TR ARO House, Wellington, keeps up its reputation for up to date specialities in all departments. The many ladies who patronise this establishment find it pleasurable and to their advantage to examine and purchase from the very heavy stocks always on hand of the latest London and Paris fashions. Mantles and jackets in the newest and most stylish shapes meet the eye in rich profusion; indeed, every novelty in season is the motto of Messrs James Smith and Co., of Te Aro House, and the autumn fashion show is now on, and evidently attracts great numbers of the clife ladies of Wellington, who nurchase early and secure the pick. sho purchase early and secure the pick.

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Is now open for the admission of patients,

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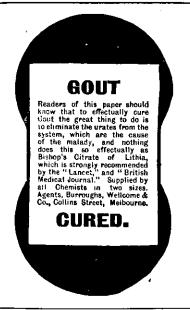
CHRISTCHURCH.

Mr. C. E. B U T T 8 N. WILL

ADDRESS THE ELECTORS OF AUCKLAND CITY AT THE CITY HALL,

ON FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 27, At Eight o'Clock.

Dress Circle reserved for Ladies and their escorts.



This powder, so celebrated, is atterly unrivalled in surrying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, HEETLES, and I Insects (whilst perfectly harmless to an anima e). All woollens and fore should be well sprinkled that the Powder before placing away. It is invalu-ite to take to the Seanide. To avoid disappoint and the state of the seanide. To avoid disappoint and the state of the seanide of the search of the ber Powder is effective.

QŪĬŤOES:

Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCK RUACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS in FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every package of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS AEATING: without this any article effects is a fraud. Sold in This only.

NG'S WODES.

ALY VEGSTABLE SWRETMEAT, both in appearable, farmishing a most agreeable method of administerily certain remedy for INTESTINAL or THIKAID IN CALLED A Solid as perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is delayted for Children. Bold is Tiss, by all Irregista. THOMAS KEATING. LA



THE other evening when there was a sound of revelry at Government House, Auckland, and bright the gas jets shone o'er fair women and brave men, the same gas jets, or at least those of them in the main building, went out, and the place was in darkness till candles and lamps could be obtained. The mishap caused very slight inconvenience, and rather added to the amusement of the evening than otherwise, but I am told that some of the guests would just have been as well pleased if no substitute for the defective gas had been found. A dark corner for a quiet flirtation is never amiss, and how Cupid shoots his arrows when there is no light whatever to dazzle his eyes! He loves the dark, I am sure, whatever poets may say to the contrary, and is no friend to our modern methods of illumination. Have I not seen, both in Auckland and Wellington, what havoc the electric search light plays with ripening courtships? When Corydon is sporting with his Amaryllis in the shade on the wharf and on the esplanade some evil genius puts it into the mind of the gallant Jack tars to turn their wretched electric light on the scene and reveal the lovers to a curious and ridiculing world, and probably just at the moment when Corydon, under the shadow of the blessed night, has mustered up courage to ask the maiden the question of questions.

Apropos of the gas incident at Government House I remember a story which may be new to many. The occasion was a dinner party, and the guests were numerous. Some toasts had been drunk, and the company were lazily lingering over their wine. The remnants of the dessert lay on the table, and among them was a solitary fig. Many had eyed that fig and thought they would like it, but as it was the last no one cared to annex it. As time went on that fig began to exercise a fascination on half-a-dozen who felt they could reach it by merely stretching out their hands, and they sat looking at it and mentally anticipating its luscious flavour. Suddenly the lights went out, and then, despite the confusion which ensued, six hands reached stealthily forward and met over the coveted fruit. When the lights went up there was no fig, and each man, including the one who had it hidden in his watch pocket, looked most consciously unconscious.

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m VEN}$ in these matter-of-fact days adventures may be met with in countries that can boast as high a civilization as New Zealand, that is, if they can boast such an acute police force as that which guards the rights and liberties of the citizens of these islands. Messrs Mounsey and Austin, two Australian tourists who arrived in Auckland last week from the South Sea Islands, probably thought that after having seen the wonders of savagedom in the Pacific, the novelty and romance of their tour was at an end. Tiny New Zealand could add little to their experience of the world, they conjectured, and in a blass sort of spirit they visited Rotorua. But they did not know, as they know now, that there is a police force in New Zealand. During their stay in the vicinity of the Wonderland Mr Austin became acquainted with two men decent sort of fellows they seemed-and in the good Australian fashion cemented the friendship with a drink. Nay, I understand he bathed in the same bath as these gentlemen. As this last statement would coney an impression to some people of a degree of intimacy that is rarely if ever attained to among Anglo-Sexon gentlemen, let me explain in parenthesis that the bath was not a private one in a hotel, but

a semi-public hot spring. To return to the story, later on after the bath and the drink, or the drink and the bath, Mr Austin's two fellow travellers were arrested on a charge of robbing the Rotorua Post Office. This little incident did not, however, shake Mr Austin's faith in the colony, and he continued his journey to Rotorus, where he was joined by his friend, Mr Mounsey. had seen the wonders of Whakarewarewa they retraced their steps to Auckland, where greater and unexpected marvels awaited them.

WHEN they stepped on to the Auckland platform they were accosted by a faithful guardian of the peace, who requested the pleasure of their company as far as the station. Like well trained citizens, they went, wondering what they had done to merit such attention from such an escort, but it was not till they were safe inside the police office and their baggage had been searched that they learned that they were suspected of complicity in the Rotorus robbery. That night they spent beneath the hospitable roof of the Government, and next morning were marched handcuffed to the Court. Here the sapient police asked that they should be remanded to Rotorua, and although the poor tourists protested their innocence, got friends to prove their identity, referred the police to the Bank of New Zealand, on which they had letters of credit, their whole story was discredited, substantial bail refused, and they were driven to Mount Eden gaol. After a day and a night spent in that salubrious locality they were brought before the court again, and finally discharged, their being no evidence whatever to connect them with the crime. It is hardly to be wondered if Messrs Austin and Monusey are not inclined to speak of the Queen of the Waitemata in those complimentary strains we are so pleased to listen to. They have been unfortunate in their experience of Auckland, but still they owe to her an adventure which will give them an added interest in the eyes of everyone they tell it to. In these days of commonplace it is something to have a story like theirs to relate; and there is a lesson, too, for them to learn. Be careful of the company you keep. Don't 'shout' for every Tom, Dick, and Harry when you are in a strange land, and above all, be wary what companions of the bath you choose. I own it is difficult in this century, when people judge by the outward trappings and clothing of a man, to tell an honest man from a knave when you meet him in a bath, so perhaps the best plan is to make your ablutions in private.

WE poor Australasians have grown so accustomed to hanks and the to banks and their winning, or rather losing ways, that no disclosures regarding them will appear sufficiently startling in our eyes to merit the epithet 'sensational.' The newspapers use the word because it makes a good cross-heading, and sub-editors are often pushed for cross-headings, but they-the sub-editorshave long since ceased to be shocked by anything a bank may do, and they have little hope that they will be able to shock the public, which is one of the chief aims in a sub-editor's existence. If, bowever, the public have still left in them some capability for being shocked, I think the disclosures regard to the City of Melbourne Bank should 'fetch' them, as the saying is. Here we have in real life an institution which almost rivalled in the wildness of its transactions the financial institutions of the stage, where in the space of one act enormous sums are dissipated to the four winds and the hero and heroine reduced to beggary. How the mouths of some New Zealand speculators must water when they read of the way the City of Melbourne Bank distributed its golden favours among its friends. Its a good thing, they say, to have a friend at court, but give me the friend in a banking company. The one may introduce you to a sovereign; the other can put a hundred thousand of them at your disposal. Haroun Al Rashid, when any story struck his imperial fancy as particularly good, used to have it written up in letters of gold in some prominent place in the palace. I really think that the banking companies which emulate the Caliph in the splendour of their dealings, might follow his example and spare a little of the gold they have in some cases spent like water, to inscribe the tale of the City of Melbourne Bank on their walls in letters of bullion. would be a golden legend in more senses than one.

LET us see how it reads. First comes the general