

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL XVIII—No XXIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.

Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



RENOVATING THE BRITISH LION.

JUNE, 1897.

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.

OUR TERRIBLE ISOLATION.

As the great Jubilee draws near and the cable columns of the newspapers scintillate with descriptions of the glories that are to be in connection with it, we find it harder and harder to keep our thoughts from wandering to the Old Country, and more deeply do we deplore the impossibility of our bodies following them. Never, perhaps, did we feel our terrible isolation as we do now on the eve of these gaieties and festivities, from the enjoyment of which we are so completely debarred by thousands of leagues of the melancholy main. There is quite a Robinson Crusoe feeling creeping over one on such an occasion, and the fact that we have almost instantaneous information as to what is passing all over the world does not make our case better, but worse. Crusoe, you see, had nothing to distract his mind from the affairs of his own little island kingdom. He was not vexed by cablegrams telling him that some mining company in which he was interested had collapsed, or that his wife had given him up for lost and married again; he was not worried by constant reminders of a world from which he was completely excluded, and so he got reconciled to his lot. But it is impossible for us to settle down to our domestic affairs when the cable columns are filled with such distracting news from England. Tantalus never had to put up with anything so exasperating. And what makes it all the more difficult to bear with stoical indifference is the fact that a favoured few of our number are about to enjoy these delights which are denied us as a whole. How annoyed would Crusoe have been if Friday had been able to take a trip to England while his master was left on the island with only the society of his dog and parrot. It is not easy to get up much enthusiasm in our local celebration of the Jubilee, for the best that we can do will be outshone a hundred-fold by the mere reflection of the function at Home as it appears in our papers. Besides, when the lucky New Zealanders who went to the great celebration return with vivid vocal descriptions of the wonders they have beheld, what earthly good will there be in our saying much about our modest celebration?

THE FAVOURITE FOR THE JUBILEE CUP.

I UNDERSTAND that in political circles throughout the colonies the great subject of speculation is which of the Premiers is going to carry off the chief honours of the Jubilee. Every colony is naturally inclined to back its own stable, and in New Zealand the betting is all in favour of Mr Seddon. But even if I were not a New Zealander I think I should lay my money on the Maoriander. I have a presentiment that when the numbers go up it will be found that our colours are leading. Almost from the start he shaped uncommonly well. After disappearing in the hollow of the Pacific we caught sight of him taking the United States at an easy gallop, and now he has cantered into 'the little village' as fresh as paint without turning a hair. To pursue the equine metaphor, which is far and away the most easily followed by an Australasian public, Mr Seddon has done honour to his owners, his stable, and his trainers. In fact, he has most agreeably surprised some who only knew him

as a staunch roadster, excellent at pulling a big load up the Parliamentary hills. That whiff of sea breeze and the enforced leisure has put new life into him, and before Jubilee day I expect to see him prancing and 'cavorting' like a three-year-old of the blood that never had anything but a racing saddle on his back. It must make the old stagers in the Opposition paddocks a bit wild to see the way he is carrying on. But I daresay they will be wilder still before the race is over. But let us descend from this high metaphorical vein to the region of common prose. What a picture is that of Mr Seddon rolling into London town in three Royal carriages! There's a princely progress for you never to be forgotten in the annals of this colony! Here is reward for all those jeers and jibes he has patiently borne from as Opposition that knew him not. Oh, if Russell and Stout and the others could only have seen him as he entered the metropolis of the world in one of Majesty's own carriages—there were three, but he could only occupy one at a time! I can discern with my mind's eye his portly form sinking deep into those royal cushions, which in all probability were last impressed by a prince of the royal line. Let us trust, by the way, that the conveyance he rode in was a little used one. In the ordinary royal carriage there lurks the monarchical aristocratic bacillus ever ready to attack the unwary commoner who travels in it. Of course the same deadly germ is certainly to be found in the whole *entourage* of Majesty, and Mr Seddon is certain to be in danger of infection on many occasions during his sojourn in the Old Country. But the risk was far greater at the outset than it will be later on when he has become inured against attack. You see, it was no small trial for a democratic mortal fresh from democratic associations and surroundings to be plumped into a royal carriage immediately, or almost immediately, on arrival in the Old Land. This was a pitfall we did not foresee when we allowed him to go Home. Had we foreseen it we would doubtless have taken precautions. For instance, we might, following on a fine ancient example, have provided Mr Seddon with an attendant whose duty it would have been to stand beside him and remind him at critical moments not that he was mortal, but that he was Premier of the most democratic spot on earth. As it is now he has only his own unaided fortitude and fine democratic health with which to withstand the germs of monarchy, perhaps tyranny, that may be floating about in the atmosphere he breathes daily. I hope sincerely he will come safely through the ordeal. The thought of the unprotected condition in which we have exposed him to the temptations of London—temptations which the presence of the guard provided by Her Majesty most increase rather than diminish—suggests another consideration which has been strangely overlooked. Has there been any provision made, I should like to ask, for obtaining a true and circumstantial account of the manner in which Mr Seddon bears himself in London? He is our representative, and we ought to know very precisely his goings out and his comings in while under the direct rays of Majesty. Unless the Opposition has made some arrangements I fear nothing has been done in this matter. Depend on it, however, the Opposition has provided a special reporter and a photographer to shadow the Premier, and to record with pencil and camera all that he does. From these we shall learn in due time exactly what he said, and how he looked on the various historical occasions. But for purposes of exactitude, what the people of New Zealand should have done would have been to procure a phonograph and a cinematograph with endless ribbons, and attach these to the Premier's staff, so that the entire history of his sojourn in other lands could afterwards be reproduced in living words and living pictures for the benefit of New Zealand. Then we would have seen the exact angle of inclination of Mr Seddon's bow when he knelt before Her Majesty, and the exact intonation of his voice, and would have been able to determine whether the one was too low or the other too deferential for the representative of a self-governing colony like this. This brilliant idea never apparently occurred to anyone, and so we must be content with a comparatively bald account of this important visit, and conjecture the rest.

A MISUNDERSTOOD REFORMER.

FROM all accounts we in New Zealand have gone farther than most people towards the concrete realisation of those delightful ideals of communism in which, according to the preachings of some socialists and the implied teachings of most, weary mankind will at length find true rest and unalloyed happiness. But even we are still a very long way from the goal. Nay, in one sense this country is farther, a great deal farther, from the communistic paradise than it was a century ago. This was illustrated in what will seem to some a humorous, but which to my mind is rather a pathetic, manner the other day in the Auckland Supreme Court. A young Maori was charged with stealing a *£10* note, the property of his father-in-law. His defence was simple.

He denied that he had stolen it, explaining 'I simply took it. According to Maori custom what belonged to Mahi (the foster father) belonged to me.' This candid expression of the fine communistic creed of his forefathers only moved to smiles a jury nurtured on cast-iron individualistic views of life, and cherishing the unchristian conception of *meum* and *frum* universal in civilised lands. The young disciple of Robert Owen saw at once that he was talking to a sceptical generation, and later on when addressing the jury he said, 'The charge against me is, to my mind, not one of theft, and I ask you to look into it and consider it very carefully. I wish you to show me favour, and I wish you all health, and may God protect you.' The courtesy of his behaviour, however, prevailed a little over the stolid jury as had the confession of his simple communistic creed, and he got the regulation twelve months. Nor was the foster father apparently moved. With all the virulence of a renegade from the faith of his ancestors he rejoiced in the downfall of this young socialist who dared to be a Daniel, and to put into practice the communistic maxims inherited from the elders. Had Mr Reeves been Minister of Justice it might not have gone so hardly with our friend. The framer of those socialistic measures, which are the wonder of less advanced lands than these, would have recognised a kindred spirit beneath that dusky exterior, and would not have suffered the young apostle to go to prison. But we have no Mr Reeves with us now, and reformers like this young man who go very far in advance of their age are apt to be persecuted. Has it not been so from the beginning of time? That eloquent little sermon of the socialist fell on deaf ears—ears that did not recognise in it the teachings of a millennial doctrine.

REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

JUDGE GAUNT, of Melbourne, whose professional labours have been enormously increased by the advent of the cycling craze to Australia, recently declared that there was ample need for a judge specially trained in the art of cycling. The number of lawsuits relating to bicycles and bicyclists has apparently increased of late to such an extent in Melbourne, and the cases are getting every day fuller of mechanical technicalities, not to speak of abstruse mental and social considerations, that the ordinary judge who is not thoroughly versed in bikeology cannot expect to comprehend or satisfactorily decide the rights and the wrongs of any matter associated with wheels. Study may teach a judge the difference between the various parts of a bicycle so that he does not confound the pedal axle with the wheel axle, and can calculate without confusion the gearing of any machine in court. But such knowledge is but the A B C of the science of cycling, and the man who thinks when he can talk glibly about them that he has mastered the subject makes a huge mistake. It is only after you have yourself learned to ride a wheel that it dawns upon you that cycling is not a mere mechanical art, a physical pastime in which it is most pleasant to indulge. By degrees you begin to realise that it is a vast science with a philology, a physiology, a psychology, and a sociology all to itself. The enthusiastic cyclist is no ordinary type of man. The advent of the wheel is steadily introducing clear differentiations from the common *homo* into the individuals who ride cycles. The differentiations of physical form have long since been noted, and humorists have delighted to trace—to an apparently absurd point—the structural evolution of the devotees of the wheel. But these differentiations, although more noticeable because they are external, are of comparatively little importance compared with the vital changes which the cycle has brought about in the minds and souls, in the social and the private lives, in the hopes, the fears, the aspirations of a great section of humanity. The Melbourne judge showed by his remark that he had some glimmering of this, although, not being a cyclist, he could not be expected to have much. The perspicacity of the legal mind, however, discerned what is not apparent to the lay intellect of a non-cyclist; namely, that a time is coming when the needs and aspirations of the wheelmen in the community will have to be attended to and catered for as a section of the social organism quite distinct from the pedestrian, the equestrian, or the class which adopts the old methods of locomotion. And as a step towards that the appointment of a judge qualified to administer even-handed justice in cycling matters as between man and cyclist, or cyclist and cyclist, is surely an indispensable advance. Matters are moving in that direction in the Old Country, where there already exists a Cyclists' Parliamentary and Municipal Association, which hopes in time to return members to Parliament and to City and County Councils pledged to support the interests of the great wheeling fraternity. The cyclist novel is already an accomplished fact, and so we believe is the cycling sermon. In time we shall certainly have a cyclist philosophy of life, or the world as seen from wheels; and needless to say, it will be an optimistic philosophy.

SWEET LIBERTY.

IT turns out after all that a good deal of work, neither merciful nor necessary, is done on the Auckland goldfields on Sunday. The argument of the mine owners has been that the work was of a necessary character, and only on that ground did they seek to justify it; for even rich syndicates—which in these days are popularly supposed neither to fear God nor to regard man—must assume respect for the religious or secular convictions of the community which safeguard the Sunday as a day of rest. Nobody likes to run his head against the dogmas or traditions of his tribe. Very often it is dangerous to do so, and, what is ten times worse, it is never respectable. One gentleman in Auckland has had the hardihood to do it, however, in a recent issue of one of the daily papers. Over the signature of 'Liberty' he writes a long letter on this question of Sunday work, and as good as tells us that it is all bunkum to enforce the observance of Sunday as a day of rest. It is not in obedience to any divine law, for any divine law on the matter, according to him, specifies the seventh and not the first day of the week as the one which is to be the non-working day of the week; and as for any human mandate, he would like to know what right any man has to dictate to another in the matter. 'While claiming liberty to rest themselves,' says he, 'they should concede to their fellow workmen the same liberty to work if they so wish.' All that can possibly be said in favour of Sunday being kept as a day of rest, according to this apostle of liberty, is that it is the custom of the country so to keep it—and that he regards as a very poor reason indeed. We need not trouble ourselves about the argument that there is no divine commandment enjoining that we shall not work on the first day of the week. No one ever said that there was. But surely the mere letter of the law as written down by Moses does not include the only sanction we recognise in our religion. The Christian Sabbath is a fulfilment of the spirit of that law, and sanctified as no Jewish Sabbath could be by certain events in the earthly life of Him who taught that the spirit was everything and the letter of little account. I am rather surprised that 'Liberty' troubles about the religious aspect of the matter at all, because he distinctly tells us later on that every man is to be a law unto himself in such things, so that really it would be of little consequence whether there was a divine law or not. Now, with regard to the view 'Liberty' takes of the observance of Sunday as a secular institution. In effect he wants to know what right any body of men has to lay down the law in such matters, or rather why the desires and actions of individuals should be governed by the opinion of the community, or the race for that matter. Such a thing is sheer tyranny to his mind. His doctrine is briefly that everyone should be allowed to do as he liked, and that true and perfect liberty would consist in everyone being free to follow his own sweet inclinations. I wonder if this conception of liberty obtains widely in New Zealand—the conception that the restraints which the commonsense of the race has put upon individual freedom are inimical to happiness and progress, and should be resisted tooth and nail. Why, it is these very restraints that keep society from flying asunder into a condition of anarchy and the world rolling back into savagery. It is pure nonsense for anyone to suppose that Society can keep itself together without common beliefs, common faiths, common prejudices. Common belief someone has well said represents the force of gravitation and cohesion, and when it comes about that there is no common belief disintegration is not far off. Preserve us from the liberty of 'Liberty,' which would result in making petty tyrants of us all, letting loose all the passions, and turning order into chaos. But there is a tendency in democracy in that direction, for so long as you preach the doctrine that one man is as good as another you will encourage the individual to look upon his opinion as equal to that of anyone else, and to think that he has a right to do as he himself thinks fit.

THE PROPER WAY.

'ANYBODY can acquire a good memory,' said the teacher to his class, 'if he trains his mind to hang things on their own pegs, so to speak. For instance, in what year was Gladstone born?'
'I don't remember,' answered the pupil.
'Don't remember! Well, you must go about it in the right way. How many Muses were there?'
'Nine.'
'Of course. Now double that number.'
'Eighteen.'
'Now multiply it by 100.'
'Eighteen hundred.'
'Very good. Hold on to that. How many Graces were there?'
'Three.'
'Precisely. Multiply that by itself.'
'Nine.'
'Just so. Now add that to the result you first obtained and what have you?'
'Eighteen hundred and nine.'
'Well now, there you have it. Gladstone was born in 1809. Everything depends on going to work in a proper manner. The memory needs a bit of help, that's all.'

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.

'PARENT.—If you do not—and you are perfectly right—like your children to read 'penny dreadfuls,' place within their reach good literature. Here is one great safeguard which has been proved to be reliable. Fill your bookshelves with wholesome, sound books—books which you have first gone through yourself. Let good periodicals and magazines lie about, which your children can take up and look at, at any idle moment. Encourage them to take in some standard work in weekly or monthly numbers, reading the same yourself so that you can talk to them about the various characters, etc.; and as the children grow older place such authors as Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Kingsley, Eliot, and similar others, within their reach. Depend upon it that those homes are the happiest where good and interesting books and papers are close to the hands of the children, even though the bookcase does look untidy, and the books become soiled and worn.

'Dinadee.—I am sorry, but your query is quite beyond this column. Consult a good lawyer. It is never safe to give advice of the nature you require without being in full possession of all the circumstances of the case.

'Wonderment.—I must congratulate you on your excellent pseudonym. I have a really novel and practical suggestion to make for your wedding present to your niece, which I think will answer your requirements of 'something no one else will give her; something not too expensive, but useful; something I can put fancywork into, as I have plenty of leisure.' Give her a set of the newest style of towels. There is almost no limit to the money one may spend upon towels, if she be so minded; it is in fact somewhat difficult to select the moderate and reasonable from out the mass of costly and voluminous towels. Many women of leisure who like decorated towels buy fine birds-eye linen and make hems finished with deep drawn work bands, above which they embroider initials. Others work above the hemstitched ends small flowers or a running vine in pure white floss. Some, despite the fashion, consider colour well used a great addition. My advice would be that unless you can afford the luxuries of life and need not count the cost, by far your best plan will be to purchase a supply of fine huckaback hemstitched towels, at from sixteen shillings to thirty-two shillings a dozen, and embroider upon them in pure white silk either your monogram or initials. These will be serviceable and elegant, and not too fine to perform all the functions that a towel should. Then, if you wish for a more gorgeous few, you can embroider upon heavy fringed towels a breadth of reasonable width, in colour or white as you prefer. There is no doubt whatever, I think, that all cultivated women will agree that the monogram of the housewife is the most and best desirable decoration that a towel can have. Yet we see dozens of highly decorated towels to one treated in that rational and dignified way. Fringe too, is annoying in the extreme. The lint that it sheds clings fast and is difficult to remove, and it catches and snarls in an irritating way, and it is difficult to launder properly; yet hemstitched towels, truly elegant as they are, are only now coming up to claim their just place. The demand for these comes from households where cultivated taste governs the display.

'Birdie.—I must ask you to write on one side of the paper only. I have no objection to replying privately if you enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. In that case you had better address your query to the Lady Editor. Darkening the eyes is very risky. An eminent oculist claims that the widespread disease of weak eyes among women is largely due to the tampering with these organs for making them more beautiful than nature intended. The extremes to which some will go in the matter is illustrated by an English woman who was arrested in the streets of London for drunkenness. It was found later that she was simply suffering from the toxic effects of atropine, which she had instilled into the eyes to dilate the pupils for a more brilliant appearance. She was determined to be beautiful, and to accomplish the purpose she ran the risk of ruining her eyes for a lifetime. A late fad among women of our cities is to darken the under eyelids with paint to give a more attractive appearance to the eyes. This paint is often made up of injurious principles, which in time makes the flesh around the eyes appear old and wrinkled. It becomes cracked, and then paint becomes essential all the time. The simplest method, if one will darken the eyes, is to use an ordinary lead pencil.

'Dolly.—I fancy you could obtain what you want at any good grocer. Write and ask for a price list of goods, then you will know just what you can afford each week.

'Old Maid.—For travelling you will find a little bag the best possible place for your spare money. It should be of chamouis with a flap to button well over and have broad seams trebly stitched. You must shape it so that it will be small enough to wear inside the corset, then secure it with a safety pin.

'Tom.—I hope you will not mind my telling you that before you ask a 'nice, refined, educated girl' to be your wife, you should learn to write a proper letter. Yours was a most curious production. It began in the third person, then wandered off to the first; finally, though there was no address, such as Dear Sir, or Dear Madam, to commence with, it wound up, 'Yours very sincerely.' This is what you should have said:—'To the Editor: Dear Sir,—Will you kindly suggest some present for a young lady's birthday? She is a nice, refined, and educated girl, and I hope to soon ask her to be my wife.—Yours faithfully, Tom ———.' Or you might simply have said: "'Tom' would be much obliged if the editor could suggest a present,' etc. What I would propose is not a book, as 'educated' girls get quite enough literature, but a complete toilet set of silver articles, including brushes, manicure sets, hand mirrors and everything that can be used on the toilet table. With such a set as this, there may go a large square of bevelled glass, made like a looking-glass, so that the articles show off when placed upon them.

'Sleep.—I am afraid your insomnia will prove troublesome to get rid of. A professor said he always induced sleep by going to the woodhouse and sawing wood awhile. It brought the blood down to the extremities and carried it away from the larger vessels, and then it was not dammed up in the poor goaded brain. 'Good for the professor,' I said; but what will help one doesn't always help another. First of all, don't worry; take things easy. I am convinced that worry brings on disease. A woman doctor said to me that she dreaded to treat women with impaired nerve force, which means nervous prostration. She had many cases of such, and they felt that her treatment was long and tedious, and that they did not get the worth of their money. There are certain things that help to invite 'Nature's sweet restorer.' A brisk walk warms cold feet. A well-ventilated room is necessary, a good bed, neither too hard nor too soft, and level. Authorities recommend a hard head; but I always like a big fat pillow and head pretty well elevated. Let each suit his own case. Avoid little, close bedrooms, for a high temperature brings on restlessness.

'Mr Pen.—There is a great demand for houses just now. Had you not better buy a piece of land and build one ready for your bride? It will be miserable beginning life in lodgings or hotels if she is used to a fresh, country life, dairy and chickens. Furnish simply and only one or two rooms, letting her choose the rest of the furnishings. She will have to live in the house more than you will.

'Mabel.—(1) Yes, call after the dance. (2) It is not necessary after that small tea. (3) You need not write your invitations; verbal ones for an informal affair are quite sufficient. Use autumn leaves, crimson and brown silk draperies, and have all sorts of sweetmeats as well as the cakes. Scones, daintily made, or nicely cut and rolled thin bread and butter should always be on the table, as some people never eat sweets. You did not ask at all too many questions. Your writing is a pleasure to read.

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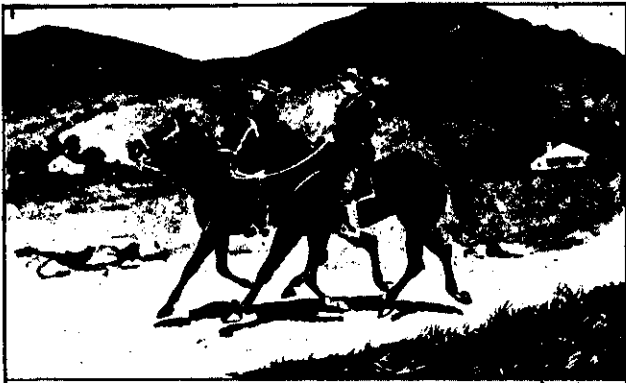
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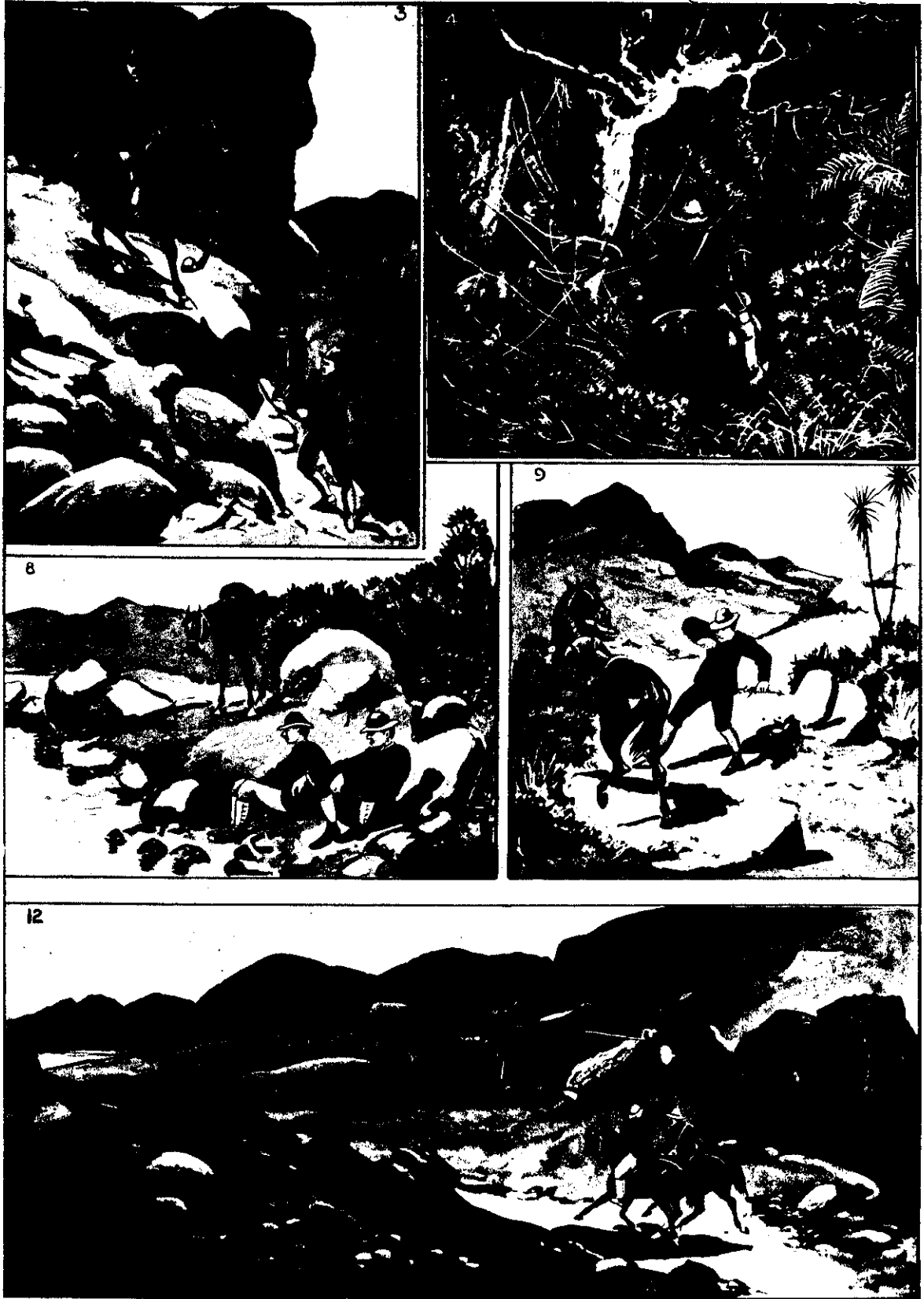
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A TRIP THROUGH THE MINING DISTRICTS.

1. We start out in great figure. 2. Stopping an hour later for our first refresher. 3. We pass some ticklish country. 4. And get fixed up in a bit of bush. 5. Where the supplies prove two much for jack. 6. I have scarcely finished laughing at his mishap when I come a cropper. 7. We find a jolly place to camp.



A TRIP THROUGH THE MINING DISTRICTS.

8. And next morning strike the river. 9. Our horses object to cross. 10. So we go looking for a ford. 11. The native called that a ford!
12. We reach our destination.

MY OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

(BY THE WARRIGAL.)

DOWN in the valley of an Auckland sea creek lives my old sea captain—mine by virtue of appreciation; mine by virtue of the sympathy between us. A grey-haired, red-faced, handsome old North of Englander—a man who carried stores for the great East India Company, when India was under its rule. A man who has seen the old order of the sea change to the new; who has witnessed the birth and growth of steam navigation, yet who has never voyaged in a steamer. A 'sailor' to the core, prejudiced, crochety, perhaps, but bold and daring, and finely honorable; a man who has faced a thousand dangers and found his way in all sorts of crafts in all parts of the world. Strange to find such a man settled down as a farmer in the quietest part of a quiet New Zealand settlement. He reversed the old nautical proverb. Instead of selling his farm and going to sea, he gave up the sea and bought a farm. I have not yet found out why he bought the farm. He has done nothing to it since it was purchased, and most of the land is still in virgin scrub. The haka fences which enclose the few paddocks are tall as ordinary trees, and spread more than a chain in width. The implements bought to work the ground have fallen to decay. The cart, which was to carry the produce to market rots under the framework of a shed. The very grasses of the paddocks seem old and worn out. The cows—as many generations as they are in number—seem each as ancient as the other. The last of the horses died of old age, and the survivor of three generations of dogs is literally on its last legs. The house, womanless and comfortless, is musty with age and tobacco smoke. Yet there lives my old sea captain, hale in spite of ancient hardships, he and his three-score-year brother, two hardy, grumpy bachelors, seeing little of their neighbours and scarcely moving off their farm from one year's end to another. These two men seem to have left a whole wonderful adventurous life behind them. Both have seen much of the world, taken their part in active, forceful life, and now they vegetate on that quiet farm, and are hearty in spite of bachelor ways and their own bad cookery.

Last autumn I used to find my old captain in the orchard, lying on his back amongst the long grass, smoking a black clay pipe. In the warm sunshine he was a lad again, apprentice on a Quaker-owned ship. The smoke of his pipe, puffed in regular wreaths, curled up to broad spreading vine leaves that cluster amidst the branches of a mossy peach tree. The sunlight made his face more red and his hair more white; but still in fancy he was a lad, learning to knot, to steer, fighting his way

through the difficulties of life. Some of the romance and mystery of olden days hovers about this remembered youth. There are hints of pirates, of enemies' cruisers, mutiny, murder, shipwreck—strange tales of strange countries. There is a glimpse of life on a great East Indianman, of prankish apprentice tricks, of a cyclone, of falling in love with a white-faced Anglo-Indian girl. As the old captain drones on about these things one seems to see a great white-sailed, white-decked ship sailing over tropical seas, with brass waves rippling below open port, glowing lights and shadows upon the awning, under which recline languid women, turbulent children, and indolent men who have controlled princes and ruled over millions of a conquered race. There is something strange and sad in these remembrances; something that is past and gone beyond recall—the romance and hopes and dream of youth.

I like my old sea captain by the hearth best, especially when a sou'west gale is blowing, or a wet north-easter shrieking down the valley. He sits on the backless chair by the fire of fragrant manuka, sways to and fro as if to the roll of a ship, and puffs out long clouds of smoke. Then one hears the whistle of wind among the rigging and its mournful hum against the *taut* sails—dim lights showing on a wet heaving deck—dim figures moving into darkness, and black foam-capped waves rising sleepily to blacker sky. The firelight reddens my captain's face, the solitary candle seems merely a speck against his white beard. He is giving orders now, stern, sharp commands that lead to life or death, to safety or shipwreck. The ancient younger brother sits with elbows on knees smoking persistently. What a picture he makes in that dim firelight—thick wavy hair, hawk nose, keen eyes, alert, yet silent and motionless! He has lived a life, but I am describing my old sea captain. He grows harsh and forceful as he lives again in remembered dangers. Now he is the bold and masterful sea captain upholding mercantile privileges against the pride and dominance of an East India Company's Admiral. Now he is in Russian seas scornfully resisting official bribery. Now he is sailing his ship round the dreaded Scaw in the black darkness of a wintry storm. There is something of the story of England in his life of carrying the flag into distant seas, of dealing with a hundred foreign nations, of planting colonies, pushing trades, facing and overcoming difficulties—a bit of old-world history to be read by an Auckland sea creek.

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WELL DOCTORED.

'AND who is your doctor, my dear?' says the ancient aunt.

'Well,' says the modern young lady, 'my real doctor is Dr. Jones, but when I have a baby he employs Dr. A—, and when my back was bad he got Dr. B— to see me, and when I wanted some glasses he sent me to Dr. C—, and when I had an abscess he had someone in from Harley-street—I never heard his name; and then there was a nerve man from Cavendish Square when the baby had fits, and for my teeth I generally go to Dr. D—, but Dr. E—pulled Johnny's tooth because Dr. Jones thought he did extraction better; then, you know, there is the massage woman. I really do not know all these people. One's doctor can always find someone to do these sort of things, and Dr. Jones is very clever, and always employs nice people.'

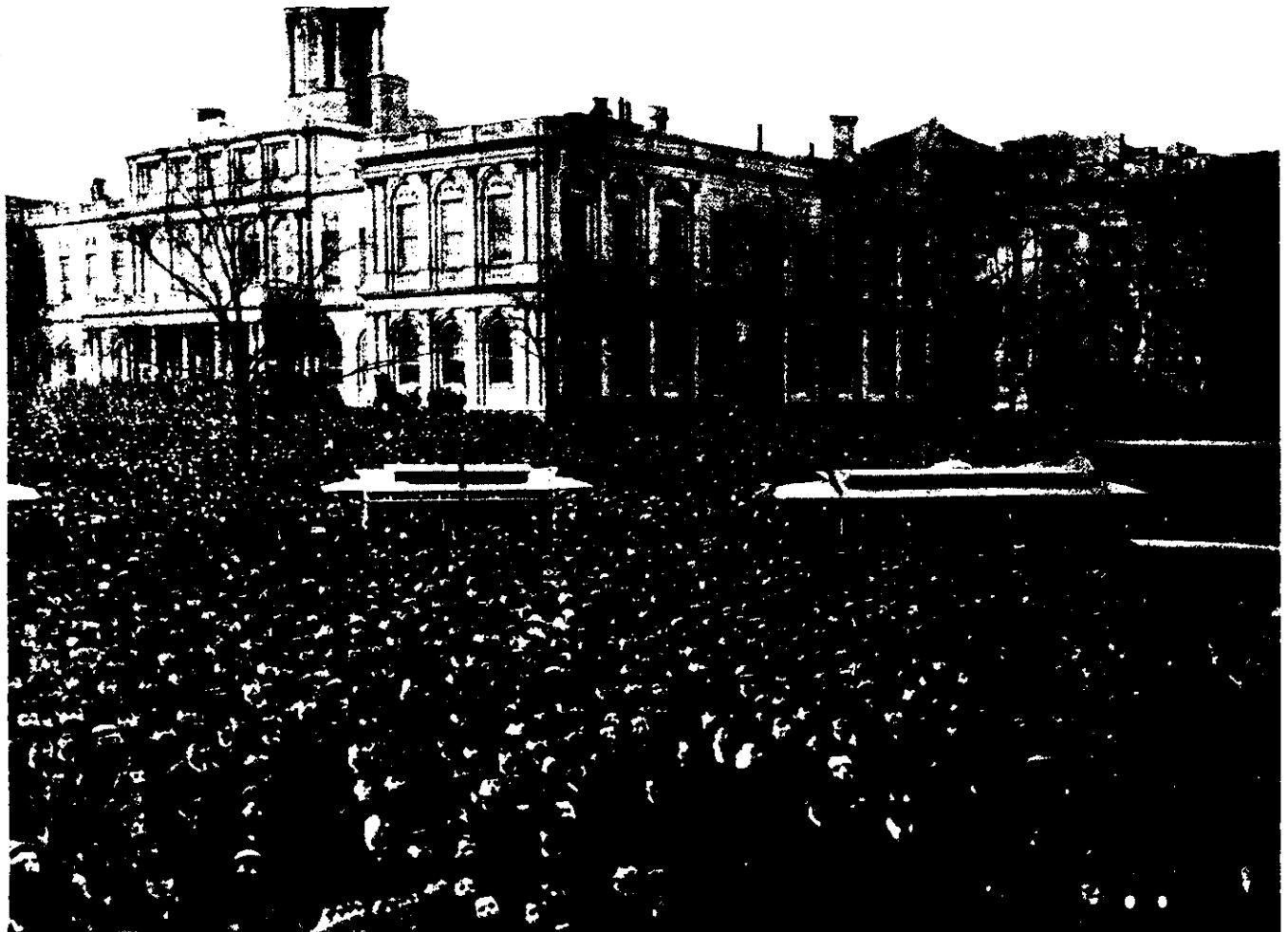
And such threatens to be the end of specialism—fallen by being sub-divided.

THE NAPIER PARK RACES.

FOR our pictures of the Napier Park Races we are indebted to Mr H. A. Banner, and Mr Lindergreen, two gentlemen who are invariably very successful with their cameras. It is no easy matter to obtain good photos of objects moving at such a rapid pace, as all photographers know, and the results obtained by these gentlemen, who are amateurs, is therefore all the more noteworthy. Mr Lindergreen and Mr Banner, it will be remembered, supplied us with some good pictures of the Demonstration Sports recently held in Napier.

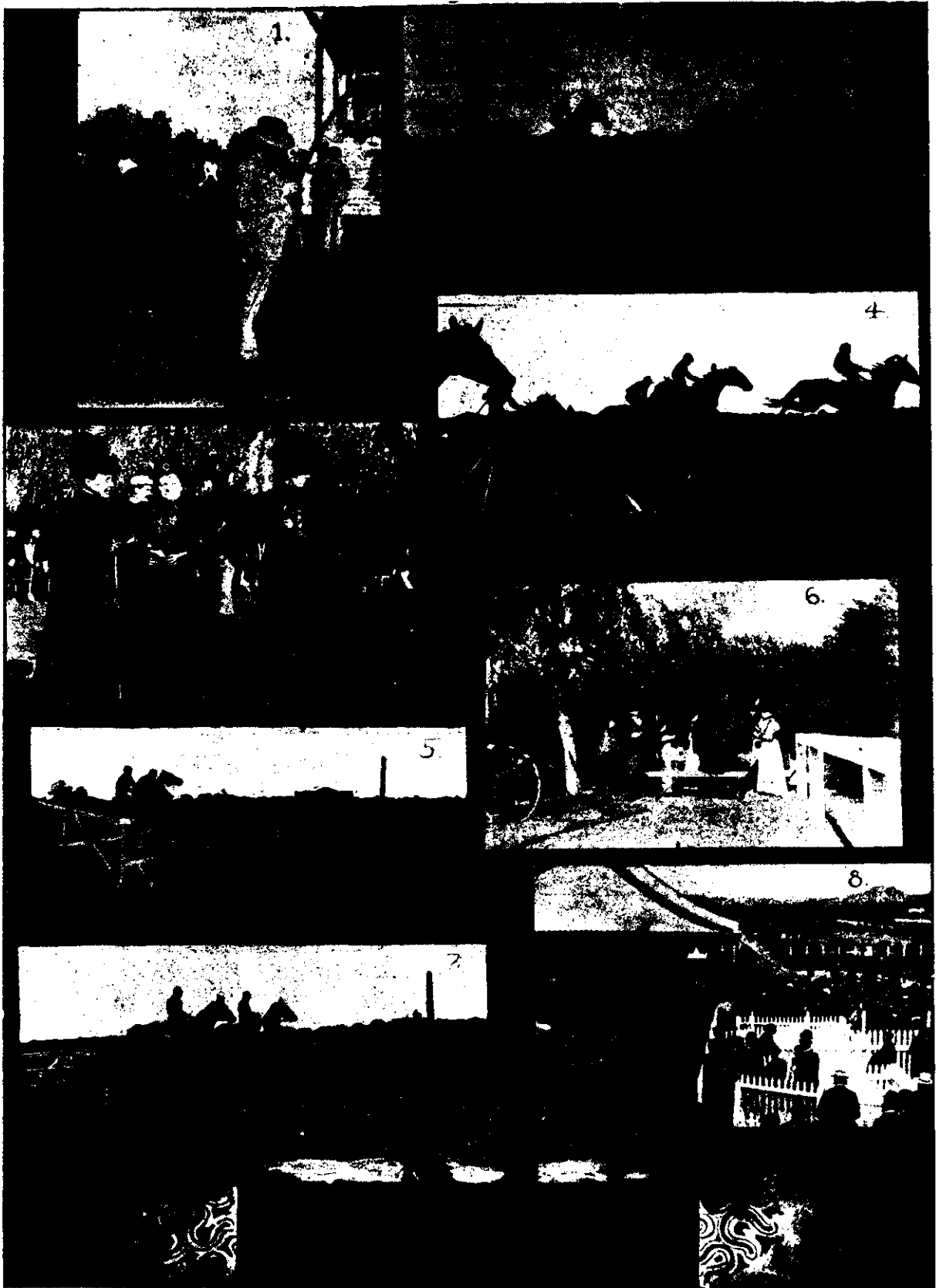
FITZSIMMONS AND CORBETT, PRIZE FIGHT.

ON this page is given a picture of the crowd which assembled outside of the *Tribune* and *World* Buildings, New York, to get the news of the progress of the prize fight between Fitzsimmons and Corbett as it was telegraphed from Nevada. It is estimated that there were twenty thousand people in the crowd. There were several other congregations of people in other parts of New York.



FITZSIMMONS-CORBETT PRIZE FIGHT—WATCHING THE BULLETINS.

Photograph by J. Burton.



NAPIER PARK RACES.

1. Shots taken on the lawn. 2. Handicap Hurdle Race, 1st. time round. 3. Snapshot on the lawn. 4. Second Trial Handicap Hurdles. Sylvanus leading.
 5. Handicap Hurdle Race, 2nd. time round. 6. Snapshot taken on the lawn. 7. Inspecting the hurdles. 8. One of the Totalisators. 9. Trial Handicap Hurdles.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR.

THE following sketch of the early history of Lord Ranfurly's family, taken from Carpenter's 'Peerage of the People,' may be of interest.—Mr Thomas Knox, a descendant of one of the early adventurers into Ireland, represented Dungannon in the Irish Parliament, and was rewarded pretty liberally by 'the heaven-born Minister' for the influence he afforded him in carrying the measure of the union between the two countries. Two of his sons, Thomas and Vesey, were appointed Prothonotaries in the Irish Court of Common Pleas; another son was transferred from the worst bishopric—Killala—to the second best in the county Limerick; another was appointed to the Deanery of Down; and a fifth was made a General on the Staff. No other family in Ireland—the Beresfords alone excepted—have received so much of the public money as have the family of the Knoxes. But a few words about the Prothonotaryship of the Common Pleas. The office was, of course, a mere sinecure, the duties being discharged by deputy, who handed over to his principals £12,000 a year, upon the average, without subjecting them to any other trouble than that of receiving the money. (They had in all £235,127 7s 3d). While these Knoxes were in office Mr Peel filled the situation of Secretary for Ireland, and a communication was made to him by a gentleman named Ball, who was practising as an attorney, that frauds on the revenue to an enormous extent were annually committed in the Prothonotaries' office. Mr Peel, in a letter which can still be produced, replied that if the statements made by Mr Ball proved to be well founded, 'neither family, rank, nor influence' should prevail upon him to screen the parties. An inquiry was instituted, and Mr Ball's statements were more than borne out by the results. It was ascertained that a practice had long prevailed in the Prothonotaries' office of recording the judgments of the Court on parchments without any stamps, although the usual payments, including the charge for stamps, were demanded and received. Thus large sums belonging to the public revenue were abstracted and transferred to their own pockets by these trustworthy officers! But these frauds, enormous as they were, constituted but a small part of the evil. The most dreadful grievance was the insecure state in which the practice had placed the property of all those persons for whom judgments had been entered; for in consequence of the records being destitute of the stamps required by law, they were not legal instruments, and their effects became null and void. Any man who had obtained judgment on a bond, and afterwards came into possession of an estate in virtue of such judgment, might be turned out of his property, after his security was cancelled, on account of the illegality of the instrument which purported to convey it to him! Every individual, in fact, against whom a judgment had been entered, might have had it reversed upon this ground. The Commissioners of Inquiry found piles upon piles of parchments containing the records of cases adjudged in the court upon which there was not a single stamp; and the calculation that was made—although it did not go to the whole extent of the case—showed that the revenue had been defrauded of at least half a million of money! Mr Ball, who had brought this enormous atrocity to light generously refused compensation for the discovery, and insisted that the affair should be investigated in Parliament, that the delinquents might have their merited reward. This was promised by Mr Peel, and letters under his own hand show that he was fully satisfied of the enormity of the case. The inquiry was, however, postponed from time to time, one excuse after another being suggested, until at length he resigned the Secretaryship of Ireland, and entered upon that for the Home Department. Mr Ball followed him to England, and tried various means to extort from him the fulfilment of his pledge. Persecution, however, was all this worthy man could realise, in return for his generous exertions. He was reduced to poverty and want; and one morning his room was entered by two men, who placed upon him a straight waistcoat and conveyed him to a private mad house, where he died within a few weeks afterwards. It was impossible, however, after the circumstances which were brought to light by the commissioners of inquiry that the patent office should be continued to Messrs the Hon. Thomas and Vesey Knox. The patent was rescinded, and the office swept of the parties inculpated in the proceedings we have detailed. The reader will, of course, expect that they were transported—if not hung—or if not so, that they were sent to the treadmill for life—or, at the least, to wander about as vagabonds, to be shunned and abhorred by honest men. No such thing. This is not the fashion in which great public delinquents are dealt with. Thomas and Vesey Knox, the prothonotaries, were rewarded with a pension, for their lives, of £7,150 3s a year; Mr George Hill, their deputy, was granted a patent place in the same office; and their latter, the member for Dungannon, was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, as Baron Wells, and subsequently created Viscount Northland.

THE ADVANTAGES OF REST.

THERE is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from business, and he laughed at those who spent their holiday on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing to her habit of spending one day a week in bed.

RIVAL EXPLORERS.

AT the time that the Duc de Chartres' son started on his trip to Abyssinia, the French Government sent out a special mission to King Menelik, under M. Bonvalot, who had been Prince Henry's companion in his explorations in Central Asia, Tonquin, and Thibet. It was supposed (says the Paris correspondent of the *Standard*) that the two missions were practically the same; but this was speedily denied by the French Government, who showed their disapproval of Prince Henry's expedition by recalling from Djibouti an infantry subaltern who had been granted special leave to enable him to accompany the Prince on his travels. A new complication has now arisen. M. Sabatier, an artist attached to the Prince's expedition, relates that a serious quarrel has taken place between the Prince and M. Bonvalot. The latter, with the members of his mission and M. Sabatier, embarked at Marseilles on board the *Irraouady*-Messageries Maritimes steamer. Prince Henry joined the vessel at Suez; but to the surprise of the passengers, instead of being warmly welcomed by his old fellow traveller, M. Bonvalot adopted a frigidly distant demeanour towards him.

The whole party landed at Djibouti. There M. Bonvalot was received by the French officials, who provided him and his companions with quarters, while Prince Henry was ignored. The rival explorers and their friends, however, took their meals at the same hotel, until, on February 24th, there occurred what M. Sabatier terms a painful incident. An Abyssinian interpreter of M. Bonvalot's was, it seems, guilty of some rudeness to M. de Poncius, one of Prince Henry's companions. M. de Poncius complained to M. Bonvalot in a very polite letter, in which he asked him, in the name of solidarity among white men, among Frenchmen, to reprimand his

LEARN a lesson for the season from the south of France. In the flower season at Cannes plates of glass are thinly covered with clarified inodorous fat, and upon or under this fat the flowers are placed, and the power this substance has to absorb and retain perfume is astonishing. On these sheets of glass the most delicate odours are thus fixed almost as securely as on the collodion prepared plates, the most delicate pictures are retained. In this way the jessamine, the violet, the tuberose, and orange perfume travel across France and arrive in England as pure as the day they were given forth from the flowers themselves. The emancipation of the odour from its imprisonment is very simple. The fat, cut into small cubes, is placed in spirits of wine, and the delicate essence immediately deserts the coarse fat for the more spiritual solvent. M. Piesse, in his interesting work on perfumery, says that 'while cultivators of gardens spend thousands for the gratification of the eye, they altogether neglect the nose. Why should we not grow flowers for their odours as well as for their colours?' And, we may add, the ladies may utilize some of our own waste garden perfumes very easily and with pecuniary advantage to themselves. Heliotrope, the lily of the valley, honeysuckle, myrtle, clove, pink, and wallflower perfumes, such as we get in the shops, are made up odours, cunningly contrived from other flowers. Yet they may be made pure with a little trouble. 'I want heliotrope pomade,' says M. Piesse, in despair. 'I would buy any amount that I could get.' And the way to get it is very simple. If there is a gluepot in the house, and it happens to be clean, fill it with clarified fat, set it near the hearth fire, or any other fire, just to make the fat liquid, and throw in as many heliotrope flowers as possible; let them remain for twenty-four hours, strain off the fat and add fresh ones; repeat this process for a week and the fat will have become a pomade a la heliotrope. The same process may be gone through with all the other flowers mentioned. A lady may in this manner make her own perfume, and we may add, in the words of M. Piesse, 'one that she cannot obtain for love or money at the perfumer's.'



man. What the offence of the Abyssinian interpreter may have been is not specified; but M. Bonvalot not only declined to reprimand his man, but after breakfast went up to M. de Poncius and told him, according to M. Sabatier, that 'this negro's manners were very good, and that it was no business on his part to teach him civility.' He added that M. de Poncius had acted wisely in not striking the Abyssinian, as the latter would surely have killed him. Then, getting excited, M. Bonvalot added that the two expeditions would meet during the inland journey, and that the Prince's party had better be careful as to how they behaved, and on taking his departure he remarked that his interpreter was 'worth more than all the Prince of Orleans' companions—nay, than the Prince himself, whom he regarded as a contemptible person, for whom he (M. Bonvalot) entertained the most profound contempt.' M. Sabatier vouches for the textual accuracy of these strong expressions, and adds that all those present looked at each other as though they were thunderstruck.

It appears from the sequel that Prince Henry wished to call out M. Bonvalot and fight him then and there, but he was prevailed upon to defer the duel until both parties shall have returned to France. M. Bonvalot transferred himself and his party to another *table d'hôte* for the remainder of his stay, and no intercourse took place between the two expeditions.

AIR IN CROWDED ROOMS.

A WRITER in the *Nineteenth Century* says:—'Within doors we find that the number of micro organisms suspended in the air depends, as we should have expected, upon the number of people present, and the amount of disturbance of the air which is taking place. In illustration of this the following experiments, made at one of the Royal Society's conversations, held at Burlington House last year, may be mentioned. At the commencement of the evening, when a number of persons were already present, and the temperature was at 67deg. Fahr., the two gallons of air examined yielded 326 organisms; later on, as the rooms became densely crowded, as indicated by the temperature rising to 72deg. Fahr., the number reached 432. The next morning, on the other hand, when the room was empty, the air yielded only 130, but even this is doubtless in excess of the number which would be present in the room in question under normal conditions, in which, judging from experience, I should expect to find about 40 to 60 in the same volume of air.'

TUNSON GARLICK COMPANY.
LIMITED.

"THE PEOPLE'S" FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

304, 306, 308, 310, 312, Queen-street, and Lorne-street, Auckland.

(Registered under the "The Companies Act, 1862.")

NOMINAL CAPITAL, £40,000, in 40,000 Shares of £1 each, 25,000 Paid-up Shares, 15,000 Contributing Shares, 5,000 of these £1 Shares, which will be fully paid up as follows: Namely, 10s on application, and 10s on allotment, are now offered to the public. 10,000 Shares Reserved.

DIRECTORS:

CHAIRMAN—MR J. TUNSON GARLICK
MR JAS. O. CULPAN MR DAVID MCKENZIE
MR ED. DRINKWATER MR GEO. G. GARLICK.
Bankers—The National Bank of New Zealand.
Solicitors—Messrs Thorne and Reed.
General Manager—Mr J. T. Garlick.
Secretary and Accountant—Mr A. C. Brown.

This Company has acquired the business so long and favourably known as "The People's" Furnishing Warehouse, established in 1874; including the Freehold Lands and Buildings in Queen-street, the Factory and other Leasehold premises in Lorne-street, with all stock-in-trade, book debts, and other assets of the said business, including the goodwill thereof, for the sum of £25,000, for the whole of which the vendor has accepted Paid-up Shares in the Company, 20,000 of which he intends to retain, a large proportion of the remaining 5,000 having been taken up by employees in the Warehouse and Factory.

An agreement has been entered into with Mr. J. TUNSON GARLICK, whereby that gentleman is retained to manage and conduct the business of the Company for the term of five years.

THE CAPITAL of the Company is divided into 25,000 Paid-up Shares, and 15,000 Contributing.

FIVE THOUSAND Contributing Shares are now offered to the public at PAR, which will form part of the Working Capital of the Company, the remaining 10,000 Shares to be reserved till such time as Shareholders may determine to offer them.

NO COMMISSION has been or will be charged for the promotion or flotation of the Company.

The Directors' honorarium will be 10s. 6d. for each meeting of Directors; but no Director, who is also an EMPLOYEE of the COMPANY, shall be entitled to such honorarium.

Important and extensive alterations are now being made to the business premises in Queen-street, which will make the shop-front of the warehouse one of the handsomest in the City of Auckland.

This venture is confidently believed to be one of the SOUNDTEST AND SAFEST investments yet offered the Auckland public, and dividend-paying from the first month of allotment of Shares.

FROM THE PROFITS made during the past two years (being upwards of 10 per cent. per annum on £30,000), Shareholders may confidently expect regular dividends of 10 per cent. per annum.

Shares allotted before the 30th June will be entitled to a dividend as from 1st July next.

An Interim Dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, payable on the 7th day of October, 1897, as also a similar dividend that will be declared after the Balance-Sheet is made up in 31st March, 1898, is GUARANTEED by Mr J. TUNSON GARLICK.

ALL THE DIRECTORS have a PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE of and acquaintance with the business, most of them having been engaged in it for many years past.

With a view to a general distribution of the 5,000 Shares now offered to the public, the Directors reserve the right to allot to any applicant such number as they think fit.

Applications for Shares should be made to the Secretary at once, or before the 21st day of June, in either way the application deposit of 10s. per Share.

If no allotment be made the deposit will be returned without any deduction, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus will be applied in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any residue will be returned to the applicant.

Shares will be allotted according to PRIORITY of application, and any number from one upwards may be applied for.

Application Forms may be had of the Secretary at "The People's" Furnishing Warehouse.

Auckland, June 1st, 1897.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

PLAN OF
COROMANDEL PENINSULA.

ISSUED BY THE
AUCKLAND CHAMBER OF MINES.

A NEW Map, taken from Government Plans, recording Gold Mining Surveys in the Hauraki Mining District, has been Published by the Auckland Chamber of Mines.

The New Plan gives every Mining Lease granted on the Gold fields, from Cape Colville to Te Aroha.

Copies can be obtained at the Auckland Chamber of Mines, at the Star and GRAPHIC Office, Auckland, or at the Star and GRAPHIC Branch Office, Custom House Quay, Wellington.

PRICE, 7/6

TO INVESTORS IN MINING PROPERTIES.—
FOR SALE, on behalf of Prospectors, Shares in newly pegged-out Claims on easy and equitable terms. Arrangements made for Floating Properties on the Home Market through my representative in London.—
G. BRITAM HUTTON, Mining and General Agent, Legal Chambers, Auckland.

R. A. ESCOTT, Representing the CARSON-WOODS SYNDICATE, 21, St. John's-street Road, London, acquires New Zealand Mining Properties for the London Market. Head Office for Australasia: 31, Queen-street, Melbourne.

ARTHUR T. BATE,
SHAREBROKER AND MINING AGENT,
24 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

J. S. LENNOX [O. S. HULL]
LENNOX & HULL,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS,
10, NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE BUILDINGS, AUCKLAND.

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(Member Auckland Brokers' Association),
STOCK AND SHAREBROKER,
STOCK EXCHANGE, AUCKLAND.
Cable address: "Rapatrio." Bankers, Bank of New Zealand

J. M. SHERRA,
(Member Assoc. Stock and Mining Brokers.)
STOCK AND SHAREBROKER,
SELDEN CHAMBERS,
97 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

FAIRLY steady business has been transacted on the Stock Exchange during the past week. Buyers of high-priced stocks have seemed more willing to operate; nor is this to be wondered at when the improved returns from the leading companies this month are taken into consideration. The Waikauri for the past four weeks shows an increase of nearly £2,000 upon the previous month's return, and the Waitekauri Company's yield is much larger than the two previous ones. Working options are being quietly secured by representatives of English capitalists over suitable properties. The time required is longer than that formerly asked, but as the option holders pay all development expenses during the period, local shareholders get their properties opened up free of cost to themselves, while the holders of the option are in the position of being ready to place the mines on the London market whenever a favourable opportunity occurs. At the present time quite a number of mines are being developed on this system, and any revival on the London market would soon result in many properties being taken up. Meanwhile, shareholders at this end escape having to pay calls. In the case of the Victoria mine the option held for floatation has been extended for one month, a deposit of £1,000 having been paid some time ago. There has been quite a run on Great Barrier stocks during the

past week, an all-round advance having taken place. Contributing shares in the Barrier Reefs, the Company that was floated last week, have changed hands at double the price they were floated. Great Barrier shares sold as high as 12s, and now none are offered under 15s. Three weeks ago these shares could have been got for half the money. Ionas sold in large lots at 1s 6d and 1s 7d, while steady business was done at better rates in Aoteas and Kaitokes. Hauraki North shares advanced during the week, also Four-in-Hands, the latter again reaching 2s, it being understood that there is now every chance of the property being successfully floated by the option holders. Upper Thames stocks have had fair demand during the week, Crowns being steadily asked for at 2s. Woodstocks at 3s, and Waikauri-Silvertons at 19s. Talismans changed hands freely during the week. In three weeks these shares rose from 14s 6d to 19s. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that the battery has now commenced operations. Grace Darlings had a run from 1s 8d to 2s 6d this week, but subsequently fell back to the former figure. Stanleys have had steady buyers at 1s, while regular transactions were reported in Waikauri Souths and Extendeds. In Kuaotunu stocks the only ones in demand were Kapa-Vermonts and Jupiters. The former advanced considerably in price, being sold as high as 7s 6d, while Jupiters changed hands at 1s and 1s 2d. On the average the advance in prices of a fortnight ago had been well maintained, while in the interim many hitherto neglected stocks have been enquired for, particularly in Wharekaurunga mines.

WAITAIA.

Shareholders in this company are to be called together shortly to consider a proposal made to raise further working capital. Mr Shaw, the Chairman of the Home company, is at present in Auckland, and is so impressed with the prospects of the mine that he considers ample working capital should be provided to thoroughly develop the property. As the remaining 10,000 reserve shares would be quite inadequate for the purpose of raising the amount of capital necessary, Mr Shaw suggests (1) That local shareholders should furnish a proportion of the capital required—say, one-third in cash, or (2) That the Scotch purchasers provide the total amount if local shareholders forego 10,000 of the 30,000 shares coming to them under the terms of the sale, which would still give the vendors one fully paid-up share for every three now held.

WAIOTAHU RETURNS.

£554 FROM 150 TONS.

The return for the past month from this old Thames mine shows considerable improvement as compared with the previous one, which only amounted to £349 5s. This time nearly double the quantity of ore was treated, the yield being 198ozs. of gold, value £554, from 150 tons of stone treated.

WAIHI COMPANY.

£11,297 FOR THE MONTH.

INCREASE OF £1,993.

The return for the past four weeks from this mine shows an increase of nearly £3,000 upon the yield for May. During the four weeks just ended 3,294 tons of ore were treated for a yield of bullion worth £11,297. The previous return was £9,303 from 3,060 tons, so that for the 234 tons extra treated an increased return of bullion was got to the extent of £1,993. This yield is the largest since February last, and brings up the total output from this mine since 1890 to £547,549. The returns per year are as follows:—

Year	£	s.	d.
1890	21,112	13	6
1891	23,335	5	11
1892	44,888	2	4
1893	61,940	10	11
1894	82,827	2	2
1895	120,354	2	2
1896	137,321	8	2
1897 (up to date)	55,229	19	10
Grand total	547,549	5	0

WAI TEKAURI COMPANY.

AN INCREASED RETURN.

£4,031 FOR THE MONTH.

The return from this Company's crushing for the past month was a very satisfactory one, being £528 ahead of the May yield, although 136 tons less of ore were treated. This is in consequence of the better percentage of extraction obtained in cyaniding, and it is expected further improvement will take place in the coming month. During the four weeks ending May 28th, 1,665 tons of ore were treated and returned £4,031 worth of bullion, being the largest yield for the past three months from this mine. For the previous return of £3,503 the amount of ore treated was 1,801 tons.

HAURAKI (N.Z.) ASSOCIATED GOLD REEFS.

The adjourned meeting of shareholders in this Company took place this week in the Chamber of Mines. There was again a very large attendance. The chairman (Mr J. M. Lennox) called upon the hon. secretary, Mr Pollock, to read the report of the Committee, which recommended that the shareholders take up their shares in the reconstructed company, that a new Advisory Board be appointed upon the recommendation of New Zealand shareholders who shall be responsible for the appointment of the local Secretary to the new company, and that the question of the causes of the present position of the company be referred to counsel for opinion as to whether any liability exists. Mr Pollock said he had received a letter from Mr Ogilvie stating that the Company bought the Rising Sun claim for £500 from Mr M. Niccol and himself. The Company also bought from Mr Ogilvie the Rising Sun Extended ground for £300.

The Chairman then read the balance-sheet prepared by the auditor, Mr Friar Clark. This gave details of the expenditure of the new Company since its formation a year ago:—Remitted from London, £4,100 (including £600 since the Company was reconstructed); received for bullion, £930 5s 4d; loan on mortgage, £1,000. Expenditure: Battery account, £2,223 7s 11d; shipping machinery, £48 14s; Customs duties and landing charges, £135 11s 3d; office and change room, £92 7s; water rights and battery site, £250; mine wages, £1,702 7s 4d; mine supplies, £337 19s 10d; legal expenses, rent, and mining fees, £249 18s 4d; Government license fees, £75 13s 8d; directors' fees and travelling expenses, £218; office, £100; cable messages, £103 1s 6d; advertising, etc., £9 2s 3d; report on mine, £20; photograph of mine, £6 6s; sundries, £21 9s 2d; petty cash, £10; total, £5,803 18s 3d. Amount overpaid battery contractor, £1 15s 2d; credit balance Bank of New South Wales, £210 1s 11d; total, £6,030 5s 4d.

Mr Lennox in moving the adoption of the Committee's report commented upon the fact that £218 had been paid the attorneys as fees and expenses for one year, and another £100 was allowed for office expenses. He also referred to the fact that the London directors under article 38 were entitled to £1,000 per annum as honorarium and 10 per cent. of any surplus after payment of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. Considering that only 6,000 had been subscribed he thought such charges were ridiculous. Mr Lennox also referred to the fact that £2,223 7s 11d had been expended upon the battery although the plant was forwarded from England.

Mr J. T. Johns seconded the motion *pro forma* and said he was prepared to lose every cent he had in the company and send more after it in order to show the London directors that they would not be fooled and duped.

Mr M. Niccol said the properties bought by the company were sent Home to Mr Hampson to sell. He sold them to the company, but the vendors at this end had nothing to do with that transaction. The shareholders naturally felt sore about the present position of affairs. He felt the same. Regarding that loan of £1,000, he might explain that it was only after two banks had declined it, as well as other private persons, that they got the loan they did. Mr Abbott, however, was willing to take back his £1,000 at once, and accept a very small sum for the use of it. Regarding the erection of the battery he might say the attorneys could not let the work by contract, as they had not the money in hand, therefore it had to be done by day labour. As to directors' fees and office expenses, that was the sum allowed them by the Home company. When the property was transferred he understood the £10,000 working capital was available. They were informed by Mr Hampson.

After a lengthy discussion it was decided to adjourn the meeting until after receipt of further details by mail.

NESTOR.

The annual meeting lapsed. The balance-sheet showed a balance of £3 5s to the credit of the Company. The sum of £106 5s was still due on calls made on November 11th last. Work in the mine had been suspended since March last.

ROYAL SHIELD.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The statement of accounts showed receipts £105, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £120 10s.

IVANHOE.

The ordinary general meeting was held in the New Zealand Insurance Buildings. Mr W. Gorrie presided. The balance-sheet showed cash in bank and on hand on April 30th, 1897, £129 11s 10d. The assets included calls unpaid £263 11s 2d. Messrs W. S. Wilson and John Owen were re-elected directors.

CITY OF GISBORNE.

The ordinary general meeting of shareholders in the above Company took place in Mr K. Gilliland's office, when Mr E. M. Coleman presided. The directors' report stated that during the past year development work mostly of a prospecting nature had been carried out.

The balance-sheet for the past twelve months showed total receipts £1,403 5s 7d, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £232 0s 1d. Messrs Coleman and Withy were re-elected directors.

OPAL PROPRIETARY.

The first half-yearly meeting of the Opal Proprietary Mining Company's shareholders, which was to have been held at Mr A. Board's office, Victoria Arcade, lapsed for want of a quorum. The mine manager reports that 23 feet have been driven in the mine during the past week, and that opal is showing in larger quantities than have yet been met with.

MADGE.

The meeting of shareholders in this Company lapsed. The accounts showed a credit of £22 10s 3d.

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The statement of accounts showed receipts £307 10s, and expenditure £134 2s 9d, leaving a credit of £173 7s 3d.

FIERY CROSS—ROYAL STANDARD EXTENDED.

It has been decided to amalgamate these two properties at Wharekeraupunga under the name of the Fiery Cross G.M. Company. This will give an area of 200 acres. The capital of the Fiery Cross in to be increased to 150,000 shares at 1s each, the shareholders in the Royal Extended Standard to have 70,000 shares, Fiery Cross 70,000 shares, and 10,000 to be held in reserve by the new Company. A meeting of the Fiery Cross shareholders is convened for Saturday, the 26th, at 11 a.m., to sanction the scheme.

CORONET.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The balance-sheet showed receipts £500, and expenditure £433 15s 6d, leaving £66 4s 6d to credit on the 30th of April.

HEITMAN FREEHOLD.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The accounts showed receipts £243 3s 7d and the expenditure £231 5s 5d but against the credit balance there is £348 15s 7d due to sundry creditors.

ESPERANZA.

The ordinary half-yearly meeting lapsed. The statement of accounts showed a credit balance of £4 4s 5d.

MINING NOTES.

Hauraki North (Coromandel).—The battery has been working steadily on general dirt from the eastern face at No. 2 level, and from the stopes above No. 1 level during the past week. This is a fair quality of ore, and is shaping for a payable return.

Komata.—Strong blotches of gold were seen in the stone at last breaking down.

Royal Standard.—Stone from a new reef has been cut in the water race tunnel of the Royal Standard, which when assayed yielded at the rate of £39 per ton.

Adelaide.—A parcel of 69 loads of quartz from the Adelaide reef was crushed this week for a yield of 48oz of retorted gold, and six lodes from the cross reef for 102 8wt of gold, total value about £137.

Comet (Tapp).—A reef has been cut in this mine, in which gold was seen in stone. Average size, 14in.

Bay View.—The reef has been broken down, and shows gold freely.

Dacre's Freehold.—A reef was encountered in this ground which, when broken down, showed colours of gold through the stone.

Four-in-Hand (Coromandel).—The work of developing the main reef at the low level is steadily progressing with satisfactory results, colours and dabs of gold being seen throughout the stone.

Sceptre.—The directors of this Company met and considered an offer for the property from Mr Kersey Cooper. The offer was not accepted, alternative terms being submitted.

May Queen Extended (Thames).—The reef in the Hokianga section has increased to 4 feet, and is highly charged with good mineral.

Triumph (Coromandel).—Crushing operations have been commenced at the Triumph mine, on what is believed to be ore of fair grade.

Golden Caledonia.—A small leader has been discovered on one of the western spurs on this mine, which gives very good prospects.

Welcome Find.—The southern lode in the winze when last broken down showed dabs and colours of gold.

Nonpareil.—The reef in the eastern end is fully 18 inches thick. In the western end the reef is nine inches in width. A small seam of quartz has also been cut, sticking into the reef from the hangingwall, in which colours of gold can be seen.

Puriri.—The new reef now averages about 4ft in thickness and by testing some of the stone a fair prospect of gold is obtainable in the dish.

Imperial.—Stone from No. 1 reef in the United section of this mine has been assayed by Mr J. K. Wilson, and yielded at the rate of £18 5s 10d per ton.

Vulcan Extended (Thames).—A new reef opened up on the surface of this mine measures 10 feet in thickness, and shows gold well distributed through the full width. Several pounds of picked stone have been secured from the general quartz.

Alpha.—Two tons of ore from the reefs have been for warded to the Thames School for treatment.

Success (Coromandel).—In this English mine the shaft is down 29 feet, and penetrating a splendid class of country. It is intended to open out the first level at a depth of 60 feet.

Daphne (Puru).—So far six feet have been driven into the reef without any sign of the other wall. It is a large body of stone, and gives good prospects when pounded.

Stanley.—The men have been started to drive on a large lode seven feet in thickness, which was intersected in the waterfall crosscut in the early days, and from which prospects of gold can be obtained.

Sterling.—The lode in the present face has improved considerably.

Inland Reefs.—A new reef was discovered near the battery site in this mine. Gold was visible in the stone.

Golden Band.—The lode recently intersected in this mine measures 9in thick.

Atlas.—The directors have had an offer for the Atlas property at Wharekeraupunga.

Waiki South.—The drive is now in first-class brown sandstone.

New Golden Point (Tapp).—Gold is seen in the quartz broken from the winze below the low level where the reef is fully 15 inches wide. At the intermediate level when breaking some quartz gold was freely seen.

West Derby.—The big reef is about 8 to 10 feet in width, and gives small prospects. A reef has also been opened up which is about eight inches in width, and in which gold can be seen in the stone.

Waitekauri King.—A parcel of stone from the reef in this mine which was sent to the Thames School of Mines yielded at the rate of £6 7s 2½d per ton.

Goldstream.—A six months' working option over this property has been granted to an English syndicate. An assay of stone from this mine gave a return at the rate of £18 5s per ton.

Dover Castle.—Assays made by Mr J. K. Wilson of samples of stone taken from the eight to ten feet reef in this Puriri mine resulted as follows:—No. 1, £31 1s 2d; No. 2, £25; No. 3, £25 12s 8d per ton.

Big Reefs.—Cable advice was received from London this week pointing to the satisfactory flotation of this Puru mine on that market.

Diamond.—A no-liability company was formed this week to work this ground which adjoins the Central mine at Waitekauri. The capital consists of 60,000 shares at 6d.

Temple Bar (Thames).—When the reef was broken down in this mine during the week good dabs and colours of gold were seen along the floor of the drive.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN LONDON.

If snobbishness was not born with the race (I think myself it must have left its serpent's trail in the garden of Eden itself), one may be quite sure that it first sprang to life in a republican, and even communistic, country. Where princely pageantry and ducal estate are a matter of course, they can never make the same impression as where they are seen and their influence felt for the first time. For which reason no sooner had the beauties of New York become imbued with the idea that life, as a plain 'Mrs,' even though the surname should be Vanderbilt or Astor, was after all mere social dust and ashes; so soon they looked further afield, and although the whole of Europe was at the service of them and their ambitions, a truly British opinion that an English baronet is better than any foreign prince, caused them to first turn their attention to the Mother Country, forgiven long ago, and not forgotten. It would be interesting to know who were the first Americans who came to lay siege to London society, and the story of their ultimate success; but in the meantime, these things being wrapped in mystery, there can be no doubt at all that it was the Prince of Wales who made Americans the fashion. Possessed of kingly dignity, and of even more than Royal tact, the Prince is still above all things genial and charming, and loves best to be amused; while it happened that these new-country belles had a knack of saying clever things in a bright way, with a sometimes fascinating accent that made them quite seductive. It was rumoured that American girls had shaken themselves free of chaperonage; that they had, in several instances, arrogated to themselves the divine rights of our own young married women; and the most unobsequant could not fail to see that in the matter of frocks and chiffons generally, as well as in the gift of repartee, they were far ahead of their demure cousins. They were, in fact, the forerunners of our 'new woman.' Then, also, it may be confessed at once, their wealth was not looked upon altogether as a disadvantage. People have long ceased to inquire too closely into the origin of money; and an income which might seem small if burdened with big landed estates, goes very much farther when there are fewer territorial and feudal obligations. In a word American girls were piquant, smart and bright, and also, generally, rich; so that when they entered into the arena to compete with English girls, they came, saw, and conquered completely. Even supposing the English girl has superior attractions, she is generally weighted by the disadvantage of the law of entail, which provides that the eldest son shall succeed not only to all landed property, but to a proportionate income on which to keep it up.—*Cassell's Family Magazine* for April.

ONE BOX OF CLARET'S B 41 PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. Gravel, and Pain in the Back, Guaranteed from Mercury. Sold in boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors. Sole Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN, ENGLAND.



A RUSSIAN who the other week won over a million francs at the Monte Carlo tables is said to be now almost penniless. Baccarat at certain clubs at Nice relieved him of the greater part of his winnings; the remainder he lost at Monte Carlo. He has even been reduced to pawning his jewellery.

In connection with nearly all the police stations of the Metropolis and the large towns of the provinces there are 'professional bail-givers,' who make a very fair sum by becoming bail for persons who have been locked up for drunkenness and other minor offences. Suppose that a man who has valuables about him, or can give a card with a good address, is locked up, and that his friends are too far off to be communicated with, or that he does not want to let such friends know of his plight, one of the policemen hanging about will, when the incarcerated one becomes decently sober, generally, for a 'tip,' find him a professional bail-giver, who, whilst holding valuables, or good references, as security, will enter into a bond for the appearance of the offender at the police court next day, or when required. These men as a general rule clear a sovereign by each case they take up, but of course they give a bit out of this to the policeman who has introduced them.

The greatest dandy in the world (according to *Woman*) is Prince Albert of Thurn, Germany. This fastidious young man attires himself in a suit of clothes every day, enough yearly to keep twenty experienced workmen going, and to run up a bill of £3,000. Each suit of wearing apparel is highly perfumed with attar of roses, at £5 an ounce.

For a wager three men recently tested their water-drinking powers. The winner swallowed twelve quarts, the second nine, and the third seven. All died very soon after their feat was over.

A doctor, while condemning cigarette smoking as injurious to the health, especially in the case of young people, says that the free carbon deposited upon the teeth discolours them, but may act as an antiseptic and preservative.

Many of the most fashionable hotels in London and other places are the happy hunting ground of a set of men who avail themselves of numerous hotel privileges without paying hotel fees. These men are generally attired in stylish apparel, and contrive to be on speaking and visiting terms with one or more of the hotel guests. Armed with the slightest of pretexts, and oftentimes without any reasonable excuse at all, they will boldly enter the smoking and reading rooms of the establishment and make themselves quite at home. They will use the hotel writing paper for their correspondence, and help themselves freely to anything that is not likely to involve them in expense. They will peruse papers and magazines; arrange appointments for people to meet them in the hotel, lounge on the best chairs, and loaf about the hall and passages as though they lived in the place; and all this without spending a sixpence if they can avoid it. Hotel proprietors justly dread them, for while they are responsible for much of the wear and tear done to the place they contribute practically nothing toward the expenses of the establishment.

There are notorious losers of umbrellas, whether these letter be carelessly left by them or stolen from them. But this is by no means the case with women, who very seldom indeed lose an umbrella. An inspector of detective police once said to the writer—'Amongst professional umbrella thieves—men who will snatch up a 'mush,' as they call it, whenever and wherever they can—it is well-known that going for the umbrella of a woman is too dangerous a game. They do not put valuable umbrellas down and then forget all about them as men do. We seldom have to offer rewards for valuable umbrellas lost by women.'

A most striking article by Mr J. Holt Schooling, on the nation's expenditure, appears in the April issue of *The Windsor Magazine*. The writer says:—'Our expenditure is equal to a cost of £11,130 per hour, or not far short of £200 per minute, for conducting the national business of this country. We are not yet spending quite £200 per minute, for this means a yearly expenditure of over 105 millions; but year by year the amount gets bigger, and for the year ending the 31st of March, 1897, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimates the expenditure at just over 100 millions. This is the first time that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has touched the 100-millions level in his estimate of the current year's expenditure. An old clock is now ticking solemnly on my

staircase, and at every swing of its old brass pendulum it records the fact that a paltry £3 4s 6d actually suffices to run this country and to leave a surplus of four millions at the end of the year. This clock is more than 150 years old, and it first ticked time away just as it does now, in the time of George II., when, according to Mulhall, our national income was about one-tenth of its present amount, and when each swing of its pendulum was worth only 6s 6d, as a record of the country's income during one second of time. Our income of £3 4s 6d per second is a vast improvement on the 6s 6d of 150 years ago. But all the same, £3 4s 6d per second does seem a trifling income for this country to have.'

We are glad to see (says a London journal) that the Kennel Club has at length been stirred in regard to the odious and idiotic practices indulged in by the baser fanciers of cutting, trimming, and dressing up dogs for the show bench and show ring.

Friends abroad who have not seen the Prince of Wales for a few years (says the *Whitehall Review*) are shocked at his altered appearance, he seeming to have aged almost twenty years in this time. Those of us in England who see the Prince often have been observing this change coming on in his appearance ever since the death of the Duke of Clarence.

All of us have seen men wearing collars too large, too high, or too tight, without the smallest consideration of their style. Short necked, fat, puffy men look miserable in collars too high for them, but perhaps not quite so absurd as do others with great thin necks disfigured with Adam's apple, who wear the lowest possible neck dressing. Men to look well in the high-banded fold-over collars must have good necks and perfectly formed chins.

The pipe smoked by the Shah of Persia on State occasions is set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. It is said to have cost £80,000.

Recently published statistics have thrown deep gloom over the French Anti-Tobacco League, for they show an enormous and rapidly increasing consumption of the narcotic weed in that country. In 1896 French smokers threw 395,000,000 francs into the Treasury of France by the patronage which they gave the Government's tobacco shops, and this is 12,000,000 francs more than they spent for that purpose the year before. The President of the League finds in their excessive use of the weed the chief reason why Frenchmen are not increasing in number, and when an interviewer asked him how it was that smoking did not seem to produce the same effect in Germany he took refuge in the more than dubitable assertion that in Germany the people bought good tobacco, while in France they were practically forced to buy the wretched stuff prepared in the Government factories.

M. Pasteur once expressed to some of his young student friends a doubt whether life would be possible in the absence of all bacteria, noxious or innocuous. We breathe bacteria, drink bacteria, eat bacteria, and our bodies are the happy hunting-ground of countless myriads of them. This being so, it seemed not improbable that their presence was a provision of nature, and as necessary to life as air or water. Pasteur commended the question as an interesting subject of experiment, and a couple of his young friends have been carrying the experiment out. The result of their experiments, so far as they go, is reported to be that animal life is quite independent of the presence of bacteria. A number of guinea pigs were kept carefully shut from the moment of their birth in a sterilised chamber, with sterilised air, and fed with sterilised food. They thrive under these conditions, and when killed not a single microbe was found in their blood or tissues. Guinea pigs, then, can get along swimmingly without bacteria, but whether men could do so is a matter still doubtful.

Phrenology has been a favourite science of the Minnesota Legislature this year, and bills to appoint a State Commission of Phrenology, a State phrenologist, who is to examine not less than 2,000 heads a year, and an assistant State phrenologist, have been introduced. A learned professor of phrenology has been having the free use of the hall of the House of Representatives at night for the purpose of giving instruction in the exterior details of headworks.

The Queen has become very fond of the game of 'patience,' and passed away many hours when on her way to Cimiez with the little 'patience' table (which was introduced to her by one of her ladies) before her. A 'patience' table is a simple matter, just a light flat piece of wood covered evenly with green cloth, for holding upon the knee, and the cards used are about half the usual size, and kept compactly in little boxes. The game is becoming more and more popular with ladies, just as popular in its quiet way as 'puff ball' in its rattling way. By the by, if you wish to be a success at a country house, you really must learn 'puff ball' before you accept your invitation.

Men and Women.

OF the fourteen reputed centenarians who died during the past year, no fewer than eleven were women, says the *Illustrated London News*. Out of the 168 persons who were declared as over 90 years of age at death, 103 were women. The superior longevity of the female sex is a well-established fact. To some extent it depends, of course, on their more sheltered way of living, but by no means exclusively, as the women of the labouring classes show a great vital tenacity as well as those who have an easy time of it in the world. The vital power of girls is shown in babyhood, for though about 104 boys are born to every 100 girls, the females have more that overtaken the deficiency before the end of the first year. In other words, the belief of old nurses that boys are harder to rear than girls is a true one.

Now deformities and ailments crowd fast after the inventions that characterise the end of the nineteenth century. The bicycle has brought a 'hump' in the spine of the devotee who has carried wheeling beyond a pastime into a habit. The typewriter is giving flat fingers and thumbs to the aproned and smiling girls who tap the keys for a living. Electric cars, through their swiftness and rocking motion, are shredding the nerves of passengers. And so it goes with this and that novelty. Each makes its evil as well as its beneficent impress on humanity. But the 'telephone arm' is an unexpected addition to the list. An employee in a large mercantile house writes:—'I am a victim of the "telephone arm." Do you know what that is? Presuming you do not, I will tell you. It is a deformity I have developed from using the telephone in the office of my employer. Now, our telephone is fastened on the wall at a height where it is necessary for me to stand up to use it. We send messages nearly all day. When we have no messages to send others are talking with us. So I do more telephone work than typewriting, although I am a typewriter. The result is my left arm becomes so accustomed to holding the receiver at my ear that I can hardly get it down by my side. I think my spine is getting crooked, too. Now, I want to suggest that all telephones now fastened to walls should be lowered to three and a-half feet from the floor, and that stools should be provided for people to sit on and rest for the elbow. Then the "telephone arm" and the "telephone back" would not be possible.'

A society girl has found how to become a reigning beauty—for a night, at least. 'Why, Maud!' exclaimed a friend, who found her at her desk surrounded by a score or more missives addressed in mamma's name to divers young men of their acquaintance, 'are you going to give a big party?' 'Not at all, my dear,' answered the eighteen-year-old Machiavel in petticoats. 'But I am going to go to Mrs M——'s dance next week, and I told mamma it would be a good scheme to ask all these men to dinner for the night before. Of course, at such notice not more than two or three will be disengaged, so it is perfectly safe to ask twenty, and then, in common decency, they must come up and express their regrets at the dance, so I shall appear to be quite a favourite, and they cannot very well get out of asking me for a dance.'

Domestic servants have now their calling cards and their 'days,' or rather 'nights.' A lady the other day found a visiting card in her kitchen inscribed, 'Miss E—— W—— 1st and 3rd Tuesdays,' and on inquiry discovered that it had been left by a friend of the cook.

Mr Joseph Chamberlain has always loved work for work's sake. As a lad at school he had no sympathy with boys who shirked their tasks through idleness, and his manner of beginning a holiday was to rise at as early an hour as possible. He was only a youth in his teens when, says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, he joined his father in business, and he has always been proud of his connection with trade. It is not generally recognised that he is an ardent philanthropist, but it was due to his energy that Birmingham was cleared of its 'rookeries,' while the statesman's private charities are said to be as large as they are unostentatious.

An English scholar utters a protest against the ugliness and pedantry of the phrase 'such an one.' The only apparent justification for the use of 'an' is that our eyes may be satisfied by seeing it before the vowel, where our grammar primers had laid down that it should always be. But when read aloud, 'such an one' is simply barbarous, and the very authors who seem to lose no opportunity of writing it, would hesitate, the correspondent thinks, to speak of 'an one-armed man,' or 'an one-sided judgment.' While the phrase was the mark of the superior person it did not much matter, but now that its use is becoming alarmingly general, it seems quite time to inquire whether it is worthy of receiving the imprimatur of established custom.



A CONCERT was given at Waitara lately at which the prizes to the winning teams in the late regatta were given. The following took part in it:—Mrs G. Fraser, Misses E. and B. Tatten, Thomas, Edwards, Hine, Jackson and Snell, Messrs Butterworth, Mooseman, Beckbessinger, G. Fraser and G. McCornish.

In Wanganui on Friday last a benefit concert was given to Miss Cecelia Dampier, but owing to the weather the attendance was not so good, and it must have been disappointing to Dr. Hatherley and other kind friends who had organised the entertainment. Nevertheless, the audience was most enthusiastic, evidently appreciating the programme submitted. Miss Dampier gave three numbers—'Legende,' 'A Fantasia on American Airs,' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' all of which were so artistically rendered that encores were demanded in each instance, the talented young violinist responding respectively with 'Canzonette,' 'Pierac's Serenade,' and 'Cavatina.' Miss Millicent Gilbert played a pianoforte solo, 'The Brook,' by Pape. Mr S. Austin also played a pianoforte solo. Miss Alice Willis made her *début* as a vocalist, and was heard to great advantage in 'La Serenata,' by Tosti, the violin obligato being played by Miss Dampier, and 'A Gipsy Maiden I,' by Henry Parker. Both songs were rendered in a tasteful and expressive manner, the last number being encored. Miss Willis possesses a very fine voice, and it is hoped she may soon be heard again. Mr Atmore sang in his usual style, 'The Devout Lover,' and 'The Bedouin Love Song,' the latter being deservedly encored. A studied and expressive rendition of a musical recitation, 'The Chapel Bell,' was given by Mr A. R. Consterdine. Mr Consterdine also acted during the evening as accompanist.

The Picton Football Minstrels gave an entertainment in the Public Hall in aid of the Literary Institute. Mr Wilmott was manager, and made an excellent Mr John-sing. Mr J. Williams as Sambo, and Mr R. Biddle as Bones were also good. Several local conundrums were brought in and received in good part. The soloists were Messrs Wilmott, Western, McMahon, Biddle, and Price. A stump speech was rendered, and also a cornet and flute solo. The wind-up was a farce entitled 'Laughing Gas,' and 'God Save the Queen' by the Minstrels. There was a very good house, and an appreciative one, so that the funds of the Institute will be augmented by the affair.

Lassen, the composer, and d'Albert, the pianist, have been engaged in a libel suit. The pianist has been awarded \$12 damages by a German jury.

A pan-artistic study tour to Bayreuth is now being organised in New York. It is called a Musico-Literary Excursion and Pilgrimage to the Festival. It will leave New York June 26th by the steamship 'Umbria.' The cost of membership for 68 days will be £12, all travelling expenses included. The line of march will be Liverpool, London, Brussels, Cologne, Bonn, Mayence, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Salzburg, Munich, Nuremberg, Bayreuth, where a halt will be made to attend the second cycle of Der Ring Des Nibelungen, for five days. August 6th, will leave Stuttgart for Strasburg, thence to Paris, London, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Liverpool, New York.

A Belgian paper says that during a theatrical representation in one of the Western States of America, the performance was just going to begin when several well-dressed men appeared among the performers, who, drawing revolvers from their pockets, began to fire among the spectators, some of whom fell, overcome with fear. This caused a slight feeling of surprise and apprehension. When the manager appeared in white kid gloves and white cravat and said: 'Gentlemen, the spectators are requested to reassure themselves. We are simply firing on the musical critics.' This and similar tales are religiously believed on the continent of Europe with regard to doings in America.

M. Calabrest, one of the directors of La Monnaie Theatre, Brussels, told a friend a very funny story of his experience with a gaoler. He said:—'About thirty years ago I was installed as manager of the Grand Theatre at Liege, rather a hazardous position at that time, for two of my predecessors had failed, one after the other. When I had held the position about a week I received a visit from a gentleman who addressed me thus: "Sir, I am governor of the prison of this town, and I dare to hope that, according to custom, you will grant me a free pass to your theatre." "Pardon, Monsieur," said I, quite overcome, "but I fail to see what connection there is between your functions and

the favour you solicit." "That, however, is very simple," replied he. "Without doubt you are not ignorant that I have had the honour of sheltering your predecessors for the twenty years that I have held office, and they would all tell you that I treated them well and paid them all the little attentions reconcilable with the exigencies of my position. Do you not think, sir, that that gives me a title to your consideration? Your predecessors have always given me a pass, and I believe they have not regretted it." For an instant I thought of showing the gentleman the door, but on reflection it struck me that there was no saying what might happen, so I gave him the pass. "And you have never had to take advantage of his "little attentions?"' asked M. Calabrest's friend. 'Faith, o; I have succeeded splendidly.'

During the past year the British Museum has acquired 1,391 works on music and 4,793 scores and pieces of music, including some pencil sketches of Beethoven from the years 1825 and 1826.

A curious tale is told about Ad. Adam, the author of 'If I Were a King,' to whose memory a monument is going to be raised at Longjumeau. The title of the 'Postillon of Longjumeau,' the celebrated opera comique, had been taken for a sign by a country inn-keeper in that neighbourhood. In 1870, during the war, the German soldiers carried off the gracious effigy of the famous postillion, who was as much celebrated in their country as in France. After the war the inhabitants, who regarded their sign as a historical souvenir, claimed it back from the Germans. The restitution took place some time after, and now the painting again swings proudly over the door of the village innkeeper.

The sentimental tenor is disappointing in person as well as in voice. One learns that he coddles himself; has unseasonable colds in his head, a red nose on occasion, and a cantankerous whine that his music is not properly appreciated. He is one of the 'catches' of the season's entertainments. He is not always to be had, holds himself in aristocratic seclusion, and keeps early hours. His lurking fear that some unmusical woman will want to attach herself to him in a matrimonial connection is too apparent for him to drink his tea with easy grace, or to talk of his soul with the freedom and assurance of confidence which that subject demands.

KLEPTOMANIA AMONGST WOMEN.

MR CURTIS BENNETT, who has been for more than twelve years Metropolitan Magistrate in the West End district of Marylebone, has stated, as the result of his experience that kleptomania is exclusively confined to the female sex. It is only known, however, by that name when it occurs in better-class circles; amongst poorer persons it is always called by the vulgar name of thieving. Mr Bennett traced the practice to the passion amongst females for striking bargains and the strong desire that they had of boasting that they had secured a bargain, and it was for carrying out the bargaining system that women sometimes seemed to think that it was a higher achievement if they got what they wanted for nothing. This, Mr Bennett said, was the only mode that he knew of accounting for the extended practice of kleptomania, which was actually stealing. Possibly this explanation may be the true one, but the extraordinary part of the circumstance is that, although Mr Bennett called kleptomania thieving, he did not punish it as if it were, or as he would have done if this thieving had been performed by one of the inferior masculine sex. It is worthy of remark that the advocates of what are called women's rights never make the slightest endeavour to equalise the position of the sexes where the disadvantage is on the side of men. Here is an obvious inequality between the treatment meted out to the two sexes. Is this to be regarded as one of the injustices to women? Are they not to be considered as equally responsible for their actions with men? Even in the case of much more serious crimes there is always a great outcry against the punishment of a woman if it should be equal to that which would have been inflicted on a man. The recent case of the deliberate murder of a merchant in his own office by a woman who took a revolver for the purpose, and not only took his life, but attempted to take that of his sister, has caused an immense amount of sympathy, not for the murdered man, but for the murderess. Had the sex of the two parties been reversed no agitation whatever would have been made to save the life of the criminal, but tens of thousands of signatures were appended to the memorial for the reprieve of this miserable woman. Processions of shopwomen in Liverpool made their way to the office of her solicitor, and handed in the petitions, signed by 12,000 persons, to be presented to the Home Secretary. The woman might have been a heroine, and she would hardly have excited greater sympathy. The result of the agitation has been the sudden discovery that the murderess was not answerable for her actions, and as a criminal lunatic the remainder of her life will be passed in the asylum at Broadmoor. The disadvantages are not always on the side of the women. Possibly, with equal rights will come equal responsibilities.

Mrs Lynn Linton says that 'The day of woman's absolute supremacy is dawning; and, with this, the end of England's national glory is at hand.'

Plays and Players

THE decision of Messrs Williamson and Musgrove not to grant any more licenses to New Zealand amateurs to play operas of which they hold the rights has caused a mild consternation in some quarters.

Chirgwin, the 'white-eyed Kaffir,' who has been making his £100 a week in Australia under Rickards, goes to New York shortly under engagement at £150 a week.

Mr Brough has engaged Harry Plummer as leading juvenile for the Adelaide and New Zealand seasons.

Titheradge is going to England with his wife and family after his New Zealand tour with the Broughs.

Mr Walter Bentley is appearing at what are billed as 'Saturday Night Pops' at the Centennial Hall, Brisbane. Mr James Bain, who was with the Godfrey Company, contributes to the same entertainment.

Hindoo acrobats are still ahead of their European rivals. One who moves about on a long stick is the latest novelty. This performer is mounted on a bamboo pole about fifteen feet high, the top of which is tied to a girdle worn around his waist. A small cushion is fastened a few feet down the pole, which acts as a leg rest. The acrobat hops around a large space in the liveliest way, uttering cheerful shouts and accompanied by the tapping of a curious drum. He also executes a sort of dance and goes through a little pantomime. It is a marvellous feat of equilibrium. To walk on a pair of stilts as high as this would be a performance worthy of exhibition on our variety stage. But to hop around one is quite another thing, as you will soon find if you attempt it.

The career of Sarah Bernhardt should give great encouragement to unsuccessful aspirants. On making her first appearance, when about seventeen, at the Comedie Francaise, she failed so completely as to induce her to abandon the stage. In a short time ambition again asserted itself, and in Victor Hugo's 'Ruy Blas' a great success was won.

As if the 'matinee hat' were not infliction enough, there is another theatrical woe threatening us. The Marie Antoinette style of hairdressing now promises to obstruct the view of theatre-goers. The manager of a fashionable hairdressing establishment says this towering style of coiffure, so popular in Paris at present, has already struck the fancy of our ladies. The hairdresser, speaking of the new coiffure, said:—'I attribute the prevalence of beautiful hairdressing to the hat agitation. If a woman has to take off her hat she likes to have her hair prettily arranged in coils or puffs, for she knows it will appear to much better advantage at the theatre than at a party, where she is moving about.'

Cleopatra is perhaps the most overwhelming character in all drama—not, indeed, the most difficult to act, but the most impossible to be. The imagination of ages has dwelt upon this woman until it has not so much idealised as deified her. Not Helen herself has assumed in our thoughts such superhuman proportions. In defiance of reason, and even of history, we endure her with the greatness of her great lovers.

'Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Caesar so?

is a terrible phrase to live up to; and yet the greatest of her lovers was not Caesar, not Pompey, not Antony, but the man who said of her—

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety.

and who put on her dying lips such incomparable words as—

Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch

My best attire; I am again for Cyprus,

To meet Mark Antony.

How simple they are—how obvious, one might almost say—and yet how utterly beyond the reach of any other poet than Shakespeare!—WILLIAM ARCHER.

Tracing the history of comedy from its earliest beginning Mr Geo. Meredith points out that whereas tragedy can and does appeal to man in all stages of his development, the comic spirit never makes its appearance in a community until that community has advanced several stages on the high road of civilisation. 'Eastward,' says Mr Meredith, 'you have total silence of comedy among a people intensely susceptible to laughter, as the "Arabian Nights" will testify. Where the veil is over women's faces, you cannot have society, without which the senses are barbarous, and the comic spirit is driven to the gutters of grossness to slake its thirst.' Again Mr Meredith remarks, 'There never will be civilisation where comedy is not possible; and that comes of some degree of social equality of the sexes.'

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has finished the bust of M. Sardou, on which she has been working off and on for a couple of months. The likeness is said to be striking,

but, good or bad, the work will be one of the curiosities of the Champs Elysees Salon, where for many years past the celebrated actress had not been an exhibitor.

Duse, who is now playing in Italy, is said to have reaped a golden harvest in Russia, where the receipts were never less than 5,000 rubles a performance—equivalent to about £700.

'The one great secret of successful conjuring is very simple,' says a famous wizard. 'It consists merely of doing things when people are not looking at you. You'll probably call that absurd, but it is really the case. All one has to do is to make the audience look in one direction while the deception is being worked in another, and that is easy enough. I needn't even speak a word. I have merely to look fixedly at a certain thing. The eyes of the spectators invariably follow mine, and during the ten or fifteen seconds that they are thus occupied, I can do what I want to make the trick a success.'

At Berlin, the popular theatre, *Libre*, founded in 1892, with a uniform price of admission of about 6d, has prospered in a most extraordinary manner. Absolutely independent, supported entirely by the popular classes, this house has grown in public estimation in proportion as several others have declined.

The question of theatre hats agitated the public mind as long ago as the reign of Louis XV. An historian of that period, *Metra*, relates that on the 18th of January, 1777, at the opera a gentleman, finding himself placed behind a lady wearing a hat with excessively high plumes proposed to her that she should either take off her hat or change places with him. The lady rejected both propositions, and the gentleman, becoming impatient at seeing nothing, cut the leathers off with a pair of scissors.

Blondin, whose recent death has brought his name back to the Italian memory did not create the same impression here as in other places (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Dramatic Mirror*). Years before he traversed Italian rivers on the tight rope a woman had done still more than that. In Florence she descended into the public square from the highest steeple in the place, and in Rome she performed tricks on a rope stretched from one end of Piazza Mayona to the other, when the piazza was purposely flooded, and all the aristocracy of Rome drove round and round it, with the water reaching to the horses' shoulders. This woman, whose name was Sagni, danced on the tight rope at 70 years of age. Her feats are mentioned in many celebrated works. Janin mentions her and also Dickens. Blondin was unfortunate in Florence. He fell from his cord. He was inconsolable at this coming, as it did, after Niagara.

THE KINETOGRAPH IN WAR.

UNDER the above heading a writer in a photographic monthly asks the question why the kinetoscope should be 'confined to the reproduction of ordinary scenes for amusement merely,' and 'that kinetograms of genuine scientific interest and value will also be taken, specially of events which are of rare occurrence.' He is pleased to find that the 'recent artificial railway collision in Texas was kinetographed,' and hopes that 'in future cases of any extraordinary phenomenon which can by any means be anticipated, such as the explosion of a mine, the eruption of a volcano, and, above all, the encounter of two armies in battle, some competent kinetographer will be in attendance.' He instances the fact that 'not a single instantaneous photograph of an actual battle-scene in the late Chino-Japanese war was published in any of the illustrated papers.' Where is the photographer who would carry his paraphernalia to the proximity of a mine explosion, or lay his life at the mercy of a volcano as it belches forth its sulphurous fires, or, more deadly still, the myriads of death messengers that fly on the field of battle? 'Anybody,' the writer says, 'can imagine what a battle is like, as well as an artist.' The writer further suggests that 'kinetographers take more pains to have their kinetographs far enough away from the scene of the action to avoid the effect being marred by figures bobbing up half a dozen times while crossing the field of view close to the instrument. The operator should stand at least a few yards from the nearest moving object.' Good advice; but one would think that the operator should be better a mile away, so that his operations might not be marred by any strange bullets, or be encompassed by a shower of shot and shell, as he might then feel the moving objects marred by his pictures, and spoiling his view, optically or otherwise. The suggestion of the writer might have been easily realised in the days of Bruce and Wallace, when the sword, battleaxe, and spear were the principal weapons of offence and defence, but when modern invention has made hand-to-hand conflict almost impossible, it is scarcely likely that the snap-shottists will be found on the field of war armed with a kinetoscope.

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CYCLING.

THE following definition of an ideal touring cycle will doubtless be useful. It should not weigh less than 32lb., nor more than 38lb., and should have mud-guards and an oil-containing gear case. The gear should not be more than 60in., and the throw of the crank 6 1/2 in. The handle bars should be flat, or slightly raised, and the handles brought well back. The brake should be rubber shod to prevent injury to the tyre. For a heavy rider a zin. roadster pneumatic tyre is recommended, but for a rider of average weight a 1 1/4 in. would be sufficiently large. The saddle should be of fair size and wide at the back. A very small saddle is most uncomfortable after riding any distance.

Cycling has certainly 'caught on' in New Zealand, and become a recognised, we had almost said the recognised, mode of propulsion amongst all classes of society, all ages, and both sexes. In the pursuit young New Zealand, as usual, is well to the fore. We present our readers in this issue with a portrait of, we believe, the youngest cyclist not only in this colony, but so far as we are aware of, in the world. Master Fred Howard was



CARNELL, PHOTO.
 MASTER FRED HOWARD.

born on October 30th, 1893, and commenced to pedal at the age of two and a-half years, i.e., May, 1896, on a machine with pneumatic tyres and all other modern improvements, built specially for him by S. R. Stedman, of Dunedin. The machine weighs 15lb, 15in wheel geared to 30in. Master Howard rides well and cleverly, was recently elected a member of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club (Napier), of which his father is a vice-president.

England seems to be some way behind many Continental countries in the matter of finger posts and milestones. Probably France has the best system, and like most European countries, has adopted the metrical measurement. Not only are the distances, even on the bye road, accurately detailed, but every turn, every bifurcation, and every junction is carefully finger-posted. To lose one's self on a French road is almost a matter of impossibility. In Germany a similar system is adopted, and even in Russia the milestones and finger posts are much better and comparatively more numerous than in England. When the railway era began, English roads commenced to be less used, but with the advent of the cycle, and the possibility of motor vehicles, the high-

ways of the country will once more regain their usefulness, so that more attention should now be paid to the betterment of our roads, and the improvement of our milestone and finger post system. It would be a great step in advance if the metrical system of measurement could be adopted.

At a meeting at Christchurch, it was stated that there were between 4,000 and 6,000 bicycles in and around Christchurch, and as the estimated cost of each of these was at least £16 or £17, there was between £70,000 and £100,000 invested in them.

Mr Ernest Leitch, representative of the Australian Motor Car and Cycle Company, is travelling through New Zealand, and arrives in Napier shortly. He will be well remembered by those interested in cycling as an English racing man, who has beaten Zimmerman, the famous American champion, no less than twice. Mr Leitch holds some Scotch records, and was a member of the Polytechnic Club, London.

The recent success of W. J. Peall in his sensational billiard match with Roberts reminds one that this wonderful player has for many years been an ardent devotee of the cycle, his first ride having been a boneshaker late in the sixties. An interesting interview with him on the subject of his cycling career appears in the current issue of *The Cycle*. When asked whether cycling had any injurious effect upon his playing powers, he related the following incident:—'Some five or six years since I was playing a big match at the Aquarium. I rode then a solid tyred machine, and you, of course, know what smooth riding that meant. Well, I went for a longer spin than usual one morning, did thirty miles in all, and had to ride quickly to get to the Aquarium in time to play. I arrived with not even a moment to spare to change my knickers, and played in them, making a break of over 1,300, so that cycling would seem rather to improve than to impair the nervous system. Of course, I am talking of cycling in moderation—not scorching or racing. The continual strain of fast riding may have some effect, but as I never ride at more than ten miles an hour I cannot say.'

A Home writer says: 'One can hardly imagine a more suitable recreation for hospital nurses than cycling. After the close atmosphere of the hospital ward, a spin through the country on a cycle must act as a wonderful tonic. The nurses of Guy's have quite a large club, and I hear now that at St. Thomas' Hospital there is just as much enthusiasm for the pastime as at Guy's. Of course, when out cycling, the nurses do not wear their hospital garb, but a special uniform which is not so conspicuous.'

SOME EFFECTS OF THE CYCLE BOOM.

'That staid and respectable journal, the *Spectator*, some little time ago said that "the moment bicycles cost £5, will last for ten years, and are independent of repairs, bicycles will become for all the healthy the universal means of locomotion." Well, we haven't quite arrived at that point, but we seem to be very near it.

'Everybody who can afford it—and, for that matter, a great many who can't—is going in for a "wheel," with the result that the immense expenditure of money on cycles has naturally curtailed the spending power of the public in other directions, and tradespeople of all sorts are beginning to cry out that their businesses are being ruined by the cycle boom.

'A writer in one of the American monthlies some time ago made an inquiry into the effects of the cycle boom on trade generally, and the result of his investigation certainly makes very curious reading.

'The jeweller and watchmaker seem to have been hit hardest of all. When grandpapa wishes to give his little grandson a Christmas or New Year present, he



HURDICE, PHOTO.
 MRS CARLINE.
 Best decorated Bicycle at Napier Relief Flood Sports.

doesn't offer him a watch as he used to do; he gives him instead a cycle. Young ladies, too, is asking their dear papas for a birthday gift invariably choose a 'bike' in preference to a new piano.

In proof of the latter statement it may be noted that the piano trade of the United States fell 50 per cent. during the season of 1895-96, and this phenomenal decrease is attributed solely to the cycle boom.

The booksellers complain that cycling prevents their patrons from indulging in their usual amount of reading, with the result that their trade suffers. One large newsagency in New York city declares that its loss this year (1896) from cycle competition amounts to nearly half a million dollars.

Warehousemen say that the passion for cycling amongst the ladies is having a disastrous effect on their sales of dress goods, for the modern maid prefers riding out on her cycle of an evening to sitting in a drawing-room arrayed in fine and expensive apparel.

The tailors and hatmakers come next with a complaint that they are injured because the cycling "Johnnies" ride out in cheap cycling suits and cloth caps. Even the tobacconist and publican imagine they have good grounds for complaint against the new craze. One of the tobacco trade journals in the States declares that the consumption of cigars has fallen off during 1896 at the rate of one million a day, which means a daily loss of close on £9,000, averaging each "weed" at 2d. The complaint of Boniface, however, is a little more difficult to understand, because one would naturally conclude that cycling was an incentive to thirst. Probably the sore point with mine host arises from the fact that cyclists generally call for "soft" drinks, which are as a rule cheaper.

At first sight it seems difficult to understand how cycling could injure the tonsorial art, yet it is a fact that barbers in the States are crying out because of the competition of the "wheel." A New York "knight of the strop and razor" explains the matter very pithily:—"There's nothing in my business any longer," he says, "the cycle has ruined it. Before the bicycle craze struck us, men used to come in on a Saturday afternoon, and get a shave, and a hair cut, and, maybe, a shampoo, in order to take their lady friends to the theatre, or go out somewhere else of an evening. Now they go off on a 'bike,' and don't care whether they're shaved or not. You see where it harms us is that when a man skips a shave to-day we can't sell him two shaves to-morrow—that shave is gone forever."

If the cycle has injured many trades, however, it has also benefited not a few. The manufacture of the bicycle itself has developed into a gigantic industry, and is the means of circulating thousands of pounds every week in the shape of wages and salaries. In Coventry alone, the headquarters of the cycle business, it is estimated that close on 20,000 persons are employed in turning out machines.

One of the most amusing aspects of the cycle boom in Coventry has been the effect which it has had on the local matrimonial market. So rapidly has the population of the town increased that house accommodation is not to be had for love or money, and as a consequence many would-be Benedicts have had to postpone the happy day simply because they could find no accommodation for their new-made brides.

The railway and shipping companies, too, are largely benefited by the cycle boom in the way of extra freight for carriage of cycles.

In this connection it is interesting to note that several large Transatlantic lines which formerly carried passengers' cycles free are now charging a uniform rate of 10s 6d for each machine, and, as very few Yankee tourists nowadays travel without their "bike," it will readily be seen that a very considerable item has thus been added to the shipowner's income.

Quite the latest development of the cycling craze in what we know as the upper circles is the formation of a Cycling Chaperon Association. This new profession is designed to meet the scruples of timid 'pas' and 'mas,' who would never think of allowing their daughters to go cycling without a proper escort. It should be added that the membership of the new society is made up principally of spinsters of uncertain age.

Whatever may be said of American bicycles, there can be no doubt that some of the smartest things in cycle accessories come from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr A. W. Gamege, the cyclists' universal provider, of Holborn, has returned from a visit to America, where he has been picking up all that is best in cycle novelties, and one of the most saleable things he has brought back is a miniature telescopic tyre inflator, worked by the pressure of one's foot, and which, when not in use, can be compressed into a ridiculously small space and carried in one's tool bag.

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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.)

FOOTBALL.

RESULT OF MATCHES PLAYED TO DATE.

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points.
					For Against
Parnell	5	4	1	0	47 10
Ponsonby	5	2	2	1	42 25
North Shore	5	2	2	1	32 44
City	5	2	3	0	24 38
Grafton	5	1	2	2	16 18
Newton	5	0	4	1	6 36

The conclusion of the first round of the Cup matches leaves Parnell and Ponsonby far ahead of the others, having each won four games and lost one. I don't think there can be much doubt as to the ultimate winners, and I plump for Ponsonby, with the Shore as runners-up.

PARNELL V. GRAFTON.

The match between these old rivals was very interesting, and Parnell may thank their lucky star they were not severely beaten. Grafton had a lot the better of the game, and had their following-up been better, they would undoubtedly have scored on several occasions. Parnell, too, had had luck, inasmuch as they had three or four unsuccessful shots at the goal. Now and then the players were considerably confused by the howling and hooting of the spectators, who evidently desired to influence the umpire, Mr Katters. He, sensible man, took no notice of the hoodlums, whose ignorance of the game was apparently only equalled by their lack of common sense. The first spell was chiefly remarkable for a series of very fine passing runs by the backs of both teams, and by sound defensive play by the forwards. Grafton men evinced a decided off-side tendency, and deserved to have a couple of penalty goals scored against them. I have no doubt that the time will eventually come when points will be awarded against a team whose men are addicted to constant off-side play. Gordon and P. Murray were the pick of Parnell forwards in the first spell, and Handcock played a fine game. This player does not appear to make the best use of his opportunities, being probably unable to correctly judge the effect of certain play. D'Arcy, at five-eighths, was fairly successful, though not nearly smart enough in close play; he seems to rely too much on his kicking abilities, thus neglecting opportunities of running and passing. Jervis seemed now and then to be his old self, and several brilliant dashes revealed the fact that he is rapidly coming back to form. Smith, as full for Grafton, generally played a good game, but sometimes he didn't seem to know what to do with the ball, and hung on to it for choice with almost fatal results. D'Arcy was also an offender in this respect, though otherwise his playing was first-class. C. Hay, five-eighths, was a long way ahead of D'Arcy, and frequently put in very useful work. The first spell ended without any score being registered, and the second spell was simply a repetition of the play, with the exception, viz., that shortly after the start some splendid passing runs were made by Parnell, the ball being anchored in Grafton's 25. Here Jervis secured it, and in a trice propelled it over the bar. Grafton woke up after this, and time and again assailed their opponents' line, but without avail, the match resulting in a win for Parnell by 4 points to nothing.

NORTH SHORE V. CITY.

This match was contested at Devonport, and resulted in a win for the local team by 1 to nil. Shortly after City's kick off, North Shore rushed the ball down to the visitor's 25; from a loose scrum Clark secured the oval, and evading the City forwards, potted a beautiful goal. Thus encouraged, North Shore continued these tactics, and Francis, taking a pass, slipped over the line, but the ball was recalled, and a scrum formed for a throw-forward. City awakened to the fact that they had met a team above their expectations, and endeavoured to amend matters. The ball went out at centre; P. Gerrard marked, but nothing was gained, as he kicked while some of his forwards were in front. City by a passing run carried the leather to North Shore territory, it going out at the quarter-flag. From a scrum the oval got into Clark's hands, who kicked, and following up transferred the play

into City's dominions, a scrum for knock-on taking place in front of City's goal; a free kick for obstruction brought the ball to the centre, and a series of scrums followed, neither side gaining ground. Smith taking a pass got clean away from the ruck and looked like scoring, but Cardno brought him down. Exchange kicks amongst the backs ended in a throw-out near the City's 25; free kicks for off-side play in quick succession, both sides offending (two each), took the oval out near the centre when the whistle blew for conclusion of first spell. North Shore 4 points, City nil.

The Shore backs showed a decided improvement on former occasions; the passing was exceptionally good, and the forwards were much superior to their opponents.

During the interval a line flag, the colours of the Club, and with the monogram in gold letters, was presented to North Shore by the ladies of Chelsea. Three cheers for the ladies were given by the recipients, and the City team courteously did the same.

After duly sucking the proverbial lemon, the second spell started, Hyland kicking off for City. Dacre for offside play gave a free kick to City near North Shore's 25; Absolom took a place at goal, but kicking low, the ball rebounded off the opposing forwards. North Shore were pressed, H. Gerrard clearing the line; Smith kicked hard along the touch line, and following up smartly, looked like scoring, the ball, however, going in touch-in-goal. Pitt, from a free kick near the halfway, made a sensational drop at goal, the ball falling a little short: City forced. Shortly afterwards P. Gerrard took a pot at the bar, again forcing City. The City, with a good forward rush, carried the oval down the field, and looked like scoring, but Cardno turned the tide, and North Shore responding, the ball went out at the City 25. From a scrum, P. Gerrard secured and transferred to J. Mays, who in turn passed to White, the latter securing a try; Clark did not register. Mays took a pass, and got well away, but as the ball was thrown forward he was called back. From a scrum, Purdie got through, and carried the ball to the City quarter; some good passing runs by the North Shore backs penned the City men, and Francis had a clear run in, but unfortunately the ball was passed forward. Mays watched for an opportunity, and picking up smartly let Pitt have it, who, with a dodgy run, evaded the City backs, and scored a try. Clark on this occasion placed the ball over the centre of the cross bar. There was very little time left, and City's chance of preventing a defeat was out of the question. Nevertheless, they gamely stuck to it, but at the sounding of the whistle the ball was in mid field without further score.

North Shore had the better of the game from the start, the passing of the backs was exceptionally good, and equal to any seen on the ground this season. Cardno again played a flashing game at full, collaring and kicking well. Francis, Clark, Gerrard brothers, and Nicholson all were in good form, and took a lot of stopping. The forwards, as a whole, made a grand display, not a man shirking, and the City backs had no opportunities. The wing men were great stumbling-blocks.

The play of the City team was rather disappointing. Of course Smith was there, and put in a great amount of work, and required a lot of watching. Corles seemed lost, no doubt being rather surprised at the quickness of the opposing wings, who spoiled him on so many occasions. Absolom did all he could but makes the mistake of attempting to run round; in one endeavour he simply ran straight across the ground, and gained, perhaps, a foot. Hyland was the pick of the forwards. Jordan, Connell, and Brown were also conspicuous.

Mr Campbell, as referee, was very successful in his first venture in a senior contest. He made no errors, and gave every satisfaction to both sides.

PONSONBY V. NEWTON.

This match was a perfect farce. Newton only playing 10 men, and not taking the slightest interest in the game. The first spell was concluded with the score at—Ponsonby 3, Newton 0, a try being secured by Renwick. After the interval the game was continued, but after Ponsonby had scored two more tries (Renwick and Braithwaite), the teams decided to suspend operations and have a look at the Parnell Grafton match. The game ended in Ponsonby winning by 9 to nil.

JUNIOR CUP—AWARUA V. WAITOHI.

This match was played in Picton on Saturday last, being the first match played there this season, and resulted in a win for the Waitohi's by 9 points to nil. Till nearly the end of the game, the ball and the players simply travelled over the field without either side gaining any advantage, then Wilmott got a chance from the centre of the field and kicked a splendid goal. Afterwards D. France wriggled through the lines and touched down. Fuller converted from an awkward angle, and the sight of the ball was watched with breathless interest by the whole field, and spectators alike. A burst of cheers from both sides of the field greeted both Wilmott and Fuller for their prowess.

An interesting football match, played at the Recreation Ground, Napier, took place on Saturday afternoon between Napier and Te Aute College, with the result that the Te Aute College boys won by a point. Simpson got a try in the first spell, but failed to increase the score. Although there was but little combination among themselves, they played well on the whole, and thoroughly deserved their victory. The local players would show to better advantage were they to practise more than they do at present.

TENNIS.

The Zealandia Rink tennis courts have more than realized the expectations formed of them. In fact, players from other parts are satisfied they have never played on better. A tournament open to all-comers is arranged for the Jubilee holidays, and several of Auckland's best players have signified their intention of entering. Luncheon is to be provided on the ground, and lady friends are giving afternoon tea. A pleasant day was spent on Queen's Birthday, when a large number enjoyed the ladies' hospitality.

ROWING.

I have received a neatly-printed card of invitation to a ball to be given by the officers and committee of the Wellington Rowing Club in Thomas' Hall, Wellington, on Monday, June 21st. A popular and up-to-date club is this, ever ready to take hold of new ideas, and to advance the interests of the younger members of the club (a matter that is overlooked by many New Zealand Clubs). Mr W. B. Sinclair is secretary of the affair, so that means a jolly time. I will be there in spirit, if not otherwise, and hope the function will be a great success. N.B. —A report of the ball will be acceptable Mr S.

YACHTING.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the North Shore Sailing Club was held at the Devonport Council Chambers on the 4th inst. The Commodore (A. Alison, Esq.) presided. The business of the evening was the presentation of prizes won during the season at the Club's races and at the picnic. Mr Alison complimented the Club's officers on the active manner in which the affairs had been carried out, and said it was pleasing to note that the sailing events in the three classes were very keenly contested, the handicaps giving very close finish. The Commodore's contribution for No. 1 class was a very handsome silver tea-set tray, suitably inscribed, and was won by Mr W. Swinerton's 'Mabel' with a score of seven points. Mr F. Stonex, of Ponsonby, won the vice-Commodore's (W. E. Bennett, Esq.) trophy—a pair of pretty cut-glass spirit decanters and stand—with the 'Mahoe,' with seven points. The trophy for the third class, a silver cup presented by an Auckland yachtman, fell to the lot of Mr W. Oliver's 'Prog,' with nine points. The fortunate competitors, in returning thanks, congratulated the committee on the success attained by their arduous efforts.

Following this, the prizes won at the Sailing Club's picnic held at Kohimarama on Saturday, 3rd April, were distributed as under:—Yachts' dingy race prize, walking stick presented by Mr R. W. Miller, won by J. Gibbs; ladies' dingy race, bracelet presented by Mr W. Oliver, won by Miss D. Alison; sculling race, walking stick presented by Mr R. W. Miller, won by W. Oliver; members' dingy race, tin of copper paint presented by Messrs Ross and Aussenne, won by W. Wilkinson; swimming race, tin of biscuits presented by Messrs R. and R. Duder, won by A. Sainty; water tournament resulted in a tie between A. Dacre and W. Parker.

The Commodore mentioned that besides the trophies £20 in cash had been paid away in prizes, and with the members' subscription at such a low figure (5s p.a.) the Club was in a very satisfactory condition, the balance-sheet still showing a small credit balance.

Votes of thanks were accorded to the commodore, vice-commodore, and other prize donors, committee and the energetic secretary, Mr W. Wilkinson.

It was also proposed to hold socials during the winter months, the first to eventuate on Wednesday, 7th July. A strong committee was appointed to arrange matters. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought a cheerful evening's proceedings to a close.

It may be well here to remark on the lines on which the club is formed. The Sailing Club originated last year through Mr W. R. Bennett offering to give a trophy if sailed for under the following conditions:—That a club be formed with the object of encouraging racing amongst the smaller cruising craft by handicap, the handicap to be taken at the start of the race; thus the first yacht crossing the finishing line wins, and scores 3 points, the second 2 points, and the third 1 point. Four to six matches to take place during the season for boats classified according to over-all measurement—1st class yachts over 30ft, 2nd class under 30ft and over 20ft, 3rd class under 20ft. At end of season points are totalled,

and the greatest number scored, takes the prize for her class.

Several new crafts are being built for the Club's classes, and as there is every appearance of a great increase of membership next season it shows the Club is looked upon as a truly established body. The intention of the Club is to expend all funds subscribed in prize-money.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The members of the Auckland Rowing Club spent a very jolly evening at the Metropolitan Hotel on Friday last, the occasion being a smoke concert. The following gentlemen contributed items towards the evening's fun:—Messrs Maxwell, Battery, Rowe, Wynyard-Jones, Baker, Palethorpe, Pollock, Henderson, Cashel, Barron, and O'Meara. Opportunity was taken to present the medals won by members during the season as follows:—Ngarua-wahia Regatta—Hardy, Turner, Negus, Woods, Carnahan (cox); President's Fours—Hardy, Turner, Battery, Cockroft, Thomas (cox); Club Fours—Patterson, Woods, Pollock, Finch, Carnahan (cox); Sculls (Club Handicap), Dean 1st, Baker 2nd; Pair Oar—Turner and Woods. This report is necessarily brief, owing to the fact that the A.R.C. secretary omitted to forward to this office even an intimation that the concert was to be held. It entails no trouble, and is a graceful act to inform the press of these interesting gatherings.

A large crowd assembled at Hastings on Wednesday, June 2nd, to see the sports held in aid of the Flood Relief Fund. The event of the day was the Bracelet Handicap for horses which were not trained, and had never been started; but as there were so many competitors, the race was run in heats. First heat: Miss K. Jackson's Whakapora 1, Mrs Archibald's Daniel Deronda 2, A. Bruce's Lady Dewart 3. Second heat: Miss M. Watt's Matipo 1, Mrs Taylor's Nemo 2, Miss Sutherland's Vanity Fair 3. One of the most exciting events was a tug-of-war between Maoris and Europeans; but it was rather spoilt by the over-crowding of the spectators. The first heat was won by the Europeans, the second by the Maoris, and as the latter, imagining they had won, refused to try again, the event was given to the Europeans by default. While the more important events were going on, children's races, etc., were progressing in other parts of the ground. A good musical programme was given by the Hastings Town Band, under the conductorship of Mr Barret. The whole proceedings reflect great credit on the management, as well as on the secretary, Mr George, who spared no pains to make the meeting a success.

HUNTING.

(BY ONLOOKER.)

THE Egmont Hunt Club met at Manasia on Thursday, May 20th, when there were a good number following and a large number of spectators. Among those present were the Master (Mr G. T. Bayly), the huntsman (Mr Hassall), the whipper-in (Mr Higginson), and Messrs Major and Gibson from Hawera. A drag was laid from the main South Road to Mr C. D. Mitchell's residence, which resulted in a good run, there being many stiff fences. Mr Mitchell gave a hunt lunch, after which a hare was hunted and killed. Later on another drag hunt concluded the day's sport.

Our Napier correspondent writes:—It seems difficult to believe that half the hunting season is over, without any serious stoppages having occurred from bad weather; indeed, good sport has been general throughout the country, and a sprinkling of mud is only an acceptable addition to the fun and glory of the chase. The Hawke's Bay Hounds have been specially fortunate lately, and had a good day last Wednesday, attended, as usual, by a number of ladies. They met at 'The Brow,' and were entertained at lunch by Mr W. Haastie. About 60 horsemen were present. Among those following were Mrs Rhodes on Arkwright; Miss M. Rhodes on Pyramus; Miss Holden on a chestnut; Miss Miller on a bay; Mr Sunderland, Master, on Wariti; Mr J. B. A. Deane, deputy master, on Coastguard; Mr H. Jackson, huntsman, on Repto; 'Edward,' whip, on a bay; Messrs W. H. J. Bennett (Druggist), J. Ireland (Electro), T. Ireland (Ben E's Brother), F. Ireland (Chestnut), M. Groom (Moe), J. K. White (Wiparata), Giblin (Diana), C. H. Arrow (Carnival), T. Butler (Hippo), W. Haastie on his bay, and several others.

'The Hawke's Bay hounds again met at 'The Brow' on Saturday, which was a perfect day for scent. Those who went were well repaid for braving the keen south-westerly wind and the unsettled state of the weather, for the run was the fastest of the season. Mr Groom's horse slipped as he was taking off, and both horse and rider came to the ground, but fortunately he was unhurt. Among those following were Mr Jackson, huntsman, on Repto; Mr Amundsen, whip, on a bay; Mrs Rhodes on Arkwright; Miss Rhodes on a dark bay; Mr E. Rathbone on Blackstone; Mr J. Ireland on Electro; Mr W. Arrow on Draggist; Mr T. Butler on Hippo; Mr W. H. J. Bennett on Policy; Mr C. H. Arrow on Carnival.'

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GRAND CONCERT.
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 JUNE 15 (TUESDAY WEEK) JUNE 15 (TUESDAY WEEK)
 Conductor: Mr Arthur Towsey
 Leader: Mr A. K. Foster

Dress Circle, 2s; Stalls, 1s.
 The Box Plan will open at Messrs Wildman and Lyall's on Wednesday, 9th instant.
 R. FOUNTAIN, Hon. Sec. | P. R. DIX, Business Manager.

THE NEW 'BAS-RELIEF' PHOTOGRAPHS.

(FROM A WELLINGTON CORRESPONDENT.)

DURING the past couple of weeks a very fine display of examples of this new and charming departure in photography has attracted large and appreciative crowds to the vestibule of Messrs Wrigglesworth and Binns, the well-known art photographers of Willis-street, Wellington, who have secured the patent rights of this beautiful process for the whole of New Zealand with the exception of Wanganui. These 'bas-reliefs,' which might just as well be called medallions, are a distinct and very delightful improvement on the old style of flat photograph. Every feature of the face, the arms, hands, hair, drapery, lace, flowers, and ornaments get their full value in relieve and intaglio, the completed work resulting in a most truthful and charming medallion presentation of the original. It is sometimes remarked of a well-lighted and well-executed photograph that it looks as if you could 'take hold' of the folds of the drapery and the various salient points of the picture. In the 'bas-relief' it not only looks so, it is exactly what you can do. I have examined some of these pictures before framing and being covered with glass, and observed the most prominent parts were fully half an inch above the shadows or depressions. They are prepared on thin sheet copper, and are so strong that under fair usage the relieve characteristic can be safely guaranteed; the glass, in fact, being merely a precaution against dust, damp, deleterious gases, and careless handling. It appears that the whole of the picture is first embossed in outline, thus throwing it up from the background. This preliminary bit of work is mechanical, but must be done very carefully. The after task of sinking the shadows and raising the high lights and prominent features of the pictures—in fact, the modelling of the 'bas-relief'—requires deft and skilful hands wielding suitable tools. Throughout the whole process great care and attention is necessary, and the one drawback to these productions is the time and labour impravably requisite to insure good and artistic results. Messrs Wrigglesworth and Binns are to be complimented upon the careful treatment bestowed upon the mounting of their work. The neutral-tinted matt frames and mounts, with the broad gold circle, square or oblong around the 'bas-relief' itself, are in the very best taste, and serve to accentuate the artistic appearance of these splendid photographs. The specimens of the 'bas-relief' now being exhibited in the firm's vestibule represent all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. Amongst these may be specially mentioned two very fine examples of our late Governor and two of Lady Glasgow. A statuesque rendering of Mrs Stewart (cousin of Lady Glasgow) is wonderfully crisp and effective. There are also admirable presentations of the Hon. R. J. Seddon, Sir Robert Stout, Hon. A. J. Cadman, the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves), Captain Russell, many members of parliament, fair women, charming girls and pretty children. Messrs Wrigglesworth and Binns certainly are deserving of great credit for the thorough manner in which they have brought this latest novelty in photography before the public, and there can be no doubt whatever as to their new venture proving a most substantial success. I understand that the firm have a similar exposition of the 'bas-reliefs' of equal merit at their Christchurch studio.

A RARE chance for investors is offered by the Tomson Garlick Company (Limited) just formed, who offer 5,000 shares to the public at par, carrying dividend from 1st July next. The general manager has been at the head of affairs of this business for the past 23 years, the secretary and accountant for 15 years, and other members of directory for long periods. The prospectus will be found in our advertising columns. Mr J. T. Garlick is to continue the management by agreement for five years. There are no fancy salaried directors, but all take an active part in the business. No huge commission has been paid for floatation. The business continues as heretofore, under careful economical management. Five-sixths of the capital is subscribed by those directly interested in the business. One-sixth is open to outsiders, which doubtless will be eagerly taken up on the terms named. Important alterations to premises are now proceeding, which will make the shop front one of the handsomest in Queen-street. The furnishing warehouse is also one of the most extensive in the colony, and is especially adapted for the business.

An inquiring scientist has made a peculiarly interesting report on the results of a long study of the various kinds of fear to which children are subject. It seems that thunder and lightning cause terror to more children than any other one thing, and following in the order named come reptiles, darkness, fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghosts, insects, rats and mice, robbers, and high winds. It is pleasant to notice that the fear of ghosts comes very low on the list.

Personal Paragraphs.

THE new Governor of New Zealand has been duly introduced to the Premier, Hon. R. J. Seddon, and it is believed that a favourable impression was produced. Mr, Mrs, and the Misses Seddon also assisted at the departure of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly and party from British shores. Mr Seddon wished to arrange the route for the new Governor, but the latter preferred to adhere to his own plan of coming to the colony via Vancouver.

MR SEDDON is having a festive time in London. Lord Ranfurly lunched with the Premier and various other notables one day. Another day Lord Glasgow waited upon—so say the cables—Mr Seddon, and welcomed him to London.

A VERY smart reception was given at the Imperial Institute by Mr and Mrs Reeves to welcome Lord Ranfurly and Mr Seddon. Amongst the smart guests were the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, Bishop Nevill, the Bishop of Waiapu, Mr Chamberlain, Sir Westby Percival, Sir Julius Vogel, Mr Bowen, and the Agents-General of the other colonies.

MR J. W. JOVNT has returned to Nelson after an enjoyable trip to Auckland and the North generally.

MR G. RAMSON, of New Plymouth, has returned from Auckland.

MR J. BELL, of Hillerden, Marlborough, is, though not quite an invalid, in very indifferent health. Freedom from work and anxiety and a trip are recommended.

THE Rev. E. Walker, who has been very busy in the Auckland provincial district, has gone South to carry on his work as organising Secretary of the New Zealand Alliance.

MR C. H. MILLS, member for Wairau-Picton, met with an accident in the Rai Valley the other day. He is able to get about again, and on a fair way to recovery. Mr Mills is attending to the requirements of the district in a most energetic manner.

MR CHARLES GORDON, of Auckland, who fractured his collarbone at the last hunt, is much better, and is able to get about again.

MR MORANT BAYLY, who has been agent for the National Bank at Stratford (Taranaki) for some years, was lately entertained at a smoke concert at the Club Hotel, when he was presented with a handsome china tea-set on the occasion of his approaching marriage.

MR S. McNAIR, late of the s.s. 'Manapouri,' is coming out to the colony as second engineer of the Union Company's new steamer 'Waikare.'

QUITE a plethora of gifts and regrets marked the departure of Mr Charles O. Ross from the Wellington Telegraph Office to Dunedin, whither he has been transferred.

MRS AND MISS GRIFFITHS are staying in New Plymouth from Wanganni.

CAPTAIN JOHN BERNICH, late of the s.s. 'Flora' has assumed command of the s.s. 'Hanroto.' Captain Anderson will be away for a short holiday.

MR HARRY FOOKES, who has lately been in the Telegraph Office in Wellington, has been transferred to the Post Office in New Plymouth.

THE Hon. T. Thompson, who has been transacting a good departmental business in Auckland has left for the South again.

It is probable that the young Earl of Seafield will celebrate his coming of age in Dunedin, and that a number of his Scotch relations will come out to New Zealand to assist in the festivities.

MR C. F. REEVE, director of the Poonah Village Mission, gave interesting addresses last week in Auckland. He said that there are thirty million widows in India, one hundred thousand of whom are under nine years of age. Mrs J. Stewart sang, 'How Beautiful are the Feet.'

MRS DALDY has again been appointed President of the Auckland Women's Political League. Mesdames Main and Duffy are vice-presidents.

AN accident which might have proved very serious happened last week near Marton. Mr W. Signall and Miss Frederick were driving into that town, when their horse bolted, and they were thrown over the Tataurangi bridge. They escaped with a good wetting and some bruises. The vehicle was much damaged.

MR H. O. TULLY, secretary for the Greytown Hospital Sports, had his left hand severely injured by a bottle bursting. He was assisting in starting the sports.

MRS T. S. WESTON, of Christchurch, has been staying in New Plymouth with Mr and Mrs Henry Weston.

THE New Zealand manager of the Bank of New Zealand, Mr C. G. Tegetmeier, is a native of London, and nephew of the veteran naturalist. Mr Tegetmeier has had a good banking education. He was for seven years in the well-known Stuckey's Bank, then in Melbourne as one of the staff of the Oriental Banking Corporation. For the past twenty years, however, he has been in the London office of the Bank of New Zealand. When that was made the head office of the Bank seven years ago, Mr Tegetmeier was appointed secretary, in which position he acquitted himself so ably, that upon the post of London Manager being vacated three years later, on the retirement of Mr McNab, Mr Tegetmeier was immediately chosen for the position, which he has held ever since. In 1894 Mr Tegetmeier visited New Zealand, and made a brief inspection of the working of the Bank in the colony. He is evidently a man well fitted for his new position, and much regret is expressed in London at losing him.

MR R. H. BAKERWELL, who has been on a visit to Australia for his health, has returned to his home at Oakura (Taranaki).

MR J. M. DAWSON, of the head office staff of the Bank of New Zealand, Wellington, has been transferred to the branch bank at Ashburton.

MR O. SAMUEL, who left for Wellington last week in order to meet the Hon. J. G. Ward, for whom he was acting during the late Bank inquiry, has returned to New Plymouth.

MISS HASLAM, of Christchurch, is staying with Mrs Chaytor, Marshlands, Blenheim.

THE Secretary of the Wellington Dramatic Students, Mr W. Simm, is going to Scotland. He will travel by the 'Ormoz.'

MISS J. GRIFFITHS, of Wellington, is staying with Mrs W. J. Shaw in New Plymouth.

LIEUTENANT B. OAKES, of the Auckland Naval Artillery, has passed his examination as lieutenant in the Garrison Artillery branch of the service.

THE Rev. C. Jennings, of Richmond, Nelson, who has been acting as *locum tenens* for the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick in Picton, left for Nelson on Monday evening.

A HANDSOME gold Albert and pendant was given at the Thames to Mr Wm. McConnell, who very efficiently performed the duties of handicapper for the United Foresters' athletic sports meeting, held on Easter Monday.

MRS EDITH PERCIVAL has returned from Wellington to her Auckland home.

CAPTAIN AND MRS LUDWIGS are staying in the Hot Lakes district. He is commander of the barque, 'Mary Hasbrouck.'

THE Rev. A. Sedgwick, who has been *locum tenens* in Blenheim during the absence of Archdeacon Grace, has, with Mrs Sedgwick, returned to Picton.

MRS MTCALFE (Auckland) has returned to town after a short visit to Hamilton.

MR TODD, of the Union Bank, Napier, has been moved to Gisborne. His place has been taken by Mr Goldsmith.

MR THOMAS O'REILLY has been gratifying his many Auckland friends by his successes at Home. He has now successfully passed his final examination, and is a duly-qualified medical practitioner.

MRS L. CUSSER, Hamilton, has gone on a visit to Mrs Pilling (Reglan).

MISS ESTHER ATKINSON returned from Nelson to Christchurch a few days ago whither she had gone visiting her mother.

A PRESENTATION has been made to Mr G. Luak, the well-known footballer, by the employees of Bannatyne and Co., Wellington. The present took the form of a silver-mounted pipe. Mr Luak intends starting in business in Palmerston North on his own account.

MRS MOUNIER (Auckland) is in Christchurch, leaving by the 'Buteshire' for England to-morrow.

THE Rev. Dr. Wolfenden has gone to Sydney.

MRS AND MISS GLASGOW (Nelson) are in Christchurch visiting Mrs H. Glasgow.

MR GEORGE NEWMAN is visiting Auckland and neighbourhood. He belongs to the Taranaki Bowling Club.

MISS F. MILLS has gone to stay with Mrs Reid at Elderslie, Oamaru, on her way home to Dunedin.

MISS BRASCH has returned to New Plymouth after her long and pleasant stay in Auckland.

MR MAURICE DENNISTON, eldest son of Judge Denniston, of Christchurch, has been very seriously ill, but is now recovering.

PROFESSOR CARL SCHMITT has been for seventeen years conductor of the Auckland Choral Society.

MRS REEVES is back in Christchurch from the country and Miss Reeves from the South, where both have spent a very enjoyable time.

THE Rev. — Andrew (Wairarapa) is staying with his daughter, Mrs Hudson, Nile-street, Nelson.

MRS W. B. COMMON, Christchurch, it is satisfactory to learn, still continues to improve, and hopes are now entertained for a complete recovery.

MR W. J. MORELL, who succeeds the late Mr Ilbert as chief classical and English master at the Auckland Grammar School, is expected to arrive by the 'Tara-wera' in a few days.

MRS A. GILBERT, of Wellington, is at present visiting Mrs W. D. Meares, in Christchurch.

MR HELMLING, late accountant in the local branch of the Bank of New South Wales, left Nelson last week. His successor is Mr Robison, from Auckland.

LADY STOUT has been the guest of Professor and Mrs Macmillan Brown, Fendalton, for a few days on her way to Wellington.

MRS G. LUCAS, of Pahiatua, who has been staying in Blenheim with her sister Miss Clark, at Cowley, returned home last week.

MR AND MRS NORTHCOPE, of Christchurch, spent a few days with Mr and Mrs Wilson, Cashmere. Mrs Lance is also visiting there.

MR H. T. McLEAN's friends are busy congratulating him on his medical honours. He has been studying medicine in England, and has gained first-class honours and a medal in practical anatomy, first-class honours in physiology, the McKenzie bursary for dissecting, and first-class honours in practical and in systematic surgery. Mr McLean was at one time employed in the Wellington branch of the Bank of New South Wales.

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G. MELLIN, MARLBORO' WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Mrs WERRY has left Wellington for Christchurch, where she will stay with her daughter before proceeding Home to England.

Miss SEALBY, nurse at the Christchurch Hospital, left for a short holiday to Nelson on Saturday.

Mr HARRISON, solicitor, of Auckland, who has been away for the last two months, has returned.

Mr A. STANDISH has been re-elected president and Mr W. Bayly vice-president of the Taranaki Jockey Club.

Mr GEORGE M. GARNER, eldest son of Mr F. W. Garner, of Napier, has been promoted from third engineer of the s.s. 'Hsin Yu' to second engineer of the s.s. 'Irene,' another of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company's boats.

Miss HAMLIN has returned to Napier after an enjoyable visit to Waipukurau.

Dr. SCOTT, of Onehunga, who has been very ill and is going a trip to England for his health, will take his eldest child with him. Mrs Scott will be unable to accompany her husband, who will be away for six months.

Messrs J. D. RITCHIE and T. Kirk, of the Department of Agriculture, have been chosen to represent the Government at the Intercolonial Fruitgrowers' Conference in Brisbane, but it is feared that pressure of business will prevent Mr Ritchie's attending.

Rev. F. G. EVANS conducted a memorial service in St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on Sunday, May 30th, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Rev. Mr Bolland, the first minister of the Church of England stationed in Taranaki.

Mrs AND THE MISSES W. JOHNSTON, who have been in Wellington for some time, return this week to their country residence in the Rangitikei district.

Mrs JAMES MACLEAN, of the National Bank, Napier, has returned with her two little girls from a long visit into the country.

Mr AND Mrs C. RUSSELL and family of Christchurch, are passengers by the 'Buteshire' to England. Mrs Russell is a sister of Mrs A. Anderson, of Opawa.

Mr JOHN PROUSE, of Wellington, is in Christchurch, and sang at an organ recital by Mr F. Tendall at the Cathedral.

Miss STUBBS (Timaru) is staying with Mrs Batham in Wellington.

Mr HAROLD ANSON, the new curate of Hawera, who recently arrived from England by the 'Ionic' was very cordially received by the parishioners on his reaching Hawera. Mrs Anson and family accompanied the reverend gentleman.

News has been received by Archdeacon Fancourt that Bishop and Mrs Wallis have arrived safely in England.

Mrs JOHN BALLANCE, of Wanganni, has lately been spending some weeks in New Plymouth.

Mr PICKERING, of Wellington, is paying a visit to Marlborough, where he is the guest of Mr and Mrs G. Watts, of Lansdowne.

Mr JAMES HUDSON, the second son of Mr J. R. Hudson, of Hokitika, has been appointed, from forty applicants, inspector of mines for Western Australia, at a salary of £500 per year.

Mr L. A. CUFF, who has been at the Thames during the past months, is at present in Auckland.

Mrs PERCY BROWN, who has come out from England for a trip, is the guest of Mrs Harding in Wellington.

Mr J. H. FOX, of the Railway Department, is in Picton relieving Mr Dobbie, who has gone to Wanganui for a week.

Mr AND Mrs C. DE VREE TRESCHMAKER are visiting Dunedin.

Mr HERBERT CLARKE, Woodville, met with a nasty accident last week. His horse bolted and fell, and Mr Clarke is badly injured.

Miss MARION SPERD (Picton) leaves for Napier immediately to spend the winter there on account of her health.

Mr AND Mrs SPENCER, who have returned to their home in Napier, say they have greatly enjoyed their visit to Forest Gate, near Waipawa.

Mrs OLDING, of Moowhango, has been staying in Napier for change of air. She is much better in health, and returns home with her brother, Mr Batley, shortly.

Mr HAMILTON BAILLIE, Bank of New Zealand, Carterton, is spending his annual leave with his father and mother, Lieutenant and Mrs Baillie, in Picton.

Mrs SQUIER (Sydney) has come to Nelson to see her son, Mr D. Squier, who is very far from well. They are both the guests of Mrs Heaps.

TO THE DEAF.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and noises in the head after fourteen years suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, H. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, England.—(ADVT.)

OBITUARY.

WE regret to record the death of Miss King, a very old settler in Taranaki, who passed away on Monday afternoon, May 31st, at the venerable age of 94. The deceased lady was highly respected and beloved by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. She was one of the earliest settlers in New Plymouth, having come out with her brother in one of the first vessels to Taranaki from England.

The death of Mrs Rogan, wife of Judge Rogan, of Auckland, was not unexpected, though none the less sad. She died on Whit Sunday at her residence, New North Road. She had been ill for some time, suffering from consumption. Her husband took her over to New South Wales and Australia last year, and the complete change and rest proved very beneficial for a time. Mrs Rogan leaves seven children to mourn with their father their irreparable loss.

'MATSU' VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.

Messrs WILLIAMSON and MUSGROVE'S 'Mats' Vaudeville Company opened to a crowded house at the Opera House, Auckland, on Monday last, when the entertainment presented more than justified the anticipations formed with regard to it. The programme consisted of a happy combination of farce, song, dance, music, and novelty items. Miss Alice Leamar is always sure of a welcome in New Zealand, and she received a vociferous reception upon her first appearance in the opening farce, 'Fun in the Kitchen.' The fun of this piece turned upon Penelope's (Miss Leamar's) experiences with her numerous admirers—the butcher, baker, milkman, a soldier, and a policeman. In the end Penelope finds that her uninformed lovers are attracted more by the kitchen cupboard than by herself, and she marries 'Chalks.' Among the comicities introduced in the progress of the farce is a duet and dance, 'The Art of Love,' by Mr John Coleman and Miss Leamar, and bone specialties by Mr Frank Lawton. In the second part Mr Lawton's 'Canary Polk,' a whistling performance, and Mr Coleman's 'Scarecrow Dance' brought down the house. The mandoline dance by the Delvines and Winterton Sisters justified the description allotted to this item by the compiler of the programme, who sets it down as 'an interesting, eccentric, instrumental, Terpsichorean quintette.' It was all that, and a marvel in high-kicking besides. The 'Satanic Cambols' by the Delvines in the second part were a marvellous and uncanny exhibition of gymnastics. 'Little Gulliver' is a Lilliputian performer of considerable originality, and Mr Leone Clark, the 'Cat King,' shows what can be done with performing animals and birds. Mr Ernest Fitts, who possesses a good baritone voice, contributed two solos, 'I Love But Thee,' and 'Thou Art My Life.' Taken all in all, the 'Mats' Company is a good laughter-producing combination, and as it keeps the house in roars for nearly three hours, it may be expected to 'catch on.'

ON Thursday, 3rd June, the Original Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club journeyed to the Avondale Asylum with the praiseworthy motive of giving the inmates a pleasant evening. The Club members were met by the Asylum staff, and on being conducted to the concert-hall, found an audience of over 200 assembled to enjoy the music. Most of these people were inmates of the asylum, and a good few settlers also took advantage of the opportunity. Under the conductorship of Herr Zimmermann, and the able leadership of Mr A. A. Partridge, the full Club gave several delightful selections, and the bursts of hearty applause by the audience and their joyful demonstrations of pleasure, were very encouraging to the performers. A quintette for mandolins and guitars by Misses Poseniakie, Erskine, Bolland, and Messrs Brockett and A. A. Partridge was splendidly given, and loudly applauded. Herr Zimmermann gave two violin solos, and Mr Partridge contributed a selection on the guitars. Misses Bell and Thomson each sang, and were encored. The members of the Club deserve great credit for their disinterested kindness in affording their unfortunate fellow creatures so much enjoyment.

THE St. John and Hayman Dramatic Company open at the Opera House on the 16th inst. with Sims and Pettitt's interesting drama, 'The Vagabond.' The company is exceptionally strong, and numbers among its members several old New Zealand favourites, viz. Dora Mostyn, Blanche Willmott, Madge Corcoran, Marie D'Alton (an Auckland lady), and others. The gentlemanly composer Messrs Bailey, John Bruce, Hayman, Owen, F. Donoghue, etc.

We have been asked to correct a slight misunderstanding that has arisen over our report of a recent concert. We referred to the givers as the Auckland Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club, but it should have read 'The Original Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club.'

BURNING WOMEN FOR PETTY TREASON.

(BY S. BARING-GOULD.)

[A note to his novel, 'Gladys: A Woman of Courage']

In 1769 Susannah Lot was burned for the murder of her husband at Canterbury, and Benjamin Buss, her paramour, was hanged for participation in the crime.

Catherine Hayes was burned alive in 1726. Her son, Billings, who had assisted her in the murder of her husband, was hanged. 'An iron chain was put round her body, with which she was fixed to a stake near the gallows.' On these occasions, when women were burned for petty treason, it was customary to strangle them, by means of a rope passed round the neck, and pulled by the executioner, so that they were dead before the flames reached the body. But this woman was literally burned alive; for the executioner, letting go the rope sooner than usual, in consequence of the flames reaching his hands, the fire burned fiercely round her, and the spectators beheld her pushing away the faggots, while she rent the air with her cries and lamentations. Other faggots were instantly thrown on her; but she survived amidst the flames for a considerable time, and her body was not reduced perfectly to ashes in less than three hours.—'Chronicles of Crime or the New Newgate Calendar,' G. C. Pelham, June, 1840.

A poor girl of fifteen was burnt at Heavitree, near Exeter, on June 29th, 1782, for poisoning her master, Richard Jarvis, with arsenic. A broadside ballad was circulated among the crowd who witnessed the execution, of which this is the last verse:—

'Whos to the fatal stake I come
And dissipate in flame,
Let all be warned by my sad doom,
To shun my sin and shame,
May I thou expiate my crime,
And whilst I undergo
The fiery trial here on earth
Escape the flames below.'

A woman was burnt at Winchester in 1783. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, June 1st, 1850, says:—'A gentleman lately deceased told me the circumstances (of a case in 1789) minutely. I think that he had been at the trial, but I know that he was at the execution, and saw the wretched woman fixed to the stake, fire put to the faggots, and her body burnt. But I know two persons still alive who were present at the execution, and I endeavoured, in 1848, to ascertain from one of them the date of the event. I made a note of his answer, which was to this effect:—"I can't recollect the year, but I remember the circumstance well. It was about 65 years ago. I was there along with the crowd. I sat on my father's shoulder, and saw them burn her. . . . They fixed her neck by a noose to the stake, and then set fire to the faggots and burned her."'

This woman was Christiana Murphy, *alias* Budman, convicted of coining. She was stood on a stool, and the stool was removed from under her just before the fire was put to the faggots.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, August 10th, 1850, says: 'I will state a circumstance that occurred to myself about 1788. Passing in a hackney coach up to the Old Bailey to West Smithfield, I saw the unquenched embers of a fire opposite Newgate. On my alighting, I asked the coachman, "What was that fire in the Old Bailey over which the wheel of your coach passed?" "Oh, sir," he replied, "they have been burning a woman for murdering her husband."'

A full account of the execution is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 13th March and 18th March, 1789. 'This is the execution at which I was present,' says another in *Notes and Queries*. 'Eight of the malefactors suffered on the scaffold, then known as the New Drop. After they were suspended, the woman in a white dress, was brought out of Newgate alone, and after some time spent in devotion, was hanged on the projecting arm of a low gibbet, fixed at a little distance from the scaffold. After the lapse of a sufficient time to extinguish life, faggots were piled around her, and over her head, so that the person was completely covered. Fire was then set to the pile, and the woman was consumed to ashes.'

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 21, 1786, is the account of the burning of Phoebe Harris for counterfeiting the coin of the realm.

In Harrison's *Derby and Nottingham Journal*, September 22, 1779, is an account of another such sentence. 'On Saturday, two persons were capitally convicted at the Old Bailey of High Treason, viz. Isabella Condon, for coining shillings in Coldbath Fields, and John Field, for coining shillings in Nag's Head Yard, Bishopsgate-street. They will receive sentence to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution; the woman to be burned, and the man to be hanged.'

The Shrewsbury case was, I believe, the last in England. On May 10th, 1790, Sir Benjamin Hammett, in the House of Commons, called attention to the then state of the law. He said that it had been his painful office and duty in the previous year to attend the burning of a female, he being at the time Sheriff of London; and he moved to bring in a bill to alter the law. He showed that the Sheriff who shrank from executing the sentence of burning alive was liable to a prosecution, but he thanked Heaven there was not a man in England who would carry such a sentence literally into execution. The executioner was allowed to strangle the women condemned to the stake, before flames were applied; but such an act of humanity was a violation of the law, subjecting executioner and Sheriff to penalties. The Act was passed 30 George III., c. 48.

It is a startling thought that in the time of our grandfathers such atrocities could have been permitted by law. We move so rapidly now, and the swing of the pendulum has been so greatly into the other extreme, that we forget that little over a century has elapsed since the last stake was kindled in England about the body of a wretched woman.

The new photograph of the heavens which is being prepared by London, Berlin, and Parisian astronomers shows sixty-eight million stars. Evidently Alexander is having plenty of other worlds to conquer.



Stop that now you little wretch; don't you know the Princess has a party on upstairs?

Great Scott! Joseph where's this thing going to end?

The Queen will set aside a day on which to receive addresses from the various British Colonies

(Mr D. in MP) "I will be disagreeable and make myself a nuisance and I don't care if I do spoil the old lady's party with this drum of mine!"
 (Mr D. in 1897 his followers in the House of Commons refuse to participate in the Jubilee Celebrations)

A STUDY IN FEDERATION
 United we stand
 divided we fall

Cabled that the Colonial Premiers are to be allowed free access to ALL places of amusement

Songs and their singers.

When and where shall I participate next time? What are the words like? I'll find out!

Some Banquets, and a Supper
 (The morning after)

Morning, George
 Morning, Richard
 Head-ache George?
 No! Lower down!

FREEZING WORKS

Since freezing operations were started ten months ago in Southland, one and a quarter million rabbits have been frozen for export!

They came to prey, and remained - to be scooped.
 (Goldsmith, slightly altered)

A. W. W. 1897



SOCIETY * ON * DITS.

THAT some Auckland citizens wish to mark their sense of loyalty to our most Gracious Queen by doing what she does not care about, namely, erecting a statue to her memory. She has repeatedly expressed her wish that all commemorations should take the form of something which will benefit suffering humanity. Hence the proposal to have a Children's Cottage Hospital is the one most likely to meet with warm and sympathetic support; at least, so say its promoters.

That the Whist Club (Hamilton) met at Mrs Hume's residence last Tuesday.

That it took three Royal carriages to convey Mr Seddon and party from the Euston Railway Station to the Hotel Cecil. The day following the arrival Sir George Grey welcomed the New Zealand Premier.

That in Wellington it was proposed to roast a bullock whole to celebrate the Queen's reign; but through lapse of ages, the proper method of carrying out the suggestion has been forgotten, hence the project fell through. However three days' food for the poor is to be provided.

That in Auckland the great question of food supply for famishing multitudes on the Jubilee days is to be covered by a bun and a banana for each of the children taking part in the procession. Being a hot climate, the people do not require the same amount of food as in Wellington, Picton, etc.

That Picton and Havelock intend celebrating the Record Reign by burnt offerings. A bullock is to be roasted in both places, besides bon-fires and fireworks. Other matters are under consideration.

That it is proposed to hold a local industrial and gold-mining exhibition in Auckland. The Chamber of Commerce is taking the matter up warmly. The Chamber of Mines and the Harbour Board are also interested.

That there are 86 different makes of bicycles in Wellington at present. The rage for cycling is rapidly increasing, and, in fact, is quite an epidemic in the colony.

That the first of the Hamilton Club Euchre parties comes off on Thursday in the Hall. Mesdames Hume and Sare have the first night.

That the annual meeting of the Auckland centre of the St. John Ambulance Association was a most successful affair, greatly due to the very charming music provided most kindly by Mr H. Connell's Glee Club.

That the date fixed for the Thorndon Tennis Club's dance in Wellington is the 17th of June. The tickets, which are 5s, are selling well.

That the concert to come off on Friday night at Hamilton promises to be a great success. As well as local talent some Auckland musical people are going to assist.

That it is proposed to introduce English bats into this colony for the purpose of devouring some of the too numerous insect pests.

That the young people of Picton have had very pleasant holidays this term, the last disposition being a magic-lantern entertainment given by Misses Grace and Belle Allen. Miss Howard acted as lecturer for the views, and caused shrieks of laughter at her impromptu description of objects which were as original—being home-painted—as the lecture.

That in Wellington to celebrate the Record Reign, there is to be a chorus of children to sing the National Anthem, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales,' and 'Rule Britannia' in the Basin Reserve.

That the steeplechase meeting of the Hawke's Bay Hunt Club is to take place about the middle of July, and that the steeplechase ball will be held in the Princess Theatre, Hastings, and not in Napier, as it was last year.

That in Dunedin it has been decided to raise funds for establishing a children's ward, to be called the Victoria Ward, in commemoration of the record reign. The movement was not considered antagonistic to the free public library, resolved upon a few nights ago. About £20 has been already subscribed.

That the Blenheim Choral Society is much disappointed at the action of Williamson and Musgrove, who have forbidden the production of any opera of which they hold the copyright. The Society had arranged to perform the 'Mikado.'

That the Military Ball, which is to be held in the Garrison Hall, Napier, on June 22nd, promises to be the best ball held in that town this winter, and that the Wanderers' Bicycle Club's Executive are also making elaborate preparations for a ball, which is to be held on July 7th.

That several desirable residents have arrived in Picton, and are busy house-hunting. Among them are Mrs and Miss Mackenzie, mother and sister of Dr. Mackenzie, of Wellington; Captain Chapple, late R.N., and family, also Captain Chapple's son-in-law and family.

That a social was held in the Opera House, Hawera, lately, when an enjoyable evening was spent. During the intervals in dancing Miss Whittaker and Mr J. Mildenhall sang. The music was supplied by Miss Espange (piano), Mr Tyrell (clarionet), M. J. Tyrell (cornet), and Miss F. Espange (violin). Messrs Faber and Graham were efficient M.C.'s.

That an excellent drawing-room concert is to be held in the Mount Albert Parish Hall to-night (Wednesday). All the performers come from town, and are very popular.

That the Ven. Archdeacon Grace will return to Blenheim this week.

That during a football match in the Recreation Grounds at New Plymouth a hare appeared, and the match was stopped whilst the players and spectators gave it chase. It was hemmed in on all sides and caught.

That at Stratford lately the Shakespearian Society gave its anniversary recital to a very large audience. The scenes selected were from 'Richard II,' 'King John,' and 'Othello,' and the parts were sustained by Miss McCracken, the Misses Wilson (two), and Warren, Messrs T. Hood (Patea), Warren, Kennedy, Holdcroft, Polson, Murray, Brooking, and McLennan.

That Mr G. Kronfeld has gone to the Islands.

That Picton must be getting to look important. Two ladies travelling on the 'Takapuna' went ashore with their luggage, found their way to the railway station, and asked when the Hunterville train went out. With some difficulty they were made to understand that they were not in Wellington.

That Miss Cox's second Assembly dance took place last Tuesday in Christchurch.

That New Zealanders have done remarkably well in the medical line at Home. Mr W. J. Barclay, B.A., son of Mr Adam Barclay, of Mangawhare, and nephew of Mrs T. N. Griffin, of Port Chalmers, who a little over two years ago left the Dunedin University to prosecute his medical studies at Edinburgh, has succeeded in being placed amongst the medallists in senior practical anatomy, being placed first in this subject, and in 'Materia Medica,' in which he is placed third. In physiology (senior division) he gains a high place in first-class honours, being sixth on the list. Mr Barclay last year in addition to several first-class honours, succeeded in winning a 'Vans Dunlop' scholarship (junior) in physiology and surgery of £100 per annum, tenable for three years.

That the Picton City Fathers were offered £10 towards planting High Street with trees and refused the donation with thanks. Truly they are not of those who find 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones.'

That Mr Hunter, M.H.R. for Waipawa, was entertained at a banquet at Danevirke on Thursday, when Captain Russell and Mr R. D. D. Maclean, M.H.R.'s, as well as electors from all parts of the country, were present.

That at the annual meeting of parishioners at West Lyttelton, held a few days ago, a resolution was carried asking the Standing Committee of the Synod to provide for ladies having a voice in the election of church officers. The general opinion was not only that the ladies should have the right to vote, but that they should be eligible to take part in the management of church affairs.

That the Very Rev. the Dean of Waipua intends holding a special service in the Cathedral, Napier, on the night of June 22nd, in connection with the Diamond Jubilee, and, in keeping with the hour of service at Home, the National Anthem will be sung shortly before midnight here.

That there are to be several changes in the staff of the Union S.S. Company. Captain McLean is going Home to bring out the Union Company's new steamer 'Rotiti.' Captain Downie, of the 'Pukaki,' will be transferred to the 'Corinna,' and Captain Anderson, of the 'Hauroro,' will take charge of the 'Pukaki.' Mr Chrisp, late chief officer of the 'Corinna,' will act in a corresponding position on the 'Liddesdale,' vice Mr Paterson, who will probably join the 'Talane.' Mr Stewart, second officer of the 'Corinna,' has been promoted to the position of chief officer, and Mr Cameron, formerly of the 'Flora,' will succeed him as second officer.

That Mr Ashcroft Noall intends giving a pianoforte recital next week at the Athenæum, Napier.

That the Hamilton people are anxiously looking out for the Masonic Ball on the 24th. It promises to be a great success.

That Mrs Duff, of Stoke, Nelson, gave a small evening party for young people on Tuesday, progressive euchre being the chief amusement.

That the special commissioner of the National Press Agency, London, Mr Frederick Dolman, is touring New Zealand. He is busily engaged a series of articles on matters affecting the Imperialistic question, and in the course of his travels is noting down the opinions of the representative men of the countries he passes through. One feature of his journey is that during the whole period he will be either sailing under the British flag or travelling through British territory.

That Mrs Withford and her two sons are leaving Auckland shortly for a trip Home.

That Mrs R. C. Cameron, of the North Shore, Auckland, gave a dance on Friday night as a farewell to her son, who is leaving New Zealand immediately.

That the Picton Reading Society gave a very enjoyable miscellaneous evening on Friday in the Institute. Those taking part in it were Mr Jennings, who recited 'Gaiuverve'; Mrs Allen, who read a sermon on the text of Old Mother Hubbard; Miss Howard, 'Uncle Podger'; Mrs Seely and Miss Thompson, 'An Encounter with an Interviewer'; Mr Wilson, 'Spring House-cleaning'; Miss R. Williams, 'Herve Reil'; Miss Hay, 'Faithless Nellie Gray'; and 'Number One,' and Mr Howard, who read 'Mrs McWilliams and the lightning.'

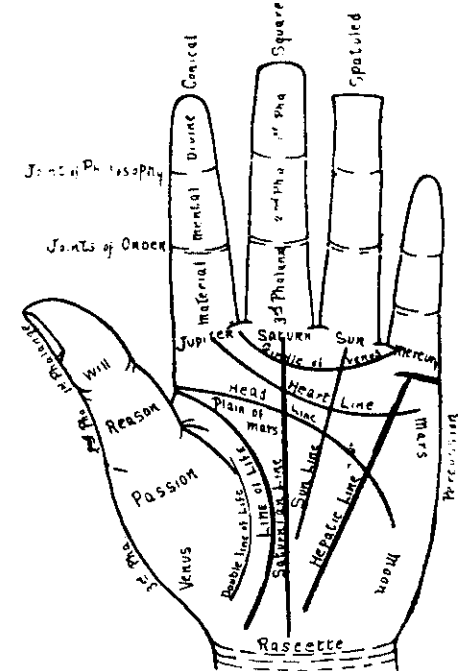
A poor preacher was caught in a shower on his way to church. He said, 'I shall certainly take cold if I go into the pulpit so wet.' 'Oh, no you won't,' was the reply, 'you are always dry enough there.'

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:—



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 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.

'W.H.V.B.'—You have not given me many lines in your diagram, but it is otherwise a very good one. You will understand that I can only comment on those given me. From the development of the mount or space under the first finger I judge you to be a subject of Jupiter, i.e., you are cheerful, rather impetuous, fond of nature, nobly ambitious, and well endowed with proper pride, self-respect, and the honour attendant upon high principles. You enjoy society, and in affairs connected with love or marriage Jupiterians are generally successful. The thumb shows a powerful will and strong good sense, but an absence of tact, although I see the little finger is pointed, which gives intuition and quickness, while its length will assist your determination with eloquence and dexterity. The tips of the other fingers in your drawing are spatulate. These confirm the resolution of the thumb, and give love of freedom, and usefulness, resource, endurance, and also a certain dislike of taking much on trust. You are practical, liberal in opinion and independent, but you avoid actions which would render you conspicuous, and you have a talent, whether cultivated or the reverse, for acting and mimicry. The life line is not very satisfactory in length, but if the other hand be different it only indicates an illness of some severity about 50, and care should be taken of the health between 40 and 50. The fate line is fortunate, and betokens success, but I do not think this is obtained without trouble. The head line is very good. It confirms the good sense and judgment of the thumb, and adds a sufficiency of imagination to the love of reality displayed by the fingers. The heart line shows much

steadfastness of affection. Your love is durable and sincere, but not passionate in its intensity, and I think free from jealousy; I cannot be sure of this from a drawing. You have given me no lines underneath the little finger, therefore on the subject of time connected with marriage or attachment I must remain silent. Your success in life is likely to be greater before the age of 50 than after, although I recognise no pecuniary losses and the rascette of three well-defined lines give promise of health, wealth, and general prosperity.—VEXO.

With the permission of the editor I would remark to you and all my correspondents that if on comparing my readings with the original hands you find you have omitted any lines in the diagrams, I will gladly answer any question on the subject of the omission if addressed to Madame Vexo, care of Lady Editor of NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland.—VEXO.

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.

'LOUISIANA LOU.'—Your handwriting displays such pronounced energy and activity that if it be possible I think you must possess too much energetic industry, both mental and physical. I cannot imagine you to be contented if unemployed for more than five minutes consecutively, and even if your fingers are compelled to be idle your mind is always busy. You are quick in comprehending, and also in receiving impressions. Your decisions are made rapidly, and your conclusions are drawn in haste, and derived rather from intuition than discernment, as you seldom devote your time to close observation; but although practical, you are ever ready to sympathise with real trouble, and unselfishness is one of your strongest characteristics. All your plans and schemes are laid for the benefit and welfare of others, and your own advancement is generally left entirely in the background, while your personal self esteem is altogether imperceptible. Your temper is quick, and you are easily annoyed and 'worried,' but the unselfish desire to avoid causing pain is ever at hand to control the irritation and conceal the annoyance. You are truthful, unostentatious, very sincere, and unlikely to be capricious or fickle in love or friendship, and perseverance is plainly perceptible. You have given me no capital M, the most important of all letters to the graphologist, therefore on some points of character I am compelled to remain silent.—MARCELLA.

'Comph.'—Your specimen of handwriting indicates great determination and strength of will. You are most affectionate, and genuinely kind, but you like to rule, and I imagine you to be one of those whom it is easy to lead by loving persuasion, but almost impossible to coerce by force. You are unconventional, and rarely influenced by general opinion, steadfast in maintaining your own views, and disinclined to receive impressions quickly. You appreciate comfortable surroundings, and restless energy is not in evidence; but you possess so much tenacity of purpose that an obstacle in your path invariably acts as a stimulant, and no effort is wanting to overcome it. Your love is faithful, passionately strong, and by no means free from jealousy tinged with suspicion, and there is danger that this may cause pain, as you are impulsive in temperament and not a close observer. Your conclusions are too hasty and not always correct. You are a great admirer of beauty in art and nature. Music has especial charms for you, and so also have bright colours and flowers. Your abilities are good, and your mind is vigorous, but neatness and method are deficient. You scarcely pay sufficient attention to detail, and occasionally give unintentional offence by plain speaking. In this specimen also there is no capital M.—MARCELLA.



THE latest engagement is that of Miss Ella Stopford and Mr Leonard Malet. The Misses Stopford have been out from England some months visiting friends and are at present the guests of Mr and Mrs Malet, Clearwell, Ashburton.

The marriage of Mr Mason and Miss T. Heath, at present on the Palmerston Hospital staff, formerly dispenser at the Wellington Hospital, comes off at Palmerston immediately. They purpose visiting Sydney on the honeymoon.

Miss Joan Macdonald, librarian at Timaru, is shortly to be married to Mr W. J. Tonquin.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR G. W. HARDEN TO MISS M. NEWTON.

THE marriage of Mr G. W. Harden, of the Bank of New South Wales, Hastings, with Miss M. Newton, was celebrated on June 1st at St. Matthew's Church, Hastings.

THE ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Hobbs. The bride was given away by Mr G. H. Roach, Mr J. A. Preshaw acted as best man, and Miss Roach was bridesmaid.

As the bride has been a member of St. Matthew's choir for many years, the members of it attended in full force and sang, 'How Welcome was the Call,' and 'O Perfect Love all Human Thought Transcending.' The 'Wedding March' was played by the organist, Miss Kelly, as the bridal party left the church.

AFTER the ceremony a wedding breakfast was given by Mr G. H. Roach, and subsequently the bride and bridegroom left for Danevirke en route for Wellington.

MR PARK TO MISS TORY.

AT the residence of the bride's parents in Palmerston North a quiet marriage was performed last week. Quiet as the affair was, very much interest was taken in it by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances by whom the bride and bridegroom are very much esteemed and appreciated.

THE bridegroom is Mr William Park, who has been elected Mayor of Palmerston for two successive years, and has also been Chairman of the Palmerston Hospital Board for one term. The bride, Miss Jane Tory, is the youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Tory, of Palmerston North.

THE Rev. J. A. Luxford conducted the service in the presence of the immediate relatives of the happy pair.

THE bride's father gave her away, and her pretty bridal toilette was much admired.

MR AND MRS PARK left by the noon train en route for Auckland, the bride wearing a chic costume of floral silk brocade, in which fawn, heliotrope, and green were daintily blended. This smart dress was trimmed with surah silk and sparkling passementerie. Her hat was of celery green velvet with heliotrope tips.

A HEARTY send-off was given to them on the platform at the station by a crowd of admiring friends, who wished them much happiness and prosperity.

THE bride's presents were many and handsome.

MR GRACIE TO MISS MORGAN.

THE Rev. H. Wilson officiated at the wedding of Mr Gracie and Miss Elizabeth Morgan at the bride's home in Paeroa last week.

VERY much interest was evinced in the wedding in the district, as the bride's father, Mr W. Morgan, is manager of the Ohinemuri Syndicate.

MR TREADWELL TO MISS SARJEANT.

THE marriage of Mr James Henry Alfred Treadwell and Miss Catherine J. Sarjeant, youngest daughter of Mr Isaac Sarjeant, of Denair, eventuated at Wanganni last week.

THE ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father by the Rev. J. Ross, of Tarakina.

MR W. SARJEANT was best man.

THE bride looked very attractive in white, with orange blossom wreath and veil, and bouquet.

HER bride maids were Misses Rose Tylee and Nellie McLeod, who were prettily garbed in pink.

MR TREADWELL is the youngest son of the late Rev. James Treadwell.

MR FLEMING TO MISS MAUNSELL.

A SMARTLY fashionable wedding was celebrated at St. Stephen's, Opoitiki, lately by the Rev. F. W. Mastang.

THE bride was Miss Bertha Maunsell, of Opoitiki, and the bridegroom Mr Malcolm Fleming, of Auckland.

AN 'At Home' was held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's father, and was well attended.

THE happy couple went to Rotorna, via Tauranga, for their honeymoon.

THE REAL SULTAN.

THE MOST ABJECT COWARD IN EUROPE.

VICTOR Berold, in writing on Turkey and the Sultan for a Parisian review, has told some very interesting facts. For several years he was a college professor in Constantinople, and knows his subject thoroughly. He blames the Sultan and Russia for the Armenian massacres, and holds the Sultan up to scorn as perhaps the most abject coward holding a high position in Europe.

So fearful is the Sultan of dynamite that he will not allow electricity to be used in Constantinople, as it is generated by dynamo. He says that for months no Turkish Minister in other countries has drawn pay, the army is unpaid, and the money that should be so used is spent "to pay a swarm of spies and the Immense Imperial Guard, to send presents to European sovereigns, diamond decorations to Continental Ministers and their wives, and to bribe German, French, and American papers."

Here is the pen picture he draws of the Sultan—'Abdul Hamid is a gentle, shy, civil man, rather cold at a first interview, but whose manner becomes winning on better acquaintance. His temper is even, his address affable, his native intelligence above the average, but his culture is nil. The gross farces of the Turkish stage and "penney horrible" French literature are his great delight. He has ordered the whole of "Xavier de Montepin" to be translated for him. His piety, perhaps simulated, is narrow and superstitious, and his private life serious and indeed austere. The most severe Young Turks admit that for centuries the Ottoman throne has not been occupied by a man so little sensual. Ambassadors have all been charmed by Abdul Hamid, and many have not got over this pleasant impression. It is due to the extreme politeness of this autocrat, to his attention to their remarks, his apparent assent to every one of their conclusions. The proofs he gives of hard work, good-will and scrupulousness appeal to even the most liberal Young Turks, like Murad Bey. A great effort or long habit is necessary to mistrust or disbelieve a man who seems so upright, and who certainly is unhappy. Everything in his attitude, words and even silence, his sudden pinching of the lips, starts of the body, wandering looks, and the pallor of the cheeks, disguised by powder—everything shows unreasoning, incurable fear in the successor of the unfortunate Aziz and Murad. It is the key to his character. Fear has subdued in him pride, passion and vices, but it has also killed generosity, straightforwardness, honour and all sentiment further than that of self-preservation.'

HE GOT IT.

THE following colloquy is said to have taken place between the late Mr Spurgeon and a boy in his orphanage:—

'Mis' Spudgin, s'posing there was an orfn 'sylum an' a hunderd orfn in it, sn' all the orfn had uncles and anties to brin' 'em cakes an' apples, 'cept one orfn wot hadn't no one, oughtn't somebody give that orfn sixpence?'

'I think so, Bob,' replied Mr Spurgeon; 'but why?'

'Cause I'm him,' said Bob.

The 'orfn' got his sixpence.

O P E R A H O U S E.
SUB-LESSEES ... MEMBERS WILLIAMSON AND MUSGROVE.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

TO-NIGHT AND
FOLLOWING NIGHTS.

WILLIAMSON AND MUSGROVE'S

"MATSU"

VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.

MANAGERIAL CARD:—We beg to draw attention to the fact that, through a variety of circumstances, we have been enabled to secure a wonderful combination of artistic excellence, and beg to assure our patrons that they will find in the above Organization, the Most Amusing, Most Talented, Most Entertaining, and Absolutely the Most Expensive Co. of Artists, that has ever visited New Zealand under our Management.

WILLIAMSON AND MUSGROVE.

The Famous English Burlesque Artists,
MISS ALICE LEAMAR.

The Celebrated Comedian, Dancer, and Humorist,
MR JOHN COLEMAN.

The Famous Grotesque Artists and Pantomimists,
THE THREE DELEVINES.

Our Own Pocket Comedian—the Funniest Man of His Inches in the World,
LITTLE GULLIVER.

The Popular Australian Baritone,
MR ERNEST FITTS.

The Clerer Dancers and Mandolinists—the
WINTERTON SISTERS.

The Renowned Whistling Comedian,
MR FRANK LAWTON.

The celebrated 'Cat King',
MR LEONI CLARK,

and
COUNTLESS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

Prices—5s, 3s, and 1s.

HAROLD ASHTON, Touring Manager.



AUCKLAND.

DEAR BRN. **JUNE 7.**
 We are having a good deal of rain, scattered sort of rain, which, though perhaps necessary, is none the less unpleasant for pleasure-seekers. Whit-Sunday morning was very wet, and adversely affected the collections in the Anglican Churches for the Melanesian Mission. Whit-Monday was cold, but fine, and the Bank and many office holiday-makers had the chance and leisure to enjoy the races, leaving ordinary business people to grumble at the empty streets and closed Banks. Miss Dolly Davis gave a very nice little

AFTERNOON TEA

at 'Mona' Symonds-street, last week to welcome Miss Sybil Nathan back to Auckland. An appetising 'five o'clock,' only earlier, was served in little tables in the large dining-room, very deftly arranged, where trifles of sponge-cake and of fruit reigned amongst other dainties, and were much appreciated. Miss Dolly Davis was handsomely frocked in black silk, with black and white check silk blouse; Miss Sybil Nathan, green and black dress of English design, large black plumed hat; the Misses Thomson, who were ably assisting Miss Davis in attending to her guests, looked well; the elder 'lad in a pale blue blouse veiled in white muslin, black skirt; the younger in brown costume trimmed with yellow silk; Miss Dixon, who wore navy tailor-made dress, brown hat with shaded poppies, looked very chic after her trip South; Miss Barnes, handsome costume of heliotrope grey dress, large hat to match; Miss Phillips, tailor-made grey dress, large white hat trimmed with bands of turquoise velvet and black feather; Miss Lennox, green skirt and jacket faced with white cloth; Miss Nation, dark red skirt, shot silk blouse; Miss Hesketh, grey costume; Miss Ire-ant, black dress, large green hat; Miss Brigham, black dress handsomely embroidered in white; Miss Buckland, black costume; Miss Isaacs, dark brown; Miss Hay, navy blue serge, large black hat; Miss E. Brett, dark brown costume; Miss Morrin, navy blue, scarlet vest; etc., etc. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Lecky, Daveney, Drs. Sharman and Parkes, Messrs Anderson, Gordon, Biss, Purchas, Molyneux, Chisolm. Miss Davis also had a musical evening, when many of the same guests were present, and music, games and dancing were enjoyed. Mrs Hudson Williamson gave a most

ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA

at her residence, Carleton Gore Road, on Thursday last. Among those present were Mesdames Kallender, Snell, Alloway, (Judge) Smith, Keogh, Hay, Wyld-Brown, C. Baker, Reid (from South), Dacre, Sloman, Goodall, Goodwin, and others. The Misses Snell, Goodwin, and Sloman assisted Miss Williamson in waiting upon her mother's guests during the afternoon. The Auckland Racing Club held their

FIRST DAYS' WINTER MEETING

on Saturday. The weather was anything but pleasant, as it rained incessantly during the first part of the day, making the course very heavy, but happily cleared up during the afternoon. Alas! the rain left parts of the lawn which were much frequented by pedestrians ankle deep in mud, and I leave you to imagine the state of skirts and boots of the gentler sex, who by chance made that way one of egress from the stand, though I must confess it was amusing to see people wading about in the mud with such a charming expression marked upon their countenances. The attendance of the ladies was, indeed, large for the weather, though of course, many had donned their gowns of the prior winter, not daring to venture out in their new array, which would decidedly have been ruined. All shades of green were very prominent amongst the colours of the gowns worn. There was a sprinkling of red, which brightened up the otherwise darkened stand. After green, brown seemed to be the next colour in favour. I will now give you a description of the gowns worn:—Mrs Thomas Morrin (President's wife), light fawn tweed tailor-made costume, white waistcoat, white tie, black velvet hat with black ostrich feathers, and pink roses beneath the brim; Mrs Welstead (née Miss Chambers) wore her travelling costume of myrtle green cloth tailor-made, white vest with bands of black military braid laid across in hussar style, black velvet high-crowned sailor hat with dash of rose pink silk on one side and standing very high; Miss Buckland, navy serge tailor-made gown, black straw hat with wreath of autumn roses beneath the brim at back; Mrs Alfred Buckland (jun.), tabac brown costume, felt hat *en suite*; Mrs Harry Tonks, dark skirt, sultan red silk blouse finished with black velvet, black for tipped, black sailor hat; Mrs Andrew Hanns, dark olive green tailor-made costume, white vest, sailor hat with Auckland Polo colours; Mrs Black, black gown, cloth jacket with military braid, black hat; Mrs Charles Brown, dark costume with royal blue velvet trimmings, black straw hat with ostrich

feathers; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, serpent green flecked tweed trimmed with velvet *en suite*, black Alpine felt hat; Miss Kilgour, stylish violet flecked tweed, black velvet Tam-o'-Shanter toque with violets; Mrs Goodson (Hawera), bronze green cloth with fur trimming, green velvet Medici collar, green velvet toque with violets; Mrs Worsp, pale fawn tailor-made costume, Nil green toque; Miss Worsp, navy serge, red and black striped t'e, sailor hat; Miss D. Worsp, fawn tailor-made gown, white felt hat; Mrs Thornton (Waikato) was much admired in busi tailor-made gown, brown straw hat with busi ostrich feathers, and autumn flowers beneath brim; Miss Shepherd, gendarme green cloth with fox fur, toque of yellow flowers; Mrs Willie Bloomfield, lizard green cloth gown with bolero; the fulness at the top of sleeves was of moss green stripes let in the material, while the vest was of moss green, hat *en suite* with ostrich feathers and pink roses beneath brim; Mrs Ware, navy serge, small bonnet of navy; Miss Ware, emerald green tailor-made gown, sailor hat with Auckland Polo colours; Mrs Devore, navy serge, black velvet jacket with black braid; Mrs Collins, navy serge, with sealskin cape, pink chiffon bows, black velvet hat with upstanding black ostrich feathers; Mrs Bodle, black gown, black Alpine hat; Mrs Holgate, navy serge, brown cloth jacket, becoming red toque; Miss Sage, grey tweed with celery green silk founces on shoulder sleeves, large black velvet hat with flowers and feathers; Mrs Clifton, fawn tailor-made gown, blue vest, black velvet hat; Mrs Gorrie, black; Mrs Markham, brown tailor-made gown; Mrs Nelson Gambie, black gown with velvet jacket *en suite*; Miss Hepburn, brown gown, cape and hat *en suite*; Mrs Selby, black; Mrs Mercer, violet costume, Alpine felt hat; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, navy serge made with bolero, navy toque with flowers; Mrs A. Carrick, brown check coat; Mrs Ranson, paon fonce green cloth coat with fox fur, toque with flowers to match; Miss Wilkins, beige tailor-made gown, pink vest, black Tam-o'-Shanter shape with pink bows; Miss Maud Wilkins, black crepon with old rose trimmings; Mrs Wilfred Rathbone, very handsome black crepon with white ruffle round neck, black velvet hat with feathers; Miss O. Lusk, black gown, black feather bow, black hat; Mrs Hope Lewis, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs Buddle, brown tailor-made gown, bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Woodroffe, black gown, fur boa, black toque with magenta velvet trimmings; Miss Cuff, navy serge, black Alpine hat; Miss Sellers, navy serge, hat with shot ribbons; Miss Dunnett, brown gown ornamented with large buttons, cardinal red straw hat; Miss Atkinson, navy serge with fur; and her sister wore brown with hat to match; Mrs Greenwar and Miss Firth were similarly attired in navy; Mrs Windsor, black costume; Mrs Masefield, navy; Mrs Broughton, very striking autumn-coloured gown trimmed with silk to match, Nil green toque with autumn-coloured flowers; Miss Ansenne, tabac brown; Miss Clayton (Sydney), navy serge gown, black velvet hat with striped Tam-o'-Shanter crown, one side black coque feathers and the other an upstanding pink rose; Mrs Chamberlin, black gown, bonnet with violets; Mrs Ansenne, navy serge, white Medici collar, sailor hat; Miss Henderson (Dunedin), brown tailor-made gown; Miss Davy, grey gown and cape with fur *en suite*; Mrs Elliot, black; the Misses Elliot, navy serge; Miss Shirley-Baker, grey tweed, black velvet cape, and her sister wore navy with brown hat; Miss Hay (Grafton), dark green trimmed with velvet, black straw hat with coque feathers; Miss S. McLaughlin, navy serge, white vest; Miss Phillips, grey tailor-made gown; Miss Ada Dixon, navy serge, brown hat; Miss Yonge, navy; Miss Percival, green crepon, with cloth jacket and toque *en suite*; Miss Edith Percival, black; Miss Ethel Percival, navy; Miss Devore, brown; and her sister, navy; Mrs Secombe, brown gown, felt hat *en suite*; Mrs Churton, grey tweed with old gold cape and vest, brown Alpine hat; Mrs Thompson, black moiré, black bonnet with buttercup-coloured roses and trimmings; Miss Thompson, black gown, hat relieved with dome blue; and her sister, chattruse green gown with figured green silk vest, collar, and waistband, black hat with gendarme green and red chrysanthemums; the Misses Dowell wore navy, the younger wearing a vivid red hat; Miss Snell, bronze moyer tailor-made gown, black hat with pink flowers; Miss Bull, navy gown with navy felt Alpine hat; Miss Beatrice Bull, navy serge, vivid red felt hat; Miss Wyld-Brown, navy serge, black hat with bright magenta roses; and her sister wore black; Misses Hay (three), of Remuera, were studies in navy with white sailor hats; Mrs Forbes, black gown, black Alpine hat; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie), black silk; Mrs Coleman, navy tailor made gown, Alpine hat; Mrs Waddell, electric blue gown, fawn cape, large black straw hat; Mrs Buchanan, navy gown, floral bonnet; Miss Roberts (Panmure), brown; Mrs Sharland, black skirt, brown jacket, black boat-shaped hat with coque feathers and ribbons; Mrs Blair, dark green costume; Mrs Dunwoodie, dark gown; Miss Dunwoodie, grey gown, green cape with black braid; Miss Cotter, Sultan red gown; and her sister, navy; etc.

We had quite

A PLEASANT EVENING

at the annual meeting of the St. John Ambulance Association on Friday night in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms. Our new member, Mr J. J. Holland, was in the chair, and quite a large attendance gratified the hard working committee and energetic secretary, Mr W. Rattray. The latter's report showed a great improvement in attend-

ance at classes, funds, etc., from last year. This Association still owes a few pounds to the head centre in London for the beautiful new Ashford litter for conveying injured persons, and an appeal was made for honorary members at an annual subscription of five shillings. Mrs Holland, wife of the M.H.R., very kindly handed the certificates and medals to the successful pupils. Mr H. Connell's Glee Club rendered extremely pretty glees, and Messrs Cousins and Kissling each gave a solo. Saturday afternoon classes are being formed for teachers, which will be a great source of usefulness for country districts.

Mrs J. J. Holland gave

A RUCHEE PARTY

at 'Moana-Kites,' City Road, last Wednesday evening. There were seven tables arranged in the drawing-room for playing. At the King table, besides wafers, the winners received a tiny bell suspended by ribbon, to show how many games each one won at that table. Miss M. Ledingham was the winner of the ladies' prize, which was a silver-mounted pen with mother-of-pearl handle, which Miss Holland had brought from Sydney. The gentlemen's prize was a fitted pocket book, and was won by Mr Sims. The booby prizes were won by Miss Devore and Dr. Parkes. Play was continued till eleven o'clock, when an adjournment was made to the dining-room for supper, which consisted of oysters, trifles, jellies, cakes, sandwiches, ice-creams, wines, etc. In the centre of the table was a large basket of anemones and ferns, and specimen glasses of white camelias and anemones were dotted about the table. After supper there were songs and music by Miss Reeve, Mrs Mahoney, Miss Holland, Miss Essie Holland, and Mr Sims. Mrs Holland wore black silk, with black sequin net vest; Miss Holland wore a pink chiné silk evening blouse with bolero of butter-coloured lace, black skirt; Miss Essie Holland, blue silk evening blouse with cream lace vest, black skirt; Mrs Lusher, black brocade silk evening blouse, heliotrope silk vest and collar, black skirt; Mrs Donald, maize shot silk evening blouse trimmed with jet, black silk skirt; Mrs Edger, white chiné silk evening blouse trimmed with white chiffon, black skirt; Mrs E. Mahoney, shot lustre trimmed with black velvet and pale blue satin ribbon; Mrs Hanna, black satin, iridescent jewelled trimming; Mrs Ledingham, brown silk trimmed with butter coloured lace; Miss Donald, pink nun's veiling relieved with white lace; Miss J. Reeve, black silk evening blouse with white chiffon, black velvet skirt; Miss Ledingham, electric blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Devore, pale blue dress, yoke of pink silk covered with white lace; Miss M. Ledingham, cream silk evening blouse, black skirt; Miss Carduo, white silk evening blouse, black skirt; Miss Laird, white with buttercup silk belt; etc. Amongst the gentlemen were Judge Edger, Drs. Parkes and Pabst, Messrs Donald (two), Ledingham, Hanna, Mahoney, Holland (two), Rennell, Orbell, Mackay, McPhail, Sims and Houghton.

THE PONSONBY 'AT HOME'

opened its winter season under favourable auspices on Friday evening last. The committee, and especially the secretary (Mr Norman Baker), had exerted themselves to good purpose, for all the appointments were excellent, and when the band, under the leadership of Mr Adams, sounded the call for the opening waltz, not less than thirty five couples answered to the welcome summons. Among the guests were Lieutenant Oldham, Lieutenant Bradley, Engineer Moorshead, and Assistant Paymaster Babb of H.M. 'Mildura,' who appreciated to the fullest extent this sociable gathering. Since the first 'At Home' was given in Ponsonby more than twenty years ago children have in many cases grown up and taken the places of their parents, but the function has lost none of its popularity. These pleasant monthly dances have contributed materially to the unostentatious social harmony for which Auckland's western suburb is famous. That stock of pleasant recollections which forms the chief treasure of middle life has received many additions in the case of past and present members from associations connected with the music, healthful exercise, and neighbourly gaiety of these sociable evenings. And then what shall be said of the indelible impressions left on the minds of *débutantes*—the choice of becoming dress, the eager preparations, the anxious toilet, the hopes and fears and conjectures about possible partners—who would not live over again these joyous, unsophisticated dreams of youth! As usual at the opening of the season, Friday last was distinguished by the emergence of some young ladies from the juvenile chrysalis to the higher flights of full-grown butterfly existence. For such, perchance, the mention of supper may seem a prosaic detail unworthy of a moment's thought amid such ethereal surroundings, but experience teaches a different lesson, and the Committee of the Ponsonby 'At Homes' have always made excellent *cuisine* a leading feature in their arrangements. The management of this department has always been the special care of the ladies of the Committee, who have entered into the work with enthusiasm, and always display great taste in furnishing and decorating the tables. Mrs Devore looked exceedingly well in black satin relieved with white satin revers and epaulettes veiled with sequined net; Mrs J. R. Hanna wore an effective black satin gown with beige rose silk sleeves, the low-cut bodice outlined with jet passementerie over pink silk fold; Mrs Dufaur was charming in soft cream crepon, cream satin sleeves, bodice trimmed with silver passe-

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CONDY'S FLUID."
Sir Morel Mackenzie, M.D., Late Physician Throat Hospital, London.
 SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Condy & Mitchell, of London, are the sole manufacturers.

BOUCUSED.

'OLD NOB'S' bark shanty stood on the flat between 'Dead Man's Gully' and 'The Crabholes.' The gully, despite its ominous name, was the centre of a rich reeling district. Tall poppet heads and great mounds of tallings made the hillside resemble a vast ant-bed. The thunder of the stampers ceased not by night or day. All the long days and far into the nights 'The Shamrock'—as 'Old Nob's' house was named, in eccentric letters burnt into a piece of gin case over the door—resounded with the clinking of glasses, the rattle of dice, a babel of voices, and lurid blasphemy. From the rising of the sun until midnight the long bar was crowded with miners in all kinds of garb and every stage of intoxication. Adjacent to the bar was 'The Shearing Shed,' a slabbed partition, surrounded with well-worn couches, on which boozed diggers, sleeping off their drunken stupor, were robbed of their money. At the back was a specious room where the miners danced with bedizened and painted nymphs to the cracked strains of a boozey German band. Enough that 'The Shamrock' was conducted on highly moral principles. Even the commissioner, who had an intimate knowledge of the house and its inmates, and the troopers who paid long visits of inspection after closing time, could vouch for its respectability.

But one night 'The Shamrock' narrowly escaped losing its reputation. The boss chucker out, a retired pugilist, was putting the finishing touch to his duties by projecting the half-dazed occupants of the rickety couches in 'The Shearing Shed' into the outer darkness and mud. All at once he struck a snag. One of the 'fly-blown' reentered the rude disturbance of his dreams. When he shook himself up, he stood over six feet. He grabbed the chucker-out by the collar and seat of his pants and wiped the floor with him. Then he snatched up various articles of furniture and made things lively. But the troopers in the adjoining room threw down their cards and the obstreperous digger was scuffled to the lock-up, fighting all the way and swearing he had been robbed of a hundred pounds. The charges against him next morning were 'drunk and riotous, attempting to break into an hotel, to wit 'The Shamrock,' violently assaulting the police in the execution of their duty, and bearing their uniforms.' The bench sentenced him to a month's hard labour, and ordered him to pay for the damaged uniforms.

But in the scuffle and confusion one of the inmates of 'the shearing shed' had been overlooked, and next morning when the sweeper went to pick up the botom and jeteam, he found a corpse. The coroner's jury found that 'Carrotty Bill' had died of heart disease. No one com-

mented on the fact that the chief witness happened to be the regular medical attendant in 'Old Nob's' establishment.

As the month wore on the shindy at 'The Shamrock' was forgotten, and the remains of 'Carrotty Bill' were mouldering away in a nameless grave. 'Old Nob' had been made a J.P. as a reward for political services in the last election. The dance-room and its adjuncts still flourished, and 'The Shearing Shed' was always full. But 'The Shamrock' had a new doctor, the other man having kicked out in a howling fit of delirium tremens.

One night a red-haired stranger reeled up to the bar. His clothes were stained with the colour of clay, and his nose with the delicate purple and pink of rum and tobacco and bluestone. He propped himself up against the counter, fumbled in his pockets, produced a roll of bank notes, and peeling off a fiveer from the outside flung it on the bar with the recklessness of a mad millionaire.

'Washyer poison, boys? Give it a name,' he stammered in a voice husky with boezy emotion.

'Old Nob' and the presiding Hebe exchanged significant glances.

The red-haired man seemed to be afflicted with an unquenchable fiery thirst. Whisky after whisky vanished with the rapidity of sleight of hand.

'The hardest case, I ever see,' whispered the barmaid confidentially to 'Flash Ned.'

Even 'Old Nob' could not repress a feeling of admiration mingled with fear lest this man with the cast iron throat should escape his benevolent designs.

The man reeled round, clutched the counter, and collapsed over it with his head in a pool of beer. With tender solicitude 'Old Nob' and the chucker-out led him to the 'Shearing Shed' and laid him on a couch.

Left to himself he buried his face in the cushion and sniggered.

Four men came in and played euchre at a round corner, and the slumberer set up a stentorian snore.

'Poor—— he'll lose his stuff,' said one of the gamblers, 'put your blanky ace on that.'

'What the blanky Hades is that to us?' said another, 'play to the left bowler.'

'Euchre!' shouted a third, flopping down the joker with a blow that threatened to split the table.

'Halloo! There's 'The Sultan's Waltz,' exclaimed the fourth, 'I'm down for this dance with Milly Smith.'

As the four men left the room the red-haired man rolled over, opened his eyes and

glanced towards the door. But he shut them again with a snap and resumed his stentorian breathing as he caught a glimpse of a pink dress. The girl entered on slip-tops, listened attentively for a moment, and signalled to someone outside. Then the evil covetous face of 'Old Nob' peered in.

'Quick!' said the old reeve in a husky whisper, and in the twinkling of an eye her long slender fingers abstracted the roll of notes. The man never stirred.

For hours he slumbered on. Fresh victims were gently deposited on the other couches. One rolled in a heap on the floor and vomited like a dog.

The red-haired man staggered to his feet, and reeled out into the black night. A hundred yards away he straightened himself and walked erect.

'Old Nob' is a man of business-like habits. Fortunately at half-past ten o'clock next morning he deposited his takings of the previous day at the local branch of the Bank of New South Wales.

The receiving teller was unusually chatty. As he leisurely counted the large roll of notes he commented on the leading items of news in the *Miners' Advocate*.

'Old Nob' was so charmed with the young gentleman's affability, that he was unaware of the entrance of a tall, neatly-dressed man, who stood looking over his shoulder.

The clerk nodded to the newcomer, and the old man turned round. There was something in the man's appearance that caused the publican's face to blanch with the paleness of death and his limbs to tremble as if palsied with sudden terror. The hair was black instead of red, and the hue of the face had changed to a deep bronze, but the features could not be mistaken.

'I want you for passing counterfeit bank notes,' said the man, clapping his hand on 'Old Nob's' shoulder.

'Who are you?' cried the astonished publican.

'A detective from Sydney, and allow me to present my card,' replied the officer.

'By God if they're counterfeit,' hissed the wretch, completely off his guard, 'I got them from you, you devil!'

Once too often, rejoined the smiling detective. 'You know you went through me six months ago. But I've picked up a few wrinkles in the police since then, and now it's my turnings. I'm not going to shop you for that old affair. You'll get a bigger dose for this. Come along quietly, old chap, or I'll have to slip the bracelets on.'

Five years hard labour was the penalty. A year or two later an unfortunate woman was consigned to a lunatic asylum. In her paroxysms of madness she raved of dark deeds of poisoning and murder. During a brief lucid interval before her death she confessed to a female warder that while a barmaid at 'The Shamrock' in 'Dead Man's Gully' she had poisoned a man to death. She said her hand trembled and she put in an overdose of the stuff.

This is a true story, but the names and places have been disguised. The chief actors in the tragedy have long ago followed their victim.

C. O. MONTROSE.

A good old lady said to her nephew, poor preacher: 'James, why did you enter the ministry?' 'Because I was called,' he answered. 'Because I was called,' she answered. 'Because I was called,' he said, 'and as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure wasn't some other noise you heard?"'

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

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 insists upon having SURATURA TEA it is evidence of thrift.

TAXPAYER.—It is a simple calculation. If 1lb of SURATURA TEA at 1s 10d per lb lasts you four weeks, while 1lb 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—4s at 1s 10d, 7s 4d; as against 1s 10d, a saving of 5s 4d in a month by using SURATURA.

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

ENQUIRER.—Eight hours from the time it is growing it has been packed in boxes and packets. Quite right; there is no more necessity to bleed 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's a good suggestion, and will be considered.

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

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. No rich yet will not disagree; 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!



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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, headfuzziness, inability to look frankly into the eyes of another, headache, hair coming out, dim sight, sores in the head and ears, weak memory, forgetting dates, persons, names, places, etc., loss of voice, hoarseness, sunken eyes, pimples on face, paleness of face and lips, look old for years, started in growth, palpitation of heart, pain in or tender breastbone, shortness of breath, indigestion, with oppression after food, constipation or irregular bowels, Stomachy, gravel, weakness or pain across small of back, loss of muscular power, gloomy, remorose, fearful of something coming to happen, disturbed sleep, moaning, walking, grinding teeth, fearful 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, OX, BOX 59, PARK ST. P.O.

POINTED REBUKE.

FUNCTIONARIES in public offices in great cities, who do not always have work enough to keep them out of mischief, sometimes conspire to play a joke upon some person from the country who comes in on business; and it is cheerful to learn that occasionally they get more than they bargain for, as the common saying is, from these same "simple-minded" country people. During the excitement over dynamite explosions in Paris, when Anarchists were causing disasters under the very noses of the police and many were escaping detection, a policeman one day found upon the street a pocket-book containing thirty thousand francs.

He took it to the central police office and gave it to his chief, who examined and made a note of the contents.

A few minutes later a rich farmer from Normandy arrived at the office, and declared that he had lost a pocket-book containing thirty thousand francs. He described the contents of the pocket-book with so much detail that the superintendent of the office was satisfied that the pocket-book already in the office belonged to the farmer. This was indeed the case.

The superintendent, noting the country-fied air of the applicant, resolved to amuse himself at his expense. Calling a clerk, who had overheard the conversation, he said to him imperatively:

"I give you just five minutes to go out upon the streets and find this man's pocket-book. If you do not come back with it in that time I shall discharge you."

The clerk saw through the joke, and pretended to be terrified. He pleaded for mercy with clasped hands, and put on such an air of dismay that the farmer interceded for him, and begged the chief not to require an impossibility of the man.

But the chief was inexorable. He sent the clerk out, whining and trembling.

At the end of three minutes the clerk rushed in, apparently out of breath, and threw down the pocket-book, which he had simply picked up in the next room.

For a moment the farmer was stupefied. Then he put the pocket-book in his pocket, and remarked as he went out:

"Well, well! If you fellows could find dynamites half as easily as you can pocket-books, it would be a great benefit!"

IN THE DOGS' CEMETERY.

ON a dull, wet morning a week or two ago, the writer was stepping briskly across Hyde Park, when his attention was attracted by a little cemetery in miniature at the Victoria Gate entrance. An aged park-keeper was standing near, disconsolate, so I gently buttonholed him, and pilled him with many 'whys' and 'wherefores.'

"You've come to the right man, sir, to tell you all about the Dog's Cemetery. My name's Wimbridge, and the cemetery is just at the back of my lodge, in what used to be my garden," said the old man, evidently pleased to talk about what appears to have been his special hobby.

"And how many years have you used your garden for this purpose?" queried the writer.

"For thirty seven years, sir; and I have had lots of people here to see it," he added, with evident pride.

As we journeyed round the lodge path to the garden at the rear I said, "About how many graves have you now in your cemetery?"

"More than two hundred, sir; but here we are now—you can see for yourself."

I found myself in a little plot of ground, forming almost a perfect square. It was about thirty feet each way, and neatly laid out in numerous tiny plots and paths. Each plot of ground was covered with the graves of departed canines; most of the graves were about a yard in length by a foot wide, and had a headstone over them, bearing the name of the dog, with dates of birth and death, and, in many cases, an appropriate inscription beneath. The place, in fact, was a perfect miniature cemetery. I asked the man what were his fees.

"Well, sir," responded the canine sexton, "I don't charge any particular fee, but folk who bring their dogs here to be buried are at liberty to give me what they please; the cost of the headstones and the borders to the best kept graves, though, runs into pounds. Here is one that cost three pounds. That big stone over there with three names on it cost £4. The laurel and myrtle bushes and flowers are planted by the owners of the dogs. Some of them are very attentive. See this stone marked

"Gipple?" Well that was the favourite terrier of a lady in the country. She comes up here by train every week to put fresh flowers on the grave."

"Have you any celebrated dogs lying here?" I queried.

"Yes," said the old man, leading me up one of the neat paths to a grave in a corner of the garden cemetery, here lies the celebrated "Don Pedro," said to be the only true bull-bog in England. He took more than £300 in prizes during his life."

"Over on the other side here is the grave of "Pompey," the special favourite of Miss Florence St. John. "Pompey" performed with his mistress on the stage, and was well known and greatly beloved."

"I suppose many of these fine creatures came to their end by accident?"

"Aye, poor critters, they did—ran over, lots of them. Here is one," said the aged keeper, as we passed before a neat little grave, with a beautiful headstone, on which was inscribed the name "Snow."

"Snow" was run over by a 'bus in Piccadilly. He was a fine fellow, and much attached to his master—an officer in the Guards."

A few steps further on I pulled up again to note an inscription on the tombstone of a canine animal named 'Betty,' whose devoted owner clearly believes, with some modern 'divines, that dogs have a future state. The verse ran as follows:—

"And when at length my own life's work is o'er,
I hope to find her waiting as of yore,
Nager, expectant, glad to meet me, at the door."

Over the resting-place of another departed favourite named 'Ronto' were the words:—

"Gone, but not forgotten."

"And do you still bury here?" I inquired as I prepared to leave.

"No, sir," replied the old man, "the place is quite full now. I couldn't put any more in anywhere."

Passing, as I passed the gate, to mark a very prettily kept grave, with the name "Poor Zao" over it, my guide remarked: "That dog belonged to one of the richest Jews in London, sir."

Thanking the genial old gentleman for his courtesy, I left the damp and muddy park for the busy city, considerably interested by all I had seen and heard.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

It is an old adage that 'when love cometh in at the door, good sense flies out at the window, and (remarks a man who has evidently got over a few bad attacks) there is infinitely more truth than poetry in all saws of this sort. For if there is on the face of wide creation a creature apparently bereft of all sense and reason, it is the individual who is deeply in love. There is not enough commonsense left in the average brain under such circumstances to come in when it rains, unless the beloved one has by chance sought shelter under the roof beforehand.

There is a good deal of sentimental swaddle indulged in about this subject of marrying for love. To do this is all very well, provided there is some reason behind it; but to marry simply and only for love is a performance that might, without any stretch of imagination, be characterised as idiotic.

Poets, novelists, and the troubadours of old have said and sung the charms of the tender passion; but philosophers and sages long ago made up their minds that good, healthy reason lasts longer, and pays larger dividends, than the most extravagant gush that ever deluged the souls of the happy young things who live only in the light of each other's eyes. But the lucky pair are they who unite reason and love, the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent.

NAMING THE FLOWERS.

We differ from the Japanese in many things, even to the naming of flowers. If we name a chrysanthemum in this country it is Mrs Lucinda Brown, Betsy Baker Smith or Miss Robinson. Everybody is commemorated without regard to euphony or the fitness of things. A queenly blossom of splendidous hue is apt to bear the name of the insipid, characterless Miss Brown. On the other hand, the Japanese endeavour to have the names as pretty and unique as the flowers are themselves. Any one will grant that such titles as the 'Foji snow,' 'dragon's blood,' 'eye of the sun,' 'morning crown,' or 'pearl palace' are vast improvements over Smith, Jones, and Robinson in the naming of flowers.

PEARS

Soap Makers



By Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton

Senior Surgeon
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"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."

**PROFESSOR
Sir Erasmus Wilson**

Late President
Royal College of Surgeons, England.

"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."

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF A NEUTRAL BAY YOUNG LADY.

THE interesting story of Miss Mashford's narrow escape from death and subsequent recovery has caused so much excitement in the Neutral and Moesman's Bay district that a reporter was despatched to interview the young lady at her home at Woodville, Neutral Bay, instead of finding a patient looking invalid, struggling to overcome the debilitating effects of a long and trying illness, he found in Miss Mashford a sprightly girl in robust health and good spirits, who readily offered to give any information she could regarding her recent recovery and the particulars of how her life was saved.

The following is Miss Mashford's story:—"I shall be 21 next birthday, and I have never been really strong in all my life, but it was towards the beginning of last year (1896) that I began to feel very much worse than I had ever felt before. My nervous system seemed shattered, a feeling of languor would at times quite overcome me, and last but not least I suffered agonising pains from neuralgia. I began to droop and loit about, couldn't work, d didn't eat, and had no inclination to do anything. I certainly was a good friend to chemists, for I spent a lot of money in tonics, none of which did me any good, and it was a sheer waste of money. My parents sent me away for a change of air, being dreadfully upset about me, but I returned but little better. Anæmia or bloodlessness was what I was suffering from. In my despair I was ready to try anything when chance threw in my way a pamphlet relating to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which had been left at our house by a distributor. Reading in it of a case which described something exactly like what I was suffering from, and in which a permanent cure had been effected, I determined to try them, which I did, and you see what I am like now."

"You do not look at all like an invalid now, Miss Mashford."

"No, indeed, nor do I feel like one. I cannot say that I have tried no other medicine, for I imagine I have tried every other, but with no benefit whatever. I certainly took no other medicine at the time I was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for the instructions on the wrapper advised me not to."

"You can then truly say, Miss Mashford, that your recovery is solely attributable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?"

"I can, indeed. I shall always fully believe in them, knowing what they have done for myself, and I shall also recommend them to all my friends and acquaintances."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine, but are a thoroughly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent Edinburgh University physician, and they were successfully used by him in his every day practice for years before being offered for general sale. They positively cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and Neuralgia, and Influenza's after effects, and are a specific for all diseases of women, such as anæmia, poor and watery blood, female irregularities, nervous headaches and hysteria. They are not a purgative medicine, but brace up and permanently strengthen the whole system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are obtained from all leading chemists, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wallingford, N.Z., who will forward (post paid) on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for 3s, or half-dozen for 15s 9d.

A RACE OF LEPROUS.

IN Southwestern France, in Bearn and the Basque province, live the Cagots, a people who are the descendants of lepers. For centuries they have lived apart from their neighbours—their little houses, called 'chrestians', and the peculiar cancerous odour about them warning away any stranger. Thanks to the greater intelligence of the present age, the old prejudice which prevented effort toward improving their condition is fast dying out. As a result the scourge is gradually disappearing, and year by year the chrestians of the Cagots become fewer and fewer. In the old days each Cagot's shoulder was marked with a bright red sign, representing a hand disfigured by leprosy. They were not permitted to enter a church but by a special door, nor to approach the common holy water basin, having one for their sole use. Once one of these Cagots who dared dip his fingers into the holy water tank of his healthy brethren was punished by having his hand nailed to the church door for several days.

HORRIBLE SCENE AT SEA.

THIS is the story of the curious adventures of a sailor (says the *Waikato Herald*). The ship 'Tanjore', after knocking about the coast for a time, sailed away to Melbourne and loaded wool for London. Among the members of the crew picked up in Melbourne was one Mike Cregan, who declared he was in the ship 'Bald Eagle' when she was burned by Chinese coolies, 500 miles east of Manila, on their way to Callao, Peru. It was blowing a good stiff breeze, but the sea had not got up much yet, and she was reeling off ten knots easy enough. About five bells in the afternoon watch the Chinamen, who had been as still as mice, suddenly broke out in a simultaneous shout, rose up as one man and pulled down their bunkboards and made a rush for the hatchway ladders. Fortunately the yell they gave warned the crew, and they slapped the hatch gratings on and fastened them down. Evidently, now, the proper thing to do was to starve the Chinamen into submission, if they would not submit, for, no matter what their grievance might be, the time for considering that had passed, and for the subjugation was the only remedy for them. But the captain was a Portuguese, and he brought out his revolver and began shooting them down through the grating, and the mates got their own, too, and took a hand. The Chinamen were so frenzied that they would stand out on the open hatchway, apparently cursing and defying the officers to do their worst, until there was a pile of dead bodies under the hatch four or five deep, and somehow, during the fusillade, a spark from a revolver ignited the clothing of one of the dead coolies. The rest saw it and fell over one another, and suffered to get hold of the burning cloth. One fellow grabbed the smoldering part and tore it from the garment, and was about to blow it to keep it alive when he was shot from above; but almost before he fell another had grabbed the burning rag from his hand, only to be shot down in his turn. But there were plenty more, and shoot as fast and accurately as they might, the bit of burning cloth disappeared at last from the hatchway altogether. It had gone forward to the Chinaman's quarters, and in the course of half an hour smoke was reported as coming out of the fore and main hatches. They didn't dare to lift a hatch, nor would anyone have dared to go down there if they had, so they got the carpenter to chop small holes in the deck, and they put the wash-deck hose through them, connected it to the force pump, and pumped for dear life. Now, chopping holes in the deck is a desperate remedy when there's nothing but fire to fight; but when in addition there are hundreds of maddened Chinamen down there determined to burn the ship it was merely wasting time and strength pumping water in among them. It would seem they had expected that the crew would open the hatches to get down and put out the fire, and that would be the chance to get on deck and take charge of the ship.

No doubt that was their idea in setting fire to her; and when it first dawned on them that their plan had miscarried and they were to be left to roast in their own fire, then there was pandemonium. The spaces under the hatches were packed solid with writhing, shrieking humanity; for the others who were directly exposed to the smoke and fumes, pressed in upon them from all sides, and they could hardly have been rammed in tighter with cotton screws, and the faces of the imprisoned wretches who were visible in the hatchway were a nightmare. Their dirty yellow complexions turned a sickly green; their eyeballs almost burst from their sockets as they glared up at the fast waning daylight which was to be the last they were ever to see; and their big, ugly mouths were stretched in a continuous yell, or rather screech, as they strained like a nest of eels. Even the Portuguese captain hadn't the heart to shoot any more of them, but left them to stew in their own juice, while he and the officers gave their attention to saving their own lives. After a great deal of trouble they got the ship hoisted, for it was now getting quite dark, and the dense smoke which was pouring out of the hatches, and the holes cut by the

carpenters made it impossible to see a thing and hardly possible to breathe. To make matters worse, it now began to rain in torrents, and the cries of the imprisoned Chinamen made it impossible to hear an order five feet from the person giving it. However, about eight bells in the evening, they got their boats over—the long boat and three-quarter boats—one of which was stove in in the launching. That left them rather short for boat room. The ship was now a roaring furnace, and the last wall of the dying Chinamen had gone up in smoke. The stench was horrible, and they naturally got away from the wreck as fast as possible. A little water and some hardtack were stowed in each boat, about enough for one square meal for the crew there was to go—twenty-two able seamen, six apprentices, the captain and four mates, cook and steward, boatswain, carpenter, and sailmaker—thirty-eight souls all told, to sail 500 miles through stormy seas in three small open boats. The quarter boats could take but ten men apiece, consequently the long boats must take eighteen, and when they were all in her the gunwales were almost awash; and the other boats were not much better off. For three nights and two days they held their course. The night wore away without serious mishap, but, welcome as the dawn was, it brought a

new terror to the seamen, for not twenty feet away from the boat, and directly ahead, was the dorsal fin of a huge shark, and this escort never left them while they were in the boats. He did not always keep the same relative position, for two or three times a day he would drop slowly in alongside, and after casting up his evil eye at them, apparently counting them to see if any had got away, he would sink slowly till most out of sight, gradually reappearing on the other side. The 'Bald Eagle' had been in the coolie trade so long that the original crew had all left her and Portuguese sailors had taken all their pieces except that of Mike Cregan. They were all good Catholics, now that they were in danger, and whenever the shark passed under the boat the Portuguese would turn their faces from him, cross themselves piously, and call on San Antonio. But some of them called in vain. But for Mike the greatest terror came.

When the men began to grow hungry after the hard tack had all been eaten, it seemed to Mike that the Portuguese regarded him with anything but pleasant looks, and as they confined their conversation to their own language, of which he understood not a word, his imagination had full play. And then as their hunger increased there appeared an aggressiveness in their glances in his direction, when they were talking in low tones among themselves, and the horrible thought entered his mind that they were consulting over eating him. Quietly drawing his sheath knife, he kept it in readiness, determined that he would not furnish the first or the only contribution to the ship's stores. After that he never slept a wink on board the boat. Just before dark of the second day the captain ordered Mike, who was in the bow, to keep a good lookout for land, but Mike was so busy watching the dagos that he didn't bother his head much about it. The time passed very slowly and without incident, save at one time he thought he heard a faint cry astern. As no one else noticed the cry Mike said nothing about it, but kept his watch on his shipmates until near morning, when he happened to see that they were driving into a fog bank. Calling to the boatswain, who had the helm, he suggested rousing the captain, lest the boat be thrown ashore, but the boatswain said that he rather hankered for such an accident as that, and held on his course until the sun rose, and then the fog suddenly disappeared and they found themselves in the harbour they had hoped to reach. But as they looked round to congratulate their shipmates, they found that the second mate's boat, the last, had disappeared. An English gunboat, the 'Rattlesnake', was in port, and her captain sailed out in search of the missing boat. He found it with one side stove in, and afloat, but not a trace of any of her crew. What had wrecked her will never be known, but the Portuguese insisted that the shark, realizing that they were nearing land, and fearing that they would escape him altogether, breached the boat for a victim, wrecking her in the act.

GENERAL DEBILITY and Indigestion

Made Her Life Miserable, but She is Cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Read the testimony of Mrs. E. G. Monroe, Coburg, Victoria, whose portrait is also given:



"Some few years ago I suffered terribly with indigestion and general debility. I could not sleep, and my condition was such as to make my life miserable. None of the many remedies I tried did me any good, and I despaired of ever getting better. One of my friends told me of the blood-purifying and strength-giving properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I began taking it. Before I had finished the first bottle I felt better, and was thus encouraged to give the medicine a thorough trial. In all I used four bottles, and then was perfectly cured of the grievous trouble which had afflicted me. I now recommend, to anyone suffering as I did,

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA As a Splendid Nerve and Blood Medicine.

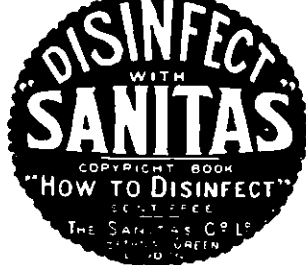
REMINISCENCES OF DICKENS.

IT was at the juvenile birthday parties that Dickens seemed in all his glory (says a writer in *Harper's Round Table*). At the upper table, in helping some little miss to 'trifle', he would assure her with all possible gravity that it was no trifle at all. When the writer, urged to make a little speech on the occasion of Charlie's birthday, came to a full stop at the words, 'I am sure,' Dickens at once came to his assistance and enabled him to retire from the platform, however ungracefully, with the remark, among others, 'Always be sure, my dear boy, and you'll get along all right.'

At the little theatrical entertainments Dickens was the Alpha and Omega of the proceedings. He was sometimes author, adapter, condenser, musical director, manager, prompter, and even stage carpenter. He overflowed with energy.

Dickens, doubtless remembering his own acute sensitiveness as a child, could not wittingly wound a child's feelings. He made fun with, not of us. No party ever came off at Dickens's without 'Sir Roger de Coverley' being introduced. Dickens shouted with laughter as some novice got badly mixed up in 'all hands down the middle.' Off he darted after the lost sheep—generally an awkward boy—and turned his blushes to smiles by saying, 'What a dancer this boy will make when he's tackled a little more roast beef!' or 'Isn't Tommy a nice young man for a small party?'

There was nothing of the pedagogue about him. No vulgar attempt to pose as the brilliant 'Box.' He was simply a big boy, and he came down the ladder of his fame to meet his fellows on their ordinary platform—to be one of them in their own simple way for a time.



EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA Possesses the following Distinctive Merits

DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY. GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC. NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED

In Quarter-pound Tins only Prepared by JAMES EPPS & Co. Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

CRIME AND TELEPATHY.

HERE is an interview had by a London reporter with Miss Maud Lancaster, a telepathist who is just now greatly exciting Great Britain by her exhibitions of seemingly marvellous powers.

'I am not attached to any force,' said Miss Lancaster, 'and have certainly not done any work for Bowland Yard, as a London evening paper recently reported. I might begin by telling you of an experience I had in New York. Walking down Broadway one day with a detective of Inspector Byrnes' force, I started as a man passed us, and exclaimed, "That man has committed a murder!" The detective laughed, but when I pointed out the man I meant he grew suddenly serious and told me that the person who had caused me to make the exclamation had indeed killed a man, but had got off with a short term of imprisonment.'

'That was wonderful, wasn't it? And if you won't put the names in your paper I will tell you of a curious experience last year in London. I was sent for suddenly one evening by a lady who had lost her jewels. She suspected her maid, but, after passing in review all the servants of the house, I was convinced that the thief was not among them.'

'Why? Because—well, I will tell you something that will help you understand it. A hall full of people thinking of a mimic crime (as in my entertainments) do not give off as much magnetism as a single really guilty person, and it is by magnetism that my work is done. I went up to the lady's boudoir, and I told her the drawer from which the jewels had been taken. She acknowledged I was correct; and then we went down into the drawing room, and I felt I was on the right track more and more, till we reached the apartments where a man was standing.'

'Instantly I was convinced he was the thief; and, full of triumph, I was about to call the lady aside to tell her that the culprit was at hand, when she said:

"Let me introduce my husband."
'Pleasant, wasn't it? However, I broke it to her gently when we were out of the room, and, of course, was finely abused for my pains. But about a fortnight afterward my client wrote to me and said that her husband had owned up to taking the jewels, so my instinct was again justified.'

'Tell me, Miss Lancaster, if the pebble with which the recent railway murder was done was put into your hands, do you assert that would help you find the murderer?'

'No,' replied Miss Lancaster, 'that is not my work at all. That would be clairvoyance, which is quite a different matter. But I will tell you what I could do. Had I been travelling by that train, and the murderer had passed the window after the crime, I would have got out and given him in charge. I would know in a minute that he had committed a crime. He would appear to me as if enveloped in a red mist.'

'Supposing now, Miss Lancaster, that you were taken to the compartment in which the murder was committed, could you track the man in that case?'

'That depends. If it was the same night, or even the next morning, it would be easy. But when other people have passed and repassed above the scene of the crime, the magnetism left by the murderer is disturbed and obliterated by their magnetism. I should like to have tried my hand at that murder,' added Miss Lancaster, in a regretful tone, 'but it is too late now.'

DIAMOND DISCOVERIES.

THE stories connected with the discovery of the various great diamond fields of the world are all of most romantic interest. Perhaps the most remarkable of them relates to the South African field. For many years the rumour of a magnificent diamond, said to be in the possession of a far away tribe of natives, had been current. Many had gone in search of it, but in vain. About this time, in 1869, a Dutch farmer named Van Nelskerk got on the track. He wandered from tribe to tribe, from village to village—one day hopeful of success and the next despondent. At length he was directed to a certain witch doctor residing in a Kafir village, and after a good deal of palaver and plenty of stuff to drink, discovered him to be possessed of a pure whitestone of extraordinary size and lustre. The witch doctor, however, was unwilling to part with it, and would not give it up until the Dutchman agreed to pay over all his oxen, his tent, waggon, and about everything else he had. The offer finally brought the witch doctor to terms, and Van Nelskerk carried off the gem. It was a good bargain, for it proved to be a flawless diamond of the purest water and worth \$125,000. The stone is now owned by the Countess of Dudley. Its discovery first attracted serious attention to the South African diamond field.

which relates that the Dutch farmer showed a stranger some bright pebbles with which his children played, and that the stranger honestly told him that he suspected them to be diamonds. Subsequently this proved to be the case, so that the poor man became very rich. A similar account is given of a poor gardener of Golconda, in India, who, finding in his garden a beautiful stone, sold it for enough to provide himself with a competence. It was a poor negro who, in July, 1853, found in the sands of Bagagem, Brazil, the Star of the South, a pure white gem of 254 carats.

The blue clay which contains the diamonds of Kimberley, in South Africa, is brought from deep mines to the surface of the ground, and spread out so as to expose it to the influence of the sun and moisture. This treated it soon crumbles, so that at the end of three months it may be put into great washing machines, in which, by means of running water, the gems are separated from the blue stuff. Then the residue is placed in large bags on tables, where it is sorted with small trowels. The diamonds occur in all shades, from deep yellow to blue white, and in a great variety of greens, blues, and pinks. They vary in size from a pin's head upward. Next, the diamonds are cleaned by boiling them in acids, after which they are carefully sorted as to size, colour, and purity. On an average, 100 tons of blue clay will yield 100 carats of diamonds.

The diamonds are sold in parcels to local buyers, who represent the leading diamond merchants of Europe. In one instance nearly 250,000 carats were sold in one lot to a single purchaser. The company sustains a loss of from 10 to 15 per cent. of its production by stealing, it is reckoned. The native workmen are engaged for a period of three months, during which time they are confined in a compound surrounded by a high wall. On retiring from each day's work they are obliged to strip off their clothes. Stark naked they proceed to the searching room, where their mouths, their hair, their toes, in fact, every part of their bodies are subjected to an elaborated examination.

PIN HISTORY.

AS a requisite of the toilet pins were first used in Britain in the latter part of the fifteenth century (says the Bosworth Commercial Bulletin). They were first made of iron wire, but in 1540 brass ones were imported from France by Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. The prehistoric pin, however, was a thorn or a fish bone, and had no experience with or relation to the dry goods or notion business until Eve improved upon the fig leaf toilet necessities. The natural thorn is still used in some of the Upper Egypt districts, where the Birmingham or Connecticut article is a prime curiosity and an unpopular innovation.

In the ruins of Pompeii Roman pins of broeze and hairpins of bone or ivory have been discovered, while ancient Egypt has disclosed the indispensable article having heads of gold. Bronze pins were known to the lake dwellers of Europe, some being artistically ornamented and elaborated with exquisite skill. Some that have come to light were of the duplex type, having double stems, and others the same in form as the safety pins in use at the present time. At first pins were made by fitting a point to a proper length of wire, and then twisting a piece of fine wire around the other extremity of fastening it after twisting in order to form a knob or head. Ultimately these operations were so skillfully conducted that a completely round head was made of a very small size and scarcely showing the nature of the construction.

Previous to the introduction of machinery the pin was, of course, entirely hand made, and required a passage through no less than fourteen different manipulations before finding its way as a finished product into market. The brass pin which we see to day in its perfect form and almost incredible speed by special machinery, the daily product of Birmingham alone being placed at about 40,000,000.

The solid headed pin, as differing from that just described, was devised by an ingenious Yankee, and came into use in 1840. The domestic pin was of sufficient importance in 1843 to warrant an act providing that 'no person shall put to sale any pin but such as shall be double headed and have the heads soldered fast to the pin, well smoothed, the shafts well shapen, the point well rounded, filed, oiled, and sharpened.' About 1700 the manufacture of pins became quite a business in Bristol and Birmingham, employing a large number of persons.

The pin industry in the United States was begun by colonists of the Carolinas, but it was not until the year 1836 that it reached any considerable proportions, the pins used coming from England, although the black pins used in black goods came from France. The industry is now largely centred in Connecticut, although there are

large factories in Detroit, Cincinnati and various points in the Eastern States.

As an article of domestic use the modern pin is now practically ubiquitous and indispensable. The tonnage of metals annually used in its manufacture would astound any who have had no interest in looking into the subject, while the number of thousands of operatives employed in the manufacture of this special industry is surprising.

ONE THOUSAND LLAMAS LADEN WITH GOLD.

WHO doesn't like to read about buried treasure? Who hasn't dreamed of finding it? What delights suddenly to possess vast riches? Shining gold, sparkling gems! Things for which we have not been obliged to scheme or toil; that will free us from all need of scheming or toiling thereafter! Ah, let us not indulge such fancies. They make work seem like slavery and wages like pinches of common dust. Yet that such hidden masses of wealth exist there is no doubt. But where are they?

About two centuries ago the Emperor of Peru was a captive in the hands of the Spaniards. His people sent a train of 1,000 llamas (a small beast of burden resembling a camel) laden with gold to ransom him. While on their way, crossing the Andes mountains, the men in charge of the expedition heard of the death of the Emperor, and concealed this enormous treasure so effectually that not a trace of it has ever been found. Go and dig it up, and you will never again feel the sting of poverty. But clap the brakes down hard on the wheels of your imagination. What was money to Robinson Crusoe? What would the wealth of Peru have been to Mrs Jane Stranks, during a certain period of eighteen months that she tells about? Dost, my dear fellow, countless pluches of common dust. Here is the reason why—one more picture of that fearful furnace in which all earthly desires are melted into one prayer—'Oh, God, deliver me from pain.'

In June, 1891, she says, I had an attack of influenza, followed by bronchitis, which left me very low and feeble. I had no appetite, and the little food I forced myself to take gave me pain and palpitation of the heart. I had a weary sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach and was obliged to fight for my breath. I had a continuous hacking cough, and spat up quantities of thick phlegm. Later on I had gout all over me, as it were, my hands, face and legs being puffed up, and was in agony day and night. I became so weak, I could not raise my hand to my mouth, and had to be fed.

For months I lay perfectly helpless and almost lifeless, having to be lifted in and out of bed. Four doctors attended me for nine months without effect. Then they told me they could do nothing for me, one of them giving me a letter of recommendation to Guy's Hospital. At Easter, 1892, my husband took me in a cab to that hospital, and I was placed in the Miriam Ward, and examined by several doctors. 'At this time a hard substance seemed to have formed in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumour, and treated me for it. I got weaker and weaker, until one night the nurse told me that the doctors had said I was as bad as I could be, and would not probably live through the night. 'The nurse placed a screen around my bed, expecting me to die.'

'Taking a slight turn for the better, I returned home, but was soon as bad as ever. After this I got a letter of recommendation from our landlord, and attended as an outdoor patient at Victoria Park Hospital. After being under treatment a month, I lost all faith in medicine and gave up taking it. I was now little more than a living misery. I was tired of life, and often prayed that the Almighty would take me. I now had fits of shaking so bad that the bed trembled under me. My head was so full of pain that I thought I was going mad, and several times a day I lost consciousness.

'In this dreadful condition I lingered on until November of last year, 1892, when a book was left at our house telling of a medicine called Seigel's Syrup. I had lost all hope of getting well, but my husband would have me try this medicine. To please him I did so, and, after taking it a few days, I felt a little relief. My breathing was easier and my appetite revived. Continuing with the medicine, all pain gradually left me, and I gained strength daily. In six weeks I was able to go about the house and do light work, the first time I had done anything in eighteen months. I am now in good health, and able to do any kind of work. I owe my life to Seigel's Syrup, and wish my case to be made known.' (Signed) JANE STRANKS, 22, Gaywood Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, near London, April 20th, 1893.'

No words of comment can be too strong for a case so remarkable. Wastand before it at a loss what to say. It is not a miracle, of course; although many a reputed miracle has been less wonderful. How is it possible that Seigel's Syrup

could, with such apparent ease, have restored to health a person in so desperate a straits? Yet that it did restore her is certain. The facts have been thoroughly investigated and established beyond dispute. Mrs Stranks was on the crumbling edge of the grave, and was thence brought back to the region of health, activity, and enjoyment. How was it done? There is the simple secret. The influenza left her whole system debilitated, and it usually does. Indigestion, which in the first place invited influenza, attacked her with increased power. Asthma, headache, nervous prostration, the inflamed and congested stomach, which was mistaken for a tumour, etc., etc.—all results and symptoms of arrested digestion—followed. The private and also the hospital treatment failed, because it was directed to the symptoms, not to the cause. Finally, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was applied to, and responded by setting the digestive function in operation, expelling the poison from the blood, and placing Mrs Stranks at the head of her house, a *strong woman*. But it was a marvel all the same.

As to that pile of treasure hidden in the Andes. We should like to have it. (Oh, yes. No use saying we shouldn't. But a-between riches and health—give us health. For what would gold have been to Mrs Stranks the night she lay behind the screen—given up to die? Ask yourself that question.

RANDOLPH'S WAGER.

THE late Lord Randolph Churchill was scarcely less famous as a wit and joker than as a statesman. His colleagues in the House of Commons were oftentimes the victims of his pranks, and many a good story in which Ruddy figures as the hero is still told in the lobbies. One night (says the *New York Sun*) while Lord Randolph was conversing with several friends in the *café* attached to the House, a question arose as to the time it would take a pedestrian to cross Westminster Bridge. Different opinions were expressed, but no two of the disputants were able to agree. At length Lord Randolph, who had been a silent auditor of the discussion, offered to wager that he could cross from the Middlesex to the Surrey side of the bridge while 'Big Ben,' the great bell in the clock tower of the Parliament buildings, was striking the four quarters and the hour of twelve. The wager was accepted by one of the members of the company, and it was arranged that at the hour named witnesses should be stationed at each end of the bridge to watch the performance.

A few minutes before midnight a select party of well known members were seen to emerge from a little door near the Speaker's quarters in the Parliament buildings, and stalk sedately across the bridge. At the farther end the party paused, and was soon surrounded by a curious throng. Several other distinguished legislators soon afterward appeared and politely requested passers-by to keep to the left. Just as 'Big Ben' began to strike the first quarter the lithe figure of a man wearing a top hat and evening clothes was seen to leap out of a little group of men on the Middlesex side. Some swaglike friend raised the cry of 'Stop thief!' and in a jiffy half a score of wondering men and boys were fast on the heels of the doughty sprinter. A policeman, hearing the cry and observing the fleeing man, started in pursuit.

As 'Big Ben' continued to clang the pace grew hotter and hotter. One by one the pursuers began to fall away, but the big policeman hung grimly to his task. When the centre of the bridge was reached the quarters had been rung and the great bell had already begun to strike the hour. A cheer arose from the watchers on the Surrey side, and Lord Randolph, who had until then been running up an incline, now had the descent in his favour. A few moments later the pursuing policeman came upon his man, surrounded by admiring friends.

'What's up?' stammered the breathless and bewildered bobby.
'Two strokes to spare!' puffed the victorious Lord Randolph.
The officer stared, blushed, apologized, wiped his brow and went his way.

ARTFUL LIARS.

THE Count Saint Germain, who appeared in Paris in the reign of Louis XV., and pretended to be possessed of the elixir of life, had a valet, says *Household Words*, who was almost as great as his master in the art of lying. Once, when the Count was describing at a dinner party a circumstance which occurred at the court of his friend King Richard I. of England, he appealed to his servant for the confirmation of his story, who, with the greatest composure, replied: 'You forget, sir, I have only been 500 years in your service.' 'True,' said his master musingly, 'it was a little before your time.'

IN THE QUEEN'S NAME

One of the leading features of the festivities with which the loyal citizens of Wellington are sure to celebrate

- - **The Glorious Sixty Years' Reign** - -

of our beloved Queen, will be, without doubt, the Grand

RECORD REIGN FETE

which JAMES SMITH & CO. have inaugurated in honour of the occasion, and the preliminary part of which is now in full swing at

TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

This great event will be on a truly magnificent scale, and the entire population in and about Wellington should look out for the 19th of June, on which date the **TE ARO HOUSE RECORD REIGN FETE** will be held. Until that time every customer spending 10s. in the Warehouse will receive a **TICKET** entitling the Holder not only to Admission to the Fete but to a share in

THE GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION

which will wind up proceedings. A further attraction at **TE ARO HOUSE** during the coming weeks lies in the fact that a very select consignment has been received of **DIAMOND JUBILEE MEMENTOS**. These take numerous forms, and all bear some inscription or illustration having reference to the event at which

THE WHOLE EMPIRE REJOICES.

JUBILEE ENAMELLED MUGS, 6d and 9d.
JUBILEE BANNERETS, 1s.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF HER MAJESTY, 6d.

BALLOONS, 1d.
JUBILEE MEDALS, 2d and 4d.
JUBILEE BROOCHES, 6d, 1s, and 1s 6d.

STATUETTES OF HER MAJESTY, 1s.
RUBBER BALLS, 1s.
POCKET KNIVES, 1s.

AND NUMEROUS OTHER PRETTY AND INTERESTING ARTICLES.

THE GENERAL STOCK

Has never presented such Unrivalled Opportunities for obtaining Genuine Value in Every Department as now. If there is one line more than another which commands special attention, it is the wonderful stock now displayed of

FLANNELETTES. FLANNELETTES.

Nothing like the quantity held this season has ever previously been imported, the **TOTAL STOCK** amounting to **MORE THAN 200,000 YARDS.**

Plain Flannelettes
Twill Flannelettes
Tweed Flannelettes

Striped Flannelettes
Check Flannelettes
Ceylon Flannelettes

Tartan Flannelettes
Floral Flannelettes
Tribby Flannelettes

In Hugh Variety and at the Lowest Prices in Town. In all makes, 4½d to 1s 3d per yard.
PATTERNS posted to any address on application.

REMEMBER ALSO

THE GRAND RECORD REIGN FETE

NOW BEING HELD AT

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

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 BEG 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.

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.

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

'Dear Sir.—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The 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.**

'Roulin Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1893.
 I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my 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 certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,
 A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh.
 L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

**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.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



VIOLETS, 'sweet violets,' still form our staple flower for hats, bouquets, and evening gowns. To say nothing of the little bouquets of the sweet smelling blossoms tucked into collarettes, muffs, waistbelts, and jabots; indeed, they are ubiquitous, both natural and artificial, this winter as they were last. A pretty and smart little bonnet is sketched with this almost inevitable accompaniment. It is a dainty straw shape of fancy make, interwoven with jet, and slightly pointed in front. The back is built up with broad fan-bows of purple velvet, while the front



A FASCINATING BONNET.

has a cluster of violets on either side, that on the left being supplemented by a group of black ostrich tips.

Hats de rigueur are worn more tilted forward than ever. In moderation, this is a far more becoming mode than wearing them at the back of the head, and far more sensible and less likely to cultivate neuralgic woes; if we can only keep to moderation, the happy medium being an unknown quantity in Fashion's calculations as a rule.

Cherry colour is called into requisition in the model from which my sketch is made in Fig. 2. This is a demi-evening dress of black chiffon over black silk. The chiffon is very prettily drawn round the throat, forming a full ruff, and is very full from the neck downwards, the upper portion of the sleeves being also very fully drawn, though moderate in circumference. The bodice is completed by a corsette and straps of cherry-coloured velvet embroidered with jet. The lower sleeves are velvet with black chiffon ruffles, and big cluster bows of cherry ribbon velvet slight on shoulders and elbows.



DEMI-EVENING DRESS.

How we should have shrieked time back at the idea of a suit of bright geranium or scarlet cloth for walking attire! considering it the embodiment of impropriety, the outward visible sign of an inward reprehensible fastness! The adventuress and bold bad woman of the play is known as immediately by her gown of flaming red as Mephistophiles in opera or at masquerade; yet at the present moment all the immaculate tailors are showing walking costumes of this vivid hue, and many immaculate elegantes are donning them.

In Fig. 3 I have sketched a smart scarlet suit trimmed with fur. Russian sable collar and revers, and skirt bordering. These scarlet costumes have nearly always a dark fur collar and cuffs, but the skirt is more frequently plain than bordered. Some are simply stitched, and we have seen several of these untrimmed suits with a double row of immense Mother-o'-Pearl or fancy



A GERANIUM CLOTH SUIT.

buttons. The white lace jabots worn over fur and every kind of coat and gown are a feature of the moment, as are the marabout fans of the old fan shape, the ostrich feather fan being a thing of the past.

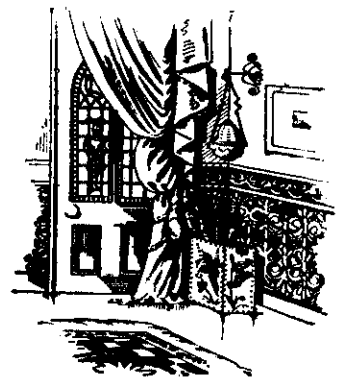
The Queen wears about sixty pairs of her familiar black gloves during the year, their average price being eight shillings.

HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.

OUR HALLS.

THE hall is only too frequently a receptacle for such furniture not wanted elsewhere, oddments of arrangements usually of the most worthless description drift on to brackets, the matchbox which has been discarded by every room in the house is thought to be sufficiently 'good' for the hall. Now, I would have people clear all this rubbish away and begin 'over again,' as the children say. One may not be able to afford a great amount of decoration, but anyone can make their halls simple and dignified. Frivolity and fallals of all kinds are absolutely out of place; the whole of the surroundings ought to be in harmony with out-of-door clothes, and everyone knows the result of the slightest effect of slipperiness in the streets. Of course I am not now speaking of a hall within a hall—that delightful luxury of country houses which, furnished as a room, is used like one, but of the common or garden half-passage, half-landing, which is all that the modern builder sees fit to bestow on the moderate-sized modern house. A dark dado is very essential when one comes to consider the coming and going in of damp clothes there is likely to be. Above this a varnished paper, either in ceiling-wax red, peacock blue or bright Oriental yellow, will be found the best for wear and tear and an excellent background for, say, a few etchings or engravings framed very plainly in red to match the dado, with a tiny rim of gilt inside. On one side a couple of brushes may be hung, an ornamental matchbox—not a discarded one—should be an evidence for the smokers' convenience.

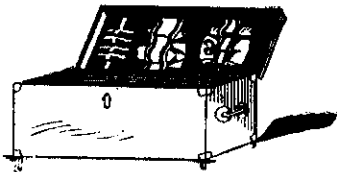


ARTISTIC DECORATION.

A heavy portière should cover the doorway, coats should be hung away out of sight under another curtain, and only visitors' hats should be allowed to rest on the hat pegs; the modern man's headgear is not nearly so decorative as he seems to think. And then we come to the consideration of the umbrella-stand. I am not in favour of the ordinary china stand of drain-pipe shape, it has a frivolous aspect and strikes a note of colour as a rule, not in the least in harmony with its surroundings. I fell in love with one the other day, and having learnt how it was

made, hasten to impart its secrets of manufacture. It was made of ordinary wood and covered tightly with rough canvas, which was fastened in place by small nails, or with liquid glue. After the glue is dry the canvas may be treated with several coats of paint of some desirable colour. After the first coat is applied, the box should stand for a few days so that the paint may thoroughly dry before the second coat is applied. Three or four coats will be sufficient to prepare the surface, and before the last one is put on, the entire surface should be sand-papered to remove all rough places. When the last coat of paint has dried hard the corners of the box may be decorated by driving small ornamental brass nails, at even distances apart, around each of the four sides as shown in the illustration. Any design can be worked out in the following manner:—On a large, smooth piece of paper draw an oblong to represent one side of the box ten inches wide and thirty inches long; on this draw the design with a soft lead pencil, and make tissue paper tracings of it; fasten one tracing on each side of the box, at a time, and begin to drive the nails on the lines of the designs fairly close together, but not so that the heads will touch each other. Drive the nails in half way, and when all the lines of the design have been followed, tear away the tissue paper and hammer the nails in flush.

The umbrella stand finished, the amateur carpenter will thirst for pastures fresh, and for fear the mania should lead him or her to damage existent furniture by trying experiments, I would recommend to their notice the accompanying illustration of a medicine chest, which



A USEFUL MEDICINE CHEST.

may be made out of an ordinary packing case, planed down so as to be quite smooth, and then stained with majolica green staining, bound round with thin sheet-iron tacked on with nails. This corner binding is much easier to make than it appears at first sight, they are simply bent out of strips of sheet-iron and then painted black.



BABY'S DIGESTION.

VERY few babies can digest undiluted cow's milk. It forms into hard curds which the delicate stomach cannot break up. By adding the necessary water the proper proportion of fat in the milk is diminished, and this must be restored by putting in cream. The reaction of the milk that is the baby's natural food is alkaline, that of the cow is acid, so we add lime water to neutralize it. It is also deficient in sugar. These requirements are combined in the formula of a celebrated physician, which is called cream food, and is composed of two table-spoonfuls of cream, one of milk, one of lime water and three of milk sugar water. The milk sugar water is made by dissolving half an ounce of sugar of milk, a dry white powder that may be purchased at any apothecary's shop, in half a pint of boiled water.

These proportions are for a very young baby. As the child grows older the quantity of milk is gradually increased.

Barley seems to have the power to prevent the cow's milk from coagulating into such a firm curd as it forms when given alone, and may be tried if the cream food does not agree with the baby. To make it, wash four table-spoonfuls of pearl barley and boil in one quart of water for two hours. Strain, add a little salt, and use it to dilute the milk, instead of milk sugar water, adding a pinch of dry sugar of milk. Sometimes, in spite of the most careful preparation of the food, the baby seems unable to digest it. Peptonizing, or predigesting the milk before it is given, must then be tried. The albumin of the milk is converted into peptones by this process, thus saving the stomach a part of the work that must be accomplished before the food can be absorbed to nourish the body. Different preparations of pepsin or pancreatin may be purchased for the purpose. The proportion is five grains of pancreatic extract and fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda to each pint of milk, or milk and cream mixed in the proportion recommended in cream food. Dissolve the pancreatin and soda in four table-spoonfuls of warm water. Stir this into the milk, put it in a covered jar, and let it stand in a vessel of water at 115deg. Fahrenheit for about half an hour. It should be tasted from time to time, and removed the instant a trace of bitterness is perceived, putting it on ice or bringing it to the boil to stop the process. In preparing the food the milk must be diluted with milk sugar water or barley water, about one-half or more, according to the age of the baby.

It is often difficult to find the exact proportion that will agree with the individual baby, and the strength of the food must be varied until it is found. The use of peptonized milk should be continued only until the child is able to digest milk as ordinarily prepared. In discontinuing it the pancreatic extract and soda may be mixed with the milk, and the food placed on the ice without being heated for a few feedings, thus making the change a gradual one.

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.

MOUSSE DE POULET.—Scrape a pound of raw chicken free from all skin and sinew, then pound it till smooth. Now mix with it half a pint of rich creamy Bechamel sauce, season it with a dust of coralline pepper and a pinch of salt, and mix it with the raw yolk of one egg. Put the mixture into a well-buttered mould, filling it up well, and place the mould in a baking dish on a fold of paper, and pour round it sufficient boiling water to cover an inch or two of the mould; lay a buttered paper over it all, and let it poach in the oven, or at the side of the stove for thirty-five or forty minutes; then dish with rich velouté sauce over and round it, and garnish with any delicate vegetables, such as green peas, asparagus points, etc. For the Bechamel, take zoz of white roux, and dilute it with rather more than a gill of white stock made from the bones of the chicken, and when this is thoroughly blended, season to taste, and add a gill of either new milk or single cream; let it boil up and use. A little thick cream may, if liked, be added to this sauce, which should be rich, or whipped cream nicely seasoned may be used instead of Bechamel altogether, according to how rich you wish your dish to be.

BREAKFAST DISH.—A delicious breakfast dish is fried bananas. This really requires one of the new silver chafing dishes, which (an American invention, of course) is used for preparing dainties in sight of the guests on the table. This is how the bananas are treated. Choose the fruit not over ripe, slice it lengthwise; melt a little butter in the dish, and when bubbling put in the bananas. Fry until of a delicate brown colour. Serve either with or without bacon.

A NEW SWEET.—When small pieces of pie crust are left from making pie, instead of forming them into tarts, as is usually done, secure some round hard-wood sticks about four inches long, and, after the pieces of crust are rolled out thin, cut them into narrow strips with a jagged iron, flour the sticks and roll the strips around them, letting one edge overlap the other. Place these on a tin and put in a hot oven to bake. When the crust has got partly cool slide the stick out. When serving fill the spaces with jelly, whipped cream or a marmalade, and the family will be delighted with a new dish.

WASHING LEMONS.—'Please put these lemons into a dish of water and let them stay there ten or fifteen minutes before you use them,' said a lady to the new housemaid, who was getting ready to make lemon pie. The girl looked somewhat surprised, and the lady continued: 'I do not suppose that many people stop to think about it, but the outside of a lemon is anything but clean. If you will look at it, you will see some tiny black spots like scales all over it. These are the eggs of an insect, and if the lemon is not washed they are likely to become an ingredient of whatever dish the lemon is used for. For years I have made the practice of cleaning all the lemons I use with a small scrub-brush kept for the purpose, then dropping them into a dish of water to remain for five or ten minutes before using. It is a little trouble, but I am very fond of having things clean, especially the things I am expected to eat.'

HINTS ON A LINEN CUPBOARD.

THIS, like the store cupboard, is one of the most interesting of household departments, affording as it does so much scope for daintiness and good management. The first essential is, of course, to be very particular as to the cupboard or room selected for the purpose of containing the linen. In some houses it is possible to have it near the bath room or kitchen, or in some other place where the contents may be benefited by the close proximity of hot pipes. In damp localities it might be found almost imperative to make such an arrangement, though, as a rule, any dry place will do. Unless the *personnel* boasts a 'family' servant, having experience as a manager, it is advisable that the mistress should herself superintend all the dealings with the linen cupboard, except, of course, the weekly tidying, which must take place when the things come home from the laundry.

As to the disposition of the cupboard itself, it should be fitted as best suits the taste and convenience of the owner; as a general idea it is imperative to comfort and order to have the shelves well and conveniently distributed, some, destined to hold the larger items being wider than the others. All the shelves should be covered with old sheets or coarse linen cut into proper widths; these can be tacked to the wall at the back, then spread over the shelf, a sufficient length being left to hang down so that when all the articles are in place they may be covered by the overhanging piece, and kept free from dust.

Again, some discretion must be observed in the actual placing of the contents; this will save a vast amount of time and trouble; for instance, keep the varicous stacks of articles at a small distance from one another, to obviate confusion or mixing, if things are wanted in a hurry; then everything should be stored away in the most convenient manner according to the frequency with which they will be needed, towels, napkins, d'oyleys, etc., in the more accessible places, and so on.

For a moderate household, where all the arrangements are simple, it is best not to aspire to too great a variety; always invest in articles by the dozen or in the largest quantity likely to be required, as that plan is more economical in the long run and ensures greater similarity in one's possessions.

Now as to details, and to begin with bed linen: it is usual to reckon three pairs of sheets for each bed, though it is better to have four; for servants the unbleached or bleached strong calico is most serviceable; if the beds are all of the same size there will be no difficulty in buying or arranging. The great point is to have enough to be able to use each pair in turn. This is the secret of good management and of true economy. Let these sheets be just long enough to allow of turning under, say 2½ yards, and use bolster cases instead of covering them with the sheet. The bedding will keep clean longer, and the result is neater. Have four bolster cases and pillow cases respectively for each bed. The latter may be in linen, but servants often prefer cotton. The same applies to the other members of the family and to visitors. Have linen or calico sheets according to taste, or, better, a stock of both, the former being cooler for hot summer weather, whilst the soft twilled calico are warmer, and much pleasanter for those who cannot stand the chill of linen. The pillow cases should always be made of the latter material, and as fine as the funds will allow. If the beds are of different sizes, the sheets of each should be kept distinct by means of labels at the edge of the shelf; the same, of course, for pillow shams, bed spreads, etc. Old sheets should by no means be thrown away; cut them in half, and have the selvedge edges sewn together in the middle, and the outsides hemmed. Linen treated in this way will last a long time, and even when the sheets are worn quite thin they should be put aside for emergencies; in cases of illness these are often most useful. Above all, let these emergency articles be kept on a shelf by themselves, and labelled as such; unless that is done, they will never be found just when they are most wanted. It is poor economy to make them over to the servants' beds, where more hard-wearing things are needed.

Next as to table linen. Old tablecloths can be cut up to make side-board cloths; finger napkins that are worn will do for fish, etc. For new material the double damask, though rather more costly than the single, is the most economical in the end; it wears so very much longer. Large patterns should be avoided except for very large cloths. It is better to reckon a dozen cloths for everyday use, with two or four larger ones for use at dinner parties; or include the large ones in the dozen, according to needs and to the number of good serviceable articles left of old stock. Table linen is one of the very few things that can advantageously be bought at sale. Capital cloth can often be had at a considerable reduction merely owing to some stain which can easily be washed out; nor is it necessary to purchase all at the same time or at the same place, as long as the serviettes match the cloth. The different sets need not be alike, only, as I have advised above, be sure always to have a sufficient number to use in turn. A couple of dozen of serviettes will probably do to supplement the remaining ones; this also applies to breakfast napkins. For kitchen use the so-called kitchen cloth, sold by the yard, is the most useful; the chess-board pattern wears admirably. Side-board cloths are now sold by the yard in various widths.

Marking is rather a difficulty, but most large firms will hem and mark linen purchased of them at very little (and in some places without extra) cost. If in ink or plain red initials I believe no charge is made; but for worked monograms, which must be on a much larger scale, a small charge is made. Certainly this plan is worth adopting unless some of the members of the household find that sort of work a pleasure. Ink marking must be carefully inspected from time to time, as the best inks could not stand the treatment to which they are submitted in most laundries for more than a short space.

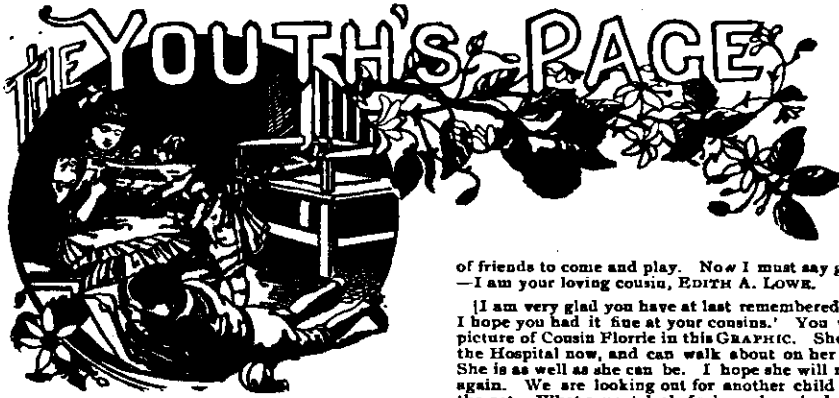
Have a sufficient amount of things; use them in rotation (by always putting the clean articles at the bottom of the pile), and mend all things very carefully before each wash; there should then be no difficulty at all in having a dainty and well ordered linen cupboard.

WHY SUFFER LONGER WITH THAT COLD, COUGH, SORE THROAT? Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has a record of nearly 60 years in curing affections of the Throat and Lungs, Colds, Coughs, La Grippe, and Pneumonia. Pleasant to take, sure to cure.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Gold Medals at the World's Great Expositions. Accept no Cheap and Worthless Substitute.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to be 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 envelopes and turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz 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 1/4d 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.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a long time since I have written to you, so I think I will take this opportunity before my holidays are up. I intended to have written earlier, but the first week of my holidays was spent mostly in bed, with a kind of influenza. I was going away last Monday, but the boat went without me, for I overslept myself. Is not the weather annoying, nothing but wind and rain and cold. I went out last night and was caught in the rain. This morning we were treated not only to rain, but hail, too; I was nearly frozen. It is a pity one has to leave the fire in this weather, is it not? I see in this week's GRAPHIC that one of the cousins would like a Turkish Delight recipe. I am sending you one for her. I think it is a good one. All the attempts I have made with it have proved successful. Are you going to take part in the Jubilee Celebration? Nearly everyone is, and everything is jubilee, even to the lollies in the lollie shops. The weather will be very cold for pleasure seekers, sufficiently so, I think, to prevent them from indulging in much out-door amusements. With love to yourself and all the other cousins, I am, your affectionate COUSIN BERYL.

TURKISH DELIGHT.—Ingredients: 1oz French leaf gelatine, half a cupful of cold water, 2 cupfuls of sugar (white), 1 cupful of boiling water, a pinch of citric or tartaric acid, a few drops of cochineal, a little flavouring, 1oz icing sugar. Method: Soak the gelatine from 15 to 20 minutes in the cold water, then put into an enamelled saucepan with the sugar and boiling water. After the whole begins to boil, let it boil for 20 minutes, stirring it well all the time. Then add the flavouring and cochineal. Pour it into a well-wetted tin and put into a cold place to cool. Cut into squares with a wetted knife, and coat with icing sugar; afterwards eat.

[Very many thanks for the Turkish Delight recipe. I think I shall also try it myself—when I get time. I am sorry to hear you have had influenza. We have all had it too. I found salicin—a little white powder—the most effectual remedy; it relieves that horrid pain in the head. Yes, we have had some real wintry weather. I do hope it is going to be fine for the Jubilee. I fancy most of us will have had enough of it by the time the day arrives. I have got two flags—Royal Standard and Union Jack—which I am going to lend our church for the 20th by way of my share of decoration. There is to be a good deal of outdoor amusement, so it is earnestly to be hoped Queen's weather will prevail.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am a very naughty girl not to write to you. Whenever I remember to I always forget it again. I hope that little Florrie is quite well again now. Mother reads to us about her in the GRAPHIC. We are having our house painted, and it has put the place in a great muddle, but it will be finished this week, and I will be very glad. I am very much afraid of getting my clothes smudged. My brother and I are going out to tea this evening. I hope it will keep fine; it looks rather black now. I think my cousin would be very sorry if it did rain, as she has asked a lot

of friends to come and play. Now I must say good-bye. —I am your loving cousin, EDITH A. LOWE.

[I am very glad you have at last remembered to write. I hope you had it fine at your cousins.' You will see a picture of Cousin Florrie in this GRAPHIC. She is out of the Hospital now, and can walk about on her crutches. She is as well as she can be. I hope she will not get ill again. We are looking out for another child to put in the cot. What a great deal of rain we have had.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have been a very long time in answering your kind letter. Whenever I think of doing so something else comes in the way. I have just started to go to the public school and like it very much. There are about a hundred scholars in all. My sister and I are going to a fancy dress ball at Government House on the 25th June, and I expect there will be a great number there. I have joined the football club this year, and I like it very much. I had four rabbits some time ago, but a dog knocked over the hutch and the rabbits got out in the night and I was very sorry. I must say good-bye.—Your affectionate cousin, E. HAROLD LOWE.

[I hope you will enjoy your dance at Government House. It is sure to be very good. You might write and tell me how you liked it. What are you going as? Is your sister going too? And what will she wear? I am so sorry about your rabbits. Shall you keep any more? Cousin Jack and I are going to keep fowls. We have just made a nice place for them. We have begun with three. We call them Adam, Eve, and Noah's Wife. Had your rabbits any names? I was so pleased to hear from you.—COUSIN KATE.]

'NEDDY.'

(BY MARY E. VANDYNE.)

TELL me when and where and how donkeys ever won the reputation they bear of being perverse, stupid, ill-tempered animals. Certainly there never was a case in which a poor creature had his character taken away from him with less reason.

There really is not in all the world a more patient, hard-working, and I think I may almost say, intellectual, creature than Neddy. Wait until you travel in the southern portions of our great West, or in some of the warm countries of Europe, and see the part Neddy plays. Why, he is a saddle-horse, water-carrier, vegetable market, house-dog—anything, everything, that requires patience, endurance, and good faith.

I never shall forget the wonderful donkeys I saw in and about the city of Naples, in Italy. We wanted to climb a mountain, and Neddy carried us on his back.

We wanted water, and he brought us it in kegs hanging at his sides. We wanted fresh vegetables, and Neddy brought them in such heaps and profusion that nothing was seen of him amid the load but a nose and four legs. When we slept at night, it was his knowing bray that informed us when thieves were near.

In that part of the world Neddy is scarcely more than a pet and a playfellow. But he is a most popular one, and I fancy that if the boys who have the good fortune to own a donkey were asked which of their possessions they would be willing to part with, their donkey would be the last on the list. When a boy has a good donkey, and a donkey a good master, there is no couple of people or things in the whole world that can have a better time.

But a great deal depends on the treatment accorded to Neddy by his young master. That wonderful old woman, Mother Goose, I think, found out the secret first, for, as you all remember, she says:

If I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd whip him? Oh, no, no,
I'd give him some hay, and say, 'Gee, how, whom,
Get along, donkey. Why don't you go?'

This is the way to manage Neddy, for, as I have already told you, in spite of the bad reputation some stupid people have given him, he is very intelligent. If you doubt it, let me tell you the prompt manner in which one of his kind resented what he thought improper treatment. Master Dick, who owned him, lent Neddy to a friend, who thought fit to manage him, or rather to try to do so, with a switch. Neddy felt the blow. He looked round, considered the matter for a moment, then—Well, Neddy's heels didn't quite kick the moon out of the sky, and fortunately the great puddle out of which we had to fish his would-be rider wasn't deep enough to drown any body.

On another occasion two warm friends started for the woods one summer afternoon. Night fell, and they did not return until, heart-sick and anxious, a party started in search of them. Finally, after going a considerable distance, they heard the most mournful and long-repeated braying. At regular intervals it sounded harsh, prolonged, and dismal. Rushing to the spot, there stood Neddy, one eye fixed on his young master lying flat on the ground with a broken leg. In the only language he knew he told the story of his master's mishap as far as his voice would reach. He could easily have used his four sound legs and trotted home. That was not his idea of duty. He stood still and called for help until help came.

Never fancy that Neddy is stupid or obstinate or ugly. Because he can not tell you just all he knows, you must not think he does not know anything. And when you are inclined to laugh at his big ears, funny tail, and unmusical voice, stop and ask yourself what he thinks of a curious creature with only two legs, no ears to speak of, and the merest mite of a nose, who is always wanting to get on his back, drive him here and there, and make him do things he doesn't like and doesn't see the least sense in.

TWO STUPID BOYS.

DEAN STANLEY once said to a little boy, 'If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?' The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips.

When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he could not learn arithmetic.

Dr. Boyd writes in *Longmans' Magazine* that the master of the school, Mr Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication.

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing 'sums.' In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honours must be proficient. He would not have done as well at Cambridge, whose Senior Wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

On the contrary, that other stupid boy, 'more hopeless' than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight.

The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is, and it is most important, that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it.

THE SAFER KIND.

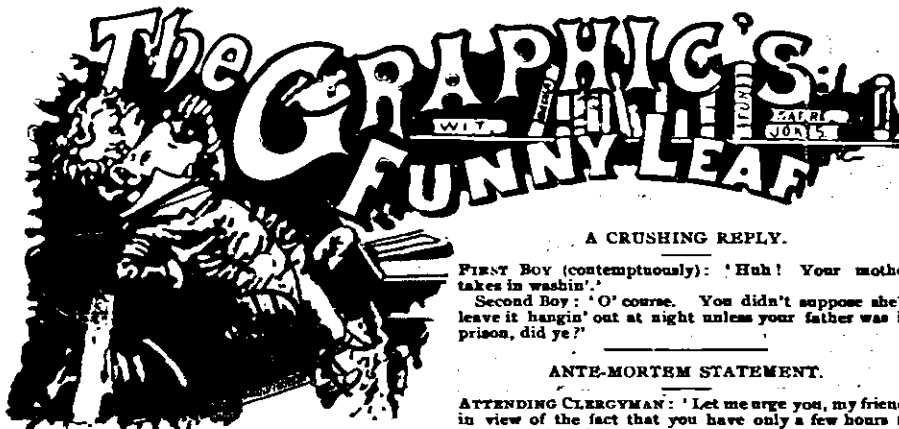
HONA wants a baby brother. 'A baby would be so nice to wheel around in a carriage, mamma. Dolls are always getting broken when the carriage tips over.'

A CHEMIST recently discovered an explosive believed to be nineteen times as powerful as dynamite, but the secret of its composition was lost at the time of its discovery, together with the chemist and most of the glass in the town.

'When Fratters played Hamlet down at San Frustino did the audience egg him on when he reached his heroics?' 'Not exactly. They egged him off.'



COUSIN FLORRIE, WHO OCCUPIED THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT, AUCKLAND HOSPITAL.



THE WEATHER BORE.

On land or sea,
In fogs and mists,
Sunshine or tempest's roar;
Where'er we be
There, too, exists
The awful weather bore!

It's either cold
Or else too hot,
Or, if there's nothing more,
He'll swear and scold
Because it's not—
The awful weather bore!

'Tis 'much too wet,'
Or 'much too dry,'
Until you thirst for gore;
It makes one fret,
And fume and fry,
And cuss the weather bore.

'Oh, dear!' he cries,
'Twill be my death!
'Tis down to twenty-four!
Oh, when he dies,
With thirsty breath
May he the heat deplore!

SMART.

TRAVELLER (at a crowded hotel): 'How much do I owe you? What's my bill?'
Landlord: 'Let me see, your room was—'
Traveller: 'I didn't have any room. I slept on the billiard table.'
Landlord: 'Ah, well, a shilling an hour.'

THE NEWEST WOMAN.

'From this moment we part forever!' he hissed.
She turned upon him haughtily, regal even in the hour of her humiliation. 'No, Fitzmaurice Maurice-Maurice,' she answered. 'I am accustomed to exact a week's notice from all of my husbands.'

HOPE FOR THE HORSE.

MILLIE: 'It looks as though the bicycle would drive the horse out of existence.'
Leavitt: 'Not a bit of it. The more bicycles there are the more they will need horses.'
Millie: 'What for?'
Leavitt: 'Ambalances.'

TOLERATED THEM.

'Who are these people who live next door?' asked the caller.
'I've forgotten their name,' said the wife of the prosperous pugilist. 'They have queer ways, and they are rather poor, but they seem to be respectable. The husband, I think, is a professor in some school or other. It takes all kinds of people to make a world.'



DOCTOR: 'I am exceedingly proud of the fact, Miss Chips, that since I have been in practice I have not lost a single patient.'
Miss Chips: 'How sad, doctor! And will the poor people never get better?'

A CRUSHING REPLY.

FIRST BOY (contemptuously): 'Huh! Your mother takes in washin.'
Second Boy: 'O' course. You didn't suppose she'd leave it hangin' out at night unless your father was in prison, did ye?'

ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT.

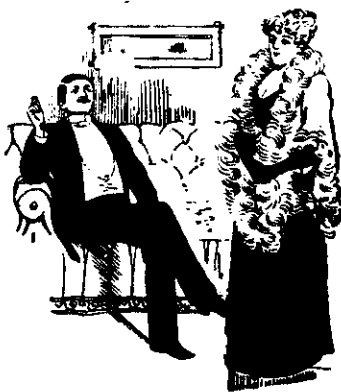
ATTENDING CLERGYMAN: 'Let me urge you, my friend, in view of the fact that you have only a few hours to live, to make a full confession.'
Condemned Murderer (pale but resolute): 'I have nothing to confess. The highest offer I have had from any newspaper syndicate is £100 and that won't pay for the humiliation and remorse. Let the execution proceed.'

NO MIRACLE.

'MRS SKIMMILLS says that her husband never spoke a hasty word to her in his life,' said the lady who gossipa.
'That's perfectly true,' replied Miss Cayenne. 'The dear man stutters.'

A POPULAR GIRL.

GRYMES: 'The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?'
Gobang: 'Yes, indeed. The *Daily Whoop* sent their sporting editor to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading, "Among Those Who Also Ran"'



HE: 'A penny for your thoughts, Ethel.'
SHE: 'They're not worth so much.'
HE: 'Really?'
SHE: 'No, I was only thinking of you!'

CURIOUS NATIONAL CUSTOM.

'I WAS so mad,' said the vivacious young American lady, 'that I could have eaten a pound of nails.'
The listening Englishman made a note in his commonplace book that evening: 'Anger is so well recognized as a nervous complaint in this country that the natives are in the habit of taking iron to counteract it.'

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

'WELL,' said the man without a newspaper, 'what is the news from abroad for to day? How is the "concert of the powers" getting along?'
'Poorly, I should judge,' said the disgusted man with more news than he wanted. 'It seems to have been turned into a very low-class, continuous-show vaudeville.'

DEMANDING RECOGNITION.

'It seems to me,' said one of the she bears lying down to rest after having eaten her half of the forty-two children who had mocked the prophet Elisha, 'that this is a bigger job than it would be for a whale to swallow a prophet, but the world probably won't make half as much fuss over it.'

COMPENSATION.

WHEN I go a wheeling with Polly
I can't go as fast as I'd like;
For though she is clever and jolly,
She's only just learning to bike.

So we spin along at our leisure,
I let others fly by, and I smile—
For when I am riding for pleasure
A mile is as good as a mile.

A QUERY.

THE inmates of an American insane-asylum have formed a Browning Club. If they didn't belong to such a club before going to the asylum, what are they there for?

NOT THE REASON, HOWEVER.

'THE writer's name must accompany every communication,' said the editor to the man who had handed in a little piece signed 'Constant Reader.'
'I see,' said the man. 'You don't want to get the world involved in controversy about the authorship of a second series of Junius letters.'



BUSINESS.

'YOU refuse me! Then I shall go and poison myself.'
'I am sorry to hear that, but if you have quite made up your mind I shall be obliged to you if you will give your custom to my brother, who has just started a chemist's shop at the end of Short Street.'

ETERNAL REST.

FIRST TRAMP (scanning paper): 'Here's a bloke w'ot says one of the pictures at the academy lacks repose.'
Second Tramp: 'Well, Denny, he orter be here an' see us.'

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

TRAVELLER: 'That young married couple's honeymoon is over at last.'
Companion: 'How do you know?'
Traveller: 'He has begun to be absorbed in the bill of fare.'

I SHOULD SAY SO.

'AND are the divorce laws so very liberal in your country?'
'Liberal! Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there.'

A BICYCLE JOKE.

KRICKERBOCKER: 'Were you knocked speechless when you collided with that stone yesterday?'
Bloomer: 'No, but my wheel was knocked spokeless.'

A NEW DEFINITION.

GAMBLING is the art of giving money to persons whom you don't owe and declining to exercise the same kindness in behalf of persons whom you do.'

A COMMON WANT.

BARBER (putting on finishing touches): 'What'll you have on your head?'
Customer: 'A little more hair, please.'



APPEARANCES WERE ALWAYS DECEITFUL.

LADY (to tramp): 'No, I will not give you anything. You look strong and well able to work.'
Tramp: 'Ah, mum, you shouldn't judge people by their looks. I thought you looked a kind-hearted lady, but I find you ain't.'