in mind, and which duly observed, do much to facilitate encounters. In the first place cultivate distrust. Have always before you that this is a wicked world, full of insidious people, and you never know what villainous encroachments upon you may be hidden under fair-seeming appearances. That is the flavour of it. At the first suspicion 'stick out for your rights,' as the vulgar say. And see that you do it suddenly. Swiftly promptly, and the surprise and sting of your injustice should provoke an excellent reply. And where there is least ground for suspicion, there, remember, is the most. The good hand of fellowship extended towards you is one of the best openings you have. 'Not such a fool,' is the kind of attitude to assume, and 'You don't put upon me so easy.' Your adversary resents this a little, and, ranking, tries to explain. You find a personal inference in the expostulation. The rest is easy.

Next to a wariness respecting your interests is A KEEN REGARD FOR YOUR HONOUR.

Have concealed in the privacy of your mind a code of what is due to you. Expand or modify it as occasion offers. Be as it were a collector of what are called 'slights,' and never let one pass you. Watch your friend in doorways, passages; when he eats by you, when he drinks with you, when he addresses you, when he writes you letters. It will be hard if you cannot catch him smuggling some deadly insult into your presence. Tax him with it. He did not think, forsooth! Tell him no gentleman would do such a thing, thinkingly or not; that you think it dreadfully rude; that you certainly will not stand it again. Say you will show him. He will presently argue or contradict. So to your climax.

THEN, AGAIN, THERE IS THE PERSONAL REFERENCE.

'Meaning me, sir?' Your victim with a blithe heart babbles of this or that. You let him meander here and there, watching him as if you were in ambush. Presently he comes into your springs. 'Of course,' you say; 'I saw what you were driving at just this minute, when you mentioned mustard in salad dressing, but if I am peppery I am not mean. And if I have a thing to say I say it straight out.' A good gambit this, and well into him from the start. The particular beauty of this is that you get him apologetic at first, and can score heavily before he rises to the defensive.

THEN FINALLY THERE IS YOUR ABSTRACT CAUSE,

once very fruitful indeed, but now sadly gone in decay, except perhaps in specialist society. As an example, let there be one who is gibing genially at some topic or other, at Japanese king crabs, or the inductive process, or any other topic which cannot possibly affect you one atom. Then is the time to drop all these merely selfish interests, and to champion the cause of truth. Fall upon him in a fine glow of indignation, and bring your contradiction across his face—'whack!'—so that all the table may hear. These are the four chief ways of quarrelling, the four gates to this delightful city.

A PRIVATE telephone has, we are informed, been established by the Abbé L. Michel, who uses the ground for wires. His idea was that the surface soil and the deep soil are separated by a layer of greater resistance, which acts as an insulator, and might, therefore, be taken as the going and returning wires of the circuit. The telephones were connected to the surface, we understand, by a metal plate and the subsoil by a deep well at each station, and with a battery of five accumulators he found he could speak very well, with buildings and a public street between the stations, over a distance of 120 yards or more.

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The Queen



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"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it falling into wrinkles. PEARS' is a name engraved on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and recreable of balms for the skin."

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

NEW CHAPEAUX.



HIS year's hats and bonnets show a strong tendency to transparent effects. (On the latest millinery lists we find toques and capotes composed of stiff gold or silver embroidery, while on other shapes we discover lisse or spotted tulle playing an important rôle. My first picture affords a pretty example of a waved bonnet covered with black lisse. The up-standing wings are also composed of this diaphanous material, held erect by inserted wire.

Jet algrettes and black moiré strings complete this half-morning capote. The new rough straws more of a yellow than actually a burnt tint—so popular last season—are generally trimmed with black satin, or sometimes with Alsatian bows in watered silk.

The very last touch of elegance is given to a mousseline de soie or any other thin vapoury afternoon gown with a velvet bolero so small that it is cut off just below the arm holes and is open by some space in front. It is the mere rudiment of a jacket, one of the numberless devices of coquetry, to vary a costume.



I have seen an ecru lawn made up over brown that had such a little jacket of brown velvet with revers and epaulettes embroidered over with ecru. It was ravishing. There was a brown moiré ribbon belt. There were ecru rosettes on the sailor hat.

Such little jackets—braces one might almost say—are made also of black or white guipure, and are useful in a wardrobe to put on when a little extra elaboration is wanted in the toilette. The lace should be heavy, approaching almost openwork embroidery, to have most effect possible.

One of the good ideas of the season is to mingle together in the same garment many tints of rose. Thus a ball gown of pale pink crepon has crepon rosettes and flowers in tints running from white down to deep red.

Collarettes to protect the shoulders when in evening dress, as after the waltz one saunters out for a promenade, are made of wide sash ribbon arranged as ruffles by being gathered along one edge and sewed on to a thin silk foundation. They may be two or three deep and edged with lace, or bound with velvet of the same colour; or the upper part may be formed of a lace collar laid over the foundation silk, with a single ruffle below. A roche should finish the neck and end in ribbon ties. Such capes should be easily made at home.

Some gowns are finished with a short sleeve only, and have an undersleeve to be put in or taken out at will. This varies the dress and makes it serve more purposes. Thus for the theatre or other evening occasions long gloves are worn that meet the short sleeves, and for occasions where gloves are not wanted the long sleeve is put in. The short sleeve is a great puff or succession of puffs half way to the elbow, and the thin undersleeve, if it does not wrinkle glove-like down the arm, is in a loose puff gathered into a binding, like the undersleeves seen in fashion plates of some thirty years ago. Some of these sleeves end in a ruffle that falls upon the hand, which also is an old fashion revived.

Instead of trimming black dresses direct with lisse or butter coloured guipure, this lace is now, oftener than not, laid on a foundation of white or cream moiré. Then again, some of the newest narrow guipure trimmings are ornamented with rows of *bébé* ribbon run through the fancy pattern. On evening bodices, simple old-world frills, shorter and fuller than last year's berthes, caught here and there, or merely on the shoulders with a fairy-like bow, and fichus put on in every conceivable manner, are two of the garnitures most in favour. Here is an ethereal looking frock in pink French canvas delicately embroidered with lettuce coloured silk, showing one of the fichu arrangements last on

the *topis*. Back and front, it falls in a shawl-like point. A novel feature is seen in the form of the rather Greek sleeve, which half reveals and half conceals the upper por-



tion of the arm. Pink satin elbow bands, finished off with dainty rosettes, and the same kind of garniture round the waist, complete this confection.

Sleeves of wide dimensions still remain with us, and we are to be faithful to them for some time to come. Ruffles round the wrists are still fashionable (what a blessing they are to bony hands!), but the 1892 revival is newer. I allude to sleeves that terminate in a point on the back of the hand, and are laced up as far as the small of the arm. In some of the latest French models, the *manches* form a fold instead of the peak, this gather being secured by a couple of large mother-of-pearl buttons. Plain, round, tight-fitting cuffs, minus any edging—like those in our sketch—are great favourites, and are certainly younger looking than anything more fantastic. A rough grey straw, with touches of black in the trimming, accompanies the sketched toilette. Delicate shades of egg and turquoise blue (these tints being much in vogue for bridesmaids' frocks), and greys in every note, are first on the list of novel spring colours. The latest tone of grey, which is very much like *gris souris* with a fresh sobriquet, is 'Ciel de Londres.' As



it may easily be imagined, this essentially French shade has not an atom of blue in it. For is there even a suggestion of azure in a Parisian's notion of a London sky? The fourth illustration, an essentially dressy gown, is built in a woollen satin of this neutral *nuance*. By the way, this skilful blend of silk and wool, which has all the lustre of satin without its hardness and lack of durability, is a material much beloved just now by smart women. Black satin trimmings form a good contrast to the grey background, and ecru guipure is introduced as an additional charm.

For girls of a blonde beauty nothing could, perhaps, be more becoming, in the way of blouses, than the ones composed of silk, resembling in its quaintly coloured patterns the handkerchiefs used by our snuff-taking ancestors. I have seen some of these skirts made of a brownish red fawn covered with a green one-design. A fresh-looking morning or boating blouse made of white holland, with a multitude of tiny tucks and two rows of insertion in front, and a broad band round the waist, is, in my opinion, one of the fittest among cotton novelties. The newest shade of turquoise blue, which hovers between the tint of the azure stone and that of the forget-me-not, is the colour of my fourth sketch. A

woollen satin composes the upper skirt, and the draped arrangement on the bodice. A darker shade of velvet is employed for the underskirt, sleeves, and remaining portion of the corsage.

Among the plain skirts to which several women have declared they will remain faithful, at any rate for simple wear, throughout the summer, we find the new French 'fan' and 'lamp-shade' shapes. In the first-named jupe, the 'eventail' effect is obtained by the arrangement of the back pleats, the front breadth being quite plain and tight-fitting. You need only gaze at a round fluted lamp-shade to understand the make of the other skirt.

Just at present the mode seems wavering between points and squares. However, a well-known society man appears to have decided the matter in his own mind, and declares that this year ladies will all lean to squareness in their trimmings, their waists, and their bonnets, and men will be condemned to flirt with geometrical figures.

In their latest spring capes the best *modistes* have bidden farewell to anything above the shoulders (with the exception



of a waved or fussy collar), and are working on graduated lamp-shade lines, such as those seen in the above-mentioned skirt.

The summer silks are beautiful, and everybody must have at least one summer silk. A careful search in old trunks will generally bring to light some silk which is far prettier than any at present made. Some of the prettiest gowns I have seen saw the light first sixty years ago. The quantity needed to make a pretty gown of these silks is not much; thirteen yards will make skirt and sleeves, and a very pretty way is to have the body of the gown made of a different colour (an old evening gown is excellent for this purpose) covered with black mousseline de soie.

One of the prettiest gowns I have seen this spring in London has been worn by a lady who is acknowledged one of the belles. This gown was made of black and white checked silk with full plain skirt, the body of the waist of pale blue satin covered with black mousseline de soie, accordion pleated. The sleeves were of checked silk, like the skirt. A pointed belt with long and soft black satin ribbon finger width made a very odd and pretty finish of the skirt and waist.

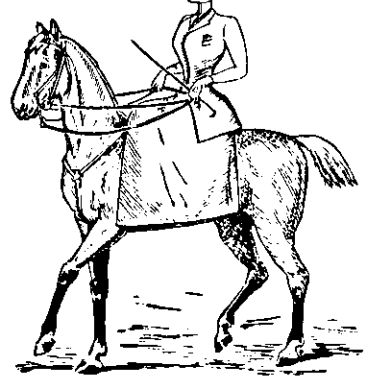
I saw also a very chic little gown of old taffeta, of light green with rosebuds. This was made with skirt and sleeves to match, while the waist was of plain green also covered with the black accordion pleated sifon. These gowns are very smart and extremely useful, for they can be worn with different waists and are even allowable for evening wear with the low cut bodices.

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QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

OLD MAIDS' LUNCHEONS.

YOUNG MAIDS ESSAY THE ROLE OF OLD MAIDS.

The two essentials to-day of a social function seem to be 'novelty' and 'souvenirs.'

Original ideas for an entertainment, however, are much rarer than suitable gifts, as all know who have had occasion to search through crowded shops for the one and among scanty brain stores for the other.

Very recently both of these elements were conspicuous at a luncheon enjoyed by a coterie of young girls in the smart set of one of our great cities. It is needless to mention that the participants in the 'Old Maids' Luncheon' were sure to be youthful enough to make the very idea of itself a delightful joke. The subject of spinsterhood is serious to spinners only.

The invitations were as prim and proper as possible: 'Misses Emmeline Brown will be pleased to see Misses Elizabeth Smith on Tuesday at two of the clock, when she hopes she will do her the honour to fetch her knitting and bid the day.'

The hostess received her guests in a simple gown made appropriate to the occasion by a soft white kerchief folded across her breast and pinned with an old miniature brooch. On her head was a mob cap of muslin, while her hands were partially covered by short black lace mitts.

The guests, each primly clad, having produced their 'knitting' (which is a most misleading figure of speech for various delicate bits of drawn work and crochet), 'set to' in the highest spirits by each relating some choice piece of gossip news pretty sure to be unknown to the others.

Meanwhile as they worked they agreed that when each piece of 'knitting' was completed it should be put away to be presented to the first one of the party who should leave the estate of spinsterhood for that of matrimony.

When luncheon had been announced these gay young old maids found each development of the entertainment more and more amusing.

The conversation at table was not permitted to stray from the subject of 'old maids,' it being discussed from every conceivable point of view, each guest being bound to enlighten the others with some good story illustrative of the value of the unmarried woman to the community.

Great merriment was provoked when the hostess insisted that every girl should confess what 'charms' and 'rites' she practised with a secret view to matrimony. Will it be believed that every girl there owned to having on one yellow garb? Some held sacred a 'St. Joseph's image.' One declared that no power on earth could make her set as bridesmaid three times, 'because "thrice to the altar never a bride," you know,' she said.

But to return to the artistic plan of the luncheon. The name-cards at each place were in the shape of a Dresden china tea cup, cut out of smooth white water colour paper. Painted over it was the Dresden design of small, variously coloured flowers, and on the handle in delicate lettering was the name of the guest, as 'Misses Elizabeth Smith.' Upon the back were painted the two tiny crossed swords in dull blue—the mark of all real Dresden ware—and there was a different motto upon each one, gathered all the way from Shakespeare to Mother Goose.

The floral table centre was a master piece of ingenuity. It presented an assemblage of 'old maids' bowing and nodding upon their 'long and stringy necks,' each quaint little face with its white cap and strings being fashioned out of an ox-eye daisy.

The petals had been cut around with a pair of scissors, so as to look like a white ruffled cap, two being left for strings; then the yellow centre had been transformed into a face by marking on it with a fine pen and ink the tiny features. The skilful hostess had given almost as much difference in the expressions of the little faces as exist in human ones. The difference in the shape of the yellow centres made some fat and some thin, while the lines of the mouth turned up, made a smiling old maid, and turned down a most melancholy one, and one with straight line lips represented wonderfully well the bitter and cynical woman.

Before they were put in the bowl they had been tied in several bunches with narrow ribbon, so that each guest might have an old maid nosegay when the luncheon was over to pin on her breast.

The last of very many delectable courses proved to be a goodly sized 'Jack Horner pie' now a popular means of presenting souvenirs.

For any who may not know the recipe for this very satisfying if not nourishing dessert, I will explain that the filling of the pie is composed of small presents of various kinds wrapped each in tissue paper and tied with narrow ribbon, one end of which is left long. These are put in a large tin pan, all the ribbons being pulled out over the brim so as to hang on the outside. A piece of tissue paper, supposed to be pie crust, is then pasted over the top.

This particular pie at the luncheon produced such glee as not even the original Jack Horner knew when 'he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum.'

As the girls pulled the ribbons, such 'plums' came bursting through the thin crust as a pair of spectacles, a tiny tea pot, a pair of knitting needles stuck through a ball of wool,

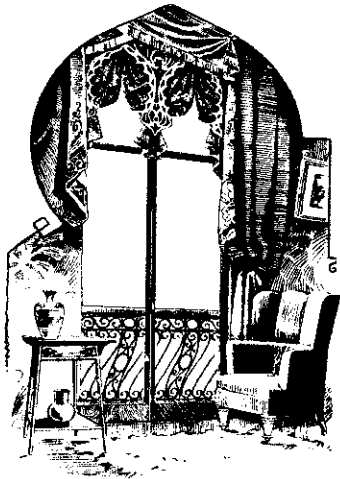
a small bottle of 'the Bloom of Youth,' a green silk reticule, a pair of lace mitts, even a silver thimble. Surely this was the crowning feature of the event, thought each guest. But no; when good-byes were being said, amid the chatter and laughter the hostess presented each with a fancy basket tied with a big bow of ribbon. 'Bon-bons,' was the natural conclusion, until a little spasmodic scream made everyone turn where one girl had found that instead of chocolates and almonds their souvenir baskets held the tiniest, the sweetest, the liveliest white kitten.

A FRENCH WINDOW.



AFTER the rains are over there usually comes a period of cleaning up and general renovating, which lasts more or less until the inevitable 'spring' cleaning, to which a little later in the year the housewife's fancy 'lightly turns.' Everything is dingy, looking glasses are cloudy, and, by the way, nothing is better for removing this than common gin rubbed over with a bit of linen, and afterwards polished with a dry leather—not the one which has been used on the

furniture after the application of polish. If you want to change the position of any pictures, breadcrumbs are excellent for taking the marks off the paper, but they require to be used carefully, as wall paper, except of the thickest descriptions, so easily wears into a hole. There is nothing so refreshing as to change the furniture round in a room; it seems to break up a wearisome routine, and get our thoughts into a new groove, besides it is much fairer to the carpet. Most rooms have winter and a summer fashion in the arrangement of their furniture, but small tables and chairs may often be changed about with great advantage. If one is going to furnish a modern house one finds that much has already been done by the modern architect—I do not mean of course in the thickness of walls and reliability of drains, these are 'other stories,' but in the matter of wall and window decoration, particularly the latter. An unfurnished



room with a pretty fireplace, a dormer window or a bay with easy possibilities of window seats, is so much more hopeful than a prosaic marble mantelpiece and windows solely created as means through which light and draughts can penetrate. I think that perhaps an ordinary French window in an English house is as incapable of artistic treatment as an English house. In the country the possibilities of beauty beyond distract our attention from more immediate shortcomings, but in town it is often the boundary of our vision. To begin with, their extreme height is out of all proportion. I have planned many ways of dealing with them, but have come to the conclusion that after all nothing has been quite so successful as small archways of Moorish outlines in the upper division of the window, beneath which are little curtains of some pretty tinted silk, such as amber, pale green, blue, or terra cotta, and these should be tied back with small cords, as indicated in my sketch. If coloured curtains are thought to be too smart looking, tussors of natural tint has a very good effect.

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"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly,
J. HILL"

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UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is undoubted. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Rutlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.
WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Under date Sept. 8th, 1891, Mr Hill again writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESSES, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

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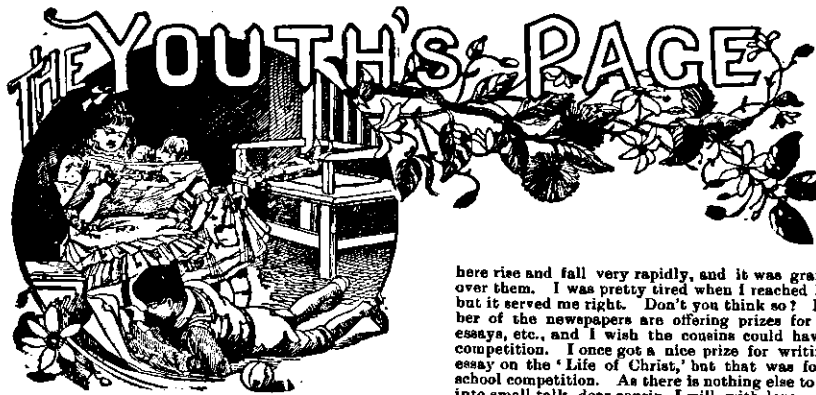
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All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 4d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

I HAVE received the following rules from Cousin Lon, and am very much obliged to her for her kindness in drawing them up. The first point is the name. I think I prefer 'The GRAPHIC Cousins' Humane Society,' but would be glad to hear what some of my cousins think of the two titles. As to Rule 2, though I agree with it, I am afraid I shall only have to receive the report. I do not see how I can act on it, as the cousins are so scattered. Rule 4. I think I would leave it open how often the members write to me. I do not want to make a pleasant task at all compulsory, though I am always glad to hear from them. Suppose we leave out Rule 4. Rule 5 is thoroughly good.

Will all who wish to join let me know as soon as possible. If I have a sufficient number, I will have a little badge printed on ribbon, and each member can have one by sending sixpence and the proper postal address. Beyond this, there will be no expense. I have the following names already:—Cousin Muriel Thompson, Auckland; Cousin Lavina, Auckland; Cousin Lily, Tuapau; T.A.C., Patea; Cousin Ruby, Auckland; Cousin Winnie, Ashley Clinton; Cousin Ella Rose, Auckland; Cousin Charlie, Newton; Cousin Ella S. F. Gill; Cousin Lou, Cousin Stanley, Cousin Stella, Kawakawa; Cousin Maude Gully, Nelson; Cousin Sylvia Rose, Auckland.

'GRAPHIC' HUMANE FRATERNITY.

PROPOSED RULES.

1. Those cousins who wish to be members must send in their real names or *noms de plume* to Cousin Kate.
2. Cases of cruelty considered worthy of notice must be reported to the Head Centre (Cousin Kate).
3. Members join by promising upon their honour to set an example to others in being kind and protective to all dumb animals.
4. Cousin Kate must be communicated with at least once a month by the supporters, who should report any cases of cruelty which have come under their notice. Should there be none to mention a short note should be written to that effect to Cousin Kate.
5. Members must endeavour to influence others in this cause, and to prevent any cruelty to dumb animals when it is in their power so to do.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I gladly complied with your request re our Society rules, and am sending five suggestions to be improved upon if necessary. I have never seen any rules for similar associations, so had to work upon my own ideas. If the suggestions are not what you could wish for, you will know I have not had any experience, which, according to the 'plain-spoken' old adage, 'teaches fools.' I was so pleased to get such a nice long answer from you in the GRAPHIC, although I had to wait so long for it. The news agent tells me the GRAPHIC have not arrived this week—he does not know why—and my sister and brother were so disappointed, as they expected to see their letters printed in them. I suppose the papers will come next week. Yes, please, I should like the recipe for banana buns. I know the fruit is delicious, so perhaps the buns will be the same. The rink is 'on' to-night, but the rain has debarred us from going as usual. Papa is teaching my cousin to play whist, so I must hurry as I want to learn the game. I like the game of 'hearts' very much, and once papa taught me euchre, but I have forgotten it. Our cat, which Stella calle Judas, has two little black kittens; at least, one has white toes, which look so pretty. Their eyes are not open yet, but I suppose they will be in a few days. I wonder what is the origin of the assertion that cats have nine lives? Have you ever made cocoonut icing? It is simply delicious, so I often make it. I will send you the recipe if you would like to have it. I saw by the newspapers that snow fell in Auckland some weeks ago. How strange! I have not seen any since we left the South Island. The gardens and orchards are looking so pretty about here, as the trees have all burst into leaf, and fruit trees are blossoming beautifully. The other afternoon—Monday—papa and I determined to get across Oropa Road (which had been submerged in water on Saturday). We got a little way out and then met a great stream of water which ran across the road. So we had to get through a fence and jump from mound to mound of dry grass and paddock. It was such fun, as each mound was a little island. I got my feet wet, but that was of no consequence. All the little streams of Oropa Road were higher than usual, although the floods

here rise and fall very rapidly, and it was grand jumping over them. I was pretty tired when I reached home again, but it served me right. Don't you think so? I see a number of the newspapers are offering prizes for stories and essays, etc., and I wish the cousins could have a similar competition. I once got a nice prize for writing the best essay on the 'Life of Christ,' but that was for a Sunday school competition. As there is nothing else to stretch out into small talk, dear cousin, I will, with love, say good-bye for the present.—From COUSIN LOU.

[I hope you saw my thanks in last week's paper, Lon. I now repeat them for all the trouble you have taken on behalf of the new society. Do you like my suggestions? I fancy they make the plan more workable, which is the great thing, you know. I am arranging for a competition, and hope to announce particulars next week. If your recipe for cocoonut icing differs from the one in this week's GRAPHIC please let me have it, as I have not tried this one, which was sent to me. Yes, we had snow; it was so surprising that many people did not realise or recognise it.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Having finished my home lessons, I thought I would sit down and write to you again. The map I told you I was going to draw won the prize, which was a pretty silver pen and pencil together. I would like to join the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. My brother caught a cuttle fish the other day, and a very ugly looking thing it was. Just lately we have been having some fine weather, and I think we will soon have summer. I am sorry I cannot give Cousin Lou a recipe for toffee, because my sister often makes it, but she does not follow any recipe. I am making a scrap book for Doctor Bernardo's Home. I am making it with white calico, and sewing it in the cover of a scrap book so that it will be strong for the nursery. My brother went to a social and Christmas tree last evening, but I had a cough and could not go. But now, dear Cousin Kate, I must say good-night as my sister wants me to help her dress a doll which is for the Christmas tree we are going to have.—Your loving cousin, MAUDE GULLY. Nelson.

[I am glad to hear you won your prize. I hope you have received the scraps I sent towards the book for the Home. I am always so sorry for those poor little children in London. It is about time we did have fine weather.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—As this is the first time I have written to you I hope you will accept me as a cousin. I am very fond of reading the GRAPHIC, especially the Youths' page. My cousin Mary has told me that she is going to ask in her letter to you to be accepted as a cousin also. I am sending some puzzles for the cousins to guess, and also the answers to some of cousin E. W. and Emily's first puzzle. I will not write any more just now, as I am afraid my letter will become too long.—Your loving cousin, LENA. Nelson-street.

[I am pleased to receive you as a cousin. Mary's letter has not turned up yet. Please write your answers to your puzzles on a separate piece of paper, not on the other side of the question. Write again when you feel inclined.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have not written to you before, and I would like very much to become one of the cousins. We take the GRAPHIC every week, and I have seen some letters from little girls that I know. I am eleven years old, and go to school in Parnell. I learn music, and have just begun French. I have nine dolls, a cradle, perambulator, a dolls' house, and also some silkworms. I saw that one of the cousins wished for a recipe for cocoonut ice, so I will send her one. Hoping you are well, and will print this letter.—I remain, your loving cousin, JENNIE F.

COCOANUT ICE.—3oz of desiccated cocoonut, 1/2 cup of water, 2 breakfast cups of sugar, boil fast for eight minutes stirring all the time.

[I am glad to take such a nice, clear writer for a cousin. Thank you for recipe. Do you not put butter in yours? I am quite well again, thank you, Jennie. Have you names for the nine dolls? It is rather a large family.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I should like very much to join the Society for Kindness to Dumb Animals. I think I told you before how many cats I have got, and I know two nice dogs. They are very good; they go home when you tell them to. I am eight years old. I am sending the answers to Cousin Nina's first and second puzzles. I like reading very much. Mother thinks I read too much. Fergus and I like going to look at the seeds, which are all coming up. Iris is nearly four years old. She is my little sister. We have been gardening, planting maize, and sunflowers all this morning to make a hedge round our garden. Our verandah will be lovely this summer with roses and clematis climbing over it. Fergus and I have swing bars on the verandah, and a hammock. I hope my letter is not too long. Please put my letter in the GRAPHIC.—SYLVIA ROSE.

[Your letter is not at all too long. I have put you on my list for the Kindness to Dumb Animals Society. How pretty your garden will be. Will you save me some sunflower seeds in the autumn if you do well. I can exchange some nasturtium seeds or forget-me-not roots if you like.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I send you, as you requested, a recipe for cocoonut ice. I hope it will be what your cousin wanted.—A.R.

[Many thanks.—COUSIN KATE.]

COCOANUT ICE.—Grate a good sized cocoonut, but save the milk. Place in a pan 1 lb sugar, 1/2 large cup cocoonut (or cow's) milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil until the sugar is melted, 1 hour to 20 minutes; add the grated nut. Let this boil a few minutes briskly till it thickens and leaves side of pan. Lift off fire and beat with a wooden spoon until cool. Pour into a buttered pan and serve. This can be flavoured with vanilla and coloured pink with cochineal.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have never written to you before. I hope you will accept me as a cousin. I have one brother and one sister. I am eight years old. We all have the whooping-cough. We have a cat called Daniel and a puppy called Lassie. She is such a funny little thing. My brother has a canary. He is such a pretty little bird. My sister is learning the violin and the piano. I learn the piano, too. I would like to join your Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals. I am going to send you a puzzle. We have ten little ducks. One of them is black, three white, and six black and white. Hoping to see my letter in the GRAPHIC—I remain your loving cousin, FRANK. Parnell.

[Yes, I am glad to have you also as a cousin. You seem well off for pets, Frank. I always like the real name, though as you see, I do not publish it. Which do you like best, violin or piano? I hope your whooping-cough will soon be well.—COUSIN KATE.]



CHILDREN'S PUZZLE COLUMN.

- (1) What has a pudding got that everything else has? (2) Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom? (3) Why does a donkey prefer thistles to oats? (4) Why is an engine driver like a school master?—COUSIN MAUDE.
- (1) Which is easiest to spell—fiddle-de-dee or fiddle-de-dum? (2) What word will, if you take away the first letter, make you sick? (3) Why is life the most puzzling of riddles?—COUSIN LENA.

ANSWERS.

Answer to Cousin Kate's 'A good riddle.' Here are the words: Suttle, ulster, rustle, lustre, lurest, rulest, result.—COUSIN KATE.

Answer to Cousin Emily's riddle: Because it is always Dublin (doubling). Lena guesses right.

Answer to E.W.'s puzzles: (1) A candle; (2) A pair of spectacles; (3) A five-pound note; because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and find it increases when you take it out. Lena guesses this right.

Answer to Nina Slatter's: (1) A bed; (2) Because it is full of sharps and flats. (3) Eight cats. Cousin Sylvia guesses the first correctly, but the second she thinks is noise, which is wrong.

Answer to Stella's puzzle: One.

Answer to Stanley's riddle: When the cow jumped over the moon.

Congreve's buried names: (1) Rena; (2) Nora.

Answer to cousin Ruby's first puzzle: Six herrings. COUSIN LOU.—You will have seen before this that your answer is correct.

Perfect Health

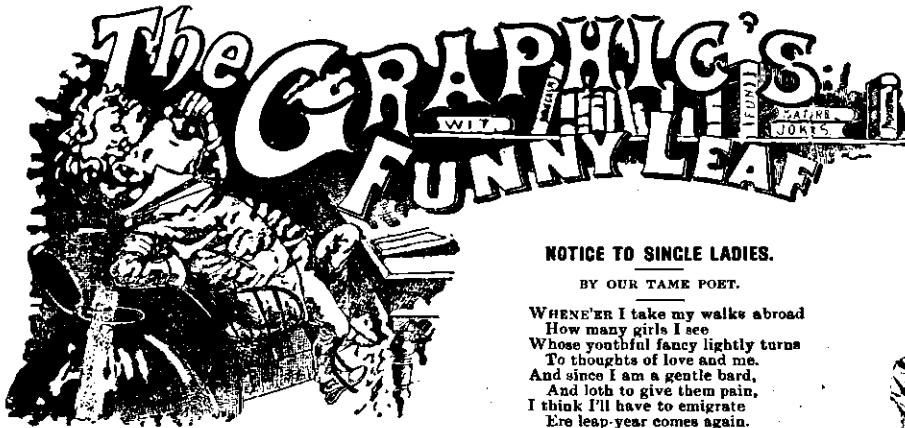
May be secured by all who follow the example of Mrs. Lizzie W. De Venn, 202 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., U.S.A.

"Every Spring, for years, I have had intolerable headaches, and total loss of energy, so that the season which should be welcomed by me was a dread, for, as the warm, pleasant days arrived, they brought



to me lassitude and pain. My dentist had known me from childhood, and advised me to take, early in the Spring, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I commenced using it and have not had, since then, the first symptom of headache; my appetite is splendid, and I perform my daily duties with a cheerfulness and energy that surprises myself."

Ayer's The Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
Made by Dr. J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.



ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

MRS TWICKENHAM: 'It is perfectly scandalous the way that man opposite carries on every night since his wife has gone away.'
 Twickenham: 'I know it. He keeps me awake until two or three in the morning. But if he continues I know what I'll do.'
 Mrs Twickenham: 'What?'
 Twickenham: 'I'll go over there and join him.'

NOTICE TO SINGLE LADIES.

BY OUR TAME POET.

WHEN'E'R I take my walks abroad
 How many girls I see
 Whose youthful fancy lightly turns
 To thoughts of love and me.
 And since I am a gentle bard,
 And loth to give them pain,
 I think I'll have to emigrate
 Ere leap-year comes again.

I try to walk with downcast gaze,
 Despite their tender sighs,
 Because I know what danger lurks
 Within my azure eyes.
 My flaxen hair inspires their souls
 With admiration vain;
 I'll have to have it closely cropped
 Ere leap-year comes again.

I know, I know, they long to soothe
 My wan, poetic brow;
 I know, besides, that if they did,
 There'd be a jolly row.
 So I shall have to demonstrate,
 To make the matter plain,
 With Mrs Poet, and the twins,
 Ere leap-year comes again.

MEDICAL ABBREVIATION.

The medico was witty,
 Polite and handsome, too.
 The patient fair and pretty,
 With eyes of witching blue.
 'Now, Doctor, please, what ails me?'
 Her hand he tried to steal:
 'My heart, it sometimes fails me—'
 That pulse took long to feel!

'Twill be a life-long study,'
 He said in accents quaint,
 And added, 'though so rusty,
 I've caught your heart's complaint.'
 And as she thought he mock'd her,
 To make his meaning clear
 He cried, 'Don't call me "Doctor,"
 But shorten it to "Dr."'



EASY CONUNDRUM FOR THE LADIES.

PARSON: 'Do you take this woman?' etc.
 SMITHKINS: 'Yes, ma'am—er—hem!—that is—aw—I meant—yes, sir.'
 PARSON: 'Do you take this man?' etc.
 BRIDE: 'I do.'
 (P.S.—The simple conundrum is, will Smithkins occupy the position of captain or cabin-boy as his connubial derelict drifts down the stream of life?)

WHAT HOME RULE WILL BRING.

THE special correspondent in Ireland of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* states that the Westport folks are looking for great things from the great Parliament in College Green. A Sligo man who has lived in Dublin was the other day holding forth on these prospective benefits, his only auditor being one Michael, an ancient waiter of the finest Irish brand. The Sligo man said:
 'I seen the mails go on the boat at Kingstown, an' there was hundreds of bags, no less.'
 'Heavenly Fa-a-ther!' said Michael, throwing up eyes and hands.
 'Divil a lie in it. 'Twas six hundred, I believe.'
 'Holy Moses preserve us!'
 'An' the rlvine is millions an' millions o' pounds.'
 'The saints in glory!'
 'An' wid Home Rule we'd have all that for Oireland.'
 'Julius Sasyar an' Nebuchadnezzar!'
 'Forty millions o' golden sovereigns, divil a less.'
 'Thunder an' onus, but ye startle me!'
 'An' we're losin' all that—'
 'Save an' deliver us!'
 'Because the English takes it—'
 'Holy Virgin undefiled!'
 'To pay peelers an' sojers!'
 'The divil's end to thim!'
 'To nurther an' evict us—'
 'Lord help us!'
 'An' collect taxes an' rint.'
 '!! !! !!'

SOME reformers remind us of the man who would abolish keyholes, because they stimulate curiosity.

THE PARTY ABASHED.

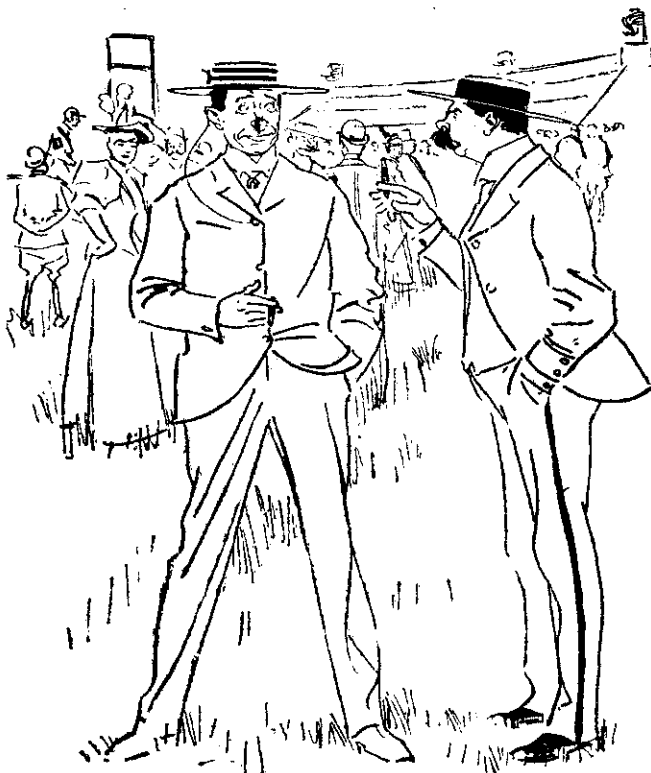
FANNING: 'So you went out to congratulate your old chum on being a father, did you?'
 CHANNING: 'Yes.'
 FANNING: 'I suppose Thompson looked like a fool when you did it.'
 CHANNING: 'No. He was very dignified—er—but the baby looked awfully sheepish.'

THE SEQUEL.

'How happy little Tommy looked when he sat down to the Christmas feast! The table fairly groaned under the weight of good things.'
 'That's very nice.'
 'But, ah, after the feast it was little Tommy who groaned under the weight of good things.'

HER COMRADE BOY.

MISTRESS: 'That young man who came to see you stayed rather late last night.'
 BRIDGET: 'Yis, ma'am, he did.'
 MISTRESS: 'Ah—he—is your lover, I suppose?'
 BRIDGET: 'Indade an' he is not. He's a naybur's son frum th' ould country, raised up at th' dure wid me—jist a comrade boy, that's all.'
 MISTRESS: 'But he is very fond of you. I heard him kiss you good-night quite plainly.'
 BRIDGET: 'Shure an' ye moight, for it's little discredyion he has in that way.'
 MISTRESS: 'And isn't that his ring you wear?'
 BRIDGET: 'It is, ma'am. He sint it to me frum Kerry three years ago cum Aithur.'
 MISTRESS: 'Well, depend upon it, he will ask you to marry him one of these days.'
 BRIDGET: 'Ah, thin, ma'am, Oi don't be thinkin' he'll ask me agin, fer whoy should he?'
 MISTRESS: 'Then he did ask you?'
 BRIDGET: 'Yis, ma'am. Oh, he's noways backward in regards av shpakin' his moind.'
 MISTRESS: 'And what was your answer, Bridget?'
 BRIDGET: 'Shure Oi tould him he'd be aither waitin' tin months, lvr'y day av it, till we could lay by a bit av money, an' he gev in t' do that same.'
 MISTRESS: 'Why, then, be is your lover.'
 BRIDGET: 'No, ma'am; far from it. Oi never had a lover, ma'am, first or laast.'
 MISTRESS: 'But you intend to marry him?'
 BRIDGET: 'Oi do, an' thin he'll be me husband, an' that's roight an' lawful. But Oi hov no toime t' be foolin' away with lovers, an' if Oi t'ought he had sany oadays av th' kind Oi'd sind him war-rebin', so I wud.'



AT THE WASHINGTON RACES.

TOUT: 'I jost got a dead straight tip on Jersey Lightning for de fourt' event!'
 SPORT: 'How'd ye catch on?'
 TOUT: 'I overheard one gent tell annuder gent dat he heard Jockey McMud's valet tell Jockey McSweat's valet dat he heard Mr Morse tell Bookmaker Flynn dat Trainer Magin told Trainer Magann dat—'
 SPORT: 'Well, well! Dat horse can't lose.'