

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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"MINGLING WITH THE BLUE-BLOODS."

Speaking at a farewell social to Mr. Seddon by the Women's Social and Political League the Premier said that as their representative at Home 'He supposed he would be permitted to mingle with the blue-bloods of the older world.'

GOUT

Readers of this paper should know that to effectually cure Gout the great thing to do is to eliminate the urates from the system, which are the cause of the malady, and nothing does this so effectually as Bishop's Citrate of Lithia, which is strongly recommended by the "Lancet," and "British Medical Journal." Supplied by all Chemists in two sizes.

CURED.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WAR!

TO what a small proportion of British humanity does the little monosyllable of three letters convey any adequate conception of the dread reality. The man in the street uses the word, speaks about the thing itself, and contemplates its appearance as glibly and easily as if it were a game of euchre instead of one of life and death. He knows rather less about it than he does of any other thing that has not come within the circle of his experience. And the thousands, too, who would be offended if you classed their cogitations and philosophies with the rash nondescript ideas of the man in the street—what do they know about war? They can talk about it—we can all talk about most things nowadays—and be fluently rhetorical in the use of stock phrases denunciatory of its horrors—phrases made by men who had seen and tasted the reality, but it does not follow that they understand it. Ours is a generation that can scarcely be said to have indirectly known war. Britain's little campaigns in Africa and Northern and Further India have doubtless made a few widows and orphans, but only in a very retail way, and except where the killed were officers, the sorrowing relatives belonged to a class that respectable British opinion takes little cognizance of. But even had there been bigger wars in our time than there have been, the chances are that Britishers would not have learned much. You see the Britishers have always had their battles fought for them while they remained comfortably at home, confident that come what might, they and their money bags were safe. They have never gone through the baptism of fire; never with clenched teeth and pallid face advanced to what seemed certain death; never looked on the unutterable horror of a battle field, much less tasted of it in their own persons; never seen the flaming cities and the hunger-stricken population, the terrible waste and destruction; never heard the wail of the widows and the fatherless, and the brotherless, rising in one awful *misere* to heaven. All that they know is the jubilant return of the troops to the fair land where war has never set its desolating feet, and the loud *Te Deum*. The other side of the picture they have not seen. Everything, so to speak, has been cleaned up before John Bull's eye looked on it, the poor unightly corpses have been buried out of sight, and the bloody swords wiped. Thus it comes about that your average Britisher, who has no particular money bags that seem threatened by war, speaks of it unconcernedly, and we colonialists, who are perhaps more ignorant than he is in such matters, go a step further and hope there will be war, if only to vary the monotony of the evening newspaper. I heard more than one gentleman announce his supreme satisfaction last week when the news of the Turko-Grecian War was cabled to us. They actually looked inclined to rub their hands with glee at the prospect of what one man termed 'a regular burst-up among the nations.' Anything for a sensation is their motto. I scarcely think you will find that spirit in Europe, especially in those countries that in the present generation have known what war is, or have been taught the terrible traditions of it. You will not hear them shouting 'To arms!' with the lusty foolishness of our young colonialists, who have an idea that the carnage of Europe would be a fine panoramic show for these colonies to enjoy gratis. Foolish young colonialists! do you imagine

you are to be on the tree list in the great European conflict? You as much as anyone should dread it, for it may mean disaster to these fair lands, and must mean so end of privation and sorrow to us as well as to all mankind. Peace to you and your cries!

TURK AND GREEK.

OF course all the public sympathy is with the Greeks, and everybody from Mr Gladstone downwards execrates the Turks. As a fact the great majority of people know very little about either the Turks or the Greeks. Though quite innocent of any knowledge of Homer or the 'tale of Troy divine,' the ideas they have of the men who are now struggling with the armies of Abdul the Damned are founded mainly on those poetical conceptions that have leaked through from the cultured classes—the classes which to some degree are conversant with the spirit which 'informed the columned Parthenon' and gave to the world the arts of war and peace. Now, whatever the ancient Greek may have been, his descendant is a very different individual. From all accounts he still retains his prowess in battle and perhaps did occasion arise, as may be the case any day now, he could, the present conditions of warfare permitting it, give us a modern edition of Thermopylae. But in all other respects he is a degenerate from that god-like race. Throughout the Levant he is known as a cunning, treacherous fellow with a minimum of principle in his composition. He was that in Lord Byron's day when struggling to free himself from the Turkish yoke, and now when he has breathed the breath of freedom so many years he is not much better. Byron threw himself into the Greek cause with all the enthusiasm of his passionate nature. It was hard for him to believe that there did not slumber deep down in the heart of that pleasure-loving subject people the indomitable spirit of its ancestors. But in the end he had to confess himself disillusioned. It was about the beginning of the third campaign against the Greeks that he arrived at Argostoli. He had raised about £12,000, which he advanced to the Greek Government for the relief of Missolonghi, and he was prepared to give his life into the bargain. But he soon found that he had formed a grossly inaccurate estimate of the insurgents and their oppressors. A few weeks after his landing in Greece he wrote:—'I was a fool to come here. Of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak of them, though they do of one another.' I wonder whether the shade of the poet, revisiting the spot where 'burning Sappho loved and sung,' would find the people much altered. I doubt it. As for the Turks, I don't say that they are better than the Greeks, but I am not at all so sure that they are so much worse, as they are represented. I have known intimately people who have lived among them, and their verdict was certainly not the popular one. They found the people most kindly, even to the unbelievers, and my friends, I remember, would never join in any wholesale condemnation of a people they had found so agreeable. However, there is no uprooting popular prejudice, and I suppose the present day conception of Greek and Turks will prevail even if it is not the correct one.

THE HAWKE'S BAY FLOODS.

FAR above the distant sounds of battle which reached us from the East last week, and claiming our attention as a mere war cry never could, there came the wail of the distressed and destitute settlers of Hawke's Bay. The catastrophe which has befallen them is of its kind the greatest in the history of the colony, and it is most improbable that any calamity of the same character and magnitude could have taken place in any other part of New Zealand. For that latter fact we should feel very thankful when we consider the enormous damage that is done to property and the loss of life that is incurred by floods in other countries—America, for instance. At the same time our comparative immunity from such visitations does not lessen one whit the sympathy which all must feel for the sufferers by the recent deluge. That fact should rather quicken the generosity of those of us who are not among the victims. The latter, let it be remembered, have in some instances lost everything, and in nearly every case the loss must tell very severely on them. Consider what it is to have your homestead destroyed, your crops ruined, and your cattle drowned, as is the position with some of the settlers. To replace these things they are, generally speaking, dependent on what aid the Government can afford them, and on the liberality of their fellow colonists. To these they have appealed, and I sincerely trust that the appeal will not be in vain. That our help is really needed we are fully persuaded, and I would suggest that among the various entertainments that are being got up for charitable purposes the needs of the people of Hawke's Bay should have some consideration. The Government have promised and will aid, but in view of the fact that they may be required to provide embank-

ment works sufficient to protect the inundated districts from a repetition of the deluge, I think the public might do something to alleviate present sufferings of the destitute people.

OUR POOR SISTERS ACROSS THE SEAS.

SURELY these islands we inhabit may claim to be for womenkind true Islands of the Blest—from a political point of view, at any rate. Look upon this picture of a National Council of Women, whose 'rights' have been gracefully ceded to them by the chivalric mankind of New Zealand, haughtily trying to wrest from this chivalric mankind some of *its* rights. Then look far back across the seas upon that picture visible lately in the British House of Commons, of a throng of anxious-faced, agitated women filling the lobbies, imploring, entreating emancipation from the legal status of criminals, lunatics, and paupers; while, inside the sacred chamber, members amused themselves playing battle-dore and shuttlecock—metaphorically speaking—with the Woman's Suffrage question. In that assembly of the nation's chosen there were found but a few faithful and just men to lift up their voices in defence of the claims of the sex whom the anxious watchers in the lobbies represented. Against these faithful and just few were arrayed a crowd who flouted and jeered and sneered and absolutely refused to consider the matter, except in a spirit of shocking levity. As a lady friend remarked, speaking to me the other day of this farcical debate on the second reading of the Franchise Extension (to Women) Bill, 'Each of that jibing crew shewed himself a man, every inch of him,' but she certainly did not mean the phrase to be understood in its usual complimentary sense. Oh, no, quite the reverse. For the man or woman who considers the proper mental attitude of the masculine towards the feminine sex to be one of grave reverence, that debate must have made truly painful reading or hearing. Why, for all the cant of to-day about the equality, if dissimilarity, of the sexes it was quite evident that the overwhelming majority of the House regarded women in general (whatever their feelings might be towards particular members of the sex) very much as Nora's husband in 'A Doll's House' regarded his wife—they were playthings, children, interesting little creatures with pretty or amusing ways, that quite repaid observation. But as to giving the cleverest and most erudite of them the vote that may belong to the stupidist and most illiterate of men—why, who could but smile at the thought of a little child gravely desiring to be allowed to deliberate in weighty business matters? Alas, for the rarity of chivalry in this year of grace '97. In the assembly of the elect of the British Isles (the men's elect) nothing but applauding roars of laughter punctuated the speech of that wicked and witty Mr Labouchere while he jokingly demonstrated to his fellow members how preposterous was the notion that women could make a reasonable use of a parliamentary election vote. He used stale arguments against Female Suffrage and made the stale assertions about women that men always do make when they want to prove incontrovertibly to themselves and to others the superiority of their own sex. But Mr Labouchere's wit has a knack of disguising the staleness of such arguments and assertions. His speech was very enjoyable, and profoundly convincing to those whose opinions on the subject in question were already in perfect accord with his own, though to those who have not the latter advantage it would scarcely seem a convincing proof of women's illogically emotional nature that a silly girl canvassing at an election should have asked him if he 'believed in love.'

MR LABOUCHERE throughout his funny speech was always quite courteously disrespectful to the poor, unenfranchised sex, and did not fail to refer in properly orthodox fashion to the irresistible charms of the ladies then in waiting in the lobbies. He was followed by a heavy military man, whose indignation at the insolence of women desiring to have the franchise was evidently too great to let him remember his good company manners, for he rudely reversed Mr Labouchere's compliments to the personal attractiveness of the ladies in question. Ah, had we that boorish military man out here in our chivalric little colony, I would—yes, I would deliver him without pity into the hands of our National Council of Women to be legislated for by that august body as it pleased. But there is one thing in Mr Labouchere's speech, besides his courteous jibes at womankind, which we New Zealanders will find difficult to forgive him—he distinctly stated that he would not learn of us. He said that the British Parliament was the mother of parliaments, and it was not going to be taught to suck eggs by the little New Zealand legislature. This frame of mind in the British Parliament—if Mr Labouchere is its correct exponent—is truly lamentable. Ah, what a petty, jealous spirit is shown there! Let the British Parliament read the Scriptures. There it will find that wisdom generally proceeds from babes and

sucklings, and may it not deduce from that truth the incontrovertible fact that the youthful legislature of New Zealand has much to teach it if the other will but learn. The New Zealand legislature is not unduly puffed up because of the wisdom that has been vouchsafed to it, and therefore it will not grudge other less fortunately gifted Parliaments benefiting by its example. It might also remind the haughty British Parliament that young though it may be, it is older than the British Parliament in that one experience which the British Parliament declines to earn for itself—the practical working of the Woman Franchise. I say advisedly 'declines,' for every sensible person knows the true worth of the carrying of that second reading of the Extension of Franchise to Women Bill—knows that the House of Commons has not the remotest intention of passing the measure, and that the Bill has got as far as it will ever get. And, in conclusion; I indignantly tell the House of Commons that the New Zealand Legislature could never, never have been guilty of such an act of refined cruelty as Her Majesty's faithful Commons perpetrated in their treatment of that essentially modest little Bill. They treated the poor thing much in the same way as a cat does a mouse, and, with derisive kindness, let it pass triumphantly the first reading and the second reading because they are so immovably resolved to ultimately pounce upon it and crush it out of existence. This treacherous leniency has led many not otherwise people to cherish false hopes concerning a third reading. Infinitely preferable to me, therefore, is the conduct of an open enemy, like that of Sir William Harcourt, who plainly showed a bull-dog desire to kill the Bill there and then and have done with it. He also let it be plainly seen why he wanted to kill the Bill. He was mortally afraid of women getting the suffrage, since in the United Kingdom and Ireland they were more than a million too many for the men, and if they got the suffrage then—things must certainly happen. Sir William's early fears those things, whatever they may be. The lady friend whom I mentioned before says they are all afraid—that it is nothing but grim, cold, deadly fear that dictates the action of every opponent of the Women's Suffrage where it is in question. She says they think that when once women have got the power, they—the women—will act up to the axiom, 'Whatever men have done unto you, do thou unto them,' and the men see centuries of tyranny and oppression looming in the future for them. She adds that this is merely an unfounded fear on the men's part, born of their natural incapacity to imagine a more christian-like constitution of mind than they have themselves.

MODERN CHILDREN.

A LADY writer has been making some scathing remarks on modern children. Not the children of the so-called working classes, for whom we all pay a large sum annually that their education in everything but manners may be perfected; but the children of the upper middle class—the aristocracy, in fact, of New Zealand. It certainly is a trial to have to endure the visitation—inflicted by loving parents—of these children. One can well imagine the mental agony—endured with Spartan and smiling heroism, of the hostess, who, talking to her lady visitor, sees the two inquisitive and badly-brought-up children of the guest prowling about her beautiful drawing-room, fingering valuable photographs and priceless engravings with unclean hands or soiled gloves, climbing up the delicate and richly upholstered chairs and settees, crumbling the afternoon tea cake and muffins on the handsome carpet, and carefully trampling the crumbs into the pile, or devouring the rich cake intended for their betters. All this and more has to be borne at the hands of too many of the modern children. And the mothers, who should know better, but don't, still farther exasperate their suffering hostess by the remark:—'Look at dear Harold! see how he loves pictures; he will surely be a tip-top artist!' and all the time dear Harold is dog-eating a lovely etching, or smearing a dainty photograph. The real truth is the modern child is a spoiled atom, who is taught to believe that everything nowadays is his especial property, and that everybody only lives for him and his amusement. He is, in fact, an 'odious little nuisance,' to quote the lady writer's own words, and as a child is a distinct failure. He goes to race meetings, attends all sorts of late evening amusements, smokes cigarettes, and sips wine at dessert, or even lunch. As he grows older he does not improve, and unless sent to some pretty strict boarding school, which knocks a little of the conceit out of him, becomes a decided failure as a youth and as a man. The girl is as bad. In fact, there are no girl children now. They cannot romp or play; they can only dance and flirt. They cannot trundle hoops, or enjoy rounders; they can only cycle and play tennis, and many of them cannot, alas! even keep up with these young lady games. Some of them are crammed with book learning for examination use only, and cannot even tell where the latest

war scare is. Some neglect school for the ball-room and picnic ground, and by the time these modern children are grown up young ladies they are so utterly *Maat* that they pretend to groan at the trouble of going to a dance at all. No wonder the modern girl does not marry. Who wants a wife of this type? And, on the other hand, what girl cares to tie herself for life to the ordinary young man of the present time?

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.

'INEZ.'—Oil painting on linen will wash. Water does not mix with oil, therefore cannot dilute it; but only use pure soap, no ammonia or soda in the water.

'Fear.'—I am so sorry for your accident with the lamp, and very glad to be able to tell you what to do next time. It is a simple remedy, and cannot be too well known. Sand or flour thrown in a heavy mass on to the burning oil will extinguish it. Every household should be prepared for an emergency; a box of sand, kept in some convenient place, is desirable wherever lamps are in general use.

'Moses S.'—Your question is a somewhat difficult one to answer, but I will do my best. It is perfectly possible to have a very pleasant friendship between a man and a woman with no thoughts of love-making at all in it, but it requires tact and care. It is very seldom that correspondence such as that in which you are engaged can be carried on without eventual disadvantage to the woman. If she becomes engaged to some one else, it has to be dropped. Similarly, if he becomes engaged, an estrangement almost certainly follows. If both keep free from ties, one or the other is likely to read into the letters more meaning than they are meant to convey. Some allowance must be made for people who are inveterate letter-writers. We have known men and women who would reel off letters by the half-dozen to all their acquaintances, male and female; and everybody perfectly understood that these letters, though full of a cheerful affection, had no special meaning. It is evident, however, that you have other thoughts than those of friendship present with you; and, that being so, it is advisable to guard against going forward into a deepening disappointment. Try to place the correspondence upon a perfectly understood footing—either absolutely free from all reference to marriage, or else with marriage as the avowed end; otherwise complications and unhappiness are likely to ensue.

'Mother of Five.'—I can imagine you find it very hard with your five daughters to dress them each suitably. I very strongly advise you to adopt the sensible plan of giving an allowance, and expecting them to keep within it. I should begin as soon as they are able to understand the use of money. Commence at 3d a week, and encourage them to keep an account of all they spend; also strongly encourage a savings-bank book. When they are older they want more. In the case of boys who have been used to this system, when they begin to earn money they know how to take care of it, and are used to spending it advisedly. As a rule, when a boy or girl gets money he or she simply wastes it, merely because they have not been used to the judicious handling of it from childhood. This is a most important matter, and much misery would be spared in families and with individual youths and maidens if they had only been properly taught the use and abuse of money. To return to your case. Encourage the saving of pennies to buy presents, however small, for each other's birthdays. This teaches generosity and loving thought for others. Let them give a penny now and again to charity, Sunday school Fund, etc., and tell them that God expects a certain part (formerly a tenth) of all that He has given us—money, time, talents. When your girls are old enough, say fifteen, give them a dress allowance. Start them well with a present of some nice calico or flannelette for underlinen, and teach them to make it properly; then help them to lay out their money. This quarter they will want (say) an evening dress, a pair of winter boots, a pair of gloves and an umbrella. The next they will want a warm cape or jacket, a winter hat and indoor shoes, also a pair of dancing-shoes, etc., etc. Meantime it will be a sister's birthday, and 5s 6d must go for a present of a pair of gloves, or if times are bad, and expenses heavy just then, give a bit of lace (good) or ribbon or a book, as liked. I should have a dressmaker by the day. You could get one for three shillings a day and her meals. Of course your daughter would help her, so that in two days a good dress could be made and a blouse arranged, which could be finished without the dressmaker. The first quarter's expenditure for an allowance of £20 per annum would be something like this:—

Dress (all included), £2 10s; umbrella, 10s; boots, 12s 6d; gloves from 2s 6d to 3s 6d. This leaves a trifle for collection in church, etc. The second quarter: cape and dress, £3; hat, 15s; shoes, 5s. This leaves a pound for whatever is needed, or it could be put by towards a nice spring dress, or spent on silk and lace for a good evening blouse. Of course with this allowance you must watch for the semi-annual sales, and save enough out of the allowance to buy dress material, etc., so that it will go as far as possible. With care, an umbrella will last two years for best, then keep it for common and buy another for smart occasions. Never wear a good dress in the house when there are no visitors. Always change your street costume when you come in. Shake and brush it and your hat, and put carefully by; they will last twice as long. I know a lady who (with great care) dresses well on £15 a year.

'A Grandmother.'—I do not care to give you my own opinion on tight-lacing. I will only say that there are very few men who do not make nasty remarks on an obviously waspish waist. I will quote for you the words of a celebrated London doctor on 'the eyesight and tight-lacing':—'No girl who cares a brass farthing about her beauty, complexion, or eyesight, will be foolish enough to lace up too tightly. I never did, nor never will, make war upon the corset. If scientifically made—which very few are—it is good for the weakly in back and in loin. It should support, however, without constricting the internal organs. The eyesight is very often injured for life by tight-lacing. But, alas! I fear I must preach and preach in vain against a habit that is not only slowly fatal to health, but sometimes causes asphyxia and death. Mothers should see to it that their daughters do not adopt so foolish and dangerous a habit. Indeed, I do not put it a bit too strongly if I add that tight-lacing is immodest; like the painted lip or powdered brow, or too fringing hair, it is a direct invitation to the other sex to look and admire. On the contrary, if he is a man worth talking to, he will merely smile.'

'Isabel.'—For the division in the room you speak of, try some reversible cretonne. You can get an extremely pretty one, the same pattern in colours, at the D.S.C. Company, Queen-street, Auckland. It is only 1s 9d a yard, and would answer your purpose beautifully. Whilst you are there, look at their plushette curtains, and see if you would not like them for the drawing-room. I think you would be very well satisfied with whatever you purchase there.

'A Seven Years' Reader.'—Is there any necessity for either of you to 'beg pardon' of the other? Would it not be possible to begin by showing yourself friendly? You could do it by sending a gift or birthday token. Probably, if either of you waits until the other apologises, as the beginning of a renewal of your intercourse, you will never be friendly again. Pardon that is begged because it is demanded is of no value whatever. Would it not be better to resume a kindly attitude, and see if that does not touch her heart and lead her to say, on her own account, that she is sorry for the estrangement?

'Aqua Pura.'—I am rather amused by your questions about drinking water, and have looked up some authorities on the subject. According to Dr. Le Camus, in the *Journal d'Hygiène*, water is the best drink for mind and body. Water-drinkers are, as a rule, peaceable, taciturn, and of rather a cold temperament; hence it has been said that water-drinkers are seldom men of genius. Dr. Le Camus seems to think the last notion a mistake; but he remarks that one may drink too much water, and at the wrong time. Too much of it makes the blood aqueous and softens the fibres, producing what we call a phlegmatic temperament, which he thinks is the least suited for the cultivation of the sciences. Dr. Le Camus advises phlegmatic persons to drink a sufficient quantity of pure wine, or wine and water, according to their age, constitution, sex, season, climate, and the nature of the wine. Coffee and aromatic plants also correct the ill-effects of water on such temperaments.

'Noel.'—Male voices are naturally divided into three classes—tenor, barytone and bass, differing from each other both in range and quality. In part music arranged for mixed voices, when the tenor part is written in the treble clef it is so written for convenience in notation, and thus frequently appears to be higher than the soprano part, although it actually sounds an octave lower than written. The tenor part in the ordinary arrangements of hymn tunes is written in the bass clef, indicating the notes actually sung. The range of the average tenor voice is from B flat on the second line of the bass staff to A or A flat above middle C. Some men can sing naturally a harmonising tenor part in a mixed quartet, but it is usual for the tenor, as for all the members of the quartet, to read the notes allotted to his part.

'Dolly Gay.'—Many thanks. Will do admirably. Please communicate with me again.



NEW WOOLLEN MILL AT MILTON.

1. The Foundation Stone Laid. 2. Mr W. D. Paterson, Architect. 3. The Spectators and Band. 4. The Mayor Mr Donald Reid. 5. Preparing to Lay the Stone.

NEW WOOLLEN MILL AT MILTON.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE COMPANY AND DISTRICT.

ONE of the most important events which has yet occurred in the annals of Milton, was the laying of the foundation stone of the Bruce Woollen Company's building, which took place on Tuesday, March 23rd. The first step in the direction of starting the venture, which has now reached such a practical stage, was taken in May last, when a meeting of residents was held in Milton to discuss the practicability of starting a woollen factory in the district. The meeting, from various causes, was not very well attended, and very little enthusiasm was exhibited over the matter. After the meeting, however, the project began to be talked about a good deal, and before long another meeting was called. The attendance on this occasion was much larger, about thirty gentlemen being present. A large quantity of information was supplied to the meeting, from which it appeared that a Company, such as it was proposed to form, had every prospect of a successful career. This information was given by Mr James Dalziel, at that time occupying a responsible position in Messrs Ross and Glendinning's Roslyn Mill. From the rough sketch given, those present were very favourably impressed with the idea. A strong point in connection with the proposed company was that Mr Dalziel and four fellow workers were prepared to substantially back their statements as to the excellent prospects which the Company had, by investing £2,000 in the venture, besides making liberal terms till the factory proved a financial success. It was soon realised that the proposal must be a good one, in order to induce men to throw over lucrative positions to embark in a new venture, which must necessarily have a difficult battle to fight before it gained a firm hold on the colonial trade. After a deal of discus-

sion by the meeting, a list was drawn up, and 2,225 shares were promised in the room. A committee was also formed for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of support which could be reckoned on in the district. Mr R. A. Pyke was appointed interim secretary, and continued to hold the office till the end of September, when Mr Dalziel took over the duties. The task of obtaining shares did not prove a very easy one at first; in fact, right up till a few months back, obstacles were continually being encountered. But by dint of hard canvassing, all voluntary, the promoters succeeded in increasing the total shares promised to about 7,000 within a month, this result being secured without going outside of the district. It was then thought that the success met with locally justified a canvass in Dunedin, where it was believed that a considerable number of shares could be obtained. At first the opposition shown to the Company by a section of the business people of Dunedin threatened to blast the whole venture, and for a time it hung fire, no progress being made for some weeks. Eventually, however, Messrs Moore and Henderson, two of the present directors of the Company, visited Dunedin and made an active canvass, with such success that new life was once more infused into the concern. A renewed effort was made in Milton and district, and on August 28th a large meeting was held, when it was reported that 12,000 shares had been taken up. It was then unanimously decided that the Company be registered, with a share capital of £25,000 nominal. After registration the Company proceeded quietly till 30th December, by which time about 14,000 shares had been promised. On that date the statutory meeting of shareholders was held, about 200 being present. A great deal of enthusiasm was displayed throughout the meeting, and about 1,500 shares were taken up in the room, bringing up the subscribed capital to over £15,000. For the position of directors there

were fourteen candidates, and a ballot resulted in the election of Messrs W. Moore, James Allen (M.H.R.), J. A. Duthie, J. Gray, M. Henderson and J. B. Scanlan, with Mr J. Dalziel as managing director. By this time it was felt that the company had passed a critical point.

Up till the date of the meeting the provisional directors had no real standing, but on the appointment of the permanent board it was felt that it would not be long before there was some practical proof of the Company's existence. A large amount of work had to be done by the directors, but it was finally got through, and orders for machinery of the latest types, were sent home to some of the best makers in England, the specifications for this part of the work being drawn up by Mr Dalziel, and by him presented to the Company. A splendid section, containing three and a half acres of land, was purchased alongside the main south railway line, and close to the Milton railway station. Having reached this stage, the plans and specifications for the building were commenced by Mr D. Paterson, of Dunedin, and tenders having been called, the contract was finally let to Mr Owen Kelly, of Gore, who was not long in starting work on the ground. The building, which is a substantial brick structure, is 192 feet by 102 feet, divided by brick walls into several departments. It is of the style commonly known as fireproof, and is constructed on the most approved lines, provision being made for extending in the event of the business requiring it in the future. The engine and boiler room, 48 feet by 48 feet, stands in front of the main building, while the chimney stack will be 81 feet high, and the engine 120 i.h.p. Having got thus far on the way to a successful start, the foundation stone was duly laid, as we stated above, on 23rd March, Otago's Anniversary Day. A fine day was experienced, and there was in consequence a large gathering of people from all parts of the district, as well as a big contingent of visitors from Dunedin. Among those



NEW WOOLLEN MILL, AT MILTON.

1. Mr J. Scanlan, Director. 2. The Pottery, Milton. 3. Mr Owen Kelly, Contractor. 4. The Mill.

present were the directors of the Company, Messrs J. W. Thomson (M.H.R. for Clutha), J. H. Morrison (manager Mosgiel Woollen Company), James Wilson (Bing, Harris and Co.), John White (Milburn Lime Company), Hon. T. Fergus, and all the leading residents of Milton. The proceedings were opened with a few brief remarks by the chairman of directors (Mr W. Moore), at the close of which he handed to Mr Donald Reid (Mayor of Milton) a silver trowel. The stone having been placed in position, the Mayor declared it well and truly laid. Mr Reid then delivered a very interesting speech. He dwelt on the work which had already been done in connection with the inauguration of the Company, and dwelt at some length on the great benefits which the establishment of such an industry would confer on the town and district. The progress made by the district during the last few years was also touched on, the speaker comparing the position of Milton with that of other towns close at hand. Short addresses were also made by Messrs J. H. Morrison, Hon. T. Fergus, J. Wilson, J. Allen (M.H.R.), and J. W. Thomson (M.H.R.). A number of selections were rendered by

balance at the Bank. These facts speak eloquently for the business capacity of its chief citizens, and certainly augur well for the future of any other undertaking in which they may engage themselves. The district is chiefly an agricultural one, cereal crops forming the staple product of the farmers. Others, however, depend more on sheep and their wool for a livelihood. The quality of the soil, on the greater portion of the plain, cannot be said to be superior to that found in many other districts. Much of it, in fact, was, in its natural state, almost unfit to grow payable crops. The farmers, however, were greatly blessed by the presence at Milburn, four miles from Milton, of an enormous deposit of lime, which is being worked to great advantage by the Milburn Lime and Cement Company. A careful study of the soil of the district early demonstrated that lime was the exact constituent in which the land was deficient, and many of the farmers commenced to lay out considerable sums of money in supplying the want from the works at Milburn. For a time comparatively few availed themselves of the chance offered them, but the

supply of coal, which many people affirm will one day prove a formidable rival to all the coals in the market. Coal, however, is not the only mineral found in the district in payable quantities. Fully thirty years ago, large numbers of men were making a good livelihood gold-digging at Canada Reef, ten miles to the west of Milton, and from that time on to the present parties have been engaged there at the same occupation. That there is still a lot of gold in the neighbourhood may be judged from the fact that the Government recently sent an engineer to report on the field, and his opinion was so favourable as to induce them to give a grant in aid of some heavy works which were found necessary there. Then at Glenore, about seven miles south of Milton, there are two dredgers at work, both of them returning good dividends to the fortunate shareholders, while a third dredge will shortly be at work. Nor is this part of the district a new one from a gold-bearing point of view. As far back as 1862 gold was being won in very large quantities, there being quite an extensive canvas town on the banks of the river.



NEW WOOLLEN MILL AT MILTON.

BACK ROW—MR MATTHEW HENDERSON (Director). MR J. A. DUTHIE (Director). MR JAMES DALZIEL (Director and Interim Secretary).
FRONT ROW—MR JAMES GRAY (Director). MR WILLIAM MOORE (Chairman and Director). MR JAMES ALLEN, M.H.R., (Director).

the Milton Brass Band, and the whole proceedings closed with the usual round of votes of thanks. Taken throughout the ceremony passed off with great *clat*, and the day will long be looked back on as a red letter one in the history of Tokomairiro, only to be overshadowed when another ceremony takes place, which will land the Company still another stage nearer final success—the formal opening of the mill. Before the party dispersed, several photographs of the proceedings were taken, which we embody in this brief history.

The Bruce Woollen Company's mill is situated, as we stated above, near the Milton railway station, while to add to the convenience of handling the raw material and manufactured article, a railway siding has been laid in to the ground. Milton is a town thirty-six miles south of Dunedin, in the centre of the Tokomairiro Plain, and is the chief town of the county of Bruce. The population at last census, in 1896, was 1,139. Milton is noted far and near as one of the cleanest towns in Otago. The streets are nearly all asphalted, and the town presents at all times an exceedingly cheery appearance. A point to be reckoned on in this connection is the fact that there is not a penny of debt on the borough, while the Council have a credit

success which resulted where it was tried induced others to follow the example set them by their more enterprising neighbours. The benefits derived have long ere this fully justified the outlay. Crops have been greatly increased all over the district, and many farmers, whose land at one time would hardly pay for cultivating, now reap every year heavy crops of wheat and oats.

Apart altogether, however, from the fact that it is the centre of a thriving agricultural district, there are other advantages which Milton possesses, and which render it eminently suited for a manufacturing town. There is a plentiful supply of good water, while proximity to the railway is also an important consideration. But another, and the perhaps chief advantage, is the presence of an unlimited supply of coal of good quality. The whole of the hills on the sea coast, to the east of the township, right on to Kaitangata, sixteen miles distant, are one vast coal bed. The product of the Kaitangata Company's mine is well and favourably known all over New Zealand as a splendid household and steaming coal, while close to Milton is another large pit, recently opened up by Messrs Gibson and Lee—the Burnweil pit, at Lovell's Flat, eight miles south of Milton. Nearer home still, right behind the town, is an unlimited

Coming back to Milton and the agricultural community, the farmers find a ready market for the products of the soil right at their doors, the land adjoining the Woollen Company's property being occupied by M'Gill's roller flour and oatmeal mill, where is manufactured the well known Gold Dust brand, which has gained such a high name not only throughout New Zealand, but also in the neighbouring colonies of Australasia.

Another branch of the farming industry is that of dairying. Situated in Milton is the Bruce Dairy Factory which annually turns out a very large quantity of cheese of first class quality. The factory was at one time run by a company, but it is now in the hands of Mr James Gray, who has conducted it for some years on the co-operative system with great success.

In the town is also situated a pottery, which has been working for the last twenty years, but with varying success. Numerous causes have contributed to this result, but it is pleasing to know that a company has recently been floated for the purpose of taking over the works. As the company, besides having the benefit of a large capital, intend to bring out a number of expert workers from England, there seems no reason why it should not eventually prove a big success. First class

clays can be obtained in the neighbourhood, and as there is a large demand in the colony for ware such as they can turn out, the new Pottery Company has every prospect of a prosperous future. Other local industries which are doing a good business in Milton include the fellmongery and wool scouring works, carried on by Mr J. B. Scanlon, who employs a large staff of hands throughout the year; and the Britannia Brick and Pipe Works, owned by Mr G. Jones, whose wares have gained considerable fame over a wide district. The financial interests of the district are watched over by the National Bank and the Bank of New Zealand, both of which have fine buildings for the transaction of their business. The spiritual welfare of the community is well looked after, the Presbyterian, Anglican, Wesleyan and Roman Catholic communions all holding regular services, while the Salvation Army are also pretty strong in the town.

To return, however, to the Bruce Woollen Company, a few facts regarding their future operations may not prove out of place here. The contract for the building is expected to be finished in about three months. Before that period is reached nearly the whole of the machinery will be in Milton, and the work of fitting it up will be at once proceeded with. This is expected to occupy about two months, and after that very little time will elapse before the manufactured product will be on the market. The factory will employ about 100 hands—men, boys, and girls—while about 1,000 bales of wool will be used every year after the work is fairly under way. It is proposed to go in for the manufacture of worsted serges for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, fingering yarns, hosiery, tweeds, flannels and blankets. It is worthy of remark that, although there are seven other woollen companies in New Zealand, only one of them is at present turning out worsted goods, of which the Bruce Woollen Manufacturing Company intend to make a speciality. As a very large quantity of this class of goods is imported annually, it will be recognised that there is a good field open for the products of the Company. Several orders have already been secured from wholesale houses, so that the Bruce worsteds will have an excellent opportunity of obtaining a hold on the New Zealand trade.

That the establishment of such an industry as a woollen factory will confer a great benefit on the Tokomairiro district does not admit of any two opinions. Though a fine agricultural centre, it has long been felt that what was wanted was some big industry, which would give employment to the young people of the place, and which would also supply the much felt want of a regular circulation of ready money—of which there is always a scarcity in a purely agricultural district. Both these troubles will be remedied by the Bruce Woollen Company. The residents of Tokomairiro are fully alive to the immense advantages which will accrue from the presence of such an industry in their midst. From the commencement the affair has been mainly a local venture, as will be seen when it is stated that of the 16,000 shares subscribed for, 12,000 were taken up in Milton and the surrounding district. This speaks volumes for the public spirit of the residents; and the indomitable pluck exhibited by the promoters of the company in bringing it to such a successful issue, in face of the strong opposition which was shown to the undertaking in some quarters, is certainly deserving of an abundant measure of success. The Company is now fairly started on what we hope will prove a successful career. It will lose nothing in the way of sound management. The directors are all shrewd men of business, who have won their positions by the successful manner in which they managed their private concerns, while the expert heads of departments all bear most exceptional records. New Zealand is fast becoming an important manufacturing country, and we feel sure that the Bruce Woollen Company has the good wishes of every true colonist who desires to see his adopted country flourish, and one day take its place, as it bids fair to do, among the manufacturing countries of the world.

DU MAURIER'S DAUGHTER.

SYLVIA DU MAURIER—one of du Maurier's loveliest daughters—apprenticed herself to Mrs Nettleship, a famous London dressmaker, for a year, and went bravely through all the drudgery of dressmaking, from the beginning to the finish. She, like Mrs Nettleship, had the taste of an artist, but she lacked the practical technique of dressmaking.

Now, as she has married a brilliant, but struggling young barrister, she designs and makes all her own costumes, and is as well dressed as—and, what is of much more importance, differently dressed from—any woman in London.

It was said that after Mr du Maurier's sight failed him, Sylvia helped in many of his drawings, and it was her face that one saw constantly repeated for the duchess in 'Peter Ibbotson.' Mrs Nettleship says of her, that from the outset her taste was faultless, and that she was so apt it was no trouble to teach her anything.

FIND THE POLE!

THERE are some very serious and difficult problems confronting scientists and Arctic explorers in their determination of the exact position of the North Pole. Many of our eminent scientific men are of the opinion that, even if Arctic explorers should be successful in reaching this spot, so long sought and dearly paid for in the lives of courageous and illustrious men, they would not really know when this Mecca of refrigerated crusades had been reached.

The North Pole is one of two points on our little globe—the South Pole being the other—where there is no time, that is, no actual time as measured by the rotation of the earth every twenty-four hours, and, again, there is no space, in the sense of geographical relation of latitude and longitude, for there it is all longitudes at the same instant.

If a man were dropped upon the North Pole (it is unnecessary to explain the Jules Verne method of accomplishing this) would he be able to locate his precise geographical position?

Let us assume, for humane reasons, that he is a scientific gentleman, thoroughly familiar with the physical characteristics of the earth, with a knowledge of applied astronomy, and that he is fairly well equipped with instruments for geodetic and astronomical observations, and then let us watch what he will do to find out where he is.

If it were summer time he would find the sun constantly above the horizon, and, in the dazzling and blinding glare of continuous daylight in this region, deeply blanketed with snow and ice, he would never see a star and thus from necessity must depend solely for his calculations of geographic position upon the sun. From the fact that the earth's axis of rotation is not at right angles to its direction from the sun, but inclines $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees out of this position, and also that it circles around the sun in this fixed position, it will be seen that in summer the North Pole points toward the sun, and consequently it is always daylight, and that in winter this axial extremity is turned away from the sun, causing continuous night.

We have placed the scientist in this precarious position during the summer months largely for the sake of his health, and that he may thaw out in the slanting rays of the polar sunbeams, but, thrusting hygienic proprieties aside and assuming that he can withstand the rigours of the terrible winter night and yet make outdoor observations, the question may be asked, can he definitely state that he is on the pole?

It is said by those who know that he can, provided he has solid earth under his feet or an immovable mass of ice from which to make his observations, and sufficient time in which to verify them. In this long winter's night the twinkling eyes of heaven—the stars—shine out clear and brilliant, and almost directly above his head scintillates the baby polar star—the guardian angel of direction since the dawn of man. If this tiny point of light describe a true circle, very small though it be in angular measurement, directly over his instrument, then, poor fellow, he may rest happy in the thought that he overlooks the world and has his seat upon the northernmost point, geographically, of our planetary oblate spheroid.

He may from this vantage point seek out other stars nearer the horizon, and verify his position with the aid of his chronometer. The instant he moves away from the pole trouble begins, and all attempt to locate himself by any other stellar body than the polar star is practically futile, for all other positions depend upon longitude for their determination, and longitude is a very vexed affair in close proximity to the pole, where degrees are only a mile or so in length. His only hope lies in the fixity of the polar star and in the accuracy with which he reads its angular position in the heavens, and then he has but one the factor of latitude.

It is extremely doubtful whether even the best instrumentally equipped explorers could maintain that they were always cognisant of their longitudinal position, though it is hardly likely, unless their instruments were sorely defective, that the latitudes have not been correctly given. One of the chief sources of annoyance and trouble has been the delicately adjusted chronometers, presumably keeping synchronous time with the standard timepieces of Greenwich and Washington, in temperate zones. Beside the constant care and attention and regular winding of these delicate devices there is an even more serious bugbear, the excessive frigidity of high latitudes; a chronometer may not be subjected to such extreme cold without a disastrous change in its rating, if not a complete stoppage of the works by congealed particles of oil, and consequently they are carried next the person to secure the desired warmth, and only examined where the surrounding temperature has been artificially raised.

It is also quite impracticable to successfully work the finest types of theodolites, for the mere approach of the warm human body covers the telescopic glasses with condensed vapour, which greatly hinders correct reading. In point of fact, all of the sensitive, delicate instruments of precision are detrimentally modified by the terrific cold of the frigid zone. Thus, when investigators in these regions have the greatest need of perfect mechanical apparatus, far more than in countries to the southward, to unravel geographic puzzles, they are the most handicapped.

Two other ways have been suggested, unique in themselves, for determining the location of the North Pole.

One is to set up rigidly a tripod from whose apex swings a heavy pendulum. It is known that the direction of oscillation tends to persist, or that, once set moving in a definite vertical plane, it will constantly cut that plane and no other. This being true, and assuming that the apex of the tripod is directly over the axis of the earth, its legs will describe a complete circle every twenty-four hours, but the pendulum will swing on in the even tenor of its way in the same direction originally given; at no other place on the earth's surface, except at the South Pole, will this be true.

If the circle made by the tripod legs were to be divided into twenty-four equal intervals, assigning to each one some hour of the day, and the pendulum were just long

enough to beat seconds, one would have the most magnificent clock in the world. The pendulum would be its own second, minute, and hour hand, and the grand old earth the driving mechanism for the rotating dial, and, by the way, if the miserable chronometer should run down, it could be accurately re-rated from this marvellous timepiece.

The second method is to carry a spring balance, and as the earth is some twenty-six miles shorter in its polar than in its equatorial radius, a given mass of matter will weigh more there or at the South Pole than on any other portion of the earth's surface. This is one of the curious laws of gravitation, that the greater altitude you attain the less a given mass weighs, and, inversely, the nearer sea level or below the earth's crust for a certain distance, the greater will be its apparent weight.

PROFITABLE BLUNDERS.

A CERTAIN doctor in London owes his first introduction to business to a very fortunate mistake. He was in a *café* in Paris, when one of the waiters coming to him requested him to follow him, and conducted him to a group of young fellows who seemed to be settling some very important matter. He was hailed as 'the doctor,' and was requested to immediately attend the party to a spot outside the town to render his services at an affair of honour. It came off, one of the parties receiving the 'satisfaction of a gentleman' in the shape of a not very severe wound in the thigh. The young fellow was a man of rank, and, being taken with Dr. G., subsequently gave him letters of introduction to families in England, the outcome of which was that the doctor found himself with influential patrons. It turned out that the waiter had mistaken him for a doctor living in the neighbourhood.

A traveller in the East says:—Some years ago being at an outpost in China, and wishing to put some money in the bank as a fixed deposit, I sent 3,000 ounces of silver to a bank in Shanghai, asking them to buy gold and send it home to England for me. They made a mistake and invested it in a silver deposit. I wrote back at once pointing out their mistake, and asked that the terms of my former letter should be carried out. Silver has a very variable value, and during the time the letter had been going backwards and forwards each ounce had risen fourpence in value. This proved a very lucky mistake for me, for it put 3,000 fourpences in my pocket.

A Norfolk gentleman tells the following story:—I had been assured that the shares in a certain South American silver mining company afforded an excellent investment, and one night I wrote from Norwich to the office of the company, enclosing a cheque for the purchase of one hundred shares at the then price of £3 a share. I heard nothing from them for two days. On the second day I read that the undertaking had failed. The very next day I received my letter back again through the Dead Letter Office. It had been misdirected—I had put Liverpool instead of London.

A retired mariner says:—In June, 1889, I signed articles as fireman to go a three months' voyage up the Mediterranean in the s.s. 'Rome.' The night before she sailed I was arrested in mistake, charged with committing a robbery at Aintree, and the magistrates remanded me for inquiries. A day later the man who had committed the robbery, and to whom I bore a strange likeness, was caught and I was at once set at liberty, the police acknowledging their mistake. In the meantime my ship had proceeded on her voyage. While homeward bound she foundered in a gale, all on board being lost.

A broker tells the following story:—I was acting as commission agent for a big coffee broker in South America, and we anticipated that the paper dollar would depreciate considerably in value owing to an impending revolution. In order to buy at the current rate of exchange, now was the very moment to act. I therefore immediately called a big order, one of the largest on record. Our code signal was the letter G and some figures, which letter I printed on the form. This was mistaken for the letter C, and curiously enough, one of the figures, a 5, was mistaken for the figure 3. I had written the message in a great hurry, fearing the Government might at any moment stop all communication. The result was the message was very different from what I intended, and the order now read for a class of produce which subsequently became quite a scarcity in the market. We made a very good thing of it—indeed, it put a few thousand pounds in our pockets.

CLIMATE AND MOVEMENT.

'THE most important physical factor in determining lines of movement,' says a well-known man of science, 'has been climate.' Speaking broadly, migration follows the parallels of latitude, or, more precisely, the lines of equal mean temperature, and not so much, I think, of mean annual heat as of mean winter heat. Although the inhabitants of cold climates often evince a desire to move into warmer ones, they seem never to transfer themselves directly to one differing greatly from that to which they are accustomed; while no people of the tropics has ever, so far as I know, settled in any part of the temperate zone.

There is one instance of a North European race establishing itself on the southern shores of the Mediterranean—the Vandals in North Africa, and the Bulgarians came to the banks of the Danube from the still sterner winters of the middle Volga. But in the few cases of northward movement, as in that of the Lapps, the cause lies in the irresistible pressure of stronger neighbours; and probably a similar pressure drove the Fugians into their inhospitable isles.

The tendency to retain similar climatic conditions is illustrated by the colonisation of North America. The Spaniards and Portuguese took the tropical and subtropical regions, neglecting the cooler parts. The French and the English settled in the temperate zone, and it was not till this century that the country toward the Gulf of Mexico began to be occupied by incomers from the Carolinas and Northern Georgia. When the Scandinavian immigration began it flowed to the Northwest, and has filled the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

NOTES AND COMMENTS THEREON.

FORTUNA vitrea est, tum cum splendet frangitur—'Fortune is like glass, even at the moment she shines she is shattered.' The bitter sigh of the Latin pessimist must find ready echo in the hearts of the hanging committee of the Auckland Society of Arts when they reflect on the exasperating mischance which decreed that the finest collection of pictures forwarded from the South for years should have arrived too late to be placed in the position its merits demanded. It is long—longer perhaps than some of us care to look back—since Southern artists favoured the Auckland Exhibition with so many fine works of art, and it is a thousand pities that these should unavoidably have been hung where they are seen under grave disadvantages of light and surroundings. Had there been time to re-hang the whole exhibition before the opening conversation, this course would have been adopted, but this being impossible, the only alternative was to place the Southern pictures in the annexe, and to make the best apology possible for the seeming discourtesy. And, perhaps the attention which was specially directed to them by the very circumstance of their misfortune, may, in some sort compensate the painters of the belated exhibits for their unfortune exclusion from the main hall. Public sym-

pathy and public interest were aroused from the moment the President (Mr Payton) made allusion to the matter in his inaugural address, and it is not impossible that these pictures have been even more carefully examined, and consequently warmly admired, than would have been the case had everything worked smoothly.

The most remarkable characteristic of Southern work as a whole is the large proportion of energy bestowed on portrait-painting, and the somewhat unusual measure of success which has attended the majority of the efforts in this direction. The instant one turns the corner into the room, the eye is caught by four portraits, for each of which there is much to be said in praise, and which seem to promise even better things in the future. Portraits are not the most interesting pictures to look at, but they are the results of valuable effort, and should not be too hastily passed by. At the same time there is little that can be said or written on the subject, unless, indeed, one were to quote Ruskin's remarks on truth in portraiture.

The portrait of Mr G. Henderson, by Miss M. E. Richardson, and the same lady's portrait of the Hon. E. Richardson, are both the work of an artist whose talents in the direction of portrait-painting only need development to enable her to reach a high level in this branch of the profession of painting. The lighting in the portrait of Mr G. Henderson is somewhat crude and arbitrary, but the pose of the figure is easy, and the drawing very commendable.

J. M. Nairn's portrait of Mr. Luckie seems to me a very

capable piece of work. The pose is natural and unstrained, and the drawing is excellent. In colour the artist has inclined somewhat to the Spanish school, the flesh tints being somewhat dark, and the whole tone of the colouring being sombre and severe. Far from this being a fault, I consider it a virtue. The 'beef and beer' type of portrait seems to me detestable.

Miss Mabel Hill has two large portraits in water-colour, both of which are in their degree clever paintings. That of Mr David McNicol is an ambitious piece of work, but the medium seems scarcely so suitable to the subject as oils would have been. In 'A Lady in White' the same remark does not apply. The delicate flesh tints of the young girl represented, and the soft drapery of the dress are very beautifully reproduced, and the portrait is in every way a success, making a very pretty and decorative picture.

Mr George E. Butler has two really excellent sea pictures, of which the best is perhaps 'A Bold Southerly,' where a green sea dashes shorewards under a cold, greyish sky. The rush and ceaseless motion of the wind-ridden waves is most spiritedly rendered, and in the pure cold green of the sea Mr Butler displays himself a colourist of no mean order. 'At Wellington Heads,' by the same artist, is almost equally successful, but surely the bright blue sea was painted on a day when there was a less opaque mass of stormy grey cloud overhead!

One of the very best things in the exhibition is the little study of a head (No. 113), 'Brown Eyes,' by F. M. Hodgkins. If this little head was painted from life,



A SUMMER MORNING.

By W. A. Bollard.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.



A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE.

By C. Blomfield.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

the artist is to be congratulated on an exceedingly clever and original piece of work, and one which holds promise of almost anything in the future. The little face, so full of life and mischief, is most admirably treated; the eyes are full of latent devilry of all sorts, and the whole sketch—for it is little more—is so full of latent force and possibilities that one can come back to it again and again with fresh delight. In fine, there are few pictures in the exhibition which seem to me more deserving of praise and purchase. The artist shows a second little head, but save that her (or his) name is opposite to it in the catalogue, it would not be recognised as from the same clever hand. It is careless, and by no means successful.

'The Gloom of an Alpine Gorge' is a fine and very effective water colour by W. M. Hodgkins, of Dunedin. The boldness of the painting is well suited to the rugged splendour of the Alpine scenery, and the effect of the vast masses of bare rock standing through the snows of the Alpine monarchs is distinctly fine. Another picture, 'A Southland Sunset,' by the same artist, is fine in colour, but does not attract so much as the Alpine gorge.

WATER COLOURS.

Mr Barraud's 'Farm Lands at Kaikoura' gives a good idea of the broad meadow lands of that district, with the 'everlasting hills' in the background.

Mr Ball's 'Bird-nesting' is a nice little water colour, but has been hung rather high. His 'Kaimitara Gorge' is a great improvement on previous work, and gives hopes that this artist will develop into a water colour painter of a high order. The subject is well chosen and agreeably treated. The painting is careful, and the colouring far better than usual with Mr Ball, whose fault is still a tendency to crudeness in this direction.

Mr Wright has several very beautiful water-colours, 'Clearing after Rain,' where some vapoury clouds drift over foliage-clad hills, and 'Winter' being my especial favourites. The latter is a delightful little bit of colour, and seems to me the most desirable water colour exhibited.

Mr Payton's 'Idlers' is, of course, conscientious, but is not equal in beauty to former works by the artist in this medium.

Mr Perrett's pastels are soft and delicate, and there are many little pictures by other artists to which complimentary reference might be made did space permit. 'Moonlight on Auckland Harbour,' by R. Reid, deserves a word of encouragement. Miss Joel has three paintings 'Our Father which art in Heaven' is the most ambitious of these. It is possessed of merit, but the attitude and expression are inclined to be affected rather than devotional.

The exhibits of wood-carving were few in number, but worthy of attention.

TO ABOLISH FOOT-BINDING.

A REMARKABLE movement in China, which promises to have widespread results, is the anti-foot binding agitation, recently started by a prominent member of the Chinese literati in Suifu, a great city of Szechuan. The leader of this movement is Chon, a literary graduate and a scholar of means and influence. His home is a leading city in the richest province of China. While district examinations were being held there recently every one was amazed at the appearance of large posters on all the dead walls containing an appeal to all educated Chinese to abandon the torture of their young daughters by foot-binding. The proclamation was signed by Chon and a half-dozen other prominent graduates and officials.

The proclamation was written in the regulation Chinese manner. He describes the tortures which young Chinese girls of the better class are forced to endure, and the misery and tears that are their portion for months and years. Even the worst convicts, he says, are never called upon to endure what a foolish custom imposes upon the tender frame of young girls, who are beloved by their fathers. He calls attention to the helplessness of such crippled women, and to their terrible fate when husbands and fathers are unable to defend or remove them from peril. He closes by exhorting all educated Chinese to use their influence in abolishing a custom that is barbarous and opposed to the welfare of the nation. What makes the appeal more significant is that Chon appeals to all classes, for in the western part of Szechuan and in the neighbouring provinces the binding of the feet of female children is universal. Even the women who work in the fields have crippled feet and are forced to follow the harvesters on their hands and knees. In fact, the average length of the female foot in all the western part of this province is only three inches, yet no woman can expect to get a husband who does not comply with the custom, and have her feet deformed. It will be a striking tribute to the effect of missionary work in China should this abolition of foot binding spread throughout the empire.

FOR the excellent snapshots of the unveiling of the Ballance memorial, which appeared in our issue of last week, we are indebted to Mr William C. Chatfield, of 'Hurstons,' Island Bay, Wellington. From time to time Mr Chatfield has courteously sent us copies of his excellent photos, and the reproductions have never failed to give great satisfaction to our readers.



AT a debate on smoking among the members of the British Association many speakers denounced and others advocated the practice. Professor Huxley said: 'For forty years of my life tobacco has been a deadly poison to me. (Loud cheers from the anti-tobaccoists.) In my youth, as a medical student, I tried to smoke. In vain. At every fresh attempt my insidious foe stretched me prostrate on the floor. (Repeated cheers.) I entered the navy; again I tried to smoke and again met with defeat. I hated tobacco. I could almost have lent my support to any institution that had for its object the putting of tobacco-smokers to death. (Vociferous applause.) A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. We went to an inn. They began to smoke. They looked very happy, and outside it was very wet and dismal. I thought I would try a cigar. (Murmurs.) I did so. (Great expectations.) I smoked that cigar—it was delicious. (Groans.) From that moment I was a changed man, and I now feel that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practice and is productive of good. (Dismissal and confusion of the anti-tobaccoists. Roars of laughter from the smokers.) There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part I consider that tobacco, in moderation is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper.' (Total rout of the anti-tobaccoists and complete triumph of the smokers.)

Recent experiments have disclosed the fact that olive-green is the best colour for war vessels, all purposes considered. White is most readily distinguished of any of the colours by a search-light at night. In the daytime, however, a drab-painted ship is with difficulty seen on the horizon. It harmonises most naturally with the sky, while the olive-green harmonises with the water. Olive-green is as invisible as grey in the daytime, and much more so at night. This colour was first employed by the royal ships of the Brazilian Navy in 1894, and it is understood to be the colour which our own Navy would adopt in time of war.

The average rapidity of the pulse of an adult male is about 70 beats per minute. These beats are more frequent in children and women. However, it would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual movement of the heart to be from 60 to 75 or from 75 to 80 per minute. As a rule the heart's action is slower and more powerful in strong, muscular organizations and more rapid and feeble in those of slighter form. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 69 strokes per minute and at the assumed force of 9 feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.

The English language of to-day is quite different in many respects from the English spoken only 100 years ago. On the other hand, the Dutch spoken by the Boers of South Africa does not differ greatly from the same language spoken 200 years ago, the Boers during that time having had very little intercourse with the mother country, and so their language remains almost fixed.

French scientists and explorers have been discussing the question of the reforestation of the Sahara, and some of them entertain very hopeful views. M. Laguean thinks that the whole atmospheric conditions of the desert can be changed, and universal cultivation made possible, others not so sanguine, despair of the more arid plateaus but state confidently that in the depressed portions trees, such as the tamarisk, acacia, eucalyptus and poplar can be grown with success. The poplar proves to be the tree of all others most capable of resisting the influence of the desert. Under the shelter of the trees all kinds of vegetables and fruits can be grown.

Alfred F. Calvert, one of London's West Australian millionaires, was reputed to be worth £500,000 in cash a year ago. At that time a British and French syndicate offered him £1,000,000 for his gold mine holdings. The offer was refused, and a course of reckless extravagance was entered upon. Lately Mr Calvert has sold for £70,000 the properties that he refused £1,000,000 for a year ago.

Men and Women.

IT is an old theory that a man and his wife grow like each other after a number of years, and that when they are in perfect sympathy and in close accord their mental likeness is transferred to the lines of their faces. Seldom has a more extraordinary case come to notice than in the faces of President McKinley and his invalid wife. Often in other cases the resemblance is of that fleeting, intangible sort which belongs to the soul rather than to actual flesh, but in Mrs McKinley's case the cold and calculating camera can catch the wonderful similarity. But, after all, this phenomenon is not inexplicable. It is easily accounted for when one knows the life of complete sympathy and understanding which the two have led. Since their marriage in 1871 they have scarcely ever been separated. Never once, when private or political business has compelled him to leave her, has he neglected to send her three telegrams a day—one at early morning, another at the dinner hour, and another to say good-night—so that her first and last thoughts of the day should be the knowledge that, in the busy scenes of life, he did not forget her. Little wonder that their lives being cast in the same mould their features should partake of the same character.

An undertaking that should commend itself favourably to the notice of ladies has recently been started in London. The founders of the Maison Desirée have for their main object the provision of regular employment during the slack season for well conducted and steady workgirls, the irregularity of whose engagements at the West-end dressmaking establishments expose them to the risks and hardships of many weeks of enforced idleness in the course of each year. The first branch of the undertaking has been opened at 35, Church-street, Kensington, and others will speedily be opened at Harlesden, in North London, and in Edinburgh. In Kensington alone over forty girls are kept steadily at work, the result being a rapidly accumulating stock, which is being offered to purchasers at extraordinarily low prices. Well-cut costumes, for morning and afternoon wear, and gowns for evening wear, of the best material and in the latest styles, are being sold at standard prices ranging from one and a-half to three guineas, which prices, considering the workmanship and the material used, are unusually low.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany have decided to give a costume ball to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the birth of the late Emperor William I. All the dresses and uniforms are to be exact representations of those worn at the Prussian court in the year 1797. The Emperor will appear as his great grandfather, King Frederick William III., while the Empress will be dressed like the famous Queen Louise. The old Emperor William always declared that the present Empress was extremely like his mother, Queen Louise, and Her Majesty has been painted and photographed in imitation of the paintings of that Queen.

Miss Winnifred Emery (Mrs Cyril Maude) tells an interviewer that, notwithstanding the eight performances a week at present, and all the busy details of her theatrical life, she does all her own housekeeping, managing the maids and all her social affairs just the same as if she had no great art to fill her thoughts and encroach upon her time.

An eye specialist says it is within the experience of every ophthalmologist that the wearing of veils is productive of weak eyesight, headaches, and sometimes vertigo and nausea. Not only are these effects produced by the eye-strain consequent upon the increased efforts made by one or both eyes to see through or around an obstruction, but the irregular figuring on the veil itself is in some instances an annoyance to the wearer.

A Berlin newspaper says that six queens use tobacco. The list embraces the Empress of Austria, whose practice of smoking thirty cigarettes a day has become a standing newspaper paragraph; the Dowager Empress of Russia, Carmen Sylva, the Roumanian Queen, the Queen Regent of Spain, Queen Amelie of Portugal, and Queen Margherita of Italy.

The theatrical craze has broken out again very severely in England. Everywhere one goes private theatricals are the order of the day. Good hopes may be entertained, too, that this revival of an old craze may not be as fleeting as some fashionable fancies have been of recent years, for the reason that those who have entered into it have apparently done so *con amore*, and not by any means for the mere sake of notoriety. What is more, it is a curious fact that amateur actors and actresses appear to be especially talented nowadays, so that private theatricals are robbed of many of their former terrors. Whether or not this sudden revelation of histrionic talent in high places will lead to further recruiting for the stage proper among younger sons and pretty daughters of distinguished families remains to be seen.

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MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

BUSINESS has been practically at a standstill on the Exchange during the past week, because St. George's Day followed so closely upon the Easter holidays that there were only two days when the offices were open, and nearly half the brokers remained away until the following Monday. Under such circumstances it is almost needless to add that transactions were not numerous, and prices showed little alteration. Waihi Extended shares still have steady inquiry, owing to recent developments in the Waihi mine pointing to the lode going in that direction. Hauraki North shares have met with better demand, as the water is now pumped out of the mine, and driving resumed upon the reef, which produced the specimens just before the accident occurred to the engines. Talisman shares are offered at lower rates than those ruling a fortnight ago. Bunker's Hill shares sold as low as 2s 6d, and Victorias at 2s 5d. There are, however, steady buyers of the latter shares at this figure, so that an improvement in value may be looked for as soon as the weak holders have been cleared out. Great Barrier and Iona shares have well maintained their price, but transactions in these shares are not frequent. Now that the Easter vacation is over it is to be hoped that a steady improvement will set in on the Exchange, though the unsettled state of political affairs in Europe at the present juncture has undoubtedly some influence on the local market.

KAURI GOLD ESTATES COMPANY.

Since this English Company resolved to open up their large block of ground at Whangapoua, a systematic plan of procedure has been adopted to mine on an extensive scale. At Opitonui, which may be termed the centre of operations just now, large lodes of ore have been located carrying gold. At present no less than 150 men are employed by the Company in prospecting and carrying out the other works, and this number, it is considered, will be doubled in three months' time. The wage sheet alone now is £2,500 per month, which gives some idea as to the magnitude of the operations. A new township site has been decided upon to provide homes for the miners and workmen, and this is now being surveyed. The Company have expended a sum of £150 on the main road in order to provide for the carriage of machinery, while it is intended to connect and open up the different points of the property by a network of tramways. With a view to the immediate undertaking of sinking operations, winding and pumping machinery have been imported, and is now being discharged from scows at the Whangapoua Harbour. A head office and officers' quarters providing accommodation for visitors is also under construction.

KAPANGA.

The directors of this old English Company are evidently determined to thoroughly test the value of the lower levels at Coromandel. Already the shaft is down 1,000 feet, and the results have been most encouraging, as gold-bearing reefs were picked up, thus proving the value of the mine at that depth, the lowest yet reached at Coromandel by any company. The directors now propose to bore still further down in order to test the value of the deeper levels. A six-inch bore is to be used as long as possible, the drill being worked by compressed air. This is the largest bore yet worked in the colony. The developments will be watched with interest by all who have invested in Coromandel properties.

HIT OR MISS.

Messrs Bewicke, Moreing, and Co. have arranged for an extension of the option held by them for the flotation of this property. During the option that has just expired, this firm conducted considerable development works on the property, and these will be continued during the ensuing six months. The terms remain as before. The Hit or Miss mine is situated at Puriri, Thames, and adjoins the Dover Castle, which is also well spoken of.

SCANDINAVIAN.

The flotation of this Tararu property on the Home market is now practically assured. During this week Mr J. T. Julian, one of the directors of the Company, received a cable advising that the balance of purchase money (£1,000) had been paid in London to the Company's attorney, who expects to have the transaction completed and new shares issued this week.

IMPERIAL.

This mine is well situated at Karangahake alongside the Woodstock Company's mine, and recent reports are of a most encouraging nature. The reef in the south drive is a compact body of quartz, about 4 feet in thickness. At No. 4 level the reef shows a thickness of 2 feet,

and during the week colours of gold were seen. Samples from the reef in the south drive when assayed yielded at the rate of £7 6s and £6 18s 6d, respectively.

RIISING SUN.

This Owharua mine would seem to be one of the best speculations at the present time when prices are so low, owing to the depressed state of the mining market. The mine is being steadily developed, and all results so far point to this property ultimately proving one of the best in Ohinemuri. Four parallel reefs have already been cut in the cross drive near the surface, one being about three feet wide, another one foot, a third six inches, and a fourth about four inches. A drive lower down the hill has also cut these lodes, thus proving their existence downwards. From the large lode, some fine-looking gold-bearing stone has been obtained. The hanging wall lode (about one foot wide) has been sunk upon 37 feet, and appears of splendid quality, the stone being streaked with sulphides. This is one of the few small properties about Owharua working on a genuine gold-bearing lode.

MINING NOTES.

Waihi Consolidated.—Colonel A. Le Messurier, C.I.E., R.E., arrived from London this week. He is director of the Waihi Consolidated mines, and also of the Royal Standard gold mines.

Four-in-Hand (Waikoromiko).—The hanging wall of the leader was intersected during the week. Gold was visible in the stone.

Dover Castle (Thames).—Six quartz bodies have been discovered on this property varying from one to three feet in thickness, and all show prospects of gold.

Adelaide (Thames).—From the stopes north of the crosscut a fair supply of crushing dirt is coming to hand. The reef is from 12 to 18 inches in thickness.

Darwin (Thames).—When breaking down the reef in this mine strong blotches of gold were seen freely distributed through the ore.

Juno (Koaotunu).—When breaking down the leader in the stopes this week a few pounds of picked stone were obtained.

Grace Darling (Waitekauri).—In the Portea section there is a large body of stone, from which good dish prospects of loose gold are obtained.

Hauraki North (Coromandel).—The water has been pumped down to the flat sheet in No. 2 level, and driving commenced.

Hauraki South.—Good headway continues to be made with excavation on site of the proposed shaft.

Maritana (Owharua).—The drive is through the large reef, which proves to be 60 feet wide, and is intermixed with sandstone and other conglomerate. Gold is distributed through the sandstone as well as the quartz, and some of the prospects are very good.

Melsaacs (Thames).—In the Young Australia tunnel the reef, which has hitherto been split into two ribs, has formed into a solid body of ore, heavily charged with bright mineral, in which strong dabs of gold can be seen.

West Derby (Kennedy Bay).—In the main lower level the reef is about three feet in width, and gold is got by pounding. In the crosscut the leader is about four inches in width, and shows gold frequently.

Wheat Bassett.—The reef is one foot in width, and a fair prospect of gold can be got from the quartz.

Golden Caledonia.—A very good run of gold has been found while trenching on this property. Gold is obtained in almost every dish.

Norman Proprietary (Waitekauri).—The lode is well defined and larger than it was on the surface. The quartz coming to hand looks well, and it should prove to be a good payable lode.

Wynyardton (Coromandel).—Gold is still seen at each breaking down of the leader.

Irving.—On the north portion of this ground a gold-bearing reef one foot in width has been met with.

Occidental (Thames).—The crushing of eight loads of general ore from No. 1 leader was completed this week for the good yield of 170z 12dw of melted gold, the total value of which was £47 12s 6d. The block upon this leader is now exhausted.

City of Auckland (Tararu).—In clearing round the shaft site we discovered a small leader which prospects very well.

Waitekauri South.—In No. 2 reef, some of the quartz met with carries sulphides, and gives a very fair prospect of gold.

Temple Bar (Thames).—While breaking down No. 9 reef colours of gold were freely seen in the ore.

New Year (Tairua).—This property is peg and peg with the Broken Hills ground. Prospecting has been carried on right along the western side of the hill for a distance of about twelve chains, splendid prospects being the result. The gold is the nicest seen in the district, being very coarse. Quite recently a nice looking lode was discovered on the eastern side which carries a little gold.

MEETINGS OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The following meetings of shareholders were convened this week:—

Iona.—The half-yearly meeting of shareholders lapsed for want of a quorum. The statement of accounts showed receipts £601 14s 11d, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £171 17s 6d.

Barrier Estates Company.—The half-yearly meeting of shareholders lapsed for want of a quorum. The

statement of accounts showed receipts £620 11s 3d. Pretty well all this has been expended.

Wire's Special Claim.—A meeting of holders of syndicate shares in this claim took place at Mr J. Barber's office. Mr J. C. Colbeck presided. It was decided to form a no-liability company with a capital of £6,000 in 80,000 shares at 1s 6d each. The following directors were appointed:—Messrs J. C. Colbeck, T. G. Tanton, A. Tooman and C. H. Barber. Other appointments were: Legal manager, Mr J. Barber; solicitors, Messrs Beale and Beale; bankers, Bank of New Zealand.

Aurora.—The half-yearly meeting of the Aurora Gold-mining Company passed. The balance-sheet showed receipts £357 8s 2d, and expenditure £327, leaving a credit balance of £30 8s 2d.

Waitekauiri Reefs.—The half-yearly meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The balance-sheet up to March 18th last showed a balance in bank of £88 15s 6d.

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RULES.

1. Each MS. should be prepaid, and if left unopened at the ends will be carried at book post rates. It should be addressed to the Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland Street, Auckland.
2. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the Editor, bearing the motto and the words 'Story Competition' on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MS. packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.
3. Any competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a desire is not expressed the MS. will become the property of the GRAPHIC.
4. All contributions must reach the office before May 18th.
5. Choice of subject rests with the writer, but the scene must be laid in New Zealand, and be of special interest to New Zealanders. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gamblers, gold mines or country search for treasure, fighting or peace, in fact anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.
6. Write clearly, and on one side of paper only. In cases of equal literary merit, preference will be given to stories lending themselves to illustration.

The award of the Judges will be published in the weekly GRAPHIC as soon after the close of the Competition as possible.
NOTE.—The names of the second, third, fourth and fifth prize winners will not be published unless at their express desire.

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Plays and Players

A CERTAIN celebrated actor, well known in London, is possessed of the singular idea that there must be a negro in the audience for him to act his best. So tenaciously does he fix his faith to this fallacy that he actually hires a black man to be present whenever he is to perform. On one occasion the negro, while proceeding to the theatre, was knocked down by a cab, and so seriously injured that he was conveyed to a hospital. That night the actor, missing his attendant from the audience, found himself unable to take his part, and had to give way to an understudy.

Think of a magnificent costume, once worn on the stage by Miss Lillian Russell, and still in fine condition, being sold for 22s. That's what happened at a recent auction of theatrical wardrobe and effects in New York. The sale was well attended, many theatrical managers from other cities being present, and altogether more than 2,000 costumes were sold. The best price of the day, 30s, was brought by the court ladies' dresses worn in 'La Grande Duchesse.' They were of very fine silks and brocades and only slightly worn. Two gowns used in this piece by Miss Russell were knocked down for 22s each. Some 'Nadji' and 'Nanon' costumes went for 4s and 6s apiece. Besides the costumes a lot of scenery was sold, including four drop curtains, which probably cost in all £400, two of which brought £10 apiece and two £4 each. Orchestral chairs, 530 of them, were sold for 10s each, and 517 balcony chairs for 3s each.

An effort is being made at Albany to repeal the law under which it is optional with the Mayors of cities to license children to perform on the stage. It is to be hoped that, even though the statute be modified, it will not be swept away. The unrestricted employment of children in plays would be an evil.

When 'Les Jacobites,' the original of 'For Bonnie Prince Charlie,' was first acted at the Odeon in Paris in November, 1885, Mme. Second-Weber made her debut as an actress, and won then a recognition and approval which has not been duplicated in her subsequent career.

Speaking of the failure of 'Dr Claudius,' the dramatization of Marion Crawford's novel, the *New York Sun* says:—'It is curious to observe that Mr Crawford's characters, charming as they are in the book, become intolerable bores on the stage. They look and talk as well as before, and the story in which they figure is the same, but no whit of their attractiveness has been transferred. What they do and say is commonplace and uneventful. This *fiasco* casts no slur upon the ability of Mr Crawford as a novelist. Nor does it prove, on the other hand, that literature theatrical enough to be of stage value is any less meritorious than that which quiet writers put into novels. There has been much regrettable glee over Mr Crawford's failure as a playwright, and he himself was the cause of it. The complacency of his announcement that he was going to become a conspicuous dramatist, his confident accounts of the methods which he relied upon, and his tone of lofty superiority in letters and interviews for publication, lifted him to a dangerous height from which possibly to fall. All the newspaper critics who witnessed the first performance of "Dr. Claudius" pronounced the play worthless. Some of them did their duty politely and considerately, while others did it with jeers, jibes and ridicule. While the unfortunate author had cause to resent the manner of some of the condemnation, he had no reason whatever to question the soundness of the adverse judgment.'

'The Sign of the Cross' is one of the few English melodramas to have been translated into Russian. It has proved highly successful in St Petersburg. It might have fared better in America with the cheap dialogue spoken in a language as generally incomprehensible as Russian.

Madame Modjeska, the famous actress, who is known in private life as Helena Modjeska Bozenta, has a beautiful mountain ranch in Orange County, in Southern California, and finds her greatest delight in the occupations of a rural home. She spends every possible day of her long summer vacations at her ranch. Each morning throughout the summer Madame Modjeska goes about her ranch. She rises early and spends an hour or two before breakfast among the animals and chickens. Visitors at the ranch have many times known her to spend a whole morning caring for a sick cow or an injured horse. She frequently milks a cow herself, and can do it as well as any servant in the place. But the chief pleasure of the actress is in her chicken yard. Very many people have been to call at the ranch on a summer's day and have found Madame and her husband sitting out in their hen yard watching their flocks and feeding the hens from the hand. She gathers the eggs from the nests daily, mixes messy compounds for the sickly and ailing birds and pulls alfalfa for them to peck

it. The hens from the Modjeska ranch have won many a prize at the chicken shows and agricultural fairs in Los Angeles and Santa Ana, and the prizes are among the treasures of the home.

A cock fight is an episode in 'The Juchlins,' a play which has been produced in the Western States of America. The fowls are genuine fighters, too, but their spurs are muffled.

Rejane has been highly successful in a new comedy given at the Vaudeville in Paris. It is called 'The Sorrowful One,' and is by Maurice Donnay, whose comedy, 'Lovers,' was one of the plays that appealed most strongly to Parisians last year.

'Tribby' has been a successful venture in the large German towns, and now 'In Old Kentucky' is to be exported with only a band of pickaninnies as a distinctively American feature. The characters in the melodrama will be played by German actors.

The Ada Delroy Company concluded a very successful season in Auckland on Saturday last, and left for Sydney on Tuesday.

The Wellington Opera House Company has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. The income for the year was £2,365, including £1,731 for rent. The liabilities are £20,330, and the assets £21,323.

An enormous audience attended the farewell performance of the Brough Company in Melbourne. After the play, 'Dandy Dick,' Mr Brough, in a speech, hinted that he might revisit the colonies.

The Greenwood Dramatic and Comedy Company concluded a very successful four days season in Auckland last Thursday. They played to big houses, and they played well. There is no doubt that the beauty of the performers adds much to the success of the acting, and the whole Greenwood family are remarkably good-looking. As Barbara Miss Maribel Greenwood was a distinct success, and showed a marked improvement in style since her debut in Auckland. She has now the appearance and manner of a finished actress. Her singing of the grand scena from Wallace's 'Lurline' between the performance of 'Barbara' and the musical burlesque, 'A Cup of Cold Poison,' or 'Romeo and Juliet Up-to-date,' was so good as to call for enthusiastic encores. Miss Agatha Greenwood also plays a conspicuous part. As 'Lilie' she was charming, whilst as Romeo she was loudly applauded. Miss Roberts acted the part of 'Mercutio' excellently, whilst Miss Nora made a very pretty Juliet. The company have most kindly consented to give a benefit to-night (Wednesday) for the Hawke's Bay Relief Fund. Such a good object should ensure a 'bumper' house. New songs are promised, and the performance will be one thoroughly worth seeing and hearing.

In the excitement of battle the recruit, and the well-seasoned soldier, sometimes, will do many queer things—things which seem incomprehensible. He will load and fire his gun as rapidly as it is possible to load it, not aiming the gun in the direction of the enemy, but straight up into the air, and not being aware of the fact that the gun was not discharged, put in another cartridge, and so on till the barrel is nearly full of unfired cartridges. By the adoption of the breech-loading rifle such a thing is impossible to-day, but after the battle of Gettysburg there were picked up on the battlefield about 27,000 muskets, of which number over 24,000 were loaded. About half contained two charges, one fourth held from three to ten charges, while one musket held twenty-three charges. Yet the troops in this battle were seasoned soldiers of exceptional experience in war. After Konigratz the Austrian rifles found on the battlefield were in a similar condition. A veteran thus describes the feeling of going into battle. He says that he believes the feeling of emotion is the same with all men. To the recruit the crash of small arms and the roar of cannon are simply appalling; he feels that he is going forward to certain death. With clenched teeth and pale cheeks he goes forward to his place, determined to do his duty. If very much excited, he loads his gun, forgetting to put on a cap, goes through the motions of firing, only to ram home another load on top of the first, and when using a cap for the first time is kicked flat on his back by the recoil of the gun, he believes himself badly wounded. Finally, finding that everyone does not get killed in an engagement, he goes on regaining confidence and passes through successfully his baptism of fire. To the veteran this is different. He knows too well that every battle reduces the average chance of his escape, yet so habituated has he become to the rattling fusillade and desperate charges he scarcely heeds the danger around him. The shriek of the shells over his head, the buzz of the bullets by his ear are now familiar sounds, and, trusting to the chances of war, the infantryman fires rapidly with his musket, or the artilleryman calmly rams home another charge of grape and canister as his battery opens at close range on an advancing body of the enemy. All men are naturally afraid of death, but the trained soldier learns to keep down that fear, and nonchalantly do what is required of him.



A RECITAL on the Dresden piano-organ combination instrument was given in Messrs Grace, Clarke and Co.'s premises, Emerson-street, Napier, recently, when there was a crowded audience and numbers of persons were unable to obtain admission. Mr Grace sang Gonnod's 'Nazareth' with much sweetness and purity, and Sullivan's 'Lost Chord' was undertaken by Miss Mabel Millar, while the organ, which pealed in during the concluding part of this song, was heard to great advantage under the clever manipulation of Mr Spackman. A cornet solo by Mr Williams was also included in the programme.

A grand concert, in aid of the Indian Famine Relief Fund, was given in the Marine Parade, Napier, by the City Band on the 8th inst., when a large number of people responded to the energetic efforts of the promoters to swell the proceeds. The Band, which was stationed on the Rotunda, performed with its accustomed verve the favourite music of the day, and later on effectively-dressed children took part in a Maypole dance. After the concert the band proceeded to the Council Chambers to meet the Mayor, who thanked the members of it for their assistance, and stated that £470 had been collected before their entertainment, and £500 would now be sent from the people of Hawke's Bay, whom he thanked for their generosity. Mr Tankard, who replied on behalf of the Band, said that their services were always available for charitable purposes.

At a recent rehearsal of a concert in America a large spider came slowly down his silken thread to about the height of the singer's shoulders, where he hung suspended for a few minutes, and then began to move up and down in front of the music rack. The second tenor, who was leading the air, soon noticed (says a correspondent of the *St. Paul Globe*) that the movements of the spider corresponded with the variations of his voice, up and down the scale, and in perfect time. They then began a series of experiments, and found that the spider would ascend or descend about a foot for every octave, and, though the melody was carried ever so lightly, and the basses thundered in their heaviest tones, the insect could not be deceived, but always followed the leading part accurately and with the precision of a director's baton. All kinds of songs, from 'Down in the Cornfield' to 'The Bridge,' were sung to test the ability of the wonderful little being, and each time he came out of the conflict not a beat behind. At last the four voices struck an awful discord, and instantly the spider scurried up his improvised metronome and disappeared in the chimney.

An American named Dudley Prescott, and dubbed the 'Human Brass Band,' was lately performing in 'Frisco. He imitates everything from a music box up to a megaphone, and his performances have made wonderful hits.

Most of the London papers concur in saying that Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new opera, 'His Majesty,' will have to be severely cut down if it is to be a success. The piece is set in the imaginary Court of Vignoiila, a country the architecture of which suggests the perpendicular, with depressed four-centred arches, whilst its costumes are of the most extravagant of the 15th century. A curious comic effect was obtained by making all the characters look like a pack of card pictures. Of the character of Ferdinand the King some idea may be obtained from his first song:—

I was born upon a Sunday. At the early age of one day,
I was Colonel in the Lancos and the wearer of a sword;
And they made me on the Tuesday, which I always call my cruise day.

Into Captain of a cruiser, though I couldn't go aboard,
Every sort of decorations I received from foreign nations,
All the potentates of Europe showered crosses on my head,
And before the week was ended I was looking really splendid,
Lying tucked with all the orders of my Kingdoms into bed.

Thus, let all nations know it—I am painter, playwright, poet;
I'm the father of my country, and that country's greatest son,
When I'm and my subjects failer; but when circumstances alter,
I can always set them laughing at what I consider fun.

When compared to King or Kaiser, I am greater, better, wiser;
I'm to all my brother Sovereigns as infancy to youth;
Yet my character's the oddest, for I'm so supremely modest,
That I know I never value all my merits as I ought.

Approxo to musical examinations, some figures based upon recent reports by the examiners of Trinity College, London, may not be without interest. In the higher divisions for pianists 105 candidates entered for Associateship, of whom three succeeded and forty-one gained a second-class certificate. In singing the passes were 33 per cent., and in second-class theory 56 per cent. There were five aspirants for the degree of Licentiate, and four succeeded. Out of 191 candidates in all departments,

ninety-two, or about 48 per cent., satisfied the examiners. The passes at recent local examinations in Australasia were, of senior candidates, 47 per cent.; of juniors, 80 per cent. There were some schools, however, in which as many as 90 per cent. were successful. These figures are much more satisfactory than some upon which I commented a while ago, though, knowing a little of the average candidate, I am inclined to dissatisfaction with results which show 80 per cent. of passes. In such a case, either the examiners are unduly lenient or the standard of knowledge required is too low. The results in the higher divisions certainly inspire confidence, conveying an impression that a genuine test was prepared and honestly applied.

As indicating the advance of English music in Germany, it may be stated that a Quintet for wind instruments, composed by Mr Algernon Ashton, has recently been performed in Cologne with success. The instruments in the score are flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon. It is to be hoped that opportunity of hearing this work in the country of its origin will soon arise.

There should be plenty of music in Buda-Pesth if it be true that the city contains 120 gipsy bands, numbering 997 performers, thirty-two wind bands, and twenty-one orchestras in which the players are women. The grand total is given as 2,000 musicians in a population of half a million. What a place for the Old Lady of Banbury Cross!

The orchestra of the Berlin Philharmonic is going on tour this year, according to report, which adds that it will give three concerts in Vienna in April, afterwards proceeding to Paris and London.

Bergamo, the birthplace of Donizetti, is collecting documents relating to the career of that composer, and has sent a representative to search Vienna. A committee, headed by Hanslick, has been formed to assist in this matter.

The Queen has accepted the dedication to herself of a short Ode, for chorus and orchestra, composed by Mr Cowen in honour of the 'Diamond Jubilee.' This work comes opportunely, in view of demands for appropriate music during the national rejoicings.

An Easter benefit concert given in Picton on Saturday evening was completely marred, and the management had to close proceedings, owing to the unmanly conduct of some of the rowing men, who simply would not allow the performers to be heard. Some of the best talent in Otago and Wellington had promised to assist, and Picton people and visitors anticipated a treat, but some of the audience fairly drove people off the stage with jeers and insults. Even ladies with well-known musical ability and favourites of the public were subject to the same unmanly treatment, and were forced to retire. Picton people are always ready to assist in a benefit, but as this is the second year these gentlemen (?) have disgraced themselves in this way, it will be impossible—if these men represent clubs—to get up an entertainment of any kind at Easter. Of course in a larger place the police would put a stop to such proceedings, and thus some of the crews would be *non est* at the regatta. Some of the items struggled through were the overture, 'Nigger Dance,' Miss Greensill; 'The Blind Girl to Her Harp,' Miss M. Seymour; 'The Ter's Farewell,' and 'The Death of Nelson,' Mr Wilmott; 'Afton Water,' and 'The Auld Scotch Songs,' Miss McCormick; 'Whisper and I Shall Hear,' Mr Riddell; 'Marguerite,' Miss Allen; 'Land o' the Leal,' Miss Howard; 'Queen of the Earth,' Mr A. B. Ross, of Port Chalmers. Overture, Misses Thompson and Fuller; duet, with violin obligato by Mr A. B. Ross, Messrs Riddell and Platts (Port Chalmers); quartette, 'Annie Laurie,' Messrs Ross, Platts, Bauchope, and Riddell. Miss Greensill played the accompaniments in her usual perfect manner, and to the Port Chalmers' crew in particular, and all the rest of the visiting crews in general, the management owe a hearty vote of thanks.

A series of concerts to be given at the opening of the Dunedin Agricultural Hall during the jubilee celebrations are now in course of rehearsal by the Dunedin Orchestral Society.

It seems as if New Zealand would be able to lay claim to being the birthplace of a musical prodigy, namely, Miss Vera French, aged eight, granddaughter of Captain Ellis, and grand-niece of Mr George Ellis, ex-Mayor of Napier. This young lady, who formerly resided in Auckland, exhibited an aptitude for music at a very early age indeed, and has for some time been the pupil of Herr Zimmerman and Carl Schmitt. She is now in London, where the examining professors at the London Conservatoire of music evinced such interest in her performance, both on the violin and piano, that they have presented her with a scholarship of £35 and free tuition for a year. Miss French, who is to appear professionally in about six months, should have a brilliant career before her.

WOMAN'S PHYSIQUE.

In a recent lecture at the Academy of National Sciences of Philadelphia, Professor A. B. Brubaker, discussing the subject of 'Physical Development,' said:—

Professor Gottfried Schadow, of the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin has given to the world, in his figure of the artistically formed woman, the following measurements:—Height 63½ inches, breadth of neck 3¼ inches, shoulders 16 inches, waist 9 inches, hips 13½ inches.

Long before Professor Schadow's time an unknown artist created the statue the Venus de Medici, the world's ideal of perfection in the female figure, on these measurements:—Height 63 inches, breadth of neck 3¼ inches, shoulders 16 inches, waist 9½ inches; hips 13 inches.

Professor Sargeant, with several thousand tabulated life measurements in hand, produced a composite figure of the young American girl with these measurements: Height 63½ inches, breadth of neck 3.8 inches, girth of neck 12.1 inches, breadth of shoulders 14.7 inches, breadth of waist 8.6 inches, girth of waist 24.6 inches, breadth of hip 13.1 inches, girth of hips 33.4 inches, girth of calf, 13.3 inches, girth of upper arm 10.1 inches, girth of thigh 21.4 inches, and forearm 9.2 inches.

Miss Anna Wood has given measurements closely similar to those of Professor Sargeant in her composite figure of the Wellesley College girl, being averaged from the measurements of over 2,000 young women.

Given the height, proportion and weight of an average physique for the man and woman, what should be the attitude or posture of such an individual, especially when standing? By posture is meant a position of equilibrium of the body which can be maintained for some time, such as standing, sitting or lying.

For the maintenance of the erect posture the following conditions must be realized: (1) The corresponding halves of the body must be in the same anatomical relation. (2) The centre of gravity of the whole body must fall just in front of the last lumbar vertebra. That the first of these two conditions may be realized there must be a well-developed and symmetrical skeleton and a corresponding symmetrical development of the muscles of the two sides of the body. That the second condition may be realized, there must be such a development of the extensor muscles on the back of the body as will be sufficient to antagonize the flexor muscles on the front of the body.

These conditions are not always realized, and hence certain physical defects are observable, such as obliquity of the head, elevation or depression of the shoulder, curvature of the spine and so forth.

Among the defects which interfere with proper stature and proportions may be mentioned knock knees, bow legs and pigeon toes.

Knock knees occur in childhood or at puberty, and are generally associated with rickets and due to a want of muscular or bony strength. Owing to the width of the pelvis, the thigh bones are inclined inward. This determines the direction of the deformity. There is a disproportion between the weight of the body and the strength of the muscles. In consequence the inner condyle of the thigh bone grows down and inward, and throws the lower leg outward.

Bow legs are also associated with rickets and want of strength in muscles and bones. In this condition the natural curve of the bone is exaggerated and the legs bend outward.

Pigeon toes are a term applied to the inward direction of the foot, dependent on insufficient development of the muscles which should turn the foot outward. This is a condition observed in monkeys and very young children.

In addition to the above-mentioned deformities relating to the trunk and limbs, there are others found in both men and women, especially in the latter, however, which relate to changes in the shape of the thorax, caused by undue compression or restriction.

It is difficult to understand why this construction should have been indulged in through the ages. There is an idea, however, that it confers on the individual an artistic effect. The Greek woman of the decadent period suggested the methods and objects. It was adopted by the Romans at the beginning of the Empire. During the middle ages it died out, to be revived in the twelfth century.

THE April number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* does not fall beneath the mark of its excellent predecessors, and offers literary and artistic satisfaction to the varied tastes of its very large army of readers. The English show place, beautifully illustrated in this month's issue, is Levens Hall in the North Country. The sport of the month, dealt genially with by the Hon. T. W. Teigh, M.P., is 'Trout Fishing.' There are several good articles on interesting subjects, and several good short stories, one more notable than the others entitled 'The Strange Adventure of Joan Archer.' There is the continuation of R. L. Stevenson's extremely attractive story 'St. Ives,' also the continuation of 'The Story of 1812,' and the article entitled, 'The Major Tactics of Chess,' Mr Quiller Couch treats us on an amusing instalment of light verses and talk upon many things from his 'Cornish Window.' The illustrations are all of an attractive order.

THE April number of the *Review of Reviews* is to hand. Among the leading features is the third article by Mr Stead on Her Majesty the Queen. It is entitled, 'The Queen as Editor of the Realm,' and is interestingly written and profusely illustrated. Mr W. H. Fitchett continues his 'Fights for the Flag,' his subject this month being George II. at Dettingen. Readers who have not seen Nansen's 'Farthest North' will find an interesting review of the famous voyage. Among subjects more particularly Australasian are an article on 'Musical Taste in Queensland,' and another on 'The Federal Convention at Work.'

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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CYCLING.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

PROBABLY, if every woman in the beginning had realized the difficulties of learning to ride, she never would have essayed her first lesson. But the feat looks so easy, that probably there was not one woman in ten who did not believe that she could gracefully mount and forthwith ride away in triumph. The schools hold traditions of women who have actually done this thing, but they are the glorious exceptions that prove the rule of preliminary falls; and they prove something else as well. These favoured ones are generally women who have been noted for excellence in some other sport. They are good skaters, who have been in the habit of balancing themselves on the steel blades over the glaring ice; or fine shots, whose trained eyes and steady arms have shown the bullet the path to the bull's eye; or billiardists whose balls knew their way through the mysteries of 'draws,' 'drives,' and 'follows.'

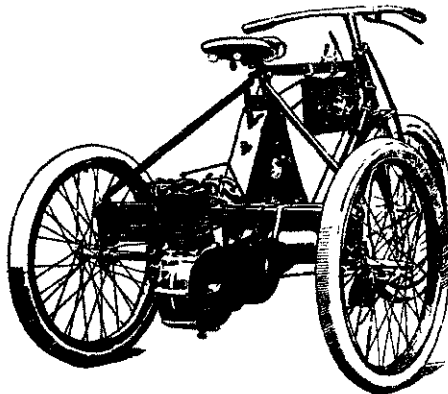
Steady nerves have everything to do with bicycling, and the chief value of the sport is its education of the nerves, and through them of the character. Most of the women who took up the wheel had already learned the theories of Delsarte. They knew that a dignified carriage was the result of a well organized and a well-controlled temperament; that an acquired dignity would react upon the mind, and cultivate the qualities that go to make the attitude real. They speedily discovered that no enemy had ever found out their weaknesses so readily as the bicycle. The woman who would ride must be patient, watchful, self-reliant. The least lapse in purpose, the thousandth part of a second's indulgence in indecision, was recorded, usually by a bruise on some portion of her anatomy which had come in contact with the floor.

Physicians say that science has discovered no new remedy for incipient brain disease equal to the bicycle. It gives sufficient enjoyment to make it fascinating to the patient, and it provides for a constant concentration of mind. The play it gives the muscles is extraordinary. The first long spin brings the rider home wiu. the realization that every fibre of the body has been brought into active use. There is no comparison between horseback riding and bicycling in this respect. While the horse is a companion to the true horsewoman which she is loath to give up, her wheel becomes something much better. It is soon identified with its owner as a horse never can be.

A handy little novelty was shown at the Paris Salon du Cycle. It is an ingenious folding parcel carrier attached to the upright above the front wheel, and when not required it folds up, thereby doing away with the ugly basket at present in use. It is not unsightly, and has the advantage that it cannot be forgotten when going out shopping, etc.

The expert rider forgets how she rides as she forgets how she breathes. She threads her way through crowded streets as readily as she walks them, and with as little effort and annoyance.

At the other end of the Dark Continent, British settlers have introduced the wheel along with the tennis racket and the cricket bat. The bicycle is the one Uitlander innovation that has found favour with President Krüger of the Transvaal, whose doctor recommends it as the most beneficial form of exercise. All over the world, the story is the same, from Rio de Janeiro, where there is a fine racing track, to Cabul, where the Amerer has recently ordered a consignment of wheels from England for the benefit of the ladies of his harem.



A PETROLEUM AUTO-TRICYCLE NOW IN USE IN PARIS.

Automatic machines figure largely in the manufacture of bicycles. These alone require the expenditure of a good many thousands of pounds for a factory able to turn out a few thousand wheels. Some of the makers whose output is perhaps fifty or sixty thousand wheels a year, have as many as a hundred and fifty of them. The working of the automatic machine is in itself a marvelous revelation. Imagine a bar of steel, an inch or two in thickness, and ten or twelve feet in length, being placed in the machine, which is then set in operation, and, without further aid from the man in charge—who watches a dozen machines at one time—turns out a perfect hub, or pin, or nut, or bolt, as the case may be, without the difference of a thousandth part of an inch between any two of them. When they are finished, these minute parts of the wheel are as carefully and delicately constructed as the works of a watch. At every operation to which they are subjected, they pass a rigid inspection; and the slightest deviation from the gauge causes them to be rejected.

The wooden rim first appeared on a wheel in 1893, and thorough tests proved its stanchness and springiness. Although it has usurped the place of the steel rim in America, the latter being practically obsolete, it is regarded with disfavour in England.

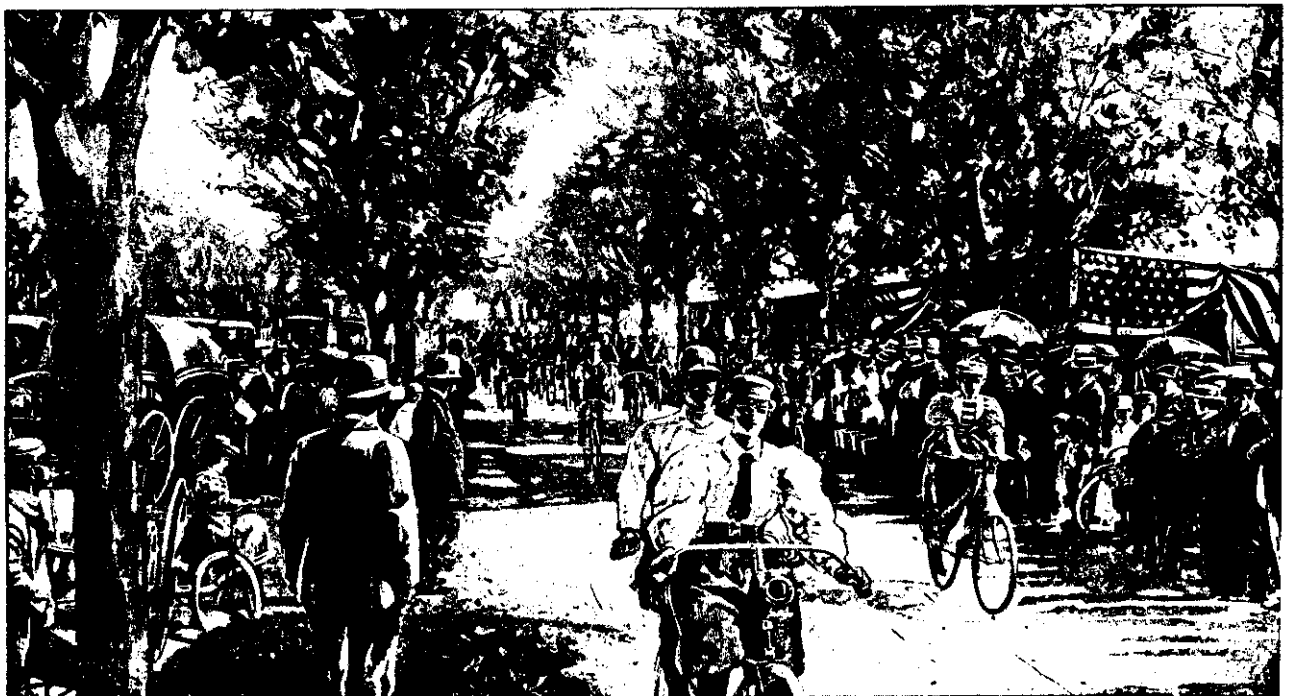
It was a splendid evening, with scarcely a breath of wind, when Mr James Caughley recently attempted to lower Reynold's unpaced mile record of 2min. 18sec. at the Recreation Ground, Napier. The first quarter was ridden in 35sec., the half-mile in 1min 7 2/5th sec., and the mile in 2min 18 4/5ths sec. Although he has not lowered Reynold's record for New Zealand, he beat the local record of 2min. 20 3/5ths sec., recently put up by Petersen, and thus leads in the competition for Mr Reynold's medal among members of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club.

The Christchurch Cycling Club held a sports meeting at the Lancaster Park ground on Good Friday afternoon, and despite the cold and threatening weather, it is estimated that over 3,000 spectators were present. The principal race, the Easter Handicap, five miles, was won by J. Chalmers (400yds), of Oamaru, G. Sutherland, Christchurch (500yds), being second, and A. Phipps, Christchurch (280yds), third. Time 14mins 10 2/5th secs. Another rider from Oamaru in R. J. Ritchie won the half-mile and Good Friday Handicap, three miles (second class). The racing, as a whole, was fairly good, some of the finishes were close, and some of the fields large. The officials, however, got the events off punctually, so that no serious waits occurred. A novelty was introduced in the shape of 'buckjumping' races. The wheels of the machines were elliptical in form, and, when propelled imparted a 'bucking' or 'bumping' movement to the bicycles. The difficulties of the riders caused much laughter. A. R. Barker, who paced by a triplet and a tandem, essayed to reduce his own mile record of 2 min 2secs, but the atmospheric conditions were against him, and he did not reach it by 21secs.

Efforts are being made by our cash cyclists to get Lesna, the crack French rider, to visit this colony.

A team of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, consisting of Messrs W. R. Jourdain, T. Taylor, T. Oliver, A. C. Norris, A. J. Pocock, James Caughley, and Messrs W. J. Strickland, J. Lindsay, and A. F. Bowman, of the Athletic Club, left for Wanganui by the express train on Friday in order to be present at the cycling sports there. However, they could get no further than Paki Paki, and from there had to return to Hastings, where they spent the night at one of the hotels. Having obtained a room with a piano, they got up an impromptu smoke concert, and the songs and music contributed by the Club made the long evening pass pleasantly away.

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SPORTS & PASTIMES.

(BY ARGUS.)

TO SECRETARIES OF SAILING, ROWING, SWIMMING, CYCLING, CRICKET, BOWLING, TENNIS AND GOLF-CLUBS.

(It having been suggested to the editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC that members of athletic clubs are desirous of better representation in the press, as to their doings, we have decided to set apart a special space for the purpose of chronicling the events in the several branches of sport mentioned, and will be obliged if secretaries will forward each week any interesting items of news. Our columns will also be open at all times to correspondence relative to matters affecting sport, and we will be glad to answer queries of a similar character.)

CRICKET.

NOTICE that Hugh B. Lusk, the well-known Napier cricketer, has again distinguished himself with the bat during the season just closed. Lusk batted in twenty innings without scoring a 'blob,' and he only failed to reach double figures on one occasion. During the season Lusk scored 1,114 runs—a feat rarely accomplished in this colony. His best scores were 133 not out and 129 for his Club, the United, against Waipatu, 122, 88, and 83 v. Scinde, and v. County 76. In representative matches the crack Napier batsman made 59 and 23 for New Zealand against Queensland, 51 and 4 for Hawke's Bay v. Queensland; 52 and 15 for Hawke's Bay against Taranaki, and 16 and 30 against Wellington. Lusk's averages are:—In cup contest 8.3, in cup and representative matches 58.8, and in all matches 58.6. Truly a record Lusk may well feel proud of.

The two teams of cricketers from Bay of Islands and Whangarei that paid Auckland a visit at Easter-time, each played three contests, against somewhat weak elevens as representing senior Clubs. The Whangarei team suffered three defeats, while Bay of Islands, after being beaten by United and Gordon, gained a victory over the team representing Auckland C.C. by eight runs.

In the match played at Auckland on Good Friday between United C.C. and Bay of Islands elevens, L. A. Cuff captured nine of the latter's wickets for six runs. In the first innings he secured five wickets for six runs, and in the second innings he took four wickets for no runs.

It is evident that the cricketers of Western Australia know how to handle the bat and ball, for eighteen Freemantle players defeated the team taken to Westralia by George Giffen on April 16th. The team from East Australia was composed of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australian players, and was considered a very strong one. The visitors defeated eighteen of Perth, which was their second contest.

The 1st Junior competition is now concluded, and North Shore have secured the coveted piece of honour with the splendid record of never having been beaten. The North Shore 2nd Juniors also annexed the cup given for superiority in their class.

The Licensed Victuallers were to have met the North Shore team on Saturday last, at Devonport, and led the local team to believe they would turn up. The home team had their best available talent in the field, but after waiting till three o'clock for their opponents, who failed to appear, they claimed the match, and confined their efforts to a scratch game with other members of the Club.

With reference to the above paragraph I wish to draw the attention of the Cricket Association to the fact that this is not the first time such a case has happened, and suggest that steps be taken before next season to obviate the possibility of its recurrence. The Associated Clubs of Victoria have a rule compelling teams to give at least 48 hours' notice of their intention not

to contest a match, and as it has worked exceedingly well over there, why should not it be tried here? If I remember rightly, the penalty for non-compliance with this rule was disqualification for the season where the offence was deliberate; and where through mistake, the culprits were compelled to pay the costs of the ground engaged for the match. In the case of North Shore and the L.V., the latter could easily have sent word that they were unable to play, and it behoves the Association to deal sternly with teams that are so neglectful of their obligations.

AQUATICS.

The Championship Regatta held at Picton on Easter Monday was the most perfect success. Everything went well from start to finish. The judges—Messrs H. F. Logan and M. J. Kilgour—gave unlimited satisfaction. Mr A. G. Johnson was umpire and timekeeper, as usual, and Mr John Duncan, of Picton, as starter, received cheers upon cheers from the crowded steam launches which followed the races for the perfect manner in which the starts were made—the boats starting off like a regiment of soldiers, each one taking the water at the same instant at the word of command. The umpire declares he never saw a better managed or more interesting regatta. The first race was the Champion Sculls, which was won by Chapman, of Wairewa, the Picton man coming in second, and Wellington third. The public had hardly warmed up to it, and the winner through that was coldly received. The Champion Fours was the next race. For that the Port Chalmers crew was the favourite, though many still cling to their old love, 'Queen's Drive.' There was great excitement during this race, and for some time—mistaken by the similarity of colours—it was thought that 'Queen's Drive' leading, Port Chalmers was second, but it was otherwise; the Wellington 'Stars' came second, Port Chalmers third, and Wellington and Blenheim came in neck and neck for fourth and fifth places. In the Maiden Fours Wellington came in first, Picton second. For the Champion Double Sculls there were only three entries, Chapman, and Reid, of Wairewa, taking first honours, McCormick brothers second. The Junior Fours was an interesting race, Wangamui, who only arrived at midday by excursion boat, having been delayed in Wellington by bad weather, being the favourites, and winning by a boat's length. Champion Pairs being the only champion race entered for by Picton, there was naturally much local feeling, and the two boys when they were carried on the shoulders of their supporters into the Club's shed from the boat, and received an ovation. The Ladies' Plate race, rowed immediately after the Champion Pairs, was really given to Picton for a row over; they could not have won it. Two of the men, Fredericks and Smith, were too much exhausted with their exertions in the Pairs just rowed, but the other clubs were anxious to return by excursion boat, so gave up their chance. It seemed foolish to have the same men pulling in consecutive races. Cheers were given for Picton by departing crews, who like the place, the people, and the little outing the Championship Regatta gives them.

BOWLING.

AUCKLAND CLUB.

On Saturday last the Grafton Green presented a lively appearance, and some really close games eventuated, amongst them being the final in the Easter tournament fours, in which Gorrie beat Kingswell by two points, Mr Gorrie's rink thus winning the bowls presented by the Auckland Bowling Association, while to Mr Kingswell's rink fall the medals presented by Messrs Stewart Dawson and Co., as second prize. During the afternoon Mesdames Thorne and Elliott dispensed afternoon tea to players and visitors. Below are given the scores of some of the games:—

Perrott	v. Phillips		
Beere	Lewis		
Shaw	Rose		
Winks, skip	26 Scott, skip	19	
Spreckley	v. Jones		
Connelly	Foster		
Miller, skip	21 Heguan		
Thorne	v. Dr. King		
Fraser	Crawford		
Morrison	Rev. West		
Towsey, skip	20 Dr. Hooper, skip	34	
Smart	v. Mahoney		
Littler	Swetapple		
Ballantyne	Lawson		
Ledingham, skip	20 Culpin, skip	18	
	FINAL IN THE EASTER TOURNAMENT.		
Ross	v. Handcock		
James	Hasett		
South	Cuff		
Gorrie, skip	17 Kingswell, skip	15	

In the second draw for tournament pairs Ballantyne and Littler beat Handcock and Hasett by 6 points. Next Saturday (May 1st) two rinks from the Auckland Club go on invitation to play a friendly game with the Newmarket Club.

PARNELL CLUB.

There was a good attendance of members on the Green of the Parnell Bowling Club on Saturday afternoon, when the final match of the season was played between sides chosen by the president (Mr Von Sturmer) and the vice-president (Mr J. M. Brigham), with the following results:—

No 1 RINK.	
H. C. Haselden	v. R. A. C. Kerry
Dr. Lashley	W. Gault
A. Stewart	W. Tait
S. Von Sturmer, skip	26 J. M. Brigham, skip
No 2 RINK.	
Dr. Watson	16 R. L. Hunt

At a meeting of members held in the club house it was resolved to close the green for the season to admit of the necessary pot dressing being carried out at an early date. A circular from the secretary of the Northern Bowling Association, Wellington, with reference to proposed tournament in 1898 was submitted, and an expression of opinion on the various points raised, unanimously agreed to. Mr Von Sturmer tendered his resignation as president, being about to proceed to Europe on a prolonged visit. Members resolved to place on record their appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the club by Mr Von Sturmer during his two years' presidency, and their regret at his departure from among them for so long a period.

REMURUA CLUB.

There was a good attendance on the Remuera Green, and a few very interesting matches were played, with the following results:—

No. 1 RINK.	
Colonel Dowell	v. A. Walsh
P. Vaile	Rev. G. B. Moore
Major George	Rev. W. Beatty
G. Bruce, skip	24 H. D. Ruddle, skip
No. 2 RINK.	
T. Finlayson	v. Steele
R. A. Boddie	King
D. E. Clerk	Stevenson
Wright, skip	17 Ching, skip

The final was played for the President's Prize (two pairs of silver mounted bowls presented by Mr James Russell), with the following results:—

D. Fallon	v. Dr Eron
A. Holden, skip	22 B. Hall, skip

Messrs Fallon and Holden thus winning the bowls. In the Subscription Doubles the following match was played:—

W. Dinnison	v. McLean
J. W. Wingate, skip	24 F. W. Court, skip

Leaving the final in this match to be played by the following teams:—

W. Dinnison	v. H. Maxfield
J. W. Wingate, skip	George Court, skip

DEVONPORT BOWLING CLUB

Quite a busy scene was witnessed at this popular little green last week. The following are the results of a few of the contests:—

RINK 1.	
Best	v. Harvey
Murchie	Dalton
Eagleton	Hulbert
Harrison, skip	17 Nicol, skip
RINK 2.	
Brooks	21 v. Dinsdale
RINK 3.	
Dutton	25 v. Hulbert
RINK 4.	
McCallum	16 v. Montgomery
RINK 5.	
Harvey	22 v. Duder
RINK 6.	
Eagleton	22 v. Cameron
CLUB CUP.	
McCallum	21 v. Eagleton

The final for the Cup will be played during the week between Messrs McCallum and Dutton.

PONSONBY CLUB.

There was a fair attendance of members on the green, on Saturday afternoon last, when the following games were played:—

FINAL FOR CLUB FOURS.

No. 1 RINK.	
J. Blades	v. R. Noonan
J. Hutchison	A. Sutherland
C. Blomfield	C. Blomfield
J. M. Geddis, skip	16 D. B. McDonald, skip

Mr McDonald's team thus become the winners of the gold medals presented for this contest.

SEMI-FINAL FOR CLUB DOUBLES.

No. 2 RINK.	
J. Blades	v. W. Hutchison
H. W. Brookes, skip	25 J. Hutchison, skip

The final for this event takes place on Saturday, May 1st, between J. C. Robinson and A. H. Brookes v. J. Blades and H. W. Brookes.

No. 3 RINK.	
D. Stewart	v. J. Stutchbury
J. Buchanan, skip	13 C. G. Brookes, skip

No. 4 RINK.	
J. Edmiston	v. C. Blomfield
J. M. Geddis, skip	22 D. B. McDonald, skip

No. 5 RINK.	
A. S. Russell	v. M. McDermott
J. C. Robinson, skip	29 R. H. Matthews, skip
No. 6 RINK.	
J. D. Wright	v. Rev. Peters
A. Sutherland	J. Cooper
T. Peacock, skip	19 E. T. Hart, skip
No. 7 RINK.	
Dr. McArthur	v. J. Conrt
R. Tudenopa, skip	9 J. Hudson, skip

ROWING.

The Victorian Rowing Association has decided to send an eight to compete at the famous Henley Regatta to be held at 'ome in July next. The Australian scullers have proved themselves far superior to their English brethren, and I see no reason why an Australian eight should not also prove successful.

The New South Wales Rowing Association have written to the Victorian Rowing Association, intimating that unless the latter complied with the amateur definition adopted by the Sydney conference last year, the New South Wales crew would not compete at the coming intercolonial eight-oar contest. It was decided at a special meeting of the Victorian Association that it would require one month's notice to make any alteration in the rules to conform with the Conference definition. In consequence of the Victorian Association taking this stand New South Wales will not compete, and the crew picked have ceased training.

TENNIS.

The last tournament of the season, Waipawa v. Ruataniwha Plains, was played on the Waipawa courts, and resulted in a win for the former by 15 games. Although the wind was rather boisterous in the morning it subsided later on, and as the courts were in splendid order, a very enjoyable time was spent. Refreshing afternoon tea was dispensed to the players and spectators by Mrs Loughnan.

In Dunedin the weather during the Easter holidays was almost perfect. On Saturday week a tennis match was played on the Otago tennis courts between Otago and Canterbury, with the result that Otago won easily by 27 games.

The annual interprovincial tennis match, Canterbury v. Otago, which lasted three days, and comprised Men's and Ladies' Doubles, Combined Doubles, and Men's and Ladies' Singles, resulted in a victory for Otago by twenty-three games; the totals being: Otago 280, Canterbury 257.

FOOTBALL.

Between forty and fifty persons were present at a meeting held at Hastings recently for the purpose of forming a football club. Mr Cashion took the chair. It was decided that a Club, to be known as the City Club, should be formed, with a first and second fifteen, and that it should be affiliated to the Hawke's Bay Rugby Union. The following delegates were chosen:—Messrs Morfitt, Cullen, and C. Caulton. Mr McRae was elected secretary and Messrs Sutherland, Humphries, Cullen, and Stubbs were placed on the Committee.

The members of the Albion Football Club, of Christ church, received quite a sudden and unpleasant shock when one of their players, Ernest Merritt, died suddenly while sitting and conversing with two of his comrades on board the s.s. 'Teluue' on her passage from Lyttelton to Wellington, where the Albion Club were proceeding to play the Poneke junior team at Easter. Needless to say the match did not eventuate. Merritt was 25 years of age, and a well known and popular athlete in Christchurch. He was married about a year ago to a daughter of Mr H. Sutherland, of Wellington. At the inquest held on the deceased the jury found that death had been caused owing to weakness of heart caused through sea-sickness.

I hear on reliable authority that Alf Bayly, the crack Taranaki three quarter, will don the amber and black jersey again this season.

The Championship matches in Auckland will commence on Saturday, May 8th.

The Auckland Rugby Union has arranged a programme of matches for the various primary schools in Auckland, and the contests will be played under the auspices of the A.R.U., who will also provide trophies for the winning team.

It is expected that the New Zealand team will leave Wellington for Sydney at the end of June. The match North v. South Island, will most likely be played in Wellington prior to the departure of the New Zealand team.

Football promises to be more interesting in Napier this season. The Hawke's Bay Rugby Union intend to endeavour to send a team to play Wellington, Taranaki and Auckland during the coming season.

A. Mason, the little but good crack Dunedin halfback, has taken up his residence in Wellington.

A. E. White, the well-known Canterbury half, has unfortunately had his collar bone broken again, and has decided to give the game a rest.

NEW ZEALAND RUGBY UNION.

The fifth annual general meeting of the Council of New Zealand Rugby Union was held last Saturday evening. Mr Campbell (Wellington), vice-president, was elected chairman. The following delegates were present:—Messrs Bate and Fache (Wellington), F. W. Mitchell, MacKenzie, Bee and Wilkinson (Otago), Lawrenson (Poverty Bay), Wesley (Southland), Firth (Nelson), Ronaldson (Taranaki), McCardle (Canterbury), Whiffen (Manawatu), Gibbons (Auckland), Morrison (Hawke's Bay), Batchelor (West Coast), Hyams (Wanganui), Lewis (South Canterbury), and M. De Costa (hon. secretary). The chairman moved the adoption of the annual report and balance-sheet, stating that the Union was now in good heart, and fulfilling the duties which it undertook when it was inaugurated. It was doing good work, and he was certain that it would continue to do so. It was a matter for congratulation that it was discharging its functions without causing any friction, while at the same time it was able to undertake the management of teams and settle disputes of various kinds. It was decided that the delegates of the South Canterbury and Marlborough Unions should not exercise their votes as those Unions were in arrears. The treasurer explained that 33 per cent. of the gross takings of the Queensland matches in Wellington was given to the Athletic Park Company. The motion for the adoption of the report and balance-sheet was agreed to.

The Council resolved to ask the Earl of Ranfurly, the new Governor, to accept office as patron. Mr Gellaway (Otago) was elected president. The remaining officers were elected as follows:—Vice-presidents, Messrs Devore (Auckland), Rees (Poverty Bay), Logan (Hawke's Bay), Walker (bush districts), Hankins (Manawatu), Empson (Wanganui), Bayly (Taranaki), Whatman (Wairarapa), Littlejohn (Nelson), Mills, M.H.R. (Marlborough), Harden (Buller), Boyd (West Coast), Rhodes (Canterbury), Jonas (South Canterbury), George (Southland); Otago has yet to nominate a vice-president; hon. sec., A. M. DeCosta (re-elected); hon. Association sec., Mr E. Batchelor (re-elected); hon. treasurer, Mr J. Hyams (re-elected); management committee, Messrs Bate (Wellington), Bee (Otago), Wesley (Southland), Morrison (Hawke's Bay), Gibbons (Auckland), Lawrenson (Poverty Bay), McCardle (Canterbury), with officers *ex officio*; auditor, Mr Coupland (Wellington); appeal committee, Messrs Henderson (Auckland), Fache (Wellington), Cotterill (South Canterbury), Firth (Nelson), Logan (Hawke's Bay).

A number of football matches were played at Dunedin during the Easter holidays. The Britannia Club, of Invercargill, visited Dunedin and played the Dunedin Club. The latter team proved victorious by 11 points to 8. Britannia were the first to score, Hill gaining a try, which Purdie converted, and shortly afterwards the latter kicked a goal from a free kick. Towards the close of the game Turton, for Dunedin, kicked a goal from a penalty kick, and Eagle and MacKenzie scored tries one of which was converted into a goal by Turton.

The Linwood (Christchurch) Club played the Union on the Caledonian ground, Dunedin, on Easter Saturday. Although Linwood was the first to score, the Union Club, chiefly through the fine play of their forwards, gained an easy victory by nineteen points to five. For Linwood, J. O'Brien scored a try which F. O'Brien converted, while for the winners tries were gained by Armstrong (two), Thomson and Stewart, and Ritchie converted two into goals, and also kicked a goal from a free kick.

The match between Merivale (Christchurch) and Alhambra (Dunedin), played at Dunedin, attracted considerable interest, and after an interesting game resulted in a draw, neither side scoring.

The annual match between the second fifteens of the Linwood (Christchurch) and Union (Dunedin) Clubs was played at Dunedin, and resulted in a win for the Linwood team by four tries (12 points) to nil. Tries were scored by Ormsandy (two), O'Brien and Adams.

The East Christchurch Club, which has been in existence for fifteen years, recently disbanded. The Club was formed on April 17th, 1882, on the proposition of Mr F. D. Kesteven, and strange to say, it was this gentleman who proposed that the Club be disbanded.

The two Wellington teams, Melrose and Wellington, had a very rough passage in the s.s. 'Rotomahana' to Lyttelton, and this fast steamer occupied 74 hours of the journey. The Melrose team, despite their rough and long passage, defeated Sydenham (Christchurch) by 8 points to 3. For the winners, Hardcastle scored two tries, one of which Mason converted, while S. Halliday gained a try for Sydenham.

The Wellington Club's Reps were defeated by the Christchurch Club at the Christ's College Ground by 22 points to 5.

The match between the North and South of England was played at Dewsbury on Saturday, February 27th and contrary to general expectation was won by the North by thirteen points to five. The Southern men played against a strong breeze throughout the first spell, and held their own well all through, but after changing over, and with the wind behind them, they collapsed altogether, the forwards especially being beaten badly. The South backs were, as a whole, superior to the Northern brigade, and the result of the game goes to again prove how a fine, dashing, straight-ahead set of forwards can annihilate nearly all the work of good backs.

A QUESTIONABLE ADVANTAGE.

In reading (says the *London Daily Mail*) the eyes necessarily travel over a great deal of space. Backward and forward from the beginning of a line to its end, and then to the beginning of the next, it all amounts up to a surprisingly long distance in a life time, or even in the course of reading this morning's copy of the *Daily Mail*. It does not often occur to a reader, however, that the eye travels just twice the distance that it would have to go if the type could be so arranged as not to necessitate going from the end of one line the whole distance back in order to get at the beginning of the next one. It has been suggested, however, that books and papers be printed in such a way that this can be overcome. It could be done by having the alternate lines read backwards, the first line being straightforward, and the following being printed backwards. For example:—

Two ceremonies in Burma mark when childhood boys The begins womanhood or manhood and stops have their legs tattooed in brilliant blue and red patterns girls' the of boring The bored ears their girls the and ears is commenced with a needle, and the puncture is be can finger the of tip the until increased gradually introduced. This enlarging process is also carried on in a carry can native the where, Islands Polynesian the good-sized knife hanging in the lobe of his ear. The who, Esquimaux the of that is mutilation neglect punches a hole in his cheek, and puts a bone stud into .it

The chief argument claimed for the plan is that it might save the eyes and possibly facilitate rapid reading if customary. A million letters laid side by side will make hardly more than a mile, yet in a year the average reader covers with his eyes almost 100 miles, and in a lifetime a great reader covers over 2,000 miles of print. A 300-page novel has a mile of reading, and the four-volume edition of 'Macaulay's History of England' leads the eye a chase of four miles and a half to get through. In such calculations it can be seen where the possible utility of the proposed change can come in, for in the case of 'Macaulay's History' for example, the eyes travel not the mere four and a half miles but nine miles, since for every line read they have to travel backward just as far to begin the next one. It has also been calculated that it takes a rapid reader five hours' steady reading to read a mile of print.

After several tests we are forced to confess that the new method of reading, which we became acquainted with in the pages of a paper devoted to the interests of the printing trade, consumes considerably more time than the old.

The faces of the women one passes in the street form a curious and, too often, a saddening study. One woman purses up her lips, another screws her eyes into unnaturalness, while a third will wrinkle up her forehead and eyebrows until she looks absolutely ugly. The trick is an unconscious one, but it is none the less a trick, and a bad one. There is no reason why a woman should look forbidding and bad tempered just because she is annoyed about something. Deep-seated trouble has a way of writing itself upon the face whether we will or not. Sickness, too, has its own handwriting, and will not be concealed by art. But the frown caused by superficial troubles should not be entertained by the face for an instant. We should strive to look as pleasant as possible for the sake of others; a corresponding cheerfulness of temperament will inevitably result, and all-ways to the sweetening of our nature. We cannot afford to go about with gloomy faces.

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MRS SHRIMPTON, whose death took place at Auckland after many years of delicate health, was the wife of Mr W. Shrimpton, of Matapiro, Hawke's Bay, and the loss of one who was so much liked has cast a gloom over the whole district. The body was brought to Napier by the s.s. 'Rotomahana,' and the funeral took place at 2 p.m. on Wednesday. The coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths both from Auckland and from every part of Hawke's Bay.

A well-known Maori chief named Te Whetu died at Parihaka on Sunday, April 11th. He was Te Whiti's 'right-hand man,' and his loss will be felt by the natives. Te Whetu had been paralysed for some months, and his death was not, therefore, unexpected. This chief was foremost in encouraging the young of the tribe to adapt themselves to European amusements and pursuits. He was one of the founders of the Puniho Maori Brass Band, and had a billiard room built at Parihaka, and a table placed in it for the amusement of the young men. It was in that room he was placed when dead, the billiard table having been removed, and there his body lay in state till it was buried, dressed in the regalia he used to wear on holiday occasions, including his ornamental smoking cap, silk sash, and gold chains. A tangi was held over the body, at which natives from all parts of the district attended. A number of women squatted round the corpse and kept up a continual wail, the widow and a few near relatives cutting their faces with glass until they were covered with blood. The funeral took place on Tuesday, April 13th, when a large number of visitors attended. They were welcomed to the place by women waving green branches and chanting a mournful sort of dirge. At about 2.45 p.m. a procession was formed, and the corpse, rolled up in a quilt and shawls, was borne shoulder high by six men, being preceded by the Waitara Band playing 'Home, Sweet Home.' A number of women with green branches followed, and after them came the Puniho Band, which played a funeral dirge. A large following of Maoris brought up the rear. The grave, in the cemetery on the hill, not being ready when the corpse arrived, the natives amused themselves in various ways. The women danced to slow music, and some of the young men got up a 'sham fight.' The grave at last being of sufficient depth, order was restored, and the ceremony of interring the chief commenced. The step-brother of Te Whiti, named Taikomako, wearing Te Whiti's silk hat and feathers, acted as master of the ceremonies and directed what should be done. The deceased's bed having been first placed in the grave, the corpse was lowered, and then Keno, a near relative of the deceased, and a very old man, delivered an oration, in which he described the Te Whetu as 'the noblest, most warlike, and truthful of men.' Before the earth was thrown into the grave, Taikomako put all the articles belonging to the deceased on the top of the corpse and the firing party then fired two volleys. The grave was then filled in, and the procession reforming, marched back to the village both bands playing, and the young men firing their guns. A large quantity of provisions has been provided for the funeral feast, which will last for some days.

Mr John S. Caverhill, who for several years was a resident in New Plymouth and Hawera, died at Christchurch on April 17th at the age of 76 years. He settled in Canterbury when he first came to the colony, and owned at one time the Cheviot Estate, which a few years ago was acquired by the Government under the Land for Settlement Act, and cut up for sale. About 1879 he came to live in New Plymouth, and took great interest in stocking the rivers in Taranaki with fish. When Rewi visited Waitara and New Plymouth in 1875 for the purpose of meeting Sir George Grey, Mr Caverhill took an active part in entertaining that chief and his followers. Mr Caverhill afterwards went to Hawera, where he acquired land and commenced farming in that district to a very large extent. He imported all the modern agricultural implements, and at one time had ten reaper and binder machines at work in his wheat-fields. That venture was an unfortunate one, but the experiment proved a valuable lesson to the settlers in the district. Mr Caverhill was president of various societies, which he liberally encouraged, and was noted for his hospitality to strangers visiting the district. Latterly he has had very bad health, and for some time made a stay at the Hot Springs. Old age, however, began to tell upon him lately, and he has at last passed away, but his death will be much regretted by those who knew him. He leaves a widow, several sons and one daughter, who

is married to the Rev. L. Isitt. One of his sons was burst at Hawera when stopping at Mr Kelly's hotel in that town.

Dr. Faulknor, whose death occurred at his residence King-street, Hastings, on Friday afternoon, was a gentleman who was much respected in that community and widely known beyond it. He had been failing in health for some years before his death, and intended removing to Havelock, where he has been spending the winter in a few weeks. Much sympathy is felt for his family in their bereavement. At the funeral the members of the Hastings Fire Brigade, of which corps Dr. Faulknor was honorary surgeon, headed the procession to the Hastings cemetery.

Personal Paragraphs.

THE news of the resignation of the Mayor of Auckland, Mr A. Boardman, was received in that city with general regret. Mr Boardman has never fully recovered the cold (turning to bronchitis) which he caught at the Association Firing Championship some weeks ago, where he was officially present.

THE Misses Williams (Wellington) are staying with Mrs A. Boyle, Bishopscourt, Christchurch. Major Maddock is also their guest.

MR AND MRS BOB RHODES are at present staying in Dunedin, and are living at Wain's Hotel.

THERE are many candidates mentioned for the Auckland Mayoralty. Probably the most popular would be Mr Matthew or Mr Archibald Clark, if either of them could be induced to offer himself for the position.

MRS AND MISS THOMAS ROSE have returned to Wellington from a very pleasant visit to friends in Hawke's Bay, fortunately escaping the floods.

MRS D. WALMSLEY, of Karori, Wellington, who went up to Auckland from Wellington to attend her niece's (Miss Hughes) wedding, but who missed the function through the delay in the arrival of the 'Angliau,' is staying with Mrs S. E. Hughes, Shelly Beach Road, Ponsonby, Auckland.

MR GEO. HENDERSON, Christchurch, left on Thursday by the 'Talune' for Sydney, where he usually spends the winter months.

MR AND MRS W. B. COMMON, Mrs W. D. and Miss Sybil Meares, of Christchurch, spent East at West Oxford for the purpose of cycling, but owing to the unfavourable weather, it was not as pleasant as it might have been.

MISS LE CREN left Dunedin last week for Timaru, where she intends shortly to be married.

MR JAMES BURKE has returned from his holidays, and is again working at the Magistrates Court, Auckland.

MR S. HURSTHOUSE, of Wellington, is visiting his mother in New Plymouth.

MR AND MRS LANCE LANE are visiting Mrs George Gould, Avonbank, Christchurch.

MISS BURNINGHAM, of Auckland, who won the first prize for table decorations at the Chrysanthemum Show, displayed the same floral taste in Flower Dell No. 2 at the Drill Hall Carnival Festival.

MRS ANDERSON, of Wellington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs W. Shaw, in New Plymouth.

MR CASSELLS, of the Hamilton Post and Telegraphic Department, has received word of his removal to Timaru. Whilst in Hamilton Mr Cassells has enjoyed very poor health, and it is hoped that the change may be of benefit to him.

THE Rev. G. B. Munro, of Auckland, gave at the Avondale Presbyterian Church last week a lantern exhibition of views of New Zealand and England, and of a trip through the Highlands of Scotland.

MR SPENCER W. ELLAM has been compelled to leave Auckland through pressing business in England. He is engineer-in-chief to the London and New Zealand Finance Corporation, and he has been compelled to resign the appointment named, and will leave shortly for London. All who have been brought into contact with Mr Ellam, since he has been in Auckland, will regret that his stay there cannot be permanent.

THE New Zealand Military Contingent went to Lyttelton in the 'Tutanekai' early this week, to catch the 'Kushine,' which leaves there on the 29th inst. The whole contingent is under the command of Commandant Pole-Fenton, but the duty of instructing the men devolves upon Captains Coleman and Robin and Sergeant-Major Rodgers. Lieutenant-Colonel Pitt, who goes Home in command, is present daily, and the Hon. James Carroll almost daily witnesses the evolutions. Rangit, nephew of Major Kemp, who was one of the natives selected to go, has been prevented owing to slight illness.

MR D. HARMAN (Christchurch) is at present in Wellington.

MISS MAXWELL, from Katikat, has been appointed to the new school just opened at Huroa, twelve miles from Toko, Taranaki.

MR DIGMAN is spoken of as a likely candidate for the Auckland mayoralty.

THE Auckland Town Clerk, Mr P. A. Phillips, has received from the Auckland Racing Club a cheque for £100, for contribution towards the Napier Relief Fund.

THE Rev. Dr. Wolfenden, who is temporarily filling the pulpit of the Auckland Tabernacle, delivered a good lecture on 'Home, Sweet Home,' at the Otahuhu Public Hall. Mr Spedding, of Auckland, explained the object of the meeting, viz., to assist the funds of the Baptist Union Home Mission to the gumdiggers and settlers of the North.

MISS COTTERELL (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs A. Gore, Wellington.

MR AND MRS L. D. NATHAN, of Auckland, though in good health themselves, are enjoying (?) quarantine at Albany, their steamer, the Messageries 'Polynesien,' from Marseilles, being detained there, owing to two cases of smallpox on board.

The 'Mariposa' took back with her to Sydney the members of the press of that city who came over to interview Butler, the prisoner. Messrs S. Hague-Smith (manager at Sydney for the New Zealand Insurance Company), C. E. Bulton, and Mr Holgate were also passengers to Sydney.

MR AND MRS ALAN SCOTT and daughter arrived in Christchurch from England last week, and are at present the guests of the Hon. E. W. Parker at Fordell, Papanui.

MR JOHN ALLEN, Mount Albert, who has been spending a week at Rotorua, speaks highly of the pretty effect produced at an open air concert (in aid of Hawke's Bay Relief Fund) in the Sanatorium Grounds, by coloured lamps affixed to the trees, their tints being reflected in the Geysers. The grounds looked extremely picturesque.

MRS E. P. HOUGHTON and her little daughter returned to Dunedin from Christchurch by the 'Te Anau.'

DR. STUART, lately Bishop of Waipuu, now working as a missionary in Persia, writes that the Persian Mollahs or priests interfere sadly with his Christian converts.

MORE honours for New Zealand men! A son of Professor Salmon, of the Otago University, Mr J. W. Salmon, has just been appointed Professor of Law in the Adelaide University. The gentleman who so well deserves the position is thirty-seven years of age, and received his education in Dunedin. He is an LL.B. of New Zealand. He has literary tastes, and contributes to the *Law Quarterly Review*. He has also written a valuable book on jurisprudence. He practised his profession in Geraldine.

MISS COLBRIDGE, Wellington, has returned from a long visit to Dunedin.

WELLINGTONIANS are becoming interested in the study of Physical Education as explained and demonstrated by Mr Thomas Tankard, who is *au fait* in all bodily exercises. His motto is 'One should exercise as long as he lives.'

MR V. PRATT, of Sydney, spoke at the Missionary meeting in the Auckland Y.M.C.A. Rooms on Saturday night.

MISS DRAWBRIDGE, who has been four years assistant teacher at Johnsonville, was presented by Mr Bethune, the headmaster, on behalf of the pupils, with a handsome dressing-case and silver thimble, on her leaving to take charge of St. Paul's Kindergarten School, Wellington.

THE position of Government Native Land Purchase Agent at Gisborne has been conferred on Colonel Porter, of Gisborne, who will, with Mr Wheeler, of the Survey Department, arrange for the completion of the native land transactions which the Government have entered into in the Poverty Bay district.

MR F. V. PRATT, M.A., the travelling secretary of the Australasian Students' Christian Union, arrived in Auckland from Sydney last week.

MR AND MRS BAXTER are passengers for Napier by the 'Rimutaka.'

MR W. P. HALL, who has been acting as manager of the Milton branch of the Bank of New Zealand, has now been appointed permanently.

COLONEL A. LE MESSURIER, C.I.E., R.E., arrived in Auckland from London, via Sydney, last week. He is one of the directors of the Waikato Consolidated and Royal Staudard mines. He leaves for San Francisco on May 15th.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Wilson left for Melanesia by the Mission yacht 'Southern Cross' last week.

MR S. ROBERTS, of the Union Bank, Hastings, was entertained by several of his friends at O'Reilly's Hotel on Tuesday, prior to his departure for another town. Mr A. L. D. Fraser took the chair, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

MR BEN TILLEY is resting at the Haunover Springs Sanatorium, and will not return to Wellington for a few days yet. His health has improved since he has been in New Zealand, but it is still far from satisfactory.

MISS CONOLLY (Auckland) is again visiting her Picton friends, the Misses Greenhill, at Brooklyn. Miss Conolly's health is much improved.

THE Hon. Major Harris and Hon. W. Kelly were detained at New Plymouth, the Wellington train taking twenty-four hours to perform the journey, owing to a slip which happened when the through train to Wellington was passing near Kai-iwi. One carriage was derailed, but fortunately no one was injured. The train from Wellington, after a prolonged delay, transferred the passengers across the slip, receiving in the same way the passengers going south, who had been imprisoned in the carriages for six hours, amid heavy rainstorm. It was too late to connect with the 'Takapuna' or 'Gairloch.'

THE many friends of Mr J. G. Sandes will regret to hear he is again an inmate of the Waikato Hospital, having arrived there from Te Aroha on Friday morning. It is to be hoped he will soon be quite restored to health.

CAPTAIN JOHN GIBB, late of the 'Rotomahana,' is now in charge of the 'Waihora,' Captain Neville being away on holiday leave.

MR C. W. GOVETT has been elected President, and Dr. Hutchinson, Rev. F. G. Evans and Mr W. H. Skinner, Vice-presidents of the New Plymouth Gymnasium Club. The Captain is Mr C. W. Hendrey, and Deputy Captain Mr A. Goldwater.

AMONG the visitors to Picton this Easter were Mr and Mrs J. Welford (Shannon), Mr and Mrs Atack (Christchurch), Miss Atkinson (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs G. B. Richardson (Meadow Bank), Mrs Hiley (Spring Creek), Mrs and Miss Carey (Blenheim), Mr G. and Miss Waddy, Misses Farmer (two), Miss Johnston (Blenheim), Miss and Mr Munro (Wairau), Mrs Renwick (Dunmure).

MR D. BARRIE has been elected chairman of the Dunedin Education Board.

NEARLY fifty passengers by the express train from Wellington to New Plymouth were detained in New Plymouth from Good Friday till the following Tuesday owing to the gale interfering with their transit to Auckland.

MAJOR ELLIOTT, private secretary to our late Governor, writing from Honolulu, says: 'I thoroughly enjoyed my trip as far as Samoa, and my few days stay there. The people are charming. I stayed at the British Consulate and saw a good deal of native life and customs. I also had a glimpse of the Tongan Islands en route. Since I joined the "Monowai" at Samoa we have had rough weather, and are making poor time.'

MRS ARTHUR RUSSELL (Palmerston North) is on a short visit to her mother, Mrs T. C. Williams, in Wellington.

MR JOHN FELDWITH, the proprietor of the Southland Daily News, has left the colony for a nine months' tour through America and Great Britain.

MRS MARCHANT, of Timaru, is staying with her mother, Mrs T. King, in New Plymouth.

MISS RUTH ORBELL (Waikowaiti) is at present the guest of Mr Macassey, Heriot Row, Dunedin.

MRS M. WILLIAMSON (Maggie Moore) who has been visiting America, passed through Auckland on her way to Australia by the 'Mariposa.'

CAPTAIN TODD, superintendent of the Tysar Line in New Zealand, arrived in Auckland from Napier last week.

MR AND MRS JAMES WILSON, of Wellington, have been spending the Easter holidays with Mrs Marshall in New Plymouth.

MR F. E. BAUME, barrister and solicitor, of Auckland, is going for a six months' trip to Great Britain.

LIEUTENANT KIRK, of Wellington, will not be able to visit England with the Bisley team.

MISS BULLER, who has been away for some time, has returned to Wellington.

MR NEVILLE NEWCOMB, for some years representative for Messrs Archibald Clark and Son, Auckland, has entered into partnership with Mr Robert Burrow, forming the firm of Burrow and Newcomb, Brokers and General Commission Agents, Auckland.

MR C. H. MILLS, member for the district, and Mrs Mills were in Picton on Easter Monday to see the regatta.

MR C. H. WALKER, of the Wanganui Herald staff, received a very handsome presentation from the staff on the occasion of his marriage.

THE Hon. Thomas Thompson (Minister of Justice) left Auckland for Wellington last week. His visit to Auckland was owing to the illness of his son (Mr T. T. Thompson, jun.). It appears young Mr Thompson is now recovering from an attack of congestion of the lungs, the result of a neglected cold, and is in a fair way of progressing towards convalescence.

MR JAMES HUDDART is a passenger by the R.M.s. 'Aorangi,' which left Capetown for Melbourne on the 9th. ult.

At the annual meeting of the Taranaki Acclimatization Society in New Plymouth Mr W. L. Newman was elected President.

THE Thames Miners' Union has presented Mr James Thomas with a handsome tea and coffee service in recognition of the valuable services he has at various times rendered the Union in handicapping for events on its athletic sports programme. Mr Potts, president, spoke highly of Mr Thomas' labour of love, and the latter gentleman in suitable language responded, thanking the members of the Union for their handsome gift.

CAPTAIN RUSSELL and Mr G. Hunter have returned to Hawke's Bay from Wellington.

NEWS comes from Australia that Miss Juliette Wray, the exceedingly accomplished operatic artiste, has become the wife of a leading Auckland medical practitioner, and has retired from the stage.

A VERY large number of friends were present at the railway station, Palmerston, last week, to say good-bye to the Rev. W. Lee and family, who left that town to take up their residence in St. Albans (Canterbury). The family have been much liked in Palmerston.

MR J. N. BAKER has been elected chairman of the Wanganui Education Board.

MRS RENWICK, Mrs and Miss Robinson, and Mr Pollard all drove from Blenheim to Nelson for the races. Their many friends in Nelson were delighted to see them again.

A RECENT inhabitant of New Zealand has been distinguishing himself at the recent University examinations in New South Wales, namely Mr T. Rainsford Bavin, B.A., son of the Rev. Rainsford Bavin. He was eminently successful, taking the L.L.B. degree with first-class honours, including the gold medal. It is stated that this is only the second time in connection with the University that the combination of excellence has been shown. Mr Bavin will shortly be admitted as a barrister.

MR AND MRS W. ATKINSON left Nelson last week to return to their home in Fiji.

MISS GEORGIE JONES has returned to Nelson after a pleasant visit to Christchurch.

A SON of Mrs Faulder, of Newton, Auckland, was accidentally kicked by a horse on the forehead last week. His name is Norman, and he is about twelve years old. Dr. Mackellar found that the skull had been fractured and that the splintered bone was pressing on the brain. With the assistance of Drs. Girdler and Robertson, Dr. Mackellar performed an operation, and removed the broken pieces of bone, and the little sufferer is now progressing as favourably as can be expected.

THE latest change in the Cable Bay staff of the Eastern Extension Cable Company is the transfer of Messrs Percy Gray, Holden Webb, and Ernest Hobden to Port Darwin. They all leave Nelson this week.

MRS (DR.) MACKIE (Nelson) has gone to Napier for a visit.

MR and Miss Browning have taken a cottage in Stoke, Nelson, where they intend to settle.

To the great satisfaction of her many friends in Auckland and at the Lake, Miss Brett's health continues steadily to improve.

DURING the Easter holidays Mr and Mrs E. F. W. Cooke, the Misses Gribben and Fell and Mr Drummond went on a pleasant bicycle tour through the Waimea district.

THE Stoke people are all sorry at the thoughts of having to bid good-bye to Mr and Mrs Costobadie and family who are soon to leave the Nelson district, where they have made many friends.

MR ROBERT SCOTT, eldest son of Dr. Scott, is visiting his people in Picton.

DURING his visit to England Mr W. L. Newman ordered twenty partridges to be sent to New Plymouth for the Taranaki Acclimatization Society.

MR J. W. WALKER, late chief officer of the 'Tainui,' is now chief officer of the 'Rangitira,' Mr J. Banks being second, Mr R. G. Cross third, and Mr T. W. Hubble (late of the 'Mamari') fourth.

MR AND MRS HAMER (Christchurch) are spending a few days in Wellington on their way home to England.

MISS BULLER did excellent work for the Bulletin at the Auckland Easter Carnival in the Drill Hall.

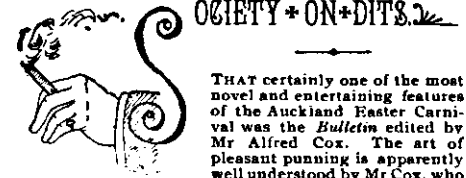
MR AND MRS WARREN, of Wellington, spent Easter with Mr and Mrs H. Hadfield at Otahanga. They are now in Wellington again.

MR F. W. WAKE, B.A., late of Napier and Timaru, has been admitted to the bar at Christchurch as a solicitor.

MRS BARNEY (best described as the modern Elizabeth Fry) arrived in Auckland by the 'Mariposa' on Saturday. She was at once warily welcomed. On Monday afternoon a pleasant gathering in her honour was held in the Pitt-street Hall.

MRS MACKIE, of Nelson, has been paying a short visit to Napier.

MR DOVETON BOYD leaves Dunedin shortly for the Old Country.



SOCIETY * ON * DITS.

THAT certainly one of the most novel and entertaining features of the Auckland Easter Carnival was the Bulletin edited by Mr Alfred Cox. The art of pleasant punning is apparently well understood by Mr Cox, who enlivened the little publication by many 'quips and cranks,' and in addition contributed a little story to the issue.

That Mrs Palmer, 'Woodford,' Papantui, Christchurch, gives a dance, when Miss Joan Lee and Miss Wilder will be launched into society.

That Mrs H. Cotterill has issued invitations for a dance next week in Christchurch.

That the proprietor of the Te Aroha News is bringing out a weekly city supplement, which will be circulated in Auckland.

That a very enjoyable dance came off at 'Rocklands,' Auckland, last Friday evening. The house is so well suited to entertainments of this nature that the guests were loathe to leave.

That the public generally, and the Picton people in particular, think the powers that be might have sent a man-of-war to grace the proceedings on Easter Monday. On such an occasion, an event which concerns the whole colony, the presence of one ship of the fleet would have lent eclat to the proceedings.

That Mrs Ledingham, Auckland, had a very pleasant musical evening on Wednesday.

That the Rev. H. C. Frere, who is at present in charge of the Gore Anglican parish, has accepted an appointment to a chaplaincy at Beyrout, in Syria. Mr Frere will also have charge of several native schools. He will be much missed in New Zealand.

That Miss Tuckey's fortnightly assembly dances recommenced on Wednesday evening in Wellington.

That news from New Caledonia states that M. Feillet, the Governor, is expected to reach Noumea about the end of May from his visit Home. The Earl of Dunmore received a very cordial welcome at Noumea. The Earl is mentioned by the Noumea papers as the managing director of the Nickel Company in New Caledonia, which was formed some time ago in London by Mr J. Higginson.

That at the wreck of the 'Zuleika' very great pluck was displayed by one of the apprentices, Herbert Bellitt (son of Captain Bellitt, of the ship 'Coralli,' trading out of Liverpool), who, after being washed back three times, went to the rescue of one of the sailors and pulled him out of the water.

That Mrs Sowerby, Auckland, has resumed her popular dancing classes.

That the Picton Rowing Club ball on Easter Monday was a great success, and reflects credit on the management. The public will look forward to other events of the same kind. The success was financially, as well as socially, a thorough one.

An afternoon tea was given by Miss Beswick, Fendalton, to Miss Eva Helmore, as a farewell gathering of the Christchurch Girls' Boating Club prior to her marriage.

That several opossums were liberated in the Taranaki district last year, but nothing has since been heard of them.

That the Easter services in Holy Trinity Church, Picton, were commented upon very favourably by visitors from much larger towns. The sermons preached by the vicar, the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, were considered specially clever and interesting, whilst the musical service astonished strangers, who had no idea that so small a place could shine in that respect.

That the Port Chalmers crew won the respect of all Picton by their gentlemanly behaviour during their stay there. Being very musical, they kindly volunteered their services for church services, and rendered very valuable assistance in the Anglican Church on Easter Sunday. Messrs Platts, Ross, and Bauckope taking parts in the anthems. They also assisted the ladies of the place very efficiently in a benefit concert and won kudos from all sides.

That Mrs Henry Rose, Wellington, gave a progressive euchre party on Friday evening.

That Mr C. B. Lever, secretary to the Star Football Club, Taranaki, has been presented with a Massive gold Albert chain as a token of the Club's appreciation of his service, he having been secretary to the Club since its inauguration.

That several gaities are on the tapis this week in Picton, being farewell parties to the Seymour family. A large private social, and some afternoons, are among the dissipations talked of.

That a bold step is contemplated by the Wanganui Borough Council, they having under consideration the question of imposing a tax on bicycles. One member has urged that a tax of 10s a year be imposed, and the money spent in forming a track for cyclists throughout the streets of the town. It is to be hoped something of the kind will be done in other towns.

That Picton people are proud of their boy champions, Fredericks and Smith, winners of the Champion Pairs, are only about eighteen years of age.

That the Waikato hounds will hold their first meet of the season at Mr W. M. Douglas', Tamahere, on May 5th.

THE RETURN OF BUTLER.

THE sketches which appear in this issue were taken by the GRAPHIC artists, the only New Zealand artists who succeeded in taking drawings of the alleged murderer and his surroundings. The picture of Butler in his cell is from a photo, the first obtained of the prisoner after leaving San Francisco. It was got after a great deal of trouble, Butler being very much averse to being photographed. Another photograph erroneously claiming to be the only one taken in New Zealand was obtained after the prisoner's consent had been got by the GRAPHIC interviewer.

AN ENFORCED TRIP TO PARIS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

LEAVING a charming climate like that to be found in Upper Egypt during the month of February for the cold, frost-biting one of the French capital is not what we could look forward to with ecstasy. It was my misfortune to be so situated during a severe winter not many years back, due to trying, as foolhardy people will sometimes do, to administer a pill to my beloved foxterrier without gloves, Dan at the time having developed curious ways, which afterwards a council of worthy doctors decided must have been rabies. At first when trying to administer the pill, I had put on a pair of stout gloves, but finding my fingers all thumbs, as the saying goes, and the pill no nearer its destination, I discarded the same, only to be rewarded by a sharp snap on one of my thumbs.

Thinking nothing of the matter, and having at last succeeded in accomplishing my task, I left Dan locked in for the night. By next morning he had left this world, and friends, on hearing of the same, advised me to take his body to Cairo. I procured my oldest portmanteau, and

turned it for the first time in its career into a dog coffin. A week later, due to doctors' advice and very much against my will, found me on my lonely journey to Paris—lonely, because it is not the season of the year for tourists to wend their way homewards from the gaiety of a Cairo season.

Nothing to rouse my falling spirits occurred until I reached the Paris terminus at midnight, with snow thick upon the ground and Jack Frost doing his level best to make everyone keep indoors; at least, it was so with all of the obliging cab-drivers on that bitter night; no money would at first tempt them to leave their shelters. In despair an enterprising porter seized a cab, packed my small belongings therein, and pulled a grumbling cabman out of his shelter by the heels, but cabby resented this method of gaining a fare. Jehu was furious and in turn hurled part of my belongings into the snow. It was another twenty minutes before I could calm my irate driver and persuade him to mount the box. When at last we did begin to move, one would have thought he wished to catch an express train on the other side of the city, instead of only driving to a quiet hotel. How we escaped an accident is only known to Providence, for it was at a galloping pace I was carried over the frozen snow and curbstones, perfectly regardless of the few slow moving vehicles to be seen on the road. My miseries were not done with when we reached the hotel. The hall porter could give me a room, but as for troubling himself about a fire at that time of night, or rather morning, was more than he expected anyone could ask for. By means of great persuasion, and the necessary jingle of coin I managed to raise a bundle of sticks.

Next day found me at the Pasteur Institute, and being a newcomer, I was quickly treated, but only to find as treatment went on, my turn became later and later. Rich and poor are treated alike, and justly this world's riches do not give one precedence over his fellow creatures when one and all are there from the dread of being at any time seized by that awful malady hydrophobia. Words cannot relate how pleased I was to get back to the cloudless sky over my Egyptian home, for wood chip fires were for ever wanting fuel, and bodily warmth seemed to me to have been left behind in the land of the Pharaohs.

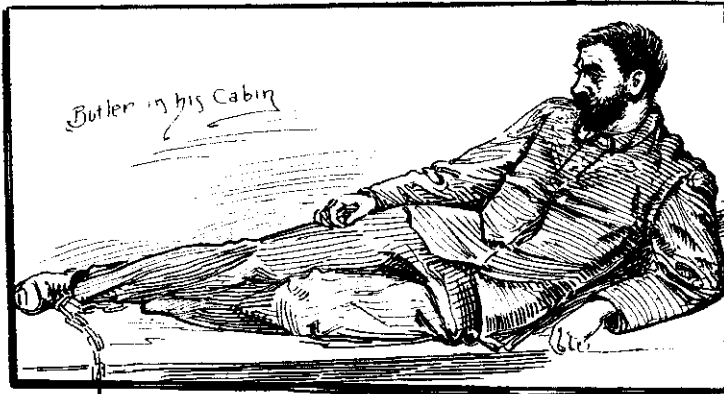
JUST LIKE ACTUAL WAR.

THE Austrian fortress manoeuvres of Przemyal, in Galicia, were of an exceedingly realistic character, fully charged field ammunition being employed. The works of defence and attack were commenced on September 11th in the Emperor's presence. The work was pushed on during the night, in spite of heavy rain, and the besiegers successfully repulsed a sortie. Notwithstanding these obstacles, the construction of the batteries was completed early on the 12th, with the guns in position and ready for opening fire. The assailants then evacuated their works, and the defence opened a real fire on the works erected. At noon the signal to 'cease fire' was given, and it was found that the fire of the defence had been very effective. During its progress, moreover, the effects were observed from a balloon. A further bombardment of the works of the assailants in the presence of the Emperor was put a stop to by the pouring rain.

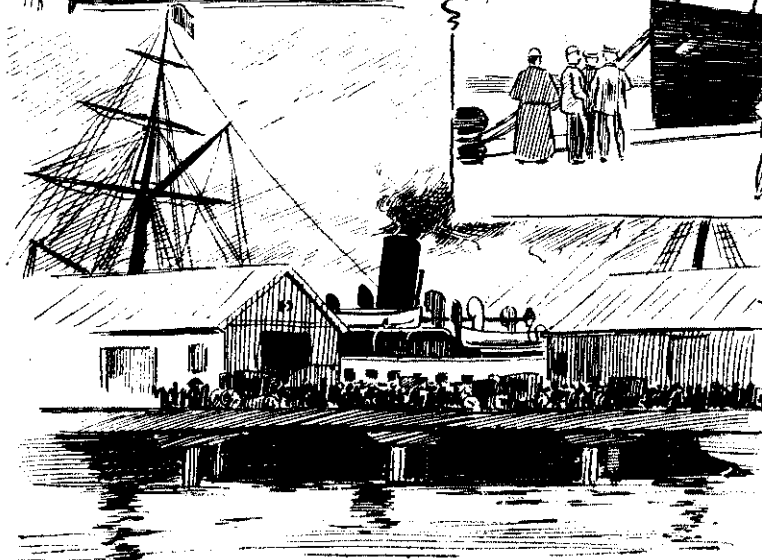
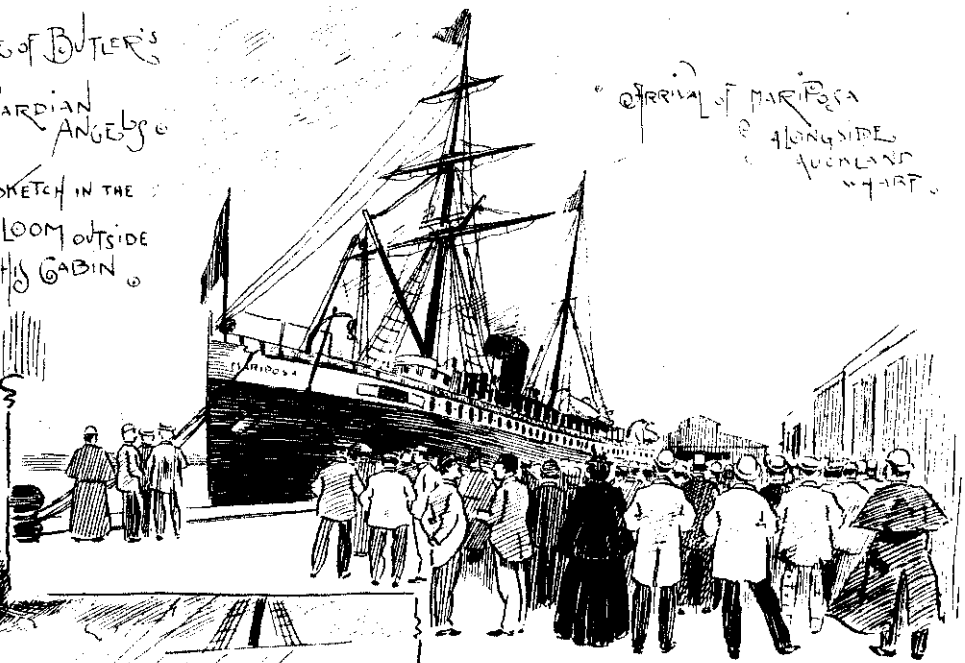
The next day, Sunday, was a day of rest, and on the 14th the Emperor witnessed a bombardment by the besiegers with live shell of a permanent fortification, in front of which were advanced batteries and entrenchments. After the signal 'cease fire' was given, at noon, an inspection demonstrated the terrible effects of modern artillery on fortifications. At night, as soon as all was dark, the assailants proceeded to execute works of approach. Several infantry engagements took place and various processes of illumination were experimented with. Early next morning the works of the besiegers were shelled by the defence, who used both their position guns and their field pieces. The effects were then ascertained. During the following night operations were continued on both sides, and in the morning the besiegers, having succeeded in destroying the advanced works of the defence and silencing the fire of the guns enflading the foreground of the work chosen for an assault, they exploded the mines which they had laid and proceeded to storm the fortification. This terminated the manoeuvres, which were highly instructive, although of course they were not an accurate reproduction of an actual siege, in so far as the assailants did not work under fire.



1. AT THE BARRICADE ON THE WHARF. 2. THE GUARD AT THE GANGWAY. 3. THE 'MARIPOSA' NEARING THE WHARF.
THE PASSING OF BUTLER.



SKETCH IN THE GLOOM OUTSIDE HIS CABIN.



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.

'STARLIGHT.'—Much truthfulness, candour, and general 'openness' of disposition are strong characteristics in your handwriting. You are exceedingly warm-hearted, demonstrating your affection by word and deed, and liking to receive a full return. There are indications of slight impulsiveness, yet patience and good temper are so plainly perceptible, that although your actions may be prompted by kindly impulse rather than the result of deliberate forethought and observation, you are neither hasty nor imprudent, and it is not easy to disturb your equanimity. Your firmness is beyond dispute, but you are willing to listen to reason, and quite free from prejudice, as your intelligence is clear, and you evidently possess a large share of excellent common sense. You rarely give advice without fully understanding the subject on which your opinion is required, or pass judgment before you have heard both sides of the question in discussion. Courage, moral and physical, is well represented. You are brave and contented, rather than ambitious. Practical, steadfast and trustworthy, and neither impressionable nor imaginative; but honest and matter of fact, you say at all times exactly what you think if put to the test, and although considerate for individual sensibilities, you are indifferent to general opinion. A love of method and order, especially in business transactions, are very perceptible, but there is room for a little more energy.—MARCELLA.

CHIROMANCY,

OR THE

SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

THERE has been so much interest taken in the Graphology Column, that it has been decided to start a 'Chiromancy' Column, under the able guidance of Madame Vero. This lady has devoted a great deal of time and thought to this very interesting subject, and has thoroughly studied it in all its branches. Her 'readings' have been extraordinarily successful, and THE GRAPHIC is fortunate in securing her services. A sketch of a hand with all its lines is given, as a guide to those wishing their hands to be read. No one has all the lines indicated on the specimen hand, but some few of them will be found on each hand. The following suggestions will help in drawing the hand:—

makes it much easier to get the correct distances when filling in the lines. Draw all the lines you see, as far as possible at correct distances from each other. Put no names in. Then send your hand with two shillings in stamps, to

'MADAME VERO, care of the Lady Editor,

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland.'

'CODLIN MOTH.'—If you have been accurate in drawing the diagram of your hand, like 'Boz,' you are also a subject of Venus; but in your case, the type is more pronounced. You are polite, charitable, benevolent and gallant, excessively anxious to love and to be loved, and you keenly appreciate the pleasures of the senses, seeing fair sights and hearing sweet sounds, etc., etc. In manner and appearance you should be pleasing. Eyes, brown, large and clear, chin round, complexion good. From the length and shape of the fingers I infer that you possess a spirit of freedom and independence. You are practical, and disinclined to take much on trust when suggested by others; but your own temperament is impulsive, you decide to act quickly. The *thumb*, however, is so powerful that your decisions must be supported by a *will* of iron, and the second phalange shows that sense and reason will govern the determination. The lines of your hand, if correctly drawn, give promise of much good fortune. The *life line* is uninterrupted and of great length, being accompanied by the line of Mars, the career promises to be happy and successful as well as long; but this line gives warning of passionately strong affections. The *Heart line* by its length also speaks warmth of heart, and the even fork in Jupiter, beneath the first finger, proclaims capability for domestic love. The *Head line* confirms the indications of the thumb, and shows good memory and clear intellect. The *Fate line* indicates that there was an important change in position or fortune in early youth—I think for the better, as after that change, the *life* promises a calm and fortunate life, unless you have omitted some lines or crosses. There is another important change at the age of 50, and at that time a very strong influence comes into your life. The lines under the little finger as you give them, indicate that the great love of your life does not commence before 30. How much after I cannot tell. You prefer dark brunette ladies to blondes, and admire energy and spirit in the feminine sex. I do not think you will be the possessor of actual wealth until rather late in life, although much general good fortune will attend you. Two voyages are marked. There is one dangerous sign, viz., the crescent below the 1st finger (the sign of Luna), it indicates a love of mysticism which may lead to error, and your passions are unusually strong; yet so much practical sense and resolution are displayed by the thumb and head line that I think they will counteract the baleful influences.—VERO.

the youngest Miss Von Sturmer wore a canary silk, and carried a crook of yellow flowers.

MR BRODIE efficiently discharged the duties of best man.

AFTERNOON tea was served at the residence of Judge Von Sturmer, where his eldest daughter, Mrs Arthur Taylor, ably entertained the guests, who consisted only of the relations and intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom, owing to the family being in mourning.

THE following were amongst the guests:—Mrs W. H. Churton, in a pretty combination of grey and old gold silk, the bodice was slaked, and the sleeves were also of the same material, bonnet *en suite* with goose's quills and veil of white tulle; Mrs Von Sturmer (*nee* Miss Dunwoodie), white silk finished with lace, black picture hat with pink roses; Miss Barsill, lilac crepon finished with white tulle, white chip hat with lilac ribbons and flowers; Miss Lennox, slate grey with fawn bodice and trimmings, white high-crowned hat relieved with effective pink bows; and her sister wore a dark skirt, petunia blouse, black chip hat; Miss Rita Toke, blue silk veiled in fawn embroidery lawn; Miss Thomson (Parnell), fawn check skirt, dahlia silk blouse; her sister, black lustre skirt, cream chiné silk blouse figured with rosebuds, large white chiphat; Mrs MacMurray, black silk finished with lace, black bonnet relieved with white; Miss—Lusk looked charming in a buttercup crepon, white muslin fichu, large white hat veiled in black lisse, and relieved with buttercups and daisies; she carried a shower bouquet of yellow flowers; Miss Kensington black costume, black hat with red flowers; Miss Olive Kensington looked *distingue* in a grey tweed skirt, coquelicot red silk blouse, picture hat with ribbons *en suite*; Mrs Harrison, black costume, black hat relieved with blue ribbon; Miss Burch, black gown relieved with autumn-coloured flowers, hat to correspond.

MR PLAYNE TO MISS MEINERTZHAGEN.

THE marriage of Mr William Heyworth Playne, only son of Arthur Playne, Esq., of Longfords, Minchinhampton, with Manuela Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Frederick Huth Meinertzhagen, of Waimarama, New Zealand, took place on the 18th February at St George's Church, Hanover-square, London.

THE rector of the parish, the Rev. David Anderson, assisted the Rev. A. Ellis-Viner to perform the ceremony.

THE aunt of the bride, Mrs Henry Alers Hankey, gave her away.

THE bride looked very well in a white satin dress, embroidered with leaves in diamonds, and trimmed with Brussels lace, of which her large veil was composed. Her jewels were a diamond rivière necklace, the gift of Mr and Mrs Playne; a diamond and pearl comb, the gift of Mrs H. A. Hankey; and a diamond and pearl brooch, given by Mr and Mrs E. L. Meinertzhagen.

THE six bridesmaids wore dresses of white satin, with large lace fichus, pink sashes, and lace hats trimmed with red and pink roses.

AFTER the service a reception was held at 23, Park-crescent, the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr Henry Alers Hankey, and the newly-married couple subsequently left for Longfords, Minchinhampton, where the honeymoon will be spent.

THE bride went away in a fawn-coloured cloth dress, with white satin vest, and lace jabot; small sac jacket, and large hat trimmed with violets.

THEE were present at the wedding Mr and Mrs Meinertzhagen, Mr and Mrs E. L. Meinertzhagen, Mr and Mrs Playne, Mr and Mrs Alfred Huth, Mr and Mrs Louis Huth, Mr and Mrs Ferdinand M. Huth, Mr and Mrs F. Huth-Jackson, Lady Charles Pelham Clinton, Sir John Dorrington, Mr Leonard Courtney, Mrs and the Misses Holdsworth Hunt, Mrs David Ricardo, Mrs Stuart Lane, and many others.

MR PERCY SURREY TO MISS L. R. TURNER.

A VERY pretty wedding took place at the bride's mother's residence at Inglewood, when Mr Percy Surrey, third son of Mr J. C. Surrey, of Dudley Road, Taraaki, was married to Miss L. R. Turner, fourth daughter of Mrs George.

THE room had been prettily decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Mr Dawson, of Otaki, a personal friend of the family, came up specially to officiate.

THE bride was dressed in a handsome figured alpaca beautifully trimmed; she also wore a dainty hat and veil to match.

MISS FLORENCE TURNER was bridesmaid, and wore a very becoming tweed costume, with hat to correspond.

THE bridegroom was supported by his brother, Mr



ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR BAGGE TO MISS LILIAN VON STURMER.

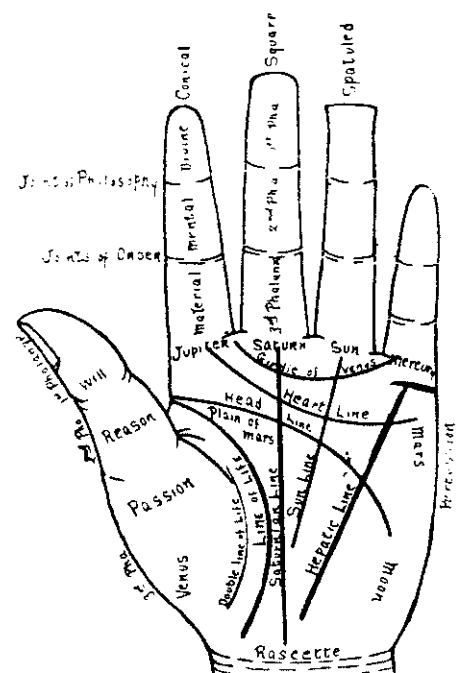
A VERY pretty, though quiet wedding took place last Thursday afternoon at the Primate's private chapel, Parnell, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Lilian Von Sturmer, daughter of Judge Von Sturmer, of Parnell, Auckland, to Mr Bagge, architect, of Wellington.

CANON MACMURRAY performed the ceremony in his usual impressive manner.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked excessively sweet in a white bridal silk, *en traine*, trimmed with sprays of orange-blossoms and satin bows, around the neck some lovely Valenciennes lace fell softly. A tulle veil, attached by a spray of orange-blossoms, and a shower bouquet completed this becoming toilette.

THE wedding had been arranged for Wednesday, but had to be put off till Thursday, as the bridegroom was unable to travel on account of the floods.

THE bridesmaids—three in number—were the two youngest sisters of the bride and Miss Dunwoodie. Miss Dunwoodie and one Miss Von Sturmer wore blue-grey lustras, relieved at the neck with white satin and white bead trimmings, and epaulettes of the same, white hats;



Lay your hand, palm downwards, on a piece of clean white paper, the fingers as far apart as they will comfortably go. Then with a pencil trace all round it. Next hold it up against the window, and reverse it so that it will appear with the palm uppermost, as in the sketch. Then ink it carefully all round, taking pains to have the fingers the exact length. In the first sketch indicate the joints as you come to them by dots; this

Ernest Surrey, and the bride was given away by Mr J. C. Peach, of Waitara.

THE wedding refreshments were laid out in the dining-room, where the guests met with a hearty reception from the hostess. The wedding cake was a very handsome one, and formed a prominent feature on the table. The health and prosperity of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Mr Peach, and was replied to by Mr Percy Surrey, who thanked his friends for their good wishes on behalf of himself and wife.

THE wedding presents were numerous, and were greatly admired by the visitors.

MR T. D. TAYLOR TO MISS EVA HUGHES.

A LARGE and fashionable gathering assembled at All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, on Tuesday afternoon, 20th April, to witness the marriage of Miss Eva Hughes, daughter of Mr S. E. Hughes, of this city, and Mr T. D. Taylor, late of Napier, second son of the late Captain J. J. Taylor, 65th Regiment and New Zealand Volunteers.

THE church was beautifully decorated and there was a general stir as the bride entered leaning on the arm of her father. She looked lovely, attired in a rich white silk trimmed with real lace and pearls, a coronet of orange-bronze and tulle veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet.

THE bridesmaids were Miss Muriel Shayle-George (cousin of the bride) and Miss Macindoe; they were dressed in stylish cream and gold costumes with black velvet picture hats, and wore handsome half-moon brooches, the gift of the bridegroom, and also carried shower bouquets.

THE bridegroom was attended by Mr Edgar Walton and Mr A. Hughes (brother of the bride). The officiating minister was the Rev. Canon Calder.

AMONG the wedding party were Mrs Hughes (mother of the bride), who looked very handsome attired in a violet shot silk trimmed with lace and jewelled electric embroidery; Miss Hughes in a most becoming fawn cloth costume handsomely trimmed, French hat to match; Miss Shayle-George, stylish black dress, white hat; Mrs Plumley, black satin trimmed with Honiton lace, black bonnet; Miss Plimley, very pretty electric blue costume, hat to match.

AFTER the ceremony, the wedding party adjourned to the residence of Mr and Mrs Hughes, Shelly Beach Road, where they were entertained. Amongst the guests present were:—Mrs Hancock, in stylish black costume, black and white bonnet; Mrs Carter, handsome tweed costume, hat to match; Mrs Oldham, black silk; Miss Drinkwater, pretty green tweed trimmed with velvet, stylish hat; Miss E. M. Hughes, cream silk, cream hat. Great regret was expressed at the absence of Mrs D. Wainley (Wellington), aunt of the bride, owing to the non-arrival of the s.s. 'Anglian.'

MANY congratulatory telegrams were received from different parts of the colony by the newly-wedded couple.

THE wedding cake was covered with lovely decorations of flowers, stags' heads, and doves, and the table was beautifully embellished with ivy, cosmos, white chrysanthemums, and ferns.

THE bride and bridegroom left about 5.30 p.m., amidst a shower of flowers and rice, for their honeymoon trip. The bride's travelling dress was an extremely stylish and handsome fawn broché cloth, with a mixture of blue, and trimmed with blue velvet, hat to match.

THE presents consisted of:—Silver sugar baskets and tongs in Morocco leather case; beam and afternoon tea-table; case of silver teaspoons and sugar tongs; silver-mounted biscuit barrel and sugar bowl; silver preserve dish; china sugar basin and cream jug; cheque; two Japanese tea trays; brush and comb in handsome case; enamel bowl; handsome pin cushion; serviette ring; cut glass silver mounted butter dish; silver preserve spoons and sugar tongs; hand-painted china tea-set; afternoon tea set; two silver-mounted butter dishes; two silver bread forks; silver nut tongs; cake basket; cake dish; two fruit dishes; hand-painted cake tray; handsome clock; painted plate; silver preserve tray with glass dishes; silver pickle fork; glass epergne; album; silver butter-dish and knife; silver mounted bread tray and knife; embroidered tray cloth; silver butter knife; handsome plush cushion; painted satin cushion; Dresden china ornament; pair vases; half-dozen afternoon Japanese tea plates; embossed Turkish cushion; centre flower bowl; spoon and fork tray; brass-mounted coal scuttles; flower stand; manie; and numerous others.

MR H. GOOD TO MISS CAPEL.

A QUIET wedding was celebrated in St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, when Mr Hugh Maurice Good, youngest son of Captain T. Good, N.L.M., Oeo, was married to Miss Ellen Fitzhardinge Capel, eldest daughter of Captain S. A. Berkeley Capel, N.L.M., late R.N., New Plymouth.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, wore a slate grey dress trimmed with white silk and white chiffon. She was attended by her sister, Miss Winnie Capel, who was dressed in crimson.

MR FOISTER, of Oeo, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. G. Evans.

AFTER the ceremony Captain and Mrs Capel entertained a few friends and relations at their residence, 'Montrose.' In the evening also they entertained others who were not able to be present at the wedding.

THE bride and bridegroom drove straight to their home at Oeo.



AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 26.
I gave you some account of the

EASTER CARNIVAL

held at the Drill Hall in aid of the Church Mission to the Lanes. Financially, it must have been a success, as it was well imagined, well arranged, and well carried out. The stalls were carefully placed, with excellent effect as regards decorations—pungas, nikaus, flags, etc.—and with the addition of fairy lamps at night, the whole presented an exceedingly pretty and most attractive appearance. The side shows were particularly good, and the various other amusements—tableaux, music, etc., etc., made the Drill Hall particularly delightful rendezvous on the nights when it was open. 'Mrs Jarley's Wax-works' was one of the very good side-shows, and great credit is due to Mrs Williamson and Mr Leslie Dix for the trouble they took in getting it up so capably. 'Bargain Night' (Thursday) showed a record attendance, many of the articles for sale being reduced in price. As for the stalls themselves, it is very difficult to know which to take first. However, I will give the names and dresses of the ladies in charge just as I jotted them down, without regard to precedence or order. The first I examined closely was Flower Stall No. 2, an extremely artistic arrangement of flowers, pot plants, bouquets, button-holes, etc., all shrunk in a sylva bower and presided over by Miss Tye, wearing black silk lace and jet; Miss Burningham, effective picture hat of crimson, silk blouse of the same shade, black skirt; Miss Alice Tye, tussore silk relieved with scarlet dahlias; Miss J. Tye, pale blue costume, picture hat of blue. The picture hats were exceedingly becoming; I noticed several wandering about. The Misses Percival in cream lustre, the one finished with yellow, the other with red, completed this stall. The Doll Stall was, of course, a great source of attraction. Some of the occupants thereof were very prettily dressed. Two baby dolls by Mrs Pritt, a lady superintendent and nurses, all in correct costumes sent from the Hospital, were amongst those most admired. The ladies here were Mrs Pritt, in black crepon finished on the bodice with black silk and jet passementerie, black hat with feathers and chiffon; Mrs Kilgour, pale grey figured material trimmed with revers and epaulettes of pale bellotoppe silk edged with bright passementerie, black hat composed chiefly of green feathers and green tulle; Miss Pickmere, white muslin with yellow sash; Miss Hardie, figured silk muslin with pale green; Miss Dargaville, mourning costume. The fish pond next caught my fancy, and here I found a brisk business going on. For, as is well known, everyone likes the faint suspicion of risk involved in paying sixpence without being at all certain whether he or she will obtain a shilling result or a penny one. It was impossible to help admiring the careful attention to piscinal details manifest at this stall. From the curious denizen of the vasty deep swimming in the sky above the stall, to the nets and lines and floats hanging from the improvised walls, everything exhaled a properly piscatorial odour; to sum up, all was decidedly fishy. And the attendant fish-women were quite in keeping, and looked delightfully attractive. Miss Westwood, Newhaven fishwife, wore a yellow and black turned up skirt over a striped crimson petticoat, blouse to match, smart coloured knitted fish-wife cap; Miss W. Westwood, Breton fisherman's daughter, striped petticoat, red upper skirt, black velvet laced bodice, red cape; Miss F. Hewin, Neapolitan fish-wife, striped red and white petticoat, turned up navy blue overskirt, bodice and little cap of the striped material, small silver fish banging from bracelets and dress; Miss Dowell, Boulogne fishwife, red petticoat under a blue turned up overskirt, red bodice, scarlet cap; Miss Black, Caller Herrin' (a costume hailing from Edinbro') consisting of red hose, navy petticoat with turned-up fishwife parti coloured overskirt, tangerine yellow bodice, blue fisher cloak, mutch and plaid handkerchief tied round the head. A delicious smell of cakes drew one irresistibly to the next stall, which was a study in yellow and white, the prevailing tone being yellow, and the ladies all being dressed in these colours with yellow chrysanthemums. They were Mrs W. Bloomfield, Miss Carr, Miss Devereux, and Miss Colbeck. Every variety of cake was well represented. The country produce stall was presided over by Mrs

Herrold in black, with beautiful ecru lace collarette, black bonnet with tiny red flowers; Mrs T. Morrin, red and white striped cambric, and Mrs Cotter. The latter lady was, unfortunately, not well enough to be present. The assistants were Miss Cotter in pink and white striped cambric, crimson belt and tie; Miss W. Cotter, blue and white; Miss Herrold, blue figured cambric with white lace; Miss M. Herrold, grey; Miss Bailey, yellow cambric; Miss K. Hay, stone-grey costume; Miss McLaughlin, yellow; Miss Clayton, red and white striped dress, red tie and belt; the two Misses Morrin in white. The stall was appropriately decorated with oats and poppies. At the jumble stall, presided over by Miss McLachlan and Mrs Stutchbury with various assistants, all sorts of unclassified attractions were to be found, fans forming the most noticeable decorations. Miss McLachlan wore a striped silk blouse of a unique dahlia shade, and grey skirt; Mrs Stutchbury, grey dress trimmed with white silk and steel gimp, black hat with feathers and upstanding quilled ribbon; Miss Henderson represented Evangeline, in Puritan grey and white, dainty bonnet to match of the correct shape in grey and white; Miss Murray, eau de Nil silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Cooper, cream costume; Miss Linda Culpan and Miss Bertha Mitchell, all white. The Ponsonby stall contained a splendid assortment of ladies' and children's garments intermingled with many of the usual bazaar cushions, cosies, etc. One of the latter was especially handsome, priced at £2 10s. Yellow and white draperies, ferns, and fairy lamps were the scarcely-needed decorations where so many bright and prettily arranged articles were displayed. The ladies here were Mrs Masfield, in black crepon skirt, shot petunia silk blouse with passementerie trimming; Mrs Bedford, black crepon skirt, dainty lace and chiffon fichu; Miss Wylie-Browne, white and yellow; the Misses Newett and Miss Gladys Masfield being similarly costumed to harmonise with the stall. The Grafton Road District was well represented, where Mrs Smith ruled, herself under this heading, assisting here as well as at the refreshment stalls were attired in chic Roman costumes, a particularly pretty style of peasant dress. The skirts were dark, brightened by the smartest of variously striped Roman aprons, and square panas also of various colours, which formed very becoming head-dresses; black velvet corsets over white chemisettes completed the toilettes. The other ladies at the Flower Stall were Mrs Watson, Mrs Coombe-Baker, Mrs H. Ashton, assisted by Miss Brown, Miss L. Atkinson, Misses M. and F. Preece. Over the oyster supper rooms, afternoon tea tables, and refreshments generally, I found Mrs Goodall presiding. (She is, in fact, known as good all round at anything of this kind). Her chief supporters were Miss Doonin and Mrs Dawes, assisted by Mrs Atkinson, Mrs Deere, Mrs Harrison, Miss L. Doonin, Miss Jenkins, Miss Albert, Miss M. Kelly, Miss Mabel Douglas, the Misses Graves-Aicken, Miss E. Preece, and Miss Baker. They were all very courteous and attentive, fitting about in their pretty costumes, and must have done a 'roaring' trade, their refreshments were so good. Mr Sandford kindly sent oysters, another firm stout, and Messrs Brown, Barrett and Co. coffee. Everyone was most liberal in providing articles of all sorts, whether to eat, or wear, or amuse, for this Easter Carnival, and the promoters desire to thank them accordingly, hearty congratulations being meanwhile awarded to themselves. At the children's rendezvous, the bran pie, Miss Goodall and Miss Haslett were the skillful manipulators. A splendid three-tiered iced cake near the door was presented by Mr Buchanan, the weight of which was to be guessed at 3d a guess. Miss Laird was in charge. The cake was won by Mr A. Cox, Remuera, 25lbs. At the Parnell General Store Mrs Goodhue wore a black dress and red tie, so did Mrs Salmon. They were assisted by the Misses Brodie, Aileen Hull, Witchell, Kilgour, Salmon and Laishley, all dressed in white with red badges and white chrysanthemums. This stall with its central feature in red and white, drapings to match, was a pleasant change from the yellow ones. The Bonbon Kiosk presented a specially attractive appearance, and great must have been the toothache prevailing in Auckland throughout last week, for no one could resist those lollies. Mrs Davis, Miss Reeve, and Miss E. Brett, in white silk and yellow, were in sweet accord with the yellow and white garnishing of their tasty stall. General stall No. 2 was replete with the proper accessories of a well fitted up bazaar, and the same remark applies to No. 3. At the former I noticed Miss Plumley in black; Miss Wadham, fawn-coloured costume; Miss Hughes, black skirt, black and white striped silk blouse with many jet buttons, black hat with green chiffon and white flowers; Miss Muriel George, mourning dress. General stall No. 3 was well conducted by Mrs Moore-Jones, in black; Mrs Kenny, widow's weeds; Mrs Watson, grey with passementerie trimming; Miss Watson, powder and patches; Mrs Rolfe, black; Miss Blanche Vaile, bluey-grey dress, shot silk revers and epaulettes combining two colours edged with chiffon, cream hat with cream ribbon. The fortune telling stall was much enhanced by the presence of a new arrival, Mrs Platt, who charmingly assisted Miss Husband. She was clad in scarlet silk, zouave of scarlet silk and velvet, coquettish cap with sequins; Miss Husband was similarly attired, only her zouave was of black. The Fairy Post-mistress was Miss Lily Austen, whose office looked business-like with copies of the GRAPHIC and Bulletin. Miss Ormiston Smith also sells the latter paper. She, it will be remembered, was a great success at the Floral Fete as a Maori. Miss Austen wore myrtle green and white, hat with white plumes. At the Chinese and Japanese Court, an octagon-shaped affair most cleverly arranged in the centre of the hall, I noticed some exquisite dresses. Mrs Russell, Mandarin's court dress of first rank—rich crimson satin almost entirely covered with thick embroidery in all shades of blues and reds. The Misses Russell wore what are supposed to be Chinese singing girls' dresses: one was cream silk with brocaded flowers in blue and green dotted all over with handsome borderings in same shades; the other, pale blue embroidered in same manner with reds and greens. Mrs Robert Browning, red satin with embroidery of

blue; her little daughter looked very quaint in a blue satin child's dress worked all over in gay flowers; she wore real Chinese shoes; Mrs Ware, handsome Mandarin's dress of scarlet crepe cloth, having large dragon on back and front, sleeves and skirt covered with gilt thread embroidery. With all these were worn quaint Chinese necklaces, bangles and hair ornaments. Mrs Archie Clark, as a Japanese lady, looked very dainty in pale blue silk with silver and pink embroidery, handsome sash to match; Mrs G. R. Bloomfield and her sister, Miss Griffiths, very pretty pink and green embroidered dresses with pink sashes and kerchiefs; Miss Devereux, pale terra cotta crepe cloth with kerchief and sash of a deeper shade; Miss Wilkins, very becoming green with orange sash; Miss Ware, dove grey with pink crepe kerchief, and pink and black satin sash. All the Japanese ladies wore their hair in correct style bedecked with Japanese ornaments. The Chinese dresses have been in Mrs Russell's family for over fifty years, and are not in the least faded, showing the superiority of the old silks over the moderns.

Amongst the many visitors to the Easter Carnival I noticed, Mrs Devereux in black merveilleux bodice edged with floral brocade, large black hat with black plumes; Miss Wilkins, white pique, rose silk collar, also same colour on her black hat; Miss Scherff, black dress, tweed jacket with fur-edged storm collar, black hat, red hand; Miss Colley looked exceedingly well in white, the bodice veiled with tinsel lisse; Miss D. Scherff, musk-quash cape, dark dress, hat with green chiffon and plumes; Mrs Kilgour, shot gown, vest of amethyst silk, floral bonnet; Miss Kilgour, white spotted muslin; Miss Hughes, silver grey striped silk blouse, black skirt, black hat with cluster of white flowers; Miss — Hughes was dainty in cream, large white chip hat with white feathers; Mrs C. Taylor (Te Awamutu), white pique, gem hat; Miss Aubrey, brown boucle cloth, large brown velvet collar, brown hat; Mrs Furby, smart black jacket and skirt, light blouse, jet bonnet with shot ribbon bows; Miss Brigham, black; Mrs Littler, yellow silk, bonnet to match; Miss Kennedy, white pique, white hat; Miss Laishley looked pretty in white spotted muslin, white fichu; Miss Peacock, floral crepon, white hat with up-standing bows of cream ribbon; Miss M. Peacock, fawn coat and skirt, white pique blouse, black hat; Miss Kelsher, dark skirt, black and white striped blouse, white net fichu, becoming golden brown hat; Mrs Wrigley (Hawera), cream floral blouse, dark skirt, brown bear boa, brown felt bowd-street hat; Miss C. Campbell, black serge skirt and jacket, gold silk vest, straw hat; Miss F. George, mourning; Mrs Hudson Williamson, black; Mrs Wilson Smith, black; Miss Lena Owen, light blouse, dark skirt, Miss Burcher, stylish fawn costume, pink blouse; Mrs Douglas, black; Miss Dargaville, mourning; Miss Williams, blue silk bodice, dark skirt, etc., etc.

AFTERNOON TEA AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Some of the lady members of the Society of Arts gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea on Thursday. There was a large assemblage, notwithstanding so many other attractions on that day. The weather was so beautifully fine that all amusements were well supported. The Choral Hall, with its walls hung with an exceedingly interesting collection of paintings and studies, looked very bright, the tables being daintily with floral decorations of chrysanthemums and rich brown leaves of the Virginia creeper. Mrs Payton (wife of the President) and Mrs M. Clark presided, and were assisted by several young ladies. Mrs Payton wore a cream silk blouse, dark skirt, black hat with red roses; Miss Stuart, white lustre gown finished with black ribbon bows, black toque; Mrs Holland, black, lace fichu, black bonnet with posies of violets; Mrs M. Clark, black floral gown, gloire de dijon roses in her bonnet; Mrs Cheeseman, striped shot silk blouse, dark skirt, Panama hat; Mrs Alfred Nathan, stylish grey silk shot with orchid mauve, cream silk filled yoke and large bow at back of bodice, white chip hat with feathers and two shades of mauve chrysanthemums; Mrs Arthur Nathan, effective white serge double breasted coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs T. Morrin's grass lawn gown was much admired; it was over pink silk with stripes of insertion down the front gore, black hat caught up at back with dark red roses; Mrs T. W. Leys, pretty heliotrope and green stripe costume, bodice finished with a handsome shot bead passementerie ornament and chiffon, green straw hat with shot ribbon and sprays of sere-green leaves; Miss Winnie Leys was charming in green figured lustre shot with pink, pink silk fichu, black velvet hat; Mrs S. Morrin, smart fawn cloth tailor-made costume, cream serge vest with bright red tie, large black hat with black feathers; Mrs A. Clark, stylish black serge coat and skirt, light vest, black hat; Mrs Stevenson, grey gown flecked with black, black trimmings, small bonnet with pale green ribbon bows; Mrs (Dr.) Bayntun, handsome black seaweed crepon, heliotrope bonnet; Mrs E. Lewis, black; Mrs Ware wore a stylish grey lustre gown, handsome design of Honiton lace on the bodice and hem of skirt, new style jet bonnet with clusters of yellow roses; Mrs Duncan Clerk, white spotted muslin; Miss Vaite, grey, black hat; Miss Holland, pink cambric, white fichu; Mrs T. Baxter, shot lustre, black bonnet with cream bow; Miss Baxter, shot lustre trimmed with cream lustre, hat *en suite*; Mrs Seegner, black crepon, scarlet hat; Mrs Lusher, black; Mrs Mitchellson looked very stylish in an ivy green cloth tailor-made costume, dark red velvet vest, black jet bonnet with iris; Miss Mitchellson was pretty in white spotted muslin, white hat; Mrs E. Mahony, shot lustre gown, pleated yoke and revers of electric blue silk, hat *en suite*; Mrs Upton, navy blue brocade sleeves, bonnet trimmed with cream; Mrs Edmiston, black silk gown, black bonnet; Mrs Thompson, blue and cream stripe shot silk blouse, dark skirt, brown hat with autumn leaves; Miss Harlie, brown boucle cloth costume, brown felt Tyrolese hat; Miss Clayton wore a lovely tone of pink silk blouse with cream lace zouave, black skirt, black hat, befeater crown of chine velvet with clusters of velvet; Mrs Oxley, Gobelien blue, white pique vest, white hat; Mrs Hudson Williamson, shot green lustre, handsome black cape; Mrs Dignau, grass lawn, floral hat; Mrs Oberlin Brown, light blouse, dark skirt, black and white hat; etc.

THE GREENWOOD DRAMATIC AND COMEDY COMPANY.

have attracted capital audiences throughout their season here. The dresses worn by the Misses Greenwood on the stage were most beautiful and gorgeous. Especially handsome was the one worn by Miss Maribel during her 'Scenes from Lulline'—white satin embroidered all over with water lilies in silver thread. Miss Agatha, as Romeo, wore scarlet shoes and tights, white satin shirt heavily embroidered in jewels, rich jewelled girdle, white satin cloak lined with scarlet silk and scarlet cap with ostrich feathers. Miss Roberta, as Mercutio, pale blue tights and satin shoes, rich pale blue plush shirt embroidered in silver, pale blue plush cloak lined with blue silk, pale blue silk cap embroidered in silver and trimmed with ostrich feathers. Miss Nora, as Juliet, was dressed in white Indian muslin trimmed with white satin ribbon and white flowers—a truly graceful little dress. Amongst them I noticed Mrs Seager, in pink silk blouse, dark skirt, dainty scintillating theatre bonnet; Mrs Charles Taylor (Te Awamutu), white dress; Miss P. Dixon, tussore silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Lowry (*nee* Miss Watt, of Napier), black silk skirt, grey low evening blouse and ornaments; Miss Biss, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Hooke, navy tailor-made gown, white vest; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, grey skirt, white blouse; Mrs Charles Baker, grey gown with fawn lace; Miss Fanny Johnstone, dark skirt, Gobelien blue blouse; Mrs Churton, black mourning costume; Mrs Rigby, black silk; Miss Dixon, white embroidery muslin; Miss White, black silk with lace; Miss Chambers-Taylor, navy tailor-made gown; her sister was similarly attired; Miss M. Chambers Taylor, grey tweed; Miss Ada Wood (North Shore), pale lilac costume; Mrs Maxwell, grey check; Mrs Pearce, very handsome black and white striped merveilleux; Mrs Rattray, white theatre blouse, dark skirt.

THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB

held their second day's meeting on Easter Tuesday, when the weather was as brilliant as on the prior day, and many of the ladies had donned lighter costumes, as it was still pleasantly warm. The trimming of the hats worn was grotesque in the extreme. One would really have imagined the ostrich feathers were planted, as there would often be seen half-a-dozen ostrich feathers standing perpendicularly round a high crowned hat, and the back turned up with flowers of every colour. Red hats were very prevalent, and of every size and shape possible. Amongst the most striking gowns I noticed the following: Mrs Thomas Morrin (President's wife), navy and white striped silk trimmed with silver passementerie, black velvet hat; Mrs Alfred Nathan, very stylish fawn corduroy velvet with brown braiding, black chip high-crowned hat with large green bows and purple violets; Mrs Willie Bloomfield was much admired in a spring green silk mousseline, lizard green high-crowned hat with green velvet bows and goose's quills; Mrs George Bloomfield, navy serge tailor-made gown, pink vest, black velvet hat with pink roses and black ostrich feathers; Mrs Harry Bloomfield (*nee* Miss Grierson, the bride from Dunedin) wore silver-grey lustre with bands of blue silk and fawn insertion, cream high-crowned hat with yellow flowers and black quills; Mrs Read Bloomfield brown flowered silk, brown bonnet with pink roses; Miss Keay, black merveilleux, autumn-coloured hat; Mrs Lowry (*nee* Miss Watt, from Napier), garden green cloth tailor-made gown, green-trimmed hat with cream befeater crown; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, very stylish gaulois grey crepon with white silk trimmings; Miss Lizzie Corrie, periwinkle blue lustre with fawn trimmings, black hat with violets and goose's quills; Miss Sereta McLaughlin, navy serge tailor-made gown; Mrs Holgate, mushroom pink nun's veiling, red toque with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Elliot, black; Miss Winnie Cotter was much admired in a blue and white striped gown, hat trimmed *en suite*; Miss Mary Corrie, Gobelien blue lustre trimmed with black silk; Miss Clayton (Sydney), black silk with white silk let in the neck veiled in pink net and spangles, black velvet hat with pink flowers; Mrs Alfred White (*nee* Miss Lily Hamlin), pale lilac merino trimmed with cream and lilac of a darker hue, white hat with feathers; Mrs Hamlin, black silk; Miss Little, black; Miss Otway, navy serge; Miss Hay, dark skirt, purple blouse, hat with quills; Mrs Hay (Remuera), black silk with white vest veiled in black, black bonnet with white; Miss Kate Hay, navy tailor-made gown, black hat with red, vivid parasol; Mrs Herries, black merveilleux, red toque trimmed with black; Mrs Keesing, black silk; Miss Keesing, black silk, pink vest, black tulle toque with pink; Mrs Alfred Buckland, black silk with red bow at the neck, black hat with red bows; Miss Dunnett looked exceedingly well in a splendidly-fitting grey check relieved with white satin, white chip hat with feathers; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie), black silk; Mrs Forbes, grey lustre relieved with pale blue; Mrs Andrew Hanna, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Harry Tonks, electric blue and cream appliqué, black chip high-crowned hat; Mrs Greenway, navy tailor-made gown; Miss Eva Firth, beige tailor-made gown; Mrs Thompson, black silk, black bonnet with yellow; Miss Thompson, white embroidery gown, rush hat with red poppies; and her sister, dark costume; Miss Thomas, brown tailor-made gown; the Misses Davy (two), dark skirts, light blouses; one wore a white chip high-crowned hat, the younger a red; Mrs Davy, black; Miss Leighton, violet serge; Miss Yonge, navy serge, blue vest; Miss Tina Grey, dark skirt, check blouse; Mrs Windsor and her sister were similarly attired in dark skirts, spuce Oriental blouses; Mrs Ansenne (Takapuna), a combination of navy and white; Miss Ansenne, brown; Mrs Cottle, black silk; Miss Brodie, neat-fitting white lustre; Miss Esme Elliot, dark skirt, grey blouse; Mrs Andrews, green check; Mrs Beale, very pretty lilac zephyr; Miss Atkinson, pink; Mrs Griffiths (*nee* Miss McFarlane), a combination of fawn and blue; Miss McFarlane, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, hat with pink ribbons; Mrs Devore, navy; Mrs Nelson Gamble and sister; Mrs Bodie, purple tailor-made gown; Mrs Ranson, navy silk with silver sequins; Mrs (Colonel) Craigh, dark costume with white vest; Miss Craigh, dark grey; Mrs Tanner, grey lustre; and her daughter was similarly attired; Mrs Sam Morrin, beige tailor-made gown; Mrs Ware, very effective cos-

tume of mode grey with white appliqué, bonnet with ear flower trimming; Miss Ware, pretty black and white silk, Nil green hat; Miss Ida Thorne George, navy tailor-made gown; Miss Churton, brown gown; Mrs Tilly, dark grey satin, black tulle bonnet; Miss Tilly, autumn-coloured dress, brown hat with ribbons *en suite*; Mrs Hope Lewis, fawn tailor-made gown, red velvet toque; Mrs Robison, dark grey, black toque with pink roses; Miss Jackson, navy; Miss Claire Smith, navy; Mrs Mercer, fawn cloth costume relieved with blue; Mrs Percival, fawn striped canvas gown; Miss Wilkins, white gown with green bretelles; Miss Maud Wilkins, white silk mousseline; Mrs Isidor Alexander, black silk with violet trimmings, black toque relieved with violet; Miss Stella Alexander, beige tailor-made gown; Mrs Edward Lewis, black; Mrs Arthur Nathan, black skirt, Gahlia-coloured silk blouse, pink cone-shaped hat; Miss Nathan, black skirt, shot prune blouse, white felt hat with white bows and green and white coque feathers; Miss Dolly Davis, dark skirt, check blouse; Miss Thorpe, cream; Mrs W. H. Churton, grey lustre with old gold trimmings, toque *en suite*; Mrs Churton, black; Mrs B. Buchanan, grey; Mrs Devereux, navy blue; Miss — Devereux, beige tailor-made gown; Miss Moss-Davis, slate grey tailor-made gown; Mrs Lyons, black kyle cloth, black hat with touch of red; Miss Fanny Johnstone, dark skirt, Gobelien blue blouse, hat trimmed *en suite*; Miss Kirkwood, a combination of beige and pink; Miss Maggie McDonald, fawn; Mrs Kilgour, grey brocade; Miss Neakes, grey gown, black jacket; Miss Spiers, white pique, red straw hat; Mrs E. W. Burton, black lustre with mauve trimmings, floral bonnet of white and mauve flowers; Mrs Foster, fawn gown with pink trimmings; and many others. I am going to add a few gowns which I had not space for on the previous day.—Mrs Sheriff, black silk finished with vest and collar of pale heliotrope watered silk edged with passementerie, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs (P. F.) Seagar, black lustre skirt, pink and ecru striped p'ouse, bonnet of flowers *en suite*; Miss Hill, bright pink cambric; Miss Eva Rich, dark costume, Welsh hat with pink flowers; Miss Shuttleworth, navy serge, white vest, sailor hat; and her niece, Mrs Booth (Wanganui), looked very pretty in a white serge, white felt hat with red quills; Miss Gorrie, electric grey with ecru lace; Miss Mary Gorrie slate grey; Miss Griffiths, green (bronze moyen) melton cloth, green fancy straw hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Thompson, black merveilleux, black bonnet; Mrs (Col.) Craigh, black costume with stylish white jacket; Mrs Craigh, slate grey tailor-made costume; Mrs A. P. Friend, black lustre, white vest, black toque with white flowers; and her little daughter wore navy, white muslin hat; Mrs Bodie, dark costume; Miss Wilkins, black lustre, bright pink bodice, fashionable hat; Miss May Chambers, grey gown with autumn-coloured vest, hat with chrysanthemums *en suite*; Mrs Mair, cinnamon velvet, small hat *en suite*; Mrs Donald, dark costume, red toque with black feathers; Miss Ring, yellow flowered French mousseline; Miss Cuff, brown tailor-made gown; Miss Flora Thorpe, white silk feather boa, black net hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie), dark green check; Miss Maud Buckland, navy tailor-made costume; Mrs Seccombe, fawn tailor-made gown, brown felt hat; Mrs Blair, dark green tailor-made costume.

On Saturday the

THIRD MEETING

came off. The weather was as beautiful as on the previous days only much colder. The energetic secretary, Mr W. Percival, must be congratulated on the smooth manner in which all the arrangements were carried out during these race meetings—races punctual, etc. Now for the gowns. Vivid red parasols were *en evidence*. Mrs Thomas Morrin (the president's wife) wore a black lustre skirt, pale blue silk blouse, black velvet high-crowned hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, dark skirt, pale pink taffeta silk blouse, edged with chiffon, parasol to match, sailor hat; Mrs (Major) Banks, black lustre, black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Clifton, electric blue tailor-made gown, black velvet hat; Mrs George Bloomfield, white silk with narrow blue stripe, royal blue velvet trimmings, black velvet picture hat with pink roses; Mrs Willie Bloomfield, grey and white striped silk, lace epaulettes, green straw high-crowned hat with quills and ribbons *en suite*; Mrs Lowry, black fancy kyle cloth, cape *en suite*, the upper part being veiled in black lace figured in ecru, which gave the appearance of appliqué, black velvet toque with pink roses and black ostrich feathers, white parasol with plaid stripes; Mrs McLaughlin, black gown with mauve ribbon round neck, black bonnet with mauve flowers; Miss McLaughlin, navy serge tailor-made gown, cream vest; Miss Dunnett, navy tailor-made gown, red vest, navy boat-shaped felt hat; Mrs Mercer, violet tailor-made gown; Mrs Archie Clark, navy tailor-made gown; Miss Brodie, white serge; Mrs Goodhue, dark green; Mrs Tanner, navy serge with red tie, red sailor hat; Miss Hay (Grafton Road), dark skirt, petunia blouse; Mrs Tewsley, peacock blue veiled in black lace; Mrs MacDonald, black gown, violet velvet hat relieved with black; Mrs H. Corrie, black tailor made gown, very pretty moss green bonnet relieved with heliotrope flowers; Miss Laird, a combination of black and lilac; Miss Rose Laird, réséda blue cloth tailor-made gown; Mrs James Russell, slate grey, bonnet with red; Misses Russell (two), ardois grey fancy cloth trimmed with black astrachan fur, loose jackets to match, sailor hats; Miss Millie Cotter, Sultau red fancy cloth tailor made gown faced with a brighter hue, red hat; Miss Winnie Cotter, electric blue costume, hat with sky blue ribbons; Mrs Charles Brown, dark skirt, autumn-coloured brocade blouse; Mrs Harry Tonks, terre tailor-made gown, black high-crowned hat; Mrs Andrew Hanna, brown tweed costume, autumn-coloured toque; Mrs Mair, a combination of brown velvet and Nil green Liberty silk, fawn felt hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Eva Scherff, beige gown with flame-coloured collar and plastron, finished with bands of passementerie, black hat with roses *en suite*; Mrs Cheeseman, black and white striped silk; Mrs W. Rathbone, bronze moyen green tailor-made gown, black velvet hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Lyons and Miss Aubrey both wore black costumes;

Miss Rose Bush, black skirt, green velvet blouse; Mrs Greenway, Miss Eva Pirth, and Miss Thomas all wore tailor-made gowns; Mrs Robert Dargaville, mourning costume; Miss Florence Thorpe, Lincoln green cloth tailor-made costume, fawn felt hat with rose pink velvet trimmings and black coque feathers; Mrs E. Buchanan, purple shot with green lustre, bonnet with violets to match; Mrs Beale, mauve silk; Mrs Blair, gendarme green wave traced tailor-made gown; Miss Blanche Peacocke, peacock blue cashmere, white vest; Mrs Dennison, black skirt, salmon pink blouse, large black hat with pink flowers; her little daughter wore petunia velvet; Misses Cameron were similarly gowned in brown with violets in hat; Mrs Black, Mrs Bodle, slate grey; Mrs Ranson, black lustre, black toque with autumn-coloured ribbons; Miss Clayton (Sydney), black skirt, pink blouse, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie), black silk, fashionable Nil green velvet high-crowned bonnet; Mrs Barter, electric grey with ecru lace; Mrs Windsor, prune silk veiled in black net, toque of flowers; and her sister a pink and black striped gown; Mrs Archie Burton, navy tailor-made gown, hat with heliotrope ribbons; Mrs Ernest Burton, dark skirt, light blouse with green ribbons, green tulle bonnet with pink roses; Miss Spiers, black skirt, striped blouse, hat with flowers; Misses Gorrie (two, Onchunga), grey; Miss Keesing, black; Mrs Uffli, slate grey with fawn lace; Mrs Hunt, brown; Mrs and Miss Creagh; Mrs Devereux, green, bonnet *en suite*; Miss Devereux, brown gown, red hat with feathers; and her sister, navy; Mrs Colbeck (Parnell), black fancy kyle cloth, black velvet hat with wreath of pink roses; Mrs Hope Lewis, black with cream appliqué; Miss Ida Thorne George, dark green; Mrs Thompson, black; Miss Thompson, brown gown with fox fur, black hat with chrysanthemums; and her sister, dark skirt, long fawn jacket, green felt hat; Mrs Hay, black silk gown, bonnet of black and white ostrich feathers; Miss Kate Hay, Mrs Foster; Mrs Bamford, black silk trimmed with jet beads, bonnet with brown and green ribbons; Mrs and Miss Ware, Mrs Friend and little girl; Mrs Masefield, mode grey lustre, fawn bonnet with pink; Mrs and Miss Devore; Miss Binney, violet gown; Miss Alice Binney, slate grey; Miss Tus. Binney, green cloth, pink vest with black braid, black boat-shaped hat; Mrs Brassey, black silk with old gold yoke and collar, bonnet *en suite*; Miss Rathbone, grey; Miss Rees (Gisborne) wore Prussian blue with black braid; Mrs Percival, Mrs Nelson Gamble and sister; Mrs Alfred White, electric blue; Miss Kelly, brown tweed, sailor hat of red straw; Misses Davy (two); Mrs Forbes, black skirt, petunia blouse; Mrs Robert Browning, black lustre, black bonnet with mauve ribbons; Miss Kilgour, navy tailor-made gown; Miss Wilkins, white lustre, picture hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Maud Wilkins, white grenadine with satin stripe, hat with pink roses; Mrs Secombe; Miss Griffiths, bronze green, hat *en suite*; Mrs Reed, black silk gown, pink hat; Miss Eva Rich; Miss Daisy Stevenson, brown; Miss Ida Worsp, navy serge; Miss Daisy Worsp, beige pink cloth, red parasol; Miss E. Tanager, grey lustre, black hat; Miss Atkinson, pink, and her sister, navy with fox fur; Mrs W. Churton, grey fancy cloth trimmed with white bordered with silver passementerie, black hat with pink gossamer veil; Mrs (Dr.) Bews; Miss Brookfield, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs Sharland, black; Miss Wylde Browne, grey lustre; and her sister wore green, very becoming green velvet hat with white ostrich leathers; Miss Buckland; Mrs Nichol, dark green; Mrs McCormick; Miss Chadwick, navy trimmed with royal blue; Miss Churton, brown; Miss Smith, grey striped gown; Miss Claire Smith, electric blue with white lace; Miss Wallnut, pink and white striped zephyr; Mrs John Smith, brown camel's hair, bonnet with green tulle and pink flowers; Miss Yonge, grey; Miss Tina Grey, brown; Mrs Grey, black mourning costume; Miss Little, black gown, black hat with pink roses; Miss Otway, blue print; Mrs Otway, black; Miss Noakes, green; Miss Leighton, purple; Misses Shirley Baker (three); and many others whose names I have mentioned at one or other of these meetings.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

HAMILTON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 24.

A VERY PLEASANT DANCE

came off on Easter Monday evening in the Public Hall. About sixty were present. The hall was prettily hung with flags, and the stage, decorated with evergreens, was converted into a supper-room. The floor (mainly owing

to the exertions of Messrs W. and M. Hume) was in splendid order, and the music charming. Many compliments were paid from all directions to the musician, Miss Anderson (Cambridge), whose playing was chiefly instrumental in making the dance so enjoyable. She was assisted during the evening by Mrs W. M. Hay and other lady friends. Amongst the visitors present were Mr and Mrs T. L. Murray (Auckland), Mrs Von Berniwitz and Miss Belcher (Thames), Mrs W. M. Hay (Papakura), Mrs J. Newell and Miss Butters (Ponsonby) and Misses Gargett (two). There were several pretty dresses worn, amongst which I noticed Mrs Drury, in black silk; Mrs Hume, black and pink; Mrs J. Newell, yellow; Mrs Murray, black silk, pale blue chiffon fichu; Miss Hume, pretty mauve crepon, pearl trimming; Mrs Sandes, black silk; Miss Alice Sandes, cream; Miss C. Wallnutt, pale green brocaded silk; Miss Butters, pink, pink ribbon trimmings; Misses F. and H. Graham, white; Miss V. Graham, pink; Miss Selby, handsome brocaded satin; Mrs Cussen, black; Miss T. Cussen, white silk; Miss Newell, pink; Miss Gardiner, brown velvet; Miss — Gardiner, white; Miss Ellice Jolly, pink; Miss Holloway, yellow and white. Much regret was expressed that all the West End tennis players (who took part in Saturday's matches) were unable to remain for the dance, but owing to other arrangements they were obliged to return to town on Monday afternoon.

ZILLA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 22.

It seems heartless to start straight away with prattle of our doings, however innocent, without thinking of those who have endured perils by land and perils by sea during this Easter time of '97. Wrecks and loss of life from in and around Napier and Wellington are terrible, and the only thing to be done is to ungrudgingly try to help those who have been desolated. Visitors from Christchurch to Wellington and *vice versa* spent most of their few days' holiday on a very tempestuous sea, some only getting about fifteen hours in Christchurch before having to return, as those coming south fared the worst. The Pollard Opera Company could not open on Saturday evening, as half their people and belongings had not arrived, but are in possession of the Theatre Royal now, and on the holiday nights were well patronised.

On Wednesday Mrs James Henderson gave a

PLEASANT LITTLE LUNCHEON PARTY

at her residence, Webb-street, chiefly for Mrs Kerr, of Napier, who has been paying her a visit. Among the guests were Mrs S. Gordon, Mrs G. Humphreys, Mrs E. P. Houghton (Dunedin), Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, Mrs G. Bennett, and Miss Walker. The table with its autumn decorations looked lovely; vases of gaillardias with frost touched asparagus on a yellow silk centre piece were most dainty.

The threatening aspect of the weather prevented many

CYCLING PARTIES

being got up, though individual riding on Good Friday was much indulged in, as every available machine in the place had been secured for that day weeks beforehand, and people unwise enough to leave their cycles at any of the makers (that is, anyone wishing to sell them) for sale may find them loaned out for days at a time, the dealer turning an honest (?) penny on his own account. One cycling party leaving Kaipoi to spend Easter at the Otira Gorge returned on Saturday night, the elements being so unfavourable. On Monday Mr and Miss Kinsey, Mr and Mrs C. W. Hill and Mr F. Barkas rode to the Ashley Downs via Woodend and back. Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace doing the Kaipoi trip, and dozens of similar small parties.

For the

RACES AT RICcarton

on Monday the weather was perfect up to late in the afternoon, which was only kind to enable the happy possessors of seal capes, though only 'electric' seal, and other new and fashionable wraps to be worn with comfort. The new electric seal has a very good appearance, but the wear has to be proved; but the difference in the price is, of course, immense. Capes of all kinds for wraps are still the favourite garments, owing to the ease with which they are adjusted. We missed many of the old faces, notably, Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead, Mr and Mrs P. Campbell, the Hon. Mrs E. W. Parker, etc. Many

visitors from the North Island were also absent. Some really choice gowns were worn, and the bright colouring of hats and bonnets gave a most charming appearance. Mrs R. H. Rhodes looked well in figured silk canvas of black and magenta, black swathe belt, white revers on bodice, floral toque with chiné bows; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, black satin skirt and shot silk blouse, large black hat trimmed with green velvet, cream lace and feathers, short velvet cape; Mrs G. Rhodes (Clarendon), fawn cloth coat and skirt, floral toque of pink; Mrs Wason (Corwar), grey corduroy costume, white vest, white felt hat; Mrs Pitman, dark red cloth costume braided with black, zouave finished with fur, hat to match; Mrs Peacock, handsome black brocade, bonnet relieved with yellow and bear bow; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, black and white costume, bonnet with forget-me-nots and handsome velvet mantle; Mrs J. D. Hall, brown coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs Stephenson (Dunedin), rich black brocade finished with lace and jet, green straw bonnet with wallflowers and ribbon; Mrs Boyle, black and white striped silk, toque with pink flowers; Mrs G. Gould, dark terra cotta cloth with velvet zouave, empire belt of silk, white hat with feathers; Mrs C. Lewis, black fancy cloth with heliotrope silk vest, handsome fur-trimmed velvet mantle, pretty black and green bonnet; Mrs H. Wood, black dress with fancy silk vest and cream lace, black and pink toque; Mrs Ogle, black and green costume, hat to match with pink flowers; Mrs Babington, brown costume, bonnet to match, black mantle with fur; Miss Fraser-Tyler, black princess dress, short seal jacket, large black hat and feathers; Miss Moorhouse, black fancy silk with pale green trimmings, hat to match; Mrs Ranaud Macdonald, navy blue braided with black, red and black hat; Miss Cowlishaw, navy blue costume, black hat with chiné ribbon and fancy wing; Miss G. Cowlishaw, dark green fur-trimmed costume, becoming hat with handsome shot bows; Miss Palmer, very pretty costume of green with violet vest covered with lace, hat trimmed to match; Mrs Deamer, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with pink roses, bear bow. There were many other attractive gowns to be seen on the lawn, and I might go on to an unlimited extent.

DOLLY VALR.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 23.

THE SOCIAL

which was given to the Premier and Mrs Seddon the evening before their departure was a most pleasant affair. The Drill Shed was made to look quite bright and pretty with bunting and pot plants, etc. A comfortable pavilion was arranged with easy chairs, and across the top was the motto of the women's social and political league, 'Advance with courage,' in gold letters mounted on a crimson ground. During the evening recitations were given by Mr A. S. Patterson and Mrs Plimmer, after which dancing was indulged in up to an early hour in the morning. Mrs Wilson and Mrs Schoch, both members of the League, received the guests. Mrs Wilson was wearing a black silk gown relieved with yellow silk; Mrs Schoch wore black silk and lace; Mrs Seddon looked well in a handsome black satin gown, the bodice trimmed with old lace; Miss Seddon, scarlet figured silk gown trimmed with black velvet; Miss Mary Seddon looked very nice in a sky blue silk gown trimmed with chiffon to match; Mrs F. Dyer, black silk gown trimmed with net and satin ribbon; Mrs Hall-Jones, prune-coloured silk trimmed with black lace; Mrs Fisher, black silk trimmed with jet and lace; Mrs J. K. MacDonald, handsome black and white brocade trimmed with jet embroidery; Miss MacKenzie, cream silk and lace; Mrs Hamer, black silk skirt, pretty pale pink evening blouse; etc. Mrs MacDonald, after making a very suitable fare well speech, presented Mrs Seddon with a lovely bouquet of flowers. Mrs Seddon replied, and Mr Seddon also made a short speech.

Mrs John Duncan gave a very jolly little dinner party on Thursday night. It was given as a farewell to Miss Eila and Mr Alga Williams, who are leaving for England next week. A few of the guests were Mr and Mrs Ian Duncan, Mr and Mrs W. Turnbull, the Misses Williams (2), Ro-e, and Messrs Williams and Higginson.

Mrs Higginson is giving an afternoon 'At Home' on Friday.

OPHELIA.

An attempt was made to introduce a new dance into England last winter. It goes with a musical composition known as the 'Washington Post.' The music is very pretty, and was heard throughout the London season when any of the great bands played; but it appears to be reserved for the country to bring it into vogue for dancing. It is, in its way, unique. Those who take part in it start in couples, not face to face, but one behind the other, touching each other's hands with arms fully outstretched, the right higher than the left. The step is quite easy, and accords well with the music; a glissade twice over, each way, and then outwards. The drawback is that a trained dress is apt to be trodden on.

At the Chrysanthemum Show held on the 23rd of last month at Napier, under the auspices of the Napier Horticultural and Florists' Association, some very fine blooms were shown. The most successful among the exhibitors was Mr Vigor Brown, who, in addition to carrying off three champion prizes, was to the fore in all departments. He was first in no fewer than ten classes, the beauty of his flowers being much admired. Mr Theakstone and Mr J. B. Tychenne were also very successful. The proceeds of the exhibition go to the Flood Fund.

The fifty-mile championship of Victoria has been won by J. Megson on Dunlop tyres.

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A VALET OF TWO CENTURIES.

(BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.)

HAD another pointed him out as my future man servant I should have resented the reflection upon my taste and discrimination. But on a certain morning an old man, made grotesque by a snuff-coloured coat and a very high stock, presented himself at my lodgings and inquired if I were in need of a valet.

From my desk I surveyed him in surprise. To no one had I confided my intention of securing a valet. I felt, too, that the ruddy, round-shouldered individual whose prototype was employed by my more fortunate legal associates held nothing in common with the figure confronting me.

He was a peculiarly wiry old man, with dark, twinkling eyes, and with scanty gray hair brushed straight back, giving, except when he turned his head, the impression of a quene. He held a flat crowned hat, and when he bowed it lay upon his head.

'How do you know I want a valet?' I inquired, when I had ascertained his name. Doublex answered, with a deprecating shrug, 'Young gentlemen who come into property usually need additional servants.' 'Ah! then you saw it there.' I tapped the morning paper, which had an item about a streak of luck that had recently befallen me.

The old man bowed with lowered eyelids. I asked his reference. Doublex shrugged again. He could have given superb reference long ago, he assured me. He had not entered service for many years. What need? An old man has few wants and no wishes.

Still I hesitated, trying to place the old fellow's age at a convenient date. Fifty? Sixty? His old world manner! Seventy? Eighty? His agility and alertness!

I played with my pen and casually surveyed him. I met two dark eyes fixed upon me with a penetrating mournfulness, indescribable.

I was about to go down into Cheswick and investigate a certain property which I had leased. I knew nothing about the neighbourhood, nor the requirements of my position as country squire. I intended taking a man down with me—a florid Joe or John, who would turn his hand to anything, and, when not on duty, smoke his pipe at the country tavern.

'You have had experience?' I asked. Again the old man bowed. His experience, he could assure me, had been long and varied.

'His age?' This time the shrug was manifest, but his manner perfectly respectful. He begged to suggest that he was at his employer's service, age and all. He would take pains to adapt his age to the requirements of his position.

And I engaged Doublex on the spot. The estate in Cheswick, known as Gray Hollows, was, like some ancient belles, the remains of beauty and elegance. Old

storybooks would have described it as a lordly pile. The lordly pile, however, was now reduced to a front and one wing, with walls thick enough to have sheltered Moravian nuns, and which still showed dusky tracing suggestive of the abode of old tapestry. I have always felt strangely in touch with the past. Its glamour and tradition ran in my very veins, and in an idle moment I set to work to investigate annals, records and letters, so as to familiarise myself with the history of my forefathers.

The original owner of Gray Hollows was a wealthy bachelor, who adopted his two nephews, Henry Eastman and Beverly Lane. These two boys were first cousins, and Henry Eastman was his uncle's favourite, and was afterward my great-grandfather.

When the cousins attained their majority their uncle died, leaving a will which, to the surprise of the community, bequeathed his entire property to Beverly Lane, thereby rendering Henry Eastman penniless. Furthermore, this incident was handed down from father to son; that when Beverly Lane entered upon his inheritance and took possession of Gray Hollows, he gave a ball, regardless of his uncle's recent death, and after the ball fought a duel with his cousin, Henry Eastman, in the grounds of Gray Hollows.

Tradition attributed this to the mutual love of the two cousins for the daughter of a neighbouring squire. It appeared that the girl favoured Henry Eastman, but was afterwards forced into an engagement with Beverly Lane, and died before the wedding.

On the night of the duel Henry Eastman disappeared from Gray Hollows, to reappear in history as an officer in the war. After this, he lived a quiet life, and died honoured and beloved. But at the last my

great-grandfather broke through the reserve which characterised him and confided to his only son that he had always suspected his cousin, Beverly Lane, to have been guilty of treachery respecting their uncle's will. But, resigning without absolute proof, he had silently believed that which he believed to be his right rather than bring so terrible an accusation against one of his family.

His last words were these, spoken to my grandfather.

'Never forget that I believe Gray Hollows to be yours by inheritance, for I was in my uncle's confidence. Time may yet right you.'

Meanwhile, Beverly Lane had become a lawless, dissipated man, who squandered his inheritance and was notoriously brutal to his slaves. He had one son, who followed closely in his father's footsteps, and who in his old age parted with Gray Hollows to a man to whom he owed a great deal of money.

This much I learned of the old estate in Cheswick, and it whetted my interest concerning it. But I was an orphan, and my exertions had only proved sufficient to enable me to keep a small office, and put a shingle out, when, all unexpectedly, at this period, I inherited a comfortable income from an aunt of my mother.

After the delighted freedom of drawing independent breath and not feeling any anxiety respecting my breakfast on the morrow, I betrothed me of the home of my ancestors. Property agents informed me that the old place had been closed for a generation, and that the owner, who had received it from the son of Beverly Lane, was an old man ending a disreputable career at Monte Carlo. His efforts to sell Gray Hollows had been in vain, and the estate was about to pass under the hammer. Then I stepped in at the nick of time and leased it for a year, with the refusal of it at the end of that period.

It came about, therefore, that early in the fall I sat smoking in the library of Gray Hollows, recalling these events of a fortnight back, and feeling not unlike the hero of a novel.

I, Henry Eastman, formerly impecunious lawyer, was sole possessor of the home of my forefathers. What mattered it that the left wing was a fragmentary pile of rock and blackberry vines and the plaster crumbling from the hall, and that at night rats ran riot behind my library shelves? Time could remedy that. Meanwhile, the old books were there, unmolested saving by dust, and the tarnished sconces now held candles and the mammoth fireplace a burning log.

I had engaged a woman to work by the day, and one of the many silent chambers above stairs was made habitable for my use. In my first excited enthusiasm I believed that I could live forever within the silent walls of Gray Hollows. Then, too, I possessed an additional luxury. Circumstances adapted themselves to my hand in a surprising manner; my tastes were catered to as if by one who had known them since my childhood, and in the midst of my novel experience, had I paused to analyze the situation and the supreme cause of success, I should undoubtedly have said—Doublex.

I do not claim that so perfect a servant never lived, but that two such could never have fallen to my share. How the old fellow divined my most intimate tastes I did not question. I took the gifts of the gods and was duly thankful.

My valet was noiseless, uncommunicative; never in evidence, and unfeeling, to the nicest point, in the discharge of his duties. Nor yet did he smoke a pipe at the tavern. His sole recreation was apparently to wander around the old place, threading his way here and there among the briars and debris, or to stand aimlessly in the shadow of the ruined left wing of the house, gazing at the landscape, and making a figure strangely in accordance with its autumnal decay.

At first I reconstrated. Did he never rest? Nor wish to stroll to the village? The cook complained that he was forever wandering about.

Doublex bowed low and thanked me; that was all. It was then that I recognized an impassable bar of reserve between my old man servant and me. If there was clear consciousness, it lay with Doublex. I could not explain it, but he baffled me.

One evening, after sunset, I strolled to and fro on the terrace, when I beheld the snuff-coloured figure of my valet hastening down the path of Gray Hollows and disappearing rapidly between the trees below. The leaves lay in neutral-hued piles beneath them, and he went so rapidly that impulsively I followed him. Down the winding path sped old Doublex, and I after, keeping him in view through the paling light. There was an abrupt incline at the foot of the lawn—one of the many gray hollows which had no doubt given the place its name—and near by was a little gate, which I surmised was the side entrance to my neighbour's place.

Brought to an abrupt standstill at the hedge, I looked round for Doublex. He was not in sight. Instead, I faced a young

woman who leaned upon the gate, and who moved aside at my unexpected appearance.

I made some lame apology, and explained that I had hurried down the hill after my old man; that I was not aware that there was a gate in the hedge; but she smiled and opened the gate.

'Mr Eastman is it not? I am Rose Latane,' she said. 'Gray Hollows has been closed for so long a time that we are in the habit of using this gate as the shorter way to the road.'

I interrupted by beseeching her to continue the use of the wicket gate, and in reply she said:

'Will you not go with me, then, to meet my mother? We are so near neighbours that I would not have you think so un-neighbourly.'

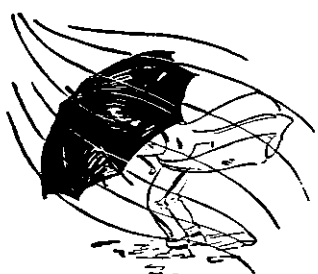
She opened the gate and I passed through. I recall to this day the sound of the latch clicking and the odour of late honeysuckle. I was conscious of an impression that I had dreamed of Rose Latane; that I had walked that hox-grown path before, and had heard the 'One bird singing alone to its nest' and had seen the 'One star over the tower.'

It was the next morning when I sat before my fire; for the mornings were cool. I summoned Doublex, and before his name had been repeated he stood beside me.

'You don't make noise enough, Doublex,' I said; 'I dislike to be startled. You disappeared very suddenly yesterday evening. What takes you down to the hollow so often?'

Only his habit of walking, he assured me. He hoped he had not offended me.

'No—no!' I replied, repentantly, remarking his sad countenance; 'you are a good old fellow, Doublex. Walk all you



In the... Rain Storm

the man got very wet. The wetting gave him a cold. The cold, neglected, developed to a cough. The cough sent him to a bed of sickness. A dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, taken at the start, would have nipped the cold in the bud and saved the sickness, suffering, and expense. The household remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung troubles, is

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Dyes the hair a natural and permanent Brown or Black. Ask Druggists and Grocers for ROWLANDS' articles of 20, Hatton Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.



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If you suffer from any, or many, of the following symptoms, don't delay a moment. Write and receive prompt reply.—Depression of spirits, melancholy, inability to look frankly into the eyes of another, headache, hair coming out, dim sight, noise in the head and ears, weak memory, forgetting dates, persons' names, places, etc., loss of voice, taste, or smell, sunken eyes, pimples on face, paleness of face and lips, look old for years, stunted growth, palpitation of heart, pain in or under breastbone, shortness of breath, indigestion, with oppression after food, constipation or irregular bowels, dizziness, gravel, rheumism or pain across small back, loss of muscular power, gloomy, remorseful, fearful of something going to happen, disturbed sleep, moaning, talking, grinding teeth, tearful or want to laugh.

I have known instances in which most of these symptoms were present in one patient. As a rule a great many are present. In no case are many absent.

DR. WALLACE
91 PITT ST., SYDNEY,
OR, BOX 52, PARK ST. P.O.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.R.—Consult a lawyer. We do not advise on legal points.

FANNY X.—Your father should ask the young man's intentions.

X.—If the young lady takes upon having SURATURA TEA it is evidence of truth.

TAXPAYER.—It is a simple calculation. If 1 lb of SURATURA TEA at 1s 10d per lb lasts you four weeks, while 1 lb of tea you mention at 1s 10d was used in a week, it stands to reason that you pay in four weeks for the tea you have been using—4lb at 1s 10d, 7s 4d; as against 1s 10d, a saving of 5s 4d in a month by using SURATURA.

WAGNER.—You win SURATURA is not prepared by hand, but by machinery.

ENQUIRER.—Eight hours from the time it is growing it has been pecked in holes and pecked. Quite right; there is no more necessity to bind tea than there is to bleed butter or pepper. SURATURA TEA is sold to the public as pure and as fresh as if it were grown in your own garden.

ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.—It is a good suggestion, and will be considered.

NEMO.—A written guarantee that SURATURA is not blended with China or India can be obtained if necessary.

wish. You have lived in Cherwick, I believe?"

Yes; Doublet had been there long before.

"With whom did you live?" I inquired. He replied that his master was dead. Ah, yes, they were all gone long ago! The old man sighed, and his eyes were strangely mournful. Why was it they always seemed to look beyond and through me!

I arose impatiently. I was notional. "You have heard of Mrs Latane's family, then?" I said, while striking a match.

Yes—oh, yes! For the first time Doublet seemed to awaken. There had been a Miss Rose Latane once, he had heard. She was a famous belle, who died unmarried. Ah, well many belles have remained unmarried. Doublet paused, and I smoked. Then he remarked that there was a young lady at the next place whose name was also Rose. Yes—yes, Rose! She, too, was very beautiful. No doubt a descendant of the older Miss Latane's family.

I was surprised at the interest and observation shown by Doublet on this point, and smoked in silence, waiting for him to continue. Hesitatingly he did so, eyeing me all the while.

Only an hour before he had seen the young lady go through the wicket gate. She was doubtless even then returning in the lane. It was a beautiful morning—beautiful.

Again Doublet eyed me. I flung my cigar into the fire without a word and caught up my cap and rushed out into the frosty sunlight, with my heart throbbing once again, "Rose! Rose! Rose!"

I plunged through dry leaves, and, sure enough, met her passing through the little gate. As we went up the garden path together I saw old Doublet standing by the wall of the ruined wing, evidently watching us. But I did not care. I would not deny to a soul that which was patent to myself. I was desperately in love, and at first sight. For from the moment when I saw Rose Latane first at the wicket gate I realized without hesitancy that she was the one woman whom I wished to marry—nay, whom I intended to marry!

From that time on I was conscious that my infatuation was wholly perceived by old Doublet, and that in some unaccount-

able manner he had set himself to help me on with my suit. But no sign of what he divined did the old man give. I did not pause even to question myself, for in a fortnight after my arrival at Gray Hollows my fate lay straight before me, and Rose Latane alone had the solving of it.

On the night of November 30th I sat in the library drawing plans for the future renovation of Gray Hollows, and although I had not yet broached a word of my feeling to Rose, I found myself arranging rooms according to what I thought would be the state of her when I hoped to bring on the future mistress.

I felt unaccountably restless. The day had been cold and cheerless—an abrupt change from days preceding.

The wind swept around the old place, and rattled the windows and screamed up the chimneys, and made me unsettled and nervous. I had found no excuse to call upon my neighbour, which fact was no doubt the key-note of my mood. I strove vainly to divert myself by investigating the contents of an old diary which had been kept by my great-grandfather, and which was afterwards left me among my father's personal possessions. But I could settle to nothing, and was dissatisfied and brooding, like the weather.

I had to own, too, that I was growing tired of the ancient figure of Doublet. An unusual spirit seemed to have entered into the old man that day. He was uncomfortably in evidence whenever I desired solitude, and he appeared in the library hour after hour without excuse, and was almost officious in his effort to remain near me or to be of service. I appreciated the unaccountable devotion with which I had apparently inspired my old servant, but it palled upon me, and he persisted in fixing his eyes upon me with an eager sort of wishfulness which made me feel antipathetic. By night I had pretty well determined to get another and a youthfully robust valet, more in accordance with my own age and less harmonious with that of Gray Hollows.

I found myself inexcessably vexed with old Doublet. Perhaps we are all more or less vexed with that which we cannot understand. I looked for some fault for which I might upbraid him; but Doublet was provokingly correct—too correct.

During the evening I read for a while in

my great-grandfather's diary, picking out a date here and there, and deciphering with difficulty the fine, old-fashioned handwriting; but as last, when the clock struck eleven, I put the book away and threw myself upon the lounge in a corner, with my hand shading my eyes, and fell to dreaming about Rose.

Suddenly I was aware that Doublet stood before me. I had not heard him enter, and was about to make an irritated remark about his unnecessary quietness, when, to my surprise, he beckoned to me. Bewildered, I sprang up to see the figure of the old man disappearing out of the door. I hurriedly followed him through the hall and out of the house.

It was now a windless night, and moonlight, white and mysterious, lay over Gray Hollows. Straight ahead went old Doublet to his usual haunt—the ruined left wing—and I after him. Then I stopped short, utterly bewildered and amazed. I had been brought to a standstill, not by a scattered pile of stonework, but by the left wing of Gray Hollows, looming dark and undestroyed above me. Near by, with his mournful gaze upon me, was the figure of old Doublet.

I could not speak nor make a sound. Some dumbness of brain as well as of tongue was upon me. Mechanically I waited. The lightshone through the windows, and within I could see a ballroom, with figures moving to and fro in a stately dance. Jewels flashed and red lips smiled. Plumed heads bowed and brilliant brocades in groups of colour met and parted in the dance. Suddenly I started, and my brain throbbled. She was there before me! Rose! My Rose! Did I not know her eyes—her smile! Beneath the powdered coiffure and waving feathers Rose Latane passed before me in the dance. Surely I was dreaming! Surely I would awaken presently! I strove to rush forward to satisfy myself that I slept, to break the mystery or the dream; but, like an iron grasp, the inscrutable gaze of old Doublet was upon me. I could not move.

Two figures approached the Rose of the dance, and one of them resembled myself. Yes, in spite of the powdered hair and courtly dress, it was my own face. Where or when had I done the same? Where and when had I seen or heard of the other? Ah! The old story of the ball, on the night when Beverly Lane came into his

inheritance! The two cousins! With the rapidity of a dream, all which then transpired flashed upon my bewildered vision.

Rose turned and laid her hand upon the arm of the young man who resembled myself, and the other, with a malignant look of hatred, turned on his heel and left them;

In the shadow of night, with the figure of old Doublet beside me, I marked what then passed. It was with the lightning-like transition of thought. The guests left with no sound of hoof or wheel. One by one the lights were extinguished in Gray Hollows. Presently two figures descended the steps to the terrace, and thence down the path toward the hollows, and silently we followed them, old Doublet and I.

In a moonlit space below, the young men passed. There was a gleam of steel, and then one of them spoke. Was it the voice of my inner spirit? Surely I had heard it all before.

"Wait, Beverly Lane! This is of your own seeking. Were you worthy of her I should speak no word; but I shall strive to protect her. Once more I ask you by what means you gained possession of my inheritance—for I had our uncle's assurance that so it would be!"

"Dog! Liar! She is mine! Gray Hollows is mine!"

The words cut the air simultaneously with two swords. There was a flashing of steel; the first speaker made a swift lunge, and the second sprang back with the blood flowing from his hand. Then the other put up his sword.

"There! I do not wish to kill you, Beverly! I go, but Time shall yet testify!"

He plunged into the gray underbrush of the hollows and disappeared. There was the faint sound of horses' hoofs, and the other stood in the moonlight with his bleeding hand held high.

"Ah! You leave the field, my brave soldier! She is mine now, and you shall pay dear for this blood! Who shall Time employ? Who shall testify against me?"

"I—I shall!"

The figure of old Doublet was no longer beside me. He stood in the space, with the moonlight on his gray hair. The younger man started back with an oath.

"I shall, Master Beverly! I shall testify

PEARS

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TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton

Senior Surgeon
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"From time to time I have tried very many different soaps and after five-and-twenty years careful observation in many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEARS' SOAP. Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation."

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"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it falling into wrinkles. PEARS' is a name engraved on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

yet for Master Harry! I saw you burn master's will on the night of his death! I saw you make another! Ay, old Doublex shall testify—

With a wild expression of rage the younger man turned upon the older. His blade flew through the air, and Doublex fell with a cry to the ground. He threw his hands upward.

'I shall not rest till I have testified—' Again the blade fell. In a frenzy of effort I strove to tear myself from the leathery wrapping me, and to throw myself upon the fiend who stood laughing in the moonlight. With superhuman effort I cried aloud and dashed forward. I fell. My head struck a stone, and there was darkness.

Of course it was a dream, and you walked in your sleep! said my wife, conclusively, some time afterwards, when the mistress of Gray Hollows was escorted by her own hearstone: 'for when we found you you were lying in the path near the hollow, quite unconscious. Had I not been sitting up unusually late, and heard you cry out, you would have lain there all night.' I shivered in spite of myself.

'Of course it was a dream!' said Rose, briskly, while she eyed me.

'And the Rose of the ball?' I said. 'And Doublex? Was Doublex a dream, too? You have seen the old fellow often?' Rose was silent. We had trod this ground often in the preceding weeks of my convalescence. She tapped her foot impatiently upon the hearth.

'Such things are ridiculous! Of course it is a coincidence that I happened to have a great-grandma who was engaged to one Beverly Lane, and who died before the wedding, and of course it is a coincidence that your old valet disappeared on the night of—of your accident. I'm sure I am glad he is gone! The old mummy!'

In reply, I took from my desk the diary kept by my great grandfather, Henry Eastman.

'I discovered two things yesterday,' I said. 'This is the first, and I opened at a certain page and read aloud:

'February 20th, 1776.—I am sorely troubled to have news of the sudden death of Doublex. I have felt that the old place still held a link with the past whilst Doublex remained. He has been a most faithful friend to my uncle and me, and my attendant since childhood. I have some untoward foreboding and fear about the cause of his death, which, it is said, was caused by an accident in the grounds of Gray Hollows on the night of November 30th, at which date I left my old home. Perhaps Time may help me to unravel still another unpleasant mystery.'

I closed the old book, and Rose looked at me with startled eyes.

'Come, and I will show you the other discovery,' I said.

She put on her wraps and followed me down the path of Gray Hollows, which, even in the wintry sunlight, held so vivid a recollection for me that I shrank from treading it. I led near the wicket gate, and across the hollow to a sequestered spot, overgrown by brambles. There, amid a mass of dead undergrowth, was a mound. The stone, a small one, had long before fallen face downward, and lay half embedded in the earth. But the day before I had unearthed it and turned it over and scraped the moss and mould from its face. The inscription was:—

JULES DOUBLEX.
AGED SEVENTY-TWO YEARS.
November 30th, 1776.

I turned away, and Rose followed me up the path without a word.

When we gained the terrace and stood in the sunlight she laid her hand upon my arm with a sigh of relief.

'Admitting that such things could ever happen,' she said, 'it is satisfactory to know that we were intended for each other. And your man-servant may have been the great-grandson of that one, you know.' She nodded toward the hollow.

'Perhaps,' I said, to satisfy her. Then I looked from the ruined wing of Gray Hollows through the bare trees to where I had stood in some suspended moment of my existence, and I shook my head. 'But we shall never see old Doublex again.' And it is needless to say that we never did.

ENGLAND'S WHITE SLAVES.

EIGHT hundred years ago, says the *St. Louis Republic*, all of the large cities of England had regular slave markets for the sale of white slaves from all parts of the kingdom. In the 'Life of Bishop Wulfstan,' the writer says:—'It was a moving sight to see in the public markets rows of young people of both sexes tied together and sold like cattle—men, unmindful of their obligations, delivering into slavery their relatives, and even their own children. In another part of this work it is noted that these slaves were particularly young women of fine proportions and of great beauty.'

UNSOLICITED PRAISE.

GRATITUDE OF A NEWTOWN INHABITANT.

It is an old saying that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men, and when we receive unsolicited testimony as to the value or efficacy of any particular article we are inclined to place double value on such voluntary statements, more especially when they hail from old-established and respected men of business. It was in view of the foregoing paragraph that a reporter interviewed Mr Charles Green, a provision dealer of 4, Alice-street, Newtown, who for the last four years has been a martyr to indigestion, accompanied by a dry hacking cough.

Our reporter, on making himself known to Mr Green at his pleasant home in Newtown, asked,

'Is it true that you have been suffering for over four years from indigestion, Mr Green?'

'It is, indeed, and it has been so bad at times that I have often felt tempted to go up to a stranger in the street and get him to punch me in the back. I have often had friends to do it, and simple as it was it gave me relief for a time.'

'Did you have any other ailment at the time, Mr Green?'

'Yes, I also suffered from a nasty cough in the summer time; it was also on me on and off for about the same as the indigestion. As an example, I would cough and immediately a lot of thick black phlegm would fly up into my mouth. I presume it came from my chest, on account of the sickish feeling I would feel there. For that I have taken numerous concoctions, including cod liver oil, which did me no good, but now I am thankful to say I feel grand, and hope the cough will not return. In one sense I miss it, as I have been acquainted with it so long, but it is a very welcome nuisance.'

'To what do you attribute this marvellously happy alteration in your health, Mr Green?'

'To one medicine alone, and that is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for from nearly the first pill I felt relief, and an improvement in my appetite. I went steadily on taking them, until I got as I am now, and there doesn't seem much the matter with me now, does there?'

'Indeed, no, Mr Green, you look the very picture of health and strength.'

'I feel so, and I assure you that I have such unbounded faith in their restorative properties that I have recommended them to plenty of my customers, numbers of whom are taking them, observing the wonderful improvement in my health and condition. Why I have actually gained 14lb in weight since taking them, and I continue to put on weight daily. I learnt of them first through an advertisement in one of the papers, and I can truthfully state that they have done all and more than I expected them to do.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerve, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

They are now obtainable of all Chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Wellington, N.Z., at 5s a box, or six for 15s 9d; but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

GREATER THAN THE KING.

DURING a campaign in Silesia Frederick the Great made it his habit to stroll through his camp in disguise at night, so come into closer relations with his soldiers. One night he was stopped by a sentry, but giving the proper password, was permitted to proceed. Instead of doing so, however, he endeavoured to tempt the sentry into accepting a cigar, saying that a smoke would solace his long watch.

'It is against the rules,' said the soldier.

'But you have my permission,' said Frederick.

'Your permission!' cried the soldier.

'And who are you?'

'I am the King.'

'The King be hanged!' said the incorruptible sentry. 'What would my captain say?'

THE OLDEST UNIVERSITY.

The oldest university in the world is El Ashar, meaning 'the splendid,' situated at Cairo. It is the greatest Mohammedan school, and has clear records dating from 975.

MAKING CLOUDS AND RAIN.

If anybody would like to produce clouds and rain on a small scale it is easy to do so, according to Professor L. Errera, who describes the process in *Chimie et Terre*. He advises that the experiment be made with a cylindrical vase of Bohemian glass about eight inches in height and five inches in diameter. It should be filled half full of strong alcohol, about 92 per cent. pure, covered with a porcelain saucer, and warmed in a hot-water bath. It must be warmed for quite a while, so that the liquid, vase and cover may attain a high temperature without bringing the alcohol to the boiling point. Then the whole should be removed to a wooden table, taking care not to agitate the fluid, and results may be awaited.

The warm liquid will continue to send up an abundance of alcoholic vapours. In a few minutes the porcelain saucer will be so far cooled that the vapour nearest to it will begin to condense, and thus very clearly visible clouds will be formed. Presently these clouds will begin to resolve themselves into tiny droplets of rain, which will fall vertically into the liquid. There will be countless numbers of these raindrops, and the interesting spectacle may go on for a half hour.

At first the vapours will rise quite up to the porcelain cover, but as the whole cools the condensation will occur at a lower level. Then there will be a perfectly clear zone above the cloud zone, and nature will be exactly reproduced, except that in the place of water, everything is made of alcohol. The clear space above will represent the pure sky, below which are the clouds, condensing into rain, which is returned to the liquid, representing the ocean from which it came. Thus this experiment illustrates in miniature the whole aqueous circulation of the atmosphere.

SHE PLAYED HER CARDS WELL.

THE fair young woman looked her bejewelled and florid employer coldly in the face.

'No, Mr Roodlemuch,' she said, 'I cannot afford to make social acquaintances of those whom I meet in my business life. I must decline to go to dinner with you this evening, and I shall certainly not attend the opera in your company. I am exceedingly sorry for you have been kind to me. If I have displeased you, be it so. I cannot help it. I am your typewriter. It will become one of my station to speak so to the man whom the whole business world fears and honours, and upon whom society has smiled. Yet I speak from the heart. They were married a week later.'

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

WHEN Miss Kingsley, the naturalist, visited the rivers of West Africa, she experienced some difficulty in securing a proper degree of privacy for executing the functions of the toilette. It is difficult to comb your back hair or trim your curls with a group of interested African natives looking on.

In her recently published book she tells how she succeeded in taking a bath unmolested by prying eyes. She got up in the middle of the night from the Fan village, and taking a canoe, paddled across the lake, and after blundering into the middle of an evening party of five hippopotami, paddled to a quiet spot on the banks in the depths of the forest and took a midnight bath.

'Drying one's self on one's summerband is not pure joy,' she quaintly observes, 'but it can be done when you put your mind to it.' And she got back from her midnight excursion without a Fan being aware of her absence.

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FLUID, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.
Valuable Book.
"HOW TO DISINFECT,"
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DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in endless variety.
The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

THE FRUIT SEASON and BIRD'S CUSTARD.
BIRD'S CUSTARD advantageously takes the place of cream with Fresh, Stewed or Tinned Fruits. So rich yet will not discolour; enhances the flavour. So cooling, agreeable and wholesome.

BIRD'S CUSTARD IS THE ONE THING NEEDED with all Stewed or Tinned Fruits.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!

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

PLUMP AGAINST A BIG FACT.

It is not properly any part of my business to enforce lessons in ethics; therefore I commonly leave that responsible task to those whose vocation it is. But no man can continually write on the subject which constitutes the burden of those essays without now and then running plump against a mighty fact in morals. If you will be good enough to read the following short letters I will then try to show why I was moved to speak as I have spoken.

My daughter Annie Jane, writes that young girl's mother, 'now five years of age, was a fine healthy child up to March, 1891, when she began to sicken and fall away. She had no appetite and every particle of food she took came up. She lost strength rapidly and within a fortnight she was thin as a rake, being not much else than skin and bone. For days and days she lay in a half-conscious condition, scarcely moving hand or foot, and to all appearance lifeless. I had a doctor attending her for four weeks, and he said the child was suffering from indigestion, yet so far as we could see, his treatment had no effect. My husband and I, and all that saw the poor baby, thought she was slowly dying, and we were almost heart-broken at the thought of losing her.

Nothing that we gave her did the slightest good, and the child was fading away, when one day, towards the end of April, a lady called, and after seeing Annie Jane, advised us to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. She said she had known the lives of many children saved by this medicine who were down with the same complaint. I hurried to get a bottle from Mr. Roubly, the chemist, in Susan's Road, and began giving it in small doses. In less than twenty-four hours the child began to eat, the sickness stopped, and we could see a change for the better. We kept on giving the Syrup, and in two weeks Annie was as well as ever, and fast getting back her flesh. Since that time—now four years ago—she has never been ill. We consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved her life. You can publish this statement and refer anyone to me. (Signed) MRS ANNIE ALEXANDER, 35, Melbourne Road, Eastbourne, August 1st, 1895.

My son Joseph, writes Mr Joseph Bond, of Salter's Green, Weyfield, Sussex, 'was never strong. He did not come on like other children. He was weak, sickly, and popy. He ate but little, and was usually in pain until he vomited most of it up again. Nothing gave him strength. In February, 1894, his feet and ankles began to fester. Next three abscesses formed on his neck and under the chin, making deep holes. He was merely skin and bone. The abscesses seemed to be exhausting his life's blood. He was in a doctor's care five months, but got no better. From July (1894) he had four months' treatment at the Tunbridge Wells Hospital, without benefit. The doctors gave him medicines and cod-liver oil, but nothing strengthened him.

In December (1894) I concluded to take the case into my own hands, and gave him a medicine that had cured my wife—Mother Seigel's Syrup. To our astonishment and delight he began to improve in a few days. He could eat, and was stronger for it. We kept giving him the Syrup, and he grew better every day. The abscesses soon healed, and he is now a fine healthy boy, nine years old, and strong for the first time since he was born. Publish this letter if you wish and refer inquiries to me. (Signed) JOSEPH BOND, July 26th, 1895.

What, now, is that mighty fact in morals? Ask yourself the question. What justice was there in the suffering of these two little children? For whose sake was it? Why do the majority of the human race die in infancy and childhood? That bundle of laws and forces called 'nature' has no pity, no mercy. Obey and live; disobey and perish, that's the whole story.

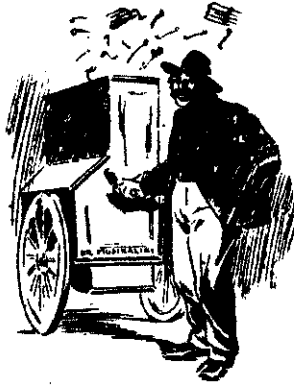
Then how does Mother Seigel's Syrup cure? It cures by bringing the diseased and suffering body back where nature's hand can reach it. It puts the derailed coach back on the rails, it re-launches the stranded ship. The radical trouble of both Annie Alexander and Joseph Bond was of the digestion, the first (a mere baby then) having been seized with acute indigestion, and the boy having, as his father tells us, been born with a feeble stomach. Hence, in his case, the bad blood and the abscesses by which nature sought to remove it. Will parents take warning from these instances? I hope so. Watch the little ones and use Mother Seigel's Syrup whenever you see them inclined to droop or languish.

WHERE THE QUAKE COMES FROM.

The greatest depth at which earthquakes are known to originate is about thirty miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same depth.

THE LATEST FAD.—THE MUSIC CURE.

AFTER the water cure we now have the music cure, and the French and German papers are devoting some attention to it—Daily Paper.



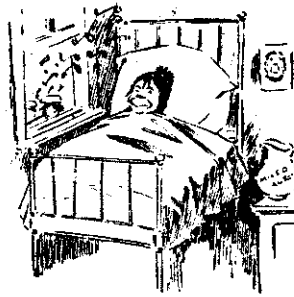
Throw away the medicine chest And cast aside the horrid pills. For music now will stand the treat Of curing all our earthly ills.



When grandpa, with his rheumatism, Complains it hurts to even sneeze. A dose of bagpipes quickly mix. Then watch the way he takes his ease.



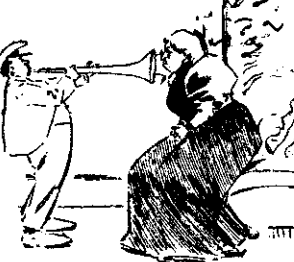
When baby howls at dead of night, With tum tum ache he's sore distressed. Send out and find a drummer bright. And let his music do the rest.



Or if the cook should have a head, Because she drank mixed ale that day. Just tuck her snugly in her bed And get a German band to play.



At supper time when papa dear Asserts his head with aches will split. Let little Willie stand quite near And play the tambourine a bit.



Mamma-in-law, when she falls sick, And talks the milk out of a stone. She might recover very quick If dosed each day with slide trombone.



And sister Sus, when she has chills Which shake her bones like very sin. Let her young man perform some trills And quivers on his violin.



And after all has been arranged Drugs won't be wanted any more. The chemist's shop will all be changed Into a first class music store.

ANCIENT JAPANESE LAWS.

PRIVATE conduct was regulated in Japan (says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly), by some remarkable obligations entirely outside of written codes. A peasant girl, before marriage, enjoyed far more liberty than was permitted to city girls. She might be known to have a lover; and unless her parents objected very strongly, no blame would be given to her. It was regarded as an honest union—honest, at least, as to intention. But having once made a choice the girl was held bound by that choice. If it were discovered that she met another admirer secretly the people would strip her naked—allowing her only a shuro leaf for apron—and drive her in mockery through every street and alley of the village. Afterward the girl was sentenced to banishment for five years. But at the end of that period she was considered to have expiated her fault and she could return home with the certainty of being spared further reproaches.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obligations. In time of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

This obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters; everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick. For example, the entire village might be ordered to make a sendo mairi on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the Kumi-cho (each Kumi-cho was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house crying, 'Such and such a one is very sick; kindly hasten all to make a sendo mairi!' Thereupon, however occupied for the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple, taking care not to trip or tumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a sendo mairi was believed to mean misfortune for the sick.

A TERRIBLE CASE OF ECZEMA

CURED BY

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. E. Wyatt, of Port Road, West Hindmarsh, S. Australia, writes of the sad condition of her little daughter, whose portrait she also sends:



'My daughter was afflicted with Eczema of the most aggravated type. The disease first appeared in eruptions on her head, then her hair began to fall out, and in spite of the best medical advice and treatment she grew steadily worse. The sores were full of matter and were extremely offensive. Her eyes became affected, and she was, in truth, in a terrible state. My neighbors were very sympathetic and took great interest in the case. They persuaded me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I am most thankful to be able to say that this wonderful medicine completely restored my daughter's health. She has now as good a head of hair as anyone could wish, her eyes are perfectly well, and she is a fine girl of eight years with every prospect of growing up to be a strong and healthy woman.'

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.

SOME
VERY SEASONABLE
GOODS



FOR
COLD WEATHER
WEAR.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER UNDERCLOTHING

Is now being shown in immense quantities, in unrivalled variety, and at wonderfully low prices, by

JAMES SMITH & CO.,
TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

FLANNELETTE UNDERCLOTHING

Was never presented in such wonderful assortment as on this occasion. All qualities are there, some beautifully trimmed and perfectly finished garments being included. The prices are unusually low, the value in all cases being wonderful.

CHEMISES, from 1/6; KNICKERS, from 1/6; NIGHTDRESSES, from 2/11.

WHITE UNDERCLOTHING.

In addition to the ordinary stock, which comprises a rare selection of all garments in every quality up to the finest and most delicately trimmed, there has been imported this season a Special Job Line of strong, well-finished Garments, which will be sold much below ordinary prices.

CHEMISES, from 1/6; KNICKERS, from 1/6; NIGHTDRESSES, from 1/11.

LADIES' WOOL AND MERINO UNDERCLOTHING.

Merino Combinations, from 3s 11d.

Wool and Merino Vests, 1s to 7s 6d.

CORSETS IN ALL THE BEST MAKES.

"CARMENIA" CORSETS, in fawn, very well made and durable .. 3s 11d
"SCANDIA" CORSETS, in grey, a make with very short hips .. 4s 6d

"TALCONIA" CORSETS, in grey, long-waisted, beautifully finished .. 4s 9d
"P.D." CORSETS, and all favourite makes in immense variety .. 6s 11d to 25s.

A Special Line has been Imported of

LADIES' CORSETS, in small sizes, really wonderful value at 1s 11d per pair.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY

Is shown in enormous quantities, all lines being sent out to special orders sent home. The most reliable makes, which have been tested by experience, are now stocked in all sizes. The most durable Stockings for Boys' wear have been imported, and a charming assortment is shown of Fancy Hose for Ladies' Wear.

LADIES' PLAIN AND RIBBED BLACK CASHMERE HOSE .. 1s to 3s 6d
LADIES' RIBBED BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, with seamless feet .. 1s 6d
(special)
LADIES' TAN AND BLACK EMBROIDERED CASHMERE HOSE .. 1s 6d
LADIES' BLACK EMBROIDERED LACE HOSE, lovely goods .. 2s 3d

GIRLS' PLAIN AND RIBBED BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, "MABEL,"
"EDITH," and all best makes.
BOYS' EVERLASTING STOCKINGS, "DREADNOUGHT," "ETON" AND
KAIAPOI KNIT.
CHILDREN'S SOX AND $\frac{3}{4}$ -HOSE, in black, white and tan—all qualities.
CHILDREN'S GAITERS, in cloth, corduroy, lambskin and wool—fine assortment

In the Ladies' Glove Department

The stock is replete with all the novelties of the season. Messrs Dents' famous Gloves are kept in constant supply, and the well-known French and English Makes of the utmost reliability may always be obtained. A Specialty is being made this season of the

TE ARO HOUSE HALF-CROWN GLOVE,

Which can truthfully be described as presenting the best value ever offered in this colony. This Glove is the "CLIMAX," tan or brown kid, with four buttons. It is a beautifully finished, beautifully fitting, and most durable Glove, for which 3s 6d would readily be paid in the ordinary way. At half-a-crown it is a real bargain.

JAMES SMITH & CO., TE ARO HOUSE,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



A COMBINATION of adjectives, or 'exquisitely luxurious' can alone describe this season's modes; but such a wealth of colour and scope in the matter of shape are allowed us as regards millinery that it is neither difficult nor expensive in these days to be perfectly and suitably attired. Amongst the latest materials of which our *chapeaux* are fashioned I may note black, white, and

coloured chenille plaited in very cleverly with 'wood-shaving' straw, that peculiarly shiny fabric which was christened *paille de satin* during the summer. Then, again, there are the new speckled felts, imitating somewhat closely certain makes of Scotch tweed, emerald green and a particular dull shade of turquoise, together with a subdued tone of red, being the favourite backgrounds to a faint speckling of black. I have already inspected other models in tan and brown, sprinkled with a kind of white 'snow-flake' pattern, but these do not approach for *chic* the first-mentioned styles. My winter *nouveauté* is made of the new turquoise blue felt, speckled in rather a shadowy way with black. At the back it is raised very high over successive loops of cream satin, that are kept in place by a pair of paste brooches. Some very rich turquoise velvet is draped round the crown under a bine bird's head and a fan like arrangement of jet-black wings. The paradise feathers are cream, to match the *cache-peigne*. By the way, it is strange to note that while the French have been reveling in this kind of ethereal plumage—a very expensive article when real—we are only just commencing to realise its beauty as an adornment to our smartest millinery. At present the imitation of the *bonni-fide* feather is so excellent that the difference can hardly be detected unless by someone who is a perfect connoisseur. But to return to the remaining trimming of our model. The brim is bound with blue corded ribbon, and on the right of the crown is rather a large paste buckle. What an amount of cream and white is employed, to be sure, on all the

real seal or sable. Together with chinchilla and astrakan, the most fashionable skin at present is ermine—that right regal peltry that looks so supremely charming when introduced moderately on a winter mantle. Here is a pretty example of a dull red box-cloth saque coat, cut with the latest in tailor sleeves and nicely-trimmed with ermine. A kind of yoke is formed by an embroidery of black silk cording and gold metallic thread, and down the centre of this worked breast-piece hangs a long ermine tie with six black tails. The high collar, which stands out becomingly from the throat in the newest much-approved style, is lined with the queenly fur. A muff *à la suite* is carried, and some very narrow but thick ermine cuffs make a very cosy finish round the wrists. The three-quarter cape, fashioned *en visite*, holds a considerable place in the esteem of up-to-date womankind, but this shape is certainly not so delightfully youthful as the saque when it is cut to perfection.

At the first glance, some of the new Paris capes that are cut somewhat longer in front than at the back and sides, look as if the wearer had made some kind of incomprehensible blunder. And yet this particular kind of model is quite the thing to don just now. Another pet garment on the other side of the Channel, where exaggeration in dress never appears altogether so vulgar as it does in England, is a double-breasted black astrakan coat, with gigantic cuffs and revers of the same fur in white. The contrast is violent, to say the least, and the addition of appliques of the dark astrakan on the snowy background hardly tend to tone down the appearance of the jacket, especially as these applications are brilliantly embroidered with crystal beads and silver sequins. Of all the tones of red and purple, the new wine tint may be rightly considered the most ladylike; the colour looks simply charming when carried out—as in my third sketch—in soft vicuna cloth, with conventional black silk braid both on skirt and corsage. Here the bodice assumes the form of a closely-fitting Zouave, fashioned roundly and in one with a baggy vest of

Ladies should inspect
PRIESTLEY'S
New Designs
in
High-class
DRESS FABRICS
at the leading
Drapers'
Establishments.

Trade Mark—
THE VARNISHED BOARD.

TAILOR - MADE GOWNS.

WE BRIG TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE ARE NOW MAKING
Dresses from £4 4s.
Bicycle Dresses from £4 4s.
Separate Skirts from £1 10s.
The foregoing—FOR NET CASH ONLY.

While we do not pretend these Dresses equal our best, they will prove for Young Ladies excellent everyday Dresses.

In our BEST CLASS of DRESSES we shall, this year, EXCEL OUR PREVIOUS EFFORTS, and in order to devote our whole time thereto, we have CLOSED OUR GENT'S DEPARTMENT.

We shall also sell, per yard, ALL DRESS MATERIALS used by us, including the REAL ADMIRALTY SERGE as worn in the Navy, also FOXE'S and other noted makers.

WE ALSO KEEP IN STOCK—

Ready Made Tailor Gowns,
London Habits, Vests, Jackets,
Capes, Gaiters, Etc., Etc.

We send patterns, sketches, and measurement forms, but LADIES will please state colours and class of DRESS they require, as we cannot send a full range of samples.

NODINE & CO.,
LADIES' TAILORS,
163 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.
A TERRIBLE COUGH.
A TERRIBLE COUGH.

99, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 18.
"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 unto his, 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 mucous, 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, 1883.
"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 hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I can truly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Whooping 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.

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.
USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.
USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"It is 75 YEARS AGO" since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis: one alone gives relief.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

TEN PUDDINGS OF A PINT EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. The BEST CORN FLOUR—

BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND— is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. BROWN AND POLSON have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.



'NOUVEAUTE D'HIVER.'

new winter shapes! Sometimes, as in to-day's design, the ivory note assumes the form of bewildering loops and plumes, while on many of the latest *chapeaux* delicate cream lace is draped and brought up into a side bow, duly wired to stand erect. Chrysanthemums, sewn so closely one after the other that they look as if they were huddling together for warmth, form girlish wreaths round some of the fresh hats, and the crown, draped 'à la Tam o'Shanter,' is far from being out of fashion.

All kinds of peltry bid fair to be universally worn this winter, and, really, nothing can possibly look cosier or more suitable on a bitterly cold day than nice fur wraps.



THE LATEST IN SAQUE COATS.

There is indeed, something poverty-stricken looking about those who refuse to don furs, because, perhaps, their limited pin-money will not allow of their buying



'LA SIMPLICITE.'

turquoise blue bengaline—that silk which never seems to wear out. The little coat is daintily hemmed with a deep band of claret-tinted sequins mixed with just the slightest suspicion of gold beading, the rucked baby ceinture being composed of material to match the waistcoat. Although a good many beautiful things are combined to make this gown sweetly becoming, it would seem as if no effort had been lavished on it, so exquisitely simple does it appear.

HELOISE.

AUSTRALIAN HOSPITALITY.

AUSTRALIAN station hospitality keeps the latch-string always out and says, "Come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can." A writer in the February *Scribner* says that the Australian host places himself, his family, and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing-tackle, breech loaders, horses, and servants.

Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where a guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome.

To one station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two. Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain.

After about nine months the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.

A THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

Of all the thoughts of heaven the sweetest this, I say—
To have, sometime, somewhere, the things on earth foregone,
The precious gifts of God we blindly put away,
The days whose fleeting light was wasted at the dawn.
The things we might have done, to do, sometime, somewhere.
Our best, our truest selves in that new life to be—
Oh! that were sweetest heav'n, I think, or here, or there,
Enough for sons of God, enough for you and me!
JAMES BUCKHAM.

WORK COLUMN.

OUR WINDOWS.

It is really terrible to think how many people lose their lives yearly by cleaning windows. I believe last year they came to something over a hundred, and people should readily welcome the invention of a 'safe guard,' which has lately made its appearance in our midst. It consists of a kind of portable balustrade of iron, made to fit any window, to which it is secured by two iron bars, thus rendering falling from the window sill an impossibility. These guards are made of two heights, one suitable for using when sitting to clean the window, and the other, which is much higher, to protect the cleaner when standing. There is also another arrangement which obviates the necessity for standing outside the windows at all, as both the top and bottom sashes are, by a skillful arrangement of bolts and hinges, capable of being brought right into the room for painting or cleaning.

After all, nothing plays so important a rôle in home life as curtains, but many find it difficult to devise new and artistic ideas. As a general rule, more depends upon the effect of graceful draping than upon the actual material itself. Cords, sashes, ribbons, are quite ostracised and out of date for looping back curtains. The latest idea is to employ butterflies, or sunflowers, or iris blossoms to festoon the muslin or lace at your windows.



NEW CURTAIN LOOPS.

These novel 'tie-ups' are made of silk and velvet: a butterfly has yellow wings and a green velvet body maybe, or is more fanciful with blue wings and a brown body, according to the colour of the room. A pair of nippers, like those attached to candle-brackets, serve to fix the butterflies, etc., to the curtains. A very pretty mode of looping a pair of curtains with the aid of a pair of butterflies is shown in my sketch.

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.

FILET DE BOEUF A LA FREDERICK.—Take about four or five pounds of the fillet of beef, trim off the rough fat and skin, and lard the top part of it with lardoons of fat bacon; trim these evenly and tie up the fillet in three or four places so as to keep it close. Put in a stewpan two ounces of butter, a sliced carrot, some onions, turnips, and celery, herbs, four or five cloves, a blade of mace, and a few peppercorns; place the meat on the top, cover with a buttered paper, close the pan, and fry its contents for about twenty minutes. Then add a quarter of a pint of sherry and the same quantity of good flavoured gravy, put the stewpan into a hot oven, keep the cover half over it; bake the meat well, adding a little more stock as that in the pan reduces. When cooked, place it on a baking tin, brush it over with warm glaze, remove the strings, return the meat to the oven to crisp it; dish it, garnish with scraped horseradish and pour round it the following sauce: Take the strained gravy, free it from fat, add to it an ounce of glaze, a teaspoonful of French mustard, a stick of horseradish grated, a pinch of castor sugar, the juice of a lemon, a wineglassful of sherry, two sliced tomatoes, a few drops of carmine, a dust of coralline pepper, two washed mushrooms, boil till reduced a quarter part, keeping it well skimmed, tannoy, and use.

OIL MUSTARD SAUCE.—Put into a sauce boat two tablespoonfuls of mustard, and stir in gradually, as for mayonnaise, a quarter of a pint of oil; this should be added in two lots, which must be alternated with one tablespoonful of white vinegar.—i.e., first some oil, then vinegar, then the rest of the oil, and again some vinegar. When the sauce is smooth and creamy, add a pinch of salt and of sugar respectively, and serve.

BLACKBERRY TARTLETS.—Make some paste with one white and four yolks of eggs, 4oz. of sugar and 6oz of butter, a pinch of salt, a pound of flour, and a little water, work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Take a pound of blackberries, stew (as dry as possible) with sugar, and, removing the rice, put the blackberries in their place.

TREACLE PUDDING.—Take a pie dish and line it with pastry, pour some golden syrup into it, enough to cover the bottom, then on the treacle place a layer of nice puff pastry, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. Fear most treacle on the pastry, and continue in this way until the pie-dish is full. The last layer should be treacle, and you can ornament the top with leaves of paste. Cook the tart in a moderately hot oven for about an hour, if only a moderately large dish is used. If breadcrumbs were used, when the treacle began to boil, the crumbs would all be mixed with it, and consequently they would not remain in layers.

BLACKBERRY AND CRAB-APPLE JAM.—This is one of the most delicious preserves made. The addition of a few crab-apples to the rather luscious blackberries is a vast improvement. It neutralises their excessive sweetness, and gives the jam a pleasant acid roughness. As both fruits are ripe at the same time, there is no difficulty in procuring them, especially in the country. Let the blackberries be well picked over, and all unripe fruit discarded. To every pound of blackberries allow one pound of sugar and half a pound of crab-apples; the weight to be taken after they have been pared and sliced. Before adding them to the blackberries, bake them until quite tender in a covered jar in the oven. Boil the blackberries alone for twenty minutes after they begin to boil. Then add the crabs, and lastly, the sugar. Stir all well together, and boil for half-an-hour longer, stirring the whole time. The crabs are rather more bitter if instead of cutting them up they are merely wiped and baked in their skins, and then passed through a coarse sieve.

VALUE OF FRESH FRUITS.—An expert states that fresh fruits are rich in grape sugar, malic acid, and pectose. The former nourishes, the two latter assist in a very material degree the acids of the stomach, which play an important part in the process of digestion. Again, they contain potash, and the potash of fresh fruits is invaluable for scorbutic affections, for no remedy devised in the laboratory of the chemist is in any way comparable to it. Tardieu, the eminent French authority, asserts that the salts of potash found in fruits, not in the chemist's shop, are the chief agents in purifying the blood. The great value of fruit juices lies in the fact that they are powerful internal tonics, they excite the action of the various organs naturally, help secretions, enrich the blood by purifying it, and at the same time form the best summer and winter drinks either that skill, ingenuity, or wealth can devise.

MANICURING.

FOR manicuring, the necessary articles are, besides a moderately soft nail brush, a piece of pumice stone, a pair of small, curved scissors, a good file, a small piece of emery board—made specially for manicure purposes—and a good knife, of not too great sharpness. Use good tools or none at all, as great harm can be done by dull or poor instruments. The nails should be filed and not cut with scissors, as by so doing they assume a much better shape and are not apt to break. When filing, give the nail a round, oval shape without bringing to a point, after which smooth the edge with a piece of emery board. The cuticle around the nail should be softened by holding in water in which a piece of soap has been dissolved, after which the cuticle should be carefully loosened from around the nail with your knife, which, let it be remembered, must not be too sharp. By doing this regularly, the crescent or half moon at the base of the nail will be preserved. Cut away any rough pieces of skin that may arise from the loosening.

Too much cannot be said against the habit of biting the nails, which so many people allow themselves to acquire. While this habit is encouraged and practised nothing can be done to improve the nails; it not only retards growth, but if encouraged for any length of time will cause the finger to have a broad, clumsy and equally unadmirable appearance. Hang-nails in the corners must not be torn out, as is so often done, but carefully cut away with the scissors, otherwise they will become very sore and inflamed and take a long time to heal. Always when drying the nails rub the cuticle (the crescent) gently back with the towel. In this way it will have little chance to adhere to the nail again. A good way to remove the soil from under the nails is by a bit of cotton on the end of an orange-wood stick.

The nails should, if possible, be polished daily, as it not only beautifies them, but will keep them smooth and clear, and sometimes prevent the ridges which are so disgusting. Rosaline should be used to give a little colour, and must be well rubbed in with the polisher and some tinted powder, after which, to take away the red appearance, a second application of rosaline should be used without powder or polisher, simply with the palm of the hand; this finished, the nails will have a pretty, shell-like tint.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best: restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer, Large bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere—(Adv

CAVALIER CURLS.

THESE are perhaps no two party names of history which call up before the mind of the average reader such vivid pictures as those of Roundhead and Cavalier. One need have studied no deeper historic work than the 'Woodstock' of Scott to summon their portraits before his mind's eye in an instant—the close-cropped, energetic Roundhead, sombre and severe; the gay and elegant Cavalier, with his great boots, his brilliant costume adorned with tags and slashes, and above all with his love-locks floating on his shoulder, and perhaps a dandy knot of ribbon at each side to tie them back from his ears. It is the Roundhead we respect, but the Cavalier was picturesque or he was nothing.

His curls, the crown of his picturesqueness and the chief abhorrence of his Roundhead enemies, were at first natural, the art of the barber being concerned only in their artistic arrangement and the perfume with which they were scented; but gradually they were supplanted by the wig, the fashion of wearing which was first brought from Paris by Charles I., of whom it is recorded by a disapproving chronicler of the day that he 'shadowed himself under a burly peruke, which none in former days but bald-headed people used.'

Under Charles II. wigs came into general use, and the famous diarist, Mr Samuel Pepys, who was the son of a tailor, and always attached great importance to matters of dress,—records in his diary the day on which he parted with his own hair and 'paid three pounds for a periwig.'

But it was evidently a little nervous concerning this important venture, for he records later that he went to church in it, adding with evident relief: 'It did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would.'

In the recently published autobiography of William Bell Scott the author narrates a curious experience. He chanced to be present with a friend in the ancient London church of St. Bartholomew when some repairs were being made in the pavement, in the course of which an old grave was disturbed. The inscription, still legible, showed it to be that of a man who had held the position of hairdresser to his Majesty Charles II.

When the grave was opened there were taken from it two or three wheelbarrows full of curious cylindrical objects of white terra-cotta, the use of which no one could explain; but Mr Scott, having the curiosity to investigate, afterward found them to be curling pins, two centuries old, of the kind employed to curl the flowing wigs of the Cavaliers and courtiers in the days of the Merry Monarch.

How they came to be buried with the deceased hairdresser beneath the pavement of a church remained a mystery. Perhaps it was at his own request; perhaps the fashion had begun to change and they were no longer of use, and were thus disposed of as a matter of convenience.

The fancy for wigs increased until the reign of Queen Anne, under whom they were at their ugliest and most enormous, and after that declined until our own day. Americans travelling in England still occasionally observe with amusement a faint survival in the cumbersome white head-gear of the presiding judge in a British court of law, and of the lawyers who practise before him.

NOT AFRAID OF A MOB.

THE late Lucy Stone, for many years of a long life a fearless advocate of unpopular causes in public was gifted with one charm in which the majority of her countrywomen are sadly deficient. She was the fortunate possessor of a sweet, rich, mellow voice, penetrating but persuasive, and so delightful in quality that persons who had only heard her speak once would sometimes recognize her years afterward if they chanced to hear her utter a single sentence. This winning voice, united with a dignified, gentle, and entirely feminine demeanour, sometimes enabled her to win curious triumphs over rough and turbulent crowds.

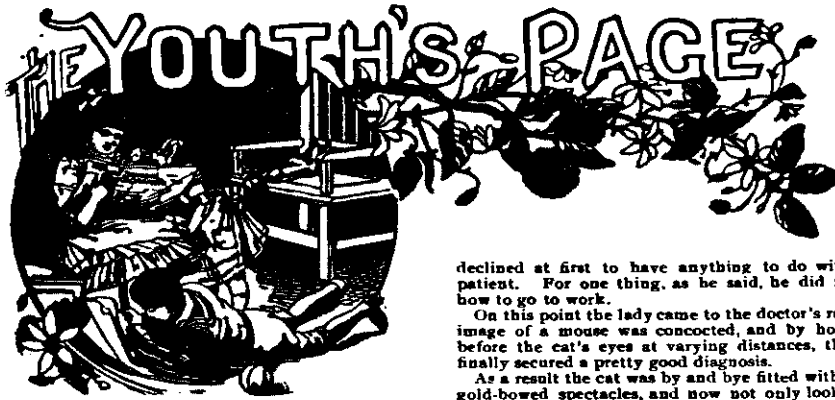
Once at an anti-slavery meeting, at a time when Abolitionists were dangerously unpopular, the crowd which gathered around the open-air platform as the time approached for the speaking to begin, became so unmistakably threatening and mischievous that the speakers announced to appear, one after another slipped quietly away, until only Stephen Foster and Lucy Stone remained. Looking down upon the heaving and riotous assembly, she said to him quietly:—'You had better run, Stephen; they are coming.' 'But who will take care of you?' he naturally inquired.

At that moment the mob made a rush for the platform, and their leader, a big man with a club, sprang upon it close beside her. Turning to him without a moment's hesitation, and calmly laying her hand within his arm, she said: 'This gentleman will take care of me.'

The astonished rioter declared immediately that he would, and tucking her under his arm—she was a little woman—and keeping his club in the other hand, he marched her through the crowd, who were already handling Mr Foster and a few other Abolitionists pretty roughly, and found for her a place of safety. Not only that, but presently in compliance with her fervent entreaty, he mounted her upon a stump and stood guard over her with his club, while she delivered her address, which was so eloquent and effective that her hearers desisted from further violence, and capped the climax by actually taking up a collection of twenty dollars to repay Mr Foster for the destruction of his coat, which had been torn from top to bottom in the melee.

On another occasion, when a meeting in a hall had been so disturbed by howls and hisses that none of the speakers had been heard excepting herself, she turned indignantly to a number of the disturbers after it was over, and remonstrated with them for their behaviour. They heard her good naturedly, but the leader remonstrated in his turn:

'Oh, come!' he protested. 'You needn't say anything; we kept still for you.'



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 10c. 1d: not exceeding 40c. 1d: for every additional 20c or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked "Press Manuscript only."

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words, "Press Manuscript only." If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 1/4 stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

THIS fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the GRAPHIC COUSINS—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food, and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

COT FUND ACCOUNT.

Per Cousin Tessie:—Cousin Tessie, 5s; M.K., 2s; T. Chadrick, 3s; H. McL., 5s; R. G., 1s; H. Stricket, 1s 6d; D. Giles, 1s; P. Lawry, 1s; E.K., 2s 6d; total, £1 2s. Carried forward £22 11s = £23 13s.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I think it is nearly time I wrote to thank you for the very enjoyable time I had at the picnic. Since then I have been to the Thames, and I could not send the collecting card in before this, but I hope you will forgive me this time. Have you been to see George Rignold yet? I went to see "The Lights o' London" and "Tommy Atkins" and I enjoyed it very much. I must now bring this short note to a close, hoping Little Florrie is well.—I remain your loving COUSIN TESSIE.

[Many thanks, dear Cousin Tessie, for your generous collection. I am so pleased with the way the "Fund" is going on, and so much obliged to the cousins assisting with it. I want to see the "Lights o' London" and "Henry V.," and liked them both immensely. I also went to the Drill Hall for the Chrysanthemum Show, and the following week for the Easter Carnival; also to see the capital play of the Greenwoods at the City Hall. I am going again this afternoon to the Drill Hall to have another look at the Carnival; then I must go to the Society of Arts Exhibition; there is so much going on just now. Again let me thank you for the Cot collection.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Here is the *Week* at last. I must apologise for the long delay in sending it, which was due to some misunderstanding. You may keep these numbers until you have plenty of spare time in which to read them. You will see from one of the numbers that our editress is anxious to have your opinion of the magazine.—Sincerely yours, COUSIN LILLA.

[Many thanks, dear Cousin Lilla, for the *Week*. I am very busy just now, so much going on, but will devote my first leisure to a perusal of this interesting paper. I am so glad you managed to let me have a peep at it, evidently, too, with the consent of the editress. To her present my compliments, and I will, with pleasure, tell her what I think about your joint work. I could not resist a peep at the MSS. just now. The illustrations are good. Who is your artist?—COUSIN KATE.]

A CAT WHICH WEARS SPECTACLES.

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the Philadelphia *Times* an account of a handsome cat which wears spectacles—not a very surprising thing in this day, when dogs wear rubber boots and carry umbrellas.

The cat, whose name is Max, belongs to a lady, as may be supposed. She has had him for many years, and lately began to notice that his sight was failing. She took him at once to an oculist. That worthy practitioner

declined at first to have anything to do with such a patient. For one thing, as he said, he did not know how to go to work.

On this point the lady came to the doctor's relief. An image of a mouse was concocted, and by holding this before the cat's eyes at varying distances, the doctor finally secured a pretty good diagnosis.

As a result the cat was by and bye fitted with a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, and now not only looks as wise as an owl, but can see almost or quite as well as ever. So says his owner, as she is reported by the *Times* correspondent.

ACROSTIC

My first read downwards gives the name of a poem; my last read downwards gives the name of its author.

- bhrto Palpitation
- ylhlo A Christmas shrub
- lsvei Wickednesses
- vliii A Roman historian
- raa A river in Switzerland
- wde Moisture
- rryas A river in Australia
- lrso Spoken
- fgbrtei To load a ship
- rttei Hackneyed
- brae To grant
- lsvee Dwarfs
- cglio Something sensible
- dltraaio An animal
- lkti To tuck up
- cltae Applause

By COUSIN PHIL.

ROSIE'S NOSES.

BY ALICE A. SMITH.

O H, dear!" sighed Rosie. The sigh was so deep and Rosie's face so sober that Aunt Em and Sister Lillie looked up from their work.

"What's the matter, Puss?" inquired auntie. "I wish I didn't have a pug-nose," said Rosie, sadly. Auntie and Lillie looked amused, while Rob, who was lying on the lounge, laughed outright. She was such a little girl that no one suspected a heavier trial than a broken doll or a dead kitten. "Well, I do," she persisted. "Rob says it points to my bangs."

"So it does," said Rob, still laughing; "straight up to her little curly bangs. Look at it!" "Don't tease her, Robbie," said Aunt Em. "Don't mind him, my dear," she said to Rosie; pug-noses are nice. See, mine is a pug."

Rosie looked at Aunt Em's nose critically. "Well, I don't think it's very nice," she said. "Anyway, I wish I didn't have one."

"You ought to be satisfied with your looks, Rosie," remarked Lillie. "Now my nose is a pug too, but I don't feel bad about it."

"But you ain't satisfied with your hair, 'cause you curl it with hot irons every day."

"Oh, that's only to make it look a little better," said Lillie, in self-defence; "now I wouldn't dye it to make it any other colour."

"Well, I only want to make my nose look a little better; I don't want to change its colour—only its shape."

"What kind of a nose do you want?" asked Aunt Em. "Like Hannah Lee's," said Rosie. I heard her mother say yesterday that Hannah's nose was just perfic; and when she saw me she said to the lady that was with her, "What a horrid pug-nose that child's got!" and the lady said, "Yes, 'ain't she?"

"I tell you what, Puss, that was hard," exclaimed Rob, "but you just get your nose fixed over. You can do it as easy as wink. There's a man down town that makes noses grow any shape you want them. And I read the other day that if you wear a patent clothes-pin on your nose it will grow straight and 'perfic.'"

"But, Pussie," said Aunt Em, suppose you changed your nose, and we didn't any of us recognize you, what would you do? I am sure we would all miss that dear little pug if it were gone."

"There'd be my mouth and eyes, and I'd know all the rest of you, and I'd tell you who I was," answered Rosie.

"Of course you would," said Rob; "no danger but we would know you. I'll send along the first good fairy I see, and have the thing fixed up."

Rosie wondered if he meant it, but she didn't ask him, because he teased so much. Then auntie and Lillie left the room, and Rob soon followed. After that Rosie settled down in the big soft chair by the fire, and as it began to grow dark she wondered why nurse didn't come to put her to bed. While she wondered the door opened, and the queerest creature came in and walked up close to her. He was very little, not half as high as the table. He had funny thin legs and a big body. His eyes were round and bright, his month large and well turned up at the corners, giving him a very jolly look, and his nose was the paggiest of pugs. The little girl knew he was a

Brownie; she had seen Brownies' pictures so often. At first she was frightened and was going to scream, when she caught sight of a little basket he was carrying. It was full of noses of all shapes and sizes. He must be the good fairy Rob was going to send, so her brother wasn't teasing her after all.

"I hear you don't like your nose," said the Brownie. "No," said Rose, not quite sure whether or not she ought to say so.

"Well, all you've got to do is to choose the one you want out of my basket, and I'll have it on for you in no time."

Rosie forgot her fright, and thought only of the new nose that there was a chance of getting, so she watched with interest as the Brownie held up one after another for her inspection.

"Try that, now," he said, holding up a large red one with a big bend in it.

She held it up to her face and looked in the glass. It made her think of the woman in the fairy story whose chin turned up and nose turned down, making her look like a nut-cracker. "Oh, that won't do at all," she said, laying it back in the basket. "There, let me see that, and she pointed to a beautiful straight white one, as perfect as Hannah Lee's own."

The Brownie handed it to her, and she held it in place.

"Ah, that is fine!" cried he; "what do you think?"

Rosie said it was just what she wanted, so the Brownie took a bag of tools from the basket, and climbing upon the arm of the chair began to put the nose on. When he had finished he said: "Now you look fine indeed with that beautiful nose. All the other children will wish they had gone to see me, too," and before she could say a word he had gone.

Rosie sat and stared in the glass for a long time, thinking how glad papa and mamma would be to have her look so nice, and how Rob couldn't tease her about her nose any more. But, alas! just as Aunt Em had said, no one knew her. Their Rosie hadn't a straight nose like that, they declared, but a cunning little turned-up one. In vain she told them that it had been made over, and begged them to look at her eyes and hair and mouth, and showed them two rows of pearly teeth. She looked for Rob, but he was not to be found.

It made her sad not to be recognized, but she would go to the Sunday-school picnic, anyway. "I guess they'll know me there," she said to herself.

So she started off and looked with scorn upon several girls with pug-noses that she met on her way that she almost made the straight new one turn up. She went into the Sunday-school room and took her seat. Soon Rosie's teacher came in.

"Who are you, my dear?" she asked. "I'm Rose Cady," the child replied, timidly.

"Oh, no, you can't be; Rosie hasn't that kind of a nose."

Poor, poor Rosie! The happy moment had come for starting, and hundreds of little eyes danced with pleasure, and hundreds of little feet could scarcely keep from dancing, but Rosie stood sorry and ashamed. Her teacher called the superintendent and said to him, "Here is a little girl who says she is Rose Cady, but she doesn't look the least like her." "It's funny," thought Rosie, "that noses are the only things girls is known by," and then she said aloud, "I came to go to the picnic."

"Why not let her go?" asked the superintendent.

"It wouldn't do at all; we can take only our own pupils, and likely her mother knows nothing about it. I'm sorry, my dear, but we couldn't think of taking you."

Rosie walked out, her heart almost bursting, and that horrid nose hurting all the time. Here were a hundred happy boys and girls, all dressed clean, and with their very own noses, going in a big boat up the river, with music, too, and plenty of good things to eat, and she, because she hadn't been satisfied with her nose, was turned right away from her own Sunday-school picnic. This state of affairs would never do, and she didn't know where the Brownie had gone. Soon she caught a glimpse of him a little way ahead.

"I want my own nose," she shrieked, and put up her hand to pull off the one he had given her, it was hurting so, and then she sat up in the big soft chair, and saw Rob on the lounge laughing. In her hand was—what? Not a new nose at all, but a patent clothes-pin, one of the kind that works with a spring, and is warranted to make pug-noses grow straight if worn long enough.

"Did you put that thing on my nose, Rob?" she asked.

"Why, yes, Puss; I wanted to help you get a 'perfic' nose. I thought you'd be glad to get rid of your pug."

Rosie jumped down from the chair and smoothed her skirts. "I think a pug nose is as nice to have as any other," she replied, with dignity.

A DOC TRAIN-STARTER.

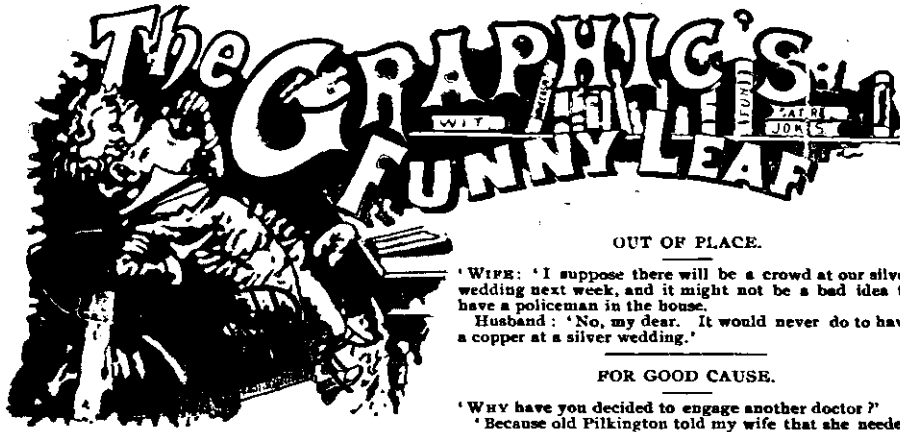
THERE died recently at Lowestoft, England, one who is spoken of by the local press as a very popular member of the staff of the Great Eastern Railway. He was a black and tan collie dog, and he was not appointed to the 'position' which he held by the officers of the company, but by himself.

Although self-appointed, time and habit brought about his recognition as assistant train starter at the Lowestoft Station. Through residence at the station he had acquired an instinct which told him the exact time at which each train should start from the terminus on its journey.

As the moment drew near, the collie became restless and excited. As the bell uttered its first warning sound, he would scamper down the platform, and, planting himself close to the engine, bark furiously until he saw the wheels begin to move.

Having accomplished the starting of the train, as he supposed, he would rush to the guard's or conductor's van, and hurry the conductor to his post.

As the train passed out of the station he retired, and was seen no more until the time was near for another train to start.



WOULD KEEP HER TOO BUSY.

HE: 'I have never kissed you, Alice. Would you cut my friendship if I stole just one?'
 She: 'I might be tempted to, but I was just reading about forgiving seventy times seven offendings. Goodness! That's 490.'

NOT AN UNUSUAL CASE.

SAGEMAN: 'I suppose you have heard about your neighbour Goldleaf? He is very seriously sick as a result of overwork.'
 Seeker: 'Don't say! What has been doing to bring it about?'
 Sageman: 'Trying to collect his thoughts.'

HER HOLD ON OFFICE.

'You did not let Mrs Fluddubs resign the presidency.'
 'Of course not; she is the best dressed woman in the club.'

HOW WE ALL RISE.

HE: 'You know great men always rise from small beginnings.'
 She: 'Yes, how true; even Napoleon was a little baby once.'

UNDOUBTEDLY.

AN Irish witness excused his running from an opponent by saying: 'It is better to be a coward for five minutes than dead for the rest of your lifetime.'

CERTAINLY.

PRISONER: 'If Your Honor will allow me a little time I think I can prove my innocence.'
 Magistrate: 'All right; take thirty days.'

HINTS FOR LADY CYCLISTS.

DON'T try to catch the handle-bars with your teeth.
 Don't look round to see if the hind wheel is following.
 Don't be surprised if the front wheel shows a disposition to turn into a yard and lie down for a rest.
 Always fall on your right shoulder, and do not let your ear strike the ground till a few seconds later.
 When you lose a pedal don't get off and go back to look for it. It's right there on the machine, and if you'll feel around long enough you'll find it again.
 Should you find a runaway horse on your trail keep close to the curb until he has passed. Then make a spurt and seize him by the tail, and put on the brake.
 Never kill a pedestrian when it can be avoided; but when you do kill one, dismount, and say you're sorry.



HER EXPLANATION.

MR GRAYSON: 'You say that this Mrs Sappington is a bad woman, and yet you invite her to your house. I'd like to know how you justify yourself?'
 Mrs Grayson: 'Oh, but society hasn't found her out yet.'

OUT OF PLACE.

WIFE: 'I suppose there will be a crowd at our silver wedding next week, and it might not be a bad idea to have a policeman in the house.'
 Husband: 'No, my dear. It would never do to have a copper at a silver wedding.'

FOR GOOD CAUSE.

'Why have you decided to engage another doctor?'
 'Because old Pilkington told my wife that she needed exercise, and might ride a bicycle.'

POISONED PLEASURE.

'FRITTERBY doesn't go to the theatre any more.'
 'Why not?'
 'Says he can't stand it to sit in a half crown seat and see so many people who owe him money sitting in the dress-circle.'

OTHERS HAVE GONE.

'I UNDERSTAND,' remarked Squildig, 'that Fitzsimmons wrestles with a mastiff as part of his training.'
 'It is quite likely,' replied McSwilligen. 'He is not the first prize-fighter to go to the dogs, either.'

TOO MUCH COMPETITION.

'MRS BOWERER has cured Mr Bowker of swearing.'
 'Did she use force or moral suasion?'
 'Neither; she bought him a parrot.'



MAY: 'Charley tells me he has never loved anyone before.'
 Nelly: 'Excuse me for telling you, but he and I were once engaged.'
 May: 'Oh, I did not ask him about engagements, I only asked him about love.'

EXTORTION.

THE large and greasy bandit bowed low before the contessa. Opening a package, he disclosed an ear. 'This, miladi,' said he, 'is the ear of the worshipful count.'
 'The ransom,' said the contessa, toying with her fan, 'was set at 10,000 plunks.'
 'Exactly,' said the bandit. 'And remains at the same figure.'
 'This,' said the lady, her bosom heaving with emotion, 'is outrageous. It isn't business. As a reasonable man, you cannot expect me to pay full price for a remnant.'

A CONSIDERATE WIFE.

'HAVE I not been a considerate wife?' she asked, reproachfully.
 'Considerate!' he exclaimed bitterly, in what way?
 'Has there ever been a night when you were out late that I haven't left the gas burning for you?' she demanded.
 'And you call that being considerate,' he said, sarcastically. 'Of course you have, but who pays the bills?'

A PERFECT TREASURE.

MISTRESS: 'Where's the breakfast tray, Mary?'
 Mary (from the country): 'I dunno, mum.'
 Mistress: 'Why, there it is under your nose.'
 Mary: 'Whoy, yer told me larst night as how that were the tea tray.'

THE POOR POET.

'Does your poetry pay?'
 'Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door.'
 'I suppose you read it to him.'

'How is your brother getting along in 'Frisco?''
 'Splendidly. He writes me that he is already more than \$2,000 in debt.'

AS WE ALL KNOW.

'THERE'S only one drawback in a big roast for dinner.'
 'What's that?'
 'Hash for breakfast.'

NO TIME FOR FORM.

'WHO performed the wedding ceremony?'
 'Ah, we didn't have time for any ceremony. Pap wasn't more'n a mile behind.'



A GOOD BEGINNING.

FOND WIFE: 'John, dear was it the First, or the Second you came home so late and tried to open the door with your cigar, and insisted on taking your umbrella to bed with you? I want to begin my diary for the New Year correctly.'

TWO HEADS WORSE THAN ONE.

'CAN you lend me ten shillings?' asked the two-headed girl of the fat girl.
 'With pleasure,' said the fat girl, 'but you don't mean to tell me you've spent all your salary already.'
 'I—I didn't mean to,' replied the two-headed girl, almost in tears, 'but there was such a lovely vase put up at auction, and I got to bidding against myself before I thought.'

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

'WHAT is the age of chivalry, Aunt Penelope?'
 'Those good old times when men fell in love with women over 40.'

OUR VIGILANT POLICE.

JUDGE: 'What is the charge against this man, Mr Officer?'
 Officer: 'Creating a disturbance, Your Honor.'
 Judge: 'Was it much of a disturbance?'
 Officer: 'Indeed it was, sir. It woke me up.'

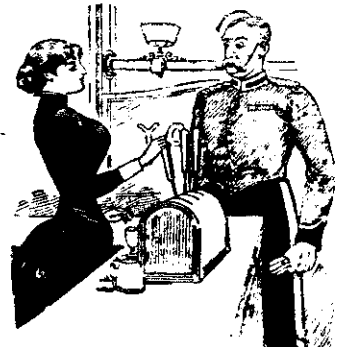
A PROPER GIRL.

NELL: 'Emma is very bashful, isn't she?'
 Belle: 'Bashful? Why, that girl won't play a piece of music without an introduction.'

TWO PROPOSITIONS.

MISS DE COSH: 'I say that if the women must take off their hats the men should be prohibited from going out between the acts.'
 Miss La Touch: 'Yes, or else from coming in between the drinks.'

BREATHLESS HUNTER: 'I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?'
 Boy: 'Yes, sir.'
 Hunter: 'How long ago?'
 Boy: 'I think it'll be three years next Christmas.'



UNEXPECTED.

BARMAID (to military man, who rather fancies himself): 'So you're ordered off to China?'
 He: 'Oh, ah, ye-s,' he said, languidly.
 Barmaid: 'Well, take good care of yourself; they tell me that they eat puppies out there.'