

fear no foe in shining armour clad, but I fear of love the glances"—and does this at a distance of 13,000 miles, things have come to a pretty pass. Truly to me it seems that these cruising from colony to colony are little better than piratical expeditions, and as soon as Mr Ward says the word I shall contribute my five shillings towards the cost of a fleet of our own, so that we may dispense with the squadron.

A WISE FORESIGHT.

THE establishment of a cookery class for men in Auckland is one of the signs of the times, and the fact of its being established in connection with the Technical School makes the new departure all the more significant to my mind. I can understand such a class being got up by a few young men in a frolicsome spirit, but when it comes to be a part of the regular curriculum of such a serious institution as the Technical School, then I begin to ponder. I say to myself this movement has its origin in some strong yearning in the male bosom or the school would never have taken it up. The authorities know well what they are about, and are far too practical to minister to any mere fad. The school is there to supply wants, not to gratify fads. What new want is this, then? Why do the men desire to master the intricacies of the culinary art? Is it not enough for them that their mothers and sisters and wives have endeavoured to do so, though not always, it must be confessed, with the most brilliant success! It has been more than enough for many a poor fellow. But I don't think that the men are contemplating the making of their own dinners for that reason. They have been martyrs too long to quarrel with their victuals. I believe what they are contemplating is the time when they will be forced to cook their own dinners if they wish to have any food at all, and probably will be expected to cook the meals of their women folk, to boot. You see the old order changeth, giving place to new; conditions of life and society are getting reversed; man is losing ground all along the line, and woman is advancing triumphant. The National Council of Women only passed a very few resolutions (for them), but they showed us quite enough to make us tremble for what they have got up those big sleeves of theirs. You see how they settled the baby question. Do you think, young man, whose dream of love is not quite o'er, that when they can be so ruthless and overbearing in the nursery they will be less so in the kitchen? Banish the fond illusion, and join the cookery class, for, as sure as you live, there is a time coming when you will have need of all the culinary skill you possess if you are to live at peace in your future wife's house. Probably we shall all have to marry then whether we wish or it not, but even if we are allowed, on payment of a heavy exemption tax, to possess our own souls, it will be necessary for us to know how to cook. I am half-thinking of opening a cookery column 'for men only' in the GRAPHIC, and another with household hints, also for my sex. It is well to be prepared. This woman movement is gaining ground fast. The ladies can be secretive and wily, and there is really no saying how near the day is when we shall awake to find our breakfast uncooked, our boots unbrushed, and the whole female world on strike. Then the wise men who have learned to make stir-about and cook a chop will be at a premium.

'WE LEAVE THE CHAIR.'

DRAMAS of 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray' school, and novels like 'The Woman Who Did' apparently have exercised a strong influence over the minds of some of my contributors. I have lately received more than one story having for its central figure 'a woman with a past' or a woman with a present that she will be glad enough to forget in the future. And the curious thing is that the writers are all, so far as I can judge, young girls who can hardly be regarded as writing from the experience of their own young lives. I have no intention of mentioning names, but I sincerely trust that the young ladies who have taken to these themes will listen to a word of advice. Speaking quite candidly, I should say to them 'drop it.' No doubt some very excellent play-wrights and equally excellent novelists have chosen those same phases of life and character which have so enamoured you, my young friends, and the result has occasionally been most successful. But in such cases the work was from the life, or at least wrought out with that intuitive fancy which belongs to great talent only. Where, as in many recent instances, the work was not that of an artist, it only achieved success by ministering to the prurient passions of its readers, and surely success of that kind is not to be coveted. I must say it is somewhat puzzling to me—a mere male little versed in the intricacies of the female mind—to understand why girls should take up such subjects when there are so many others of a less 'risky' character lying to their hands. Do you think the old themes are quite worn out? I suppose we are all inclined to think that till the great novelist or poet comes and shows us how blind we were. Or is it because you are conscious of your own inability to make these themes interesting that you take up with the ones of doubtful reputation—the ones which the curious multitude hanker after, partly because they are forbidden and partly because they are improper; the ones which will find a reader however poverty stricken the literary garb they masquerade in may be? I am a little afraid that this is the correct hypothesis. Well now can you fancy anything more ignoble than that sort of authorship? You have not even the justification of M. Zola, who contends that he exhibits vice so that we may hate it. You, because your exhibition of the wholesome article is not good enough, take to the unwholesome, and trust to gain a hearing not by the literary merit of your work, but by ministering to the debased taste of your readers. Now do not misunderstand me. These subjects are not always objectionable in themselves; the problems they deal with are not to be balked, and may be most legitimately discussed, but it is not the province of young girls ignorant of life to presume to discuss them or to treat of them at all.

The general idea embodied in your verses (A.H.I.) is not very clear until one comes to the last line of the last verse, and it is only then that the reader becomes aware of the grounds on which you base your vehement denunciations. Would it not have been better if you had been explicit at the outset, so that by the help of your explanation one might get some insight into the meaning of much that follows. But even with that explanation I have some difficulty in following your metaphors. I quite understand what you mean when you quote the song of the battery:

'Thud! thud! thud! thud!
For every grain
Of gold you gain
Is lost a drop of human blood.'

The meaning is plain, whether the assertion from a prosaic point of view is correct or not. But when you go on,

'Buy! buy! Sell! sell!
Those shares so rare
This trade mark bear
From skins of dead men cured in Hell.'

I must confess I fail somewhat to follow you: The next verse is still more obscure

'Ye fools that see your gold lie waste:
Ye cure that ne'er the foe have faced;
Ye know whose gain is others' loss;
Ye send that jost beneath the cross.'

Tell me, who are the tools, the curs, the knaves, and the fiends? Are they the syndicates, speculators, and stock exchange men? And then in what sense, metaphorical or literal, can the fiends be said to jost beneath the cross? A word of advice. Don't begin to write a poem until you have a perfectly lucid idea of what you mean to say and how you mean to say it; and when you are writing it keep a critical eye on yourself so that you don't get bogged in metaphors. Test them with the touchstone of prose. Consider in what sense an outsider who has not been following your train of thought is likely to interpret them, and finally read them to a friend and catechise him to learn whether he has caught up your ideas and can follow your figurative language. I

have your puzzles in safe keeping, and may find a space for them.

My dear Hums, your little sketch is not very humorous, but I shall endeavour to give it a place in the young folks' columns, as I am anxious to encourage New Zealand born fun. You are, no doubt, aware that sketches such as this have been done time and again, especially by certain American humorists, who are particularly good at that sort of thing. Now, unless you can do it extremely well it's apt to be tiresome, and I cannot honestly say that your lines made me laugh. The style and sentiment is an echo of much that I have read before. It has no claim whatever to originality. Still, as I said before, to encourage native humour I shall try to get it printed.

I have read your verses, 'Chrystal,' and will tell you what I think of them. You have a good ear. Your lines swing easily, and are a pleasure after much of the halting stuff I have to wade through. You express yourself fluently and gracefully, and the motif—the controlling idea—is very fair. Where you fail is in lucidity and connectedness. You are not very clear, and the subject does not evolve to a definite end as it should. In poem number one, which I propose to print if you desire it, the reader is left in a somewhat hazy frame of mind with regard to what has happened. Read any poem by Tennyson and mark how clear cut all his images are, even when they are of the most delicate character. Notice how the poem from the first line to the last marches with a definite purpose, goes neither to left nor to right, and closes just when it should close. I don't expect, of course, that you are to become a Tennyson, but by modelling your style on the highest you may attain to some proficiency in the art of verse-making. 'Bleazard's Lane,' though somewhat spun out, contains several pretty things. I shall endeavour to let you see it in print.

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'84, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
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A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

'Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1893.
'I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospital and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozange is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,
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