

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC



GOODWILL
TOWARDS
MEN

CHRISTMAS 1894

*1894
G. H. Floweridge*

NORWICH UNION

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Amount Insured - £300,000,000.

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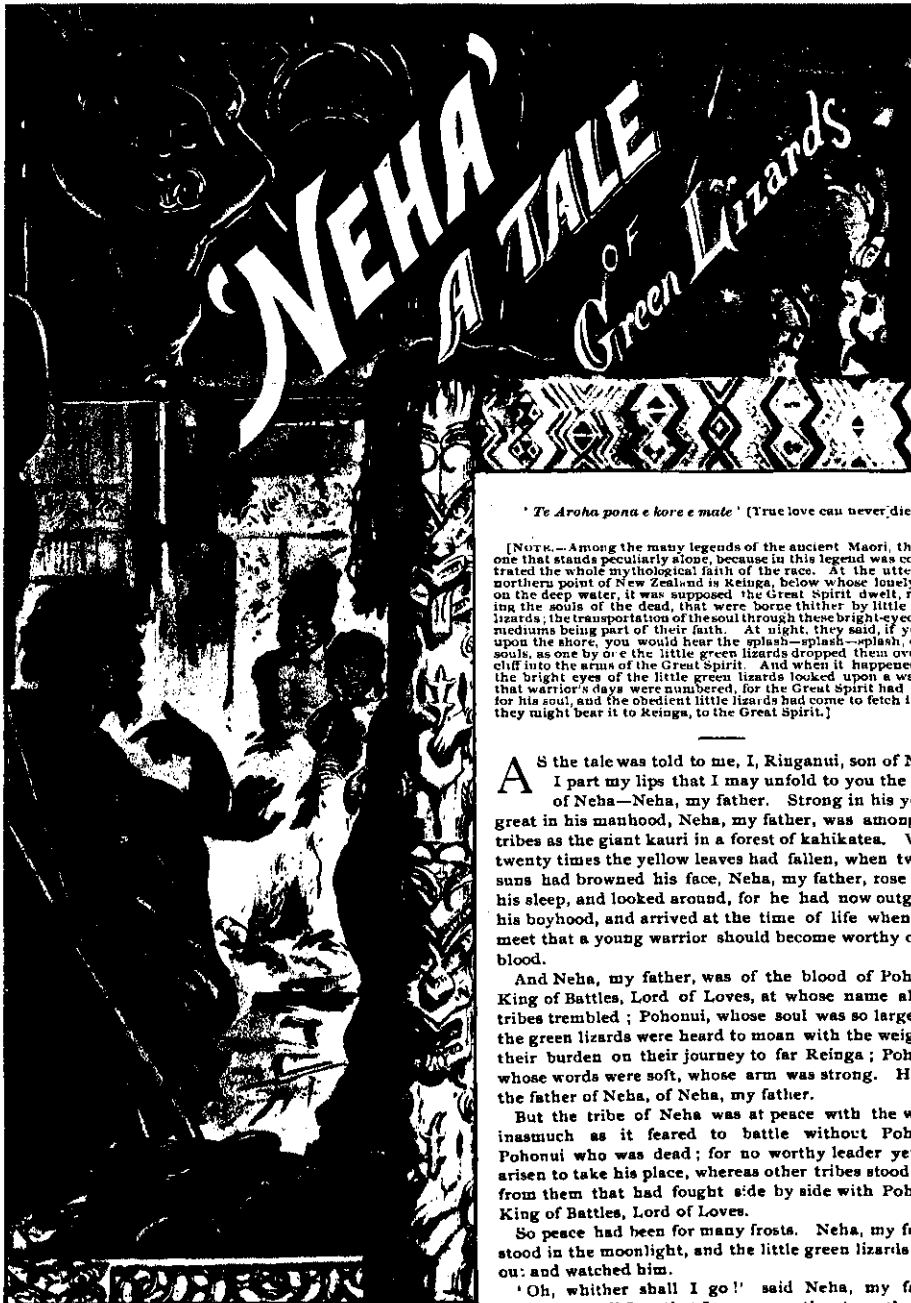
CLAIMS SETTLED WITH PROMPTITUDE & LIBERALITY.

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THE NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC

AND LADIES JOURNAL

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894



'Te Aroha pona e kore e mate' (True love can never die.)

[NOTE.—Among the many legends of the ancient Maori, there is one that stands peculiarly alone, because in this legend was concentrated the whole mythological faith of the race. At the uttermost northern point of New Zealand is Reinga, below whose lonely cliff, on the deep water, it was supposed the Great Spirit dwelt, receiving the souls of the dead, that were borne thither by little green lizards, the transportation of the soul through these bright-eyed little mediums being part of their faith. At night, they said, if you sat upon the shore, you would hear the splash—splash—splash, of the souls, as one by one the little green lizards dropped them over the cliff into the arms of the Great Spirit. And when it happened that the bright eyes of the little green lizards looked upon a warrior, that warrior's days were numbered, for the Great Spirit had called for his soul, and the obedient little lizards had come to fetch it, that they might bear it to Reinga, to the Great Spirit.]

AS the tale was told to me, I, Ringanui, son of Neha, I part my lips that I may unfold to you the story of Neha—Neha, my father. Strong in his youth, great in his manhood, Neha, my father, was among the tribes as the giant kauri in a forest of kahikatea. When twenty times the yellow leaves had fallen, when twenty suns had browned his face, Neha, my father, rose from his sleep, and looked around, for he had now outgrown his boyhood, and arrived at the time of life when it is meet that a young warrior should become worthy of his blood.

And Neha, my father, was of the blood of Pohonui, King of Battles, Lord of Loves, at whose name all the tribes trembled; Pohonui, whose soul was so large that the green lizards were heard to moan with the weight of their burden on their journey to far Reinga; Pohonui, whose words were soft, whose arm was strong. He was the father of Neha, of Neha, my father.

But the tribe of Neha was at peace with the world, inasmuch as it feared to battle with Pohonui, Pohonui who was dead; for no worthy leader yet had arisen to take his place, whereas other tribes stood aloof from them that had fought side by side with Pohonui, King of Battles, Lord of Loves.

So peace had been for many frosts. Neha, my father, stood in the moonlight, and the little green lizards came out and watched him.

'Oh, whither shall I go!' said Neha, my father. 'Whither shall I go that I may prove the strength of my

arm and emulate the deeds of Pohonui, my father? Oh, Thou, who art all powerful, send me a sign that I may understand!'

Then the wind, that had been blowing from the North, on a sudden came from the South, blowing so hard that Neha, my father, was forced to go on.

'Lo! it is a sign,' said he, 'that north must I go. Yet will I take some followers, ten trusty men.'

But the wind blew harder and harder, which Neha, my father, knew was a sign from the Great Spirit that he must go alone. So he took his greenstone mere, and feathered taiaha and strode away northward. And the green lizards watched him all the way. Under the stones, under the trees, their beady little eyes glittered and shone, shone and glittered. Yet the soul of Neha, my father, was still his own. But the little green lizards waited all the same.

And it came to pass that on this journey Neha, my father, heard first of the maiden named Te Aroha, which is Love. It was whispered by the men, and (after their manner) slandered by the women. Then Neha, my father, went into the villages and asked boldly who was this Te Aroha of whom he heard, of whom they spoke in whispers. And the men said, 'She is beautiful.' And the women said, 'She is frail.' And the men said, 'She is holy.' And the women said, 'She is proud.'

But in the woods, as he walked along, in the home of the kiwi, in the haunt of the moa, everything breathed of Aroha, which is Love. The rustling of the leaves around him, the sighing of the wind behind him, and high up the tuis sang of naught but 'Aroha,' 'Aroha,' and all the woods re-echoed 'Aroha.' In the next village Neha, my father, heard the song of Aroha, which is Love:

Aroha! Te Aroha! fair as the sun is Aroha.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 Like looking in deep water is looking in her eyes.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 The music of their voices have the tuis given her.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 And the red pohutukawa gave its colour to her cheeks.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 And the sapling gave its litheous, for she bendeth with the breeze,
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 Oh, her love is worth the winning, of all the fights that are.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 And blest be he who wins the fight, the fight of Te Ngahua.
 For he who wins Te Ngahua's fight, wins gentle Aroha.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 And he who wins sweet Aroha is the envy of the world.
 Aroha! Te Aroha!
 Te Aroha! Te Aroha!

After the song was done, Neha, my father, stepped in boldly amongst them that sang. And they were young men that had come from hunting the moa, whose flesh they cooked on the fire.

'Tell me of this Aroha! Where is she to be found? And what fight is this ye sing of?'

And it came to pass that all the young men turned and looked on the form of Neha, my father, as he stood in the light of the fire, and they felt that the sight was as a feast to their eyes, inasmuch as the limbs were big and the eye was bold, but the hearts of the young men were jealous, and they cared not to tell him, fearing that his heart would be fired when he rested his eyes on Aroha, which is Love, and might join the fight of Ngahua and overcome them. For they knew not that Neha, my father, was young in the art of battle.

But the old men had seen that the green lizards followed Neha, my father, and they laughed softly to themselves, for well they knew the mission of green lizards. And they advised the young men thus:

'To the stranger that hath come amongst us, tell ye of

Aroha; sing again the song; tell ye of the fight and all concerning it, and be not backward in the telling.'

Then arose one of the young men and spoke:

'Know you that are a stranger, and deserving of the welcome of our people inasmuch as thou art a stranger, that Aroha, whom we all love, of whom we sing, is daughter of the great chief, Ngahua, whose blood is pure. She liveth in the direction that the wind blows, in which direction we journey to-morrow, that we may take part

'There be great slaughter of good warriors for the sake of one woman,' said Neha.

'Less than thou thinkest,' answered the young man, 'for if after he win his first fight, a warrior behold another among the rest, whose skill he judgeth to be greater than his own, he may by the favour of Ngahua, retire from the combat, and no shame will rest on him, or his mere or his spear.'

When Neha, my father, had gone, the old men spoke

went by, Neha journeyed on, not knowing how far he was from the village where Aroha, which is Love, did dwell. He had crossed over high mountains and through deep valleys where stone-speckled creeks bubble and splash, hastening to join the large stream that carries them silently to the sea, through giant kauri forests and over plains, yet he journeyed on and on, for his heart was longing to behold Te Aroha, which is Love. One day as he pushed his way through the scrub, he came to



From drawing by E. Watkins.

They were young men who had come from hunting the Moa.

in the fight which her father hath organised, the arranging of which will be new to thee, who know but our usual custom. The warriors will be divided two and two. Thus they fight in pairs till one be living and one be dead. Then again are the victors divided in pairs, and so again they fight till there is but one pair left, and those twain fight till one be living and one be dead. Then doth the victor reap the reward which his bravery hath earned, for he taketh Aroha, our love, for himself.'

thus, to them that were young:—

'Fools! why did ye hesitate to tell him? Saw ye not the green lizards looking from under the stones? Are ye so young that ye know not the mission of green lizards?'

Then did the young men understand the advice of their fathers: 'Truly,' said they, 'wisdom belongeth only to grey hair.'

And it came to pass as the days went by, as the nights

a deep pool, and on it he saw the reflection of a maiden that washed flax in the water. Neha's heart beat quickly for, though he saw not the figure on account of a fallen tree in front of him, yet he saw that the reflection was that of a beautiful woman. He moved on softly that she might not hear till he passed under the tree, and for the first time beheld Te Aroha, which is Love; thereupon the whole heart of Neha, my father, rushed forth to her, for her beauty was soft to tired eyes—not the

dazzling beauty of the sun, but the beauty of a star in a misty cloud. As he stood motionless Aroha looked up and saw him. She sprang to her feet and would have fled, but that Neha, my father, beckoned, whereupon she looked on him again. Then did she see that Neha, my father, was superior in his bearing to all the warriors that feasted in her father's *kainga*, and she made a sign that he should come to her.

He sprang over the stones and logs that divided them with a litheness and grace that spoke to the heart of Aroha, which is Love. He would have greeted her with Maori custom, but she held him back, for she remembered her father's law that no man should greet her with Maori custom till he had won her in the fight. This she told to Neha, my father.

'Then will I kiss thee, Aroha, for that is not a custom.'

'Nay, tell me, rather, whence comest thou—thou that art fair? What mission brought thee hither? for,' said she, 'mine eyes tell me thou art from other lands.'

'Is not the beauty of Aroha so great that it is spoken of, sung of, even where the wind comes from? For where the wind starts do I dwell. Hither have I come that I may seek the truth of the beauty of Aroha, which is Love.'

'And much do they overpraise my charms, oh, stranger, for I am but a simple maiden that washes flax by the stream.'

'Nay, fair Aroha, they did belie thee, inasmuch as they attempted thy praise in the paltry words of our tongue, which are but meaningless jargon compared with thy real beauty.'

'Thou art a stranger, therefore thou must flatter.'

'Nay, Aroha! I flatter not, for I do not seek to praise thee. Let them who are fools use soft words, and let them who are warriors fight for thee till one be living and one be dead.'

'In thy country, then, is a man not a good warrior because he useth words that are soft to a maiden's ear?'

'In my country deeds are weightier than words.'

'I like thee for thy speech, O stranger, though my heart loves not the horror of war.'

'They speak of a battle between the warriors, of which thou art the prize. Is this the truth?'

'They fight for me on the morrow. Warriors from all the land are gathered and feast to-night at my father's house.'

'And art thou pleased because of this battle for thee?'

'Nay! It makes me sad that men should seek death for me. Far rather would I choose between them, though in truth, thou who art a stranger, art more comely than them all, but my father's law is my law.'

'Wouldst thou care for me less if all my comeliness were destroyed in the fight to-morrow?'

'Thou! Dost thou then battle on the morrow?'

'Most surely when thou art the prize.'

'But thou art young. Every warrior there bears the marks and scars of many battles on him. Thou hast not even a scratch, and thy skin is like a woman's. O stranger, I would pray thee consider well before thou—'

'Nay, Aroha, I have considered, and I have decided.'

'Then truly do I tremble for thee.'

'Tremble not; for by my father's arm shall mine be guided, and Pohonui, King of Battles, Lord of Loves, was my father—'

'Pohonui? Art thou then Neha?'

'Neha is my name.'

'Then, indeed, do I tremble for thee. Know you not the bitterness between our tribes? Know you not that Ngahua, my father, swears vengeance on the blood of Pohonui, and that he offers a reward to the chief that brings him the head of Neha. Neha, son of Pohonui, know you not these things?'

Then did Neha, my father, smile, and answer: 'These things knew I not, but little difference doth it make. I have vowed that to-morrow I shall win thee, or I shall die.'

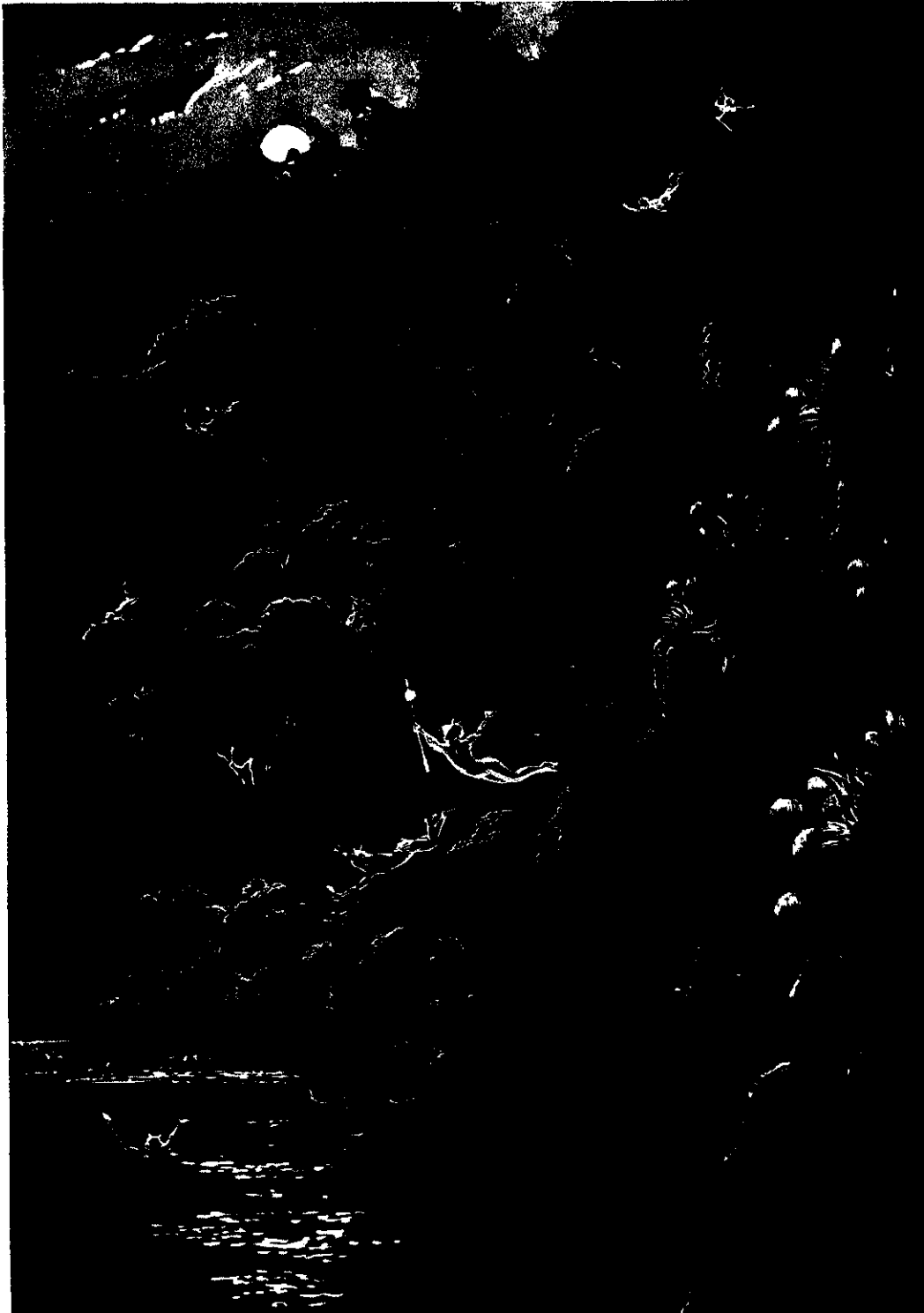
'But what good, Neha, what good? Even if thou win me, thinkest thou my father would sit content and know that his enemy hath his daughter? We would be married at dusk, for my father never breaks his word, but ere darkness be in, thy head, apart from thy body, would be spat upon by the chiefs.'

'But, Aroha, they know me not.'

'At first, perchance, they would not, but at night when they think and conjecture who you are, it will all leak out, there is but one strain of blood more noble in war than that of Ngahua and his chiefs, and that is the blood of Pohonui and his kin. Therefore will they know that thou art Neha.'

'Aroha, fair daughter of Ngahua, if, perchance, I conquer all my foes on the morrow, wilt thou, despite thy father's anger, go back with me to my home where the wind starts from?'

'Neha, thou hast interested me beyond all others, so if thou art killed on the morrow I will grieve or thee night and day. Only speak, and I will go with thee'



From drawing by K. Watling.

At the Rienga.

now—leave my flax in the wa'er, and straightway go to where the wind starts from, for, Neha, I would dissuade thee from the comba' on the morrow.'

'Fear not, Aroha, but you would not wish it said that Neha, son of Pohonui, feared to meet his fate, inasmuch as he came to fight, and fled before the fight begun. Nay, Aroha, I will live or die for thee to-morrow.'

'So be it, Neha, but I fear me for thee; thou knowest not the cunning of the warriors of the giant, Ngau-ngau, whom all men fear.'

'Not all men, Aroha. I fear him not.'

'Thou hast not seen him. Oh! he is big—and ugly.'

'Then, As must not win. Fret not for me, Aroha. Thy love will give me strength to slay him.'

'I pray so.'

'But, my love, if perchance I die, I will remember to speak thy name with my dying breath, that the world may know I loved you, Aroha.'

A tear trembled in the maiden's eyes, as she looked up and said: 'Now, Neha, may you kiss me, for thy name is engraven on my heart for ever, and ever, and ever.'

Then Neha put his arm around her slender waist, drew the yielding form to his breast, and with the love-light in his eyes, kissed the sweet Aroha full upon the soft, red li. s.

front of the warriors, urging them to do great deeds. But Aroha stood apart, and was sorrowful.

'It is fitting,' said the warriors, 'the heart of Aroha is sad because of the brave warriors that to-day will clutch the grass for her sake. *Kia ora!*'

Then all the chiefs turned to her, waving their *taiaha*, and shouted till their throats swelled: '*Kia ora! Kia ora!*'

Then did the women fly to their huts and weep for them that were to die, but Aroha crept on the wall and watched.

And it came to pass, in the sight of all the chiefs, that a strange thing happened; inasmuch as ere the warriors had chosen their combatants, the baby chief, for such in their gibes they called Neha, the baby chief, whom they had scoffed, walked straight toward the giant Ngau-ngau and touched him on the shoulder with his feathered *taiaha*.

Then did Aroha tremble on the wall, for Neha looked but a girl amongst the chiefs, and she had heard of the tremendous might of Ngau-ngau in battle. Then she saw him fight, and then did the hidden strength of Neha, my father, reveal itself. As Ngau-ngau sprang upon him with *taiaha* and *mere* Neha stood like a quivering reed, and

but it was enough for the watching Neha, who cut under his guard like lightning, and the head of Ngau-ngau flopped in sections about his shoulders, while his teeth rolled upon the ground.

Thus did Neha, my father, win the fight, for after this deed none other came forward.

Te Ngahua, father of Te Aroha, welcomed Neha, saying he was a warrior of all the Maori warriors, for he knew not that he was Neha, son of Pohonui, his enemy—Pohonui, that was dead. Neha, my father, was exalted with joy, warriors called him chief, and Aroha, the gentle Aroha, who in great joy had greeted him, would be his wife—his wife till the yellow leaves had fallen thirty times, forty times, fifty times.

Would she? Only the little green lizards knew.

And it came to pass that in the night, Neha, my father, and Aroha, my mother, fled to where the wind comes from, and were seen by the Northern warriors no more. Too late they knew that Neha, their enemy, had been among them and taken their pearl, and their hearts were heavy, for they knew not whither he had fled, and could not follow. But the little green lizards knew, and followed to where the wind starts from, and there under the stones and under the trees they waited,



From drawing by K. Watkins.

In the home of Neha, my father.

'There be none to watch,' he said, but under the stones, and under the trees, bright little eyes were watching all the time.

When the great sun had arisen after the darkness, the warriors assembled on the square in front of Ngahua's whare. In truth, as Aroha had said, they bore the scars of many battles on their skins, and an untamed fierceness glowed in their eyes. They danced a mad *haka*, with rolling eyes and straining bodies, while yet the sun had scarcely risen, but the weird light on the contorted faces made the flesh to crawl. But Neha, my father, stood aloof, for he cared not for these things, thereby creating a feeling of anger among the warriors.

'Who is this?' said they, 'that would fight ere his blood be heated by the dance? Some babe that dreameth of his mother's milk, rather than red blood. We will let Mahungamoi destroy him.'

Now it was well known that Mahungamoi, which is sleepy head, was a faint-hearted warrior, but Neha, my father, heeded them not, but stood aside and held his peace.

Then came the women and danced a bending dance in

suddenly springing to one side, Ngau-ngau fell to the ground. Then did Neha, my father, a foolish thing. Instead of taking advantage of this thing and killing him, he let the fallen warrior rise. The now enraged giant flew at Neha, raining down blow on blow, his heavy *taiaha* whizzing in the air, till it seemed mortal strength could not withstand him.

But Neha trusted not to strength. Pohonui had taught him all his cunning, and Neha contented himself with catching the blows, slanting on his *taiaha*, so that they might glance off harmlessly. Only once did the terrible battery force him to his knees, but the next blow the weapons struck in the middle, and both the *taiaha* broke in twain. Aroha clasped her hands in agony, when she saw this happen, for she feared that Neha's courage must now end in death, but great was her joy when she saw him spring to his feet and fly at the giant with his *mere*. Then, in truth, did the real battle begin. All the warriors still alive closed round to look, but yet Aroha from her eminence could see all. She could see Ngau-ngau's *mere* flashing as he rained down a hurricane of blows; she could hear the click, click, as the weapons met. Then at last she saw Ngau-ngau pause from his onslaught, that he might take half a breath, for a space almost nothing,

patiently, patiently, or little green lizards never grow tired.

In his home Neha, my father, and Aroha, my mother, dwelt while eight times the yellow leaves fell to the ground, and seven times did I see them, for after the first fall, I, Ringanui, was born.

It seemed Neha and his sweet young wife would live in peace for ever, for eight frosts had come and gone, yet there was no sign that anyone remembered the night that Neha, son of Pohonui, stole away with the Pearl of the World. But Ngahua, whose blood was pure, remembered, and the little green lizards never forgot.

Neha had now developed into the full strength and vigor of his manhood, and Aroha grew more graceful and more sweet day by day. It came to pass in the end that Ngahua gathered together his warriors and canoes, then in the darkness of the night sailed away, and it was not until the canoes were seen from the coast that Neha, my father knew of his coming.

Hastily gathering the warriors that were about him, which were few, and sending messengers to call in others, bidding Aroha, my mother, and me, go into the pa for safety, he hastened to the beach, and there out on the

strip of sand and in the water, did that small band of warriors fight the canoes, till the sun had stopped midway between the heavens.

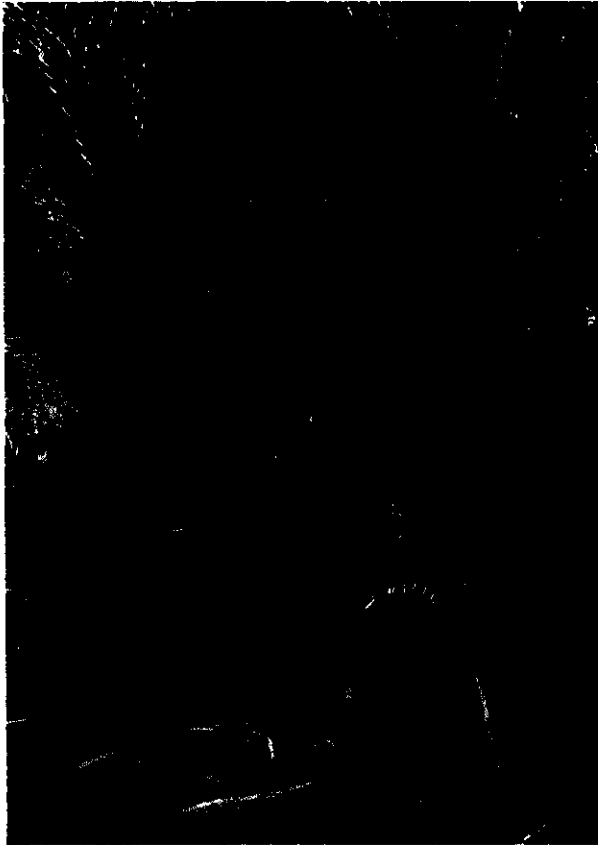
But Timi, Horangi, Hanui, and other noble warriors had clutched the sand in death, and though Neha, my father, fought as human man shall never fight again, numbers bore him back—back to the very gate of the pa, where Aroha, my mother, and I were hiding. Here the small band stood awhile, but, one by one, they were driven in, till all were inside but Neha, who still fought at the gate. I could see my mother's eye glitter as she

heels, and placing his knee in the small of his back, drew him backward till the bones crunched and cracked, and the head and thighs met. Then Neha, my father, threw the lifeless body into the pa, and bleeding from head to foot, took Aroha in his arms and faced the foe, who on the death of their chief had drawn back in dismay.

I waited not, but called the chiefs to my side and charged. Then came another band of our chiefs from the hunting, and together, bit by bit, piece by piece, we drove them back, till at last in terror they broke and ran for the canoes. We followed and slew the stragglers and all them that were tardy of foot. Then did I hurry back to seek Neha, my father, and be praised for the deeds I had done. There, at the gate, I saw them lying with their arms round each others' necks, Neha, my father—Te Aroha, my mother.

'They are wearied and they sleep,' said I. But a little green lizard crossed my path travelling northward, and when I saw it my soul shrivelled up within me.

The little green lizards had started on their long, long journey to Reinga.



Martin, photo, Wanganui. In the home of the Kiwi.

saw him standing, his mighty arm swinging right and left, dealing death at every blow, and though a boy, my own heart bled that Neha, the father whom I loved, should be left fighting alone against multitudes.

But the gate was narrow, and though they pressed him sore, not one step did Neha, my father, take in retreat. I could see the red gashes in his breast, while his back shone in the sun without a scratch. I could see by the coming and going of his bosom that he was breathing hard between his teeth, and my heart was angered against the chiefs that they had left him. But when I saw the red blood gush from his head I rushed to his side and slashed with all my might. But there was one there before me who, with more dexterous hand than mine, wielded the heavy *taiaha* with terrible effect. I noticed it not, for my blood was hot and my eyes blind with excitement, but I heard my father say:

'Go back, Aroha, go back! This is not woman's work!'

She answered not, but fought on just the same. I caught but one glimpse of Aroha, my mother, as she fought, and never, never will I forget it. With her hair dishevelled, and flashing angry eyes, her dress torn, I saw her, standing on a log, beautiful in her anger, smite down the chief Mahungamoi, as though he were a child.

Then did I see the enraged Ngahua rush blindly into the breach, and smite her to the ground with his heavy greenstone *mere*. Then did I hear my father give a great cry, as, throwing away his weapon, in terrible frenzy, he seized the northern chief and lifted him off the ground. He gripped him by the head and by the



RULES.

1. The GRAPHIC reserves the right to publish any story sent in other than the prize stories.
 2. MSS. will not be returned before the result is announced, and applications before that date will not receive attention. After the results of the Competition are made known, the Editor will post such unsuccessful MSS. as may not be required to those who have made application enclosing stamp.
 3. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of the stories in detail. The particulars given are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors. The award of the judges will be published as soon after the close of the Competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.
 4. Each MSS. should be prepaid, and if left open at the ends will be carried at book post rates. It should be addressed to the Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland street, Auckland.
 5. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope and addressed to the editor.
- BEARING THE MOTTO AND THE WORDS 'STORY COMPETITION' ON THE TOP LEFT CORNER.
- This envelope must not be placed in the MSS. packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.
6. All contributions must reach the office before May 15th.
 7. Choice of subject rests with the writer, but the scene must be laid in New Zealand, and be of special interest to New Zealanders. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gunfields, gold mines or country, search for treasure, fighting or peace, in fact anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.
 8. Write clearly, and on one side of the paper only. No paper larger than foolscap should be used. In cases of equal literary merit, preference will be given to stories lending themselves to illustration.

THE GRAPHIC
Prize Competition Stories.

Names of This Year's Winners.

PRIZES FOR NEXT YEAR.

It is satisfactory to be able to report that the manuscripts sent in for our Christmas Short Story Competition this year were of considerably higher literary merit than those received in 1893. The story which has been awarded first prize, gained that place by unanimous vote of the judges and by a very large majority of marks. 'Neha, a Tale of Green Lizards,' by Mr E. H. Aubin, is, as our readers will admit, a clever and striking piece of work, the style being particularly graceful, and the interest well-sustained. Mr St. Aubyn is quite a young man, and has already distinguished himself in scholastic work.

The second prize fell, also by unanimous vote of the judges, to Mrs Bullock, of Wanganui, in her story, 'The Beachcomer's Daughter.' This story is also of a higher class than any of last year's prize stories. It will be published in the weekly GRAPHIC about Christmas week.

Concerning the third prize, there was considerable difference of opinion amongst the judges, but 'The Ghost of Blind Gully,' by Mrs B. J. Maclean, Taupiri, had a majority, though it was but a narrow majority, over the half dozen stories which ran it closely. This story will also appear in the weekly GRAPHIC at an early date.

Some of last year's prize-winners were again competitors this time. We trust that unsuccessful on this occasion will not discourage these, or other successful competitors from 'trying again' for the

STORY COMPETITION 1895.

FIRST PRIZE	£5
SECOND PRIZE	£3
THIRD PRIZE	£2

The stories must not be less than 4,000, or more than 5,000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers.

It will be seen by Rule 7 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subject is unlimited.

AUCKLAND.

THERE are few prettier sights in the world than Auckland on a fine summer morning, its pretty villas embowered in sub-tropical verdure scattered for miles over the hills rising from the lake-like bay, upon whose broad bosom ships of the largest tonnage can find safe anchorage, can discharge their cargoes at its commodious wharves and obtain facilities for overhaul at its spacious graving dock, in which two of Her Majesty's ships on the Australasian station have been berthed together, end to end. The picture is made perfect when the splendid fleet of the Auckland Yacht Club turn out for their periodical manoeuvres, or on the day of the anniversary regatta; the whole harbour is then flecked with countless sail, from the rakish schooner to the boy's dingy, propelled, perchance, by a tablecloth surreptitiously abstracted from the parental linen chest; for the Auckland lads have the breath of the sea in their nostrils, and are at home in a boat.

With a climate rivalling that of Madeira, possessing every advantage of civilised life, combined with cheap provisions and all necessities and luxuries obtainable at extremely moderate prices, Auckland is *par excellence* the place for families with settled incomes which require careful handling to make both ends meet, if the reasonable claims of educated society are to be satisfied. Many persons of this class have already settled here, and if the advantages of the city were more widely known, a still larger number of retired Indian officers and others of similar class would take up their residence in Auckland.

The surrounding suburbs of the city are all very pleasant, especially Ponsonby, Parnell, Remuera, Mount Eden, Mount Albert, Ellerslie, and Epsom, on the Auckland side, and Devonport, Northcote, and Birkenhead on the North Shore. In these abound villas with well-kept gardens, speaking of the comfort and intelligence of their possessors. The marine suburbs are great summer resorts for picnickers, especially when in search of strawberries and cream. Among the many favourite resorts is Lake Takapuna, a pretty sheet of water collected in an old volcanic crater. It is from this source that the borough of Devonport, on the North Shore, draws its water supply. The Lake water, although beautifully fresh and palatable in its lower depths is below sea level, a narrow strip of land separating it from the main channel of approach to Auckland Harbour. Along the sea frontage, a splendid beach extends for a distance of two miles and it is this which our picture depicts.

Auckland is the largest city in New Zealand, its population, with suburbs, being 51,287. It is well-built, containing many very fine business edifices and public buildings. Its Free Public Library stands second only to that of Melbourne among the libraries of Australasia, and possesses many rare manuscripts presented by Sir George Grey. There is also a creditable Art Gallery, which owes much to the benefactions of one of Auckland's former citizens, the late J. T. Mackelvie. Another old settler, Mr Costley, left a fortune of more than £100,000 to various institutions, including the Free Library, Museum, Sailors' Home, Hospital, homes for the aged poor and for orphan children.

The handsome edifice which houses the Library, Art Gallery and Municipal Offices, is erected on a corner of the Albert Park, of which we give an illustration. In former times, when ten thousand Imperial troops were located in New Zealand to suppress the Maori rebellion, the military barracks, surrounded by a sombre stone wall, occupied the site which is now a blaze of flowers for nine months out of the twelve. At no great distance from the park is situated the Domain, another recreation reserve of 200 acres, and including one of the finest cricket grounds in the colonies.

Auckland merchants, whatever their other failings may be, have kept in view the importance of being well in advance of the time in the provision made for shipping. On Queen-street Wharf, which is 1,700 feet long, and paved with wooden blocks, are a number of spacious goods sheds, including a very commodious store, built during 1893 on an extension of the eastern pier at the end of the wharf, which has a depth of 24 feet of low water spring tides. The Railway Wharf, 1,050 feet long, and Jetty No 2, also provide extensive shed accommodation alongside deep water berths; while on the Western side of Queen-street Wharf, the Hobson-street Wharf, and a stretch of reclaimed land with water frontages, chiefly occupied by shipbuilding and timber yards, contribute materially to the facilities of the port.

The depth of water in the Auckland Harbour in the channel off the Queen-street Wharf varies from 6 to 7 fathoms, or from 36 to 42 feet. Off the North Head the depth of water varies from 10 to 11 fathoms, off the North Shore Wharf from 6 to 8 fathoms, and off the Calliope Dock from 6½ to 7 fathoms. Further up the Waitemata the depth of water is even greater.

Auckland possesses two docks—one of these the Calliope Dock, having a length of 500 feet, with a width of 80 feet at the entrance and 33 feet on the sill at high tide. The flagships of the Australasian station and various foreign warships have been docked here, and the Harbour Board having granted the use of the dock free for all naval repairs, with the object of making Auckland a great naval depot. The graving dock on the southern side of the harbour is a good, useful structure, well adapted for the repair and overhaul of vessels drawing up to 13 feet of water.

The entrance to the port is guarded by forts constructed on the North Head and Mount Victoria, which are manned by detachments of the Permanent Artillery. In connection with these forts, the channel would also be barred against a foreign enemy in time of war with torpedoes.

The city possesses a University College, presided over by five professors, and many fine school buildings. Its street tramways extend a distance of twelve miles, and

are supplemented by numerous lines of 'buses' plying to its widely scattered suburbs. The municipality have also coast wicket fresh and salt water baths.

Manufactures of many kinds have become firmly established in Auckland. The magnificent kauri forests, the coal and goldfields, and the large extent of fertile land for which it is the natural outlet, as well as its growing commerce with the South Sea Islands and many other parts of the world, mark out for Auckland a great future.

THE POETRY OF CHRISTMAS-TIME.

POETS have ever delighted to sing of Christmas, but the season is also full of unwritten poetry. Its meaning is the finest, truest poem, and all its associations are poetic. Coming once a year, its influence seems to linger over and to sanctify the whole of the following twelvemonth. Other old festivals pass gradually away and become obsolete; but, somehow, we cannot let Christmas die. If it is childish to love its observance, we most of us grow childish once a year. The time is a special favourite with Englishmen, and to some extent it breaks down that coldness and reserve which foreigners say is one of their characteristics. Though many of the quaint old Christmas rites are now no longer observed, we still hope to preserve its holiness, its charity, its peacefulness and tenderness.

Washington Irving, in the pages of his *Sketch Book*, gives a graphic description of an English Christmas, which he thoroughly admired and appreciated. He says:—"The services of the Church about this time are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervour and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full justice on the morning that brought peace and goodwill to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony." And again he says:—"Even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of the night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in the still and solemn hour when "deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and goodwill to mankind." Few Englishmen have entered into the spirit of Christmas more fully than did this American writer.

Wordsworth, in the introduction to his 'Duddon' sonnets, says:—

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves,

and the bare mention of their music brings a host of tender recollections to our hearts. We think of the time when we ourselves, in our childhood, lay awake in a happy tremor of excitement, while the tones stole in at the frosted window. At such a time, old legends tell us, the Christ-child comes and walks once more on earth.

None hear the Christ-child. Ever silently
The barred door opens to the tiny hand.
And they alone this night the Christ-child see
That pass, still children, to another land,
Whereto his love hath called them to be.

As we lay, almost fancying we heard the passing footsteps of the Christ-child, how suddenly the bells pealed forth in the silent, frosty air, to remind us that Christ, once born on earth, lives and has lived since the foundations of the world.

Who is there that has not some tender and precious memories clinging to his idea of Christmas—some poetry which all the friction of the world has not rubbed off? Who is there that does not feel a little tenderness at his heart as the season approaches? It is not only a festival of hope, but a festival of memory, of home, of love, of re-union. It is a uniter of hearts long separated; an awakener of emotions long buried and almost forgotten. Sometimes it may be the "quiet sense of something lost" which it brings to us; but it is ever a holy feeling, a peaceful, gentle whisper, a still small voice of recollection and of anticipation.

Christmas does not do us much good, if it cannot rouse us a little from our selfishness; if it does not cause us to think a little about other people. This seems to be the season's special mission—to sweeten the year with a little charity and loving kindness. We should cast out our hatreds, our prejudices, our unkindnesses, not only now but at all times. To do so only for a few days once a year is something; but of course not enough. There is a virtue that goes far beyond mere almsgiving; that passes far beyond the mere dropping of our superfluities for others less gifted by fortune to gather up. There is the ceaseless almsgiving of a loving heart—a heart that withholds not its sympathy, its pity, its help, and its tenderness. If we call ourselves religious, yet have not this love, our religion is dead and useless. Christmas, if it teaches us nothing else, should at least teach us this.

Throughout all our writers, prose and poetic, there runs a vein of deep, earnest feeling when they mention Christmas time. The poetry of the season has entered into their souls, the glory of its presence has fallen upon their hearts and abideth there. It conjures up precious dreams of the past, like a diver recovering lost treasure, it lights the present with gladness and the future with hope. These thoughts render it almost a sacrifice to call Christmas "merry," though the name is sanctioned by old and venerable usage. Merry!—it is something better than that. Merriment is well enough; but joy, if we can obtain it, is far better. And, strange as it may seem to say so, no one knows real joy who has not also known real sorrow. The mirth of childhood, and of inexperience, is nothing compared to the calm strength and gladness of a soul that has suffered and striven.

Rise happy morn, rise holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night
O Father, touch the dark, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

TE HAKA.

BY APIRANA T. NGATA, B.A. (Canterbury College).

ONE dear scene in my mind's eye is floating,
Martial, warlike, yet so graceful,
Staged in meads that heard no bleating
Save of savage babes at play.

There the old pa stands to-day
Where the mountain clad in *houkas*
Bends with gentle slope, and fondly
Showers kisses on the stream,
Rippling, laughing, winding, moaning,
Hies she on to join the ocean,
Emblem of a race that's speeding
Sadly onwards to oblivion.

Day is breaking on that pa,
All within is bustle, stir,
'Tis the hour of dedication—
Te Kaitiaki, solemn consecration,
When our *whaka* in its beauty,
Tukutuku, pukana, e Koririri!
Only to the gods in heaven
With our war dance must be given.

All day long from far and near
The crowds pour in to see and hear
Amid this group are chieftains bold—
Rangi, Taonui—names of old.
Yonder Kahumunu, *mere* in hand,
Frowning, marshals forth his band—
Te Rarawa, Tainui meti Whakatohea,
Whakaata, Taupare, Tuwhakairiora.

A noble sight, th' intruding band,
But grander yet unfolds itself.
Yonder massed, one sea of forms,
Maids with warriors alternating.
In the van are maidens lovely
Dressed in mats of finest fibre
Cheeks with *takou* gaily hue'd
Flumed with quills of rarest hue
Beyond—but no—no more is seen
Though hundreds lie to shout '*Haeremas!*'
The maids must first display their graces
Then we'll gaze on warriors' faces.

Softly and gently; and chanting most sweetly
Uplift their voices '*Haeremas!*' '*Haeremas!*'
With knees bent gracefully, with a slow step and gesture
As soft as the pauter, yet queenly and stately!
Hark! now, it is changing! in chorus they're joining!
It swells and it rings, it bursts forth triumphant!
In voice and in gesture, in body and limb
Their welcome is spoken, '*Haeremas!*' '*Haeremas!*'
How nimbly they foot it! How supple their bodies!
Ye fauns and ye nymphs, beware of your laurels!
These children untutored, by nature endowed
May charm yet Apollo, the god of all graces.

But now, behold! the nymphs subside,
The rhythmic motion's ceased, and lo!
The ranks give way, the van files off
Unfolding terror to our view.
Rows of warriors, dusky, warlike,
Line the earth and make it bristle
All recumbent, silent, speechless,
Seeming in lethargic sleep.

Aotearoa's sons! ye warriors stern!
Awake! awake! they come! they come!

'Welcome, ye strangers! thrice welcome; thrice welcome!

Respond ye to the call so feebly,
Though your war-paint glows so fiercely;
Welcome, ye strangers! *Naumai! Naumai!*

Ah! ye sluggards, raise your voices
Up and stamp and tread like Maoris;
'Tis the *haka puhiri*, war-dance,
Fierce and warlike, brave, martial,

Ma kore e tutaki He pupu kari kawa
He pupu harerorero ha!
Ka tikohi! Ka tahuri!
Ka tihiki! Ka tahuri!
Ka tahuri ra Nui Tiviri i aue!

Ah! your blood is coursing now,
Ah! your spirit's roused at last,
Ha! the welcome rings out clear:
'*Puhiritia atu! Haeremas!*' '*Haeremas!*'
Heads erect and bodies stately,
Proud, imperious, yet so graceful,
Arms and limbs in rhythmic moving,
Mars, Apollo, are reviewing.

'*Tena i takahia!*' with motion majestic
Their arms now wide sweeping, their hands all a-trem-
bling.

Now circles describing; then to heaven uplifted;
Their bodies set firmly; yet limbs in mid-air;
'*Tena i pakia!*' with knee-joints set loose,
With frenzy in gesture, with eyebrows contracting,
With eyes glowing fiercely, with bounding and leaping.
But mark, mild Apollo the war-god is soothing,
'*Puhiritia atu! Haeremas!*' '*Haeremas!*'

Ah! warriors are leaping, the ranks they are surging;
The war-god has conquered, the war-cry is raised,
'Tis sounding! 'Tis swelling! 'Tis roaring! 'Tis thunder-
ing!

Ha! frenzy thou workest, 'tis blood now they smell,
'The battle! the battle! our *taiahas* and *meri*,
They shout as they leap; a madness has seized them—
'*Toko ki te kavrangata, Toko!*'

Mr Apirana T. Ngata, B.A., is the son of a Maori chief belonging to the Poverty Bay district. He received his secondary education at the Aute College, from whence he proceeded to Canterbury College, Christchurch, where he graduated. The above poem was awarded first prize in connection with the Auckland Literary Societies Union Annual Competition.

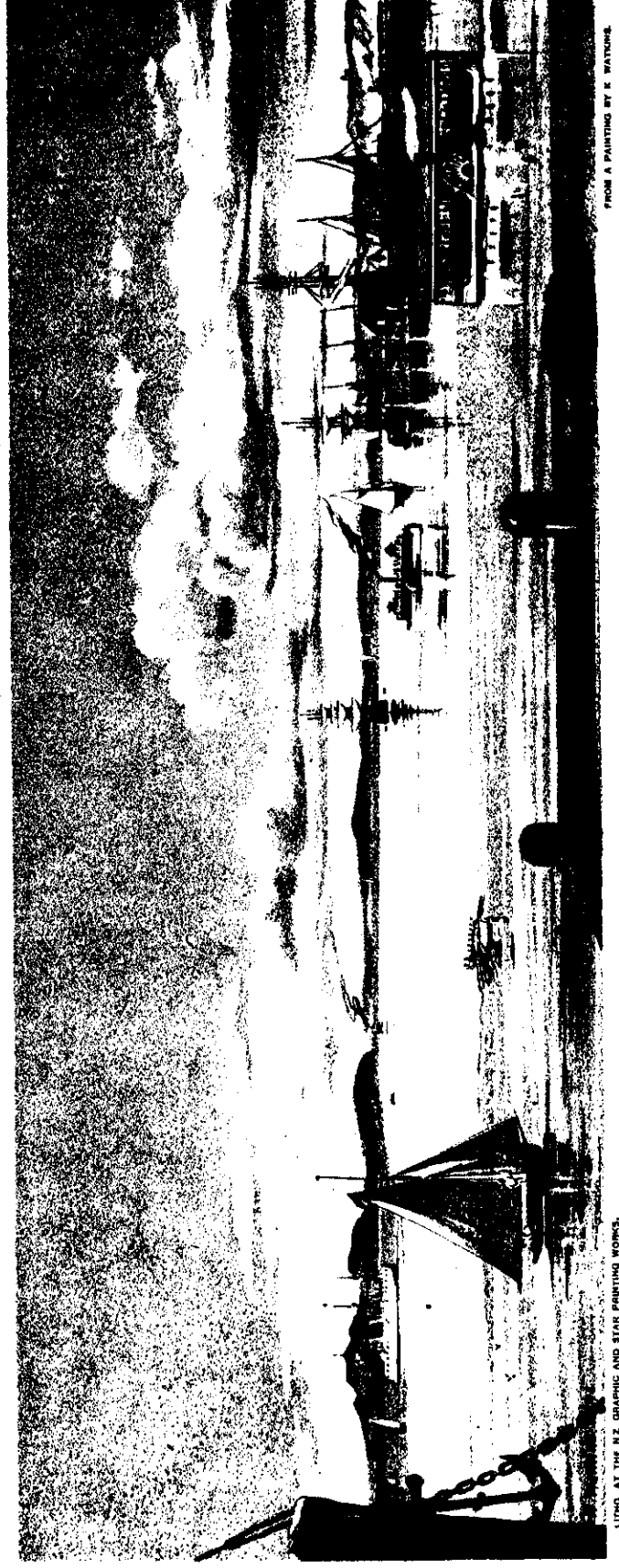


K. Watkins. 1894

LITHO. AT THE N.Z. GRAPHIC AND STAR PRINTING WORKS.

FROM A PAINTING BY K. WATKINS.

Takapuna Beach, 'A favourite Summer Resort'.



LITHO. AT THE N.Z. GRAPHIC AND STAR PRINTING WORKS.

FROM A PAINTING BY K. WATKINS.

Auckland Harbour, Midsummer.

WANGANUI.

IN all New Zealand there is no more beautiful scenery to be found than that which characterises the Wanganui River, a noble stream, which, after running its tortuous course for a distance of about two hundred miles through scenes of varied and enchanting loveliness, debouches on the west coast of the North Island. Four miles from the river's mouth is situated the pretty little town of Wanganui, past which the broad, deep current—spanned in two places by noble bridges—flows on its seaward way. Native villages and mission settlements, nestling all along the banks in the midst of the loveliest environments imaginable, supply the tourist with a sufficiency of human interest which is varied at intervals by long reaches of silent grandeur where everything conduces to reverent, almost awestruck, admiration of Nature's exquisite handiwork. Until quite recently access to the more distant, and most beautiful reaches could only be had by means of canoes, which had to be poled through the numerous rapids. The journey was therefore both difficult and tedious. Now, however, the requirements of travellers are fully supplied by two capital steamers of special construction, fitted with every modern appliance, which regularly connect with the high road to the Hot Lake district, thus enabling visitors to see sixty miles of river scenery such as is represented in our illustration. Two of these, by the way, are from another stream in the Wanganui district—the Manga-whatu, also celebrated for its beauty. The scene entitled 'Mangaio Junction' shows the entrance of a tributary of the Wanganui, which joins the latter some seventy miles from the mouth, and is typical of the lovely vistas occurring from time to time as its numerous feeders add their quota to the grand stream. The 'Ladder Scene,' which occurs about eighty miles up the Wanganui, is interesting as showing the only means of reaching *terra firma* from the river's brink over several miles of that particular locality. The cliffs are thereabouts very high and precipitous, rising sheer out of the deep still water. Upon the tableland at the top are native plantations and camping grounds, and the ladders—their sole means of reaching their highway, the river—are of native construction. Many cliffs in the vicinity are similarly supplied. The Native Council Houses (wharepunas) shown in the illustration occur at the settlements of Galatea, and Tawhitini on the banks of the Wanganui, and are of comparatively recent date.

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE bachelor sat in his easy chair. It was Christmas Eve, the saddest evening in the year to the bachelor, and his brow was furrowed, his eyes were pensive. He was thinking of his sad lot. Gazing intently at the splendid summer sunset, his faithful dog lying drowsily by his side, was thinking of things that were gone, just as the conventional bachelor always does in sketches like these. He was thinking of six pounds that were gone—foolishly expended for Christmas presents for distant relatives who did not care a rap for him, and who never reciprocated. He was thinking how delightful it would be if only one person in the wide world thought enough of him to remember him in the way he used to be remembered when he was a boy. This thought naturally brought to his mind the idea of a wife. How delightful it would be to have her there with him that Christmas Eve, radiant, happy, in ecstasies over the bracelet he had given her! How delighted he would feel when she reciprocated with a pair of slippers or worked braces!

And then the bachelor thought of a fair young girl who lived next door but one, and whom he had often pictured as a possible wife when the day came that he was willing to give up tobacco and billiards for her sweet sake.

The bachelor had sent the sweet young girl a bunch of roses this Christmas Eve. Happy thought! Was it not possible, even probable, that she would remember him with some little token made by her own deft fingers.

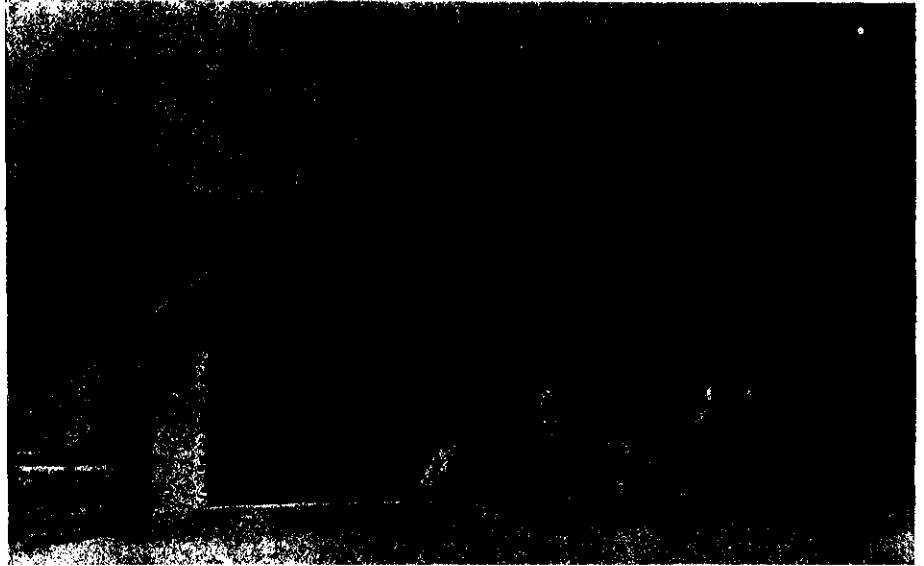
As if in answer with the bachelor's wish there was, a moment later, a soft knock at the door. The bachelor's heart leaped with pleasant anticipation. Ah! it was she, and in her hand she held something. She was accompanied by her portly mamma.

'I came to thank you,' she said with a pretty blush, 'for the beautiful roses, and to give you—'

The bachelor was overcome. 'Oh, thank you,' he said.

To give you a chance to do something good and noble. I am getting up a subscription for a poor married man who has a wife and seven children, and they are all starving. I have put you down for ten shillings.'

The bachelor spent the remainder of his Christmas evening communing with himself.



J. Martin, photo. Wanganui.

Maori House at Alene (Athens), Wanganui River.



J. Martin, photo. Wanganui.

Native Carved House, Wanganui River.



Martin, photo, Wanganui.

- 1 Small tributary of the Wanganui near its junction with the Mangawhero O-te-Au. 2 'Ladder Scene' above Mangawhero O-te-Au, about twelve miles beyond Pipiriki. Ladder the only way to reach terra firma from river, which is hemmed in at that part by precipitous banks. Ladder constructed by Maoris. 3 'Going to School,' interesting scene on the Mangawhero, at a part where the river runs fiercely. 4 'Waterfall,' about forty-five miles from Wanganui. Until lately difficult of access, but road now being formed.

WELLINGTON.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

NO impression of Wellington will live longer in the memory than the view of it which is obtained in approaching the city from the sea during the early hours of a clear starlight evening. The twinkling of the electric lamps upon the extensive wharves and along the shores, with the tiers of lights high above them on terraced streets and in the windows of houses, seen in dim outline, perched high above the Bay, is like a scene in fairyland. The daylight view, however, is still a very charming one. The broad, lake-like harbour, enclosed with low, shrub-covered mountains, its bosom dotted with ships from every clime; the city stretched along the hill-side around the water front, rising up the slope in graduated rows, like a stairway of buildings, extending from the hill tops down to the Bay-side, along which, upon a strip of flat land much of it reclaimed from the sea, are erected many fine business edifices and public buildings.

The harbour authorities have made the best of their splendid shipping facilities. Spacious wharves built along the water front bring the leviathan ocean steamers and mercantile warehouses into close proximity. These facilities, with its geographical advantages, are contributing to make Wellington a great mercantile distributing centre as well as the seat of Government. Railways to Napier on the East Coast and New Plymouth on the West, carry the produce in wool and meat of a vast area of agricultural and pastoral country for export.

Among the buildings in close proximity to the bay, the General Post Office, the Great Departmental Offices, the Government Printing Office, Government House in its tree-planted enclosure, and some of the principal warehouses specially attract attention. The Houses of Parliament are not visible from the water front, and are not particularly imposing structures of wood. They convey a much weaker impression of the magnitude of the governing machinery of the colony than the huge square structure known, *par excellence*, as the Government Offices—there are many departments which have their headquarters elsewhere. A climb up the staircases and a ramble through the winding passages of this edifice, which is popularly believed to be 'the biggest wooden building in the world,' gives one a good idea of the extent of the machinery necessary to run the Government of New Zealand. The concentration of a large body of

from the Thorndon end, and fairly depicts the handsome residences in which the prosperous citizens of Wellington have established their homes.

Many beautiful views are obtained from the hills around Wellington, which amply repay the toilsome climb up their slopes. Spread out beneath the spectators' feet are the roofs and streets of the city, with its shipping lying at the wharves, and beyond are the silvery waters of the harbour, on whose peaceful bosom merchant ships and war vessels floating the flags of many nations, are safely anchored. To the east is seen the narrow gateway through which the harbour lets itself out to the sea, and beyond the white rows of ocean rollers, breaking in foaming crests on the shore. To the southwards gleam the stormy waters of Cook Strait, which divides the North and South Islands. Beyond this tempestuous channel, if the day is clear, can be defined the dim shore-line of the South Island. Just underneath, the eye ranges over the levelled sites and rising structures of some palatial building elevated like a castle and commanding a fine view over the harbour. Roadways grooved out of the hill-side bear testimony to the activity of the city fathers, and the difficulty of their task in making streets upon such an unpropitious site.

The traffic of the city is facilitated by an excellent system of tramways. The theatres, hotels, and commercial buildings are all worthy of a progressive city whose present population of 34,190 is being rapidly added to.

REVISION OF NUPTIAL FORMS.

OUR fair readers will be delighted to learn that the Ladies' Select Committee appointed to revise the book of nuptial forms, and who had a wide field before them, have at length brought their labours to a close. The labour, no doubt, was to them one of love; and they have evidently set about it *non amore*. A great many witnesses have been examined, and their unanimity—one half being widows—is wonderful. It is clearly shown, by statistical returns—the Registrar-General's annual report exhibiting the comparative number of single and married, and so on—that the present promissory form is a stumblingblock to tender consciences. In Auckland alone, where the Committee sit *en permanence*, a vast proportion of the gentle aspirants for connubial honours—distinguished by their scrupulous adherence to truth, and never having been accustomed to say 'I will' without meaning it—are placed in a most painful position—'making' 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'—like the poor cat 'I' the adage.' The document embodying the Committee's ultimatum consists of a sheet of gilt-edged paper, beautifully written on all sides, but not crossed.

lished power is rightly deemed most appropriate.

In reference to the vexed question of cake, it is considered that cake should be preemptorily abolished, the associations of cake being undignified and absurd. The committee suggest that motto kisses, carefully prepared with a view to the propagation of matrimonial truth, should be substituted.

Although not coming strictly within their province, the marital authorities are recommended to allow all mothers-in-law holding commissions to retire on full pay after three months' service.

LEAVES FROM A CHRISTMAS TREE.

OR, THOUGHTS THAT HANG ON PLAYTHINGS.

PLEASURE is but a ball that a child runs after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it stops.

The character that has holes pierced in it isn't worth a pin, and you can say the same of a child's drum.

Drums, also, partake of the quality given by Napoleon to English soldiers, for 'they never know when they're beaten.'

The child takes a pleasure in blowing its trumpet. What is music to itself is discord to others; and yet it will persevere for hours. The man becomes often as great a nuisance when he allows his vanity to be incessantly pushing him before others to blow his own trumpet.

A gong that is sounded too loudly only startles people. So, in sounding your praises you cannot do it with too light a hand. If you sound them too thumpingly persons will only run away from you, or else put their fingers in their ears, to prevent their being bored with such empty noise.

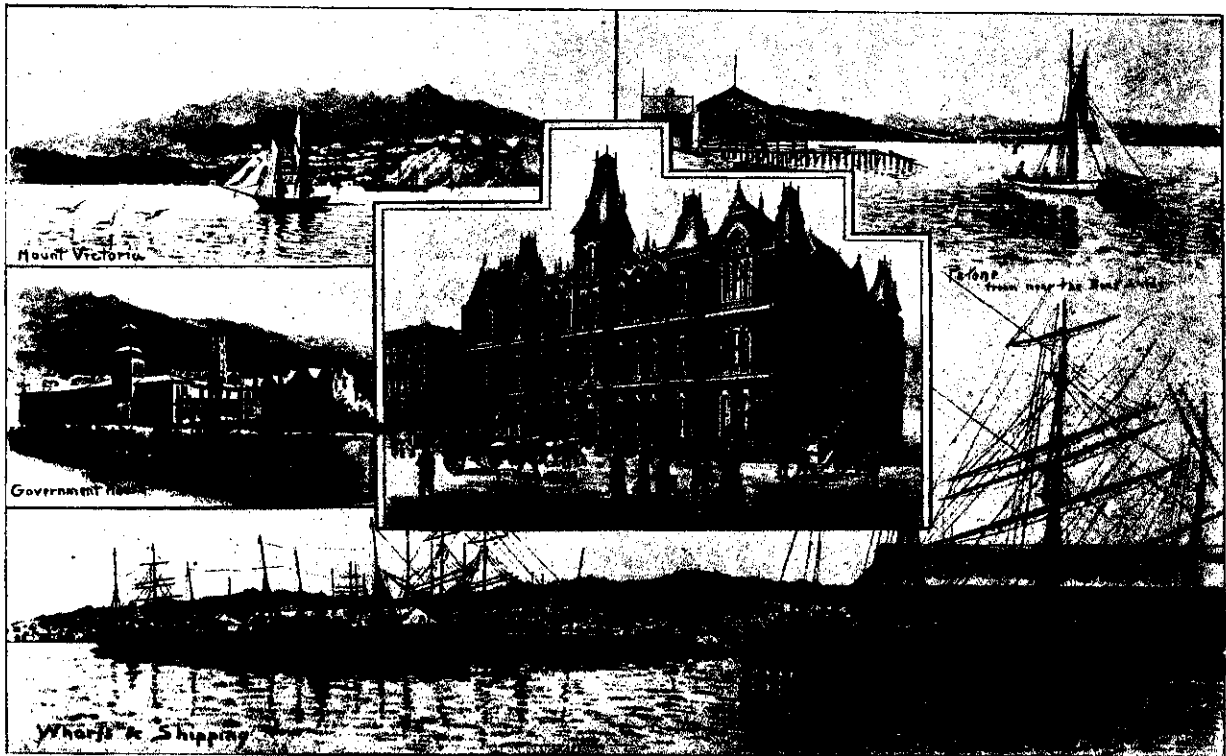
The performer on a tin fiddle reminds one of the prosperous fool who is always boasting of having accumulated a large fortune.

We generally make the most of any little danger. We shrink one moment and laugh at our fears the next, like young ladies pulling bonbon crackers. Most apprehensions have a ridiculous or a pleasant termination. The end is generally a motto or a sweetmeat.

A good book is like travelling. The memory is sure to make some agreeable passage.

The doll that speaks too frequently ends badly. The possession of its gift is the cause of its destruction. To find out the secret of its inspiration it is picked to pieces. It is the fate of genius all over.

At Christmas-time, in the society of children, everyone



VIEWS OF WELLINGTON.

the higher public officials and the attendant public expenditure has not only been of great advantage commercially to Wellington, but has also conferred many social advantages, for the Civil Service of New Zealand includes many able and cultured men. The tendency to establish the headquarters of large commercial houses here, and the recent removal of the head office of the Bank of New Zealand to Wellington, will operate in the same direction.

With the Christmas number of the GRAPHIC last year a panorama of Wellington was issued, viewed from about the centre of the city, and giving special prominence to the business quarters. The picture in this issue is taken

From the postscript, which is rather prolix, we extract all the essential matter.

The committee recommend that the proviso as to 'sickness,' etc., shall be expunged, and in lieu thereof a solemn promise be inserted by the intending husband to take the lady to Sydney or Melbourne, or some other salubrious spot every autumn—with perfect cheerfulness.

As to 'honour and obey,' the committee are of opinion that that clause may properly be omitted where the lady is more than ten inches taller than her lord and master elect.

Orange-blossoms are to be worn as heretofore, except by widows, to whom the laurel as an emblem of estab-

is presentable; but more especially he who comes laden with presents.

Whipping may make a humming-top go spinningly enough; but it is thrown away on boys. Kexes, after his ships were wrecked, flogged the sea; but we never heard of the sea having taken a moral turn from that moment. In the same way many boys are wrecked at school, and the schoolmaster in his rage flogs the boy for it.

The full mind, like a money-bag that is full, makes no noise; but the empty mind, like a money-bag with only two or three coins in it, keeps up such an incessant rattle that its emptiness soon betrays itself to all.

Sherlock by R. Reed.



LITHO AT THE N.Z. GRAPHIC AND STAR PRINTING WORKS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Wellington, New Zealand,

FROM THORNDON.

CHRISTMAS AT ROTORUA.

OUR Maori neighbours have not been slow to learn from us how to make the most of Christmas time, for with them it is a festival when all the villagers who have been away working on the roads or in the bush return to their homes for an annual jollification.

By the shores of the lovely lake, Rotorua, in the centre of the hot spring district, more than usual interest attaches to the Christmas celebrations on account of the novel methods of cooking which may be witnessed at this season by all visitors. In the middle of the Maori village, and in close proximity to the wonderful geyser fountains and beautiful silica terraces, there are enormous natural caldrons of boiling water, and hundreds of smaller springs and steam jets, all of which are utilised as a source of heat for boiling, steaming, and even for baking, as well as for supplying abundance of hot water for baths of all temperature.

Preparations have been going on for some days previously, a considerable amount of cleaning up has been

delightful baths which have made this district one of the most famous in the world.

Visitors staying in the district are usually solicited for contributions toward the cost of the feast, and in return they are invited to join the natives on the festal board, the place of which is sometimes supplied by a tablecloth spread upon the ground. Although the appliances may be primitive, the most fastidious visitor need not be afraid, as the Maoris are scrupulously clean and careful when preparing food.

Though the absence of the usual brown crust upon naturally baked bread and cakes, may at first seem strange, the guest will soon discover that all the delicate flavour of the viands has been retained, and that there is no smell of fire or taste of the oven, to spoil the most fastidious appetite.

In the background of the picture may be seen the steam from the numerous geysers, boiling pools, and other wonders which make Whakarewarewa one of the most famous as well as the most comfortable resorts in New Zealand. It has been often and truly said, that at Whakarewarewa the tourist who is pressed for time can see gathered together in small compass samples of almost every variety of thermal action and activity to be found in the Hot Lake district. Many of the sights in this strange place are unequalled in New Zealand. The Wairoa geyser, which throws an immense column of

South-Western shore are boiling. The Hamurana Spring is about three-quarters of a mile up the beautiful river, and the voyage is usually made in small canoes of the description shown in our picture. Where the spring is fed from is a mystery, for it is some eight feet above the level of the lake. The force with which the main spring bubbles up is terrific. The diameter of the pool is some eight feet, and the water is so exquisitely clear that the spectator feels greatly tempted to dive into the clear depths. Such an attempt would, however, result in failure. So strongly does the water bubble up that it is impossible to sink any article. Pennies are often thrown in by tourists with all their force, but are thrown out again by the upward pressure of the water, which is, by the way, of icy coldness however hot the weather may be, and delicious to drink. Tourists always think regretfully of Hamurana on the top of Tarawera, and wish they had a chance at another drink of that ice-cold water.

Since the natives levied a fee for all persons landing on Mokoia Island, Hamurana has come greatly into prominence with both tourists and local people as a picnic resort. The journey from Ohinemutu occupies about an hour, and from Whakarewarewa about half an hour longer. The willow trees which grow along the banks were planted there by the missionaries in the early days. Close by at the Awahou there are similar springs, but



From drawing by T. Ryan.

An anxious moment—Hauling up the plum puddings at Whakarewarewa.

accomplished, and now not a few whares are decorated with ferns and evergreens. Pigs and poultry have been killed and dressed, ham and bacon purchased from the stores, potatoes and cabbage brought in from the cultivations, and last, but not least, the time-honoured Christmas puddings have been made by the most expert native cooks.

Our illustration conveys a good idea of that most exciting time, when the puddings are being drawn out of the natural boilers, and when the anxious and hungry crowd are rather impatiently waiting for the promised feast.

Occasionally there are accidents. On one occasion when the writer was present the puddings were of huge dimensions, and had been tied up in sacking. In their anxiety to have the puddings a good shape the Maori cooks had tied them up so extremely tight that on the inevitable swelling with the boiling they burst, and the bubbling caldron cast up bits of half-cooked pudding till the whole surface of the pool was covered with it. Loud were the lamentations of the cooks, but the inevitable small boys had a fine time, for with sticks they drew the doughy plum duff to the edges and devoured it with infinite gusto. For a Maori indigestion has no terrors; for him it has no existence.

The villagers who have just returned home, may be seen refreshing themselves after their long tramp in the

water 150 feet, is, when in working order, one of the most splendid geysers in the world, but it is sluggish and erratic, and cannot be depended on to gratify visitors. Its neighbour, Pohutu, is, however, very complaisant, and may be relied on to play from one to two hours in every day, and usually twice in twenty-four hours. Further still in the background of our picture is seen the beautiful geyser Waikiti, which plays incessantly all night, throwing up its columns of water and steam every eight or ten minutes. Waikiti is gradually forming a white terrace of great beauty. It already gives tourists a certain though very faint idea of the lost glories of the great White Terraces of Rotomahana destroyed in the eruption. In a few years it will be one of the foremost attractions of the district.

On the page opposite appear two further views of some of the most beautiful scenery about Rotorua. The first view is

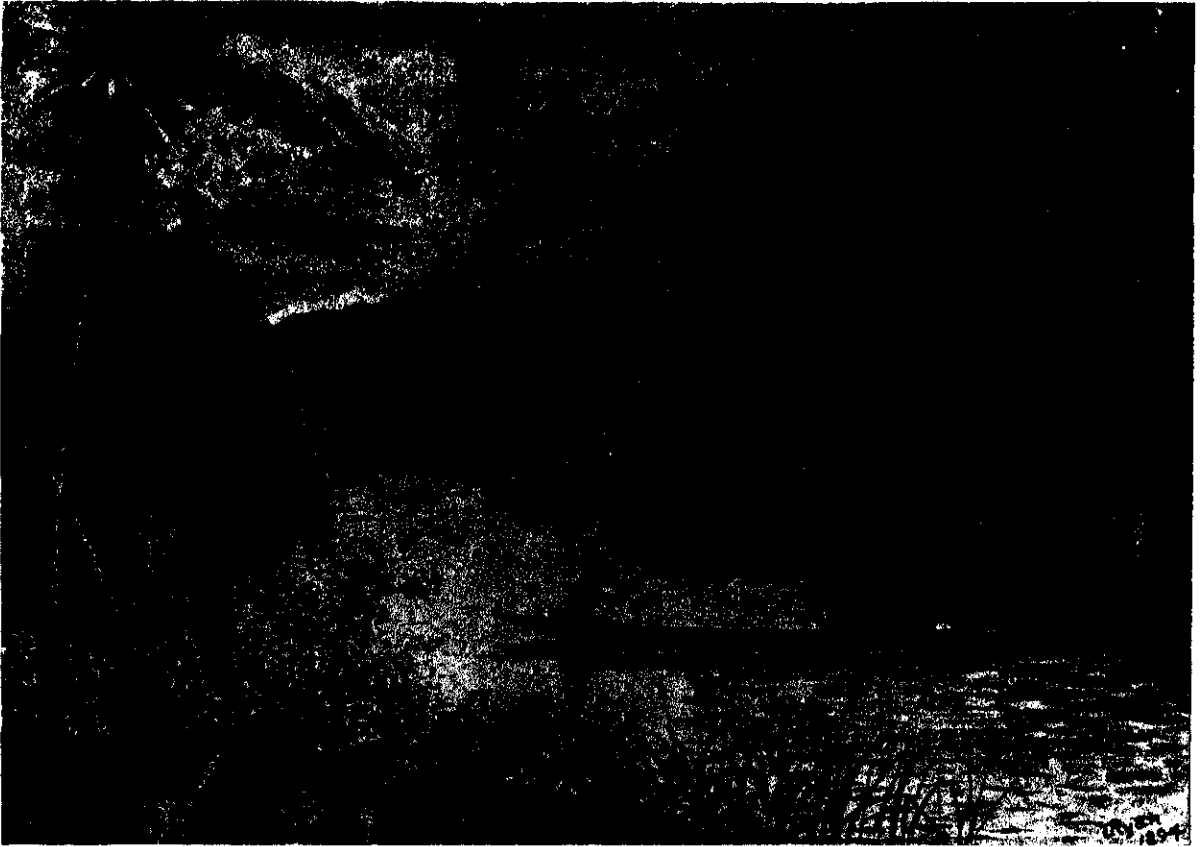
ON THE HAMURANA STREAM.

This is one of the show places in the district, and certainly one which should on no account be missed by the tourist with eyes for the picturesque and the wonderful combined. Hamurana is situated on the North-Eastern shore of Rotorua, and it is a strange fact that all the springs on this side of the lake are cold, while those on the

these are without the beautiful surroundings which make Hamurana so great a favourite.

THE OTHER PICTURE IS A GENERAL VIEW OF LAKES ROTORUA AND ROTO-ITI FROM MOUNT NGONGOTAHA—

which being translated—the dwelling of the fairies. In the centre of Lake Rotorua is the island of Mokoia—sacred to Hinemoa, whose love story has been told too often to be repeated here. The steam jets immediately behind Mokoia, on the further shore of the lake, mark the terrible caldrons of boiling mud and sulphurous water which have earned for Tikitere the name of 'the Inferno.' In the middle distance, divided from Lake Rotorua by the narrow strip of land called Mourea, is Roto-iti, and no more enjoyable excursion can the visitor to the district make than a cruise round this beautiful lake. The scenery round the head of the lake merges from the beautiful into the grand, and reminds one of the glories of the West Coast Sounds. The high bluff of Matawhaura rises abruptly about a thousand feet from the level of the lake, and on its summit is the ancient burial place of the chiefs of Roto-iti. In the distance are the hills behind Maketu and Matata, while out at sea on the horizon on a clear day can be seen the active volcano of Whakaari (White Island).



From drawing by T. Ryan.

Hamurana Stream, Rotorua.



From drawing by T. Ryan.

General view of lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti.



LITHO AT THE N.Z. GRAPHIC AND STAR PRINTING WORKS.

FROM A PAINTING BY R. WATKINS.

River Avon, Christchurch, New Zealand.

CHRISTCHURCH.

THE CITY OF THE PLAINS.

CHRISTCHURCH is distinguished among the chief cities of New Zealand, which are mostly very hilly, by the deal level of its site, and the fact that it is not a seaport. Emerging from the tunnel-pierced hills which separate it from Lyttelton, the train rushes through verdant fields dotted with cottages, which gradually fall into rows and form long level streets as the city is penetrated. Liberally endowed with parks, and encircled by a broad town belt, with many gardens and tree-planted spaces, the city in summer-time, when the trees are in full leaf, has quite a park-like aspect. The traveller is charmed with the sylvan covering of green foliage and welcome shade. To get a good view of Christchurch one must climb the Cathedral spire, or ascend to the upper storey of some tall building. Seen from such a point of vantage, the clustering houses embowered in verdure, and the immense sweep of the great plain extending far as the vision goes, form a charming panorama.

All around, under bridges and through the city the winding current of the pretty little Avon bends its watery channel, through banks clothed in green and hung with

until they become the camping-ground of wheat stacks ranged like a tented army over the level ground. Along the distant western horizon stretches the lofty chain of the New Zealand Alps, extending their azure ranges along the plain like an impassable barrier.

Among the public institutions of Christchurch its museum stands out prominently. Its collections, for variety and excellent arrangement will bear comparison with any of a similar kind in Australasia. The University College, secondary and elementary schools, are also housed in handsome edifices. The Botanical Gardens, situated in the centre of the city, claim attention. The grounds are well laid out with sanded walks and gravelled drives, bordered with rows and plots of many-coloured flowers. Benches relieve the saunterers' tired limbs, or if inclined for exercise he may extend his walk for two miles along the windings of the River Avon, which flows through the grounds.

Christchurch is a great sporting centre, and its fine racecourse is the scene of some of the most notable equine contests in New Zealand. The accessibility of its spacious cricket grounds has also contributed materially to the popularity of the famous English game. For one week in each year, when the great agricultural show and principal race-meeting are combined, the citizens indulge in a regular carnival. On such occasions the streets are thickly thronged with ruddy-faced farmers, whose complexions offer a marked contrast to the more bloodless and bronzed hue of the Aucklanders.

Christchurch abounds in substantial business pre-

of defiance; snowfields lifeless and cold; glaciers moving with irresistible power; crash of storms, thunders of avalanche, frozen calm; glories of prismatic colours, rosy dawns, golden sunsets, fields of ghostly white. Infinite heights, infinite depths. More still—birth of rivers, building of plains, digging of lakes, carving of hills and valleys; ruling of winds, unloosing of rains, making of springs and streams. Yes, verily a wonderland.

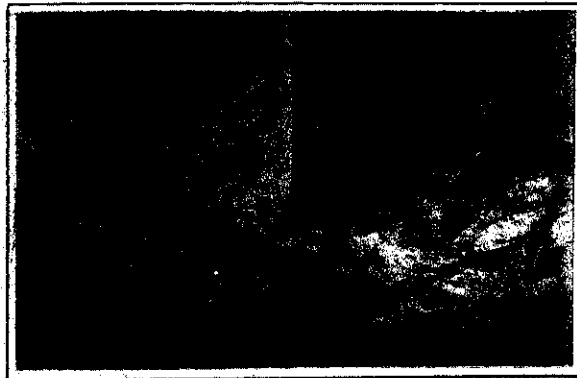
A wonderland whose mystery and fascination I know, and feel now, for from my window I can see snow-clad peaks above dark hanging forests, and can remember what days I have spent on those cold heights and in those deep gorges. I do not wonder that men find a deep joy in invading this world of mountains. In that world are some of the grandest scenes that nature can show, wonders of majesty and beauty.

I do not wonder that men find a fascination in climbing mountains, for to them is the excitement of daring, the triumph of conquest, the revelation of new wonders, and the full extent of earth's majesty and glory. There is something even beyond these things in mountaineering—a race instinct, a love of power, a pride in skill and cool nerve in endurance, a desire to dare and do. This same instinct makes the sterner joys of our race—the solitary watch for the bloodthirsty tiger, the exploration of new lands, the midnight sail on a stormy sea, the wild rush of the hunt. Perhaps it is the old wild joy of battle that has come to our race through the blood of northern heroes.

Race instinct or not, some of our finest fellows find



Mount Cook from the Linda Glacier, showing broken state of ice in November 1893.



Mount Cook from the Hochstetter Plateau, showing approach to Linda Glacier on right.



Silverhorn of Mount Tasman, from Linda Glacier.



Bivouac at 7000 feet on "Haast Ridge" Mount Cook route. Gasman Glacier showing 3000 feet below.



Crossing the Hochstetter Plateau on "Ski" a warm corner.



Crossing a covered crevasse on Linda Glacier.

Mr Manning, photo.

AN ASSAULT ON AORANGI (Mount Cook).

rows of willows that fence the flowing stream with a fluttering wall of greenery. The skilful oarsman pilots his way amid floating boughs and waving foliage. Commodious boat-houses sit under the trees along the Avon, and a row upon its clear waters or a plunge into the cool stream is a very enjoyable pleasure.

Christchurch is called the 'Cathedral City.' In the centre of the principal commercial block is a square in which stands the edifice that gives the city its ecclesiastical name. The structure was commenced many years ago, and large sums have been expended upon its erection, but much remains to be done before the building can be regarded as completed. Canterbury was founded by a Church of England Settlement Association, and its chief city possesses many splendid sacred edifices, which lift their tapering spires in every direction. Many are noble-looking stone buildings, of a most substantial mould. On Sunday morning the chiming bells toll from their steeples in every street. All denominations are well represented, from the aristocratic ecclesiasticism of England to the Mormon proselytes of Brigham Young. The city is well supplied with theatres and halls.

Christchurch is the commercial centre of the finest agricultural district in New Zealand. All around lie the wide, level plains, stretching off until lost in the distance, covered with grassy meadows and wheat-fields, which in spring-time wear a coat of emerald green, and in the harvest season don a golden attire of yellow grain,

mises; it has two morning and two evening newspapers, and a high standard of comfort prevails among its 48,000 inhabitants.

MOUNTAINEERING in NEW ZEALAND

AN ASSAULT ON AORANGI (MOUNT COOK).

By F. R.

IN the South Island of New Zealand there is a great region of mountains nearly four hundred miles in length and from forty to fifty miles in width, widening in some places to nearly a hundred miles if one takes, say, the Quartz Ranges, the Spencer Mountains, the Kaikouras into conjunction. There are mountain peaks by the thousand, many of them unclimbed, many of them unnamed, some rising abruptly from level plains, others heaped in and guarded by serried ranks of peaks.

A veritable wonderland is this region of mountains where the earth lifts itself to aerial heights and wages perpetual war with the elements. Icy peaks, monuments

of glamour and excitement in mountain climbing. Scores of young Englishmen go forth every year to scale mountains. Some to the mother of mountains, Himalaya; some to the Andes, where Cotopaxi and Chimborazo look down on the dust of fallen cities as they looked when the Spanish adventurers set forth to conquer the Incas and find palaces of gold. The garnered knowledge and varied experiences of a century make mountain climbing, a royal game, and here in New Zealand there is a royal kingdom in which to play this game. Is it any wonder then that we have an Alpine Club, and that its members should be glad at having a new world of mountains to conquer.

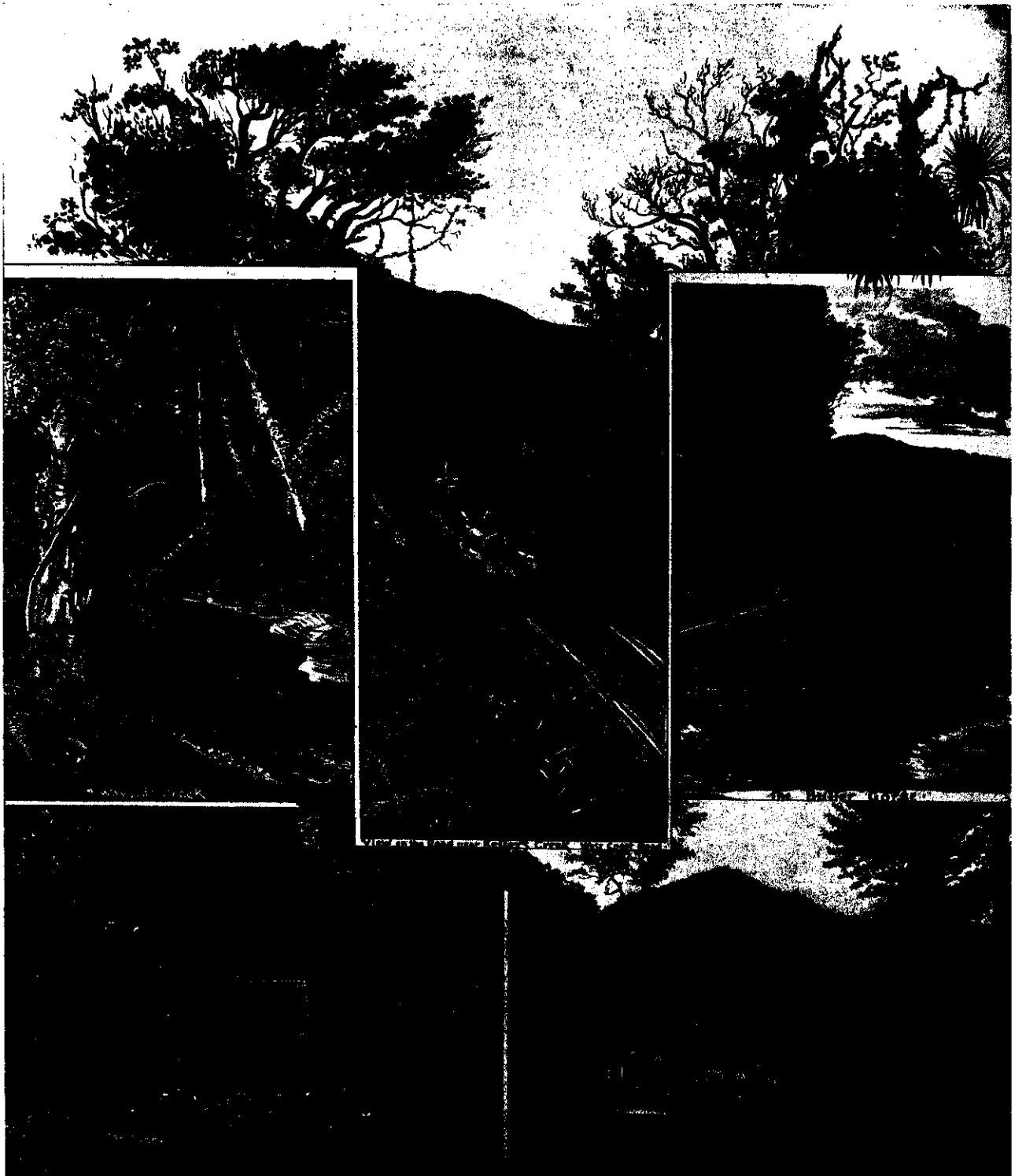
A noticeable feature about our New Zealand Alpine Club is its desire to conquer the biggest thing first—racial instinct again. It wants to utterly and completely master Aorangi—the cloud piercer—the culminating point in the vast Southern Alps. Our illustrations show various phases in the assault on this mountain—parts of the royal game where danger and endurance count as fun. The illustrations are from photographs by one of our most skilful and daring mountaineers, Mr G. E. Manning, one of the most prominent members of our Alpine Club. They show views which only one or two people in this world have beheld, and if it were only to give to the public such views a climb up Aorangi would not be in vain.

SOME WEST COAST PICTURES.

THE road between Reefton and Westport on the West Coast, several parts of which form the subject of our illustrations on this page, has, in common with some other parts of the same district—

by coach, which leaves both places daily at about half-past seven a.m.
Of the portion of the road from Reefton to the Inangahua Junction, a distance of 24 miles, the scenery is not in any way remarkable, but from here to Westport, along the edge of the Buller River, the views are certainly the most picturesque on the Coast, if not in New Zealand. The junction bears its name from the meeting of the Inangahua and Buller Rivers, and singularly to the meeting also of two important roads—the Reefton-Westport and the Nelson-Reefton.

seen from the road—high, stately, white cliffs, which remind you of the coast of Kent—but of recent years the scrub has completely covered the remaining bare patches, and they are now no longer visible.
But the most important part of the journey commences on your reaching the famous Hawk's Craig. For a long distance here the road is a mere groove in the face of a high, and almost perpendicular cliff, which rises abruptly out of the river. The outer wheel of the coach passes within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, which descends perpendicularly into the water below, a distance



Sketches by C. Barry from photos.

notably the Kumara-Springfield Road—an attraction for tourists and globe-trotters that is possessed by very few routes in New Zealand. The scenery in many places is of a very fine description, and the many points of interest which the traveller can occupy himself with observing, and perhaps studying, render the journey an extremely pleasant one. At present the journey is, and probably will be for some years to come, judging by the intentions and movements of the Midland Railway Company, made

A feature in connection with the meeting of the rivers is the remarkable contrast presented in the different colour of the two rivers, the Buller being of a beautiful clear colour which discloses its bed at great depths, the Inangahua being of a dirty yellowish appearance, produced by the tailings from the gold mines at work in the vicinity of Reefton. There is an accommodation house here, which is usually called 'Lloyd's,' and some good accommodation may be obtained. A few miles past the junction, and nearer to Westport, are what are known as the 'White Cliffs,' which till a few years ago could be

some 30 or 40 feet. From the inner part of the road the cliff towers up to a great height, and the loosening of a boulder, whilst the coaching is passing, may be attended by the most serious results. The road continues along the bank of the Buller River as far as the Nine-mile, whence it makes its way through the bush to Westport. Whilst passing through the Buller Gorge the landscapes to be seen are most beautiful, and the dangers of the journey are consequently forgotten in admiration of the image which Dame Nature here presents to the gaze of the wondering traveller.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

VIEWED from the sea, there are few prettier places than the town of New Plymouth, with its line of houses extending for two miles along the shore, and its white beach of ocean sands upon which foam-crested rollers from the mighty deep break ceaselessly. During a high wind the waves, thundering upon the beach and dashing in clouds of spray over the breakwater, form a magnificent spectacle. But the feature that specially rivets the attention of the visitor to New Plymouth on a fine day is the picturesque snow-clad peak of Mount Egmont rising to a height of 8,000 feet. The ascent of this mountain, which can be easily accomplished from New Plymouth in a couple of days, is a feat which any tourist of fairly robust constitution may unhesitatingly attempt. A commanding prospect of the North Island, its volcanic cones towards the east, the vast sea of forests covering the interior, and the broad spread of the sea, reflecting the lights and shades of cloudland, reward this enterprise—to say nothing of the celebrity which comes to the traveller who, on returning from his wanderings, can speak of an ascent of a mountain whose altitude equalled that of Snowdon piled on the top of Ben Nevis. There are higher mountains than Egmont in New Zealand, but none more beautiful or more easily ascended, considering its great height.

The soil in and around New Plymouth consists of a rich volcanic loam, warm and fertile, which earned for this settlement in the earliest times the name 'Garden of New Zealand,' a title which extending settlement throughout Taranaki, the provincial district of which

mouth wharf. The town contains some good public and private buildings, two newspapers, and many excellent shops. The residents are fully alive to the natural attractions of the site on which the town stands, but they have also done a good deal to beautify it. Among their efforts in this direction is the pretty Recreation Reserve, which forms the subject of our illustration.

The stores of wealth in the titanic sands, which lie thick upon the shores, are for the most part unutilised, but faith is unshaken among the people that one day



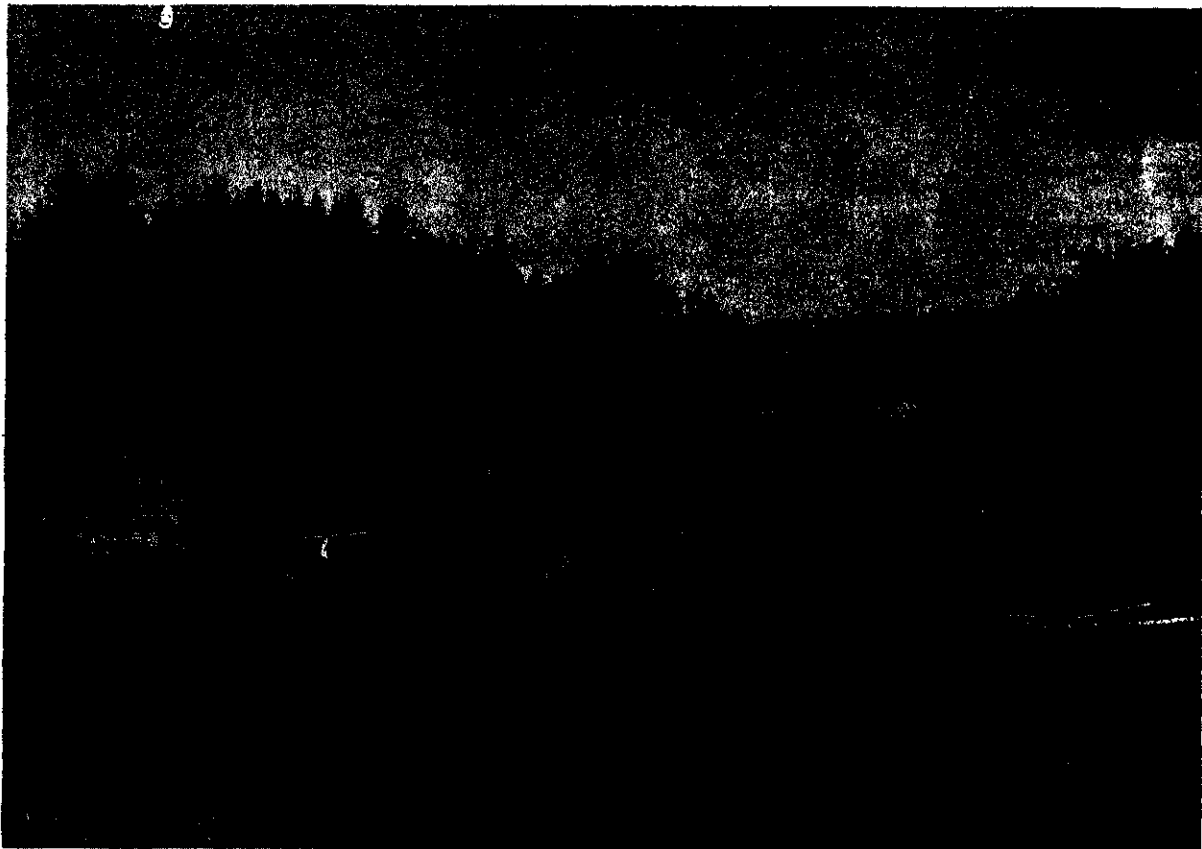
W. Dumbell, photo. Wellington.

Fern Tree Grove, New Plymouth.

these deposits of valuable metal will change the aspect of New Plymouth by setting into operation many blast furnaces and a prosperous steel industry. From the lips of those who love the rustic beauty of Taranaki's capital, and who are unmoved by pecuniary considerations, the prayer will irresistibly arise that the day when New Plymouth shall be turned into a smoky manufacturing town may be long postponed.

turbaned heads, in western broadcloth—strange contrasts, but all in sympathy as they bow before the common Lord. A Gloria by the choir begins the service. The mass is afterwards celebrated with all the pomp which the presence and participation of Romish dignitaries can give to it. The Patriarch of Jerusalem is there in all the splendour of his priestly habits, attended by bishops and priests, a score; monks from all the countries of Southern Palestine, Romish officials of almost every order and office, from bishop to acolyte, and of native Christians in their peculiar dress, seated in ranks upon the floor, add to the strangeness of the scene. After the celebration of the Mass an hour or so is consumed in chants and other rather unintelligible services. This done, the most important and interesting ceremony of all is performed.

All the others have been introductory to it, and with its consummation the celebration is to cease. It is the Adoration of the Infant. With appropriate services a wax figure of a child is presented to the Patriarch in a costly receptacle, which, after a tedious service of consecration, is held up to view of the adoring congregation as the representation of the new-born Saviour. After it has been saluted reverently by the clergy in turn, a passage is opened through the crowd of worshippers, and the Patriarch, bearing the child and followed by the Bishops two and two, each bearing a large lighted taper, and following them the other lower orders of ecclesiastics, and finally the whole multitude, everyone with his own wax candle, form a long procession, and with a solemn chant which sounds out strangely upon the night air as it is borne across the plain to the distant hills, they march to its measured time through the long aisles and around the marble columns, which in fresco and tradition as well commemorate scenes in the life of the Virgin and Child. Round and round they go, a long winding procession of glaring tapers, whose light glints from column and arch and glows upon the gold mosaic of the ceiling. Suddenly the organ peals forth a grand march, and echoing in nave and chapel the long procession slowly descend the stairway of the grotto, and the child is laid by the Patriarch in the stone manger, which has been covered with the choicest silken robes, and above which gold



W. Dumbell, photo. Wellington.

View in Recreation Grounds, New Plymouth.

New Plymouth is the natural outlet and chief town, has tended to confirm and emphasise. A railway connects New Plymouth with Wellington, and farm settlement along its course has given birth to numerous thriving little towns. Upon the famous Waimate Plains, between New Plymouth and Hawera, and in the country around Stratford, thirty miles distant from New Plymouth, settlement, has progressed with extraordinary rapidity. No part of the colony is better adapted for farmers with or without capital.

The growth of New Plymouth has been retarded by its want of a good harbour, while it has made steady progress, and the enterprising inhabitants, by the construction of a concrete breakwater, have fought against nature with a considerable amount of success. Coasting steamers of moderate size discharge their freight of passengers and merchandise regularly at the New Ply-

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.

LET us, in imagination, go even unto Bethlehem and see how Christmas is observed there. For while at Jerusalem the great annual celebration is that of Easter, at Bethlehem Christmas is celebrated with all the pomp which the Church of Rome can give the world's greatest anniversary. People from every part of Europe are present to unite in the Church of the Nativity—a basilica erected by the Empress Helena, A.D., 327. Long before midnight the church is filled with a multitude whose places of nativity extend over almost as many nations and provinces as the throng assembled in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—from the north, Russians; from the south, Egyptians, Nubians, Abyssinians; from the west, Italians, Spaniards, French, English, and even Americans; men in coats of fur, in flowing robes and

and silver lamps are ever burning with soft and hallowed light. For a moment all is hushed at the sound of a silver bell, all bow in silent reverence, which is broken by a solemn chant as the long procession quietly and devoutly passes through the grotto, kneeling before the manger in which the infant had been laid. The last notes of the organ are quietly swelling on the morning air, soon to be lost in the stir of dawn, but the morning light sweeps on in its westward course. When one reflects that for fifteen centuries the Christmas morn has yearly been celebrated within these walls, and the riches of the Church, the genius of her great composers, the intellect of a powerful priesthood, all combine to pay honour to the birth of the little Jewish child who had been born in the rude rock stable one wintry night in a small village of a remote and despised province of the Roman Empire.



LITHO. AT THE N.Z. GRAPHIC AND STAR PRINTING WORKS.

FROM A PICTURE BY K. WATKINS.

Albert Park, Auckland, New Zealand.

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NEW ZEALAND

AS A

HEALTH RESORT

AND

TOURISTS' * *

WONDERLAND. * *

THE HOT MINERAL SPRINGS & GEYSERS.

BATHS Are established at **WAIWERA, TE AROHA, OKOROIRI** and **ROTORUA** in the North Island
And at **HANMER** in the South Island

Excellent Accommodation for Visitors is furnished. As Health Resorts all these Springs are year after year attracting a larger number of Visitors, who derive great benefit from the Thermal Waters.

These have been found efficacious in the following diseases:

CHRONIC, ARTICULAR and MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SCIATICA, SKIN DISEASES, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, UTERINE AILMENTS, DISORDERS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, Etc.

The Springs are all favoured with fine climates, with beautiful scenery either surrounding or in their immediate vicinity. Access is now easy by rail or coach.

The Magnificent Mountain, Bush and River Scenery of the North Island

Egmont, Ruapehu and Tongariro Mountains, the Wanganui and Waikato Rivers, Lakes Taupo, Rotorua, Rototiti, Rotoma, Waikaremoana,
And the **WONDERFUL SCENE OF THE TARAWERA ERUPTION IN 1886.**

THE UNSURPASSED

MOUNTAINS AND LAKES OF THE MIDDLE ISLAND

Mount Cook, 12,849 Feet high; Lakes Manapouri, Te Anau, Wakatipu, Wanaka, Hawea, Lake Brunner and many others.

THE FAMED GORGES OF THE OTIRA AND BULLER RIVERS.

THE SUTHERLAND FALLS, 1902 Feet high

SECOND HIGHEST IN THE WORLD.

THE WEST COAST SOUNDS

Now visited by the ordinary steamers of the Union S.S. Co., running between Melbourne and New Zealand. They are acknowledged to be superior in point of beauty and grandeur to the well-known Norwegian Fiords.

THE GLACIERS OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS THE REGIONS OF EVERLASTING SNOW AND ICE. * * *

THESE ARE NOW EASILY ACCESSIBLE.

TO MOUNTAINEERS

The great attraction of many lofty peaks, still untrodden by the foot of man, is offered; whilst certain parts are as yet unexplored.

Travelling facilities at moderate fares are now provided by the Government Railways, by Steamers and well-conducted Lines of Coaches, so that nearly all the above are within easy reach of even invalid or lady tourist, while for the more adventurous, New Zealand offers a field unequalled in variety. Good Hotels exist on all Tourist Routes. The salubrious climate ensures not only healthy travelling change, but comfort in travelling, independent of the curative benefits to be derived from sojourn at any of the Mineral Springs.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

FOR eighteen centuries the sacred event which the festival of Christmas celebrates has been invested in this and other countries not only with many beautiful legends, but with various customs; yet there is a great deal of truth in the oft-repeated complaint that Christmas is not what it used to be. Many of the old observances have passed away, and live only in the memories of our grandfathers and grandmothers, and others still older are enshrined in books, where their description can still be found by those who care to know how our ancestors welcomed the festive season. Its most interesting traditions are worth recalling, however, especially as efforts are being made to revive some of them.

At this time of the year

CAROL SINGING

is popular. The custom is of great antiquity, and was once held to be of the first importance; but it has now for the most part degenerated into a wretched juvenile performance, shrieked out of time and out of tune, sometimes to most ridiculous words. Anciently Bishops were wont to sing carols at Christmas among their clergy. A carol of the time of Henry VI. is preserved in the Sloane MSS., and, modernised, runs thus:—

Welcome be Thou, Heavenly King,
Welcome, born in a morning;
Welcome, for whom we shall sing
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye, Stephen and John,
Welcome, Innocents every one;
Welcome, Thomas, martyr one;
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye, good New Year;
Welcome Twelfth-day both in fere,
Welcome Saints, loved and deare;
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer;
Welcome all another year,
Welcome Yule!

It would seem that carols have always been divided into two classes, viz., the religious or devotional song used in the service of the Church or chanted from house to house to announce the birthday of the Redeemer, and the festive carol, intended for the merry circle round the hearth or the convivial board.

In the hall of Merton College, Oxford, before the Reformation, the Fellows sang by the fire, and in the ancient times persons used to keep watch with the shepherds, while minstrels sang carols, an observance till very lately, if not still, kept up in the Isle of Man, where the people attend a Church service and remain in the sacred edifice singing carols until midnight. When Henry VII. kept his Christmas at Greenwich the Dean and those of the Chapel Royal sat in the middle of the hall, and immediately after the first course "sang a carol." Carol singing, having reached its lowest depths, seems now about to be revived in England. It prevails in Wales and also in Ireland, but in Scotland it is scarcely known.

From Scandinavia, through our Saxon ancestors, comes

THE YULE LOG CELEBRATIONS

which are so fast falling into disuse. Modern fireplaces are not made to accommodate logs, nor would modern houses bear the heat of the fires which roared on old English hearths so fiercely that all prudent housewives were careful to have their chimneys swept before Christmas. In the great open rooms of old houses, and no less in spacious halls, fires were essential, and great heat a necessity. No wonder that the Yule Log was held in esteem; that it was marked down from one Yule Tide to another, and brought home on Christmas Eve with dancing music and dancing. Round the Yule Log gradually clustered some quaint customs. The practice of keeping a part of one log wherewith to light that of next year is then referred to by the poet:—

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till smoke set let it burn;
Which quenches, then lay it up again,
Till Christmas next return;
Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And where tis safely kept, the fend
Can do no mischief there.

The log is still lighted in some places, although no longer with the same ceremony as in former times. Thus, in Devonshire it is known as the 'Ashenaggot,' and in Cornwall it goes by the name of 'The Mock.' In the North of England a lump of coal is often substituted.

Among the Christmas customs that have nearly fallen into disuse may be mentioned

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE,

which was lighted in most houses on Christmas morning, and allowed to burn undisturbed until the close of the day. This custom is in some measure still kept up in the North of England, where grocers give their customers a large wax candle. Christmas, says Blunt, was called 'The Feast of Lights' in the Latin Church because they used many lights or candles at the feast.

MUMMING AND MASQUERADING

were once an important element at Christmas festivities. The amusement consisted in songs and antics of men dressed up as animals or mythic characters. Derbyshire was once famous for its mummers, who dressed up in all manner of fantastic and quaint attire, went from house to house performing various antics and sometimes a kind of rule play. This custom is said to prevail still in Cornwall, and in other out-of-the-way districts. At one time mumming was very common in Oxfordshire, and as the mummers perambulated the villages they sang a doggerel, of which the following is a specimen:—

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
Your pockets full of money and your cellars full of beer.

A curious species of mumming was once the custom at Tenby, in Wales. About Christmas time the fishermen dressed up one of their number, whom they called 'The Lord Mayor of Pennyless Cove.' He was covered in

evergreen and wore a mask over his face. Seated in a chair, his companions carried him about with flags flying and a couple of violins playing before him. Before every house the Lord Mayor addressed the occupants, wishing them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. If his good wishes were responded to with money, his followers gave three cheers, the masker himself returning thanks. The beautiful custom of

DECORATING HOUSES AND CHURCHES

with evergreens seems to be of Pagan origin, and like many others derived from that source, is full of poetic meaning. The green boughs were put up in order that sylvan spirits, driven from their native woods by the rain and snow, might find shelter under the leaves till the spring had regarnished their home in the world outside.

To the mistletoe, a favourite bough for Christmas decoration, there has attached, from time immemorial, a traditional 'kissing right' that is popularly considered as inviolable as any secured to Englishmen by Magna Charta. Any male who during the Christmas season can catch a female under a sprig of mistletoe is entitled to a kiss, which the damsel—be she maid, wife, or widow—is in honour bound to accord him without resistance or remonstrance of any kind.

Probably some of our readers who are familiar with the expression,

'CHRISTMAS BOX,'

may not know its origin and significance. An authority on such matters writes that in the early days of Christianities boxes were placed in the churches for promiscuous charities and opened on Christmas Day. On the following morning (Boxing Day) the contents were distributed among the poor of the parish by the priest, and called 'the dole of the Christmas Box.'

It will be seen, however, from the foregoing that Christmas has all along been a season of good cheer, a time when the poor got not a few crumbs from the rich man's table, and this characteristic trait is still stoutly maintained. Christmas is now the season *par excellence* of beneficence and enjoyment, as befits the great occasion of which it is the anniversary. And so to quote the lines of Wither:—

Without the door let sorrow be,
And if for cold it has to die,
We'll bury it in Christmas pie
And evermore be merry.

NUTS TO CRACK.

DROP WORD QUOTATIONS.

1. The morn is up —, the dewy morn.—BYRON.
2. There is, however, a limit — which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—BURKE.
3. The heart must ring thy — bells.—WHITTIER.
4. Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he — play.—COWPER
5. To business that — love — rise betimes.—SHAKESPEARE.
6. In her web she still delights
To — the mirror's magic sights.—TENNYSON.
7. True happiness consists not in — a multitude of friends.—JONSON.
8. O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The — tree?—SOUTHWY.
9. Beauty and virtue shine forever — thee.—ADDISON.
10. 'Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys — air it breathes.—WORDSWORTH.
11. Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of —.—LONGFELLOW.
12. For them no more the blazing — shall burn.—GRAV.

The omitted words form a quotation applicable to the season, from a remarkable poem by a famous author.

THAT CHRISTMAS BAND.

THE HORN.

I PLAYS the 'orn
At early morn,
The 'orn so clear and loud;
Much better, too,
Than I can do
When bothered by a crowd.
When in a public-'ouse I plays—
Warm'd with a pint of stout—
'The Sea,' or 'Light of Other Days,'
The barman 'puts me out.'

THE CLARINET.

My clarinet, a being crack'd and missing of a key,
My high notes, p'r'aps, is not quite what my high notes ought to be.
Which, too, the lower tones is not as perfect or as clear
As would completely satisfy a dedicated ear.

THE PICCOLO.

Sharp, shrill, and clear
I strikes the ear,
And I should like to know
Of somebody the reason why—
Considering I'm very high—
I'm called the picco-lo?

THE TRIANGLE.

I tried all sorts of means of life—
Tried 'taters—tried a mangle—
Tried matrimony, then my wife
Advised me to tri-ang-le.

NAPIER.

THE GREAT WOOL PORT OF HAWKE'S BAY.

Of the many pleasant and prosperous cities in this pleasant and prosperous colony, none is either more pleasant or more prosperous than that of Napier. One of the most progressive ports and advancing towns in New Zealand, Napier has made its way to the front quietly, and with apparent ease. And this is one of the characteristics of Napier. Prosperity here is not the rushing, bustling, noisy prosperity of larger cities. The people are on the surface an easy-going, intensely hospitable and comfortable set, but though they appear to take life leisurely, they get the prosperity all the same, and push ahead just as surely, though with less bustle than elsewhere.

Napier is a place of very considerable commercial greatness, and it has the satisfaction of knowing that as the years roll by its prosperity must of necessity continue to grow, as the splendid country at its back is still further and further developed, and its produce becomes more and more valuable. Surrounded by high hills, Napier is one of the most healthy places in New Zealand, and its climate is usually considered the finest in a colony which boasts, and with reason, on the excellence of the climatic influences under which its inhabitants live. The air is soft and balmy, and while the winter is never severely cold, the summer months are never distressfully hot, and there is an entire absence of the muggy heat found so enervating in certain parts further North. The country is limestone, and this, we are told, accounts for the splendid health and fine physique of the people of Napier. Limestone country always produces a fine race is a well-known legend, and one which may be considered 'proven' in the case of Napier.

To obtain a good view of Napier one must ascend the hills, and from here the vista of the city is indeed enchanting. The town lies on a large flat facing the ocean, and follows the grand sweep of the splendid and symmetrical bay which has not infrequently been compared with the Bay of Naples. The resemblance is scarcely striking at first sight, owing, no doubt, to the fact that there is nothing to adequately represent Vesuvius. But Napier is considerably more pleasant than Naples as a place of residence. It may not have a volcano in working order at its front door, but it can also boast immunity from the smells and other objectionable features of the old Italian city.

Napier is probably the only town in the world laid out by a poet, and the consequences are still to be seen in the high-sounding names of literature which have been given to the streets. We have Milton, Chaucer, and Shakespeare Roads, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, and Dickens-streets, and this goodly custom of perpetuating the names of the greatest of our nation, also followed in naming the town itself, 'rings up the memories of immortal greatness, and sings a prophecy for time to come.'

Without doubt the best view of Napier is obtained from Prospect Hill. On one side is seen the wild open roadstead with the splendid breakerwater running out from the shore, and of which we shall have more to say anon. To the left of that stretches the long line of the Narrow Spit, with the little harbour of Port Aluriri, where the tide flows in and out through a narrow gut into a large sheet of water, called the Inner Harbour, but only a harbour in name. Then, turning to the other side of your coign of vantage, you may see the long lines of curving streets which belong to the business part of the town, and stretch along the beach, repeating its curve. These regular lines become broken and frayed as they reach the foot of the hills, where the houses of the most fortunate classes nestle in their green shelters, and cover the hills with little nooks framed out of nature by the hand of man.

The new Band Stand, where at seasonable times an excellent band provides citizens with the most elevated of human pleasures, was recently donated to the town by two citizens. The great feature of the Napier of to-day is, however, the breakwater, which was begun in 1885, the designs being by Mr Goodall. The design consisted of a breakerwater commencing at Ahuriri Bluff and running out a distance of 1,400 feet to the north east, thence bending to the north and running northerly 900 feet, and thence bending to the westward 160 feet; the structure to be 36 feet wide, built of concrete in 30 ton blocks, and surmounted with a huge capping of solid concrete (called a monolith) each section of which would weigh between 400 and 500 tons. When the structure got into water deeper than 21 feet a foundation of limestone rubble was to be laid upon which to rest the concrete blocks, the whole to be protected on the outer face with immense blocks of limestone to act as wave breakers. Timber wharves were to be built on the inner side of the structure. Provision was also made for protecting the Eastern Spit beach, and connecting the works with the Spit Station by railway. The plans were submitted to an Engineering Commission consisting of Messrs Napier Bell and Scott. They reported favourably as to the practicability of the scheme, but recommended the lengthening of the breakwater 600 feet towards the north-west, as shown on Mr Goodall's plan for future construction. They further recommended the construction of a western mole so as to make an enclosed harbour. The total cost of the whole works as recommended by the Commissioners was £486,823. Mr Goodall subsequently resigned his post, and his place was filled by Mr Carr. The work is still uncompleted at this writing, but there is little doubt that in a very short time Napier will be furnished with a breakerwater which will make a port worthy of her splendid wool trade.



W. H. Hunt, photo., Napier.

SOME INTERESTING VIEWS OF NAPIER.

- 1 Esplanade.
- 2 View of the Spit.
- 3 The New Band Stand and Council Chambers.
- 4 Clive Square.
- 5 The Breakwater.

DUNEDIN.

THE FINEST BUILT CITY IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN prominent positions in what are without question the finest streets in Dunedin, stand two noble monuments. On one is inscribed the name of Captain William Cargill, and on the other that of John Burns, Scotland's famous poet. And both these names are honoured in Dunedin as the ancestors of the town, for it was the Rev. Thomas Burns—a nephew of the poet—and his gallant soldier companion, Captain Cargill, who arrived in what is now Port Chalmers, in charge of the 326 emigrants who founded the city of Dunedin and the province of Otago. Those who can remember those far off days can tell many a tale of hardship, of patient plodding endeavour, and of slow progress, till in the famous year of '61, when the discovery of gold in Gabriel's Gully made Otago famous, and settled the foundations of Dunedin in prosperity, and caused the beautiful city to grow with great rapidity to one of the most important cities in Australasia.

Beautifully situated and splendidly built, Dunedin claims, and justly, the distinction of being the finest city in New Zealand from an architectural point of view. And certainly it would be foolish to deny the claim. Perhaps the best views of the town are to be had from the fashionable neighbourhood of the Royal Terrace, where the pretty foliage makes a suitable foreground for the lovely panorama of hill and water, dotted with houses and covered with gay craft, that lie at the feet of the spectator. But another fine view is to be had from the peaceful little Northern Cemetery where so many 'fathers of the hamlet' sleep, their humble resting places marked with simple white tombstones. From this point you can see the town stretching away like a rolling sheet of houses over the jutting shoulders of the hills, while above the nearest range there rises another tier of hills towering in majestic beauty to the height of nearly 3,000 feet, the two highest peaks being Flagstaff and Mount Cargill. Much the same view is to be had from the old Maori road, where one can also see the whole town with the Northern Cemetery glittering in the sun.

It has been truly said that it is almost impossible to get a general bird's eye view of the whole of Dunedin. Portions of the good town lie hidden away behind clumps of trees, below hills, and in all sorts of nooks and corners. Every hill top gives a new view, every turn in the road a new vista, a fresh scene where the picturesque and the prosperous are quaintly commingled. 'Dunedin from the Bay' is a sight to remember, and has roused a poet to the expression of some happy descriptive verses of a distinctly patriotic flavour :-

'Go trav'ler, unto others boast,
Of Venice and Rome,
Of saintly Mark's majestic pile,
And Peter's lofty dome,
Of Naples and her trellised bowers,
Of Rhineland far away—
These may be grand, but give to me,
Dunedin from the Bay'

The buildings of Dunedin are, as has been said, the finest in the colony, and many of them compare favourably with anything in the Southern Hemisphere. The Municipal Buildings with their chimies to the fine melody of an old Scotch Psalm, the magnificent University Buildings, Knox Church—these are some of Dunedin's architectural wonders. Then there is another—the church standing where the old Bell Hill once was, before it was shovelled into the tide, is the first Presbyterian Church of Otago. It is hardly necessary to say that this splendid

edifice is not the original building, nor is the present site the original one. But, nevertheless, the first congregation formed in Otago gathers and worships under the tapering spire, preserving in the present age of iconoclastic controversy the fervid, devout spirit of the ancient Scotch reformers and Covenanters.

But it is not in churches and educational buildings alone that Dunedin excels. Take your stand in the Custom House Square and ask yourself how many provincial cities in England can boast such architectural beauties? Princes-street is a worthy namesake of the famous and beautiful Edinburgh thoroughfare, and the shops of Princes-street are second to none in the colony. Ladies, indeed, will tell you that for some strange reason Dunedin is always ahead of the rest of the colony in the matter of fashion. And lest it should be thought from this that Dunedin women are given up wholly to the frivolities of fashion, it is well to remind readers that it was the women of Dunedin who were first in the field and foremost in the fray which culminated with the passing of the franchise.

The Museum, which has been handed over to the University, and which is now the seat of the best School of Mines in the colony, is situated in King-street. The institution is admirably arranged, and the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the immense mineral wealth of New Zealand when he looks on the specimens here gathered of gold, of silver, of iron, of gypsum, of copper, of antimony, of manganese, of platinum, and other minerals too numerous to mention.

In suburban resorts Dunedin is particularly rich and foremost, amongst these being Ocean Beach, St. Clair. On the sands of this beach, which stretches from Lawyer's Head on the north end to St. Clair—a pretty little township on the south—thousands of Dunedinites spend their every holiday.

The Otago University is the richest and most flourishing University in New Zealand, having an endowment of ten thousand acres of land, set apart for educational purposes in the early days of the settlement. Besides this original endowment, a second tract of country, consisting of eleven thousand acres, which had been set apart for the Museum, has also been handed over to the University, and an annual grant is made by the Government in aid of the School of Mines. The medical school has the advantage of the Hospital, which is quite near to the University buildings, and has recently had a fine operating theatre added to it.

Dunedin possesses a host of good hotels, and it may be mentioned that it brews some of the best beer in the colony. Dunedin beer is imported in all the cities of the North Island, even in Auckland itself. There are two excellent clubs—the Dunedin and the Southern—besides a perfect host of Burns, Caledonian, athletic, and other clubs of all descriptions. There are churches by the dozen, most of them being very handsome buildings. There are two theatres, and excellent support is accorded the numerous travelling theatrical and musical companies who fill them.

Our picture of Dunedin is from a painting by Mr Hawcridge, and shows the city from a point just above the old cemetery. Space will not allow of a detailed description of the various objects and places of interest shown in the panorama. A key to the view appears on this page and will explain our picture far more clearly than a column of letterpress.

ODE TO THE TURKEY.

TURKEY! bird of the banquet! what to me
Are all the birds of melody?
Thy 'merry thought' far more I love
Than merriest music of the grove,
And in thy 'gobble,' deep and clear,
The gourmand's shibboleth I hear!
None of earth's bounteous gifts galore
Like thee; we offer thanks therefore,
And so receive my votive lay,
The king-bird of old Christmas Day!

S. CLARKE-JOHNSON.

The Christmas of the South.

NOR when the harsh wind blows
O'er waste of snows,
And cruel keenness wings its frozen breath;
When songster and his mate
Are desolate,
And Nature wears the rigid robes of death.
Not when the riven shrouds
Of travelling clouds
Unfold the issuing thunder's gouted might;
When cheerless day is brief,
And eve, in grief,
Creeps to the sullen sepulchre of night.
Nay, 'tis not then, nor is it thus,
That Christmas cometh unto us—
The Christmas of the South.

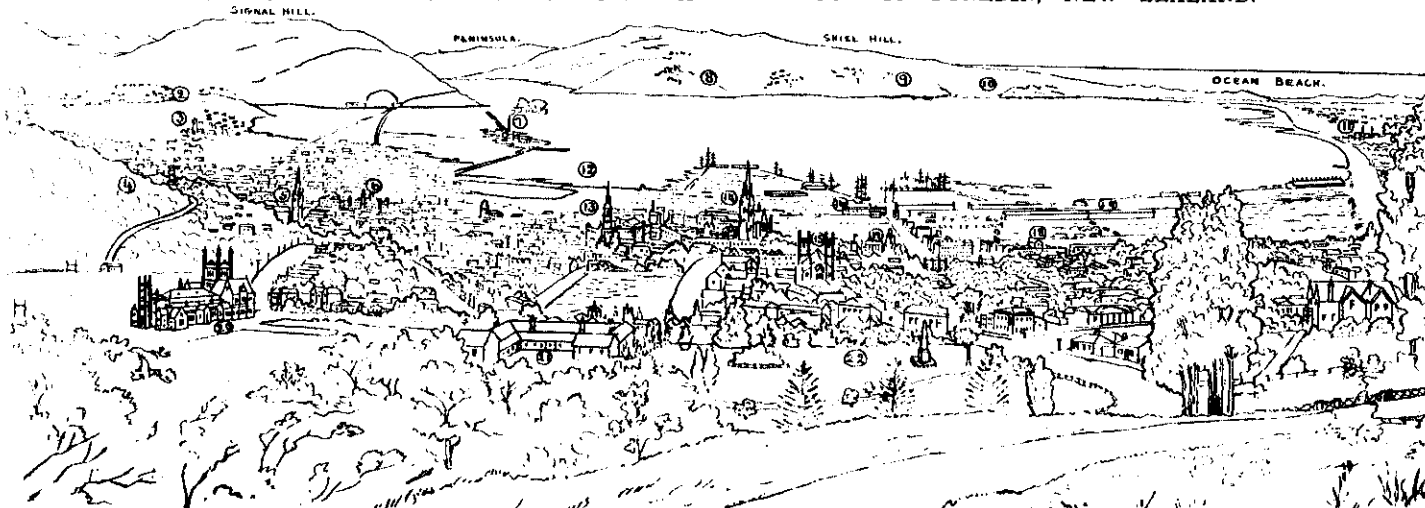
'Tis in the fertile prime
Of summer time,
When Nature revels in unsullied strength;
When every radiant morn,
In splendour born,
Gives day effulgence through its gladsome length.
'Tis when the lingering sun,
As day is done,
Pours floods of glory from the glowing west;
When twilight and the eve
Their vesper weave,
And gently breathe our spirits into rest.
Yea, it is then, and it is thus,
That Christmas cometh unto us,
The Christmas of the South.

Dear kinsmen of the North,
There goeth forth
A royal song from out the ample South;
And glad responsive strain
Comes back again,
Till all rejoice with one melodious mouth.
We stretch our yearning hands
To other lands,
Across the warm equator's fusing flame,
And gird this Day of Days
With happy praise,
In bidding kindly hearts beat still the same.
Thus would we give Love impetus
As Christmas cometh unto us,
The Christmas of the South.

Let joyful Christmastide
Fling open wide
The hearts whence Christlike charity doth flow;
Let the glad bells ring peal,
As tongues of steel
Swing universal music to and fro.
Let continents and isles
Be clothed with smiles,
Though each in separate garb God's fingers dress,
And celebrate the birth
Of Christ on earth,
In plenitude of sacred happiness.
With one great voice unisonous,
Come glorious morning unto us—
Grand Christmas of the South!

O, that the world might shine
With light divine,
And kindling Love within its great heart glow;
That golden Peace might reign
On earth again,
In final conquest over Strife and Woe.
O, that the world would ring
To bid the King
Arise and build His everlasting throne,
Ascend on princely feet,
Assume His seat,
And claim the willing nations as His own.
With highest, holiest yearnings thus,
Come hallowed Christmas unto us—
O Christmas of the South!

KEY TO PANORAMIC VIEW OF CITY AND HARBOUR OF DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.



- 1 North East Valley.
- 2 Northern Cemetery.
- 3 Otago University.
- 4 Town Belt.
- 5 Knox Church.

- 6 Hospital.
- 7 Cement Works.
- 8 Waterfall.
- 9 Vauxhall.
- 10 Anderson Bay.

- 11 Casworks.
- 12 Proposed Loading Docks.
- 13 Town Hall.
- 14 First Church.
- 15 Roman Catholic Cathedral.

- 16 New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company.
- 17 Australasian Mutual Provident Buildings.
- 18 Donald Reid's Wood Store.

- 19 Railway Goods Shed.
- 20 Boys High School.
- 21 Arthur-street School.
- 22 Old Cemetery.

View on the Summit of Tongariro.

THIS view is taken from the summit of Tongariro Volcano, 6,458 feet high. There are two small lakes on top—one of a bright blue colour, and the other a vivid green hue. The snow-clad mountain in the distance is Ruapehu, 9,012 feet high, and the huge smoking volcano in the middle distance is called Ngauruhoe, 7,515 feet above the sea level. This volcano is the highest one in New Zealand, and is extremely active at times, ejecting mud, ashes, etc. It is seldom visited by tourists, as there is no accommodation near it, but for anyone fond of camping out it affords a delightful trip, as the whole of this country is most interesting. During the winter months the cone is covered with snow except on the summit around the crater, where the heat is so intense that snow cannot lie on the ground there. It is a rather difficult piece of climbing to get to the top, but when once there the view of the crater and panoramic view of the surrounding country well repays one for all the fatigue.

AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

O, for a gift to bring to my beloved—
To the dear child who died
At solemn Christmastide
A little year ago!
O, for a song to sing to my beloved
Who lies so low,
With dreamy, deep blue eyes,
And hands crossed, angel-wise,
Under the winter snow!

Thou torn heart! are the numbers born of pain
Fit for a baby's ear—
Fit for a child to hear,
Whose little life scarce knew,
So brief its day, sorrow or loss or gain?
Who, like the dew
That gems the early dawn,
Smiled softly, and was gone
From mortal view.

Oh, I have naught to bring to my beloved!
His brothers press my knees
And kiss and coax and tease
For many a childish prize,
I have no song to sing to my beloved—
My baby lies
Under the winter snow,
Where the winds blow and blow,
Far from my lullabies.

But this, this may I do for thee, my child:
Thy share of gifts I'll bring,
Ay, and a song I'll sing
Of gentle Christmas cheer
To one whose joys are few—that he, beguiled
Of pain and fear,
May laugh at Christmastide
O'er pleasures long denied,
And thou in Heaven mayst hear.

FORFEITS.

CHRISTMAS is not the only time of the year that we play at forfeits. Life, you may say, is a constant succession of forfeits. It is the negligent, idle, stupid, careless portion of mankind that has generally to pay the most for these forfeits, which, we need not say, is to them a losing rather than a winning game.

We will first dip our hand into the stores of our

indeed, or corrupted beyond hope of cure or remedy by your bachelor friends, if you do not consider *that* a Forfeit.

If you allow your children to have their own way, and never check them, and always let them have an unlimited supply of money, and permit them to run riot as they please, never correcting them, never pointing out to them the right path, never exercising your parental authority, we should say that there would be every promise, according to the strict nature of things, of your



Martin, photo. Wangenei.

Fall on the Mangawhero.

recollection, and try to bring up a few bright examples. For instance—

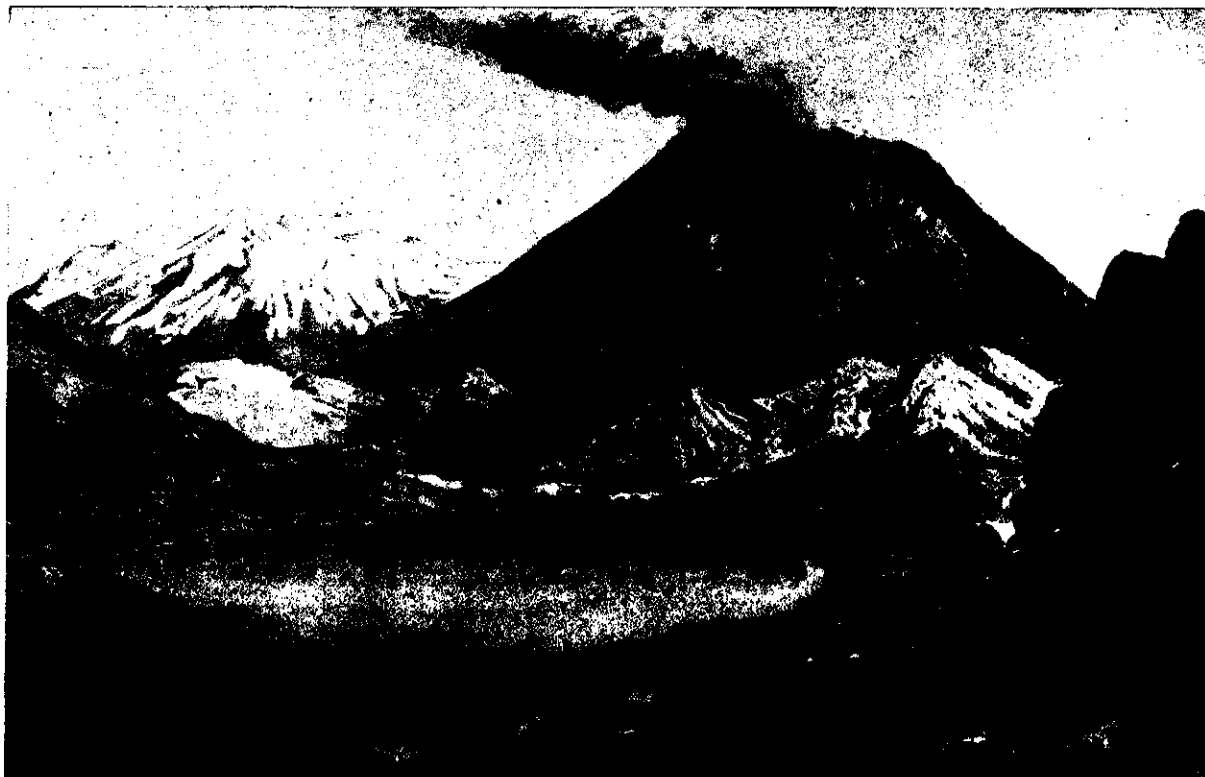
If you come in late for dinner, and it is all gone, and you find that you are compelled to go without any, that is already a Forfeit.

If you do anything to offend your wife, or neglect taking her to see the opera, or forget to make arrangements that she and 'the dear children' shall have their autumnal run out of town, the chances are that you lose her good esteem; and you must be a hardened criminal

losing the obedience and respect that a child should pay to its parent; and that is a Forfeit the most difficult of all to win back again.

ERRATA.

The picture of Christmas at Rotorua on page 12 is wrongly credited to Mr Ryan. The artist of this picture is Mr Kenneth Watkins.



Sketch by T. Ryan.

View on the Summit of Tongariro.

Sheerdown Hill, Milford Sound.

AT the head of Milford Sound—that most picturesque, most praised, most painted, and most photographed sample of our Sounds scenery—stands the splendid cliff, Sheerdown Hill, of which an illustration is here given. Sheerdown Hill rises perpendicularly for 4,000 feet, and the Barren ranges which adjoin it are 5,125 feet high. And this is only one of the beauties and the grandeurs of Milford. The heights on every side are indeed so stupendous that the visitor sometimes fails to realise the greatness of the wonders surrounding him, though fully appreciating their surpassing grandeur. The giant Tutoko is 9,042 feet high, and Mitre Peak

5,560, while the Courmny Cliffs are nearly as high—5,500 feet. But why attempt the almost impossible task of describing Milford. Has it not been done by hundreds including some of the first journalists and *literateurs* of the day—even down to Max O'Rell—and how often with success? Sheerdown Cliff and the craggy headlands that guard the entrance of the Sound, the majestic lion, the ever beautiful Mitre Peak, the Bowen, the Sutherland Falls—these are the things which may be painted and photographed, but which cannot be adequately dealt with through the medium of print. In the corner of the picture is a tiny but characteristic little sketch of the fax plant, growing as it does grow in wild luxuriance in many parts of the colony. The flowers in the borders are the koromiko or New Zealand veronica and the manuka.

RIDDLES FOR THE RECKLESS.

HISTORICAL.—Where would you find a word that should suggest to Richard II. that he had best avoid Bolingbroke?—In the Dick-shun-'arry.

MEAN TIME.—What is mean time at Greenwich?—Beginning the dinner to a second when one is late.

WORTHY OF FOOTE.—Why do we expect sauce from a gouty man?—Because he's a toe-martyr.

VERY DEEP.—When can't you believe truth?—When she lies at the bottom of a well.

The oracle that speaks in riddles is of no use to a man whose house is on fire.



Valentine, photo.

SHEERDOWN HILL, MILFORD SOUND.

Shoot the Spy.



A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy; kill the cold, using **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children)*. Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. **Palatable as Milk.**

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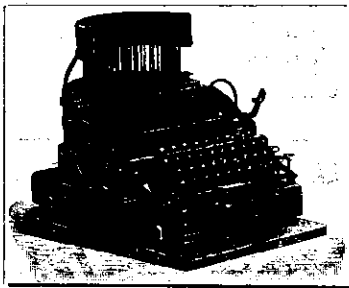
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CAPITAL PAID UP	£900,000	RESERVE FUND (Invested in Consols)	£45,000
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Two rival physicians were recently exaggerating about the size of their respective practices.
 'Do you know,' said Dr. Flipp, 'I was wakened up no less than five times last night.'
 'Mercy, what a shame!' said Dr. Flapp. 'Why don't you get some insect powder?'



WHAT COULD HE DO?

MRS NUWED: 'Don't try to soothe me, sir! You have doubted my word.'
 Nuwed: 'But, my darling, you must have spent the money or lost it. Only last Monday, I see by my cheque book, I gave you £10.'
 Mrs Nuwed: 'There! There! You would sooner believe an old cheque book than me.'

AN EXPEDIENT.

'DAN and Kitty are so devoted to each other,' said the gushing seaside girl.
 'I should think so,' said the cynic; 'the way they carry on.'
 'Carry on?'
 'Yes—wandering on the beach moonlight nights holding each other's hands, and skulking behind rocks with osculatory intent, and—'
 'Why, of course. They are so fond of each other. And they don't like bathing the least bit because it's so public. So many bathers and people watching from the sand they can't do or say anything.'
 'How ornul!'
 'Yes. But they're going to get round it. They're practising it every day. Haven't you noticed them?'
 'Practising what?'
 'Why, diving from the float and staying under water long enough to kiss each other.'



ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

ALGY: 'Are you 37?'
 MAUDIE: 'No, you horrid thing, I'm 17.'

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 MIXING.

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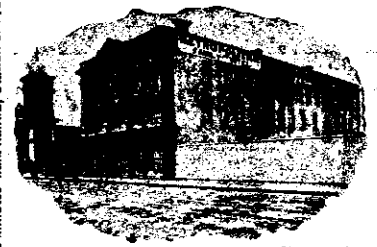
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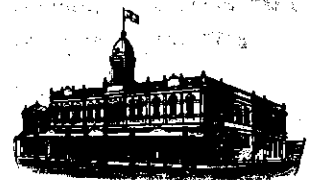
Prepared by an improved process, whereby natural flavour and nutritive qualities are preserved.
 Made from the Purest Milk, fresh from the Cow, and Pure Cane Sugar.

BEST MILK FOR
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 This Milk is rapidly making a name for itself, and, being prepared in the Colony, it is fresher and cheaper, and altogether better than the imported article.

IT CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

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JUST OPENED ex Tongariro, the following Lots, bought at a Large Discount off London prices:—

EXTRAORDINARY VALUE

Pure Linen Costumes in Cream, Pale Blue, Pink and Fawn, now 22s 6d each.
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 Complete Rolland and Drill Costumes, with vest, at 35s 6d.
 White Duck Costumes, 19s 6d and 25s 6d.
 White Linen Drill Costumes, only 27s 6d.
 A Splendid Selection of Newest Styles in Lace and Silk Mantles.
 Three-quarter Lace Mantles, richly trimmed, only 25s 6d.
 Three-quarter Lace and Silk Mantles, trimmed Moire, 29s 6d.
 Half-length Lace Mantles, very cheap, 25s 6d.
 Full Length Mantles in Lace and Silk, 65s.
 30 dozen Ladies' Shirts, Dressed Collars and Cuffs, with or without Frills, all at 3s 6d each.
 20 dozen Ladies' "Up-to-date" Shirts, with Frills and Epaulettes, 4s 6d and 5s 6d.
 20 dozen Pink, Sky and Heliotrope Skirts, 4s 6d each.
 10 dozen French Cambric Shirts, pleated fronts, 5s 10d each.

.. TE ARO HOUSE ..

WELLINGTON.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S ODE.

WHAT awful power is oft possessed
By her who turns the mangle!
The power to make us blithe and gay,
Or all our hopes to mangle!
To her who makes a man a man,
Or can his joys corrode,
In fear I humbly dedicate
This washerwoman's ode!

See yonder youth sink down the street—
The cause? His collar's crumpled;
He pulls his coat around him, for
His shirt is wrecked and rumpled.
The iron mould has left its mark—
The washerwoman's good—
Yea! terror would appease her with
A sweet and soothing ode!

And gratitude as well demands
Poetical expression,
For linen makes or mars a man,
And wisdom and discretion
Suggest 'tis well to flatter her
In quite a slavish mode,
For pause and just remember what
The washerwoman's owed!



MISAPPLIED.

MURIEL: 'Oh! Mamma, Mr Courtley asked me to marry him last night!
Mamma: 'And what did you reply, my child?'
Muriel: 'I told him to ask you.'
Mamma: 'Why, Muriel, how could you—surely you would not have your mother commit bigamy.'

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

BRIGGS: 'I called on that girl last night that you introduced me to.'
Griggs: 'Did you?'
Briggs: 'Yes. And she's a nice girl, old fellow, but she treated me very strangely.'
Griggs: 'How so?'
Briggs: 'Will you believe it, she showed me into the dining room, said she really hoped I would excuse her. No other room in order, etc.'
Griggs: 'Well, that was rather strange.'
Briggs: 'But that's not the worst of it. In a few minutes in comes her younger sister. We talked a little, and then she got up and went out, leaving her younger sister to entertain me. You can bet I didn't stay there long.'
Griggs: 'Well, I'm very sorry.'
Briggs: 'Oh, that's all right. You couldn't help it. But what the mischief did she want to show me into the dining-room for?'
Griggs: 'I'll tell you, if you won't give it away.'
Briggs: 'All right. What for?'
Griggs: 'Well, you see, I was in the parlour.'



THE RETORT CANDIDE.

MAMMA: 'I am surprised at you, Ethel, prudent to my mamma.'
Ethel: 'Perhaps she was nice.'

TAYLOR BROS.'

COCOA

CHOCOLATE

AND **MUSTARD**

IS OBTAINABLE AT ALL RESPECTABLE GROCERS.

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- TAYLOR BROS.' D.S.F. MUSTARD. Double superfine quality.

Christmas Cheer.



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"Palatable and of high quality."—London Times.

"Fragrance, Purity and Quality second to none."—Lancet.



J. Martin, photo. Wanganui. *The Home of the Moa.*

SYMPTOMS OF BEING A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.

WHEN a man is seen buying buttons, that's a symptom.
 When a man is in constant request to stand godfather, that's a symptom.
 When a man at a certain age gives up dancing, and takes to playing whist, that's a symptom.
 When a man treasures an old glove, and has a bundle of small-shaped letters tied, quite yellow with age, which he keeps in a secret drawer, and takes out once a year to ponder over, that's a symptom.
 When a man complains of the noise when children laugh, and turns his head away when a lady brings him the baby to kiss, that's a symptom.
 When a man gives up going to see the shops at Christmas, that's a symptom.
 When a man cannot go anywhere without his umbrella, that's a symptom.
 When a man encases himself in flannel, and will not stir out in summer time without his goloshes, comforter, and great coat, that's a symptom.
 When a man avoids ladies' society, and prefers a cigar, that's a symptom.
 When a man always seizes hold of the seat nearest the fire, that's a symptom.
 When a man late in life gets himself appointed on the Charitable Aid Board, that's a symptom.
 When a man receives no invitations for Christmas Day, but dines by his miserable self, in some cheerless restaurant, that's a symptom.
 When a man neither gives nor receives New Year's Gifts, nor Christmas Boxes, and shuts himself up hermitically for two or three days in his room to avoid the persecution of being dunned for them, that's also a symptom.
 When a man objects to flowers in his room because they are unhealthy, votes music a bore, and thinks that the climate is getting worse and worse every year, that's a symptom.
 When a man gets angry because his visitors will not wipe their feet on the door-mat, and wanders about the room dusting the furniture with his handkerchief, and sweeps his own hearth, and gathers up all the stray pins, and is annoyed if anything is a hair's-breadth out of its place, that's a symptom.
 When a man has lost all taste for plum-pudding and mince-pies, and only sees impropriety in mistletoe, which he wonders any well-regulated mamma can tolerate, that's a symptom.
 When a man thinks everyone is cheating him, that's a symptom.
 When a man does all the shopping himself, and goes to the butcher's regularly to select his own mutton chops, that's a symptom.
 When a man insists upon mixing his own whisky toddy, or brewing his gin punch, in preference to a lady doing it for him, that's a symptom.
 When a man makes a practice of calling every young man who differs in opinion with him an 'impudent young puppy,' and makes a loud outcry against the little respect that's shown now-a-days to old age, that's a symptom.

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BROWN, BARRETT & CO.'S

. . . . XNXLD COFFEES AND TEAS.

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Notifies that he is continuing the Business of a Dentist, at the premises, **SHORTLAND STREET**, assisted by Mr. W. A. Wright. The high-class work of the late Mr. A. L. Wright will be adhered to, and any left unfinished by that gentleman will be completed by the new management.

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 It keeps the Complexion Fresh and Clear.
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It is highly nutritious, and is easily digested by the most delicate Infants and Invalids. Put up in 1lb. tins, net weight, and can be obtained from most of the leading Chemists and Grocers.

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THE GOODS	E.P. TEA-POTS, SPOONS, FORKS, BISCUIT BARRELS, JAM SPOONS, CRUETS, BUTTER KNIVES & CUTLERY In Great Variety.	THE REASON	BECAUSE WE WANT READY MONEY.

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