

a week there, and paint a figure among his pupils, that they might see and paint with—and if possible like him. And he had asked Trilby as a great favour to be the model, and Trilby was so devoted to the great Carrel that she readily consented. So that Monday morning found her there, and Carrel posed her as Ingres's famous figure in his picture called "La Source," holding an earthenware pitcher on her shoulder.

And the work began in religious silence. Then in five minutes or so Little Billie came bustling in, and as soon as he caught sight of her he stopped and stood as one petrified, his shoulders up, his eyes staring. Then lifting his arms, he turned and fled.

"Qu'est ce qu'il a donc, ce Lili-bill?" exclaimed one or two students (for they had turned his English nickname into French).

"Perhaps he's forgotten something," said another. "Perhaps he's forgotten to brush his teeth and part his hair!"

"Perhaps he's forgotten to say his prayers!" said Barisel.

"He'll come back, I hope," exclaimed the master.

And the incident gave rise to no further comment.

But Trilby was much disquieted, and fell to wondering what on earth was the matter.

At first she wondered in French; French of the Quartier Latin. She had not seen Little Billie for a week, and wondered if he were ill. She had looked forward so much to his painting her—painting her beautifully—and hoped he would soon come back, and lose no time.

Then she began to wonder in English—nice clean English of the studio of the Place St. Anatole des Arts—her father's English—and suddenly a quick thought pierced her through and through, and made the flesh tingle on her temples and the backs of her hands, and bathed her brow and instep with sweat.

She had good eyes, and little Billie had a singularly expressive face.

Could it possibly be that he was shocked at seeing her sitting there.

She knew that he was peculiar in many ways. She remembered that neither he nor Taffy nor the Laird, had ever asked her to sit for the figure, though she would have been only too delighted to do so for them. She also remembered how Little Billie had always been silent whenever she alluded to her posing for the "altogether" as she called it, and had sometimes looked pained, and always very grave.

She turned alternately pale and red, pale and red all over, again and again, as the thought grew up in her—and soon the growing thought became a torment.

This new-born feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being, and she suffered agonies beyond anything she had ever felt in her life.

"What is the matter with you, my child? Are you ill?" asked Carrel, who, like everyone else, was very fond of her, and to whom she had sat as a child ("L'Enfance de Psyché," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, was painted from her).

She shook her head and the work went on.

Presently she dropped her picture, that broke into bile; and putting her two hands to her face she burst into tears and sobs—and, there, to the amazement of everybody, she stood, crying like a big baby—"la source aux larmes!"

"What is the matter, my poor dear child?" said Carrel, jumping up and helping her off the throne.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know—I'm ill—very ill—let me go home."

And with kind solicitude and despatch they helped her on with her clothes, and Carrel sent for a cab and took her home.

And on the way she dropped her head on his shoulder, and wept, and told him all about it as well as she could, and Monsieur Carrel had tears in his eyes too, and wished to heaven he had never induced her to sit for the figure, either there or at any other time. And pondering deeply and sorrowfully on such terrible responsibility he had grown up daughters of his own, he went back to the studio; and in an hour's time they got another model and another pitcher, and went to work again.

And here, while on the subject, let me quote what Mr Maurier has to say concerning painting from the nude. It is not new, at least not to the majority, but it cannot be too often repeated. The prejudice against the undraped figure in art is gradually dying out. It is recognised that pictures like Leighton's *Psyche*, which was exhibited at Dunedin, are perfectly pure and wholesome in tendency, but there is still a wrong impression that drawing from the nude must be demoralizing. Mr Du Maurier puts the matter clearly and well. There are now in New Zealand several artists, young, old, and middle-aged, who have studied in the Paris studios from the "altogether," and I would wager there is not one of them who will not corroborate Mr Du Maurier in the following. He begins by describing how Trilby sat for the figure.

She did not sit promiscuously to anybody who asked, it is true. But she still sat to Durieu; to the great Gérôme; to M. Carrel, who scarcely used any other model.

It was poor Trilby's sad distinction that she surpassed all other models as Calypso, surpassed her nymphs; and whether by long habit, or through some obtuseness in her nature, or lack of imagination, she was equally unconscious of self with her clothes on or without! Truly, she could be naked and unashamed—in this respect an absolute savage.

She would have ridden through Coventry, like Lady Godiva—but without giving it a thought beyond wondering why the streets were empty and the shops closed and the blinds pulled down would even have looked up to Peeping Tom's shutter with a friendly nod, had she known he was behind it.

In fact, she was absolutely without that kind of shame, as she was without any kind of fear. But she was destined soon to know both fear and shame.

And here it would not be amiss for me to state a fact well-known to all painters and sculptors who have used the nude model (except a few shady pretenders, whose purity, not being of the right sort, has gone rank from too much watching), namely, that nothing is so chaste as nudity. Venus herself, as she drops her garments and steps on to the model-throne leaves behind her on the floor every weapon of her armoury by which she can pierce to the grower passions of man. The more perfect her unadorned beauty, the more keenly it appeals to his higher instincts.

The long extracts I have already made preclude further quotations, and necessitate the squeezing of the rest of my comment into very small compass. The book

is full of illustrations, drawn, of course, by the artist author, and therefore in rare sympathy with the text. It is not likely that the book will create the *furor* in this colony that it has done and continues to do in America. There Trilbyism remains the supreme fad. Trilby watch chains charm; Trilby cigars, cigarettes, models: Trilby everything proclaims that the nation has taken Trilby as a mania. The latest reports (by cable) tell us that Paris is raving over the French translation. Such unbridled enthusiasm is, of course, somewhat too much of a, or rather for a good thing. But Trilby is good—very remarkably good, and its production in Bell's Colonial Library is certainly one of the events of the year so far as colonial libraries are concerned.

* Trilby: George Du Maurier. Bell's Colonial Library. Cloth, 3s.6d.; paper, 2s.6d. Postage, 4d.

THE TERRIBLE FIRE AT HAWERA.

ONE of the most disastrous fires that has occurred in the colony took place in Hawera in the small hours of Friday morning. Our picture represents the fire at its most destructive period, when it seized on the splendid new post office just finished, and which was to have been opened for business in about a week's time. No less than seventeen buildings were burned down, and worst of all two lives were lost—Mr Caverhill, manager of the Waitara Freezing Works, and Mr Tournier, architect and builder, having been burned to death before they could escape from the Egmont Hotel. Poor Caverhill was only stopping there for the night. He was, too, a married man, so his terrible death is even sadder than that of Mr Tournier, who was, like Mr Caverhill, extremely popular.

The fire appears to have originated through the falling of a kerosene lamp. The gale blowing at the time caused the flame to spread with terrible rapidity. The scene during the fire was one of surpassing splendour. The sky was lighted up for miles around, and in the streets it was as light as day. The huge volumes of fire-coloured smoke and tongues of flame shooting up into the sky from roofs and windows gave a terrible magnificence to a picture that will live long in the eyes of those who saw it.

A portrait is given of poor Mr Caverhill who was burned to death. In Auckland the news created a profound sensation amongst all those who had been brought into contact with him. As manager of the Auckland Freezing Works Mr Caverhill made many friends, and certainly few enemies. If he made any, they must have been well made. He was a thoroughly good, reliable man, and won the respect and confidence of all who had dealings with him. His death in such a sudden and terrible manner will be deeply regretted not only by his personal friends, whose names were legion, but amongst the still greater number who have met him as a business man, and learned to like and respect him as a conscientious and upright one.

A few particulars concerning the new post-office so disastrously destroyed will be read with interest. It was erected entirely by co-operative labour (from plans prepared by the Public Works Department) under the superintendence of Mr R. Wilson, an inspector of public works. It was commenced about the New Year, and practically finished a couple of months since. Some little delay, however, took place with respect to a portion of the internal fittings, but it would probably have been opened for public business early in September. The timber and joinery work were obtained from Mr George Symes Egmont Sash and Door Factory, Hawera. The building had a frontage of 48ft., and was 56ft. deep (exclusive of

out-offices, etc.) It was a two storey structure, with imposing tower, the height to the eave being 29ft., and to the top of the finial 62ft. There was an entrance porch of 15ft. by 8ft., with box lobby, 18ft. 3in. by 8ft. on the left, and public office, 12ft. by 25ft. 6in. on the right. At the rear of these, a very fine mail room, 31ft. by 32ft., and immediately behind that the telegraph operators and instrument room 31ft. by 16ft. There were also telephone room 12ft. by 6ft., stationery room (with safe 7ft. by 4ft.), 12ft. by 12ft., and Postmaster's room, 12ft. by 12ft. On the first floor the Stock Department had accommodation with a frontage of 18ft. 3in. by 14ft., and the Public Trust Office of 18ft. 3in. by 14ft.; the former having another room at rear, 18ft. 3in. by 10ft., and the latter a similar room, and also one 8ft. by 9ft. The total cost of construction was about £1,420.

The following is an extract from a private letter from a resident in Hawera to a friend in Auckland:—

A fierce gale was blowing when I retired. When I was awakened I sleepily imagined the confused roaring and cracking was part of the storm. I was speedily undeceived by a terrific banging at my door. My neighbour was shouting, "Get up! get up! the Egmont Hotel is on fire!" I hurriedly threw on my clothes and escaped into the street. It was a grand, but awful sight as through every window and from the roof shot the hungry tongues of flame and huge volumes of smoke. The unfortunate proprietor was running about with tears streaming down his face enquiring for Caverhill and Tournier, and exclaiming, "My God, they are lost! My God, they are lost!" The Commercial people stood looking at the Egmont Hotel burning, and no effort was made to prevent the fire spreading until too late. The firemen did not make an attempt to save it. Had they, in the first place, concentrated their efforts on the Commercial, not only would it have been saved, but the new Post Office, the new Court House, minor shops, and the Star office would have been preserved. It was an awful blunder. Fortunately for the town Newcomb and Massey's big brick wall, situated between the Egmont and themselves stopped the flames from spreading into the business part of the town. Had it not been for this wall, Hawera would have been in ruins to-day. The Commercial was soon consumed, and the fire spread to Farrington's new shop. From there, it rushed to the new Post-office. The firemen worked hard to save it, but a bucket would have been of more use than the toy fire-engine they used. It was foredoomed, and the firemen left it and rushed down and tried to save the Star Office. Ardour and heroism availed nothing, for it, too, was soon a mass of flames. The new Borough Chambers was then in danger, and was only saved by efforts of the firemen and citizens. The scene was grand beyond description. Gibson's Hotel was, by sheer pluck and hard labour, saved. Wet blankets hung by men from all windows and from the roof saved it from ruin.

Our pictures are from photos taken by Mr B. Schmidt, to whom our thanks are due for promptness in forwarding them.

ADAM'S CHOICE.

It was the angel Michael,
And his hand of fate
That led poor Eve from Eden,
That thrust her through the gate.

Then turned he round to Adam
And thus to him did say:
'Stay here in Eden by thyself,
Or follow Eve straightway.'

Good Adam was no common dunce;
His choice and answer came at once:
'Take back your Eden; or my life,
'Twere but a hell without a wife.'

R. A. BULLEN.

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