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THE BRUNNER DEMONSTRATION AT NAPIER.

THE Brunner Demonstration held last month at Napier was the most successful thing of the kind ever held in Hawke's Bay. The great feature was the procession, which was headed by the Volunteers and the Garrison Band. Following immediately behind the Volunteers came Mr Robjohns' main exhibit, a monster stout bottle about six feet in height and bulky in proportion, properly capsuled and labelled and surrounded by lesser trophies of the brewer's trade. On another van stacks of small casks were arranged in an airy manner sufficient to give a giddy feeling even to the most staunch teetotaler. The Napier Fire Brigade came next, the steamer being drawn by four splendidly-comparisone horses, and all ready for action.

The second division of the procession was marshalled by Captain Smith, and headed by the Port Drum and Fife Band in full force and piping right merrily. The inmates of the Children's Home came next in a huge boat, looking snug, comfortable, and happy. Close behind came Messrs Niven and Co.'s exhibit—a most ambitious tableau representing a mine in full working order, with miners, shaft, and a busy little petroleum engine all exposed to view. A notification in a prominent place was to the effect that the mine was 5,983 feet deep, and a pretentious windmill over a yawning shaft added probability to this statement. Then the Highland Society's tableau came into view, and a most attractive one it was, representing the historical scene, 'The Farewell of Prince Charles Stuart to Flora McDonald.' The principal characters were taken by Mr W. P. Stuart and Miss Flora McAllister. A neatly thatched hut was in the centre, and contained a spinning wheel presided over by Mrs Nicolson, assisted by Mrs Blackmore, who could be seen vigorously carding the wool. Miss Annie McRae took the part of the Highland lassie as to the manner born, and the Prince's Irish friend Colonel O'Neal was enacted by Mr Pat Tynce, who was got up most elaborately for the occasion.

The United Friends in full regalia and with their banner bearing appropriate devices were next in evidence, and were followed by the 'Brunner Relief,' a cruiser of most elaborate pattern, navigated by Captain Tonkin and manned by a heterogeneity of 'sailor chaps,' who proved themselves expert mariners and A.B.'s all. The Druids, with their ghostly gownings and venerable beardings, came next on the scene, and were gazed upon with awe and reverence by both young and old. Following close upon their heels came the 'Darktown Fire Brigade' (the Spit Brigade) with their fire extinguisher, the 'Niagara,' which it was intimated in bold lettering was 'Made in Germany.'

The Salvage Corps followed in battle array with their life-saving apparatus in full working order.

The third division, headed by the City Band in full number, was marshalled by Mr Waterworth, and was followed by Conroy and Co.'s magnificent display of meats in due season. This trophy attracted universal attention and much favourable comment, and its preparation must have entailed an enormous amount of labour on those responsible for its construction. The tattoo work on the various joints was a distinct work of art, while the small goods were tastefully interspered amongst the larger viands; the whole being adorned with flowers of all descriptions hung in choice festoons from every vantage point. Following the main exhibit, which was in charge of Mr Woodham, were eleven

butcher's carts, elaborately betrimmed with flowers and evergreens, driven by Conroy and Co.'s employes; Messrs Dick, Walden, Pruart, Anderson, Mulcaster, Keys, Butler, McLernon, Ender, Griffin, and Pleased.

Several polo players in full regalia, mounted on their ponies, came next on the scene and added an attractive feature to the display. The milk trade was represented by a solitary cart bearing some beautiful bouquets and specimens of cut flowers.

A number of vehicles bearing the exhibits of Messrs Glassford and Heron came next in order, one having a

cargo of loaves of every size, shape, and make, another a wedding cake of more than ordinary pretensions, a third a cargo of cakes, biscuits, and small goods, and yet another filled with bags of flour and parcels of miscellaneous goods. Added to this generous display, which was contained in vehicles got up in tip-top style as far as outside adornment went, was a staff of outriders with baskets crammed with oysters, fruit, etc., *ad lib.*

A little further on the Choral and Floral Society's exhibit came into view, the gigantic pyramid of beauty amongst the flowers being provocative of many 'Ahs!'



HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S TABLEAU.



A MEAT DISPLAY.



THE BRUNNER RELIEF CRUISER.



THE CHILDREN.

and 'Ohs!' from an admiring multitude. It was reserved for the Junior Club to bring up the rear with a striking tableau typical of its aims and objects. Science, the arts, industry, sociability, education, amusements, etc., were all represented by members of the club in different part tableaux, the whole being surmounted by a young lady on a pedestal representing virtue. We are indebted for our description to the *Honolulu Bay Herald*.

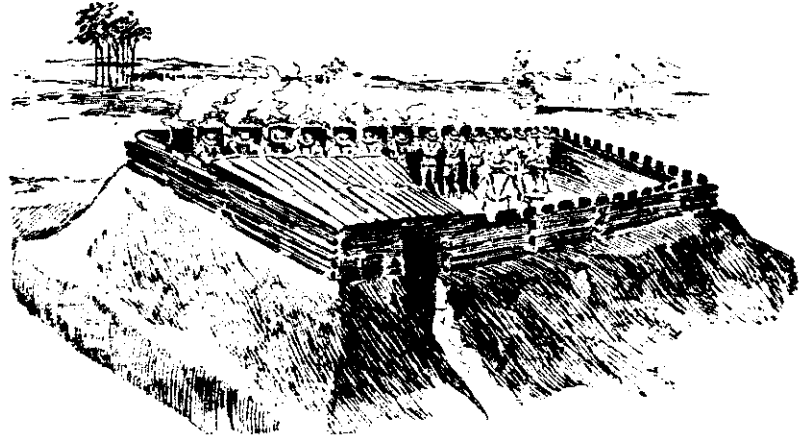


MAXIMO GOMEZ, CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURRECTION
(Drawn by V. Gribayedoff from a recent photo)

DYNAMITE BALLOON.

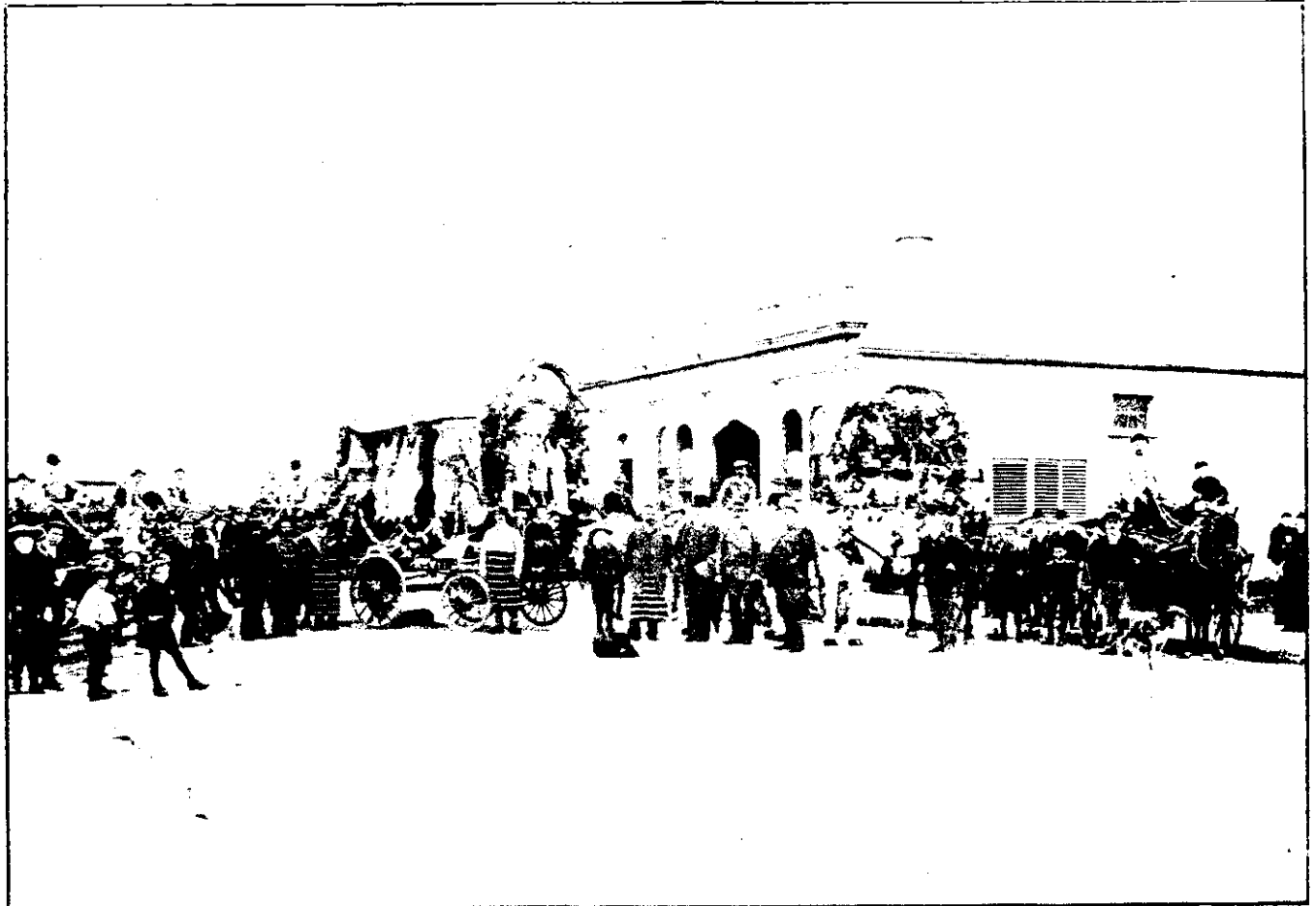
A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Inter Ocean submits to it what is claimed to be a practical method of carrying dynamite steel pointed shells to high altitudes and dropping the same on the decks of invading ironclads, etc. The apparatus consists of a dirigible balloon combined with a parachute. The parachute is inverted and attached underneath the balloon for the purpose of preventing the upward jerk when the weight of dynamite is suddenly dropped, giving time to let off gas so as to prevent the balloon ascending to bursting altitudes. The parachute is closed at all times except just at the moment of dropping the dynamite shell. The form of dirigible balloon has been in actual use for several years. This style of balloon will make headway against headwind of from five to fifteen miles velocity. It is worked by one-man power, similarly to the bicycle, and, in fact, is called a 'sky cycle.' It can be made

to carry several hundreds of pounds of dynamite. The addition of a parachute to it constitutes a machine by which dynamite shells can be carried to great heights and safely dropped. A parachute of twenty feet diameter will neutralize the jerk of 200 pounds suddenly detached. The shock will be greater than a fall of two or three feet. Thousands of people have seen the 'parachute jump,' where the fall commenced with a closed parachute. In the dynamite balloon, says the inventor of this combination balloon, the parachute is allowed to open itself before the dynamite shell is let go. This combination makes of it a model war-like engine, just the thing for coast defence, and can be built with little cost comparatively. One complete apparatus capable of carrying from 300 to 500 pounds of dynamite a mile or more high will not cost over \$500—not half the cost of one single shell shot from one of the big Krupp guns. One shell falling a mile or more from the balloon would destroy the strongest iron-clad battleship. If the balloon is painted a cloud gray it would look like a cloud, even in the path of the strongest electric searchlight.



A MILITARY STOCKADE IN CUBA.

Throughout the territory in and around Bejucal, in the province of Havana, the troops have erected temporary stockades, fortresses and redoubts, which serve as a sort of headquarters for the scouts and picket lines defending the approaches to Havana.



BRUNNER RELIEF DEMONSTRATION AT NAPIER.

STRATHMORE HOSPITAL

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

A MODERN SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

A VISIT TO STRATHMORE.

THE writers of medical books tell us that forty years ago 90 per cent. of abdominal operations terminated fatally. To-day, in the hands of special operators, and under favourable conditions as to hygiene, this rate has been reduced to between 2½ per cent. and 3 per cent., but in operations by promiscuous operators, and under favourable conditions, the death rate is much higher, the average reaching something like 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. The reasons for this are two-fold. Firstly, there has been a great advance in surgical science or technique, and, secondly, there has been the use of aseptic precautions and surroundings. A marked advance in the direction of obtaining these conditions for favourable operations has been made in our midst by the provision of a building known as Strathmore Hospital, which has been fitted up with all the most improved and up-to-date aseptic appliances. Indeed, there is not, it is stated, in the Southern Hemisphere to-day any hospital possessing the same specially constructed rooms, etc., for the carrying out of the most delicate and important operations with the minimum of risk, an advantage which up to now it has

as far as possible the risk inseparable from every serious operation. With this view a specially constructed operating room has been built. This is 18ft square, lighted by windows having southern and eastern aspects. Each window is 8ft by 6ft, and in addition there are also three skylights. The great point in the arrangement of the room is the precaution taken to ensure the admission only of air which has been rendered aseptic, whereby a very great element of danger in operating is removed, and also the regulation of the temperature. In order to prevent the radiation of heat, the walls and ceilings of the operating room are of coke concrete, six inches in thickness in the walls, five in the floor, and three in the ceiling. The whole of this is covered with Portland cement, and, in addition, the interior of the room is lined with stout sheets of glass bedded in plaster of Paris and fixed firmly in position. The sheets come close to each other, so that there is but a little line in the solid glass surface, thus ensuring that there can be no lodgment of microbes. The windows are of double glass of extra thickness, and are fitted at the top and bottom of the sashes with air filters. They are on the counterbalancing principle, and the frames are fitted with two sheets of wire gauze, between which are placed layers of cotton wool for mechanically filtering the air with medical gauze to render it aseptic. The room is also fitted with a very effective ventilating chamber, from which the air passes into a heating receptacle behind a gas fire. By the opening or shutting of a ventilator the temperature of the room can be raised and lowered at pleasure, and a uniform temperature of 90 deg. and upwards can be

which will be used for sterilising instruments, the boiler of which is electro-plated and the table of glass. No mouldings of any kind have been used in fitting up the other rooms of the Hospital, the junctions between the walls and the floors being all convex. The windows throughout are all fitted with counterbalancing sashes, and so devised that fresh air is freely admitted and the vitiated withdrawn without the least draught being felt. For winter ventilation, and for the bathrooms and other offices, some of which are lined with glass in the manner described in the operating room, special provision has been made. Throughout the appliances are of the most modern type, combining everything that can be provided for the purpose of rendering operations absolutely safe, except in cases where the results are entirely beyond human control, and Christchurch can be congratulated on possessing an establishment quite unique in its completeness, one the like of which is not to be found to-day even in the large centres of population in the Old Country. The work has been carried out most successfully by the builder, Mr Harry, under the supervision of the architect, Mr S. Hurst-Seager.

At the annual meeting of the North Canterbury Hospital Board Mr W. Moor, chairman of the Board, in making his annual report referred to Strathmore Hospital in the following words:—'While on the subject of improvement I should like to say a few words on the great improvement in the surgical methods illustrated by Mrs T. Cochrane Brown's Private Hospital at Strathmore, Ferry Road. I recently visited this institution, of which Dr. Townend, one of our honorary consulting staff, is



F. W. Dutch, photo.

STRATHMORE HOSPITAL.

not been possible to obtain, whatever amount of skill or expenditure of money was brought to bear. The completion of the building under notice marks a great advance in the direction of reducing the danger of operations to a minimum, and no doubt ere long the appliances described below will be introduced into our public institutions in the colony. As the matter is one of considerable public importance, a member of the staff of the *Press* paid a visit to the Hospital a few days ago, with a view to inspecting the special arrangements which have been made there. The building, which is situate on the Ferry road, just over the East Belt, contains thirty rooms, and has been very substantially constructed. It has been placed at the disposal of Dr. J. H. Townend by Mrs J. Cochrane Brown for use as a hospital, mainly, as will be seen, for surgical cases. In having the hospital built, Mrs Brown has been actuated chiefly by humanitarian motives, and the pecuniary considerations have in no way influenced her. She felt that there was real necessity for an institution where persons having to undergo surgical treatment should have the benefit of the best hygienic conditions, thus minimising

maintained if required. By means of the ventilating arrangements the air of the room can be changed, if necessary, ten times an hour. The skylights are fitted with spring blinds, so that the light can be regulated, and these blinds act between double glasses. The means of thoroughly and completely cleansing the walls, ceiling, and floor of the operating room, which is a very important matter, has been provided for very effectively. The floor is laid with a slight slope to one corner, where there is a discharging pipe. A hose is provided which can be fitted on to either hot or cold water, and a copious and thorough drenching of all parts of the room can thus be given. The furniture of the room is all aseptic, and has been specially imported from Messrs Richard Knyn and Co., New York. The operating-table is from the design of Dr. Edelnois, and consists of three plates of polished French glass, set in iron frames. The table is also fitted with rubber casters, and is eminently fitted for laparotomy and gynaecological work, as well as all kinds of general operations. A steriliser is provided, in which the clothes worn by the doctors and the nurses' dresses will be sterilised. There is also a smaller one

medical officer, and was greatly impressed with the advantages of the modern, scientific, aseptic surgery practised there. The precautions taken against danger to the patients operated upon from infection by germs are really wonderful, and aseptic surgery as there practised has been the means of saving many lives, which under the old state of things would certainly have been lost. This is especially true in regard to abdominal surgery in which operations can now be safely performed, which a few years ago would almost certainly have resulted fatally. The public undoubtedly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Townend for having introduced aseptic surgery, which will doubtless be the means of saving hundreds of lives, for now it has been begun in Christchurch it is sure to be taken up elsewhere in the colony. I look upon this matter as of so much importance that I consider that all public hospitals in the various centres should send representatives to Strathmore to familiarise themselves with the methods there followed, and that it should be made incumbent on the hospital authorities in each large centre to provide an institution conducted on similar lines. It would be well if the minute

precautions taken at Strathmore were observed in the operating-rooms of all hospitals, for even where the surroundings are not so favourable as they are there, the risk to the patients would be much lessened if more care were exercised in guarding against infection than I am afraid is now generally the case. It would be well I think if this Board were to appoint someone to inquire fully into the details of the work carried on in the interesting and valuable institution I have referred to. In conclusion I may add that from among my own relations and friends—and I speak with confidence—operations which could not have been performed a few years ago can now be done with safety. The case of my own niece is a remarkable one. She had consumption in the abdomen, and at the time of operation was in a truly desperate state, but an abdominal operation performed by Dr. Townend completely restored her to health. I might indeed say a great deal more, but suffice it to say that the aseptic surgery of to-day, as now practised at Strathmore, is almost beyond one's belief.—*Christchurch Press.*

HE BROKE UP THE GAME.

In public, as well as in private, one should ever be mindful of the rights of others. Not long since a clergyman accompanied by two young ladies was travelling. It was nearing the hour of midnight, yet they had not ordered their sleeping berths made up. Instead, they were indulging in a game of words—trying to see who could think of the most words that begin with this or that letter.

They spent half an hour or more on 'A,' and then went to 'B' with a freshness that seemed to indicate that they intended, despite the lateness of the hour, to go to the end of the alphabet. At any rate, that was the impression they gave to the tired man in the berth opposite, who was trying in vain to sleep.

Presently there came a lull, when none of the three seemed able to think of another B. The tired man took advantage of the lull. Parting his curtain the least bit of a space, he shouted,

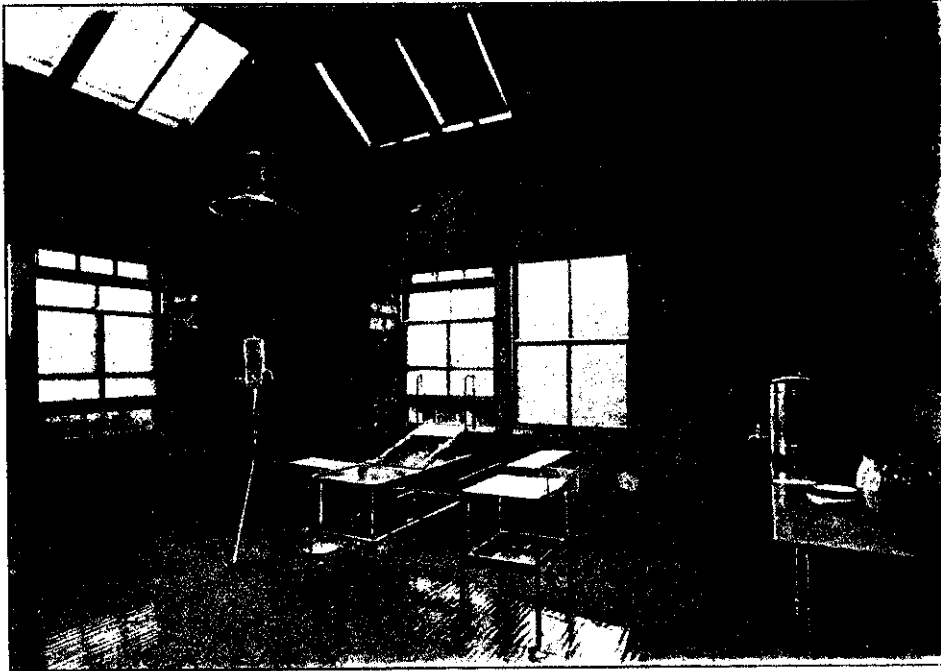
'And "bores," sir—"bores"!"'

THE JAPANESE STAGE.

TO a stranger one of the most curious sights in Japan is a house of public entertainment. A more extraordinary or interesting spectacle can scarcely be imagined, and is certainly not to be witnessed in any other portion of the civilized world. In nearly every street in the city of Tokio is always to be found one or more of these places of amusement. It is rendered conspicuous by placards posted on a square box hung in a prominent place, announcing that Messrs So and So will give an entertainment regularly between certain dates, and at night this box is lit up with candles.

At the entrance to the house is a large wooden till, in which is placed three pinches of salt for 'luck.' Close up is stationed a man who cries at intervals, 'Come in! Come in, ladies and gentlemen, and see our wonderful exhibition. It will tickle your liver and make the lean grow fat from laughing. Come in, my pretty maid, and we will show you the features of your lover.'

The performance usually commences at 7 o'clock in the morning and closes at 6 o'clock in the evening, and, including the intervals, which are frequent and long, the fun is kept up all day. As the dawn appears in the east the sound of music issues from the building. And by the time the sun has risen above the billtops numbers of country people, who have partaken of an early breakfast, may be seen, dressed in holiday attire, with babies on their backs and baskets of food and bottles of wine in their hands, wending their way to the house of entertainment. The married ladies are conspicuous by their closely-shaven eyebrows and black teeth, and the troops of children following at their heels; while the maidens can be distinguished by the powder on their cheeks and ermine-painted lips. In the city the young girls rise earlier than usual and hastily complete their elaborate toilet in order to be present at the commencement of the performance. They are easily distinguished from the country maidens by their less ruddy complexions and more genteel manners.



F. W. Dutch, photo.

THE OPERATING ROOM—STRATHMORE HOSPITAL.



F. W. Dutch, photo.

THE LAWN—STRATHMORE HOSPITAL.



DANJURO ICHIKAWA IN ANCIENT COSTUME.

On arriving at the place of amusement the audience take off their geta or clogs and place them in the custody of a man, who charges a nominal sum for taking care of them. As there are no seats in a house of public entertainment in Tokio, the audience squat cross-legged on the mats in the space allotted to them and make themselves comfortable for the day. The men and women light their pipes and while away the time by rehearsing pleasant reminiscences until the performance begins. Jugglers, storytellers, magic lantern exhibitors, who are considered the forerunners of prosperity and harbingers of peace, entertain the public both day and night.

The performance always takes place in the upper story of the house. At one extremity of the room is an elevated platform for the performers, on which is a firebox and tea service, and at each end are two candlesticks. A storyteller steps upon the platform, drinks a cup of tea in order to strengthen his tongue and improve his voice, wipes his mouth with a handkerchief, snuffs the candles, then coughs a respectable cough. At first he speaks softly, but raises his voices and increases in eloquence as he proceeds. During the recital of his story he trifles with a fan, which is ever in his hand, laughs, weeps, sings and gets drunk; makes erratic movements with his hands and rolls his eyes about in imitation of the imaginary beings of whom he is speaking. At one time

he is a lovely lady; then changes to a country fellow, speaking in the rustic idiom. Now he is an actor on the stage, or is transformed into a horrible-looking ghost. Indeed, he represents the various characters of life, and his wit and puns keep the audience in a continual state of hilarity. When the storyteller has concluded there is an interval of about thirty minutes, during which smokers call for fire boxes, the thirsty for tea, while hungry folks cry out for cakes and fruit. A lottery is also got up, and thus the people are occupied until an-

The next part of the performance is somewhat different. A large paper screen hangs down at the edge of the platform. Suddenly flutes are blown and drums beaten. Then five or six trunks of green pine trees appear on the paper screen, after which a man habited in ceremonial dress with a yeboshi on his head makes his appearance, holding a bell in his right hand and a fan in his left. He moves his eyes and eyebrows about, rings his bell, flourishes his fan, and dances so gracefully to the accompanying music that the spectators are misled into the belief that it is not real flesh and blood performing for their edification, but a ghost. In a moment the seeming phantom vanishes, and immediately after a variety of lovely plants and beautiful trees make their appearance. There are plum trees, peonies, chrysanthemums, and lotuses, all of which are made to produce buds and blossoms and charming flowers, to the astonishment of the beholders, who manifest their approbation by frequent and loud applause. The scene changes. The garden disappears, and in its place is a temple adorned with red and white flags and lighted by rows of small lanterns. Worshippers are visible passing to and fro, throwing their contributions into the box and praying. Bald-headed priests, apparelled in gorgeous-tinted garments, are seen, while the murmur of their monotonous prayer, 'Nama Budzu, nama Budzu' (My God, my God), is distinctly heard. At length the music stops, the temple drum ceases to beat, and the worshippers disappear as mysteriously as they came.

Again the scene changes. It is night—midnight. Hark! There breaks upon the ear the footman's cry of 'Wakiyore!' (give way.) It is a procession of foxes. They proceed very slowly. Some are carrying mats, others lighting the procession by torches held between their teeth, and more are carrying wooden sticks and bamboo poles. The procession is that of a lady fox who is on her way to be married, and as soon as it has passed through a gate all the foxes are transformed into men, the mats into boxes, torches into lanterns, bamboo poles to spears and the wooden sticks to Sedan chairs. The procession passes over the screen and vanishes. This scene is frequently followed by a tragedy known as the 'Ghost of Kasane.' Kasane was a woman who incurred the dis-

pleasure of her lord and husband and was brutally murdered by him. On the stage the murderer is seen sitting in a room which is only dimly lighted. Beside him is a shelf on which is a tablet in commemoration of the dead. He strikes a bell and repeats a prayer, after which the face of the ghost appears on the screen, from which emanate reproachful words. The face alternately changes from a deathly pallor to a healthy hue, from large to small, and so on. Anon it is of huge size.



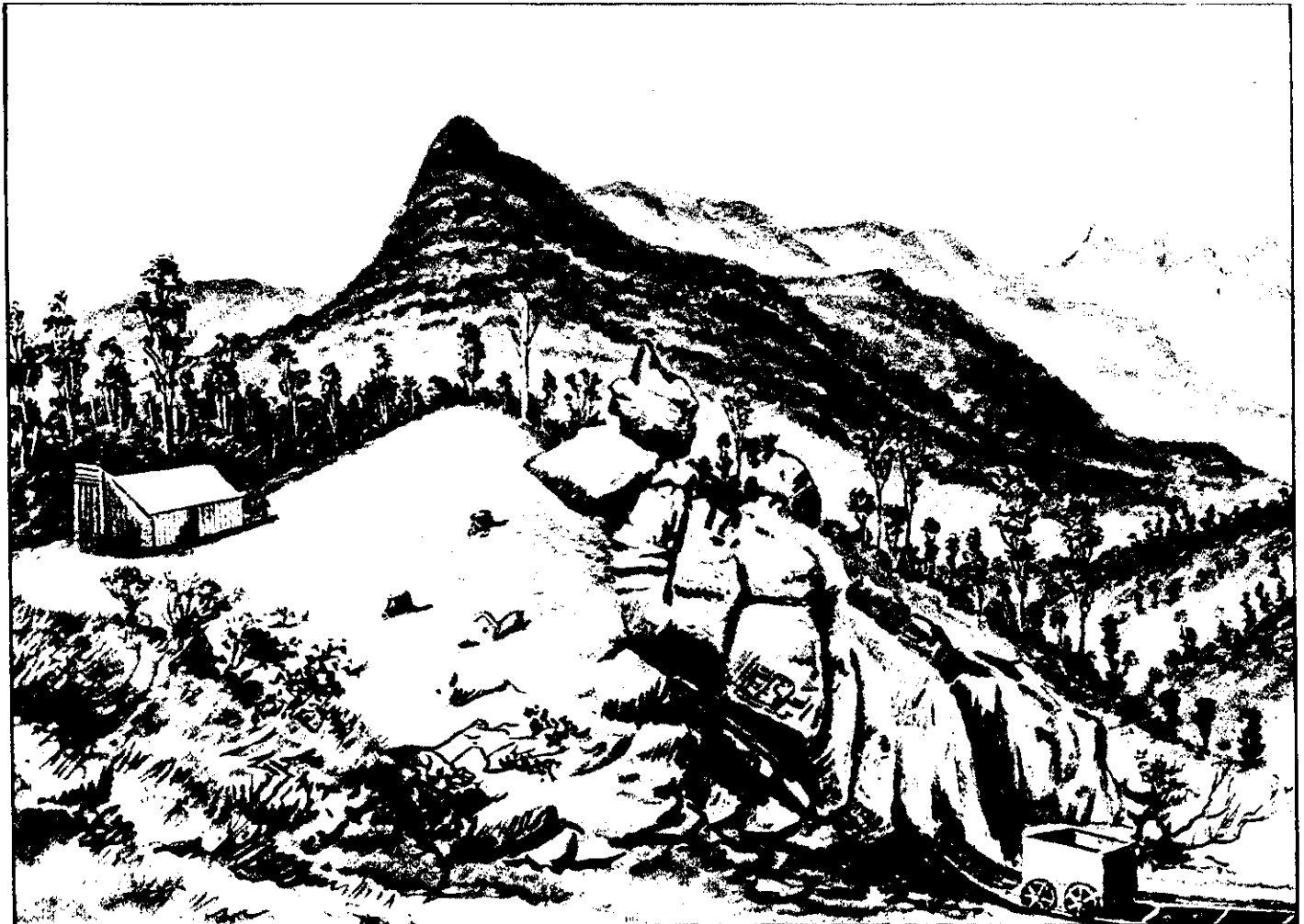
DANJURO ICHIKAWA, THE LEADING ACTOR IN JAPAN, AS A WARRIOR.

other storyteller steps upon the stage. He is usually a superior actor and orator to the other; his eloquence is louder, his laughter admirable, and weeping wonderful, while his imitation of a drunken man is perfection itself.



REPRESENTATION OF THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN BY A MALE ACTOR.

From the mouth bursts forth a stream of blood, while the eyes flash forth angry glances. At this stage of the proceedings an eminent priest approaches, repeats a prayer, flourishes his rosary and the spirit vanishes.



Buddha then comes from heaven in the clouds, and the spirit of the murdered woman is observed sitting on the petals of a flower, being now an angel. All is brilliantly illuminated by the light from heaven, and lovely flowers are seen in full bloom.

After another interval, the length of which would discourage and weary an English or Colonial audience beyond endurance but not a Japanese—who amuse themselves by eating, drinking, smoking and chatting the time away, or by playing simple games—a herald announces with a great rhetorical flourish that the most renowned ventriloquist in the world will make the very supports of the building talk and sing to them. Although the majority present are quite familiar with the wonderful pranks of this genius, they at once manifest as much interest as though they had never heard of such an astonishingly clever individual. Ashes are knocked out of the little pipes, dishes and edibles hastily collected and put away, maidens straighten out their ruffled garments and all are ready to give their undivided attention to talking posts and voices from heaven. The discordant notes of a samisen, which is a stringed instrument bearing a crude resemblance to a guitar, are heard in season and out of season as an accompaniment to a cracked, jerky, and spasmodic female voice, the combination producing an excruciating sound sufficiently agonizing to make a quartette of Kilkenny cats hide their heads for shame or send the fine chords of Paderewski's musical anatomy into convulsions. But it is charming to the Japanese.

At length everybody wearies, and the programme is changed to the recital of blood-curdling ghost stories which make the old folks utter exclamations of astonishment, while a creeping feeling passes through the frames of the children, who look nervously about them as they huddle closer to the maternal side. The ghost stories are indulged in until a sudden storm breaks over their heads and startles the audience. To the roar of thunder is added the lightning's flash in such a realistic manner as to create alarm and consternation. The noise of the storm is enhanced by the banging of doors and windows, and the entertainment is brought to a close. Occasion-

ally a disturbance takes place among the spectators which temporarily eclipses the performance on the stage, but such occurrences are very rare, considering the crude manner of providing accommodations for such a mixed crowd as attend these pleasure resorts. It is a simply a matter of time, however, when all such defects will be remedied and the good old-fashioned performances are relegated among the things of the past, for foreign innovations have already appeared on the stage, as in most everything else in Japan.

AMUSEMENTS.

THERE can be no doubt at all that a certain amount of recreation is a necessity for the healthy human being. Without it minds become unhinged and bodies become diseased. The strain of continued labour kills. It is not so much the toil that is dangerous, as the monotony.

Addison truly says that 'pleasure and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour.' But the mistake which is too generally made, and which certainly defeats its own end, is to imagine that amusement is the purpose and aim of our existence.

Tully rightly tells us that 'where pleasure prevails, all the greatest virtues will lose their power.' Nothing is more easily abused than this pursuit of recreation. To find the golden mean is so difficult.

The true object of life is undoubtedly work of some kind or other; labour of the hands or of the brain, or of both together. Amusement is the relaxation which fits us for continuing our work; and therefore, though of great importance, can only be given a secondary place. It occupies somewhat the same position as our appetite for food. We can not do without it, as we can not do without eating or sleeping, but it is not the goal, the motive, the purpose of life. We live for a higher purpose.

The best possible proof that amusement is not the chief end of man, is the discontent which it always brings with it when it usurps that condition. Only those who keep their recreations in the right place know how

to properly enjoy them. They lose their freshness at once if advanced to the premier position. None are so restless and discontented as the constant pursuer of pleasure.

There are persons who have so fallen under this slavery that they can not even enjoy a quiet evening at home. If left to themselves they are miserable. They have totally neglected their inner resources, and when there is no external amusement they have nothing to draw upon. They are bankrupt of all that makes for peace and content. As Matthew Arnold puts it:

'They never once possess their soul
Before they die.'

It is a pitiable condition, but we fear that it is common enough. Do we not all know persons who are dissatisfied, fretful, unhappy, simply for the reason that they are starving their better natures—living superficial existences—votaries of constant amusement and pleasure?

But the constant amusement ceases to amuse; the so-called pleasure palls terribly; its ways are not ways of pleasantness, nor its paths peace. Yet it is difficult, almost impossible, to break loose from the bondage. The burden of habit holds them down, and the result is sometimes catastrophe.

Many ruined lives have been wrecked simply by this placing amusement before them as the aim and goal.

At best, recreation is a means to an end—a rightful and legitimate means; a good servant, but a terribly bad master. It is apt to become tyrannical and selfish, when unduly indulged, that it crushes all the faculty for nobler enjoyment—all the possibility of enjoying quiet, peaceful hours—all the exquisite contentment that comes of working for others.

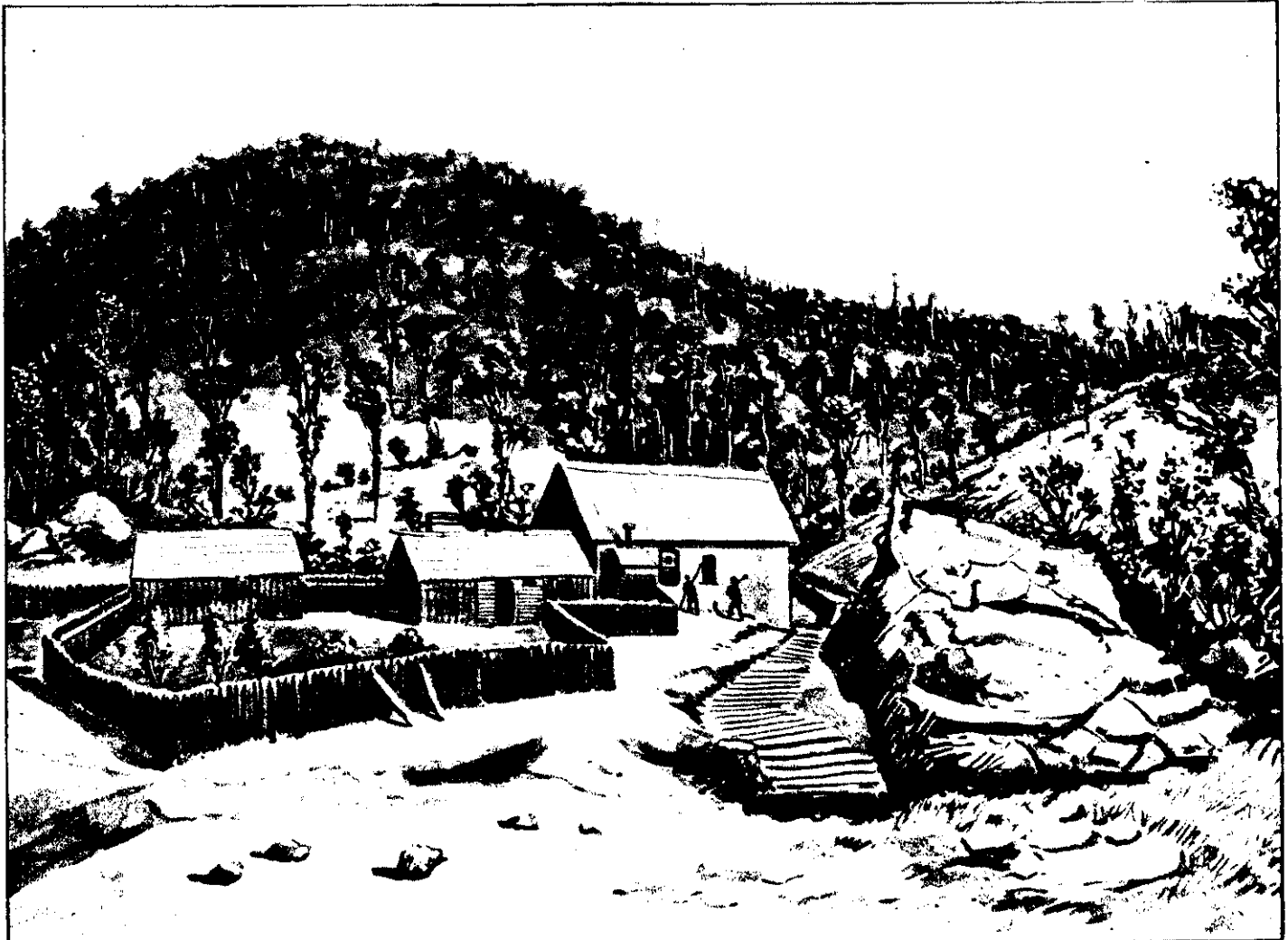
We may well beware of this canker, this vampire. It is so easy to convert a good thing into bad.

Seneca draws a striking picture of our fate when we have surrendered ourselves to the constant quest of amusement. He says:

'What is the worst of all, when we grow weary of the public, and betake ourselves to solitude for relief, our minds are sick and wallowing, and the very house and walls are troublesome to us.'

There are people whose own homes are a weariness to them. What can be more deplorable than that? This is brought about by the mere exaggeration of what is a natural and healthy instinct.

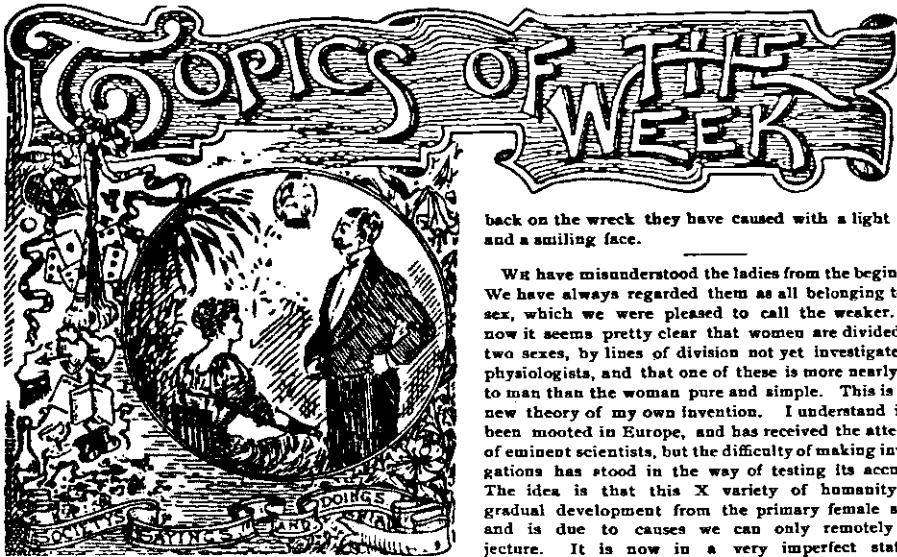
As we spoil our taste for wholesome food by pampering ourselves with artificial dainties, so do we spoil the taste for pure enjoyments by continually seeking for artificial recreations. An ever-increasing stimulant is necessary to stir the jaded palate at all. The pleasure of life is lost by its being sacrificed to 'perpetual pleasures.'



PICTURES AT AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.



1. Scarboro.—R. Atkinson. 2. Grief.—Miss Joel. 3. Cabbage Tree Swamp.—F. Wright. 4. Field Flowers.—Miss M. O. Stoddart.
 From Sketch by Mr. Bartley. 5. Sunset, Whangarei Harbour.—J. L. Drummond.



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

HER MAJESTY'S seventy-seventh birthday was celebrated throughout the colony on Monday last in the usual manner, and with the customary amount of loyal enthusiasm. Perhaps I should say enthusiasm without the adjective, for it may be questioned whether the idea of loyalty enters very much into the popular celebration of the day; or if it does, whether it is not rather loyalty to the axiom that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' than to the sovereign lady who rules over the British Empire. Of course in saying this I am not for an instant supposing that there is any lack of true loyalty to the Queen in New Zealand. I believe our sense of devotion to her is very deep; but I hardly think it is raised many degrees above its normal temperature on the 24th of May. It is as a holiday that we honour the day just in the same way as we honour St. Patrick's and St. George's Day. Nobody would say that our rejoicings on these days were due to an intense adoration of either of the saints. In the same way the keeping of the birthday is no index of our loyalty to our sovereign any more than our neglect of the occasion is a sign of disloyalty. Our devotion is not occasional, but perennial. It is rooted deep down in the hearts of the people, and very often where it is strongest its outward manifestations are the least conspicuous. Though it may not show itself after the French fashion in extravagant testifying, it is there all the same—a loyalty for Queenship in its highest sense. The time when men believed in the divine right of kings and princes, and high-minded cavaliers were prepared to sacrifice everything they possessed for a weak, selfish, and ungrateful monarch simply because he wore the crown—that day is past for ever. The sovereign who would command the devotion of his people must gain it by something more than 'divine right' in the old sense. He must gain it by those qualities of heart and head which go to the making of good men and good kings alike. And it is by the possession of such qualities in a super-eminent degree that Queen Victoria holds her sway over the hearts of her people, and will hold it long after she has ceased to reign over the British Empire.

TYPE X.

THE brain women," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'never interest us like the heart-women; white roses please less than red.' Of course we all agree with the genial Professor; red roses for us. But still I must confess that that recently-perfected type of femininity, the public tongue-woman, who claims sisterhood with the brain-woman, though her claim be the shallowest imaginable, has a strange fascination for me. She has even, in some degree, ousted the heart-woman, who reigns by love in my mind and soul, and, I am ashamed to say it, has gained a certain ascendancy over me, and keeps it if only by fear. For the fact is I never know what she will do next. You can with some degree of certainty prognosticate what the average sane man will do, but of women, when once they kick over the conventional traces and snap their fingers in Mrs Grundy's horrified face, you can only say that they will do what they take it into their heads to do. Men will not smash their old idols into atoms and leap at a bound beyond the influence of their ancient traditions. They are really timid creatures who do not break readily with their old ideas. But with the women, or at least a large section of them, it is altogether different. They can do these things without a twinge of compunction, and look

back on the wreck they have caused with a light heart and a smiling face.

We have misunderstood the ladies from the beginning. We have always regarded them as all belonging to one sex, which we were pleased to call the weaker. But now it seems pretty clear that women are divided into two sexes, by lines of division not yet investigated by physiologists, and that one of these is more nearly akin to man than the woman pure and simple. This is not a new theory of my own invention. I understand it has been mooted in Europe, and has received the attention of eminent scientists, but the difficulty of making investigations has stood in the way of testing its accuracy. The idea is that this X variety of humanity is a gradual development from the primary female stock, and is due to causes we can only remotely conjecture. It is now in a very imperfect state of transition, and outwardly shows little physical divergence from the ordinary woman. If psychology were a more exact science than it is it would be easier to distinguish the type by its mental characteristics, for it is in these that it differentiates itself from man and woman as we know them. As it is we are working very much in the dark. It has been objected to this theory of a third sex, that among the lower animals such a monstrosity as we would call it is never met with. To this the answer is that the development of man has not been on natural but on artificial lines, and as that development proceeds analogies between him and the lower animals become fewer and less reliable.

It is interesting to think that a new variety of mankind is being slowly evolved in our midst without our being able to detect it clearly. I suppose, however, that in prehistoric ages the particular race of gorillas from which man has the honour to claim descent, never paid much attention to those specimens of their race which were slowly but surely evolving out of monkeyhood into manhood. If they had detected the change and dreamt of the results, there would probably have never been such a being as man, or such places of amusement as Zoological Gardens. Unfortunately perhaps for themselves, our Simian ancestors did not recognise the trend of events. But the question is, are we likely to be wiser in our day and generation? The X type we have been discussing, may it not, if allowed to go on developing and evolving, develop into something inimical to man and woman? It looks very much as if it would. The tendencies in those women who exhibit the most marked divergencies from the normal type are painfully antagonistic to man—so much so that it seems to me most necessary that we should be on our guard. The X type may in its more advanced stages be better or worse than man, but that is not the question which concerns us. The instinct of self-preservation prompts us to ask another question: Will the new type be stronger than man? If it threatens to become so then there is but one course open to us if we would not be reduced to a condition of grovelling serfdom. We must stamp out type X.

It may seem a horrible suggestion to some people, and at first sight the naturally chivalric heart of man recoils from such a thing. But, brothers, you must steel your nerves to the work. These are not really women whom you would destroy, though they wear the outward semblance of women. I am not counselling a massacre, for as yet it would be impossible to discriminate our foes from our friends. Not all the new women are embryos of type X. But what I do urge is the formation of men's leagues to agitate for the retention by the male sex of the powers and privileges which are being rapidly filched from us.

OUR FRIVOLITY.

THE conclusions arrived at by Mutual Improvement Societies in the course of their discussions on the many and various subjects chosen for debate are not always unassailable. As has most truly been said, 'Even the youngest of us is not infallible,' and one may occasionally be pardoned for daring to call in question the decisions of even a debating club or a literary society. Admitting the wisdom and deep experience of the members of these excellent organisations it is impossible to deny that their advocacy of the affirmative or negative of a question is a pure matter of arrangement, not one of conviction. Like lawyers, they are

prepared to plead or to oppose any cause, and all they really want is a peg on which to hang their polemical eloquence. Having said so much, I am emboldened to doubt the finding of a certain Auckland Mutual Improvement Society which lately worried the question, 'Are we as a nation likely to become frivolous?' and after a close contest of wits, agreed by an overwhelming majority that we are not. If the question had been 'Are we as a Mutual Improvement Society likely to become frivolous?' the answer could only have been in the negative, for the mere fact of the Society tackling such a query showed an earnestness and a self-examination that was a sufficient guarantee against frivolity in any shape or form. But I am not at all so sure that the members were right in their conclusion with regard to the national tendency in this respect. For my part I have a very great apprehension that the people in the north are inclined to develop that love of pleasure and lightness of mind which are the characteristics of inhabitants living under a semi-tropic sun. I have had some experience of the tropics, and can say that Creoles—who, by the way, are not people with dark blood in their veins as some folk appear to imagine—become after they have lived long in the warm climate very much creatures of impulse, living for the pleasure of the moment, and more concerned about trifles than weighty matters. Love of pleasure and a certain irresponsibility are, I venture to say, distinct features among the majority of our young people, and though we would certainly not like them to be owls, yet there is a clear line of demarcation between youthful joyousness born of high animal spirits and that careless, selfish thoughtlessness which betokens a shallow nature. Of course a great deal depends on what you understand by frivolousness. Properly speaking, before the discussion opened a definition of the exact degree of trifling silliness which constituted frivolity should have been agreed on. Perhaps what I call frivolity you may think admissible fun, and what you call frivolity may appear to me to be drivelling idiocy. That we shall ever get to the latter stage—although M. Renan supposed it quite possible for the human race to reach that point of degeneration—is to me a very remote possibility; but there is a good deal of probability of our attaining to that mental condition which I would call frivolous.

PIRATES!

FOR proficiency in the gentle art of making love and paying delightful compliments to the ladies, commend me to the sailor. How these wily sea dogs can 'pile it on!' It makes a landsman green as the ocean with envy, and almost as sick as he would be were on the billows, to see the way, the easy way, Jack can sail up to some sweet little craft, exchange signals with her, and straightway take her in tow. How is it we land-lubbers have such a trouble in getting into the good graces of the female heart when Jack can do it with such consummate ease? Surely we have had as much practice as he and a great deal more. While he has been tossing about the ocean we have had an extended innings and plenty of time to make a good match, but we don't manage it somehow. Then Jack smacking of the briny rolls along and bowls us clean out in the first over. These metaphors, nautical and cricketal, are rather mixed, but the idea of the whole thing is enough to make anybody mixed. Have you noticed how Admiral Bowden Smith has been firing compliments at the fair sex of Australasia from the United Service Institution in London, and firing with such a fine discretion that he is hitting their hearts even at that long range? Oh, that sad sea dog! Doesn't he put it nicely? He says, as we all say, that the colonial girls are not only frequently very attractive, but are, as a rule, well versed in household and domestic matters, which render them excellent wives and mothers. But the difference between us and the Admiral is that while we would finish there, he goes on to deplore the sad havoc the Australasian ladies play with the hearts of the young lieutenants of the Queen's navy in these waters. He is apparently most serious in his apprehensions lest the squadron should suffer irretrievable demoralisation through the colonial sirens, and one would almost conclude that he contemplated getting the Admiralty to pass an order requiring officers on the Australasian station to have their eyes blindfolded just as Ulysses' men had to have their ears stopped with cotton wool. There is a compliment for you!

BUT I ask any unprejudiced individual, is it fair? 'All is fair in love and war,' the officers will probably reply. Well, if that is going to be the position they take up, I know some young colonialists who will not rest till the squadron is swept from the blue Australasian seas. It is all very well pretending that they are here to protect us, but sounds!—I wish I knew some big nautical oath which was at the same time respectable—they are really here to thwart and attack us. When a quondam Admiral takes to singing at the Australasian lasses, I

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,

'Hoy! 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 verses are still more obscure

'Ye fools that see your gold lie waste;
Ye curs that ne'er the foe have faced;
Ye knaves whose gain is others' loss;
Ye fiends that jest 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 jest 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 idea 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 do not 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.

A TERRIBLE COUGH. A TERRIBLE COUGH.

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

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,
'A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh.
L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

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CURED.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'MISS WILLIAMS.'—Thanks; will do admirably. Kindly write for the future on one side of the paper only. Were your article not so good, I should have declined it because of its not complying with a usually well-understood press rule. I will do as you request, and publish it under your *nom de plume*, which, however, I have had some difficulty in deciphering.

'Pinto.'—Your heroine is not one who can command anyone's sympathy. She is asickly, sentimental idiot without one redeeming quality. The hero is almost a poorer character. Indeed, by reason of his being a man he is far worse. Not one of your *dramatis personae* is an agreeable, or pleasant companion. Their actions are contemptible, and if they are in the habit of conversing in the long and involved sentences in which you describe their most commonplace observations, I do not wonder that there are 'continual misunderstandings.' Could you not cultivate for your future pen-and-ink characters a plainer manner of speech? I do not mean that you should let them always say bluntly just what they think. That is amusing for perhaps one individual in a book; but when they all express themselves with what they call outspoken frankness, which in reality is simply ill-bred ignorance, it becomes monotonous, and jars on the reader's appreciation of what is *comme il faut* in polite society. If you can get hold of a volume of the sermons of the late Rev. James Vaughan, of Brighton, England, and study his very terse, pithy sentences, it would tend to correct your tergiversation and long-windedness. I will quote two of your sentences:—'Crossing that ill-ploughed piece of agricultural domain which you,' remarked Mr Bartley, turning with a sharp and somewhat accidulated glance to his unimpressonable wife, who was scolding Dolly for bestowing crumbs of bread on the domestic feline animal in the room usually employed by the family in which to partake of necessary refreshments, 'insisted with your ordinary stubbornness on being planted with spring wheat this season, which, of course, has been devoured by the omniverous hare, I observed that some portions of the soil had been conveyed by the heavy winter deluges from the heavens towards the creek, which you,' turning a portion of his irate visage on his scowling eldest offspring, 'would interfere with in pursuit of your summer piscatorial pleasures.' Here is the second, and I could quote many more, but fear to weary other correspondents: 'Yes, Plantagenet Richard, I have a remote feeling in the depths of my inner consciousness that may or may not be the dawning of an ardent or impulsive affection for the man whom I may one day choose from the large number of suppliants who daily kneel at my feet entreating for the honour of one word of encouragement or consolation from my hand, but who yet have, I sincerely and innocently believe, made no impression upon that part of my anatomy—wherever situated, usually called my heart, and who, therefore, though they may call themselves my lovers, can hardly expect that I should acknowledge such a title, even in the privacy of my inmost sanctuary to myself, and least of all, therefore, allowing for due maidenly modesty, can I explain to you whether or not I shall be able to consider your offer in a sympathetic and therefore hopeful spirit.'

'Ferne Glennie.'—I like your fairy story, and have handed it to 'Cousin Kate' for her Children's Page. She desires me to express her thanks for it, and says it will speedily appear. With regard to the criticising thereof, I must compliment you on your clear, neat writing (no small boon to a weary editor), also on the welcome margin and size of paper. There is little to find fault with in the story itself. I should be inclined to change your sentence, 'His house was a gorgeous palace of silver and glass, that stood on a hill from whence you could see,' etc., into 'His house was a gorgeous palace of silver and glass, which stood on a hill whence you could see,' etc. As for the plot of the story, of course it is just a fairy tale, and there is an orthodox sameness in that sort of literature, though I have not come across the idea of rats' tails anywhere else.

The author of 'Polly, the Red-haired,' I do not know if you wish your real name used, but I am sure you will recognise the title of your story. In reference to your letter, let me call your attention, and also that of all contributors to the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, to this important request: When writing to the editor to draw attention to your MSS., kindly mention the title or name of the article forwarded. For instance, here is your letter:—'I am forwarding to you one of my short stories.' You do not give its title, nor do you give on the MSS. itself your own name or your *nom de plume*. The letter

arrived by one post and the MSS. by another. Both, with sundry fresh tales, were placed each on its own file. When I came to examine them there was no clue in the letter as to which of the several new MSS. you referred, and there was no guide on the first page, nor indeed, on any part of the M.S.S. as to its author and sender. This happens over and over again, and causes endless trouble in replying to letters and criticizing manuscripts. Will all contributors kindly read, mark and learn these few words? The story itself I regret to have to decline. It is very wisby-washy, and very decidedly uninteresting. Your women may be as beautiful as you say, but they have no minds; and your men may be handsome but they have no brains.

BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

BOOKS marked thus (*) have arrived in the colony, and could at the time of writing be purchased in the principal colonial bookshops, and borrowed at the libraries.

For the convenience of country cousins who find difficulty in procuring the latest books and new editions, the 'BOOKMAN' will send to any New Zealand address any book which can be obtained. No notice will, of course, be taken of requests unaccompanied by remittance to cover postage as well as published price of book.

It is requested that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels, should take advantage of this offer.

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Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

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THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

* 'Where Highways Cross.' This novelette tells the story of how love came, for the first time, to a man well into middle age. This man, Thorndyke Hepworth, is of a strong, generous nature and a thoughtful, religious cast of mind, and the love that comes to him so tardily is the love of his life. The woman he loves is a pretty, refined young widow, who acts in the capacity of parlour-maid in his house. They are to be married, but on the eve of the marriage, when the good Hepworth's happiness seems to him almost greater than he can bear, there falls upon him a thunderbolt out of the blue sky. The nature of this thunderbolt, the fashion in which it affects Hepworth, and his subsequent conduct can all be ascertained by those interested in the matter from the book itself. *Where Highways Cross* is written in a direct perspicuous style, and except in one instance, without anything that savours of exaggeration.

* 'Maureen's Fairings.' This is a collection of short stories that takes its title from the first of them. It is a very good collection of its kind, and in several of the stories the authoress shows an affectionate and humorous understanding of Irish peasant nature which most readers will be quick to appreciate. In 'The Murphy's Supper' there are touches that suggest an Irish Barrie, and the pathos is certainly not lessened because of its sordid and undignified adjuncts.

* 'The Story of a Marriage.' The marriage in question is that of a rich country gentleman, young and ardent, cultured and intellectual, brimful of ideas—and crochets—for making the world better because of his sojourn in it. The other 'contracting party' in this marriage is a girl of the lower classes, coarse and ignorant, soulless, mindless, and pretty well heartless, but shining with physical beauty. Of course the marriage turns out a failure. Our sympathy with the ill-used husband is not over-powering, however, for he forfeited his claim on it by the stupid wilfulness of his pre-nuptial self-deception in regard to Bessie's character. Then again there was a decided suspicion of priggishness in his way of courting her. And still again, though Lawrence Temple was really in love with Bessie, he was almost as much in love with his pet theory that the upper and lower classes of society would be most effectually cemented together by such marriages as his and Bessie's. This marriage, which he had intended to be a stimulating example to society, drags along in its inevitably miserable course. Finally it gets dissolved—though not quite in the way we had anticipated from the trend of the story—and then the very charming and eligible young lady, sighing hopelessly for Lawrence in the background, has the place which ought to have been hers from the beginning. So we are able to take leave of Lawrence under happy domestic auspices, strenuously working away at his experiments—agricultural and so on—in the interests of mankind. There is much faithful character drawing in *The Story of a Marriage*, and, despite certain crudities and inconsistencies apparent in the conception and development of

the story, the book is well and carefully written. It is certainly through no lack of painstaking on the part of the author that we have not a real abiding interest in *The Story of a Marriage*.

* 'Soldiers Three.'—'Wee Willie Winkie.' Let another two volumes of Mr Keppling's inimitable stories have joined the goodly array of books in Macmillan's Colonial Library. *Soldiers Three* comprises, in addition to the collection which gives its title to the volume, the other collection entitled, 'In Black and White'; also 'The Story of the Gadsbys.'

The *Wee Willie Winkie* volume has the two clusters of tales, 'Under the Deodars,' and 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' besides the other three stories, with child or boy heroes. It would be a work of supererogation to say anything in detailed praise of all those numerous stories, of which each, almost without exception, is distinctive and of first-class merit in its own way. But we would advise those who have not yet read them not to deprive themselves any longer of the pleasure of doing so.

* 'A Ringby Lass.' This volume of stories, of which the longest is *A Ringby Lass*, is by no means without merit, and will certainly meet with the appreciation of the numerous readers who find refreshing and sustaining mental pabulum in the popular works of Edna Lyall and Annie Swan. The last story in the volume should have a special interest for this class of readers in New Zealand, as the heroine is a Maori.

* 'The Return of the Native.' This is, in the opinion of many critics, the best of Mr Hardy's Wessex novels, and its appearance now in Macmillan's Colonial Library is sure to make it still more widely known and appreciated in this quarter of the world. All Mr Hardy's novels are permeated with an intimate knowledge of, and intense sympathy with nature, and in *The Return of the Native* nature, as represented by Egdon Heath, might be said to become almost a personality—even one of the *dramatis personae*, mysteriously related to all the others. The dwellers on and about Egdon Heath, as elsewhere throughout the author's Wessex, speak, move, and act by instinct rather than by convention. This statement is itself a guarantee that they are interesting people, and that they will, moreover, keep the reader in an interesting state of uncertainty as to how they will conduct themselves in any given situation. The keynote of the tale is the tragic contrariety of things and of human nature. Destiny plays a sad game of cross-purposes throughout, and as it so often happens in life, heavy issues are the result of trifling causes. The end is tragic for several of the chief characters, but in the case of one—Eustacia Vye—the reader perceives that such an end was inevitable and perhaps fitting. There is one bright prospect in the gloom of the masterly picture of spent or fruitless desire and endeavour, and of poignant regret, and that is the reward of Diggory Venn's staunch, unselfish devotion. We are also encouraged to hope that Clym Yeobright has found his vocation, and will regain his content, and perhaps win some measure of righteous self-applause.

'Where Highways Cross,' by J. S. Fletcher: Macmillan and Co.

'Maureen's Fairings,' by Jane Barlow: Macmillan and Co.

'The Story of a Marriage,' by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin: Macmillan and Co.

'Soldiers Three,' by Rudyard Kipling: Macmillan and Co.

'Wee Willie Winkie,' by Rudyard Kipling: Macmillan and Co.

'A Ringby Lass,' by Mary Beaumont: Macmillan and Co.

'The Return of the Native,' by Thomas Hardy: Macmillan and Co.

A clever and enterprising woman has recently started an establishment for giving delicate girls and women—girls who have 'outgrown their strength' or have anaemia, etc.—just the physical culture that they need to make of them strong and healthy women and useful members of society. Every woman can number amongst her circle of acquaintances victims of anaemia, debility, curvature of the spine, bad circulation, low vitality, nervous debility, etc., and it is for such as these, who are not by any means 'well,' though not exactly ill, that Miss Rhoda Anstey has started her Hygienic Home in Somersetshire. Girls are received there for a three or six months' course of training in physical culture, which includes, in addition to the Swedish exercises adapted to each special case, a course of practical study in hygiene, lectures on food, clothing, exercise, health and cookery; games, plenty of fresh air and healthy exercise, and in special cases, where necessary, massage is also employed, and for all this the charge is only two guineas a week for the course of three or six months.

After passing his State examination Bismarck was sworn in as an official law reporter, at one of the Berlin tribunals. 'Take care, sir,' he once explained to an unwilling witness, 'take care, or I'll have you kicked out.' 'Herr Auscultator,' interposed the Judge, 'the kicking out is my business.' 'Sir,' answered Bismarck, 'take care then, or I'll get the Judge to kick you out.'

In the Smoke Room.

IN this most restless age fatigue is one of the great evils against which we have to contend. During the past few months interesting experiments have been made upon the exact nature of the poison which is engendered by excess of brain work or physical exertion. Professors Maggiori, Mosso, and Wedensky maintain that if the blood of a greatly fatigued animal be injected into another animal which is fresh and unfatigued, the phenomenon of fatigue will be produced. Professor Wedensky goes even further, and as the result of chemical analysis, states that the poison engendered by excessive fatigue is exactly similar to the ancient vegetable poison known as curare. This was the deadly poison used by Indians in time of war for dipping their arrow points. Both poisons are said to be of the most virulent nature. If this poison is created more rapidly, as is sometimes the case, than the blood can manage to carry it away, the effect on the general physical condition is extremely serious.

Surely one of the strangest applications of science to sports is that made by a certain hunter in India (says a writer in *Chums*), who calls in the aid of the electric light to enable him to make sure of his aim. It has been found almost impossible during the daytime to draw tigers into the open near thickly-settled parts of India. At night, however, this is easily accomplished by placing a carcass in some convenient place, near which the hunter may lie in ambush. But after the tiger has accented the blood of the dead animal, and has begun to tear the carcass, it is difficult for the hunter to take aim in the darkness. Accordingly, an electric light is hung right above the carcass, and connected with the sportsman's rifle. As he approaches the tiger, he takes as good aim as possible; and when he considers himself sufficiently near to make sure of a kill, he presses the button that turns on the light. Its appearance so startles the tiger that he remains motionless for a few seconds.

'At Raglan Castle,' said Mr Canthony, the ventriloquist, 'I gave an entertainment in the open air, and throwing my voice up into the ivy-covered ruins, said, 'What are you doing there?' To my amazement, a voice answered, 'I climbed up here this morning just to see the folk and 'ear the music; I won't do no harm.' 'Very well, stay there, and don't let anyone see you, do you hear?' The reply came, 'Yes, muster, I 'ear.' This got me thunders of applause. I made up my mind to risk it, so I bowed, and the boy never showed himself.

One of the most curious of pleasure railways is that built through the palace of the Sultan of Morocco at a cost of 100,000 dollars. Comfortably smoking in an electric car, His Highness takes several trips a day over this miniature road.

M. Fischer, a French physician, maintains that the present system of making up beds so that the head of the sleeper is much higher than the feet, is altogether wrong and productive of insomnia and all kinds of evil, and that the proper position for absolute repose is to have the head on the same level with the feet. He even goes further than this and advocates so placing pillows that your feet may be higher than your head.

Mr C. E. Linnar, of the Illinois State Weather Service, finds evidence in police records that crime increases with increase in temperature, with decrease in rainfall, and to a greater degree with both causes. There is also a slight apparent increase in clear as compared with cloudy weather. On the other hand, crime seems to diminish with increase in the severity of the cold in winter, with excess of rainfall in summer, and especially during seasons that are both rainy and cold. A north-east wind is less conducive to crime than a south-west wind.

A curious story is told of Dr. Pasteur. He was eating cherries with his daughter and her family, and carefully washing each cherry in a glass of water by his side, and wiping it before putting it into his mouth, which little vagary, he said, was to prevent him from swallowing microbes. A few minutes later the doctor was observed, in a fit of absent-mindedness, to carefully lift the glass to his lips and drain it. Yet he lived to tell the tale which was a source of amusement to those present.

GOLD IN A COAL MINE.—In the Transvaal, coal occurs in the Karoo formation at varying depths from the surface to 100ft; the largest of the coal measures has 40ft of workable coal, the others up to 22ft in thickness. The coal contains as much as 15 per cent. of ash, which curiously enough contains about 9dwet of gold per ton of coal. The production of the three principal mines in 1894 was 501,422 tons. The labour employed consisted of 124 whites and 2,005 natives. The evaporative efficiency of the coal varies from 43 to 81 per cent. of that of British coal.

A Motor-Car Club has been formed as a limited liability company, to be managed by honorary officials

only, and to consist of shareholders and members who do not look for dividends, the sole object of the club being to further the interests of the whole motor-carriage movement, to secure the removal of legal impediments, and to encourage exhibitions. The first International Motor-Carriage Exhibition was to be held at the Imperial Institute this month.

Within the walls of Buckingham Palace, constructed on the 'strong room' principle, is a room known as the 'Queen's Secret Library,' and in this are stored documents and private letters, which, were they sent forth to the world, would doubtless set the whole universe talking. From the very commencement of her reign her Majesty has assiduously stored away in nice order all family and other important papers, her only assistant in this duty being a secretary, who entered her service within fourteen years of her accession to the throne, and who still retains his place, though he himself has had no access to nine-tenths of the papers which are docketed, the Queen alone retaining the keys of the safes and cabinets in which her 'secret library' is contained. Only the other day Her Majesty added to the list of her papers a batch of letters of the most private and confidential kind, addressed by the late Prince Consort to his brother, the Duke Ernest of Coburg, and it is a well-ascertained fact that she has, when possible, acquired every scrap written by her late Consort to his most private friends. It is said by those who are qualified to surmise that the 'Queen's secret library' not only tells of Royal marriages, births, and deaths, but that it is virtually the private history of Europe during the past fifty years.

OLDEST SISTER OF CHARITY.

PHILADELPHIA has the distinction, according to a writer in *Donahoe's Magazine* for March, of being the residence of the oldest sister of charity now living. She is Sister Gonzaga, the mother emerita of St. Joseph's Asylum. She has had a most remarkable career. She was born in Baltimore in 1812 and her name in the world was Mary Agnes Grace. She became a sister of charity in 1827, and in company with several other sisters opened a school at Harrisburg. She made her final vows in 1830, and then went to Philadelphia to St.



SISTER GONZAGA, THE OLDEST SISTER OF CHARITY LIVING.

Joseph's Home, with which her subsequent life had been intimately connected.

The beginning of the Civil War marked the most eventful epoch in the career of Sister Gonzaga and developed her extraordinary qualities of administration. The Satterlee Military Hospital was established in Philadelphia, and as a result of several interviews with Secretary of War Stanton, Sister Gonzaga, with forty sisters of charity from different parts of the country, assumed charge.

In those three momentous years they nursed and cared for upwards of 48,000 soldiers. The sick and wounded comprised both Union and Confederate soldiers.

Sister Gonzaga, although in her eighty-fourth year, still retains clear and vivid recollections of those trying times. She rarely introduces the subject herself, but once it is brought into conversation she talks with enthusiasm upon it. The hospital was one of the largest in the country, and everything was arranged upon a generous scale. On the 12th April, 1877, Sister Gonzaga celebrated the occasion of her golden jubilee in the sisterhood.

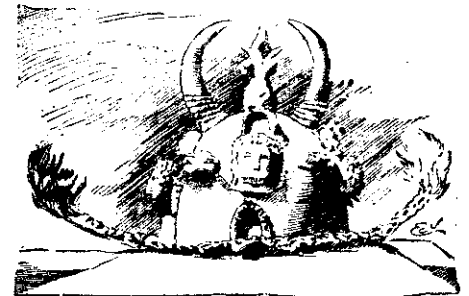
CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere, beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

Plain Speaking.

A GENTLEMAN signing himself 'Fault Finder' writes:—'Having lately been in the Auckland Nurses' Home (attached to the Hospital) on business, I was much struck with the bareness of the rooms. I learnt that there was no coloured table-cloth in the dining-room, where the nurses often sit. They have either to contemplate bare boards or keep on the white cloth used for meals. Surely if our Hospital Board cannot afford this little luxury (many people would think it a necessity) some generous person in the city or suburbs will donate one. Possibly in some warehouse or private house there may be one which is good, but not quite the very latest style. Will they not send this up to the Lady Superintendent? I also learn that the beds are much in need of quilts, no new ones having been bought since there were nurses. A few cushions, pictures, bookshelves, brackets, etc., a rug or two, some books and games would all add greatly to the comfort of this very hard-worked portion of the community. Surely when we reflect the blessings and comfort these nurses are to the helpless sick and dying in our Hospital, we shall all feel inclined to do all we can to make the very little leisure they do have as much of a rest and enjoyment as possible. For nursing is most exhaustive work, there is such a continual demand not only on the bodily strength, but on the sympathy and tenderheartedness of the nurse, and only those who have had much to do with invalids and patients of any kind know how exacting, hard to please, and impatient many, or most of them are.'

CROWN JEWELS OF ASHANTEE.

THE royal jewellery and other treasures of Ashantee brought to England by Sir Francis Scott have proved to be of very disappointing intrinsic value. It is estimated that they would be worth but some £2,000 in actual bullion; but if they are sold by auction as curiosities they may realise a considerably larger sum, since many of the trophies are almost unique as specimens of the rude workmanship of the country. King Prempeh's crown is made of thin hide, lined with silk, and surmounted by two golden horns. All round the sides are affixed models in solid gold of lion's heads, together with human heads and jawbones. If the jewels



KING PREMPEH'S CROWN.

are disposed of by auction, an exception will be made of this crown, which is destined to find a resting-place at Windsor Castle. Another peculiar curiosity is a cup made of solid gold, after exactly the same pattern as those used for incense in the Roman Catholic ritual. This and sundry other trinkets are chiefly of interest for the close imitation of European models shown in their workmanship. The inventive faculty would seem to have little kinship with what counts for civilisation in Ashantee. The sheath of the chief sacrificial sword is the most notable item among the spoils. This bears embossed designs in gold of the trunks of beheaded men. Smaller articles of jewellery, which are supposed to have belonged to the Queen, are of quaint design, but few of them are of solid gold.

CYCLING IN LONDON.

In spite of ridicule and opposition, and the vigorous attacks of Mrs Lynn Linton—who styles it a 'crank and a craze,' and a combination of the 'treadmill and the tight-rope,'—the cycling mania spreads and spreads. The Prince and Princess of Wales having joined the wheeling throng, in addition to the already large number of Royalists and main portion of the aristocratic world, its triumph may be considered, we presume, complete. The Princess of Wales rides a quietly appointed machine; but some of the Royal and noble ladies are making very dainty affairs of their wheel-steps: the Countess of Warwick, to wit, who is very frequently *en evidence* in the neighbourhood of the glorious old Castle on her entirely white 'bike.' The hours in Hyde Park for the all-prevailing exercise now being extended to two o'clock, this coming season may see all restrictions ultimately removed, and a Cycling Row and Drive.

Men and Women.

AN amusing letter has been received by the Fulham Guardians from a penniless but aspiring bachelor, who at present resides at Lord Rowton's Model Lodging House at Vauxhall. It is as follows:—'Gentlemen,—I take the liberty of writing to you, but the fact is I am trying to emigrate to the Chilly Island, where a good opening is offered for one willing to work; but you must be married. Have you in charge any woman from 20 to 35 years, or widow, who would marry me and go out there. Small family not objected to. Have good references, willing and strong, and thoroughly understand farming. The passage is free from Liverpool. I have no money now, been out of work these three months, since coming away from the country. Should like to call if you have anyone that would likely suit me. I am 35 years age, single, educated, and of a good family of farmers in the country. An early answer will oblige, as everything has to be done within three weeks or a month.'

An extremely romantic match came off lately at West Brompton, England, the bride being the Marquise Hery de St. Denys and the bridegroom M. Jacques de Warn, the Duc de Luyne coming over to see fair play. The Marquise, though no longer in the bloom of youth, is one of the most attractive women in Paris. She is the daughter of Baron Ward, whose career is an illustration of the adage that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' The Baron began life as a Yorkshire stable boy and ultimately became Prime Minister of the last reigning Duke of Parma. She married some years ago an amiable and erudite French Orientalist. The Comte de Warn strongly objected to her re-marriage with his son, and put into force all the terrible powers which the French law confers upon a father. The found couple therefore crossed the Channel, and were united under the British flag.

A Russian *artel* is an association of persons who agree to throw their lot together and stand by each other for better or for worse. If the *artel* is 'productive,' the members work together and divide equally what money they earn; if it is 'consumptive' they share equally in the expense incurred. The most marked characteristic of these associations is the perfect equality which prevails among their members. No matter what may be a man's personal gifts or deficiencies, from the moment he enters an *artel* he is simply on a par with his comrades. He must bear the burdens they bear, and he receives the same rewards. In his turn he will be the *artelman*, or chief of his *artel*; in his turn, too, he will be its hewer of wood and drawer of water. As the former he will be neither richer nor poorer than as the latter, for the only emolument attached to the office of *artelman* is shoe money—that is, a small sum granted as a compensation for the shoes worn out while tramping about transacting official business.

Ingenuous girls in the Old Country are adding greatly to their little means in a variety of ways. Many women make lampshades for their friends or to sell at shops. One girl makes *fichus* which she sells for a guinea, making on each a profit of five shillings. Another girl who is in great want of the money, makes it by manufacturing delicious desert sweeties which she sells among a friendly *cicentle* at two shillings a pound, which leaves a good profit. They are quite as good as and much cheaper than those supplied by the shops, and often she goes to dinner parties at the houses of friends to whom she has on the same day sold the sweets with which the table is decorated.

The Americans are very prompt and thorough in their methods of remedying public evils, and the Cincinnati Legislature was determined not to be left behind when the papers were crying out for some measure to suppress the 'matinee hat.' Afternoon performances are more frequent in the American theatres than in England, and the American woman's millinery is somewhat more extensive. The consequence is that a considerable proportion of the audience of a matinee in a theatre in the United States gets mere occasional and accidental glimpses of the stage. The Cincinnati legislators have passed an act by which any theatre manager who allows a lady's hat of more than a fixed size to be worn in his theatre will be liable to a fine of ten dollars for every such hat worn! London managers should take warning.

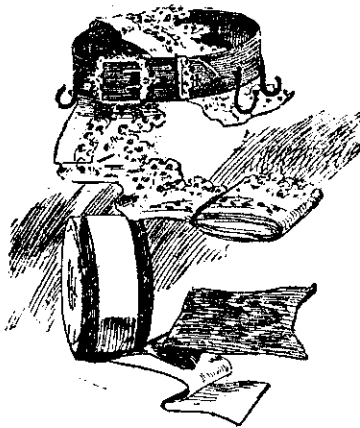
It would surprise you to find how many of the poorer classes have tastes of the highest culture. Go to such a classic place as the People's Palace when they are giving a oratorio like 'St. Paul' or 'Judas Maccabeus' and you will find dozens of shabbily-dressed East-enders, tailors, bootmakers, dockers even, who are following the music with the most intense appreciation and enjoyment. Some will be provided with well-thumbed copies of the score, and the whole audience will compare most favourably with any of the learned music-lovers of the Albert Hall or the Philharmonic. Some of the most enthusias-

tic botanists and naturalists in London are men who would be glad to be earning their regular pound a week, and one often comes across ardent microscopists, amateur astronomers, geologists, etc., in the most unexpected districts in the slums. Students of political economy are quite common, and on any Sunday morning you may hear on Mile-end Waste arguments as cogent as were ever given forth by an Adam Smith or a Ricardo. Classical literature has its votaries, too, among the very poor, as any East End librarian can tell you. Many of the most assiduous readers of Latin and Greek authors in the original are men who (after perhaps a University education) have failed in the battle of life, and who find in these works, the friends of their youth, a solace and companionship elsewhere denied them.

'Don't believe all you read in English papers about the gaiety of the opera balls in Paris,' writes a correspondent in *To-day*. 'I went there on Saturday night, or, to be precise, Sunday morning, for the first time after a lapse of a dozen years. You have often said, my dear Major, that things were changing for the worse in Paris. You are right. Saturday's ball was miles behind Covent Garden, and even that God-forsaken, police-ridden place, Brussels, can do the thing as well. There were a few Pierrots and clowns and soldiers, and certainly many of the women wore pretty costumes. But the women simply asked for champagne after every dance, and when I stood outside in a sleety morning, searching in vain for a cab, where I might bury away the shame of being in some ridiculous and impossible costume. I reflected on what England would say if it saw me. I am writing you these reflections on Sunday afternoon with a splitting headache.'

INGENUITY OF SHOPLIFTERS.

MANY shoplifters have been able to ply their nefarious trade for years, successfully escaping detection and arrest. Most of them are women, and ordinarily they are clothed with garments provided with pockets ample enough to take in a whole bolt of silk without betraying its presence. A common device is a belt around the waist provided with hooks, on which



HOOKED GARTER OF A SHOPLIFTER.

the stolen merchandise may be hung under the folds of the skirt of the dress. The other day a shoplifter was arrested by a detective in a New York dry goods store on suspicion, and when searched fine lace and ribbons by the yard were found hanging on hooks cleverly fastened to her garter.

ILLUMINATION.

ABOUT eighteen years ago Edison produced the electric light as known to-day from a dynamo machine, and people stared in wonder at the sight. Now electric lights are among the commonest things in use, and little village streets all over the country are brightened by them. Humphrey Davy, however, produced a carbon electric light in 1802.

Before the electric lights came into general use, gas was supreme, and yet gas is a modern invention. Coal-gas for illuminating purposes celebrates its centenary this year, but it was not introduced into London until 1807, and it was many years later before it was widely adopted. Moscow was not lighted with gas until the latter part of 1866. Previous to gas people went about at night with lanterns and torches. In 1415 suspended lanterns were placed in the streets of London, in order to relieve the darkness. These lanterns had glass sides; but the first lantern, as they were called, was invented by Alfred of England, and scraped horn was used instead of glass.

Lamps are very old, and were originally manufactured of earthenware. Epictetus, the philosopher, had such a lamp, which sold after his death for three thousand drachmas.

Oil was burned in lamps during the time of Abraham, and the olden nations used them extensively. They were very curious affairs, though, and would not be of much use to day, or rather to-night; but those old-time folks used to go to bed so early that they never minded such things.

The Romans used candles, which were made of a string dipped in wax or pitch, while splinters of wood with fat were used by the lower classes in England in 1300. Wax candles were very expensive, and people a century or so ago used to make their own candles or 'dips' from tallow. The Chinese have candles of wax made from the berry of a tree.

Plays and Players.

IT is stated that at the time of the opening of the 'Tribby' Company in Sydney most of the American members had played their parts 390 times.

The Myra Kemble complimentary matinee, at Sydney Lyceum, was crowded to the top steps everywhere.

Few men who write plays have any eloquence in oratory, and most of the men who write plays are entirely destitute of commanding presence. Henry Arthur Jones is a little man, with a red beard, who looks like a green-grocer. Arthur W. Pinero has the appearance of a bad actor in a cheap company. Victorien Sardou is a small, grotesque man, the personification of aches, pains and dyspepsia. The author of 'Tribby' looks like a priest in a good parish. Henry Guy Carleton is a stocky, square-built fellow who stutters. Augustus Thomas seems like a cross between a prize-fighter and a stage villain. Sydney Rosenfield is an eccentric-looking person who wears eye-glasses and never combs his hair. Clyde Fitch is a 'naucyified' fellow, and Sir Augustus Harris is cocky and intolerable.

An enterprising New York theatre manager, by the way, recently hit on a clever device for filling the boxes from a 'free list.' He provided himself with several arms, some of bare wax with a long white glove encircled at the wrist with a brilliant imitation diamond bracelet, and others clad in a black cloth sleeve with shirt cuff, with diamond links and white-gloved hand. These were placed in position, protruding on to the cushioned ledge of the boxes nearest the stage from behind a corner curtain to suggest the existence of a well dressed lady or a man in evening dress sitting in the corner of the box facing the stage. An attendant has to withdraw the arms when the curtain falls and the light is turned on in the auditorium and replace them in a different position directly the next Act begins, when the light is turned down and the illusion is again complete.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt (says an American contemporary) returns to us as attractive and no older than ever before. One of her country-women, who has lately been drawing large audiences to a music-hall, has attempted to cast reflections on Madame Sarah by giving a mathematical computation of how old she must really be; but in a case like Madame Sarah's mathematics are at least misleading. She is no older than her art makes her, and to-day, so far as the audience is concerned, she convinces of her youth as well as, and perhaps better, than she did twenty-five years ago. To be sure, she has the advantage of a slight figure. Age has added no perceptible substantiality to Madame Sarah's proverbial thinness, therefore, when as Izezy, she clings, fondles, and entwines with the affectionate ardour of youth, there is no mark, no suspicion of age to spoil the picture. The grace of youth is still hers, the fire of genius is in her blood, and no matter what her history nor what her eccentricities, Madame Sarah Bernhardt must always remain in our recollections of things artistic, a genius. Of the play in which she first appeared, the least said perhaps the better. It is a tale of Christ and the Magdalene put back in scene and time to the realms of Buddha.

Rev. Charles Clarke (says the *Bulletin*), who has put on a little flesh and added to the fullness of his beautiful voice since his last visit, will give the last of four lectures at Melbourne Town Hall next Saturday (16th). It was hard for the eloquent discourses to appear better than ever, yet he achieved that feat the other evening. Mr Clarke has brought a couple of new lectures for this flying trip through Australia, and the new yarns are about equal to the old ones, which age cannot wither, nor custom stale.

The 'Johnnie' school of theatrical entertainment in which New York indulges so copiously and for which it pays its English importations so generously, has its latest exemplar in 'An Artist's Model,' at the Broadway Theatre. This is a piece in which singing, dancing, and attractive British femininity figure more than brains or art. In this case the elimination of the two latter elements is carried to a point which makes the whole affair deadly stupid.

Some of the Christchurch leading theatrical amateurs are very busy rehearsing Sardou's Comedy, 'A Scrap of Paper,' which they intend to put on at the Theatre Royal in June in aid of St. Mary's Home, Addington. Mrs H. E. Marsh (*nee* Miss Rose Seager) takes a leading part, which of course means success, and Mrs J. Gibbs, Miss Henry, Messrs Marsh, Alpers, Guise Brittan and some others whose names I have forgotten. Mrs Gibbs is taking a great interest in it, many of the rehearsals being held in her house.

The Wellington Dramatic Students give their services again in the cause of charity, and their performance on Monday evening is in aid of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to animals. The programme is certainly attractive, and should draw a good house. 'The Chimney Corner' and 'Chisselling' being the double-timed play bill. The latter farce is quite new to a Wellington stage, and therefore will not be familiar to any of those likely to be included in the audience. I hear that the Students contemplate the obtaining and producing of 'Walker London,' which has been such a success in London, and would certainly be warmly patronised here by reason of the fame which has come before it.

MUSIC.

PATTI says that a million francs have been offered her to make another 'farewell tour' in America, but she refused. It is well. We do not deny that the offer has been made, but the man who made it would certainly lose money if it were accepted. A reputation counts for a great deal in America. People with artistic tastes create the reputation to begin with, and it takes time for their opinion to make its way into the knowledge of the untaught millions who know only what they are told by those in authority. It takes about as long for the adverse decision to go down; yet when an American is distinctly bored he may not complain, but he will find some excuse for staying away. One of the values of a reputation was shown by a curious incident at the Metropolitan this winter. Maurel came on the stage and sang for fifteen minutes before he was recognised. When the audience at last realized that they had before them 'the first baritone in Europe,' they let him know that his reputation was worth something, even if his voice was not. But the general public is not going to hear Patti any more. It has found her out. She is still a favourite in conservative England, where they continue to admire a voice because their grandfathers did; but American taste is more restless. We are still trying to tell ourselves that Jean de Reszke's voice is as thrilling and beautiful as it ever was, but even that will not last for more than a few seasons longer.

Mr Plunkett Greene is again in America, singing his way into the hearts of his listeners. This phenomenally tall young Irishman, who trembles like an aspen when he sings, and who appears to place his large white hands where their vibrations will be more visible, is more original than the casual listener might suppose. Take up a sheet of one of his old ballads, and the music looks most unpromising. The whole effect is in his manner of singing it. He brought a collection of old German religious songs this year which are unique, and in some cases tenderly beautiful. But it is in 'Go and Call the Cattle Home' that the exquisite quality, not only of his voice, but of his interpretation, is most fully exhibited. In songs like this Mr Greene gains something of the personal feeling which goes out to a favourite actor in drama or opera. He creates a scene. His sea songs, and the familiar Irish ballad in which we are asked why 'all the gaiety' should 'go to the laity,' are full of humour, every point of which is brought out by the singer. Mr Greene is in great demand in the smaller cities. He is an artist who does not require an artistic audience to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

The author of 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' is still living, hale and hearty at the age of eighty-two. It is nearly forty years since Henry Russell, the best known of living balladists, was in this country, but the memory of his songs is still fresh. During his life he has composed and published over eight hundred songs. Amongst them was 'The Ivy Green,' which Charles Dickens wrote for him, and which was afterwards published in 'The Pickwick Papers.' Others no less famous were 'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' written by the old time American poet, George P. Morris; 'Old Dan Tucker,' 'Buffalo Girls,' and 'There's a Good Time Coming.' It was Epes Sargent, the versatile Boston journalist and *literateur*, who wrote the words of 'Life on the Ocean Wave.' The two men, who were friends, were strolling along the Battery when the idea came to Sargent. They immediately went up to a music store on lower Broadway. There the words were put on paper and Russell sat down at the piano and rapidly picked out the tune we know to-day. Mr Russell has a pleasant home in London. His son, the Rev. Lloyd Russell, is a clergyman of some prominence, and vicar of the Church of the Annunciation at Chiselhurst, in Kent.

Miss Regina Nagel, the young contralto who travelled through New Zealand with Madame Steinbauer Babuson, is captivating Sydney audiences as the unseen singer of 'Ben Bolt' in the 'Trilby' Company. The *Sydney Bulletin* is high in her praise. It says:—'She has not yet "arrived" in the true sense of the term, nor will she fully "arrive" even under the most advancing conditions for another two or three years. Then the world ought to hear much of her. Regina Nagel, who hails from the Lilydale (Vic.) district, and has a blind mother at home, owes her musical education, thus far, to the kindness of friends. She was a very unsophisticated rustic of about 10 when she started to take lessons in singing from Madame Steinbauer,—her present proficiency is the result of three years' work. As to the quality and promise of Miss Nagel's deep contralto notes there is only one opinion. She possesses a grand chest organ, and when this shall have been trained over the breach which divides it from her head voice Australia will take

credit for another songstress of renown. Meanwhile the "coming Crossley" will need to cultivate style and courage on the concert platform. She is as yet too nervous to do her very best before a large audience, and at Melbourne Town Hall, the other evening, her early diffidence was not less noticeable than the improved effect with which she finished her number—"Calvary." Behind the scenes at the Princess's Theatre the voice is not afraid to let itself go, thus Miss Nagel has managed to impress the general public sooner than was expected. The rendering of "Ben Bolt" by this invisible performer is the sweetest, richest side-dish on a capital bill of fare.'

A musical recital was given at St. John's Church (Wesleyan), Nelson, last Friday evening, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Mr J. W. Hill, of Wellington, sang two solos, 'Be Thou Faithful Unto Death' ('St. Paul'), and 'If With All Your Hearts' ('Elijah'). Both were most artistically sung; his beautiful voice rang through the large building. It is seldom we have the pleasure of hearing such a finished singer, but when we hear them we do appreciate them. It was a great disappointment to all that Mrs Howie was unable to sing, but Mr Kidson very kindly sang a solo instead. He chose 'It is Enough' ('Elijah'), and his rich voice was heard to great advantage. Miss Bingley also sang, and the choir contributed two anthems. Miss Melhuish, the organist, besides tastefully accompanying all the soloists, played Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 6 and a Prelude by Bach.

The Government Insurance Literary and Social Club held their Reunion last Saturday evening in the Insurance Buildings. A short concert came first, in which items songs, violin solos, pianoforte solos, and recitations were given by the following gentlemen: Messrs Kennedy, Spackman, Morris Fox, Reid, Palmer, Lindsay, Traversi, Crombie, and G. Kennedy. The last named performer received great applause for his spirited rendering of a topical song written by Mr C. J. Alexander, and entitled 'Government Insurance Club.'

The Auckland Liedertafel's second concert of the season will be held in the City Hall on Friday, June 12. An excellent programme is in preparation. Several new pieces will be performed, and the Society will be assisted by Mrs Coates, Miss Ella Farrell, Mr Howard Chambers, Mr Henry Smith, Herr Zimmermann, and Messrs A. and C. Towsey.

An excellent concert takes place to-night (Wednesday) at Avondale. If half as good as the last, it deserves to be well attended.

Mrs Cheeseman, Orakei Road, Remuera, Auckland, gave a *musical* last week. Amongst the performers who contributed vocal or instrumental items were Mrs Kilgour, Mrs Goodson, Mrs Seid, Mrs Foster, Miss Hay, Messrs E. Morton, McKellar, etc.

An excellent musical programme was gone through at the Auckland Grammar School Old Boys' Social last week as follows:—Overture, 'Chant du Poet,' orchestra; vocal duet, 'The Moon Hath Rays,' Messrs W. J. and J. F. Cousins; gavotte, 'Une Fete a Trianon,' orchestra; recitation, 'The Widowers,' Mr H. A. Keesing; song, 'The Song of Hybris the Cretan,' Mr J. Sykes; ophycleidophone duet, Messrs H. A. and T. R. Keesing; waltz, 'Old Boys' Carnival,' orchestra; coxer song, 'Hullo Where are Yer Goin' Ter,' Mr M. Lewis; song, 'The Deathless Army,' Mr C. Kissling; selection, 'Dance Moresque,' orchestra; whistling solo, 'The Mocking Bird,' Mr M. Lewis; song, 'Of to Philadelphia,' Mr G. Warren; song, 'Um! Um' (from 'The Artist's Model'), Mr L. Lewis.

Miss Lily Large, of Napier, daughter of Mr J. S. Large, has been winning golden opinions in the Old Country for her efforts in the vocal line. Miss Large, who was taught singing in Napier formerly by Madame Cope, of Wellington and Napier, possesses a pure mezzo-soprano voice, with clear enunciation, and Napierites are proud to read that she has been so successful. All look forward to hearing Miss Large on her return, which I believe will not be for some time yet.

LAWNS & LINKS.

MRS EDWARD RIDDIFORD, of Wellington, has presented a medal to the Hutt Golf Club for competition among lady members. The rules under which it is won are the same as those for the Boyle medal of the Wellington Club—monthly competitions for a year. The first of these is to be played on Saturday, 23rd May.

The tennis players have returned to Wellington from their Sydney trip in good spirits, and very hopeful of future success.

The lady golfers had a very exciting day on Friday, when Mrs G. Gould's trophy was competed for and won by Mrs Vernon, Miss N. Reeves coming a good second, being only one behind the winner. The prize was a handsome silver buckle, designed with the letters C.L.G.C. Mrs Gould provided afternoon tea for players and friends, a large number being present.

Tennis has been very brisk at Cranmer Square courts all the week, and on Saturday presented an extremely lively appearance, all the courts being in full play from two o'clock till dark. Among the players were Mesdames Hurst, Seager, G. E. Way, Misses Van Asch (two), Marchant (two), C. Lean, Jones, Bullock, Aitken, Thomas, Harman, E. Cox, Messrs Wilding, H. Reeves, Perry, Hale, E. R. Webb, A. Appleby, H. Henderson, Bickerton, Ross, Rutherford, R. D. Harman, Laurie, Day, Seager, Styche, Croxton, Dr. Nedwill, etc.

HUNTING.

BY ONLOOKER.

LAST Wednesday the Pakuranga hounds met at the Monument, Otahuhu, near Auckland, where the sport for hunters was rather marred by an accident which happened to Miss Percival. Her horse turned a complete somersault over a wire fence, falling upon the rider, and rendering her unconscious for some time. The hounds with the huntsman had all the sport to themselves. All the followers, who, of course, are not numerous (about fifteen in number) on a Wednesday, stayed behind to see if they could be of any assistance.

Last Saturday the hounds met at Ihumata, about fifteen miles from Auckland. A few of the hospitable members provided an excellent luncheon for the Vice-regal party and hunters. It made such a charming picture to see the knot of horsemen and horsewomen, with vehicles in the centre, partaking of the provisions provided by Mrs O'Rourke, Mrs McLaughlin, Mrs Dawson, Mrs Thomas Morrin, Mrs Buckland, etc. A grassy knoll was chosen by the ladies for their picnic party. There were plenty of pussies, so we had some excellent sport. Our longest run was about three-quarters of an hour in duration, passing through creeks girth deep in mud, and over fences, ditches and walls at a rattling pace. Many were seen to doze to grief, but the gentler sex, of whom about a dozen were following, stuck womanfully to their pig-skins. Mr Caminer and steed made an acrobatical circle over some wire; Captain Fielden and Fly went a somersault over a stiff sapling jump, and an officer from one of the men-o'-war ships in harbour turned a complete circle in the air over a stone wall. Another man was seen to ride gallantly to a wall, the horse taking the jump in the neatest style possible, but the rider calmly preferred a complete revolution in the air, and landed in a sitting posture on mother earth. We had two kills, after which afternoon tea was partaken of. This brought the hunt to a finish, and many were the expressions of pleasure at the afternoon's outing.

The whole of these runs were witnessed by the on-lookers from Ihumata Mountain, a capital place for seeing. Amongst those *en voiture* were His Excellency the Governor, Lady Dorothy Boyle, Lady Helen Boyle, and Miss Williams; Mrs Dennis O'Rourke and Miss Shepherd; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson and Miss Elliot; Mrs McLaughlin, Mrs Buckland, Miss Phoebe Buckland, Miss Banks, Mrs Thomas Morrin, Miss Percival, and Miss Griffiths. Riding were Lady Augusta Boyle, attended by Captain Preston and Captain Fielden, Mrs Bloomfield, Mrs Buckland, Miss Dunnitt (on a new steed, Opawa), Miss Buckland, Miss Percival (who had recovered from her fall sufficiently to be once more mounted), Misses Kerr-Taylor, Bull, Cornelius Taylor, Tribley, Eaton, Ware, Sellers, Tanner, Colonel Dawson (our master), Messrs Mills, Wallace, Bell, Ireland, Harrison, Tonks, Bloomfield, Kerr-Taylor, McLaughlin (two) Colson, Motion, Caminer, Nola, Isaacs, Gordon, etc.

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MINING NEWS.**THE EXCHANGE.**

WHEN the lull set in after the mining boom last year I stated that those who held to their shares would reap a rich reward later on when the general revival began. These predictions have been verified, for during the last week the market has advanced by leaps and bounds. As I anticipated, a brisk demand set in from London for shares in proved mines, and thousands were sold at steadily advancing prices. Woodstocks, for instance, advanced from 31s to 40s in three days, Talismans from 13s to 17s, Alburnias from 6s 6s to 10s, Crowns from 36s to 42s, and Moanataiarua from 11s 3d to 14s 6d. Of course it was but natural that after such a sudden advance there should be a falling off again, but the fact that it was very slight shows the strength of the market. Nearly all these purchases were for the London buyers, and as this meant the influx of some thousands of pounds, the immediate result was felt by the improved demand for cheaper stocks, many of which more than doubled their value. The crowd on the Exchange was so great that at times it was difficult to walk from one end of the room to the other, while the Brokers' Association were occupied over an hour at each of the three daily calls in order to get through the business, and after the offices were closed to the public, men were working until after 10 o'clock each night in order to fix up the books so as to be clear for the next day's business.

THE KAPANGA MINE.**GOLD AT THE DEEP LEVEL.****STONE WORTH 202s TO THE POUND.**

A discovery which should be of the utmost importance to the Coromandel district has been made in the Kapanga mine. This ground has been worked for some years by an English Company, and the shaft has now reached a depth of 930 feet, the lowest point yet touched at Coromandel. At that depth a reef nine inches thick was cut which carried splendid gold. Some pounds of picked stone were sent up, some of which were estimated to be worth fully 202s. of gold to the pound. Shares in adjoining properties at once advanced, and this important discovery will no doubt lead to the Coromandel deep levels being thoroughly developed.

WOODSTOCK.**REEF WORTH £25 PER TON.****RAPID RISE IN SHARES.**

Free transactions have taken place during the past week in shares in the Woodstock mine at Karangahake at steadily advancing prices. This was due to most important developments having taken place in the mine. The reef at No. 4 level when cut through gave assay results at the rate of £25 per ton. The highest previous assay was £9 per ton. On Wednesday morning shares sold at 31s, by noon 36s was reached, and at night 38s was

paid, while next day the price reached 40s. Of course after such a sudden advance there was a decline, but still large parcels changed hands at 36s and 37s, and the market closed with buyers at the latter price. Fifteen months ago these shares were 3s 6d, and when the new company was formed local shareholders received 150 paid up shares for every 100 original, so that those who held right through have reaped a rich harvest. When the new battery gets to work in about three months' time these shares should reach even higher prices than those now ruling, more especially as large parcels have, during the past few weeks, been sold to London buyers, and are thus taken off this market.

WAIHI-SILVERTON RETURN.

As this was one of the first properties taken up by English capitalists at the beginning of the present mining revival, the result of the first crushing has been awaited with considerable interest. The cleaning up for the month's run was completed during the week, and the result was a satisfactory one, 604 tons having yielded £2,077 worth of bullion—an average of £4 per ton, and the estimated value of the gold held in zinc slugs and solution is £400. As the cost of mining and milling the ore is estimated to be only £1 per ton, this average leaves a good margin of profit for division in dividends, and as there are only 60,000 shares in the Company, £3,000 will pay a 1s dividend. Next month the return should be larger, as now that the supply of water is ample for all requirements, the 40 stampers should be running full time, and put through a larger tonnage of ore. During the week frequent sales of shares took place at 76s, 77s, and 78s. Less than two years ago Silvertion shares were being hawked round at 1s each, and some large lines were even sold as low as 7½d.

NEW ZEALAND CROWN MINES.

The reef at No. 6 level has widened out to 22 feet in width, and the value of the ore ranges from £7 to £10 per ton. This reef has also been cut 40 feet to the west in a crosscut put in from No. 4 level. This speaks well for the future prospects of the oldest Karangahake mine, which was taken up years ago by a Glasgow syndicate. It is estimated that there is enough ore to keep the 40-stamper battery working for many years to come. No wonder that the lucky shareholders ask 42s.

HAURAKI SOUTH.**DEPOSIT OF £600 PAID.**

A rapid advance took place in shares in this Coromandel Company during the past week, the price jumping from 1s 1d to 1s 7d in one day, and later 2s 1d was reached, at which figure there are still steady buyers. This was due to the fact that a cable was received from Mr S. W. Phillips, who is in London, stating that the sale contract had been signed, and subsequently a deposit of £600 was paid to the credit of the local Company. These shares should still be cheap, as the capital of the new Company is only £90,000, and local shareholders receive 1s 9d per share net cash as well as 20,000 fully paid up shares. The working capital is £20,000. This property consists of 26 acres adjoining the famous Hauraki mine.

STANLEY.

A discovery that promises to be of considerable importance was made on this Karangahake property in the shape of a new reef found by a miner employed on an adjoining property. The directors of the Company were communicated with, and it was agreed to give the finder 5,000 of the reserve shares and supervision of the mine provided that the find when shown proved to be of sufficient value. One director and two neutral mine managers were then shown the reef, which proved to be from 4 to 5 inches thick, but opened out to about 18 inches. Several shots were put in, and the result was most satisfactory, as pieces of stone showing blotches of gold freely were dislodged. The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that although Karangahake ore will pay well when treated suitably, yet gold is seldom seen in the quartz, and specimens are not looked for. The new find is in the face of a hill, and in the course of a low level now being put in. Should the reef be cut at this depth and prove equally rich, the Stanley will undoubtedly become a valuable property. When the stone was shown on the Exchange the immediate result was to cause shares to advance from 1s 1d to 1s 6d, large lines changing hands.

ALBURNIA.

An advance from 7s to 10s took place in the shares in this Thames Company in less than twelve hours this week. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that the balance of the £10,000 purchase money has been placed to the credit of the Company by the London purchasers of the property. Local shareholders receive about 2s 3d per share cash, and also a number of paid-up shares in the English Company. It is also stated that the shares held in London have been 'pooled' on the understand-

ing that none will be sold under 25s. Should this prove to be the case, Alburnias are still cheap, as the property is well situated at the Thames, and has an excellent battery as well as wire tramways to convey the quartz to the mill.

GOLDEN POINT.

Important developments have taken place in this Tapu mine during the past week, small veins of quartz having been cut at the 200 feet level, and the last one intersected showed strong colours of gold. Shares at once advanced from 1s 9d to 2s 4d, purchasers, no doubt, concluding that a good reef must be near at hand. As this Company was floated at 2s 6d per share (paid up), and has still ample working capital in hand, these shares should be a good investment at the present price, as the directors are influential enough to float the property on good terms in London as soon as the reef is cut.

OWHAROA PROPERTIES.**OFFER FOR FLOATATION.**

The owners of the Nevada, Ruapehu, New Caledonia, and Empress holdings at Owharoa this week decided to accept an offer to float the combined properties on the following terms:—Vendors to receive £500 cash and 25,000 paid-up shares in a company with a working capital of £20,000.

PROGRESS—CASTLE ROCK.

Considerable business was done in shares in this Coromandel mine during the past week, prices advancing from 8d to 1s 2d in consequence of a telegram being received from the manager stating that gold was showing all through the reef in the rise now being put up from the low level. This find is of importance, as some 2,000ozs of gold were obtained in the early days from workings above the point to which the rise is now approaching.

SPHINX.

Three claims at Owharoa called the Beatrice, Cleopatra, and Cleopatra's Needle have been taken over by a London Company as a prospecting venture. The capital of the Company is £25,000, all of which has been subscribed. The sum of £400 is to be paid to the vendors, who also receive 5,000 paid-up shares. The purchasers undertake to expend £4,000 in prospecting the property.

CADMAN SPECIAL CLAIM.

The Anglo-Continental Company through its local agents, Messrs Gordon and Parks, this week secured the Cadman Special Claim at Wairongomai on the following terms:—Vendors to receive £10,000 cash and 20,000 paid-up shares; the purchasers to take the property on trial for two months, and if then satisfied to pay £1,000 deposit and the remaining £9,000 within four months.

NEW WHAU-CLUNES.

The directors of the Thames property agreed to accept an offer made this week to float the mines on the London market on the following terms:—Capital of the new company to be £15,000 in £1 shares, working capital £22,500, New Whau shareholders to receive 30,000 fully paid up shares, Clunes shareholders 15,000 shares. In the New Whau mine, another strong body of quartz has been cut. In the Middle Star section the reef is 4 feet wide and looks well. The combined area of the properties is 74 acres, adjoining the Alburnia mine.

CARDIGAN.

Shares in this Thames Company advanced from 1s 6d to 2s 7d in a few hours this week, the cause being the acceptance by the directors of an offer for the option for three months of floating the property in London on the following terms:—That a Company be formed with a capital of £150,000 in £1 shares, working capital £25,000, local shareholders to receive £6,000 cash and 45,000 fully paid up shares.

TALISMAN.

Shares in this Karangahake Company advanced from 13s to 17s in one week, but subsequently declined to 15s 6d, at which price there are strong buyers. The property is now practically floated in London, as advice has been received that the £25,000 working capital has already been subscribed, and shares will be allotted as soon as the title deeds have been received. At the mine the crushing is reported to be shaping well.

SFERLING.

Negotiations for the sale of this Karangahake mine are proceeding through the agency of Mr S. W. Phillips, of Phillips and Pike, of Wellington. The report of the expert who inspected the mine is understood to have been a satisfactory one, so that there is every possibility of the property being taken up in London.

MINING NOTES.

Empire (Kauotunu).—The reef in the face at this Kauotunu mine is 4 feet thick, and shows good indications of gold.

Bay View.—No. 2 reef shows gold freely. Another leader has also been discovered by the manager, from which some stone was obtained also showing gold freely.

South British.—The new reef discovered a few weeks ago in the Earl of Glasgow mine at Karangahake has now been cut in a trench in the South British mine which adjoins. The reef is from 7 to 9 feet wide, and the prospects are reported to be equal to 202a to the ton.

Bell Rock (Thames).—The reef at No. 3 level is 6 feet wide, and gives prospects of gold. At No. 2 level there is a fine looking reef 3 feet wide, which also shows gold.

Waitekauri United.—The sum of £2,000 was received this week from London to commence operations in the Waitekauri No. 4 and other properties taken over by the above Company. The local directors appointed are Messrs A. Kidd, T. Morrin, and James Macfarlane, while Mr D. G. Macdonald is the legal manager. At 3s 1d Waitekauri No. 4 shares should be cheap.

Maritana.—As the London negotiators asked for modification of the terms upon which this property was placed under offer, the directors decided to withdraw the option, better terms having been offered locally.

Matawai.—A ton of ore from a 2 foot reef in this Coromandel mine was sent for treatment to the Thames School of Mines, and returned £4 16s 1d.

Maori Dream (Kuaotunu).—The new reef has been cut into 4 feet, and is estimated to be worth £4 per ton.

Golden Lead (Coromandel).—Gold is seen in the quartz each breaking down. Captain Argall this week inspected this property on behalf of the London negotiators for its floatation.

Aurora.—A trial crushing of ore from this Kuaotunu mine is to be made at the Thames. Assays made range from £8 15s to £24 per ton.

Scandinavian (Tairua).—A trial crushing of five loads of quartz from No. 3 reef gave 302. todwts. of melted gold. This property is under offer in London.

NEAVESVILLE.

In this week's GRAPHIC appear two pictures of the Neavesville section of the goldfields. Neavesville is situated amongst the hills at the head of the Tairua River, some miles beyond the Broken Hill property, which has recently been taken over by an English Company. As will be seen by the illustrations, Neavesville is yet in its infancy, the corduroy road showing how rough is the means of transit, pack horses being used to bring supplies to the men living in the small settlement. Some twenty years ago gold was found at Neavesville, but little was done in the way of development. The recent revival in the mining industry has, however, caused prospectors to display unwonted activity owing to the fact that capital is now readily forthcoming for promising ventures. The second picture shows the blow of quartz from which gold was obtained, and on which work is now being done.

THACKERAY was dining in Boston with a beautiful lady whom he greatly admired; not long before he had sent her two splendid bronzes. He remarked, 'Now, I suppose, according to your American custom, we shall all put our feet on the chimney-piece.' 'Certainly,' replied his hostess, 'and as you are so much longer than the others, you may put your feet on the looking-glass. The latter was ten feet from the ground. Thackeray was mortally offended.'



AN ABYSSINIAN CHIEF.



ABYSSINIAN ARMY UNDER MENELEK ON ITS MARCH TOWARD ADOWAH.

This picture, which is reproduced from a wood engraving in the literary supplement of *Le Petit Parisien* of Paris, gives a good idea of the marching of the Abyssinian army which recently at Adowah gained the last of a series of sensational victories over the Italian troops. The Abyssinians are armed with rifles, long formidable lances and short swords, which they use with deadly effect in the hand-to-hand encounters that always follow one of their charges. They may not be proficient in European military tactics, but they have proved beyond dispute that they are excellent fighters and that with small practice they have become good marksmen with the rifle.



MARQUIS DI RUDINI, THE NEW PREMIER OF ITALY.

THE BIRTHDAY LEEVE.

A BIRTHDAY levee was held at Government House, Auckland, on Monday last. On the occasion the Devonport Torpedo Corps, under Lieutenant-Commander Parker, acted as a Guard of Honor to His Excellency. Lord Glasgow was attended by Major Elliot, Captain Preston, and Captain Feilden. His Excellency the Admiral and staff were admitted prior to the entree. The following gentlemen received entree cards:—His Excellency the Admiral, Captain Fisher, R.N., Flag Captain, H.M.a. 'Orlando'; Lieutenant A. M. Duff, R.N., Flag Lieutenant, H.M.a. 'Orlando'; Mr D. B. Hopkins, R.N., Secretary H.M.a. 'Orlando'; Captain Graham, R.N., H.M.a. 'Wallaroo'; Captain Meryon, R.N., H.M.a. 'Katoomba'; Captain Browne, R.N., H.M.a. 'Ringerooma'; the Right Rev. Bishop Cowie; Rev. E. M. Cowie, chaplain; Mr J. J. Holland, Mayor of Auckland; Mr F. A. Philips, Town Clerk; Archdeacon Dudley and Canon Nelson; Monseigneur McDonald, Father Lenihan, Rev. Thomas Norrie, Moderator Auckland Presbytery; Rev. Henry Bull, Superintendent Wesleyan Church Circuit; Rabbi Goldstein, Colonel Goring, Colonel P. Dignan, Col. The Hon. T. M. Haultain, Capt. Schmitt, N.Z.M.; Hon. J. A. Tole; Mr Justice Conolly, Capt. H. W. Northcroft, The Consul for Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Belgium, Mr E. V. Johansen, the Vice-Consul for France, Mr Ambrose Millar: the Consul for Germany, Mr Carl Seegner; the Consular Agent for Italy, Mr R. Rose; the Vice-Consul for Portugal, Mr H. R. George; the Consul for the United States, Mr J. D. Conolly; the Hon. W. Jennings, the Hon. G. B. Morris, Hon. W. Swanson, Hon. J. B. White, Mr W. Crowther, Mr C. E. Button, Mr F. Lawry, Dr. Haines, medical adviser to His Excellency; Mr S. B. Biss, Chief Postmaster; Mr A. Rose, Collector of Customs; Mr H. Eyre Kenny, Warden Thames; Lieutenant Grant, N.Z.V., Adjutant Auckland District.

At a quarter to 12 the levee commenced, when those who had received cards were admitted. The levee lasted until 1 o'clock, and was attended by the following gentlemen:—

- Mr J. P. McAlister, Mr Isidor Alexander, Mr Atkinson, Mr W. A. Andrews, Lieutenant Francis Andrews. Mr Ernest R. Bloomfield, Mr John Batger, Mr W. R. Bloomfield, Mr H. R. Bloomfield, Rev. William Beatty, Mr J. L. R. Bloomfield, Mr Lionel N. Benjamin, Dr. Francis T. Baynton, Mr Adam Brock, Mr J. Sylvester Brigham, Mr James M. Brigham, Mr G. R. Bloomfield, Mr J. T. Bosworth, Dr. Robert H. Bakewell. Archdeacon Clarke, Mr J. P. Cowie, Mr J. Chambers. Lieut.-Colonel Charlton Dawson, Mr C. C. Brown Douglas, Mr Ernest Davis, Mr H. De Bobu Devereux, Surgeon Major Dawson, Captain Davency, Mr Reid Dodridge, Rev. H. R. Dewsbury, Lieut. J. F. Grant-Dalton. Percy H. Franklin, Mr J. Clifton Firth, Rev. Lyttelton FitzGerald, Lieut. Stewart Forster, Mr Harry Foden. Mr Henry Green, Mr Henry A. Gordon, Rev. Frank Gould, Mr John Grant, Mr G. S. Graham, Lieut. Clement Greatorex, Mr H. Howard Greenway. Mr Stanley Hare, Inspector Hickson, Rev. F. C. Hartley, Lieut. A. B. W. Higginson, Lieut. Hume, Dr. Hooper, Mr Leonard Harris, Mr R. E. Isaacs, Thomas Jackson. George Leece, Dr. T. Hope-Lewis, Rev. F. Larkins, Staff-Surgeon Lilly, Rev. H. H. Lawry. Mr Every Maclean, Mr Arthur M. Myers, Mr A. V. Macdonald, Mr Henry Monk, Mr Charles C. McMillan, Mr Thomas Morrin, Mr Thomas C. Morris, Mr John Mowbray, Rev. Henry D. A. Major. Mr Arthur H. Nathan, Mr M. Niccol, Lieut. William Norrie, Mr N. Alfred Nathan, Mr Sydney J. Nathan. Dr. A. Challinor Purchas, Surgeon W. W. Pryn, Mr H. Parker, Rev. A. G. Purchas. Mr John Reid, Mr V. E. Rice, Captain Commandant E. LeRoy. Mr E. C. Smith, Mr J. M. Shera, Mr R. B. Shalders. Mr E. Shillington, Mr John Savage, Professor Seagar, Dr. E. W. Sharman, Mr Thomas H. Smith. Professor H. Arnold Tubbs, Mr William Tait, Mr Chamberlin Tims, Mr Arthur Towsey, Mr J. W. Tibbs, Mr F. W. Thomas. Mr J. H. Upton. Mr Samuel Vaile. Dr. Charles Watson, Mr W. F. Ware, Mr W. Ware, Rev. C. E. Ward, Mr Henry de C. Ward, Captain C. J. Wilson, Mr J. A. Wauchope.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

LAST Friday evening there was an interesting gathering of old Oxford and Cambridge men at the Northern Club, Auckland, for the purpose of forming an association composed of former students of the two great English universities residing in the colony. Over twenty-eight gentlemen sat down to dinner, and Mr H. G. Seth-Smith, ex-Chief Justice of the Native Land Court, presided. After the toast of 'The Queen' the Rev. Canon Nelson proposed 'The University of

Oxford.' Mr W. E. Outhwaite responded, and then Professor Tubbs proposed 'The University of Cambridge,' to which Bishop Cowie (Primate of New Zealand) replied. The formation of an Oxford and Cambridge Association was then agreed to, and the following officers elected:—President, The Primate; Vice-President, Mr H. G. Seth-Smith; Committee, Professor Tubbs, C. E. S. Gillies, E. R. Bloomfield, J. R. Reed, and W. Outhwaite. It was agreed to defer the appointment of a Secretary till the first general meeting. The following were those present at the gathering:—The Most Rev. Bishop Cowie (Trinity Hall, Cambridge), Rev. Canon Nelson (Queen's College, Cambridge), Professor Seagar (Trinity College, Cambridge), Professor Tubbs (Exeter College, Oxford), H. G. Seth-Smith (Trinity College, Cambridge), Owen Ilbert (Corpus College, Oxford), W. E. Outhwaite (Lincoln College, Oxford), F. L. Wright (Jesus College, Cambridge), J. C. Colbeck (Exeter College, Oxford), J. R. Reed (Clare College, Cambridge), T. C. Williamson (Christchurch College, Oxford), E. D. O'Rorke (Christ's College, Cambridge), Capt. Preston (Christchurch College, Oxford), W. B. Colbeck (Caius College, Cambridge), C. E. S. Gillies (Caius College, Cambridge), H. R. Bloomfield (Trinity Hall, Cambridge), J. P. Stevenson (Balliol College, Oxford), E. R. Bloomfield (Trinity Hall, Cambridge), V. E. Rice (Christchurch College, Oxford), H. A. Dobson (Peterhouse, Cambridge), C. D. Robertson (Jesus College, Cambridge). Apologies for non-attendance were received from Professor Thomas, Dr. Kinder, Revs. W. E. Lush, E. Cowie, J. W. Alloway, W. M. Du Rieu, Messrs J. R. Oxford, E. C. Haigh, J. W. Tibbs and Edward Lake.

THE TRANSVAAL REFORMERS.

THE above is a picture of the five leading members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee. All with the exception of Leonard were condemned to death, a sentence that was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for fifteen years. This latter sentence will be further revised. From the latest cablegrams it is understood that President Kruger desires that fines should be imposed in place of imprisonment, and although there is strong opposition to this course in some quarters, it will in all probability be the one adopted. With regard to Leonard, it is said that President Kruger possesses a proclamation which the Reformers intended to issue had Jameson been successful. This document shows that Leonard was to have been President of the Republic.



CHARLES LEONARD



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND



LIONEL PHILLIPS



PERCY JAMES



PERCY JAMES

THE TRANSVAAL REFORMERS.

OBITUARY.

MR H. BESWICK (Mayor of Christchurch) and his sisters received a great shock last week at the news of the sudden death of their brother, Mr T. Beswick, who died at Johannesburg in February. Mr Beswick has many friends in Christchurch who greatly deplore his early death and sympathise deeply with his family.

Much regret is felt at the fatal accident to Mr Herbert George Keyworth, chief officer s.s. 'Wainui.' He was a son of Dr. Keyworth, formerly of Wellington and now of Adelaide, and was a son-in-law to Mr W. J. Jobson, of 'Bhundarra,' Epsom, Auckland.

Mr John Hagan, of Wellington, who died suddenly at the Upper Hutt a day or two ago, had been a settler in the Valley for 31 years. He was formerly a member of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, and leaves a widow, seven sons and daughters, and thirty-five grandchildren.

ELECTION ITEMS.

SEVERAL native candidates are going to contest the Western Maori electorate. Amongst the Waikato candidates mentioned are Henare Kaihau, Keri Toke (Ngati-naenae), Reha Aparama, and Tiyene Heketone.

The Hon. R. J. Seddon addressed a crowded meeting in the Princess Theatre, Hastings, on Friday night, a large number of ladies being present. The Mayor of Hastings (Mr Fitzroy) occupied the chair. Mr Seddon fears he will not reach Auckland.

THE SHEEP RENEWED.

SPECTATORS looking at the 'happy family' of a menagerie have often wondered if the ovine member ever lay down inside of the lion. The Glasgow Times answers:—

The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a 'happy family,' consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. 'About nine months,' he replied, 'except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally.'

Personal Paragraphs.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, the Countess of Glasgow, Lady Augusta and Lady Helen Boyle, attended by Captain Fielden, visited Wellington Park on Monday afternoon, the residence of Mr and Mrs Thomas Morrin. In the evening the Vice-regal party was present at the City Hall to hear the People's National and Patriotic concerta.

MAJOR ELLIOT, Private Secretary, went up to Rangiriri Cemetery by the early morning train on Monday. His melancholy task was to superintend the erection of a monument to the memory of the brave officers and men who lost their lives in the Maori War during the assault on the Rangiriri pah, or who subsequently died of the wounds received during this fight.

HIS EXCELLENCY REAR ADMIRAL BRIDGE and Flag-Lieutenant Duff dined at Government House on Thursday night.

MR L. F. ALLEN, eldest son of the S.M. of Picton and Blenheim, lately in charge of the Bank of New Zealand at Danevirke, has been transferred to Auckland.

MR MARSHALL, M.A., B.Sc., F.G.S., the new science master at the Auckland College and Grammar School, is expected to arrive from Christchurch next week to take up his work at once. The other new master is Mr J. Hight, M.A., whose duties will be chiefly connected with the commercial side; being an expert teacher of Pitman's shorthand, his advent will greatly strengthen the staff in this department.

MRS A. P. THOMAS, hon. secretary of the Auckland Children's Flower Show, received a hearty vote of thanks at the annual meeting, held last week, for her valuable aid in all matters connected with the Society. Lady Glasgow is patroness.

MR CHARLES TAYLOR (Bank of New Zealand, Te Awamutu), with his wife and little boy, left for Sydney per 'Mariposa' on Saturday en route for England. They start from Melbourne by the 'Britannia' this week, and if the mailboat does not make a quick trip, will have to go overland from Sydney.

MAJOR ELLIOT went up to Rangiriri and back on Saturday.

WHIT SUNDAY (May 24th) was selected by the Anglican Church for special collections in aid of the Melanesian Mission.

ON Friday evening an unfortunate accident happened near Timaru to three ministers, Archdeacon Harper, Rev. W. Gillies (Timaru), and Rev. J. White (Pleasant Point), who were driving from a Bible in schools meeting at Geraldine, when they were upset from a buggy. The Archdeacon fell on his face, which was badly cut and bruised. The other two escaped serious injury.

AMONGST those mentioned as a probable successor to the late Sir P. Buckley's position on the Supreme Court Bench are Mr Haggitt, of Dunedin, Mr Chapman, of Dunedin, Mr S. M. Martin, of Wellington, and Mr Theo. Cooper, of Auckland.

MISS CROFT, from Wellington, is in Gisborne on a short visit to her sister, Mrs Frank Arthur, who leaves this week to join her husband in Coolgardie.

THE Auckland Hospital authorities report a slight change for the better in the case of Miss Bull, to the enquiries made by her friends.

CAPTAIN PRESTON and Professor Schmitt returned to Auckland from the Southern Wairoa last week after a most successful and enjoyable shooting excursion.

MRS SYMES (Gisborne) is still away at the Hot Springs.

MR WILL LAMBERT's appointment as district secretary of the Auckland branch of the Mutual Life Association of Australasia is formally announced. Mr Lambert takes the place of Mr C. W. Caldwell, who has been acting for some few months past, and who returned to his old duties in Sydney, by the 'Waihora' last week. He will be an acquisition to bowling circles.

MRS CYRIL WHITE is at present in Auckland on a visit from Gisborne.

MR AND MRS MCCORQUODALE were passengers from Sydney by the 'Tasmania' last week.

MISS BROWNING, from the Girls' High School, Dunedin, is visiting her many friends in Napier.

MRS AND MISS WILLIAMS, from Paekamaka, are in Gisborne for a few days.

MISS WILKINS (Auckland) is staying with her sister, Mrs Fairfax Fenwicke, in Napier.

MR J. M. LKNOX, Auckland, has been visiting the Thames and other mining districts.

MISS BURTS (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs W. Wood (Boys' High School), Napier.

MR J. BORTHWICK, who is well-known to old Aucklanders in connection with the Whau mine, as manager in its palmy days, arrived from Sydney by the s.s. 'Tasmania' last week. He has been at Coolgardie during the last five years. Mr Borthwick returns to Auckland as practical adviser to Mr Hay Dickson, with a view to picking up mines for the London market.

MR AND MRS KINROSS WHITE have returned to Napier from the Hot Lake district.

MR R. H. BUTTREV, a recent arrival in Auckland from Adelaide, has been appointed choirmaster at Beresford-street Congregational Church.

A PRIVATE cablegram received last week from the Old Country announced the arrival of the Rev. Canon Bates. He was in good health.

MR W. A. LOW, manager of the Tai Tapu Gold Estates, Nelson, who has been in Auckland for a short time, left for the South by the 'Takapuna' on Monday.

MR AND MRS F. M. WALLACE are back from Sumner.

DR. AND MRS GUTHRIE, of Lyttelton, have gone to the North Island for a trip.

MISS MCINTYRE is spending the holidays with her people, Waikawa Road, Picton.

THE Bishop and Mrs Wallis are still absent from Wellington, staying at Marton.

MR AND MRS MARSHALL NALDER, of Christchurch, are going to England shortly. Mr Nalder has been recommended a long sea voyage, so they go by sailing ship. Miss Browning (Mrs Nalder's sister) will winter in Australia.

MISS JOHNSTON has returned to Wellington from Dunedin and taken possession of the house in Guilford Terrace, which she is preparing for the return of her mother and sisters.

MISS ALLEN has returned from Anikiwa to Picton, having spent a very jolly fortnight with the Beauchamps, whose homestead is notable for hospitality.

DR. AND MRS MURRAY-AVNSLEY are leaving Christchurch for the North Island, where they intend to settle.

MRS (DR) SAUNDERS, from Wanganui, is staying with her sister, Mrs Abbot, in Wellington.

MISS CLARK left Blenheim on Tuesday afternoon for New Plymouth, where she will stay for a short time, and then go on to Pahiataua to stay with her sister, Mrs G. Lucas. Miss Evelyn Cawte has accompanied her.

MRS IZARD has returned to Wellington, but unfortunately she is not at all well at present.

MISS E. CRAYTOR, of 'Marshlands,' Blenheim, has gone to Christchurch for a few months.

MR J. M. BRIGHAM, secretary and treasurer of the Harbour Board, who has been on a visit to Wellington in connection with the receiving of cargo at that port, returned to town by the 'Gairloch' on Saturday.

MR JUSTICE CONOLLY arrived in Auckland from Wellington by the 'Takapuna.'

MR E. CARTWRIGHT, late underground boss in the May Queen Gold Mining Company's mine, Thames, and who is now filling a similar position in the Cambria Gold Mining Company's mine, has been presented by the employees of the former mine with a handsome silver-mounted meerschaum pipe and tobacco pouch as a mark of their esteem and goodwill.

MR AND MRS BALCOMBE-BROWN are riding bicycles, so the regiment of lady cyclists of Wellington almost daily increases.

A BRASS memorial tablet is to be placed in St. Augustine's Church, Waimate, Canterbury, in memory of the Rev. J. Sotham. The necessary funds will be raised by a shilling subscription list.

THE Hon. E. Mitchelson and Miss Mitchelson left for Sydney by the mail steamer 'Mariposa.'

DR. MCADAM, who has resided in Oamaru for some time as Dr. Whitton's associate, intends to pay a visit to Europe and thoroughly visit the principal hospitals, making himself acquainted with the latest phases of surgical and pathological science. His intention is to return to New Zealand.

MR J. A. WAUCHOPE, who left on a visit to England some months ago on mining business, returned by the 'Mariposa' last evening.

MR R. HULL, stock inspector of Wanganui, who for some time past has been in indifferent health, has gone on a visit to the Hot Lakes.

MR G. HUTCHISON, M.H.R., is expected to arrive at Auckland by the June mail steamer from San Francisco.

MR S. B. BISS, chief postmaster of Auckland, has resumed his official duties after his temporary absence.

MR AND MRS MOSS-DAVIS, of Auckland, with their two eldest daughters, intend to take a short trip to the Old Country.

MRS McMILLAN and the Misses McMillan, of 'Ardstrath,' Remuera, have returned to Auckland from their three months' residence at their country house, Wain-garo.

MRS RICHMOND, Modt Eden, Auckland, has gone with her daughter to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs A. Aitken, up the Waikato.

MR AND MRS GERALD TOLHURST have returned from their honeymoon, and are staying with Mr and Mrs G. E. Tolhurst, of Wellington, for a few days.

MR AND MRS CRAWSHAW and family have left Blenheim for their future home in Hawera. They will be much missed.

MISS SYDNEY JOHNSTON has come down from the country to be present at Miss Grace's wedding. She is at present staying with Mrs Bell in Wellington.

MRS POWELL has returned to Blenheim from her lengthy visit to Hokitika, and looks remarkably well.

MRS BEDDARD has returned to Wellington from her long stay in the country.

MR AND MRS DUNCAN CAMERON, Methven, have come into Christchurch for the winter.

A LARGE number of transfers and promotions in the post and telegraph service have been brought about by the reduction in rates, which come into force at the end of the month. Of 178 messengers in the service, some 90 have been promoted, and many other changes will take place. The following are the promotions, alterations, and additions to the staff of the Postal and Telegraph Department affecting the Auckland district:—

ADDITIONS TO OPERATING STAFF, AUCKLAND.—Messrs G. F. Day, from Christchurch; Kidson, from Motueka, promoted; Ballance, from Mangonui; E. N. S. Brown, of Auckland, promoted; Hunter from Motueka; Henderson, from Whitiangi; Elliott, from Kawakawa; McLean, from Dargaville, promoted; Pulling, Auckland, promoted; Slyfield, from Waihi; Best from Hamilton; Cummings, from Blenheim; A. E. St. Clair, of Auckland Exchange, to be assistant counter clerk; R. A. Bach, of the distributor's staff, promoted to be a despatch clerk. Six additional new messengers to be appointed.

KAWAKAWA.—Messenger Cummings to be promoted to rank assistant, vice Elliott, transferred to Auckland; Macready appointed messenger.

OHARAWAI.—Cadet Smith to Waipukurau, vice Mr Gibbons, appointed operator at Hamilton.

OHAUPO.—Messenger Roche, promoted to cadetship at Ohaeawai.

ROTORUA.—Mr Boland transferred to Gisborne, replaced by Acting-Messenger Dansey, promoted to a cadetship.

WHANGAREI.—Cadet A. W. Munro transferred to Napier, replaced by Mr M. M. Munro promoted; Thomas (messenger) promoted to be letter-carrier, vice Munro.

WAIPU.—Messenger Campbell to Napier as a cadet.

MESSENGERS.—A. Ballance, Mangonui; Henderson, Whitiangi; and McLean, Dargaville, promoted to cadetships in Auckland Telegraph Office.

NEW ZEALANDERS IN LONDON.

MR CHAS. R. VALENTINE, formerly produce expert for the New Zealand Government, is on his way to the colony on a visit.

MR HENRY OCTAVIUS GEORGE HARRISON, youngest son of Mr O. H. Harrison, late Secretary of the General Post Office Department at Home and now in New Zealand, has been married to Miss C. Sophia Frances Ferguson, youngest daughter of Mr C. A. Ferguson, formerly of Lea, Kent.

A SUBSCRIPTION list has been opened by the Agent-General on behalf of the sufferers of the Brunner colliery explosion. The following contributions have been received up to date:—J. A. Scrimgeour, £105; Hon. R.

Oliver, £50; Hon. W. Gisborne, £5; Mr S. S. Blackburn, £1 1s; Mona. Lanseigne (Paris), £1 1s; Mr F. Douglas Fox, 10s; Miss Greenstreet, 5s.

MR McCULLOUGH, M.L.C., is now in England.

MR F. E. N. CROMBIE, of New Zealand, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute.

MR JAMES MILLS, Mr J. McCosh Clark, Captain Ashby and Mr G. M. Nelson were among the invited guests to the annual dinner of the Royal Colonial Institute at which the Marquis of Lorne presided.

MR GEO. JAMESON, of New Zealand, who is a member of the London Stock Exchange, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

AMONG the successful students at the University of Edinburgh, are the following New Zealanders:—Mr C. Chilton, D.Sc., M.A. of Dunedin, won the senior 'John Aitken Carlyle' Bursary in anatomy and physiology, also fourth junior medal in physiology, and took also first-class honours in junior practical anatomy. T. P. Herring, of Ashburton, New Zealand, took first-class honours in public health, first-class senior honours in surgery, second senior medal in medicine and third medal in midwifery. A. G. Orchard, of Christchurch, took first-class honours in midwifery, and first-class junior honours in medicine. H. I. T. Thacker, B.A., Christchurch, took first-class honours in midwifery, and first-class in surgery. J. Stevenson, Rangiora, first-class honours in midwifery, also first-class honours in surgery. A. C. Sandstein, of Christchurch, took first class senior honours in physiology, second medal in materia medica, and third senior medal in practical anatomy. H. J. McLean, of Timaru, took third-class junior medal in anatomy.

MR J. BURNS, of Auckland, who recently had the misfortune to slip and break his leg in London, has gone to stay in Scotland with friends.

MR AND MRS J. L. WILSON were on their way to London from Palestine, via Italy, at the date of our last London letter.

MRS SEYMOUR GEORGE and Miss George, Miss Coates, and Mr and Miss Horton, all of New Zealand, have been admitted as a special favour to view Her Majesty's private apartments at Windsor Castle.

MR BELL, M.H.R., is on his way to New Zealand via the States.

DR. F. W. PENNEFATHER, formerly Private Secretary to His Excellency, Sir William Jervois, is now at Home, and will probably take up his residence permanently there.

MR THOMAS RUSSELL, C.M.G., is said to have benefited much by his stay on the Continent.

THE degrees of M.R.C.S. (England) and L.R.C.P. (London) have been conferred on Dr. H. C. Barclay, of New Zealand.

MR AND MRS SHIRLEY BLACKBURN have returned from their honeymoon trip on the Continent, and leave for Christchurch by the 'Rimutaka' next month.

MR P. S. BROWNING, erstwhile of Dunedin and Reef-ton, has settled down in London as secretary to certain of the New Zealand mining enterprises at present engaging public attention.

superseded Mr F. C. V. Brown as Captain's Secretary, and two of the midshipmen went Home in the 'Endymion.' On the other warships there is no change. Messrs Davis and Reid, two midshipmen, came across by the 'Orlando' to join the 'Rapid.'

That Miss Hitchings and Miss Una Hitchings, of Napier, have gone to Sydney for a few weeks.

That Mr George Dyer has discovered two hot springs in the Otira Gorge, about a mile up the Otira River.

That the arrival of the Australian Squadron will be very opportune for the Birthday Ball.

That the H.M.s. 'Orlando' and the cruisers, 'Wallaroo,' 'Katoomba' and 'Ringarooma,' arrived in Auckland Harbour on Wednesday afternoon, having had a very rough trip from Sydney.

That the 'Orlando' was docked in Auckland on Tuesday morning, and after overhaul will leave on June 13th for Suva. Thence she proceeds to Fitzroy Island and Thursday Island, and is due back at Sydney on August 14th.

That the 'Wallaroo,' 'Ringarooma,' and 'Katoomba' leave Auckland about the 30th instant. Their destinations are not settled, but they join the 'Orlando' at Suva between June 18th and June 26th.

That the 'Wallaroo' leaves Suva on June 27th for Noumea for mails, and rejoins the 'Orlando' at sea.

That H.M.s. 'Katoomba' will probably be shortly on the New Zealand station and will dock at Lyttelton.

That Mrs Niell, the Assistant Inspector of Asylums, has been up from the South and visited the Auckland Asylum. The patients are much in need of good games to play during the winter evenings—chess, cards, etc.

That the brave act of George Morris, conductor of one of the Ponsouby cars, in plunging into the Auckland Harbour on a recent stormy night and saving the life of Mr Thomas, has been rewarded. Mr T. W. Leys, on behalf of the 100 subscribers, presented him with a purse of £10.

That the settlers at Waingarua and the vicinity, in the Raglan district, are in much need of a bridge over the Waipa to connect them with Ngaruawahia.

That Mrs Fraser and the Misses Churton, from Auckland, are at present the guests of Mrs L. Rees, Gisborne.

That the Rev. T. Crombie, from England, is staying at Mr Bradley's residence, 'Riverslea,' in Poverty Bay.

That Lady Alice and Lady Dorothy Boyle, who have been visiting Mr and Miss Williams at the Bay of Islands, returned to Auckland by the 'Clansman' on Friday morning.

That a fish, which might have been a whale, but is, according to Sir James Hector, who noticed it from the steamer 'Grafton,' a rare fish of the cetaceous order beluga, has been playing about a small bay near the Pelorus sound. Sir James says that there is no specimen of it in any colonial museum, though the skull of one was secured from the Maoris some years ago.

That the Countess of Glasgow on Thursday afternoon presented Misses Lilian Phillips and Ruth Utting with the medals they had won at the late Flower Show. Lady Glasgow received the ladies and children in the drawing-room at Government House, and kindly invited them to partake of afternoon tea. Heavy rain fell, which rather limited the attendance.

That the Countess of Glasgow has generously offered to give prize medals and prizes for the Children's Flower Show next year, and promised to leave duplicate prizes behind for competition the year succeeding her departure from New Zealand.

That Mr and Mrs Samuel Heath, who were living in a *whare* at the Marlborough settlement between Opanake and Taheke, had a very narrow escape recently. During a gale a rima snapped off and fell across the fireplace, breaking Mrs Heath's collar-bone, bruising her head, and inflicting a flesh wound on her right arm. No doctor was available, but some neighbours attended to her injuries. A new house is being built on Mr Heath's section.

That Mr W. J. Barclay, B.A., has gained at the University of Edinburgh, a Van Dunlop Scholarship in Physiology and Surgery of £100 per annum, tenable for three years. Mr Barclay, who is the son of Mr Adam Barclay, of Mangawhare, gained a Junior University Scholarship from the Auckland College and Grammar School, and studied afterwards in the Auckland University College, and at the University of Otago.

That the Picton footballers are *non est* in the cup matches this year, removals and promotion have walked off with the seniors, and the juniors are not strong enough to compete.

That Miss Williams, of the Bay of Islands, returned to Auckland with the Ladies Alice and Dorothy Boyle, and is now staying at Government House.

That the children's party at Brooklyn was the jolliest for years past in Picton, and that the Misses Ethel and Nina Greensill are *facile principes* as hostesses. That two of the dances were leap year dances, and the young ladies were very polite to their partners.

That the old Oxoniens' and Cantabs' dinner at the Northern Club on Thursday night was a most interesting function. An Oxford and Cambridge Association is to be formed.

That there is a rumour that the Wellington Chess Club is to be open to lady members, some of whom have expressed a wish to join. Granted the franchise, of course, a woman is free and eligible for everything that man goes in for.

That the Bishop and Mrs Julius, of Christchurch, have been spending a few days at Akaroa. Bishop Julius has now almost recovered from his recent severe indisposition. The Misses Julius are still absent holiday making.

That much regret is expressed in Blenheim because Mr Lewis Jackson, travelling agent for the Loan and Mercantile, has decided to give up that position and go with his family to the North Island, where he intends to farm. It is sincerely hoped the change will be to his advantage. It is not known yet who will take his place.

That it is whispered in gay Wellington circles that Mrs Tolhurst may give an evening reception within the next few days as a welcome to her son and his bride.

That Mrs Grace has issued a large number of invitations for a reception on the occasion of Miss Grace's marriage to Mr J. Duncan next Thursday afternoon.

That Mr J. Curtis (Blenheim) has had to undergo another operation. He is progressing favourably so far. Much regret is felt at his illness.

That Mr and Mrs Sprott leave Wellington next Wednesday for Hay, New South Wales, where Mrs Sprott spent some months last year, and in consequence of the benefit received from last visit the doctors have recommended a similar change for this winter.

That several new engagements from Picton will shortly be announced.

That Miss E. Curtis (Blenheim), who has been staying with Mrs Crawford, of 'Langan,' Newtown, and also with Mrs Stevens, of 'Ellensville,' Oriental Bay, has just returned, and is looking well after her visit to the Empire City.

That Mr and Mrs Balcombe Brown, of Wellington, have returned from their distant visits. Armed with bicycles they come, the fascinating machines without which the generality of Britishers think life is not worth living.

That the Rowing Club's social held in Picton on the Queen's Birthday was to be the most popular social of the season. Being for the purpose of paying for the boat purchased by the Club for the use of the popular young sculler, Mr Hugh McCormick, all the world and his wife studied to make the affair an unqualified success.

That the cup that cheers is to be improved by one of its devotees, for Mrs Margaretta Lichfield, of Greytown, is applying for letters patent for an improved tea infuser.

That a valuable gift was made last week by the Young Women's Bible Class at the Auckland Tabernacle to Mrs Blaikie, who for three years has been their instructor. The presentation was made at a social, and consisted of a pretty cake-basket, cream and sugar stand with silver tongs.

That a handsome legacy has been bequeathed to Mr H. Driver, of the Horse Shoe Bush Estate, a relative in the United States having left him £10,000.

That the New Anglican Church, called St. Saviour's, was consecrated last week by the Primate, Dr. Cowie. The site was given by Mr G. Whyman, and the building is opened free from debt.

That the Committee arranging for the celebration of the Premier's birthday, on June 22nd, has decided that it should take the form of a social and dance, and during the evening the Premier will be presented with an illuminated address.

That there has recently been celebrated the 57th anniversary of the wedding of Mr B. C. Rodd, of Five Dock, the oldest solicitor in Australia, and one of the oldest residents of Sydney.

That the Northern Railway League is anxious to impress on the Auckland Representatives before their return to Wellington the great desirability of pressing on the overland connection between Auckland and Taranaki. This would, indeed, fill a long felt want.

That Miss Stevenson's marriage to Mr Robert Rose, of Auckland, takes place in her mother's house, 'Glenholm,' Remuera, Auckland, and is an extremely quiet affair, only immediate relatives being present. There will be a small dance for young people in the evening.

That many hearty congratulations from various parts of the colony were sent to Wellington last week by the many friends of the Rev. T. and Mrs Hamer, who celebrated their golden wedding. The couple came out to Auckland in 1851, Mr Hamer being one of the first Congregational ministers who arrived in the colony. They are still in fairly good health.

That it is proposed by the Wellington Acclimatisation Society to turn out a number of deer on the Waterworks Reserve at Wainui-o-mata, if the City Council will give its consent.

That on Monday, the 25th, in Auckland, many people imagined that there had been a very late cold water party at some Club on the Saturday night, and that those entertained thereat had only sufficiently recovered before one o'clock on Monday to scatter to their several homes, as numbers of Society men in evening dress were seen fitting about, desperately bent on eluding observation. It turned out that they were going to or from the levee at Government House, in regulation dress!

That a number of friends assembled at the Napier wharf to bid *adieu* to Miss Lanauze, who left on Thursday by the s.s. 'Waihora.' Miss Lanauze has endeared herself to all, and her friends will be most happy to anticipate her return, for she has decided to permanently reside in Hawke's Bay.

That a proposal is on foot to start an iron-sand smelting works at Patea. Some two or three tons of sand have already been sent away to Onghunga for experimental treatment.

That Mr J. A. Edean, son of Mr and Mrs Edean, of Auckland, who was one of the medical passes in the recent examinations held in the colony, has left for Australia and the Old Country to gain experience in his profession. The many friends of Mr and Mrs Edean will wish the young Aucklander every success in his studies.



SOCIETY * ON * DITS.

That Government House, Auckland, will probably be vacated the first week in June, much to the regret of Society people and others in the fair Northern city. The present Governor and his family take a keen interest in all that is going on, be it a patriotic concert, the proposed bazaar for the girls working in shops and factories, a meet of the hounds, a dance, medals for the Ambulance Corps or children's flower show, etc., etc., which kindly interest renders them deservedly popular. Few people realize the constant demand on strength and cheerfulness all this implies.

That the concert given in the Costley Home, Auckland, by the members of the Mount Eden Amateur Harmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr G. A. Paque, R.A.M., was exceedingly enjoyed.

That the natives of Whangaruru believe that the recent severe gales were caused by the death of a very old native chief in that district, this being one of their cherished superstitions.

That the promotion of Mr N. Carless, who has occupied the position of purser of the Huddart-Parker steamer 'Tasmania' during the time that she has been on the New Zealand-Sydney trade, to the position of inspector of the Company's business on the New Zealand coast, is very popular. His headquarters will be in Wellington.

That on the 'Orlando,' Mr E. G. Chamberlain has

That a suggestion has been made to set aside a section in the forthcoming exhibition at Wellington for school works and home industries. A committee of ladies have taken the matter in hand.

That an effort is to be made by certain temperance enthusiasts to open a coffee palace in Masterton, where young men could play a game of draughts and spend their winter hours.

That most energetic and thorough are the preparations being made for the opening of Parliament. The Buildings appear to be undergoing a spring and autumn cleaning rolled into one, and no doubt the result will be highly satisfactory. Government House is also receiving careful attention in anticipation of the early return of His Excellency the Governor, Lady Glasgow and party.

That Wellington Society is looking forward to Miss Grace's wedding. A large number of invitations have been issued to the afternoon reception at the bride-elect's home, 'Araki,' Hawkestone-street. That the maids are in dress in coloured couples—two in pink, and two in green.

That in honour of the Queen's Birthday, the Newton Band played a selection of musical items in the Albert Park, Auckland, on Sunday from three o'clock to four. The music was much appreciated by a large number of the public, who enjoyed the somewhat unusual pleasure of a promenade concert.

Miss Marchant had a very enjoyable dance the other night in Wellington, among her more intimate friends, which went off with great spirit.

That Mr John Gillies, of Te Horo, intends taking over the management of Mr Russell's station in the Wairarapa. His son, Mr Percy Gillies, will be left in charge of the station at Te Horo.

That a good many invitations for the Wellington Hutt ball on Friday 29th, have been sent to town residents, who always seem to enjoy these dances so much. Their being a little different from those in town lends special enchantment. The ladies of the committee bear the highest reputation for skill in arranging these matters. They include Mesdames Fitzherbert, Pearce, Pearson, Riddiford, Scales, Treadwell, Wilford, and Miss Barnett.

We learn something every day of our lives, which serves to illustrate the truth of what others have told us. No amount of wise counseling, no study of the world's best books can teach us as much as a few weeks of hard experience. Knowledge may be gathered from others, but not wisdom. The best education can not confer it. It is the slow, sure work of time—the fruit of experience. Nothing is of value to us, unless we learn from it. We are backward in learning, even from our experiences, and sometimes the same lesson has to be taught us time after time. The formation of our character largely depends on the use we make of our experience.



District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, May 15th, 1896.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned TOWN AND RURAL LANDS will be submitted for sale by public auction at this Office on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of July, 1896, at 11 a.m.:

TOWN OF OPAU.—BLOCK IV.			
Section	Area	Upset Price	
	A. R. P.	£	s. d.
1	0 0 36	4	10 0
2	0 1 0	5	0 0
3	0 1 0	5	0 0

OTAMATEA COUNTY.

PARISH OF OMAIC.

Section	Area	Upset Price	
	A. R. P.	£	s. d.
N.W. 42	40 0 0	200	0 0
N.E. 43	30 0 0	150	0 0

Uncultivated forest land, about 10 miles from Matakohe or Tokatoka, containing kauri timber as follows:—P.L. 42, about 600,000 feet; P.L. 43, about 300,000 feet.

HOKIANGA COUNTY.

PARISH OF PUPUKE.

Section	Area	Upset Price	
	A. R. P.	£	s. d.
N.W. 112	76 0 0	375	0 0

Rough bush land, containing about 1,000,000 feet of kauri timber, situated about 12 miles from Whangaroa.

TERMS OF SALE.—One fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the fall of the hammer, and the balance with Crown grant fee within 30 days thereafter, otherwise the part of the purchase money paid by way of deposit shall be forfeited and the contract for the sale of the land be null and void.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.



Kauri and Totara Timber, Auckland, For Sale, by Public Auction.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, 20th April, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned kauri and totara timber, situated in Block XIV., Poruru Survey District, and Block V., Tangihua Survey District, will be offered for sale by public auction at this office, on FRIDAY, the 12th June, 1896, at 11 a.m.

317 kauri trees, containing 800,000 feet; upset price, £250

55 totara trees, containing 62,000 feet; upset price, £10.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

ANY reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature or *nom de plume* to

MADAME MARCELLA,

'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

The coupon appearing on the last page of cover of the GRAPHIC and twenty-four penny stamps must accompany each letter.

'S. O. JACKSON.'—My graphological reading of your character gives great imaginative power and refined and cultivated tastes. You possess much musical talent (this is indicated by the large loops to your h's and f's). I think you must excel in the art of composition, always paying strict attention to accuracy and 'technique.' Your abilities are by no means confined to music. You have much versatility, and at the same time perseverance, energy, and mental activity are all perceptible; but a little more firmness and tenacity of will would be beneficial, and you are far too sensitive. You have exquisite tact, much courtesy of manner and consideration, especially for those who are weaker than yourself, but you are too easily wounded by censure or criticism, and your vivid imagination often tends to increase this difficulty. Your comprehension is unusually quick, and you arrive at conclusions so rapidly, that although your judgment is often correct, you run the risk of exaggeration in adverse circumstances or unpleasantness to yourself only, as you are reserved excepting with those with whom you are on intimate terms. Your temperament is impulsive, and you are exceedingly generous, but not imprudent. You appreciate outward appearances, and value popularity, which from numerous indications I am sure you can easily secure.—MARCELLA.

'FLORINE.'—You have a most genial and unselfish disposition, full of kindness and bright intelligence, but (as I find it to be so very often the case in the most charming characters amongst the many I delineate) you are much too sensitive. All your sensibilities are acute, your capacity for enjoyment is keen, your spirits are buoyant, you throw yourself into a subject and become deeply interested, or are you easily depressed or discouraged, for your temperament is elastic and cheerful, but your affections are exceedingly warm, your nerves are highly strung, and for those who like you, are capable of intense affection and happiness, there is always a possibility of suffering also. You have an excellent temper, impulsive, but the impulse is always generated by generosity. There may be a slight deficiency of prudence, but I detect no sign of extravagance. Although not vividly imaginative, you appreciate both fun and humour, and readily comprehend a joke. Your taste is good, and your abilities are above the average. As a friend you are constant and sincere, and although so warm-hearted you are not impressionable. You like agreeable society, but you delight in the pleasures of home and the art of giving enjoyment to others. You have little ambition, and still less vanity, but you place a high value on the opinion of those you love, and, as a rule, you prefer their judgment to your own.—MARCELLA.

'Jemima.'—I must confess to some bewilderment in giving the delineation of your character, and you must pardon me if the attributes appear to be rather masculine than feminine. You possess great originality and much power of observation and discernment. You adhere vigorously to stern reality and 'fact,' and are too practical to have faith in imagination. Prudence and cautious discretion are strongly accentuated, and although very energetic, you are not in the least impulsive but 'guarded' in speech and action. You have an abundance of self-reliance, a strong will, and your mind is vigorous. You are clever, intelligent, and especially skilful in the art of constructing. Your affections are very deep, and although you are reserved in expressing them, you like and expect to receive a full return. You are impatient of restraint, and fetters of any kind are antagonistic to your independent spirit. Perfect freedom of thought is essential to you. You are severe in general criticism, but just and honourable in conduct and intention. You seldom display emotional feelings, but nevertheless you conceal a warm heart beneath a mantle of reserve, not unmixt with sensitive pride.—MARCELLA.

'Mannie Lascelle' (Murchison).—Your handwriting indicates a poetical and imaginative temperament, i.e., you are fond of poetry and have artistic taste, but your mind is clear, well regulated and refined, and although your imagination is fertile, your actions are consistent, and you are conscientiously truthful. Your temper is remarkably even and placid, nevertheless you are by no means deficient in force of character. You never worry or 'hurry' yourself or other people unnecessarily, and perhaps a little more energy and perseverance would be beneficial, but if you consider 'duty' to be called in question, you at once become firm and decided. You are not impressionable or vehemently emotional, but your friendship or love once gained is constant and unalterable. You possess much discernment, and although your words are well chosen, you think deeply, and more than you speak. You are neat and orderly, very prudent, and a good manager, but you pay due deference to appearances and the rites of hospitality. You have a fair share of ambition, but you require to be really interested to inspire determination to excel, as you have little vanity or love of display.—MARCELLA.

BILIOUSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, AND GENERAL Debility.—In testifying to the value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I have great pleasure in pronouncing it to be a most efficacious remedy in cases of biliousness, loss of appetite, and general debility. I have tried all kinds of salts at different times, but none of them have afforded me that speedy and lasting relief which makes such a feature in your 'FRUIT SALT.' You are free to use this letter in any way you may think most convenient. It comes quite unsolicited, and many of my friends are willing to endorse the remarks made therein. S. G. S., Epping, Essex. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.



ENGAGEMENTS

THE engagement is announced in Gisborne of Miss Laura Tucker, daughter of Captain Tucker, to Mr W. Booth, second son of Mr James Booth, S.M.

THE engagement is announced of Captain Richard Stracey, Rifle Brigade, eldest son of General Richard Stracey, of 69, Lancaster-gate, London, and Miss Grace Norman, youngest daughter of General Sir Henry Norman, late Governor of Queensland.

THERE are two engagements this week, both of considerable interest in Wellington—Miss Phoebe Seddon to Mr Frank Dyer, both resident in Wellington, and Miss Katie Johnson, daughter of the late Captain R. Johnson, to Mr Charles Tally, Greytown North.

THE engagement of Miss Florence Edith Tansley, second eldest daughter of Mr Samuel Tansley, of Danevirke, to Mr L. F. Allen, Bank of New Zealand, now of Auckland, is announced.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

DR. BARR TO MISS BOYD.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Takapuna, Auckland, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding on Wednesday, the 20th, when Miss Eugenie J. Boyd, eldest daughter of Mr George Boyd, K.N., of 'Strathmartin,' Lake Takapuna, was united to Dr. Valentine Herbert Barr.

THE church was very prettily decorated by girl friends of the bride, and a white floral bell was suspended from a beautiful arch of white flowers and maiden hair fern in the chancel. Under this bell the happy pair were married by the Rev. H. S. Davies.

Two appropriate hymns were sung by the choir, and Miss Williamson (organist at St. Peter's) played the 'Wedding March.'

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a white surah silk dress trimmed with white fur. She carried an exquisite shower bouquet of white flowers and maiden hair fern. Her only bridesmaid was Miss May Boyd, who looked exceedingly pretty in a light green gown tastefully trimmed with darker-hued velvet and white chiffon; hat of white felt with velvet to match the dress, and white wings. Dr. Pabst was the best man.

AS the bridal party left the church they were greeted with the customary rice and flowers, the bride being presented with a horseshoe of white flowers.

AFTER the ceremony Dr. and Mrs Barr left for Auckland en route for Rotorua, where the honeymoon will be spent.

MR SHARPE TO MISS COLLINS.

ON Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock a really quiet wedding took place at St. Michael's Church—that of Miss Collins, of Kaikoura, to Mr Drummond Sharpe. The wedding took place from the residence of Dr. Nedwill, the bride wearing her travelling dress, and was accompanied only by her father, who gave her away, and a little page, Master Eric Wilson Smith, in Fautleroy suit of brown velvet.

THE bride and bridegroom left on their honeymoon direct from the church door, the few friends and relatives returning to Dr. Nedwill's for light refreshments.

MISS C. COLLINS wore a pretty golden brown costume trimmed with chameleon velvet, fancy straw hat; Mrs A. Wilson Smith, Geraldine (sister of the bride), in chocolate brown with shot blue silk vest, large hat; Misses Nedwill, Wyna-Williams, and Mrs Westmacott were also present.

MR HALL TO MISS ELLIS.

A VERY pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Barnabas' Church, Fendalton, last week, when Miss Ellis, eldest daughter of Mr N. Ellis, Fendalton, was married to Mr E. J. Hall, of Mayfield.

THE church had been most tastefully decorated with white chrysanthemums by the bride's girl friends. The Rev. Northcote officiated, the service being full choral.

The bride was simply attired in cream figured lustre with full silk sleeves, the bodice trimmed with lace. Full tulle veil and wreath completed this tasteful costume, and an exquisite shower bouquet.

The bridesmaids were sisters of the bride—the Misses E., Mildred, Crissy, and Emily Ellis. They wore most becoming frocks of brown serge, two trimmed with old gold velvet and beaver fur, brown velvet hats with feathers to match; the other two pink silk bodices veiled with black net, brown straw hats trimmed with brown and pink. They carried lovely shower bouquets, and wore gold brooches, the bridegroom's gift. Two sweet little flower girls were in attendance—Misses Kathleen and Mary Gould—in Kate Greenaway costumes of cream colour with silk hats to match, tan shoes, stockings, and mittens.

Mr ARTHUR ELLIS (cousin of the bride) acted as best man.

MRS ELLIS wore a handsome blue and black crêpon, black fur-trimmed mantle, the bonnet brightened with pink.

The bride's travelling dress was brown and fawn, with hat to match. The honeymoon is to be spent touring the West Coast.



AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 25.

There is so much going on just now I seem to live in a whirl. Last Monday the Vice-regal party paid a long-intended visit to the Waitomo caves. They left Auckland by special train at 8.30 to Hangatiki reaching the place at noon. Here they proceeded on horse and in carriages to the caves. Major Elliot joined the party at Rangiiriri. They returned to Hamilton for the night and came back to Auckland in the forenoon of Wednesday ready for the reception in the evening. Mr Mueller (Crown Lands Commissioner) kindly lent the apparatus for using the magnesium

light, so that the interior of the caves—the stalactites and the stalagmites—were seen to the best advantage. The Grammar School Old Boy's Association celebrated their 27th anniversary by a very pleasant and successful social. It was held in the Grammar School buildings, and was attended by about 120 old boys. The present and popular headmaster, Mr J. W. Tibbo, Mr Holland (Mayor), (Canon Nelson, etc.), were present. The committee, Messrs A. Cook, P. G. Taylor, and W. K. Bruce must be congratulated together with the secretary, N. L. Holm Biss, on the excellent result of their labours. The musical items are given elsewhere.

A fashionable RECEPTION

was given by the Countess of Glasgow at Government House last Wednesday evening from nine o'clock until half past eleven. His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Glasgow received the guests, who numbered about 180. Among them were His Excellency the Admiral and staff and other officers of the fleet. The drawing room and corridors were tastefully decorated with large pots of ginger plant, fern palms, and bamboo, and were brilliantly lighted up with incandescent gas lamps, an installation of which has been put in throughout Government House. The guests were new and handsome, and the brilliant light showed them off to advantage, though I heard rumours of the light being rather trying to some of the complexions. Light refreshments were dispensed during the evening in the intervals of pleasant conversation, and Missy's band performed a series of soft, choice musical selections. Lady Glasgow wore a rather grey brocade finished with twine, coloured lace, diamond necklet, and ornaments, aigrette in hair en suite; Lady Auckland, a very good silk finished with panels of buttercup silk; the Primrose and Mrs Coote, the latter looking extremely well in a black velvet with bead trimming, white muslin chemise, and a navy blue and red silk finished with panels of buttercup silk; the Archdeacon Dudley, Mrs Dudley, black silk relieved with white lace; Miss Winnie Dudley, ciel blue satin with fleure of white muslin; Dr. and Mrs Purchase, the lady wearing a black silk; Miss and Mrs Cook, looking well in a white Liberty silk; Archdeacon Dudley, Mrs Dudley, black silk relieved with white lace; Miss Winnie Dudley, ciel blue satin with fleure of white muslin; Dr. and Mrs Purchase, the lady wearing a black silk; some black silk with rose coloured balloon sleeves; Mrs Thomas Morrin, buttercup brocade with roses en suite; Hon. Mr Devereux, Mrs Devereux, black satin; Miss Devereux, white muslin with pink rosebuds; Mrs Ware, black and blue silk front to skirt, the back and bodice of pale pink striped moiré, rose pink bebe sleeves; Miss Ware, rich maize brocade; Miss Griffin's stylish cream brocade; Mrs (Mrs) Dawson, blue mirror silk en traine; the bodice of blue flowers en traine; Mrs Dignan was looking very beautiful in a dome blue silk relieved with white lace; Professor and Mrs Egerton, the lady wearing a white Liberty silk finished with chiffon; Mrs Hope Lewis, buttercup brocade, black lace epaulettes; Mr Holland the Mayor, Mrs Holland, black silk with lace; Miss Essie Holland, pink crêponette; Misses Kerr-Taylor, pale pink silk; Mrs Haines, striking combination of brown and pink finished with panosementerie and pink flowers; Mrs Isaacs, black velvet en traine; Misses Kate Isaacs, Mexique blue silk with black jet beads; Miss Isaacs (Sydney), handsome white satin with sprays of lily of the valley, butterfly sleeves; Miss Isaacs, blue silk with a wreath of lily of the valley; Mr and Mrs J. M. Spera, the lady wearing white china silk flowered with red and trimmed with red silk, en traine; Mr and Mrs Willie Bounfield, the latter in a dome blue brocade; Mr and Mrs Macdonald, the lady wearing orange brocade with artificial violets on shoulder; Mr and Mrs Greenway, the lady gowned in black silk with artificial violets; Miss Firth, azure nil blue; Miss Chambers, handsome black satin with pink flowers; Mrs Dargaville, black silk with gold passementerie; Miss Dargaville, white silk; Mrs Moss-Davis, black silk, with silver panosementerie en traine; Miss Sybil Moss-Davis, white silk with rips of pearls; Mr and Mrs Lyons, the lady in white silk skirt veiled in white muslin with peacock coloured sequins, the bodice of blue silk veiled in the same muslin; Miss Mowbray, white silk with canopy trimming; Mrs Keating, pale blue silk with green velvet sleeves and flappings, and her sister, cream brocade silk veiled in pale heliotrope chiffon and finished with velvet bows of a darker hue; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black silk skirt, pink silk blouse veiled in black with balloon sleeves; Mrs McWilliam, pink shot with petunia brocade silk trimmed with velvet of a darker hue, diamond ornaments; Miss McMillan, pretty ciel blue silk; Mrs Solo, black satin with black bead passementerie; Mrs (Major) Bess Harmer, black silk; Mrs (Mrs) P. J. Harmer, the lady looking exceedingly well in black velvet and bead trimmings; Mrs Seeger, bright, coquettish red silk; Mr and Mrs Matthew Clark, the lady wearing antique velvet with full cream tulle; Mrs Payton, black silk with corse bands; Mrs Tilly, handsome black satin with white bebe sleeves veiled in black lace; Misses Kerr-Taylor, white; Miss Keating, grey silk with white; Miss Dargaville, cream striped, pale blue silk with green velvet tulle; Miss Edith Dargaville, nil green silk; Mr and Mrs Lyons, the lady wearing a handsome trained gown with geranium pink satin; Miss Aubrey, a combination of black and pink; Miss Thorpe, white shower muslin; Miss Keating, brick red silk; Mrs Hay, black silk; Mrs Foster, black lace with rose pink sleeves; Miss Mabel Hay, black silk with pink flowers on shoulder; Miss Mason (Sydney), white silk; Miss Herrold, black relieved with pink; and her sister wore a canary coloured gown; Mrs Scherriff, stylish black silk; Miss Eva Scherriff, black velvet with white flappings; Miss Dolly Scherriff looked well in a smart white silk with bead trimmings; Mrs (Mrs) Gamble (Mrs), stylish combination of dove blue and black; Mrs (Mrs) Motron, black; Misses Cheeseman were similarly attired in dark gowns; Mrs A. P. Wilson looked very well in black silk; Mr and Mrs Whiting, the lady wearing a blue silk with blue flappings; Mrs Haggie Smith, a combination of black and pink; her daughter was wearing a sea blue silk with rose pink velvet rosettes; Mrs Lucky, red shot and shaded silk; Mrs Kilgour, gold and black striped skirt, with gold, white panels; Mrs (Mrs) Cheeseman, white Liberty silk; Miss Kilgour, white silk with emerald green velvet trimmings; Mrs Guoulson (Hawera), pink silk, en traine, with white muslin trimmings; Mr and Mrs Harry Keating, the lady wearing a handsome black silk; Mrs E. Keating, grey brocade silk, etc. Messrs Dargaville, Keating, Wainborough, Herrold, Seeger, Mr Kellar, and many others whose names I did not hear were amongst the men present.

LARGE MUSICAL EVENING

last Tuesday at her pretty residence, 'Marunui,' Orakei Road, Remuera. The night was very cold, so that dances were interspersed with the musical sets. Both reception and dancing room were tastefully trimmed with chrysanthemums and branches of rima. The supper-table was decorated with two shades of yellow silk and finished with chrysanthemums and fruit of the tomato tree, which added greatly to the effect with its rich colouring. Mrs Cheeseman wore a handsome black silk en traine, finished with white lace; Mrs Keating, Sydney-street, black velvet with white point lace; Miss Keating, pale blue silk with green velvet sleeves and flappings, and her sister, cream brocade silk veiled in pale heliotrope chiffon and finished with velvet bows of a darker hue; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black silk skirt, pink silk blouse veiled in black with balloon sleeves; Mrs McWilliam, pink shot with petunia brocade silk trimmed with velvet of a darker hue, diamond ornaments; Miss McMillan, pretty ciel blue silk; Mrs Solo, black satin with black bead passementerie; Mrs (Major) Bess Harmer, black silk; Mrs (Mrs) P. J. Harmer, the lady looking exceedingly well in black velvet and bead trimmings; Mrs Seeger, bright, coquettish red silk; Mr and Mrs Matthew Clark, the lady wearing antique velvet with full cream tulle; Mrs Payton, black silk with corse bands; Mrs Tilly, handsome black satin with white bebe sleeves veiled in black lace; Misses Kerr-Taylor, white; Miss Keating, grey silk with white; Miss Dargaville, cream striped, pale blue silk with green velvet tulle; Miss Edith Dargaville, nil green silk; Mr and Mrs Lyons, the lady wearing a handsome trained gown with geranium pink satin; Miss Aubrey, a combination of black and pink; Miss Thorpe, white shower muslin; Miss Keating, brick red silk; Mrs Hay, black silk; Mrs Foster, black lace with rose pink sleeves; Miss Mabel Hay, black silk with pink flowers on shoulder; Miss Mason (Sydney), white silk; Miss Herrold, black relieved with pink; and her sister wore a canary coloured gown; Mrs Scherriff, stylish black silk; Miss Eva Scherriff, black velvet with white flappings; Miss Dolly Scherriff looked well in a smart white silk with bead trimmings; Mrs (Mrs) Gamble (Mrs), stylish combination of dove blue and black; Mrs (Mrs) Motron, black; Misses Cheeseman were similarly attired in dark gowns; Mrs A. P. Wilson looked very well in black silk; Mr and Mrs Whiting, the lady wearing a blue silk with blue flappings; Mrs Haggie Smith, a combination of black and pink; her daughter was wearing a sea blue silk with rose pink velvet rosettes; Mrs Lucky, red shot and shaded silk; Mrs Kilgour, gold and black striped skirt, with gold, white panels; Mrs (Mrs) Cheeseman, white Liberty silk; Miss Kilgour, white silk with emerald green velvet trimmings; Mrs Guoulson (Hawera), pink silk, en traine, with white muslin trimmings; Mr and Mrs Harry Keating, the lady wearing a handsome black silk; Mrs E. Keating, grey brocade silk, etc. Messrs Dargaville, Keating, Wainborough, Herrold, Seeger, Mr Kellar, and many others whose names I did not hear were amongst the men present.

THE GLENDOR CLUB.

through the kindness and assistance of Mrs Young, entertained a good number of friends at her residence, Symonds-street, on Friday evening, having as they say, until now, I noticed there Miss J. Reeve, who looked well in black velvet; Miss E. Brett, white; Miss A. Stevenson, white with yellow ash; Miss Dickey Stevenson, crushed strawberry net; Miss Whyte, heliotrope silk; Misses Mrs. G. and black; Miss M. Sellers, white, rose; Mrs Young, black; Mrs Hay, black with jet and white; Mrs Connell, dark dress; Miss J. Pierre looked nice in white; Miss E. Pierre, black velvet skirt, pink silk bodice; Miss Mac-Cormack, white, with black, pearl; Miss (Mrs) Hesketh, white; Miss Millie Hesketh, multi-coloured silk; Miss Goodwin, pink; Miss M. Williamson, white; Miss Von der Hyde looked very well in white; Miss Ethel Dixon, white and yellow ash; and among others. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Haggie, Dixon, Gordon, Churton, Burton, Whitton, Hay, Williamson, etc.

MOTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER when selecting an artificial Food for their babies THREE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF

MELLIN'S FOOD

It is easily Digestible and very Assimilable and Nourishing. It is readily soluble and may be prepared in a few seconds. It is free from husks and indigestible matter, which would cause irritation. MELLIN'S FOOD for Infants and Invalids may be obtained of all Dealers throughout the World. G. MELLIN, MARLBORO' WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, ENGLAND.

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J. BALLANTYNE & CO.

THE LEADING

DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT IN THE COLONY

WEDDING OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF STYLISH HARRIS TWEEDS SUITABLE FOR

'CYCLING COSTUMES.

A LOVELY COLLECTION OF

NOVELTY DRESS FABRICS, MANTLES & MILLINERY.

LADIES PLEASE SEND FOR PATTERNS—POST FREE.

J. BALLANTYNE & CO.,

DUNSTABLE HOUSE,

CHRISTCHURCH.

Mr. C. Hay, as secretary of the Club, deserves great credit for his management... The first

POSSONBY 'AT HOME'

of the season and the twenty-first anniversary of these favourite winter dances on Friday proved a grand success... Mrs. Devere looked distinguished in a soft grey corded silk...

'NAP PARTY'

at her charming residence, 'Raro Maunga,' Epsom, on Saturday evening... The venue was daintily lighted up with fairy lights...

ENJOYABLE DANCE

at her pretty residence, 'Stadacona' last Thursday... Though it rained very heavily during the prior part of the evening...

'AT HOME'

on Thursday evening in Mrs Howe's hall, Symonds-street... The accommodation of the hall was taxed to its fullest capacity...

wreath of flowers round her throat; Miss Johnson, turquoise blue bengaline bodice of dark blue velvet, spray of pale pink roses...

PHYLLIS BROUKE

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, I am glad to say that there is more news for you this week. I will begin with the

RAREFOUR DANCE.

which was held last Friday night at Thomas' Hall. The ballroom was most effectively decorated with flags and greenery... Mrs. Devere looked very pretty, and was arranged with sky-blue crinkled paper and vases of rich dark chrysanthemums...

THE PERMANENT ARTILLERY BALL.

given in aid of the Brunnerton Relief Fund is the next on my list. It was held in the Drill Shed on the same night. The decorations on this occasion were also splendid, consisting of bunting and streamers...

'AT HOME'

to her friends on Thursday. Afternoon teas are greatly appreciated in this cold weather. It is always so nice to be able to turn into somebody's cosy room and have the usual delicious hot tea and cakes... Mrs. Friend was

SMALL EVENING PARTY

on Thursday, when eucure and music were kept going merrily. Mrs. Haies wore a handsome black satin gown effectively trimmed with black and white satin... Mrs. Haies, of Oriental Bay, also gave a

AFTERNOON TEA

was given in honour of Mrs Saunders, of Wangarua. Mrs Newman was very stylishly dressed in dark blue alpaca coat and skirt with vest and revers of white satin... Mrs Newman

white and gold bonnet; Mrs Rhind, black coat and skirt, white vest with bars of black passementerie, black bonnet with red bows; Mrs Saunders, bronzy-brown dress, far cape and brown bonnet with red roses; etc.

AFTERNOON TEA

In honour of the Misses Richmond and Baber, two ladies who attach the distinctive letters M.A. to their names, and have come here with the intention of establishing classes for 'coaching' students in all branches of education...

MYRE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, On Friday, 22nd, the ANNUAL TENNIS DANCE of the Otago Lawn Tennis Club, was held at St. Paul's school-room...

The hall and stage were most beautifully decorated with greenery, jacquets, flags, etc. From the roof were suspended innumerable Japanese umbrellas and fans, which had an extremely pretty effect... Mrs. Friend was

The same evening Mrs. Jan. Allen (Arawa) gave a juvenile dance for Miss Ian Maister. Mrs. Allen received her young guests seated in blue silk covered with beautiful black lace...

AILEEN.

CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR BEE, Again I have to chronicle a very pleasant SOCIAL

which was held in 'Waterside,' the present residence of Mrs Gibbons, of Onehunga, who I hear intends to spend the winter amongst us. The large dancing room was well filled, and the floor was in splendid order...

BRAY.

NOTE-The Christchurch, Napier, Nelson, Picton, Blenheim, and a Cambridge Letter have been unavoidably held over, and the Wellington Letters somewhat cut down.

FOR HER BABY'S LIFE.

A YOUNG mother crooning over her first born sat in her humble cabin on the border of the Great Tenass Swamp, that diurnal, mysterious, and all but impenetrable jungle which stretches for many miles into the lower border of Alabama from the head of Mobile Bay. She was awaiting the return of her sturdy husband, a hunter by vocation, who had gone into the swamp for game. It was the middle of August and the day was exceedingly hot. The tall sedges and other grasses that began where the jungle ceased and that filled all the broad flat pampas region lying between the swamp and the forest of pines was dry and offered a temptation to fire.

The woman belonged to the common people, but the infinitely gracious light of motherhood shone in her blue eyes and invested with rare comeliness a face that bore beneath its present radiance hard traces of an inherited necessity to earn a subsistence by the sweat of the brow. Strength of limb and health of body were becoming accompaniments of the rich colouring of her cheeks, for, having issued from generations become accustomed to the miasms of the swamp, she was on her proper health and her vigour reflected the bountiful luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation. Modified by the new happiness and light that filled her life the dullness of her comprehension was still dimly reflected in her face and in the heaviness of her movements.

But suddenly she paused in her crooning and play with her baby, raised her head and sat in rigid stillness, listening. Then her face blanched, and, snatching her baby to her breast she sprang to the door and eagerly scanned the vast stretch of dead grass palpitating in the sun.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "It is coming." As she spoke a blast of hot air struck her white cheek, coming suddenly to disturb the dead calm that hitherto had prevailed. To the windward, rolling in great writhing wreaths towards the sky, was a dense gray smoke, that, mounting rapidly, in a moment turned the brilliant sunshine to a dusky opal hue. The flames, urged by a high wind, whose forerunner had just as-

sailed her, ran toward her with incredible speed and fury—with the speed of the wind and the fury of destruction. She knew what it was bringing to her in her lonely and exposed position.

There was no time for regrets; a precious treasure was clasped to her bosom, and that was the one thing in all the world to be saved from the merciless monster coming to raze and devour all that lay in its path. With a silent prayer to Almighty God for the safe deliverance of her treasure at her hands and with a dumb, blind hope that somewhere in the profound and trackless jungle she might find the one other next and most precious to her soul, she fled bareheaded and panting to the protection of the swamp.

Of all the agonies which she thereupon encountered—fear of the roaring fire behind that sent broad sheets of flame athwart the sky and started small fires all about her; concealed vines that tripped her feet and rebellious shrubs that tore her garments; dread of black bears whose growls of alarm made her knees tremble; terror of frightened panthers whose screams rang through the dark forest—of none of these things need much be told.

The woman fought her way through the jungle, now beside herself and under the influence of a rash eagerness to save her baby's life from the innumerable menaces that dogged her feet. But she knew a little of these wilds, and with approximate accuracy could judge whether this tuft or that was treacherous or firm; whether this vine would poison her and therefore her baby as it tore her flesh; whether her leap was able to clear that black pool, and whether the dark knob of moss on the other side covered a slippery root or honest ground.

She held her baby clutched tightly to her breast, and its loud wailing brought forth from the darker clumps of dwarf palmetto certain hideous creatures that filled her with a terror far beyond that inspired by the growls of bears and the screams of panthers. These were the alligators, those ancient and formidable kings of the southern swamps. The simple folk of these lowlands knew with what jealousy they had to guard the safety of their babes when these monsters were hunting food.

Once in her flight she inadvertently stepped upon a young alligator, and its ensuing sharp squeal brought plunging

forth its enraged mother, which gave chase to the fleeing human mother so closely guarding her own young. The pursuit was soon abandoned, but it impaired the woman's remaining wit and she plunged, floundered, and staggered forward with but two purposes in her disordered mind—flight onward and onward and the preservation of her child from harm. Indeed, to stop or turn back was impossible; not but that she was now perfectly safe from the pursuit of fire, but there was nothing to return to but danger in the swamp and a possible heap of ashes where her home had been. She must go on and on, daring not to call her husband's name aloud for fear of the beasts, but plunging and floundering forward in the dumb and desperate hope that somewhere ahead she might find him, or somewhere beyond the jungle discover the safety of human companionship.

It was thus that after some hours she was dismayed to find her progress barred by the broad expanse of the Tenass River. Behind her lay the terrible forest, its upper parts lashed by the gale and its still depths echoing the moaning and swishing of the cypress tops and the swaying muscadine vines that clambered from the roots to the summits of the trees. Before her lay the broad stretch of tide-water, its surface deeply ruffled by the wind, and beyond its reach of two miles in width began interminable canabrakes. Beside a skurrying bird here and there not a living thing, not a sign of human habitation, greeted the wretched woman's eager scanning.

She did not know where she was nor how many miles she had come. She knew only that she was helpless and desolate, that her baby was crying with fright and hunger, that her own clothes were nearly stripped from her body and that she was dying of thirst.

There was a hazy interval, though partly through it rang faintly the peevish, whimpering cry of an infant followed by silence. When the mother staggered to her feet she found her baby sleeping in the hot sand beside her. She staggered to a little pool a few steps away, drank her fill of tepid, ill-smelling water and returned to her infant.

A new danger soon appeared—the twinkling eyes of moccasins, the most venomous

of all the snakes of the Southern jungles, peered at her and the child from small tufts of dwarf cane that fringed the river bank. She snatched up her baby and began cautiously to pick her way along the river, lest she set foot on one of these deadly reptiles. Soon she found a place of seeming safety, where she might enjoy a little rest and have time to bring her wits to order and devise means of escape. It was a great tree that had stood on the low bank and had fallen into the river at an acute angle to the shore line. It was still anchored to the bank by a few unsevered roots on the under side, and although its great trunk was half submerged, the exposed part was broad and secure. Had not her observation been blunted or possibly her experience lams she would have observed that the upper part, long denuded of its bark, bore certain signs that, had she known their meaning, would have made her avoid this refuge as the most deadly trap into which she could have fallen.

Seeing none of these she walked out upon the log as far as she could go to the remaining stumps of broken limbs, and there she sat down, making herself comfortable with her back resting against a branch stump, and appeased the hunger of her whimpering child. The infant then fell into slumber. The spot where the woman sat was in the shade of the trees on shore. A feeling of utter exhaustion and of refreshing coolness came over her, and before she could realize her peril and summon her energies for renewed efforts to escape she went to sleep.

Presently she was roused by a strange crackling and scrambling, and the log swayed so heavily that she clutched a broken branch barely in time to save herself from the water, which was dark and deep. It was a second or two after her heavy eyes had opened that she was able to perceive a huge alligator slowly creeping down the log toward her and thus completely shutting off all means of escape to the shore. To spring into the river was out of the question. A choking terror for a moment paralyzed all her faculties. She realized that her baby, which had awakened while she slept, was crying again, and that this sound had attracted the hungry saurian. With wisdom and calmness born of a great horror dimly realised the woman stilled the cries of her

Pears' Soap.

Makes the Hands white and fair, the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin soft and smooth as velvet.

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Erasmus Wilson

Prof. Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

"PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balms for the skin."



"Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others."

Lillian Austrey

baby, at the same time wrenching a rotten limb from the prone trunk and waving it menacingly at the beast.

The alligator stopped and watched her with blinking eyes. She could see his broad flanks expand and contract with his breathing, and the rank odour of the musk which issued from an orifice underneath his throat was borne to her senses with the hot breath that poured heavily from his nostrils. There he lay flat on his belly, perfectly still, hugging the log and blinking stupidly at her with his small and watery black eyes.

He was not more than twenty feet from her, but presently he began to shorten the interval by creeping forward with an almost imperceptible motion. The woman believed that if she could command sufficient strength to rise and assume a threatening attitude the monster would retreat, for she knew that it was only in the protection of their young that alligators were ferocious; but she felt that all her strength had fled. Her legs seemed to be but masses of stone, cold, heavy and inert; and her arms, though still retaining strength wherewithal to grasp her infant and the rotten branch, had lost their flexibility.

Worse than all, she found it impossible to remove her steadfast gaze from the blinking eyes whose glance was riveted upon her. Nor could she even command the function of her eyelids, which remained fixedly open, leaving the eyeballs to dry and burn. The huge brown bulk, trailing thirty feet along the log and led by the glittering eyes, slowly crept toward her, while she breathed in short and noiseless gasps and pressed her baby to her bosom.

Then came an unexpected horror. The unaccustomed weight upon the log broke the restraining roots asunder, and, with a deep rolling like that of a ship in distress, the log swung free of the shore and began slowly to drift out into the stream. This alarmed the alligator, for it was a new experience on his old basking-log. So he rolled into the water with a heavy splash and disappeared beneath the surface.

This gave the log so heavy a roll that it dipped the woman and wetted her. In clutching to save herself, but never for an

instant relaxing her firm grasp of the child, she lost the club with which she had held the monster at bay, and now sat helpless and unarmed.

The tide was at the ebb and the farther the log drifted from the shore the more rapidly it began to move down the stream. A fortunate circumstance resided in the fact that a number of branches on the under side of the log remained intact and served as ballast to reduce the rolling of the trunk. The wind had fallen and a dead calm lay upon the dark water.

The mother, her babe's mouth pressed to her empty breast, sat in numb despair. Not even the strength or intelligence to set the forest and brake ringing with cries for help shided in her. It was not conceivable to her that in all the world there could be anything but desolation and death. This brought a certain calmness upon her spirit. She remembered the little home that her own hands had done so much to make comfortable, but which to her was more precious as the nest whither she had gone with the man she loved, and who, next always to her baby, filled the meagre measure of her life. It was hard to give him up, hard to die thus miserably away from him, leaving no trace of the ones he loved so fondly and for whose protection he would have given his life; no record of the horrors which had been endured nor of the terrible end at hand. And how desperately and eagerly he would have fought to save them! How he would spend days and weeks in searching the jungle for them, calling upon them to answer!

From these bitter and despairing reflections she was recalled to her present state by a heavy scrambling on the log and a deep rolling of its bulk in the water. Her tormentor had returned—had indeed kept faithful watch upon his prey from the time the log had swung free of the bank. He was more daring now, for delayed satisfaction of hunger will invest the most cowardly beast with a certain order of courage. It is true that he clambered upon the further end of the log, which was fully sixty feet long, but it would not require a great length of time for him to cover the interval.

Simultaneously with his advent the

hopeless mother, knowing that it was not she, but her baby, whose life was sought by this loathsome monster, became aware of a strange sound upon her ear. Although there was something vaguely familiar in it she could not think otherwise than that it proceeded from within her and was an admonition of her death. It was at first a low and distant rumbling, seemingly behind her, for by this time the log was headed straight down the river, and she sat with her face up stream. The rumbling rapidly grew louder and became a roar, but it only added to the dumb cold terrors that held her soul in chains. The roar changed to a deafening clatter, as though a thousand anvils were hammering at their forges. Then came a screaming blast that filled all time, space and perception and transfixed her vitals with piercing pains. Upon that the huge black bulk of glittering eyes, heaving flanks and dripping scales plunged hastily into the side. The loud clattering and screaming ceased, and thinking that she was dying the woman pressed her baby closer to her bosom and closed her eyes.

But the clattering had been as friendly as its cessation, and the wild scream had been a notice of deliverance, for the log had drifted to the great railroad bridge which spans the river, and the people on the rumbling train that was passing with so much noise had seen the woman and the fearful menace that sat facing her on the log. But the men who were lowered by ropes and who brought her and her precious charge up to safety and comfort, reported that she said nothing but this:

'Save my baby! Save my baby! Don't let him eat my baby!' And they added that it was hours before she could say anything else or would permit the baby to be taken from her arms.

'Ever have any trouble with your wheel?'
'Not yet,' said the sweet young thing.
'So far whenever I have run over anyone I have been able to get away before he got up.'

HOTELS FOR THE POOR.

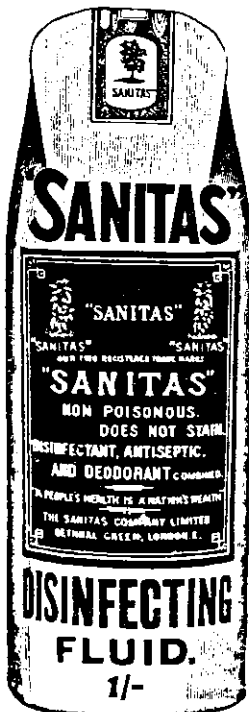
AN American gentleman named Mr Mills is about to combine philanthropy and business in a way that must do great good to the poor of New York city. By an outlay of more than £150,000 he will build and equip, in the metropolitan slums, two large hotels, at which the independent poor may obtain lodgings at no greater cost than that which gets them precarious shelter in common tenements. These hotels will be clean, airy, wholesome, fire-proof, well lighted and carefully managed. One of them is to have a capacity of 1,500 guests. He estimates that at the low scale of rental fixed upon, the returns will be certain to cover a fair interest on the investment.

The thoughtful public will hope that this forecast may prove correct, not merely on Mr Mills' account, but because the financial success of his venture would be likely to lead other rich men to go and do likewise. New York and other great cities have urgent need of not only two, but a hundred such hotels. The reasons why are many.

In the first place the Mills plan is designed to segregate crime from misery. In the common tenement the worthy poor and the vicious or degraded class are herded together and the one element becomes the prey of the other. The children of both grow up in company and those who, under other and better conditions, might come to be good citizens, take the hue of their surroundings and go to the bad. The tenement gathers all who enter it into a common cesspool. It is the spawning place, as well as the haunt of wickedness and crime, but a hotel like that which Mr Mills proposes to build would be the abode of the decent and industrious poor who would there have the chance to rear their families in a civilized way. That is as impossible now, in the streets back of the Bowery, as it would be among the Derivishes of the Soudan.

The second point is that the new undertaking promises to make relief work easy. It is a difficult, an inoffensive, and an unsafe thing to seek out the needy in the lairs which they are forced to share with thieves and desperadoes. Few charitable

DISINFECT WITH "Sanitas"



DISINFECTION WITH "SANITAS."

A searching investigation recently made by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S.E., F.C.S., the well-known Bacteriologist, has established the fact that very minute proportions of "Sanitas" Fluid, "Sanitas" Oil and "Sanitas" Emulsion suffice to quickly destroy the microbes of Cholera, Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Measles, Influenza, Puerperal Fever, Glanders, Yellow Fever, &c.

It has also been shown that the vapour of "Sanitas" Oil, as generated from the "Sanitas" Disinfecting Fumigator, has a most destructive action on the germs of disease, and that, consequently, its inhalation must be most beneficial in the treatment of Diphtheria, Phthisis, and all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat.

When used for fumigating sick rooms, Dr. Griffiths' experiments show that a short time serves to destroy all the germs that are present in the air.

His experiments also demonstrate that when "Sanitas" Fluid is sprayed about dwelling rooms, the microbes of disease are entirely and quickly destroyed, and that small quantities of "Sanitas" Emulsion equally well destroy the same germs when present in water. Of great importance is the further fact which is brought out by Dr. Griffiths' investigations, namely, that not only do "Sanitas" Disinfectants kill all disease germs, but they exhibit this great advantage over other preparations—namely, that they also destroy the poisonous substances which are produced by disease germs and to which they largely owe their fearful character.

Dr. Griffiths concludes his Report with these words:—

'There is no doubt that "Sanitas" Oil and "Sanitas" Fluid are most powerful disinfectants; consequently, they should not only be used for disinfecting rooms, hospitals, barracks, prisons, &c., but also employed in the treatment of infectious diseases, such as cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, glanders, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, puerperal fever, &c.'

MEDICAL PRESS EXTRACTS.

"Sanitas" is a valuable disinfectant, having certain advantages over all others."

—*Medical Press and Circular.*

"Sanitas" now enjoys general favour as a disinfectant."

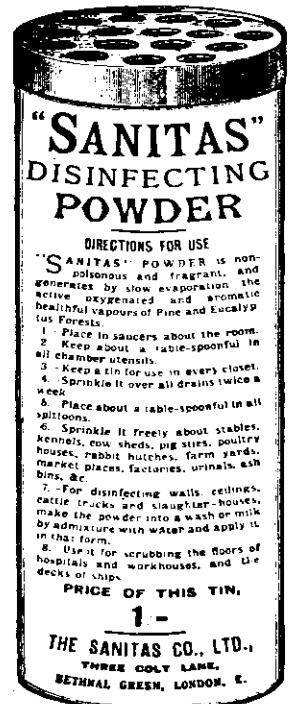
—*Lancet.*

"Sanitas" has met with wide recognition and approval."

—*British Medical Journal.*

Copies of Dr. Griffiths' Report (and others) will be sent Free on application to the Office of this paper, or to

W. C. FITZGERALD, WELLINGTON, N.Z.



people who begin the work follow it up. As a result the respectable poor suffer for aid which they would be sure to receive if they were decently housed and in honest fellowship.

Again, there is the matter of epidemics. The traditional Five Points lodging-house is a breeder of disease. Noisome dens with little air or light and with no sanitary features are the natural homes of fever and smallpox germs. It is among them that contagious diseases first appear and from them that they spread. Hotels on the Mills' plan, by eliminating squalor and dirt and letting in fresh air and sunshine, by giving the poor all sanitary appliances which the dictates of good health impose, and guarding families from the dangers due to overcrowding, would be an effective ally

of the New York Board of Health in its attempts to ward off contagious maladies.

It follows from the above that, with the increase of great hotels for the submerged classes, the average death rate of the city would be cut down. This would be equally true of mortality from disease, from violence and from fire.

There is another plea in the argument for these hotels which ought to appeal strongly to the rich men of New York, who might easily further the general plan of their fellow-millionaire and put hotels for the poor in every part of the town where they would find support. It is that, housed and herded as they now are, the under classes may at any time become a deadly menace to the upper classes, whom they surround like a besieging army. A map of Manhattan

island shows that its wealth is stored along a narrow strip of soil, running lengthwise, midway between the North and East rivers, from the Battery to the Harlem river. On either side of this causeway of opulence presses the vast, hungry, sullen horde of the poor. An impetuous rush and their lines would meet above the ruins of all that lay between. It is well to let such people know that the rich are not all sordid and unkind, but that they are willing to aid them to live as human beings should and make the best of their slender opportunities for good.

In a word, Mr Mills has pointed a way for his class which it will be to the advantage of the rich and poor alike for it to follow.

EGAN'S 'AWFUL STORY.'

JAMES F. EGAN, who was convicted of treason-felony in 1884 and was recently released from Portland Prison, has taken himself off to America, where he represents himself to be on a mission to organise a movement for the relief of the Irish dynamitards. We take from the Chicago Sunday Times-Herald, the following extracts to illustrate Mr Egan's notions of veracity, and the sort of stuff on which Irish American patriotism is nourished. They appear under a quarter column of such headings as these:—'Bereft of Reason.' 'Horrible Plight of Irish American Prisoners in England.' 'Brutal Deeds Charged.' 'Three Reported, Stark Mad and Five as Nearly Crazy.' 'Kent in Punishment Cells.' 'James F. Egan, Lately Released from Portland, Tells an Awful Story of Their Sufferings.'

'There is a big letter M over the cell door of Dr. Thomas Gallagher,' said Mr Egan to a reporter. 'Dr. Gallagher was a citizen of Greenpoint. He was as fine a specimen of manly development as I ever saw when I met him in 1884. He was a mental and physical wreck when I left Portland Prison. He has been a hopeless lunatic since 1887. The letter M over the cell door tells the visitor that the inmate is mad. The poor doctor sits in his cell all day long, gibbering and laughing the terrible laugh of the maniac. Most of the time he is in a straight jacket, though he is never violent. The prison officials take no notice of him than if he were a dog. They don't want to transfer him to a lunatic asylum, because he would be more easily treated there, and the Government is chary of giving any sort of publicity to the condition of the political prisoners. He is denied to all visitors now.'

'The brutality practised in the case of Peter Callaghan, who is confined in Chatham convict prison, is beyond precedent, even in Siberia. While this unfortunate man was suffering from acute ophthalmia he was obliged to work in the open air. The pain in his eyes was so intense at times that he would throw aside his pick or shovel and lay upon the ground writhing in agony, but with brutal oaths his guards would kick him upon the head or body until he went to work again. The result was the loss of the sight of one of the prisoner's eyes and the impairment of the sight of the other. Now he sits in his cell all day and nights and moans, and stares through his feeble eye at the iron bars of the door.'

'All the political prisoners in Portland prison are kept continually in the punishment cells. This is to make communication between them and the other prisoners difficult. The food furnished in these cells is inferior to that given in the rest of the prison. It is putrid on meat days and filthy and insufficient at all times. It makes me shudder to think of it even now. Everything that can possibly add to the indignity or humiliation of the condition of the political prisoners is resorted to.'

'It was a point in the prison to select as our jailor, or boss, the most bloodthirsty criminal or degraded scoundrel in the prison. These ruffians took the most inhuman delight in making the lives of the 'bloody Paddies,' as they called us, as miserable as possible. Jeers, oaths, nicknames, and insulting remarks were constantly aimed at us by these scoundrels, and the wardens and other officials looked on and enjoyed it all as we bit our lips in silent rage. It is the desire of the jail governor to avoid any record of flogging appearing on the books. It is only this desire of the governor that saved the political prisoners from having been flogged to death long ago. But the officials overcome the obstacles in the way of corporal punishment very easily. They simply enter the cells of the prisoners whenever they have a mind and kick and choke the inmates at their leisure. Dr. Whitehead was a notable victim of this style of British vengeance. One day he committed a slight infraction of the rules. He was ordered to his cell. As soon as he got there two warders entered and one of them held him by the arms while the other seized him by the windpipe and tightened his grip upon the helpless prisoner's throat. 'Give it on him,' shouted the other warder, 'choke his blooming Irish loafs out.' This scene was witnessed by several of the

prisoners. They were afraid to tell half the brutality they witnessed when the matter was being probed at a Parliamentary inquiry. The excuse given by the gaoled officials this time was that the warders thought Dr. Whitehead had a bit of paper, on which was writing, concealed in his mouth, and they wanted to force it from him. Therefore they choked him.'

PRINCE ALBERT COLLEGE
UPPER QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

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THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. (LONDON UNIVERSITY).

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WASHING MATERIALS, PRINTS

CREPONS, DRILLS, PIQUES,

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ETC., ETC., ETC.

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A DISH for PRINCES!

Custard with the luscious Fruits of New Zealand, and all Imported Fruits.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Produces the Richest Custard without Eggs. **POWDER**

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!

Delicious and extremely wholesome with Stewed or Fresh Fruit, and Canned or Bottled Fruit.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard and Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

Unable to Work!
NO APPETITE!
COULD NOT SLEEP!
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
COMPLETELY CURED HIM.

Mr. T. J. Clune, of Walkerville, Adelaide, South Australia, writes:



'Six years ago, I had an attack of Indigestion and Liver Complaint that lasted for weeks; I was unable to do any hard work, had no appetite, food distressed me, and I suffered much from headache. My skin was sallow and sleep did not refresh me. I tried several remedies and consulted a doctor, without obtaining any relief; finally, one of my customers recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It helped me from the first,—in fact, after taking six bottles I was completely cured, and could eat anything and sleep like a child.'

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Gold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.
AYER'S PILLS, Mild but Effective.

Nerve, Blood, & Skin Diseases

CURED BY TAKING
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91 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

POPULAR DELUSIONS ABOUT SPRING.

THERE are certain beliefs to which even the most sage of humans is prone. A substantial volume might be made concerning these delusions personal delusions popular delusions political. Not one of them has a firmer hold perhaps than the fantastic creed of 'gracious spring-time's' devotees. Gracious spring time forsooth! graceless would be a truer epithet. What a random young woman she is, rushing down to the earth in winter's coat of garments, for her own are seldom ready when she wants them, and getting hustled off by her angry father with a snowball and a gusty east wind!

Particularly mischievous sprites must have prompted the lays of the first primrose. I am about to do a bold thing, prick the bladder of the first primrose. It is a common idea that the sight of the first primrose causes unshakeable rapture to the beholder, fills him with delight, stirs sad and tender emotions within him, and generally renews his youth. This is quite erroneous, for the simple reason that there never is a first primrose. For years, in a vain endeavour to capture the thrill attributed to the first primrose, I have watched for it as anxiously as Hero scanned the Hellespont on a stormy day; now I defy anyone to produce a first primrose. This is how Dame Nature foils the unwary. You find the sunniest primrose hedge in the district; counting rain and mud for nought; you scan the tufts of tender green every day, and twice a day, rashly, perhaps, you decide which flower will open first; from that time forth, that particular flower never prospers, something seems to hold it tightly folded, its fellow blossoms threaten to run it very close, when some fine morning in a forsaken little corner racing east, you find half a dozen primroses blooming and blowing, serenely unconscious of the vexation they cause you.

Some people have a great deal to say about the 'sweet breath of spring,' her 'balmy breezes,' and so forth. On the whole, I am of the opinion that there is nothing so trying to the complexion as one of these much vaunted breezes. On looking over my accounts (kept on an original system which is my special pride), I find that March, April and May are by far the most expensive months of the year in skin lotions, glycerine jelly, and similar medicaments. Further, if you are being affected by the atmosphere and its changes, nothing will make you more miserable than a dry March wind blowing over a few acres of clay soil. To a dweller in town, who chooses his day wisely to take his first drive into the country, I grant there is something seductive in spring, and the sweet breath of spring has some reality for him. He spins along over a good road with the newly ploughed fields on either hand. The earth is heavy with the scent of daffodils and violets of ages long dead, with the sweet roots of last year's barley and a bygone season's wheat, oak and ash, willow and budding hazel have wrapped their autumn sweetness in its brown folds; no wonder then that the breath of spring seems sweet as he flashes past the tinted hedgerows. Go and dwell in the heart of the country, and sweetness is not so apparent; sanitary arrangements have not reached perfection, the British peasant is busy in his garden, and digs up the roots of his Savois and Brussels sprouts to rot gently in a corner near the lane. Hence, spring cannot boast of her own particular odours by any means.

May dew has a long standing reputation, which I can dispute. I think there is an old fairy tale about a girl who asked to be made beautiful; the fairy god-mother told her to get up every morning and wash her face in the dew that fell on a certain mountain. Then so the tale goes, the early rising, combined with fresh air and exercise, made that girl a wonder of loveliness. I have my suspicions of this tale; I doubt its genuineness. In fact, I am convinced that some astute parent sneaked it in amongst the fairy tales for the benefit of the abed daughters—it smacks strongly of home manufacture. In case anyone feels tempted to try the recipe, I may as well say at once that I have tried it myself, and relatives (who are always truthful in such matters) described it as a failure. The early rising is the factor which causes my distrust. Look at Mr Gladstone, who, when he wants to think, lies in bed, and what a fine old man he is physically! There are others, too, also noteworthy; who do not get up early (I never do myself) and they flourish amazingly. It is all very well to sing of May dew, and maidens bathing their golden locks in it, but putting aside the natural difficulties of such a performance (unless the locks are scanty, as dew in May usually takes the form of hoar frost, the whole thing is quite impracticable.

Spring fashions have occasioned the bolstering up of spring's reputation. Think how monotonous the shop windows would look without any of the airy trifles sacred to spring, which people purchase and wear in summer.—Woman.

MONTEERRAT A delicious novelty in Sauces. Only the famous Montserrat used in its production. Agents: Chrystall & Co., Christchurch.



Cure DYSPEPSIA, Cure BILIOUSNESS, Cure CONSTIPATION, Cure SICK HEADACHE.

Are Purely Vegetable, Are Sugar Coated, Are Mild but Effective.

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THERE ARE NO OTHER PILLS SO GOOD AS AYER'S PILLS. Highest Awards at the World's Great Expositions.

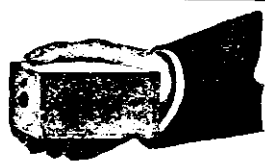
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The most beautifying, soothing, healing, and refreshing milk for the skin ever produced; it removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness, soothes and heals all irritation, and produces soft, fair, delicate skin and a beautifully pure and healthy complexion. Warranted harmless.

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HER ADAM'S FALL.

It was the custom 200 many years ago, in certain parts of Scotland, for the minister to make catechetical visitations among his people. An amusing anecdote is related of a worthy Scotch woman who, intent upon her own trouble, made honest but personal answer to the minister's questions. Her husband, whose name was Adam, had one very serious fault, for which he had been severely reproved by the minister. Seeing the good man approaching one day, Adam, who was just getting over a drink-

ing spell, hid himself under the bed and told his wife to say that he was off fishing.

The minister came in and was politely received by Jenny. He began by asking if she had studied the catechism which he had left at his last visit.

'Deed, sir, an' I hae studied it a muckle bit,' was her answer.

'Thinking to test her knowledge a little, the minister asked, "Weel, Jenny, can ye tell me the cause o' Adam's fall?"

Jenny's mind was too much occupied with the misdeeds of her own Adam to give any thought to the great progenitor of the human race, and she replied with some warmth:

'Deed, sir, it was naething else but drink,' and then she turned toward the bed and said:

'Adam, ye may as well come ont, for the doctor keas brawley what's the matter; some clabbin' devils o' neebors hae telt him a' about it. Sae coom ont an' speak for yoursel'.'

ANYTHING IN REASON.

A TRAVELLER who was going in leisurely fashion about Ireland, many years ago, says that the smaller inns there were wretched places, where one could find nothing desirable—but courtesy. At one of them this dialogue took place between a guest and a waiter:

'What can we have for dinner?' 'Anything you please, ma'am. Anything you please!'

'Well, but exactly what can we have?'

'You can have a pair of ducks!'

'I am sorry to say my father cannot eat ducks. What else?'

'They are fine ducks, ma'am!'

'I dare say. What else?'

'You might have the ducks boiled, ma'am!'

'No, no! Can we have mutton?'

'Well, not mutton to day, ma'am.'

'Some beef?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Some veal?'

'Not any veal, I'm afraid.'

'Well, then, a fowl!'

'We haven't got a fowl!'

'What on earth have you, then?'

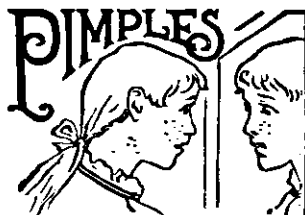
'Well, then, ma'am, I'm afraid if you won't have the fine pair of ducks, there's nothing for it but bacon and eggs!'

RATIONAL DRESS.

(BY LADY COOK.)

THE souls of the 'neco guild' are much exercised just now because of some recent developments in women's dress. Female vanity and fondness for change of attire have at all times tried their pious spirit. It would almost seem that Providence has specially provided these crosses for their behoof, else where would be the occupation of that numerous class 'who've naught to do but mark and tell their neebors' faults and folly. And so from remote times, changes of fashions, especially female fashions, have been the cause of many prayers and wrestlings, denounced from pulpits, and the basis of secular scoffs and ridicule. Some years ago a handsome, accomplished, and well-dressed young lady—an intimate friend of ours—casually passing the open door of a rural Bethel about a mile or two from Penzance, ventured to enter. Her fashionable appearance in such a spot caused a general sensation. The 'Local Preacher' bled in the midst of his rustic eloquence, and gazed for a few moments at the lovely vision. Then thrusting Satan behind him with one hand, his heart boiling with holy wrath, he extended the other, and pointing to the delicate veil which flowed over her luxuriant tresses, shouted in stentorian tones and with an air of apostolic fervour, 'Take off that hell-rag! If a mere veil could have produced such a rude outburst of dissenting zeal, what would be the case had she entered in cycling knickerbockers? Our young friend left the chapel of this latter day Banerges more rapidly than she entered it, and with the visible sympathy of the surprised congregation—for the Cornish are remarkable for their gentle and obtrusive politeness. Nevertheless, his character as a severe and fearless denouncer of pomps and vanities was thoroughly established.

This reformer must have numerous relations in Chicago, for we understand that women are arrested there by the police if they appear in public in knickerbockers. And we have many who would welcome a similar course here. Some newspaper correspondents suggest it by saying that if they were to go about in their wives' clothes they would be locked up. This is no doubt true. But then the ladies do not wear their husbands' clothes, but their own, made specially for themselves. There is no pretence whatever to their sex. Therefore the whole question resolves itself into one of taste and convenience. If a woman feels that she can cycle with



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'ACCIDENTAL BUT IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY AN AUCKLAND LADY.'

DYSPEPSIA is one of those human ills regarding which doctors differ. They describe the symptoms in words of wondrous length and hide a meaning.

They have failed to discover a specific, or even a palliative in many cases.

By mere accident an Auckland lady, who was a martyr to the complaint, and who therefore, had not been able to use tea as a beverage, found immediate relief and much enjoyment from a trial of Suratura Tea, or to use her own words, ITS EXCELLENCE AND EFFECT WAS A REVELATION TO HER.

The explanation of this is simple. The whole goodness of any food or drink depends entirely on its PURITY. Those who have read the literature on tea growing and preparation for market know of coppers, Paris green, and other deleterious admixtures used by Chinese. These and other adulterants are the ingredients which have probably promoted dyspepsia; the importance of obtaining an absolutely PURE TEA will therefore be apparent to all.

TRY SURATURA TEA.—If you suffer from indigestion it may cure you, and being pure, cannot injure your health, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not inducing indigestion by using adulterated Tea.

PURE FOOD IS THE KEY TO GOOD HEALTH.

Suratura is sold at the following prices:— A Quality 1/10 B Quality 2/1 D Quality 2/4

less danger and more ease without a skirt than with one, what moral right has anyone to interfere so long as she preserves her sex distinction? How would men like to be compelled to run and ride in petticoats? Or why should women be denied the free play of their limbs, or even the admiration due to a well-turned pair?

It is urged that it is an indecency for women to sit astride. We ask, 'Why? Until Good Queen Anne' introduced the side saddle, the women of England always rode horseback astride like the men, as the women of many countries do to the present day. Physiologically considered, perhaps it would be fitter, if a distinction must be made, for men to use side saddles and women the others. It is nonsense to connect immorality with either mode, as it is simply a matter of custom, and when the novelty of seeing a woman astride has worn off, time will sanction both it and the knickerbockers, as it has sanctioned so many other things.

It is somewhat amusing, however, to hear women who appear at public functions in the most décolleté manner—semi-nude, arms and shoulders, backs and breasts bare to all beholders—disparaging the modest women who only display, to the extent of a few inches, the shape of a pair of well-covered legs. Ladies of position have long been accustomed to accompany their male friends to cover and moor shooting, habited in knickers and leggings, and little notice has been taken, but the adoption of similar garments by the cycling community is quite another thing, and requires police interference.

Mankind have been trying all kinds of clothing, possibly to discover a rational dress, and have not found the suitable one yet. The disgusting fashion of short and tight breeches 'which rather exposed the wearer's nakedness than hid it,' was banished from France by an edict of Charles V. The beaun of Elizabeth's reign, however, differed from those of Chaucer's and Charles's time. They stuffed their breeches with feathers, rags, and other light materials, until they were swollen to a huge circumference, and at the same time the ladies wore large hooped farthingales, something like modern corolines, so that 'two lovers aside could surely never have taken one another by the hand.' In a print by Vertue, Lady Hunsdon, a leader of fashion, heads Elizabeth's procession to Lord Hunsdon's. Her 'stays' riding wire ring' rises above her head, her stays reach to her knees, and the farthingale encloses her 'as in a spacious tub.' Disraeli says: 'The amorous Sir Walter Raleigh must have found some of the Maides of Honour the most impregnable fortification his gallant spirit ever assailed: a coup de main was impossible.' Old Stowe says of this reign, in that time he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier.

We have seen an old French print of Adam and Eve in elaborate Eastern costumes, robed, jewelled, and turbaned, although we are told our Biblical ancestors commenced with fig-leaves and did not advance beyond 'coats of skins.' The graceful and Greek like dresses of Anglo-Saxon times continued to linger long after the Conqueror. The conquest of France by the English introduced 'French fashions, and those and other refinements continued to come to us at intervals from Italy and Holland also. The English dress of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was the most varied, the most bizarre, and the most ridiculous. In the reign of Charles II the Puritans kept a watchful and bilious eye upon every change of fashions. 'When courtiers wore nonstrous wigs, they cut their hair short; when they adopted hats with broad plumes, they clapped on round black caps, and screwed up their pale religious faces; and when shoe-buckles were revived they wore strings.' So cantankerous is sordid human nature.

We must not suppose that we have arrived at the Ultima Thule of dress yet. Possibly, judging from the trend of fashion, in course of time things will veer around and each sex adopt the costume of the other, the men wearing petticoats or kilts—which would be far more becoming than the present scanty jackets and tight trousers—and the women wearing long coats or blouses, and breeches or Turkish trousers. A rational dress must be one which given the largest freedom to the body, is healthiest, lightest, most comfortable and best adapted to climate and season. For picturesque perhaps the modern native Greek dress surpasses all others. For purposes of coquetry, it would seem that concealment is most effective. Tacitus tells us that the beautiful Poppea exposed only a part of her face, 'to irritate curiosity' and to heighten by imagination the perfection of the remainder. But whatever we wear or however we dress, that must be most rational which best suits our comfort and our circumstances, and whether knickerbockers or skirts, is of no lawful concern to any of the Peeping Toms, Paul Pys, and Hip-pared Prodes, who howl at any change or recreation in which they do not participate. They who make the loudest outcry are probably

those whose unshapely ankles and legs will not bear inspection, but as the race improves in symmetry, and well-formed limbs become general, it is likely that very short dresses for the women and knee breeches, as in the graceful olden times, for the men, will be the universal fashion.

THE SACRED EMPEROR.

MR ARNOLD RANKINOR writes from Hencley in Aiden as follows:—'It is some ten years, at least, since I last found myself upon an examination form, and previous to my leaving England was engaged in grammar and high school work, my last position being in Manchester. Owing to a severe attack of 'la grippe' I was obliged to resign my mastership in Cottonopolis, and seek complete change of environment. This I found in Kiel, the chief naval port of Germany, a town of some 85,000 inhabitants. Here I was always known as 'The Englishman,' being, during the three years of my stay, the only resident representative of my native country.

'I soon became acquainted with several naval officers who desired to improve themselves in the English language. This led to my appointment as teacher in the Engineer Department of the Naval School. By means of a series of English readings I obtained a large number of patrons among the highest officers in the navy, all of whom treated me in a most friendly manner, especially the present commanding admiral, his Excellency v. Knorr. Through the kindness of Lady Knorr, I was enabled to give a series of five o'clock teas in the officers' club, which was attended by ladies and gentlemen out of the highest society. These cordial relations continued up to the last, for I was present as the official ball given by the admiral of the station on the 30th of May, the Emperor's birthday, and also at the banquet given by the Naval Academy on the birthday itself.

'To come now to the *Less Majestic* which I am supposed to have committed. On the evening before the Emperor's birthday I entered an hotel, about 10.30, with two gentlemen. We sat there chatting for an hour, when people from the adjoining variety theatre came streaming in. I rose to go, and had already got my overcoat on when one of the gentlemen invited me to drink a glass in honour of the approaching birthday. I consented. There appeared to be considerable excitement among the guests, partly to be accounted for by the coming festivities, partly by the Hoch-bier which was on tap for the occasion. The beer is a very strong brew, and generally proves too much for our friends across the North Sea. Presently I was aware of a fellow gentleman behind me, but paid him no attention till, with the words, 'You are a blackguard and an Englishman,'

he gave me a blow in the face. I was up in a moment, and so were some thirty others, who with the cry, 'Out with the Englishman,' came upon me. I had one assailant down, unluckily not the one who struck me, when fortunately for me a policeman appeared on the scene and rushed me through a side door into the street, and accompanied me a short way towards my room, begging me to take no notice of the matter. Having escaped with a kick on the leg, I treated the matter as a drunken brawl, and appeared on the following afternoon at the before mentioned banquet of the Naval Academy. Naturally the affair was soon bruited through the town, but no one believed it because, so I presume, I did not turn up with two lovely black eyes. On the following days I gave my instructions as usual in the school, and thought the affair had blown over, when on Thursday evening an orderly brought me an official letter, marked 'private,' which informed me that my services would be required no further, for reasons which would be given me at the director's office at twelve o'clock on the next day.

'Accordingly, I appeared at the time stated. The director had three affidavits read to me charging me with *Less Majestic*. The first of these was signed by the wachmeister of H.M. yacht 'Hohenzollern.' (Wachmeister is about the same rank as a corporal.) He admitted having struck me and asserted that he had heard me hiss repeatedly during a speech which was made in honour of the Kaiser; that I had remained seated during the singing of the National Anthem, and lastly, that I had risen and proposed 'Three cheers for the Empress (!) of England.' His conclusion by saying that the guests had given me a good thrashing and thrown me out of the hotel.

'The second affidavit bore the signature of a medical student, who contented himself with confirming the above statements; but the third added thereto he had heard me make use of an exceedingly vulgar expression about the 'Emperor's trousers.' This gentleman gave himself out as an editor, but proved to be an advertisement collector.

'That I smiled on hearing the expression 'Empress of England,' and fairly laughed at the 'Imperial trousers,' proved but my inability to grasp the seriousness of the situation, whereupon the director informed me that he had instructions to summarily discharge me, but that my salary would be paid up to the 1st of February. The wachmeister then asked me if I had anything to say, to which I replied that I knew nothing about the above accusations, except that I had been cowardly assaulted on the night in question, but as I presumed that the matter would be further investigated I would neither affirm nor deny the charges. The director closed the interview by advising me to leave Kiel at the earliest possible moment. This was Friday, January 31.

'Now began the persecution. I was condemned without trial. From that day no officer has spoken to me. I announced and held an English evening on the following Tuesday. Threatening anonymous letters arrived daily. The Berlin paper *Tagliche Rundschau* published an account containing the above charges on February 1st. I was publicly insulted, and on application to the police was told 'they could do nothing.' A detective was appointed to watch my movements. Everyone thought the day of judgment for me had dawned. The only Englishman in Kiel, I stood alone against my insidious foes. Such was the state of affairs when on Thursday, February 6th, I left Kiel for Hamburg to lay my case before the Consul-General. After listening to and questioning me, he said he would like to see me go for them, but my case was hopeless, inasmuch as no German would care to come up as witness in my behalf for fear of being himself embroiled. He was of opinion I had good friends among the navy, or the matter would have long since been handed over to the civil authorities, and I should most certainly have lost the day.

'Your friends in the navy,' said he, 'are probably waiting till they know you are safe.' In accordance with this I took passage that same evening to Grimsby, and when the German detectives came on board, as is usual, to examine the passengers' papers, I satisfied them (with an inward chuckle) by showing them my invitation card to the Admiral's ball. Thus have I been condemned on a charge of *Less Majestic* without trial, and that, too, on the statements of a man who was himself at the time of occurrence, guilty of two breaches of discipline—viz., being in ordinary clothes, and striking a civilian.'

HAPPIEST OF ALL.

THERE is no time in the twenty four hours when one ought to feel so thoroughly satisfied and content as immediately after a good, hearty meal. All a healthy person do feel so. The body's demands have been met, and we are easy and comfortable, as though we had paid off an old debt and had money left. We are accessible, humane, and good-natured. Then, it ever, we will grant a request without grumbling. 'True benevolence,' says a crusty old friend of mine, 'is located in a capable stomach recently filled.'

Yes, but what of the incapable stomachs, of which there are so many?—stomachs that disappoint and plague their owners, that refuse to accept of a meal, to avoid the necessity of which they are almost willing to die? Ah, that is quite another thing! These poor souls are those who say, as Miss Wallace says in this letter of hers, 'I was no longer to be counted among those who have pleasure in eating. Far from it. As for me, I was afraid to eat. I felt the need of food, of course—the weakness and sinking that accompanied abstinence—but what was I to do? The moment I ate, my distress and pain commenced. No matter how light the repast was, nor how careful I was not to hurry in taking it, the result was the same. The distress and gnawing pains followed, with discomfort in the chest, and a sense of choking, as if some bits of food had lodged there and were irritating me.'

So objectionable and repugnant to me, was the act of eating that for days together I didn't touch a morsel of solid food, subsisting entirely on milk and soda water. Owing to this enforced lack of nourishment I got extremely weak, and about as thin as I could be. I must not forget to say that this happened to me, or rather, it began to happen in July, 1886, when I was living at Wellington, in Shropshire. It came on, as you may say, gradually and not with any sudden or acute symptoms. I found myself low, languid and tired. Then came the failure of my appetite and the other things I have named.

'I took the usual medicines for indigestion, but they had no good effect. After six months' experience of this kind of misery I read in a book about Mother Seigel's Syrup as a remedy for this disease, and got a bottle from Mr. Bates, the chemist, in Wellington. Having used it a few days I felt great relief, and when I had consumed two bottles I was entirely well. Since then I have heartily commended Mother Seigel's Syrup to many friends, who have invariably been cured, as I was. You have my permission to publish my letter, if you desire to do so. (Signed) MINNIE WALLACE, Nurse, The Union Workhouse, Oldham, February 22nd, 1895.

In a communication dated January 8th, 1895, Mrs Henrietta McCallam, of 40, Downfield Road, Walthamstow, near London, states that her daughter Emma fell ill in the spring of 1885 with the same symptoms described by Miss Wallace. She craved food, yet, when it was placed before her, she turned from it almost with loathing. 'As time went on,' so runs the number's letter, 'my daughter became so weak she could hardly walk. Neither home medicines nor those of the doctors did any good. Her sufferings continued for over eight years.

'In June, 1894, she began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, of which we had just read in a little book that was left at the house. In a week she was better, and in less than two months she was enjoying better health than ever before. She has since ailed nothing, and can eat any kind of food. (Signed) (Mrs) HENRIETTA MCCALLAM.

'Happy,' sings Homer 'were they who fell under the high walls of Troy.' Happier are they who have never fallen under the crushing weight of indigestion or dyspepsia. Happiest, perhaps, of all, are they who have been lifted up by Mother Seigel's remedy and placed where once again they can eat, drink, and be merry. And if all these could be gathered together they would make a greater host than the Greek poet ever dreamed of.

Miss Mabel: I should think it would be dreadful for a girl to be engaged to a man who has a twin brother. Tom Sinsler: Why! Miss Mabel: Because she might embrace the other one by mistake. Tom Sinsler: Ah, but how would she know? He wouldn't be fool enough to tell.

Muggins: Do you think the North Pole will ever be found? Buggins: I didn't know it was lost.

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Will be paid to anyone who can prove that

SURATURA TEA

IS BLENDED WITH INDIAN OR CHINA TEA.

OR THAT

IT IS ADULTERATED,

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IT HAS BEEN EXPOSED TO THE AIR IN PACKING.

GRASP THESE FACTS.

Why drink inferior Tea? If you are satisfied to continue drinking indifferent and common Teas, well and good; but that case there is nothing more to be said; but if you wish to enjoy the luxury of a delicious Cup of Tea, and at the same time are desirous of

ECONOMISING IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD EXPENDITURE,

USE

SURATURA TEA.

Shipments arriving fortnightly, the consumers therefore get it FRESH FROM THE GARDENS.

REGULAR QUALITY, GOOD VALUE,

AND

POPULAR PRICES.

Sold in Lead Packets at following prices by all the leading Grocers:—

- A Quality.....1/10 per lb
- B ".....2/1 per lb
- D ".....2/4 per lb

SORE THROATS.

"You cannot do better than gargle with

CONDY'S FLUID."

See Murrell Mackenzie, M.D., Late Physician Throat Hospital, London.

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OF
NEW
AUTUMN FASHIONS

IS NOW BEING MADE AT
TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON,

And ladies desirous of inspecting the very cream of the season's Novelties should lose no time before visiting that establishment.

It will be found that the selection of goods just imported by JAMES SMITH & CO. presents all the characteristics of the

LATEST LONDON AND PARIS MODES.

Especially is this the case in the
MANTEL DEPARTMENT,

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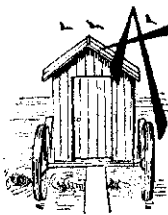
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DRESS FABRICS.

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TOGETHER it really seems as if fashion, this season, could be hardly lavish enough as regards her wondrously-wrought trimmings, and those thousand and one dainty little details that work together to stamp the ensemble of a confection as artistically perfect. For instance, to soften the outlines of velvet or silk hat garnitures, Madame Modus has devised the delightful narrow silk chenille or floss edgings that are very fluffy, and somehow add an air of

completion to the bows on a large *chapeau*. This novelty is exemplified in my first picture, the crumpled velvet trimming being bordered with the chenille in question. There is really something charmingly smart and *distinque* about this important 'Louis XV.' shape, in medium toned tan felt, bound round the brim with a broad furling of the same coloured plush. The plumes grouped most picturesquely about the crown are of a rich chestnut, shading gradually down to a very light



LA PARISIENNE.

'dead-leaf' brown to match the felt. But one of the prettiest features of this hat is the well-studied contrast between the neutral shades and the rich glowing 'Bishop' violet of the velvet edged with the tan chenille. Nor has the designer exhausted all his taste at this juncture, for at the back, by way of *cache-peigne*, is a clump of *velours* tea-roses, in which there are mellow *nuances* that blend perfectly with the remainder of the confection. To break the hard outer line of some of the black felt boat-shapes, some of our milliners drape cream spotted net, so that at a distance it seems as if the wearer had raised her veil over the brim of her hat.

To still continue the all-enthraling theme of millinery, *matinees* have already become such a national institution in England that *la belle Anglaise* has now, after the manner of the gay *Parisienne*, her theatre bonnets and toques. Perhaps the most *chic* design for a capote of the kind is the 'Rat' form—one mass of glittering jet, with out-spread wings on either side, and brilliant shine-stones inserted at the end of two simulated feelers. The great thing, in planning this style of head-gear, is to avoid unwieldy shapes that obstruct the view from the people sitting behind one at the playhouse.

My second sketch is a very charming child's *paletot* and bonnet in bengaline silk and mouflon. It also looks extremely well in thick cloth, bright red or blue. In this case it need only be lined down to the high waist-band, whereas the silk is lined and wadded throughout.

It will, indeed, be a very long time yet before the turn of the religiously plain corsage with narrow sleeves

comes round again in the ever revolving wheel of Fashion. *En attendant* any such sartorial catastrophe the dressmakers are doing all in their power to turn out their bodices as fussy, as frilled, and as generally frivolous and feminine as possible; and there is a great run just now on *chiffon* sleeves composed of a multitude of tiny frills stitched on horizontally to the lining. In



CHILD'S PALETOT AND BONNET.

other corsages I also note that bands of ribbon are being very much used on the sleeves, these broad stripes of silk, satin, or velvet being mostly finished off with bows on the shoulders and at the elbows. Here is a good specimen of the mode in question, as applied to a smart afternoon blouse. In this novelty the primary material is a soft Indian silk of 'handkerchief' pattern, vivid crimson dominating in the Eastern design. Broad *moiré* ribbon of the same strong shade of red, forms two bands on the sleeves, butterfly knots on the shoulders and trimmings



L'ORIENTALE.

above the six-button gloves. On the hips the watered material forms a dainty kind of *basque*, thus giving a thoroughly up-to-date tone to the little garment. The ribbon has, by the way, a narrow bordering of black satin, and this sable note introduced with moderation intensifies the perfect Parisian stamp of the blouse.

Now for a word or so the all-absorbing question of theatre cloaks and opera wraps. When the evenings get chilly one instinctively begins to 'think out' an evening mantle for the approaching winter. Here is the model of something essentially useful and cosy in way of evening wraps. A very soft make of electric blue vicuna cloth has been chosen for the principal part of this *creation*, the warm material being lined with a *surah* silk, shading from the cerulean shade to a glowing ton

of scarlet. Heading this is a double cape of 'bruised plush,' matching the cloth; while edging these excellently cut tippets is some narrow silver braiding laid on so as to form a fanciful border. The pointed *jabot* is made of pretty Maltese lace and meets at the throat a



COSY OPERA MANTLE.

very chic waved collar wrought in plush and touched up with the silver trimming.

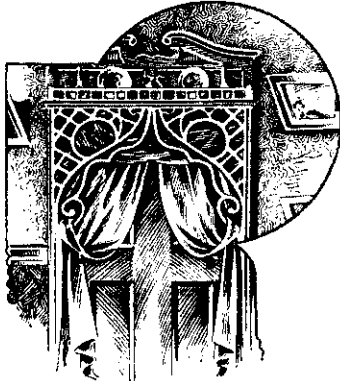
Apropos, 'bruised plush' seems the best term with which to describe one of the latest novelties in winter fabrics, and perhaps it is this very bruised appearance which lends an additional charm to this old-world material, employed in some cases as a deep border to a cloth *jupon*. Those of slight proportions will welcome the new mode of gathering the skirts slightly round the hips, and will not regret to hear that, if anything, our petticoats are to be wider and crisper than ever.

Just a word on boots, by way of an appropriate *finale*! The smartest thing shown in the way of foot gear is the tan patent shoe, which has a character all its own. In certain makes the 'uppers' are in a dull skin, while only the toe-caps are in shiny leather. The spiked boot, which now hails principally from America, is rapidly 'catching on' in England, and it is quite an error to imagine that this pointed *chaussure*, generally quite half an inch longer than the actual foot, is other than supremely easy.

HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.

In a very large room it is not necessary to deal with the doorways in any particular decorative fashion; in fact, they are better left to their dignified severity, but when one comes to undertake the decoration of a small room the door is so close to us that it is quite oppressive with its hard lines and suggestions of draughts. I am not exceedingly in favour of much gilding being used, but I must confess that the doorway inside a smoking-room in which gilding was extensively used very much fascinated me the other day. There was an archway of fret-work carved, as nearly all these arches are, under the influence of Moorish design, and consequently lent itself well to particularly gorgeous treatment. This was not gilded with a light gilding, but in a dull tone, somewhat resembling burnished copper. Behind this was arranged a curtain, cross-wise, of rich peacock-green silk, and below it were side curtains in a shade something between vermilion and orange. The ornamentation above the door was black, and against it stood some brilliant-hued specimens of Moorish pottery. The door itself was of unrelieved



DOOR DECORATION.

black, with a gilded handle. The dado round the room was one of those Moorish papers—zigzags of gold against a red copper background. Up above the paper appeared almost plain, but there was a light pattern running

across it that faintly indicated that there were two shades in the peacock-green of its colouring. The pictures chosen were chiefly of Oriental places, and were framed in flat gilded canvas frames, and the only china in the room was Moorish. Large easy chairs were covered with saddle-bags, and little tables of inlaid mother-o'-pearl stood about ready to receive pipes and coffee cups; it was altogether ideal as a smoking-room.

JAPANESE REED AND BEAD WORK.

I will give you a description this week of a short window blind made in the reed and bead work. This kind of curtain has an immense advantage over the usual window drapery, in that it is permanent; it needs no constant washing and redraping, and while forming an excellent screen, at the same time admits both the air and light, so important to dwellers in towns. The effect is light and extremely artistic, the cost trifling.

Procure from your carpenter two bars of wood three-quarters of an inch thick, and the width of the window for which the curtain is designed; about three feet six inches will be the measurement for an ordinary sash. Pierce holes in one of the bars at regular intervals of three-quarters of an inch; in the other the holes must occur twice as frequently. Now supply yourself with a good ball of medium stout string; and work a pretty insertion with half and quarter reeds obtained by cutting the ordinary three-inch reeds with a sharp penknife. Cut lengths of string allowing for each piece to be folded double the length of the finished screen with a few inches over. Thus, for our short blind, measuring three quarters of a yard in depth, the strings must be a yard and three-quarters long.

The top bar is the one with the fewest holes in it. Place it in front of you on the table, and, beginning at the left hand side, pass the first string upwards through the first hole of the bar, and downwards through the second hole, drawing it through till both ends of the string are of equal length; pass the second string up through the second hole and down through the third hole; pass the third string up through the third hole and down through the fourth hole, and so on, always doubling the strings until the entire length of the bar is threaded. Commence at the left hand side, and thread half a yellow reed on the first string; take the second and third strings together, and on them thread half a reed; take the next two strings together, and thread another half reed, and repeat this to the end of the bar.

Second row: Thread a quarter of a black reed on every string. Third row: Thread a quarter of a yellow reed on the first string, then on the second and third together, and so on to the end of the bar. The fourth row the same as the second row; the fifth row the same as the first; this finishes the insertion. Place the second bar on the table, and pass all the strings in rotation through the holes pierced in it, one string into each hole.

Now commence the short blind itself with whole reeds. Thread on one yellow reed, then a blue bead, a black reed, an amber bead, a yellow reed and so on repeating from the first. Repeat this until the screen is sufficiently long, threading both a blue and amber bead to give extra weight at the bottom. Thread eight strings in this manner; then commence the ninth string with a black reed, then an amber bead a yellow reed, a blue bead, a black reed and repeat. Four strings should be threaded in this manner. Then recommence the eight, in the same rotation as the first and so on to the end of the bar.

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QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

RECIPES.

OSTER SALAD.—Two dozen fresh oysters, two heads of celery with part of their green tops, and half as much tender white cabbage. Put the cabbage and celery into boiling, salted water, boil five minutes, pour off the water, drain and chop fine. Drain the liquor from the oysters, boil and skim it. Add an equal quantity of good vinegar, some broken pepper-corns, pepper sauce and salt. Put in the oysters, shake the pan while they are scalding that they may set in a round and plump shape. Do not let them boil. Drain and set them away to become cold. When ready to serve, season the chopped celery slightly with oil and vinegar. Spread part of it on a dish, lay the oysters in it side by side, and the rest of the celery on top of them. Smooth the top and cover with tartare sauce, omitting the minced onion and gherkin. The sauce must be thin enough to spread itself easily over the oysters.

BAKED MULLET.—Put a mullet steak, weighing about two pounds, in the middle of a pan; sprinkle it with salt and a little finely-chopped onion; then spread with enough tomato to cover the fish; next, cover with bread-crumbs. Add a little more salt, and some generous bits of butter; bake about forty minutes or less; lift out carefully on a hot dish, pour hot tomatoes around it, and serve.

PASTRY.—A culinary authority says that the only really wholesome pastry is that made from beef fat, and gives the following practical instructions for preparing this ingredient, ready for use when pastries are to be the sweet course for meals. 'The small pieces of fat trimmed from off the piece of beef that forms the more substantial part of the daily dinner are placed in an iron pan, and allowed to simmer four or five hours; the fluid fat is then strained into a small crock or tin, and set within the refrigerator when sufficiently cooled; here it will keep indefinitely.' For those who do not possess a 'refrigerator' the coolest place available must suffice, the only difference being the fact of it not keeping so long, of course. When beef is not part of the menu for dinner it is easy to procure a few pounds of beef fat from your butcher.

ICED CURRY.—Mix about a dessertspoonful of curry powder with half a pint of mayonnaise, and stir thoroughly into this about 1lb of flaked cold chicken, ham, sweetbreads, etc., and set it on ice till thoroughly cold. Have some carefully boiled rice, cold; fill some paper cases with the curry mixture, and pile the rice on the top in a pyramid; garnish with shreds of red chillies and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve.

LA BELLA CAKE.—Ingredients: 10ozs of flour, 8ozs butter, 8ozs castor sugar, 2ozs candied peel, 1/2lb of sultanas, 4 eggs, rind of a lemon. Grate the lemon, mix it with the sugar and run through a sieve, beat the butter to a cream, mix in a spoonful of flour, one of sugar, then one of the eggs well beaten up, continue this till flour, sugar, and eggs are well incorporated, add the other ingredients, and bake in a well buttered tin lined with buttered paper. The quantity of sultanas may be increased, or half currants used if preferred.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never wash a clean cut, but close it in its proper shape at once. Put on some lint, apply a bandage, and if it is possible, never wet it or remove the bandage for two days. At the end of that time it should be healed. Treated so, a cut heals quickly, and leaves very little scar. Washing a cut removes the blood and all the life of the thin skin, leaving nothing to heal the severed parts along the edge.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua-ammonia to each pailful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble.

The hop has long enjoyed a medicinal reputation. It is a fruit of the cone order, and owes its properties to a substance it develops called *hupulin*. It is a tonic and a sedative. A pillow stuffed with hops is an old-fashioned cure for sleeplessness. The tonic effect of bitter ale is, of course, due to the hops it contains.

THE CAMPHOR LANGUAGE.

ONE of the strangest languages in the world, used for the queerest of purposes, is the 'camphor language' of Johore, a country of the Malay Peninsula. It has lately been studied and reported upon by Mr Lake, an English engineer in the service of the sultan of Johore. This

language is called the 'Pantang Kapor,' or camphor language, and is used by the natives and all others who are engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor-tree, and only at that time. If they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, the natives believe that they could not obtain any camphor; and for a most curious reason.

The camphor tree, *Dryobalanops camphora*, grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is of a sort very highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense and in medicine, and the gum brings a price much higher than that of the common camphor.

The Malaysians and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit, or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor tree is known by the name of Bisan—literally 'a woman.' Her resting-place is near the trees; and when, at night, a peculiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing, and camphor will surely be found in the neighbourhood.

But the spirit of the camphor-trees seems to be jealous of the precious gum, and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it she will endeavour to turn their steps aside. For from Mr Lake's account the supposition is probable that the natives think that she is acquainted with both the Malay and Jakun languages, and if the camphor-hunters spoke either of those she would know that they had come for camphor, and would defeat their purpose. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue which she does not understand. For this purpose the 'camphor language' has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered or reversed; and the natives possibly believe that the divinity of the camphor tree is completely confused when she hears this jargon. They speak it when they are on camphor expeditions.

The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of people, but inoffensive. They live, together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls and perhaps a tame horobill, in perfect harmony, under movable leaf shelters built on poles in the woods.

They have a formidable weapon in a sort of blowpipe, not unlike the pipe through which the schoolboy projects wet paper balls. The Johore blowpipe is made of a very long jointed, straight variety of bamboo, which is generally carved and traced with many rude devices.

The projectiles used in these are thin splinters of wood about a foot long, having a plug of pith at the butt end. The point is as sharp as a needle, and is covered with a black, resinous substance, which in many cases is extremely poisonous. Monkeys and other small animals struck with one of these darts die from the effects almost instantly. On man and the larger animals its effect is less rapid, but quite as deadly. The poison is popularly supposed to be obtained from the upas tree.

The Jakuns provide the graves of their dead with food, just as the North American Indians do. They also thoughtfully furnish them with cooking utensils and torches. With these people the forest is indeed full of spirits, not the least important of which is this spirit of the camphor tree, whom they believe they fool so adroitly with their 'camphor language.'

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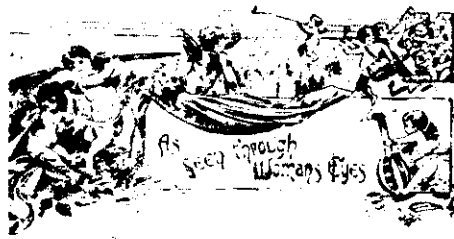
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MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

ABOUT HER CLOTHES.

THAT country girl is wise who, remembering that the blue of the skies and the green of the trees form her background, elects that during the summer she shall wear pretty cottons daintily made, and wide-brimmed, somewhat fantastic straw hats. She would be entirely out of place in stuffy woollens or elaborate silks, and yet each one of you knows that this mistake is sometimes made. For the morning she can have the simplest of gingham or lawn—in winter neat winseys, serge, and homespun or tweeds—and for the evening a somewhat more elaborate, but still a simple costume. She is unwise in imitating her city cousin, who nine times out of ten looks overdressed. I wish I could make the country girl understand exactly the charm, the restful charm, that there is in her simplicity, and I wish I could make her content. I know it is in the heart of every girl to long for pretty gowns, and a much-trimmed lace, silk, or velvet frock may look very charming to the girl who has not one, while to the unprejudiced observer it seems absolutely out of place.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.

When the city cousin comes, and the girls who are to have tea with you are all together, don't ask questions about the silly habits of the town, and above all things if you hear of some silly habit affected by a so-called fashionable woman don't attempt to imitate her in her folly. Induce your city cousin to tell you about the things worth seeing and hearing about: of the great paintings, art exhibitions, tennis tournaments, of the flower market, and how it interests city women, while you country girls have so many flowers you scarcely seem to set any value on them. But do not ask about little vices, and do not believe that well-bred women in the cities do many of the ill-bred things that are described—that they smoke cigarettes, that their gowns are cut immodestly, that they are slaves to drink or opium, that they are offensively free in their language—there may be such women, such women are everywhere. But, my dear child, a gentleman is always the same, be she in the city or the country, and she is not addicted to anything that takes away from her womanliness. Talk about frocks, if you like, there is no harm in that; hear pretty ones described, they are a pleasure and a delight to the eyes; but if you feel the little demon of envy biting at your heartstrings, change the subject right away. You think the city girl, as she talks about amusements and admirers, must have a very good time in life. It is not as good as yours, for she does not have plenty of fresh air, she does not know the joys of the singing birds, she cannot tell the flower or the bloom of the tree that announces the coming of spring, and her world is, curiously enough, a much smaller one than yours.

ABOUT HER SWEETHEART.

Of course you believe in him. But still you have quite a funny little heartbeat when you see his eyes open wide with admiration as he looks at your city cousin, who, in a silk faced tailor-made gown with man's shirt and tie or frilled crepon, seems like a Dresden statuette. It is useless to say you are foolish. But you are. If he is worth anything, if he is worth the having, he will never give you up for the city cousin, and any courtesy he may show her will probably be not only because she interests him, but especially because he loves you. Sweethearts, my dear, are much truer than we give them credit for, and if you want to keep yours believe in him, and that belief will make belief. If his so-called love has only been the fancy of a moment, then be thankful that by the appearance of the city cousin you discovered in time that what you thought was pure gold was not even silver gilt.

Some country girls tell me of little liberties they allow their sweethearts, and which can really not be called wrong, but I wish I could make them understand how much more what a man cannot get to him, than what is given to him as if it were of no worth. No, my dear country girl, I do not think you ought to let your sweetheart kiss you whenever he wishes. A kiss from you should mean so much that it should be an event, then he will be certain that nobody else is getting your treasures, and that you are hoarding great expressions of affection for the time when you shall be his very own. The city girl in keeping her sweetheart at a little distance is very wise, and the country girl should be equally wise. I do not mean that there should be no love-making—I like that old-fashioned word—but I do believe that a little too much freedom is a speck on the perfect fruit of love, and it is one which it is in the power of the girl to prevent.

THE DRESSING OF AN INFANT.

(BY MRS GLADSTONE.)

WHEN we approach the subject of the clothes of infants, the most important fact to be borne in mind is to have the clothing light, soft, and warm, varying with the seasons—so adapted that it may be put on and taken off easily. This latter point should always be borne in mind

when either purchasing or making an infant's clothing, so that the child may be saved as much discomfort as possible while its clothing is being changed.

Every mother should see that the dress of an infant will admit of expansion of chest and stomach, with perfect freedom for limbs and joints. Much irritation, as Dr. Squire says, 'is produced by keeping damp clothes close to the skin, and more when caustic soda has been used in washing, and is left from careless rinsing and drying. All impervious wraps are to be avoided; there must be frequent changes of linen.' The supply of animal heat in a baby being small, the dress should be chosen with a view to warmth, but while taking every care to maintain a comfortable and equable warmth, do not coddle or overheat the child; beware of loading it with too many clothes, and of covering the neck with warm shawls or tippets within doors. All that is wanted is to keep the upper part of the dress sufficiently high to protect the chest and arms, for over-heating is bad and relaxing.

Exceptional circumstances, of course, demand exceptional care; for instance, in a case of premature birth the preservation of vital heat is the one thing to be attended to; it is safest to wrap the baby in flannel, or, as has been done with good effect, to imbue it in a basket of cotton wool, and not to expose it to air at all—at all events not till the doctor comes.

Never overlook the tendency in young children at the period of teething to nervous excitement. Keep the head cool. Avoid over soft pillows, close wrappings up of the head, and heavy bonnets or hats. How often, from affection and pride, a velvet hat is chosen, laden with feathers or trimmings, which oppresses the poor little head. Such things are objectionable both in winter and summer. I would also warn mothers against the turned-up hat; it is almost sickening to see the poor children in perambulators, with the sun's full glare beating upon the susceptible head and eyes.

THIBETIAN TEA-MAKING.

MRS ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, while in Thibet, was invited out to tea, and learned the art of tea-making as practised in that country. This is the method:

For six persons, boil a teacupful of tea in three pints of water for ten minutes, with a heaping desertspoonful of soda; put the infusion into the churn, with one pound of butter and a small tablespoonful of salt. Churn until the combination is as thick as cream. Mrs Bishop adds that Thibetians prize butter for its age—forty, fifty, or even sixty years old!

LENIENT DISCIPLINE.

'SKULKING and misbehaviour in action were treated severely by all worthy commanding officers,' says Captain C. A. Stevens, historian of his company, 'but disobedience of orders of an unimportant or trivial nature, where the comfort of the soldier was concerned, was sometimes treated leniently.' Two instances are cited. On one of the long marches where rations were scarce, a man in Company A stole a chicken, notwithstanding the general orders against foraging. Not knowing when he would have a chance to cook it, he put it alive in his haversack.

The chicken peeped loudly, and as the soldier was near the head of the regiment Colonel Berdan could not well pretend that he did not hear it. The soldier was put in the guard-house, and at court-martial the next day the colonel asked why he was under arrest.

'For stealing a chicken,' replied the soldier.

'Are you sure?' asked the Colonel.

'Yes,' responded the man, meekly.

'Keep him under guard at the rear of the regiment,' ordered the colonel.

A day or so later the soldier was again questioned and gave the same answer.

For the third time he was questioned, and becoming more outspoken because of his long humiliation, he changed his answer.

'Not having cut the chicken's head off,' he said.

'Go to your company!' said the colonel. No more chickens were carried alive in haversacks.

On another occasion, when the regiment camped for the night there was no wood for fire to boil the coffee, so that, despite orders to the contrary, the men were compelled to take fence rails. One of the men, in order to save time, made a short cut, which took him in front of the colonel's tent.

He was at once brought to a halt, and then and there made to march in front of the tent for half an hour with the rail across his back. The colonel then stopped him and asked him if he knew for what he had been punished.

'Oh, yes! because I did not go behind your tent,' was the prompt reply.

'Go to your company!' said the colonel.

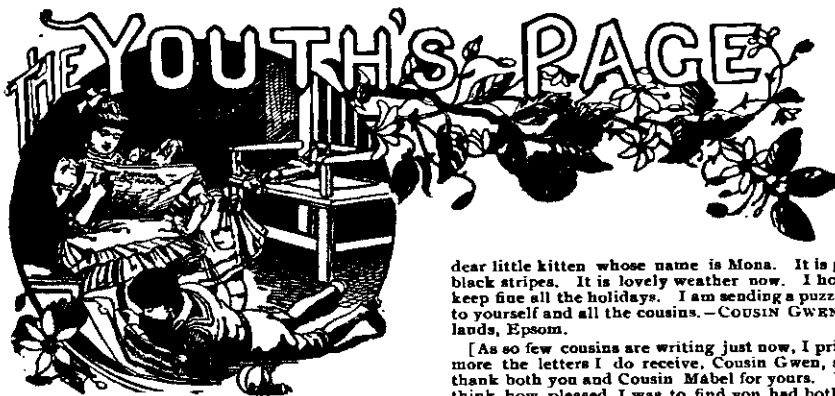
The soldier was well laughed at by his comrades, and the old proverb was made clear to him that 'the longest way round is the shortest way home.'

'COMMON' THINGS.

ONE autumn day, beside a mossy brook,
I saw a bird with plumage exquisite—
'Twas crimson flecked with gold—a jewel fit
To flash in summer skies; in the same nook
A glittering gossamer of diamonds shook.
With silent step I moved unseen to sit
And watch—when lo, a change! the sun but lit
A dying leaf, 'mid pathways spiders took.

Sayest thou, 'All things are so, when better seen
The glory dies—dark leaves and webs remain?'
Nay, read from left to right, it then shall mean,
Nothing so common but it may attain
Transfiguration, if it bear the keen
Calm light of heaven—then wherefore my disdain?'

A. V. HALL.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so and write letters to 'COUSIN KATE, care of the Lady Editor, GRAPHIC Office, Auckland.'

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 40s, 4d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

OUR COT.

DEAR COUSINS.—I went up to-day to the Hospital, and the Lady Superintendent kindly allowed me to see Florrie. She was sitting on the balcony on a couch, her feet stretched out, as she cannot put them to the ground. She gave me a nice little smile, and said brightly: 'I'm the GRAPHIC Cousin's Cot!' I laughed and said: 'Yes, dear. And I am Cousin Kate, and I have come to bring you some pretty presents from some other loving cousins.' So I gave her Cousin Ida's pretty 'Princess Rosebud and her Wardrobe.' She was very pleased, and her little brother Johnnie pushed the wheeled chair in which he was sitting (turning the wheels with his hands) close to her, and also inspected her present. Other eager little faces crowded round, and when Cousin Monica's delightful quilt was unfurled and spread over little Florrie (I kept the doll back for a few minutes), there were many exclamations of delight. I pointed out some of the pretty squares, the dog especially, and told Johnnie to explain all the others to Florrie. Next I gave her the doll, and she gleefully exclaimed:—'Now I've got three dolls.' That included the one Cousin Gwen took her. She sent her love and 'please thank very much' to her kind cousins. Johnnie looked wistfully at her treasures, and as she was hugging her doll, he called out, 'I say, let me have a lend of that,' pointing to Princess Rosebud, to whom he seems to have taken a fancy. So as Florrie was so rich in presents, she lent her brother the card dolly to dress and undress. Haven't we got some boy cousins who could spare Johnnie an old puzzle or a picture-book, or something? It need not be new. Both the children are looking so much better, especially Florrie. But they are still white and delicate. Poor little ones!—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have been a very long time writing to you, but I have started one or two letters and did not finish them. I am now having my term holidays, and I think they will last a month. When the Pollard Company was in Wellington I went to see 'Paul Jones.' What took my fancy was 'The Insect,' and the old sailor that kept on saying, 'Ain't it sickening.' I also went to the third musical festival given by Mr Maughan Barnett. His three pieces were lovely. I went for a very long walk up to the signal station on Mount Victoria this afternoon. When the boys were away for their holidays they found a blown down nest with four little sparrows. They brought them home, but three died. The other one is still alive, and he comes to the side of the cage and chirps and pecks at your finger. If you just say 'Isaac' he chirps. I must now close, hoping that Florrie is getting better. Good-bye, with love from PHOEBE. Wellington.

[You are a bright little correspondent, and I am glad to hear from you again. What a queer time of year to find a sparrow's nest. They must have recently arrived from England, and being new chums, still think that March, April, and May are spring months, and therefore the building season. I have not seen 'Paul Jones.' Are you fond of walking? I am, very, but it is too warm up here to walk much, and too hilly. Did you have a good view from Mount Victoria? Are we not gay here? A dance almost every night for three weeks! I went to the opening of the Hunt Meet on Saturday. It was very enjoyable. A pair of horses left alone in a carriage got so excited when they saw the first drag that they bolted and ran over the neatly-kept lawns and flower-beds into a shrubbery.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It seems such a long time since I last wrote to you, but now as cousin Mabel is staying with me, we will both write to you. Last Saturday I went with Cousin Mabel to the hospital, and saw dear little Florrie. We took her a bunch of flowers and a doll, with which she was very pleased. This Tuesday I am going to Waiheke for a week's holiday. I have a

dear little kitten whose name is Mona. It is grey with black stripes. It is lovely weather now. I hope it will keep fine all the holidays. I am sending a puzzle. Love to yourself and all the cousins.—COUSIN GWEN. Rocklands, Epsom.

[As so few cousins are writing just now, I prize all the more the letters I do receive. Cousin Gwen, so I must thank both you and Cousin Mabel for yours. You can't think how pleased I was to find you had both been to the Hospital. It always makes my heart ache to see the poor, suffering children, and it is a great privilege to be able to do anything for them. I hope, indeed, that you will have fine weather for your holidays. We have had rather a bad spell of rain, have we not? But the gardens are cheering up wonderfully, and recovering from the effects of the dry weather. What flowers have you? Thanks for the puzzle. Tell me if you manage to get any fishing or boating at Waiheke these holidays.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Now the long evenings are coming on I feel I have more time to write. I am staying with Cousin Gwen, and we are both writing together. Last Saturday Cousin Gwen and I went to see little Florrie in the Hospital. Gwen took her a doll and I took her a bunch of flowers. Johnnie was threading beads. Cousin Gwen has got a sweet little dog. In the Christmas holidays I went to Lake Takapuna, and in the Easter holidays I went to Drury. It was my sister Blanche's birthday a little while ago. She got a lovely big cake, a Bible, a bag of lollies, and a book called the 'Seven Little Australians,' which I like very much. I think I will send a puzzle. With love to yourself and all the cousins.—Your affectionate COUSIN MABEL. Rocklands.

[Everyone seems to like that book, 'The Seven Little Australians,' very much. Is the Bible the Revised version or the usual one? Birthday cakes are rather nice, are they not? I have a brother-in-law who, when he was in lodgings in Melbourne, had a very nice landlady. He said one morning, 'It's my birthday tomorrow, Mrs—.' 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I must make you a plum-pudding.' She did, and it was such a good one that when he thought she'd forgotten about it, he said it was his birthday again! She made another pudding, but when he'd had five birthdays in one year she found him out and stopped the special puddings. Lake Takapuna is very pretty, is it not? I expect you enjoyed the fine part of the Easter holidays there very much. Were you by the beach? Thank for the puzzles from both of you.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am going to tell you about a very pleasant trip that I have had lately. My father had planned to go with a party of friends to Tokaanu, and said he would take me and two of my brothers with him. It was a lovely day when we started. Some of the party went in the Dux waggon (four-in-hand) and the others followed, with the luggage and feed for the horses, in a brake with a five-horse team. We went 19 miles that day to a place called Waiouru, where we had tea and stayed the night. Next morning was beautifully bright and clear. We had a grand view of Ruapehu and Aoruhoe with the sun shining on them. We could also see Mount Egmont quite plainly, although 90 miles away. We made an early start, as we had to go 44 miles to Tokaanu, and we wanted to get there before dark. We enjoyed our drive very much; the day was fine, and the road in fairly good order. The scenery is very grand, with the Kaimanawas to the eastward covered thickly with bush, and Ruapehu and Aoruhoe to the westward with steam rising from them. We drove 22 miles, and then stayed at Peters' halfway camp to have lunch and rest and feed the horses. We boiled the billy and had a very nice cup of tea, and the picnic hamper was much lighter when we went on our way again. We arrived at Tokaanu at about 5 o'clock. It was so strange to see the great cloud of steam rising from the hot springs on both sides of the road, and even on the road itself there was steam coming up from the mud holes. Tokaanu looked quite lively, there were such a number of natives there; the women mostly in bright coloured dresses, made the place quite gay. We were up early next morning and went to the hot springs. I enjoyed my bath very much. We could not always have baths when we wanted them because there were such a number of Maoris. Once when my brother Henga went there were fifty six natives in one bath. One of them said 'they were all the same as a box of matches.' It was great fun to see the little Maori boys diving for coppers. I dare say you have heard about the great meeting the Maoris have to talk politics, I think, but I shouldn't wonder if their food supply ran short before they got to business. They have made a fine wharf of raupo and rushes; it is 450 feet long and has two rows of tables and forms. The smartly-dressed Maori girls arranged the tables very nicely and waited on their visitors. They put little fern leaves on the pats of butter and on the preserved pigeons, and the whole place looked very pretty. In the evenings they had dances in one part of the wharf, and although the weather was bad, they were all very cheerful. We stayed just a week at Mr Blake's hotel, and although it rained most days we managed to have a good time. One of the days we went across the lake in a big Maori canoe,

powered by eight Maoris, to a place called Waihi, on the shores of Lake Taupo. There is a beautiful waterfall and a lot of lovely ferns and bush all round it. We went to see the pretty little Roman Catholic Church, and one of the priests played the organ for us. The first five days we started for home again. The road was heavy travelling for the horses, as snow had fallen the day before. The scenery all around was lovely, the Kaimanawas white with snow. Ruapehu and Aoruhoe, too, looked grander than ever with their covering of white. We lunched as before at the half-way camp. We did not reach Waiouru until late, for the horses were tired, and there was a mist on Rangipo. We got warm and comfortable by a good fire, had supper, and went to bed. Next morning it was bright and clear with a sharp frost (Waiouru is about 3,000 feet above sea level). We had another grand view of the mountains, and then off for home again, where we arrived at about two o'clock, all of us having thoroughly enjoyed our trip to Tokaanu.—Your affectionate cousin, PAKRAU.

PUZZLE COLUMN.

Twenty-four white horses on a red bill;
Here they go, here they go, never stop still.
What are they?—COUSIN MABEL.
When is a door not a door?—COUSIN GWEN.

'THOSE TWO.'

(BY COUSIN JACK.)

CHAPTER I.—THE 'SNOWBIRD.'

THE 'Snowbird' was a mail steamer bound from Auckland to Liverpool, via Suez, with a full cargo of mails and gold, for the Thames goldfields were now in full swing. Among the passengers were two men. The first was James Chapel, and the other Henry Bruce. 'I hope they will be there, pard,' said Bruce. 'Yes, we are getting near the spot. But Russel's a man of his word, and the "Water Shark" a fast schooner.' These two men were pirates, and the 'Water Shark' belonged to a band of fifty pirates, of whom Chapel was the captain. These pirates had their stronghold in one of the numerous islands of the Pacific Ocean. Russel was the first officer of the 'Water Shark,' a schooner of two hundred tons. She had an oil-engine, so she was independent of the wind.

CHAPTER II.—THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

THAT day Chapel was talking to Captain Henry. 'This ship is very well armed,' said Chapel. 'Yes, she was once a man-of-war.' 'Well, spin the yarn, Captain.' 'Lend me a match first,' and, having obtained it, Captain Henry went on:—'Well, it was in this way. One of our ships was cruising with a lot of tourists on the coast of Africa, when the officer of the watch saw a ship with a lot of sail on bearing down on them. They tried to get out of the way, but wherever they went the stranger seemed bent on running them down. So a boat was manned and pulled off to the stranger, but they could not find anything on board to identify the ship. They towed it inport and had it posted at Lloyd's, but as no one claimed it, it was refitted, and that is how we are so well armed. After we had had her some time a boat-load of sailors was picked up by a trading schooner and brought home. They said they belonged to a man-of-war which had been attacked by pirates, and only this boat-load had escaped. They recognised the "Snowbird" as their ship, but as the company had paid something for her, they were allowed to keep her.'

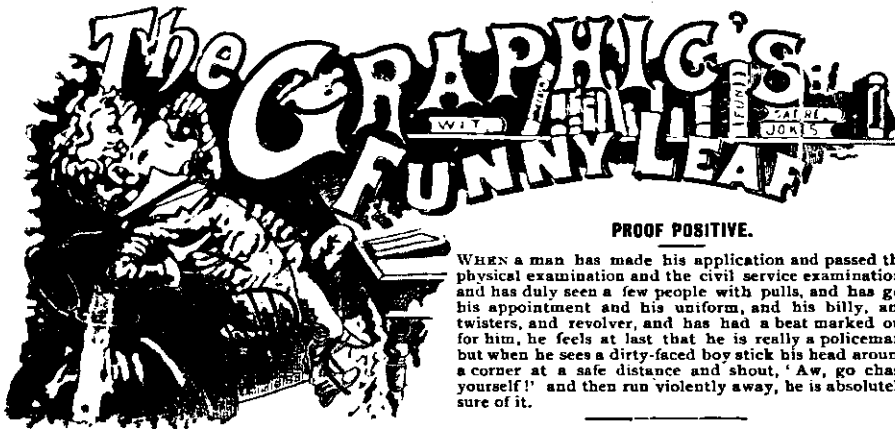
CHAPTER III.—WHAT THE PIRATE KNEW.

If Chapel had been asked what he knew about the ship and the pirates he could have said that there were eight of his men on board. There were three men hidden in part of the ship near the engine, three men amongst the crew, Bruce and himself. It had been arranged that the 'Water Shark' should be at Lat. No. and on the equator, and these men should there waiting at 8 p.m. on a certain day, and that the 'Water Shark' should send two boats over to the 'Snowbird.'

CHAPTER IV.—THE TELL-TALE.

ALL might have gone well had there not been a tell-tale in the secret. It was in this way. Chapel had given his orders to Russel, seated on a box on a wharf. Now this box belonged to a Professor, and had in it, among other things, a phonograph which had been jarred in such a way that it began to work when Russel and Chapel talked. The Professor did not discover this till it was too late to catch Chapel. But the 'Water Shark' was caught, and Russel taken prisoner. The 'Water Shark' was then manned with sailors from a warship. The 'Snowbird' arrived at the place arranged, but Chapel had fallen from the mast into the water, and Bruce had plunged in after him, and when they were rescued they were so exhausted that the doctor ordered both men to bed. How the two men cursed their luck! The next morning the new captain of the 'Water Shark' came on board the 'Snowbird' and told Captain Henry about the plot. They did not discover the men, so the eight are still at large.

HOW TO ASSIST NATURE WITHOUT HAZARDOUS FORCE.—A gentleman, who is how about eighty years of age writes:—'I have for a long time used "ENDS FRUIT SALT"; I have found it an effective and general agent, very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, especially such as exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to assist nature without hazardous force. It acts according to the quantity taken—either as a relieving medicine, or as a cooling and refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates.' Caution.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "ENDS FRUIT SALT." Without it you have only a worthless imitation.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores. 10



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

A RONTGEN Ray went roaming
As Röntgen Rays will do,
And, flashing light where erst was night,
The hidden brought to view.
Its powers of penetration
Were freely given play,
(In darkest nooks a tube of Crookes'
Will guide the Röntgen Ray).

The camera fiend waxed festive,
And blithe of heart was he;
In his mental eye were snapshots by
The New Photography;
For the scientists had captured
That little Röntgen Ray,
Whose doom was to illumine
A scientist's holiday.

Whether cased in toughened timber,
Or flesh and blood, or stone,
All mysteries sealed the Ray revealed—
Save one dark doubt alone:
It couldn't pierce the padding
Of a typical coryphæe,
And how far each limb is (whisper it!) slim
The scientists cannot say.

HER MARRIAGE LINES.

'You say, Mrs Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the Court understand from that, that you are a married woman?'
'In course it does.'
'Have you a marriage certificate?'
'Yes, your honour; three on 'em—two gals and a boy.'

PIOUS FAITH.

MINISTER: 'And do you believe that your greatest troubles come from Heaven?'
Deacon: 'Well, they say that's where marriages are made.'

HE SUITED.

'So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a 30ft. flight of stairs into a barrel of rainwater.'
'I think I can stand it,' said the hungry man. 'I was tax-collector for three years.'



STILL THINKS SO.

'You used to say you thought heaven sent me to you,' she said tearfully, after a little family jar.
'I see no reason to change my mind about that now,' he returned.
'Really!' she exclaimed delightedly.
'Certainly,' he replied. Then he spoiled it all by adding: 'As a punishment.'

PROOF POSITIVE.

WHEN a man has made his application and passed the physical examination and the civil service examination, and has duly seen a few people with pulls, and has got his appointment and his uniform, and his billy, and twisters, and revolver, and has had a beat marked out for him, he feels at last that he is really a policeman, but when he sees a dirty-faced boy stick his head around a corner at a safe distance and shout, 'Aw, go chase yourself!' and then run violently away, he is absolutely sure of it.

NOT SO STRANGE.

FIRST WRITER:—That article of yours, "Truth is Stranger than Fiction," is a hummer. Bound to attract attention! Where did you get the facts?
Second Writer:—'Made 'em up.'

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

ADA (plain): 'No man ever had the face to kiss me.'
Kitty (pretty): 'You mean you never had the face to make him.'

TOO TRUE.

MRS DE VERR: 'I think a woman ought to be mighty well acquainted with a man before she marries him.'
Mrs Rampage: 'Yes, because she won't have much chance to get acquainted with him afterward.'



DIPLOMATIC.

'NEVER speak to me again, sir! I will teach you to tell others that the mere sight of my face would make a man climb over a wall.'
'I—er—I meant, of course, if the man was on the other side of the wall' (Reconciliation naturally followed.)

THE MODERN MAIDEN.

DON'T give her a music box, album, or book,
A manicure set or the like.
Such old-fashioned presents she now cannot brook,
For she has her heart set on a bike.

A COOL FAMILY.

'Was it cool where you spent your vacation?'
'Cool? I should say it was. I was staying at a farmhouse. I went away for a couple of days and returned unexpectedly. I found the old farmer wearing one of my shirts and my straw hat; his two sons away at a picnic in my best clothes, and his wife straining jelly through my white flannel coat; and all they said was: 'We hain't been expectin' ye back so soon.' It was the coolest family I ever struck.'

A PARADOX.

CURIOUS isn't it, that, as a general thing, ladies who do fancy work don't fancy work.

HERE TOO.

If 'ignorance is bliss,'
There's reason in my rhyme—
Some people in this town
Must have a joyous time.

DON'T WORRY.

THE man who never worries generally has friends and relatives who have to worry for him.

RATHER NOT.

CURATE: 'I am sorry to hear you were the worse for liquor last night: you take after your father.'
Lushington, (jun.): 'No; father never leaves any to take!'



THE SILVER LINING TO THAT CLOUD.

'YOUR wife's illness was very long and expensive, wasn't it, Taddells?'
'Yes, it was expensive; but I figure that on the whole I saved money by it.'
'How was that?'
'She couldn't get out of the house at all while the sales were on to buy bargains.'

TWO WISHES.

MISTER: 'Oh, dear, I wish I could get hold of some good biscuits like mother used to make for me.'
Missus: 'And I wish I could get some good clothes like father used to buy for me.'

SECOND SIGHT.

MAN a man whose marriage was the result of love at first sight wishes he had been blessed with the gift of second sight.

OUTDONE.

'ANYTHING new at the seance?'
'Yes, Rabelais was there, swearing horribly because his laurel wreath had been stolen by Thomas Hardy.'

HE DID.

HE: 'I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me.'
SHE: 'Shall I close my eyes?'

MOST NATURAL.

BOGGS: 'How is it that your hair is quite white, while your beard is very dark?'
Noggs: 'It's the most natural thing in the world.'
Boggs: 'Indeed.'
Noggs: 'It is thirty years older.'



FOND MOTHER: 'If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it.'
Guardian: 'What experiments have you made to find out?'
Fond Mother: 'Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before.'
Guardian: 'What did he do with them?'
Fond Mother: 'Smashed them all up.'
Guardian: 'Ah, I see! He is to be a furniture-mover.'