

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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"BEAR AND FORBEAR."

OR, THE NEW PEACE SOCIETY.

Emperor William declared that Germany would give Russia the strongest support against any disturber of the peace of Europe.

## GOUT

Readers of this paper should know that the 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.

### THE POPE AND THE PREMIER.

COMMENTARY has been rife on the Premier's audience with the Pope, but I had thought everybody's interest in the subject was exhausted by this time. However, I have discovered that that is not the case. The other day a visitor invaded my sanctum. Backed by the swift and sure insight of a Sherlock Holmes, my first glance told me that he was of Scotch ancestry, and came—not directly, of course—from the north of Ireland; also that he was an Orangeman of the deepest hue. He came directly from a small country settlement not far from Auckland to ask me, in somewhat forcible language, what the Premier's interview with the Pope portended. At least, he said he came to ask me what it portended, but it turned out that he had really come to tell me what it portended. He told me—no, truly, I will not harrow my reader's feelings by placing before their eyes in all its entirety the lurid picture he placed before mine, but I think I may try to briefly indicate some of its features. To begin with, my visitor assured me that the interview of the Autocrat of New Zealand with the Autocrat of the Roman Catholic Church could point to nothing less than the forcible conversion of this colony to the Roman Catholic faith. Richard Seddon was not a man to be balked in his designs, and what he had made up his mind was to be would be—my visitor evidently placed Mr Seddon's will and the decrees of fate on one and the same platform. Then my visitor began to paint in lively colours—which smacked strongly of an undigested course of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'—the necessary details of New Zealand's forcible conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. The details were terrible, and all the more terrible because of their confusion. Courts of Inquisition would be established in all the more prominent towns of the Colony. Manufactures of thumb-screws, racks, and boots—the two last not to be confounded with the ordinary and innocent articles bearing those names—would be merrily set a-going, and the flames of many new Smithfields would rise from all quarters of the land, bearing aloft to the sunny skies of New Zealand the cries of the faithful who chose rather to die than submit to the iniquitous tyranny of the bigoted priesthood which was crushing fair Zealandia beneath its iron heel. 'But these things will not be,' proceeded my visitor, with a heroic accent in his voice, 'until the valiant Orangemen of New Zealand have fought for their faith another battle of the Boyne, which, less happy in its issue than the first, does not give to them the victory.'

I GENTLY threw some cold water on my Orangeman's perfidious oration by begging him to bear in mind that religious persecution was a thing of the past, and that it seemed to me that Protestants had little reason to boast that, in the past, they had been less ready with the flames of persecution than their Roman Catholic contemporaries. Then I attempted to put his mind at ease by assuring him that no results of the kind he feared were likely to follow Mr Seddon's visit to the Vatican. 'But what was he doing there, anyway?' asked the Orangeman, suspiciously. I endeavoured to explain to him that Mr Seddon, no doubt, considered himself the Father of his country, and in that capacity had

sought the acquaintance of the Spiritual Father of a large number of his countrymen. This and more to the same effect I explained to him at length, but this man of one idea kept interrupting my lucid explanations in the manner of the bewildered old man in Molière's comedy, with his English version of 'Qu'allait il faire dans ostogalers?' In the end he told me bluntly that he wasn't born yesterday, but he rather suspected I was, for in last week's issue of the GRAPHIC had I not got it pictorially stated that Mr Seddon had refused to kiss the Pope's toe? 'He refuse to kiss the Pope's toe! Don't you believe it, sir. Since he had gone and got an audience with the Pope, it isn't to be supposed he'd higgler over a small matter like that. I'll bet he came prepared to slobber the whole foot if they wanted him to. He's a deep dog is Seddon, and he isn't the man to let a few kisses stand in the way if he's got his reasons for wanting to sell his country to the Pope of Rome.' Despairing of convincing this pig headed fellow by myself, I called in (through the telephone) the services of our very special reporter. He is a very special reporter indeed, and apparently has means of knowing more of the substance and particulars of any event taking place on any portion of the globe than even the persons concerned in the matter have themselves any knowledge of. I suspect his means of knowing has to do with clairvoyance, or second sight, or something equally uncanny, but still I take the news the reporter provides me.

Now I repeated to the Orangeman, standing by me at the telephone, the answers my questions evoked from this very special reporter of ours. 'Are you in possession of the full particulars of Mr Seddon's audience with the Pope?' The most accomplished liar could not have uttered a more unhesitating 'I am' than that which reached my ears through the telephone. 'Then kindly state them now, and as briefly as possible.' Back came his precise statement, as clear and distinct as a telephonic utterance can be—'The audience was less of Mr Seddon's seeking than the Pope's, who wished to honour in Mr Seddon that wonderful new country of remarkably enlightened inhabitants of which he is the Premier. Mr Seddon did, as a fact, sturdily refuse to kiss the toe which the Pope gracefully extended to him on his entrance, but the slight unpleasantness, which our Premier's praiseworthy contumacy might have given rise to, was happily avoided by the genial tact with which His Holiness quickly thrust the rejected toe into a jewelled slipper and extended a finger instead. The conversation between the two remarkable men ran in a light and pleasant fashion, chiefly upon the latest carnival in Rome, and such kindred subjects as the Rabbit Pest and the Woman's Franchise in New Zealand. Mr Seddon also entertained the Pope with particulars of the *menús* of the many banquets given to him in England. Religious topics were avoided with studied courtesy by both. But toward the end of the interview, His Holiness, who had not concealed the favourable impression Mr Seddon had made on him, turned the kindly and reverend refinement of his countenance on our Premier and whispered softly, 'Ah, that thou hadst been of the true Faith and in orders! Methinks a red robe would not have sat unbecomingly on that stalwart figure of thine; or even that this chair of St. Peter's might have found in thee a not unworthy occupant when I have passed away.' Mr Seddon, in a voice broken with emotion, replied to His Holiness, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Roman Catholic.' But even in that supreme moment the strong will so characteristic of our Premier asserted itself, and tearing himself from the too fascinating affability of the Pope's presence, he left the Vatican as staunch a Protestant as he had entered it.' 'Now,' said I, ringing off the telephone and turning to the Orangeman, 'could anything be more eminently satisfactory than that statement of our very special reporter's? Surely your suspicions respecting our Premier's audience with the Pope are forever set at rest?' My troublesome visitor answered me neither 'Yes' nor 'Nay.' His face, though looking a trifle bewildered, showed him to be as stubbornly unconvinced as ever, and he stalked out of my office muttering to himself his dogged query, 'What the dickens was Seddon doing there anyway?'

### A GOOD FIELD FOR BURGLARS.

NEW ZEALAND used to be called the paradise of the working man. It was the capitalist who called it so, not the working man himself. The latter, like most of us since the days of Adam, failed to recognise when he was well off; and now that there are few capitalists in the land and most of us are working men, the phrase has rather fallen into disuse. There still remains a section of the community, however, to the members of which New Zealand is perhaps as near an approach to Paradise as mundane conditions will allow. I mean the policemen. The New Zealand policeman

gives the lie direct to the universally accepted dictum of comic opera that the life of the guardians of the peace is not a happy one. That may be the case with policemen in other lands, but not here, where the man who dons the uniform at once invests himself with dignity and importance in the eyes of his fellow men, and ensures for himself ease with honour. In this law-abiding land distinction in the service can be won at the very least risk of injury to one's self. There are no desperate and hardened criminals here—dangerous customers to handle at close quarters—and a soldierly bearing, even when allied with a rabbit's heart, will carry a man a long way on the paths of peace. No wonder that in these days, when the question, What shall we do with our boys? vexes our households, *paterfamilias* should bethink himself of the nice genteel billet of constable as an opening for one of his olive branches. Nay, when business is depressed he may secretly covet the office for himself. I know that I have often envied the gentlemen in blue or white in the summer time. When I have been hurrying about my business there were they, delightfully placid and undisturbed, sauntering with an air of aristocratic leisure along the shady pavement, and casting a casual eye of supervision over the orderly passers-by. Nor did the fact that these carefully-gloved hands had occasionally to arrest a drunk or petty thief—though almost incredible—detract from the desirability of the office. Such little activities would come as welcome relaxations, nothing more. It might have been predicted, however, that such an idyllic condition of things could not last for ever, and already there are signs that the end of it is near. The thief and burglar, like the schoolmaster, is abroad in these days. These gentlemen are essentially cosmopolites, and call every country home where their prey is to be had. Was it possible that the existence of a place like New Zealand, with all its advantages in the burglarious eye, could remain a secret? Cracksmen, like other mortals, often require a change of air, and what better place could there be for such a purpose than this colony, where one has ample opportunities to do a little business just to keep one's hand in. We are not a wealthy community, and for any enterprising burglar to seriously think of settling down to his trade here would probably be a mistake, but as a place for an occasional tour, playing, say a week or a fortnight in each big town, and a day or two in the smaller centres, I know nothing that is likely to beat it. And if I mistake not Bill Sykes and his friends are beginning to understand this, and are seeking us out. Some recent sticking up cases in Auckland suggest the presence there of something more than mere local talent, and that suggestion is rather confirmed by the fact that the police have found no clue. They are scarcely likely to find any, I should say, having never had any particular training for the search. Some people I know are indignant with the police for not having laid the offenders by the heels long ago. But that is unfair. You must make allowances for the force. It has never had to cope with such cases before. The experience is altogether new to it. And you must not expect, either, that our guardians can suddenly become the ferocious and intrepid man-hunters that are needed to tackle the knights of the sand bag and the jemmy. You would not think of taking a policeman out of a pantomime and setting him down in a street row in Commercial Road, London, expect him to perform prodigies of valour and astuteness. No, no, for a long time yet to come orderly citizens must be contented to be sand bagged or garrotted in patience, according as the passing fancy or convenience of the itinerant footpad may suggest. And after all it is not perhaps the citizens who are to be pitied, but the policemen, whose idyllic existence has been so ruthlessly disturbed, and calls made on them which they never anticipated when they joined the force. If any men have a grievance they surely have.

### AN ASSURED INCOME IN THE NEXT WORLD.

THAT very ancient Biblical saying, that we brought nothing into this world and can take nothing out of it, does not seem to be believed in by a well-known London assurance company. In a circular recently issued by them, they gravely make the following statement:—'An investment yielding 5 per cent. per annum, to begin at death or on attainment of a given age, and to continue for 20 years afterwards, with payment of the full sum assured at end of period.' It is difficult to know exactly what benefit the 5 per cent. per annum would be to a dead man. The circular does not say that this amount will be annually paid to the heirs of deceased, nor to anyone whom he may appoint to receive it, but it will 'begin at death,' and 'continue for 20 years afterwards, with payment of the full sum assured at end of period.' This clearly means that the money will be paid to the dead man if he prefers to receive it in the next world, or at a given age in this. Now suppose he elects to receive his 5 per cent. per annum after death, how is the assurance company going to manage about paying it? Will they take the cheque to the cemetery and lay it on the grave of the

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had to manage with my fingers, the natives, as usual, sitting round a big camp oven and helping themselves. A native's idea of wealth is not fine living. Give him a horse, a handkerchief, a pipe, and a pair of dungarees and he's a king.

MAORI CHARACTERISTICS.

Maoris with all their peculiarities are very good people to deal with if treated the right way, but it is necessary to treat them differently to white people. Those that are better bred are very polite, and there is as much or more difference between a well born and an inferior native as there is between like classes of our own nationality. A *rangatira* would feel hurt if you offered to reward



TWO RANGATIRAS.

him for hospitality, and they never interrupt you in a conversation, or flatly contradict or refuse you. They make funny mistakes in English sometimes. I once saw one of them milking a cow, and noticing that the bucket was rather empty, I remarked that the animal was not blessed with a superabundance of lacteal fluid. He replied, 'Oh, he's got plenty milk inside, but she won't let them down.' (!) They are, of course, very superstitious—to such an extent, in fact, that they will not steal anything on a Sunday, or go pig-hunting, or lend a boat on a Sunday. Wild pigs, no doubt, wish every day was Sunday. They will never swear while in a boat for fear of accidents, and if the wind dies will use chants to recover it. Of ghosts they are very frightened,



BULLOCK TRAM AND STATION BOYS AT TE PAKI.

and if there has been a death they will not go outside at night. There is some sense in this, as they really do see ghosts. One evening at Taputaputa, when Mr L. Yates was sitting in a room with some of the native boys who were there mustering, one of them jumped up, and rushing to the window, exclaimed that he saw the spirit of a certain woman on its way to the Reinga. He was very agitated, as none of them knew she was ill, but sure enough the next day a messenger came down to say that the woman in question had died at the time he saw her spirit!

As an example of the fear Maoris still entertain for *tapu*, I may repeat the following story told to me at a romantic spot on the north coast:—About three years ago there died at Spirits' Bay a chief of the Ngatekouri (i.e., 'The Dogs,' from their habit of eating dog's flesh). A relation of his took a cloth from his box to carry kumeras in, and as a consequence she and her daughter were immediately seized of the devil for touching anything belonging to the dead. They together rushed to the creek, in which they kept jumping about all night, as all Maoris in a similar condition will. In the morning two friends found them almost dead, and after kindling a fire sent for the *tohunga*. The latter said seawater might save their lives, and sent the others off to the coast a couple of miles away. They took four bottles, but succeeded in filling only three, the other refusing to fill despite their best efforts, and to make matters worse, two of the full bottles bumped themselves together and broke. They returned to the beach for more water, but finding a flat fish high and dry flopping about the sand they ran away frightened. The priest said this was the fatal sign and the sufferers must die, and that soon, as the tide had been going out for some time. He then read them a chapter of the Bible—strange idea!—and at the last word, 'Amen,' the elder woman died. The girl temporarily recovered and related how when she got to

Wairata at Te Reinga the old man would not let her across; so she started back, and on the hill behind Taputaputa met the spirit of her brother on its way to the Reinga, and induced it to return with her. The man had been ill from *tapu* also, but after a fit of lunacy recovered. The girl, however, died in a fortnight, a victim to this remarkable form of superstitious dread.

SPORT.

When they get a chance the natives charter the 'Staffs' and go whapuka fishing. The whapuka is a huge fish weighing fifty or more pounds, and is very plentiful round some sunken rocks off the North Cape. Some of the old Maoris know how to find these rocks by means of marks on the mainland, but they will not take white men with them, as they are afraid they would fry the fish and then no more could be caught, as the whapuka, being a fastidious creature, likes to be boiled, or cooked in a Kapa Maori, and feels insulted if it is fried! Every year a day is set apart for shark-fishing, and they catch and dry hundreds of them. A day is likewise appointed for the opening of the kawaka or godwit season. Those of a sporting disposition then go out with guns, preferably on a stormy day, and lying on a mud bank where they know the birds will settle, kill dozens of them by discharging both barrels of the gun simultaneously. The birds are extremely fat, and make a very tasty dish, which must, however, be taken in moderation.

Concerning their flight to Siberia, as far as I could judge, it is a mere fairy tale. They certainly disappear, but does the presence of similar birds on the Chinese coast prove that they came from Parengarenga? and if they seek a colder climate, why should they fly 3,000 miles across the tropics to get it instead of going south? Perhaps they have never heard of the South Pole! As to their starting all together from the sand hills in Spirits' Bay on a certain day in April, it is quite absurd. In the first place there are no sand hills at all in Spirits' Bay, and although I was there all through the time they are supposed to leave, I did not see a single kawaka. They apparently migrate from Parengarenga harbour, as flocks of them of perhaps a couple of thousand may be seen rising into the air and then darting off, but it is many weeks from the time that they begin to disappear until the last have taken their flight. I have seen hundreds of black swans and large flocks of wild ducks in Parengarenga harbour. These also migrate at certain seasons. Pheasants are also plentiful in the district.

THE BIG BEACH.

The eighty-mile beach is a remarkable part of the far north. One may stand on Scott's Point and see Ahipara, eighty miles south, nothing but an unbroken stretch of level sand intervening, with a long line of breakers on one side and sand hills from one to four miles deep on the other. It is a peculiar trip down on to this great beach. You ride down a broad gully, or rather creek, in water a few inches deep and full of quicksands, with sand hills hundreds of feet high on both sides of you. Suddenly you emerge on to the beach and become aware that the sun is dimmer, and that you are in a kind of haze caused by the spray. Inquisitive mutton birds come to shriek in your ears, and you are nearly deafened by the roar of breakers stretching far out to sea. The sudden and complete change from the first part of the journey strikes the horses also, for they generally want to gallop along the firm level sand. It is an awe-inspir-



AUSTRIAN GUMDIGGERS.

ing sight on a rough day to see the waves dashing themselves against Scott's Point (or as a digger there spells it 'Skotch Poynt'), a huge conglomerate cliff at the northern extremity of the beach, but distance lends enchantment to the view. We were nearly washed away there once. We had just descended a nasty precipice on to some rocks for the purpose of fishing, when the other members of the party, who were on ahead, screamed out for me to stop where I was. It was lucky I did so, as an enormous wave just then came up close to me, and when it had passed I found my friends clinging to the rocks, drenched to the skin, and a kit containing our lunch, etc., floating in the sea. We adjourned to a safer place, but after we had been there some time, although the tide was going out, three huge breakers one after the other came over the boulder on which we stood, washing the balance of our belongings away, and they would have taken us also had it not been for the friendly projections of rock to which we hung. We took the hint and cleared, after having caught nothing but five stupid sharks.

THE GUMFIELDS.

The land for miles to the south of Parengarenga Harbour is dug for kauri gum, and in riding over it one continually comes upon diggers' camps of from two to fifty men. These diggers are mostly Austrians, who on account of their thrift and honesty, have almost superseded men of our own nationality. Their huts are made of sacks lined with canvas, and the chimney is built of huge sods. A couple of rude bunks are on one side of the interior, and on the other is a box doing duty for table and cupboard. Some diggers do a good deal of reading, but they are mostly ignorant men, especially the foreigners. They are, nevertheless, most hospitable, and always ready to offer you a huge mug of tea, half a tin of meat, and a junk of excellent bread. I read with amusement in an English periodical that a gumdigger dug on an average something over 100lbs a day! At this rate he would be worth about a thousand a year in good times! At all events they are now more than content if they can average 14lbs of clean gum a day, and can then save money if they want to. Of course, a new chum might work for a week without 'striking a patch,' and it is hard work for all of them. The poor fellows who, in order to make a living, are exiled to an ugly desert away from all the comforts of home and civilization, are greatly to be pitied. Let us hope that gold-mining in this district will one day employ the men who are now searching for gum. There are certainly plenty of quartz reefs about, but it remains for some enterprising capitalist to thoroughly prospect the place.

A GUMDIGGERS' BALL.

Have you ever been to a real up-country dance? I rode twenty-four miles to attend one, but it will last me for the rest of my life. Having parted with our Colonial Robert, we passed into a rather mossy-looking room, full of Maoris and Austrians. The floor was coated with mud, and slippery enough to satisfy the most fanciful desires, while the walls were bedecked with fine tapestry made by workers with more industry and legs than myself. The whole was illuminated on a brilliant scale by means of two sticks nailed across one another with a candle on every point. Promptly to the first strains of the band (one accordion) the whole assembly of some thirty couples sprang to their feet, and there was a wild struggle for possession of the floor. The master of ceremonies soon appeared with a stick, and standing in the middle of the room, offered to hit anyone who came too close. This parody on dancing continued until daylight, when buckets of beer and pannikins were brought out, and I hope somebody helped those who helped themselves, for most of them were soon snoring, and the remainder fighting. Of course they all danced in heavy boots and many with spurs and gaiters, and after the ball was over it was interesting to see the fantastic designs in candle grease splashwork from the candles on the giddy revellers' hats. I am satisfied that once in a lifetime is often enough to witness an up-country dance.

SHEEP MUSTERING.

In February I had the pleasure of joining in the sheep mustering, and it was indeed a novel experience. At about 2.30 a.m., and apparently to the sleepy soul not five minutes after you had retired, you are ruthlessly awakened by the cracking of whips and the barking of dogs, and the Maoris singing out 'Eara! Eara!' 'Get up! Get up!' With a sigh you turned out, light your candle, and go into breakfast, after which the stable is visited. Here some eight or ten horses are loudly munching their food, while they are groomed and saddled in the candle light by half-a-dozen natives. It always reminds one of the knights of old having their chargers prepared for the fray. It is pleasant to see the sun rising as you ride along the cliffs and hill tops, and to hear the bleating of the sheep wafted towards you by the gentle sea breeze. The landscape gradually unfolds itself, and as the darkness disappears you can see further and further until the eye reaches the cliffs at Mongonui,

a hundred miles south. Sleepy townsfolk who never enjoy these things don't know what they miss.

One evening on the north coast we had a mob of about 3,000 sheep together, and as it was too late to drive them to the station, we decided to stay there all night. After tea we accordingly adjourned with our charge to a beautiful little valley where there was a paddock. The wild cattle, which were amusing themselves in this, soon disappeared over the fence, so we divided into parties, Mr Crane and I commanding the top of the paddock, and set to work. We gathered huge piles of firewood, and having erected breakwinds, made sumptuous beds of tit-tree and fern, standing our saddles on end at the top, and using our coats for pillows. What a pretty picture it was under the thicket of silver birches in the firelight and starlight! The horses were hobbled, and while some of us lounged round the fires talking or sleeping, others, with the aid of the dogs, looked after the sheep. I paid a call to the Maoris before turning in, and found them, as usual, playing games, until Mr Motur brought the proceedings to a termination by saying 'Tat's 'nough games for tis night' and making for bed. At 3 a.m. we struck camp, and started home after what had been to me a jolly camping party.

Mr Crane has charge of over 6,000 sheep, the increase among them last year being 90 per cent., and any one who sees their good, clean condition, and how round and comfortable the cattle are, will dispel the delusion that the extreme north is nothing but a worthless waste.

As regards the future of this estate, it seems to me eminently adapted for a large canning and direct exporting station for supplying foreign markets. It produces the very best mutton and beef, all kinds and any quantity of fish and oysters, game of many sorts, excellent pork, and the choicest fruits, to say nothing of a present average of about 100 cases of gum per week, besides wool, hides, etc. It is a little kingdom in itself.

COST OF LIVING IN THE TRANSVAAL.

At a recent sitting of the Industrial Commission in Johannesburg, one of the witnesses, a miner, gave the following table, showing the cost of living in the Transvaal as compared with the expenditure in England:—

	England.	Transvaal.
Milk .. .. .	2 4	0 15 0
Butter .. .. .	0 6 8	1 0 0
Meat .. .. .	1 4 0	2 10 0
Vegetables .. .. .	0 10 0	.. .. .
Bread .. .. .	1 1 0	2 0 0
Groceries .. .. .	1 2 0	10 0 0
Doctor's fees .. .. .	0 14 0	0 7 6
	£5 3 0	£20 12 6

'DETECTIVE DAY' AT HOLLOWAY.

In the June number of the *Windsor Magazine* Alfred Aylmer gives some interesting information concerning the various methods adopted by detectives for establishing the identity of criminals. 'It frequently happens that a man or woman who has got into trouble, and has been arrested for some small offence, is very much "wanted" for another, infinitely more heinous; or again, that the law-breaker proves to be someone "at large on license"—a ticket-of-leave man, making improper use of the freedom conceded to him on the express condition that he will keep out of harm. So great importance attaches to identification. Many methods are employed to compass this; but that which is by far the most interesting and perhaps the most efficacious up to the present time is the detectives' inspection made three times weekly at Holloway. There is a great cluster of plain-clothes policemen around the gates on the morning in question—thirty of them: twenty-two Metropolitan and six of the City police, with one superior officer, and an inspector from New Scotland Yard. They are mostly burly, well-built, straight-limbed fellows, with the square shoulders, erect bearing of men who have been drilled, and that peculiar firm foothold and rather slow-moving regulation gait of the constable on his beat. For one and all have been "uniformed," have learnt the rudiments of their profession in the common round of everyday police business in the streets. Their faces have also a sort of family likeness; all, with the usual variety of feature noticeable among any thirty different men, have observant eyes, set lips, and a general look of thoughtful reticence and reserve. In outward appearance, however, especially in costume, they offer strong contrasts. Each has pretty well followed his own taste in dress. They are in short, as mixed and medley a lot to look at as you would see in any crowd at a street corner, and this result is no doubt encouraged by the authorities, who wish their detectives to differ in no marked or distinctive way from the rest of the world. As watching, "shadowing," examination and inquiry form so large a part of their duties, there is wisdom in this rule. But I question whether our London detectives are not very generally recognizable, at least by those they pursue, and this very ceremony I am about to describe must, and this very ceremony I am about to describe is now ready in the great exercising-yard of the prison. It is a march past rather than a parade, for the whole body of prisoners slowly circle round and round the outer or widest circle of the stone-paved paths that are marked out from the grass—carefully regarded by the little group of reviewing or inspecting officers collected in one corner of the yard.'



**A** MONGST all kinds and conditions of men to-day the devotee of the fragrant weed is to be found, but it may be interesting to the English smokers to know some of the strange ways in which the narcotic weed is employed by other nations. This, then, shall be the writer's apology for the present article.

The Spaniards are probably the most clever smokers on the face of the earth. The Spaniard will take a long pull at his favourite cigarette, inhale the smoke, take up a wine bottle, pour half a pint down his throat, converse in a most easy and natural manner for several minutes, and then exhale the smoke in a steady cloud while a look of complacent delight illumines his dusky face.

In Paraguay the men smoke and the women chew tobacco. When a traveller enters a house there the host greets him first with a pipe of lighted tobacco—Indian fashion—which is smoked in silence. Then the lady of the house emerges from her boudoir, laden in silk and satin of the rainbow persuasion, with a huge plug of tobacco reposing inside her damask cheek. She greets the visitor with an ungainly bob, removes the very palpable plug from her mouth, and presents the latter to the startled visitor for a kiss, this being the cheerful custom of that charming clime. These preliminaries being over, the men resume their huge pipes, the lady her palpable plug, and all these things are lovely.

The mountaineers of the higher Himalayas have a very curious fashion of their own of enjoying the fragrant weed. They bore tiny tunnels in the frozen snow. At one end of the snow tunnel they place a heap of tobacco with a piece of smouldering charcoal, while at the opposite end they lie prone upon the ground with their mouths to the aperture, from which they inhale the smoke of the glowing narcotic until they roll over in a delicious stupor of semi-intoxication.

The Negritos of Tozon are most inveterate smokers. Strange to say, they reverse the usual order of things by placing the lighted end of the cigar in their mouths. They scarcely ever remove the cigar from their lips except to partake of a meal. Their passion for smoking is so strong that they will readily barter their wives for tobacco if the necessity presents itself.

The dusky inhabitants of Deschamps mix their tobacco with zatron, pepper and water, so as to make a kind of pudding. This they call 'buchs.' They take a piece of this incongruous mess and place it in their mouths to chew, and after having thus extracted some of the more potent elements the remainder is dried and smoked through a rude clay pipe.

As practical 'consumers' of the weed, in a literal and absolute sense, there are no people who can excel, or even equal, the hardy Esquimaux. These remarkable folk do not believe in wasting any portion of the weed, so they first smoke the tobacco, next devour the ashes and then actually drink the acrid nicotine deposit from their pipe, and they regard it as a luxury. A recent traveller in their frigid clime vouches for the truth of this statement, and tells how he was besieged by scores of Esquimaux, who begged him to give them his pipes to clean out that they might revel in the luxury of a draught of nicotine oil.

In striking contrast to the foregoing are the smokers of Japan, who are probably the most temperate and cleanly of all smokers. The rudest coolie or the coarsest farm labourer, equally with the lady of rank and the Minister of State, are content with the 'kisara,' a small, neat pipe, the bowl of which is often smaller than a lady's thumb. Into this diminutive receptacle is placed a tiny ball of the finest cut leaf tobacco, which is lighted with a piece of charcoal. From this the smoker will take only one or two long draws, after which the glowing ball is dug out of its bowl and thrown away, a fresh piece being inserted in its place.

The inhabitants of the Cook Peninsula, Australia, are passionate smokers. Their pipes are made of bamboo three feet in length and four inches in diameter. They are fond of forming smoking parties, at which they smoke after the manner of some of the Indian tribes. One huge pipe is used by the whole company, each of which takes a long pull and hands it to his neighbour.

Germany has passed a wise law to guard against poisoning. All drugs intended for internal use must in that country be put up in round bottles, and those which are only used externally must be placed in hexagonal bottles.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

'ENTRE NOUS.'—Will try to find a piece for verses on mine. The amount of a year's subscription to the GRAPHIC, including postage, is £1.

'Modesja.'—The prettiest shades yet devised for the popular candles in silver holders are now found among the beautiful novelties in silverware. The shades are fashioned of silver in dainty and graceful open-work patterns of flowers, fruit, scrolls, or conventional designs, and are made to fit over Empire-shaped shades of soft silk, the lower edge finished with a narrow silk fringe, which forms below the silver work, giving a soft effect to the whole. The shade is fitted over a mica frame, which prevents the silk from being scorched. The silk shades are movable, and can be changed to match whatever flowers are used for decoration.

'Lady Charlotte.'—You should try and devise some sort of a smoking-room if you object so exceedingly to the smell of tobacco. I have heard that if a tin of water is placed at night in a room where there has been smoking, all smell will be gone in the morning, but I have not tried it. Our remedy is to open all the windows the very first thing in the morning. I can tell you of some first-class chairs for the purpose, which I should think will just suit you; that is, they are extremely comfortable, pretty, but will not retain the smell of smoke. The ones I mean are to be found at the Auckland D.S.C., in the furniture department. They are of iron covered with basket work, and exactly fitted to each part of the human body. They therefore do not need cushions. They are the result of some years' study of anatomy, and I sat in one with a delicious feeling of repose. Men will greatly appreciate them, as there is nothing to disarrange nor mess nor get out of order. For your new drawing room carpet, get one of this same firm's new Axminsters with a border. For your sunless room, there is one with a warm terra-cotta and Indian-yellow shade, very much subdued and harmoniously worked into beautiful browns and autumn-tinted leaves and patterns, rich and beautiful; or if you prefer a square, there are some really exquisite designs here. For the kitchen you require a big 'pron' in cream linen, brightened with fancy washing (sайд—blue and white, red and white—rows of which are carried across the bib, round the hems, and pockets. To protect your sleeves, make big linen cuffs up to the elbows of the same, trimmed to match.

'Mr M.S.B.'—You can send in your poem if not too long. But if it is at all like the specimen you enclose, please get some poetic friend to revise it for you. 'Boy' and 'buoy' as rhymes are not suitable. They are too much alike. 'Mere' and 'career' are not correct. 'Robin' and 'grogging' do not rhyme; besides, what is 'grogging'?

'Bee.'—Many thanks; will do admirably.

'Suzette.'—There is not the slightest need to take your maid with you. In fact, you would find her in the way if she is an average servant, for she would not put up with many inconveniences which you will only laugh at.

'An Engaged Man.'—I most strongly advise you to rent ever so small a cottage to live in alone with your wife in preference to taking her to the large house where your mother and sisters are now living. They will be used to ordering all the household arrangements, and will find it extremely difficult to give up to a stranger. And if they do give up the reins of government, they will be more than human if they do not severely criticise the young wife, and compare her new ways of arranging and managing with their old-established ones. Believe me, unless your wife is very indolent and cares nothing for the joys of sweet domestic intercourse, she will not like your plan. She may be very fond of you, and foolish enough to consent to your idea, but if she has any force of character, any individuality, she will feel her anomalous position keenly. She may be too sweet-tempered to complain, but she will suffer all the same, and suffering in silence is harder than complaining. Besides, if you are so extremely happy and comfortable in your mother's home, with her and your clever sisters to wait upon you and minister to your every want, why do you want to marry? I don't think it's fair to the girl if she is anything short of an angel.

'Polly.'—Yes it came safely. Did you not see it in the GRAPHIC last week? All accounts of weddings, parties, etc., must reach the Lady Editor by 10 o'clock on Monday morning. Many thanks for your good description.

'Amateur Gardener.'—This is just the time to sow early peas. Have you not put in your potatoes? You should do so at once for an early crop. Send for Sutton's seeds to H. C. Pilkington and Co., Queen-street.

Auckland. They will also let you have lettuce and radish seed, which put in at once on your soil.

'Inquisitive.'—The following are given as the precious stones appropriate to the different months:—January, hyacinth; February, amethyst; March, jasper; April, sapphire; May, agate; June, emerald; July, onyx; August, carnelian; September, chrysolite; October, beryl; November, topaz; December, ruby. It appears that some wore these as charms, and fancied a connection between them and the planets and seasons.

'The Duchess.'—I am so glad that you are an admirer of new and pretty china, for I have just seen some beautiful specimens of the designer's art which I am sure you will greatly admire. They are to be seen at Mr Wilson's china shop, high up in Queen-street, Auckland. I forget the number, but it is before you come to the market. (The postman knows it if you want to write.) But as you are staying in Auckland, do go and see them yourself. They are called Dellarobbia Pottery, and are deliciously quaint and uncommon, no two pieces being alike in size, shape, colouring or design. One of the taller vases, rather like a big jar with a mouth, or one of the Roman-looking ones, without the lip, would be the very thing for your corner bracket, to stand on the top shelf above the smaller pieces of bric-a-brac. Or if you have a round table, get one of the quaint bowls to fill carelessly with spring blossoms, and stand on it. But most of them are so handsome, they do not need anything in them.

'E.B.C.'—I am amused at your query, and wonder much what use you are going to make of my answer. However, here it is:—It seems that even men are to introduce a lighter and brighter element into their clothing this year. Trousers are more decided in pattern, and gloves and neckties in colour. In waistcoats the choice is so large that everybody ought to be pleased. Trousers are to be cut wider and straighter this year, including the boots without a gap at the heel. Holland waistcoats are likely to be much worn, single and double breasted. Knotted neckties are considered better with a morning coat, and a bow with a frock coat. Flat braiding is proposed to be introduced on frock coats. It remains to be proved whether it will be worn. Plain silk facings are the mode, and grey chevrons, and there is nothing very new in the sporting garments.

'Author.'—The only way is to keep on writing if you really feel that to be your vocation. If you have talent, it is sure, like cream, to come to the top and be recognised eventually, though possibly it may be some time before that happy period arrives.

'Tom Thumb.'—I am really sorry for you! To 'like very much' two charming and pretty sisters, and not to be able to decide which one would suit you best as a wife, is, indeed, an awkward situation. One, you say, you prefer in your lighter moods, the other fits in best in your soberer moments. I should be inclined to propose to the latter, for in this weary world there is much more darkness than light.

'La Bella.'—A long dress cut *à la Princesse* would suit you. Have big box pleats from the shoulders to the feet, or have cascades of lace. The front is generally loose, the back drawn in to the figure. A full blouse and skirt would also suit you. Another idea, and a very fashionable one, is a scarf starting from the back of the waist at the narrowest part, bring it over the shoulders, securing it under the waistband, and allowing the ends to fall at either side of the front breadth. Of course, this wants a little clever arrangement, but nothing is more worn than these stole ends, and it seems to me it would be quite possible to adapt them to such a purpose.

## TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 3d, everywhere.—(Advt)

NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.

## WELLINGTON BRANCH OFFICE

of the

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC.

'AUCKLAND STAR,

NEW ZEALAND FARMER.

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M R J. I L O T T,

Managing Agent for North Island

**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. BRERTRAM HUTTON, Mining and General Agent, Legal Chambers, Auckland.

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## MINING NEWS.

## SHAREMARKET.

**A** MONGST the gold returns this week are two that further illustrate the wonderful richness of the Coromandel district. A little under 26 tons of ore from the Royal Oak mine was treated for the magnificent return of £3,500, and five tons from the Success mine yielded £400. It is the discovery of patches like these in ground that was roughly worked over a quarter of a century ago, that serve to show what may be expected from our goldfields now that English capital is available for systematic development. That there is still a desire to secure options over suitable properties is shown by the fact that during the week two have been taken up. One was the New Golden Point of Tapu, and the other the Egerton at the Great Barrier Island. The latter place seems to be in particular favour with mining experts whose reputations should be a guarantee that they know what they are about. Most of the experts who have visited the Great Barrier speak very hopefully of the future of that section of our goldfields. Options have already been secured over the principal mines there, and a large number of men are now employed on development works at the expense of the option-holders. The real test of the value of the mines there will, however, be when the batteries get to work, but that will, of course, take some time. One very hopeful feature is that all the bulk parcels sent away for treatment have given satisfactory returns. At Kuaotuna matters are quiet, but steady work is being done on a number of mines which should prove remunerative later on. In the Upper Thames the burning question is which way the famous Waipi reef is running, and shares in all the mines in close proximity to the great bullion-producer receive an amount of attention from speculators, because whichever strikes the lode will, of course, rise in value rapidly. At Karangahake the point of most interest is the Talisman mine, the result of the first crushing of 1,000 tons of ore being awaited with something akin to impatience, as it is generally felt that if satisfactory it will lead to renewed activity in adjoining properties. Latest accounts point to the return being a satisfactory one. In the lower Thames an amount of money is being spent by English Companies in development work, but so far these have not reached the stage when remunerative returns may be looked for. A good deal depends upon the completion of the deep shaft at the Thames Hauraki mine. When that is completed the May Queen will be able to open up another level, which, as gold was left in the floor of the upper one, should turn out satisfactorily. The Moanataiari battery is now well on the way to completion, and it is stated there are ample supplies of payable ore to keep it employed. The Alburnia Company is, however, in the fortunate position of having its battery working, and also rich ore to supply it with. Shares in this Company eased off a little during the week, but have since advanced again in price. At Puru the Consolidated Company is arranging to erect a 20-stamper battery, the developments in the mine having proved the reef payable at both levels. Business on the Exchange has, however, been rather quiet during the week, and there have been few alterations in values. The most steady transactions were in Thames stock, and also in Talismans.

## SUCCESS RETURN.

£400 FROM FIVE TONS.

English Companies at Coromandel seem to be on the gold now. The Royal Oak crushing was a splendid one, and following that another parcel of rich stone from the Success mine has just been treated for a highly satisfactory return. The total amount of ore crushed was five tons, which yielded 131oz of retorted gold (which, on smelting, will amount to about 129oz), worth about £400. The previous crushing of seven tons yielded £500.

## EGERTON.

Representatives of English capitalists have secured yet another option over a Great Barrier property. This

week the directors of the Egerton Company granted an option of floatation to the New Zealand Mines Trust, Limited. The mine comprises an area of 62 acres adjoining the Barrier Reefs, Mount Argentum and Kaori Timber Company's properties. Work is at present proceeding under the direction of Mr Baydon, M.I.C.E., the Engineer to the Trust, who is putting in a crosscut to intersect the Great Barrier Reef, and another to cut the main branch of the lons reef. Altogether there are five reefs visible on the property, some of the assays from which have been exceedingly good.

#### WYNWARDTON.

This Coromandel mine, which adjoins the Hauraki North property, appears likely to be developed by English capitalists. A reassuring letter was received by the last mail from Mr Bescott, the gentleman in whose hands the floatation in London was placed. He states: 'I placed the few particulars I had before a house that fancied Coromandel. They offered to find £10,000 working capital and give the vendors 20 per cent. of the shares.'

#### HAURAKI ASSOCIATED.

Great energy is being displayed in completing the erection of the battery under the supervision of Mr H. H. Metcalfe, more men having been put on to push ahead work. In another month everything should be ready to start crushing. A large quantity of ore is already at grass, and the County Council will lend every assistance to the Company in transporting the ore to the battery by forming a good road, which will be finished in about a fortnight.

#### NEW ZEALAND CROWN MINES.

##### SPLENDID CRUSHING RETURN.

##### £4,081 FOR THE MONTH.

Following upon the payment of a dividend of one shilling per share by this Karangahake Company has come a highly satisfactory return for the crushing operations during the past month, the return being the largest obtained from this mine during the year. In all 1,473 tons of ore were treated, which yielded 2,352oz of bullion, estimated to be worth £4,081. The only larger yield than this from the Crown mines was last December, when at the cleaning up for Christmas £4,628 10s was obtained. The following are the returns for the present year from this mine:—

	Tons.	£.	s.	d.
January .. .. .	918	3,071	0	0
February .. .. .	990	3,342	2	11
March .. .. .	1,161	2,972	0	3
April .. .. .	1,181	3,102	17	0
May .. .. .	1,300	3,570	0	0
June .. .. .	1,200	3,300	0	0
July .. .. .	1,473	4,081	0	0
August .. .. .	1,473	4,081	0	0
Total output for seven months		£23,343	0	2

#### THE CAMBRIA MINE.

##### A WONDERFUL GOLD PRODUCER.

During the past week shareholders in the Cambria Company met and passed resolutions winding up one of the most famous dividend-paying companies that has carried on operations at the Thames in comparatively recent years. The reason why the company was wound up was not because the mine is exhausted, but on account of it having been purchased by the Anglo-Continental Syndicate for 7,450 shares in the Moanataiari Company paid up to £1 each. The past history of this mine illustrates what may be expected from the Thames goldfield. The Cambria Company was started in November, 1883, and during the fourteen years since then 57,249oz 15dwt of gold was won from the mine worth £158,962 3s 10d. Of this £80,475 was paid as dividends to shareholders, and £78,487 3s 10d disbursed as wages and other charges. All this was done on a called-up capital of £4,283 15s, or 1s 11d per share. In wages alone £46,223 9d 7d was paid by the Company, so that it must have given a lot of employment. All this gold was got from a comparatively small area in about two years.

##### GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

This property was placed on the London market some time ago, and Mr Von Sturmer more recently left for England with full power to complete the negotiation. This week Mr W. H. Churton received notice that £250 had been received from London, being the stipulated first payment in cash on account of the sale of this Tararu property. The terms upon which the mine was placed on the London market were that vendors should receive £1,500 cash and 30 per cent. of whatever number of shares the Company was formed into. These shares will be fully paid up, and provision is also made for ample working capital.

##### PURU CONSOLIDATED.

Shareholders in this Company met during the week and passed resolutions authorising the voluntary winding up of the present no-liability company. This step was taken in order that the mine might be transferred

to a new company to be formed under the limited liability section of the Act. The reason for this was that the reef has now been fully opened up at two levels, and proves to be so good that the directors feel warranted in borrowing money for the purpose of erecting a 20-stamper battery. As the Banks will not advance money to no-liability companies, it was necessary to make the alteration. The present directors were authorised to transfer the mine to the new Company for 62,000 shares of 7s 6d each, which shall be considered paid up to 2s 5d.

#### KURANUI CALEDONIAN RETURN.

##### £477 FOR THE MONTH.

During the past month 435 tons of ore were treated by this Company for a return of 177oz 17dwt of gold, valued at £477 4s 7d. Next crushing should be more satisfactory, as the battery has commenced running three shifts instead of two as heretofore, so that a larger quantity of ore will be put through.

##### FORTUNA.

The Company formed to work this Thames property has been registered at Home. A staff of men have been engaged recently opening up various lodes, and encouraging results were met with. A lode, 30 feet thick, has been intersected, in which gold is seen. Work is being carried on by Mr H. Rabe, Mr Merricks, of Auckland, being general superintendent. The Fortuna mine is situated on Una Hill at the lower Thames.

##### THE HIHI FIND.

The recent excellent result from a trial parcel of stone taken from the new find at Hihi has resulted in the proprietor resolving to erect a small battery to treat the ore at the mine. It is stated that for hundreds of feet in length good prospects can be obtained from the reef, and there is reason to believe that it is a north continuation of the Broken Hill lodes, only in different form and strata.

#### ROYAL OAK.

##### £3,500 FOR THE MONTH.

The English Company that purchased this Coromandel property are certainly to be congratulated upon the speedy and satisfactory results of the development works undertaken. A crushing was completed this week for what is certainly a magnificent yield even for Coromandel. The amount of ore treated was 25 tons of general ore and 1,633lb of specimen, which yielded 1,431oz 11dwt of melted gold, valued at £3,500. This totally eclipses the two previous returns from this mine, one of which was £486 from 25 tons, and the other £426 from 10 tons. The mine is still reported to be looking splendid, there being a very good show left. News received from London by the mail is to the effect that the amalgamation of the Royal Oak with the Tokatea has been agreed to. This will give the former mine a battery ready for work, so that regular crushings may be expected in the future.

##### VICTORIA RETURN.

During the past month 49 loads of quartz were taken from this Thames mine, which has just been crushed for a return of 105oz of gold, value about £288.

##### ALPHA.

Shareholders in this Waitakauri Company met during the week and passed resolutions increasing the capital in order to carry out an agreement entered into by the directors with Mr Duncan E. Clerk, who, on behalf of a local syndicate, offered to erect a 20-head stamper battery with cyanide plant complete with modern appliances in return for 50,000 shares in the Company, and repayment of £1,000 previously deposited. The resolutions agreed to were: That the capital of the Company be increased by £10,500 by the issue of 70,000 new shares of the nominal value of 3s each in addition to the existing 50,000 shares of 3s each; that 15,000 shares be allotted to the shareholders in the Rainbow G.M. Company on obtaining transfer of its holdings and assets of every nature and description; that the agreement entered into between the Alpha G.M. Company and Duncan Edward Clerk be ratified; and that 50,000 shares be allotted to the said D. E. Clerk in terms of such agreement.'

#### MINING NOTES.

**Campbell's Freehold.**—Mr C. A. Wanchope, who recently returned to the colony from England, when speaking about the successful sale of Campbell's freehold at Teapu, stated he had no difficulty in placing the property in London, but thought it would be some time before permanent operations were commenced.

**Moanataiari North.**—A trial crushing of two loads of quartz from the main reef in the low level yielded 20z 5dwt of gold. The reef is looking well.

**Four-in-Hand.**—The manager secured ten pounds of specimens from the reef in the rise at the low level in this Waikoromiko mine.

**Karaka Queen.**—The annual meeting of shareholders was held at the office of Mr John Churton. The statement of accounts showed receipts £539 14s 10d, expenditure £454 6s 3d, leaving a balance of £85 7s 10d.

**Hauraki North.**—The reef in the western face of No. 2 level still looks well, and the manager expects to get gold here at any breaking down.

**Welcome Find.**—Last week a small breaking down of the lead took place in the winze, when strong dabs of gold were seen in the stone. Since then a promising body of quartz has been cut.

**Waverley.**—A small lode has been cut in this mine, in which colours of gold can be seen.

**Sterling.**—There is a decided improvement in the appearance of the lode, and the stone coming to hand gives fair prospects of gold.

**Hauraki Associated Reefs.**—Dabs of gold were seen when breaking down in Rainbow No. 2 level in this Coromandel mine.

**Aurora.**—The meeting of shareholders in this company lapsed for want of a quorum. The balance-sheet showed total receipts £141 11s 4d, of which £700 was expended in wages. The debit balance was set down at £13 2s 8d.

**Duke of Argyll.**—The half-yearly meeting of the above goldmining company lapsed. The statement of accounts showed receipts £341 7s 10d, the expenditure leaving a credit balance of £25 12s 10d.

**Daphne.**—At a meeting of shareholders in this Company a motion empowering the directors to sell the property was carried.

**Big Reef.**—Ore taken from the eight feet footwall of the big reef in this Paru mine has been assayed at the Bank of New Zealand and yielded at the rate of £5 0s 4d per ton. Another sample from the same reef assayed by Mr C. Ratjen yielded £5 6s 6d per ton.

**Royal Standard.**—The rails for the tramline at this mine, also three rock-drills, air-compressors, etc., have been shipped from London in the s.s. 'Hawke's Bay.'

**Sceptre and Fiery Cross.**—Mr R. Kersey Cooter, who holds an option over these properties at Wharekerapunga, has started for London.

**Bunker's Hill.**—In the western crosscut the drive passed through a series of quartz and flinty veins, some of which look most favourable for gold. A trial parcel of 10 tons of quartz from this mine is being crushed at the Kapanga battery.

**Anglo-Saxon.**—The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The balance-sheet showed a credit of £10 8s 6d.

**Queen Victoria of Hauraki.**—Everything at the mine is going on well, and everything is now ready to start crushing.

**Argosy.**—The reef in the main drive is much disturbed by a belt of hard country but some good colours of coarse gold were seen at last breaking down.

**City of Auckland (Thames).**—The new reef has been cut in this mine whilst extending the Sylvia low level.

**Cuirassier.**—When breaking down the reef in the rise 25lbs of picked stone and specimens were selected, making a total of 50lbs on hand.

**Occidental (Thames).**—The Loyalty reef should be met with in this mine after about 60ft of driving.

**Waikanae.**—At a meeting of shareholders a resolution was passed that this Company be wound up and reconstructed under the no-liability section of the Mining Act. Mr Horne was appointed liquidator at a fee of £5 5s.

**Ake Ake.**—Assays made from stone taken from the reef in the Ake Ake mine at Puru yielded at the rate of £74 15s 6d per ton.

**Phoenix.**—The Muriel reef still gives gold both in the rubble and the solid stone.

**Lons Hand.**—A special meeting of shareholders was held in Mr R. McDonald Scott's office. The directors' report stated that the sale of the property to the Anglo-Continental Syndicate for 3,000 May Queen of Hauraki shares left nothing to be done but wind up the Company. A formal resolution was then passed winding up the Company.

**Talisman.**—The result of the first crushing with the new battery is expected to be announced next week.

**Tenilba.**—This Karangahake property has been acquired by the Deep Lead Company for 30,000 shares. The combined area consists of 200 acres situated near the Crown and Imperial mines at Karangahake.

**Kaiser.**—A special general meeting of shareholders in this Tararu Company was held in Mr Cochrane Macky's office. Mr Malcolm Niccol presided, and explained that negotiations were now proceeding for the sale of the mine. The customary resolutions were passed authorising the sale of the property.

**Adelaide.**—The reef has been again picked up, and is about two feet wide. The quartz coming to hand from the stopes shows colours of gold.

**Dover Castle.**—The prospects met with on No. 2 reef at the higher level have proved that the lode carries payable gold for a total distance of 500 feet, and at the last point of intersection the reef measures 2 feet 6 inches, giving splendid dish prospects, whilst colours of coarse gold were seen in the hard stone.

**Fabulous.**—Opening out is being done on a leader which shows colours of gold.

**Golden Eclipse.**—Information was received by mail this week that a Company had been registered in London to work the Eclipse License Holding (Tararu) under the name of The Golden Eclipse Hauraki.

**Oakley.**—At a special meeting of shareholders in this Company held in Mr R. McDonald Scott's office resolutions were passed confirming those authorising the voluntary winding up of the Company and appointing Mr Scott liquidator.

**Monowai.**—Mr W. H. Williams has arrived from Queenland by the s.s. 'Westralia' this week, and has been appointed to the entire control of the Monowai mine at Waiomo.

**AN AUCKLAND LADY'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT JUBILEE IN LONDON.**

It were impossible to imagine any spectacle more magnificent and impressive than that which it was our good fortune to witness on that now celebrated day, the 22nd of June, when our Gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, drove in state from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's to render thanksgiving for her long and prosperous reign. The burst of enthusiasm which rose from every one of the assembled thousands as our Queen passed by—a magnificent display of love and loyalty—can never be forgotten, and will be recounted by those who heard it to future generations in far off ages. No one who heard the shouts of 'God save our Queen' can doubt the position which Queen Victoria holds in the hearts of all her people.

London was *en fete*. The whole city had given itself over to jubilee and holiday-making. The crowds, however, were not so great as had been anticipated. Thousands of additional spectators would probably have been there had they known there would be standing room, and had they not been alarmed by the exaggerated reports of danger which were spread abroad everywhere. Thanks to the excellence of the police arrangements, no serious accident occurred, and only a very few trifling ones—the result of a little carelessness on the part of the spectators. Indeed, the police force cannot be too highly commended for their part in the day's proceeding, and London had a reward in the perfect order maintained throughout for its enforced submission to police and military authority.

The Queen had her usual good fortune in the way of weather; a better day could not have been chosen. It was rather dull in the morning, which was an advantage

for those obliged to stand, but as the time for the procession drew nigh the clouds departed and the blue skies appeared as if Heaven itself wished to partake in the general thanksgiving.

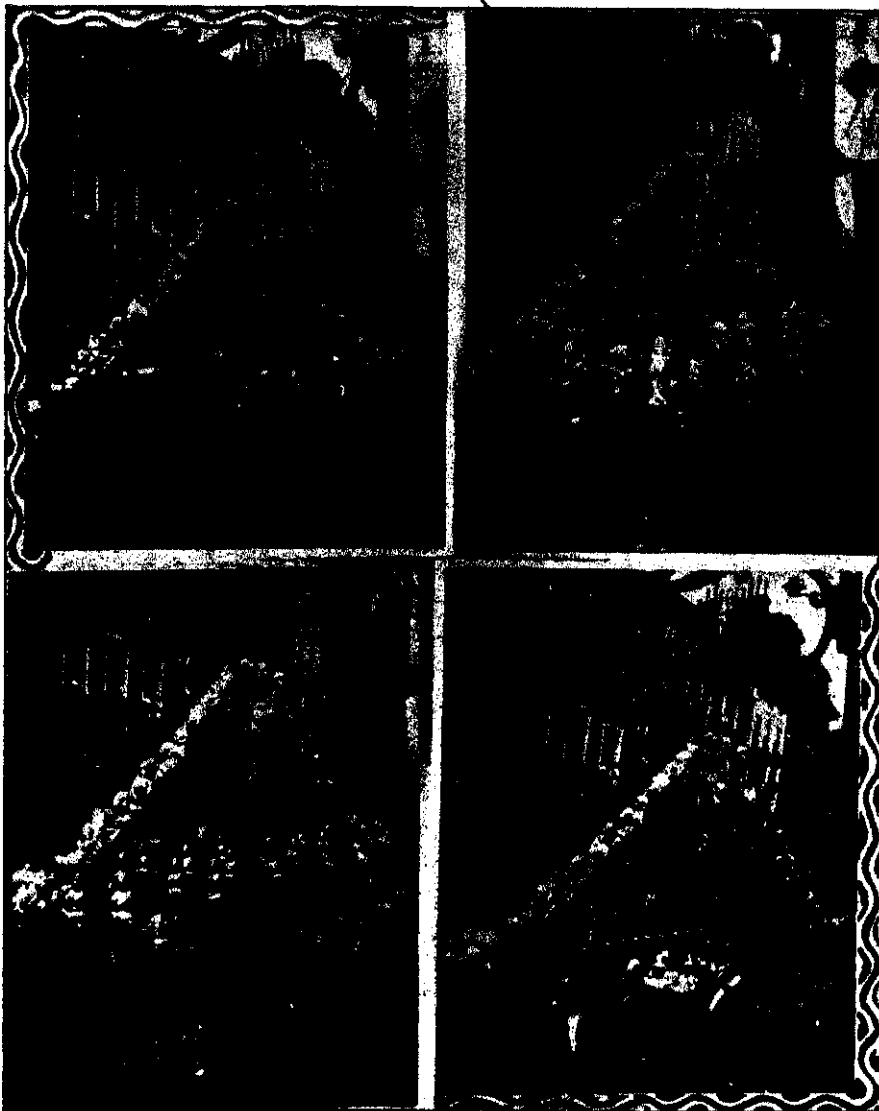
Owing to the rumours about the expected crowds, we left home about 6 a.m. Even at this hour there were from 19 to 25 in each compartment in the train, but with very little discomfort we reached our seats in Fleet-street about 7.45. Already people were beginning to mass together, anxious to secure good places in the streets—every available seat had been secured some time before. Shortly after we arrived a Band of Balasceva Pensioners came to take their seats to view the procession. Their reception from the crowd was very touching. Songs of victory were sung in their honour, and cheer upon cheer arose for these grey-headed old heroes. The more feeble they were, the more hearty the greeting, and it has been said that nowhere on the line of the procession was the cheering louder than when a squadron of the regiment to which they had once belonged passed by the veterans who have made its name immortal.

About 8.30 traffic was entirely stopped and in a marvellously short time the streets were lined with soldiers and police, and all the entrances from side streets blocked by companies of Dragoon guards. As may be imagined, the scene before us was a very pretty one. From Temple Bar on the right to Ludgate Circus on the left, and thence up Ludgate Hill, above which we could just catch a glimpse of the great Dome, every building was gaily festooned with flowers, with red, white, and blue bunting; every window was filled with gay spectators, and the streets were brilliant with beautiful floral decorations, and with the red coats of the Grenadiers. Here and there a small contingent of some regiment or a naval detachment was stationed, adding yet another dash of colour to it all. We believe nearly 50,000 troops were present, guarding the route. We were interested in watching some troops of the Ambulance Corps pass, and there was a ring of sympathy in the salute they received from those comfortably seated in the well-lined stands and windows.

It was not till after 10 that a gay little procession came into sight. At the head was the Lord Mayor astride a small black charger—a very handsome one, which he

rode bravely. With his flowing robes of purple velvet, which completely covered the horse behind, a cloak of rich ermine across his shoulders, and an odd three-cornered hat, he made quite a picture, though a rather amusing one. It was difficult to imagine how he could possibly have mounted in such garments. The popularity of His Lordship was evident as he rode past looking thoroughly pleased with everything. He was on his way to Temple Bar, there to await the Queen, and to present her with the pearl sword of the City of London. Immediately behind rode the Sheriffs, in red gowns and sables, and then the Aldermen and Councillors in blue, seated in the gorgeous State carriages. We returned to our occupation of watching a London crowd, whose good nature and wit is proverbial, when very soon the increasing excitement told us of the arrival of the first part of the procession at Temple Bar. This was formed by the Colonial troops and Premiers. They were preceded by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts on a snow-white horse, looking every inch of him the true soldier of whom England is so proud. Excepting Her Majesty, there was no one who got a heartier welcome than he. Along the whole route there arose ringing cheers and shouts of 'Bravo, Bobs!' the nickname by which he was known to his soldiers in the famous Afghan campaign. We felt very proud as all the Colonials passed, but naturally we looked forward especially to seeing our gallant band of stalwart Maoris, and many were the shouts of 'Tena koe!' as they rode on, looking ready for any service, and holding their own bravely with any corps that preceded or followed. No less proud did we feel as our equally gallant Premier and his wife, the Right Hon. Mr and Mrs R. J. Seddon, followed closely behind, and shared in the reception. The Premiers drove in twos in State carriages, each following or followed by a detachment from their particular colony. The various troops succeeded each other in quick succession. First came the Canadians, followed by riflemen from New South Wales, whose picturesque costumes were much admired by the spectators. Their feathers distinguished them from the Victorians, whose maroon facings contrasted prettily with the buff-coloured tunics Queensland Mounted Infantry. The New Zealanders, South Australian, and Cape Mounted Rifles, all with spiked helmets, were followed by the Mounted Infantry from Natal and the Trinidad Yeomanry. The Ceylon Mounted Rifles were brilliant in scarlet tunics with white helmets, and the Cypriot Zaptiehs, on their fine little Arab chargers, in dark blue uniforms with red fez and sashes, created quite a sensation. But the greatest ovation was kept for a small band of Rhodesian Horse, headed by Captain Maurice Gifford, whose empty sleeve caught the sight of the ever sympathetic onlookers, as in the East End procession a day or two before it was this officer who was the object of enthusiastic cheering, showing the appreciation of his service in the recent war in Matabeleland. Then came the Colonial Artillery and the Garrison Artillery from Malta, Sierra Leone, and then we saw perhaps the gayest and part of the Colonial troops—the Infantry. Following the band of the Victoria and St. George Rifles marched some troops from Hong Kong—Native police in loose blue snits, quaint mushroom hats, all with the inevitable pigtail; the Sikhs, resplendent in blue and gold turbans; sturdy little Dyaks from Borneo; the Native police from British Guiana, all came in for their share of admiration. The gay uniforms of the Ceylon Light Infantry and detachments from the Straits Settlements delighted the people, as did also the admirable precision of all their movements. The pipers of the London Irish Volunteers and some Canadian Highlanders called forth great applause, and then the procession ended in a splendid troop of Canadian Dragoons, who formed a brilliant background to the Infantry. Never before has the Metropolis witnessed a display so representative of all our Queen's domains. This long line of troops from every distant possession was something quite unique, and there could have been no greater evidence of Britain's all-reaching power and influence.

Having been charmed beyond all anticipation with the splendour of the Colonial troops, we scarcely knew what to expect in the procession to follow, and the dazzling brilliancy of the royal pageant surpassed even our wildest dreams. The tallest officer in the English Army, Captain Ames, of the 2nd Life Guards, reported to be 6ft. 8in., rode at its head, but he was so closely followed by four tall troopers of the same regiment that we scarcely noticed his gigantic proportions. A naval detachment followed up quickly with six guns; the bronzed sailors in their plain blue coats met with as hearty a reception as any of the more brilliant squadrons to follow. Time will not allow us to enter too closely into detail of all the troops. We can only try feebly to convey a small idea of the general effect. Till the carriages arrived the order of the troops was the same throughout—a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery with six guns; three mounted bands belonging to three different regiments, followed by three squadrons of the same regiments with their colours; another band of Royal Horse Artillery, and so on. Lovers of music would have been charmed with the martial strains from the cavalry banda. The horses themselves seemed to feel the spirit of it, and marched in perfect time. The brilliancy of the bands was something marvellous, their uniforms literally dazzling with gold and silver. They and all the squadrons were superbly mounted. To lovers of horses there must have been a continuous breaking of the tenth commandment till the last charger disappeared. It is impossible to compare, all were so splendid, but I think the Scots Greys must be mentioned as the favourite squadron. The Life Guards on their coal-black war horses, the King's Dragoon Guards and the Queen's Bays were the first three regiments, a line of brilliant colour, flashing and sparkling with gold and burnished steel. More artillery preceded the 3rd and 7th Dragoon Guards and the Buffs. The representatives of the 'Union Brigade at Waterloo,' our much-loved Scots Greys and the Inskilling, got a tremendous reception, and their tattered standards called forth another outburst. The light cavalry, the 3rd, 8th, 10th, and 15th Hussars, the 12th Lancers, all were cheered in their turn, followed by the representatives of the 'Death or Glory Boys' of Crimean fame, referred to above. When all the troops had passed and a number of



SNAPSHOTS ON DIAMOND JUBILEE DAY IN LONDON.

- 1. The Colonial Body Guard. The N.Z. Forces in the second row.
- 2. Foreign Princes.
- 3. Life Guards.
- 4. Carriage of Royalty.

military officers and *attachés* had been greeted as the people recognized their favourite, among whom were the Duke of Westminster, Lord Suffield, Lord Charles Bessford, the Earl of Derby, and others, a long array of carriages began. The first ones were filled with representatives of the European and American states, and Lords and Ladies-in-waiting, all in their brilliant uniforms and *isignia*. Among the first we noticed the Papal Emissary, and the Chinese Ambassador, who was simply magnificent in the grandeur of his Eastern garb. Then came the Royal children, who made a pretty break in the long line of troops. In the first of these the Princess Eua of Battenberg fairly captivated the hearts of the multitude, and in response to their cheers kept up a continual bowing in a pretty, gracious, though half-shy manner, which added to her charm. With her drove Princess Alice of Battenberg, Princess Alice of Albany, and the Duchess of Buccleugh. In the following were the Princess Fædore of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess Victoria of Schleswig with Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. The two little princes, and also the young Duke of Albany in the next carriage, were all in Highland costume, and were most prompt in returning the cheering with military salutes. With the Duke of Albany were the Princess Aribert of Anhalt, Princess Louise of Battenberg, Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, all dressed most daintily in light dresses.

It was about this time that the Lord Mayor again trotted rapidly past, having delivered the Sword at Temple Bar, to precede the Queen to St. Paul's. With his robes and his locks flying—for he was now hatless—he looked a veritable John Gilpin, and the comical figure caused much amusement. We heard the remark 'he's lost 'is 'at,' uttered with great scorn as he flew past.

The cheering broke out again as the ever popular Duchess of Teck, in a rich plum-coloured dress, and Princess Charles of Denmark, in a lovely costume of rose pink silk and lace, were recognised driving with the Princess of Bulgaria and Princess Frederica of Hanover. Immediately behind came the Duchess of York and Princess Victoria of Wales, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who wore a dark blue uniform and helmet. The Duchess wore a very pretty toque of blue and gold lace, at the side of which was fastened a large bunch of

blue ostrich feathers; her dress, I think, was white and gold. Princess Victoria was in pink. In the next carriage came the Princess Beatrice, who had discarded her mourning and appeared in a white dress, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duchess of Connaught, who most graciously responded to the applause. Among others we noticed the youthful Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the beautiful Princess of Naples. A loud cheer and waving of handkerchiefs proclaimed the coming of the Empress Frederick, the most popular, perhaps, of the Queen's daughters, and certainly the most like to her mother. She was dressed in black trimmed with white lace, and drove in a carriage drawn by four black horses. One of the most striking features of the procession now came under our notice—a body of 50 or more Princes, English and Foreign, riding in threes. The various orders and decorations, the infinite variety of headgear, the brilliant trappings, all contrived to make up a picture unrivalled in its colouring. Among them we recognised the Duke of York, the Duke of Teck, and the Marquis of Lorne, and one or two others, but unfortunately they passed so quickly, almost at a trot, that we had scarcely time to make them out.

But all this was soon to be forgotten for the meantime by the arrival of the Queen's carriage. Just at the time when Her Majesty's message was being cabled all over the world, thousands of spectators, many of whom came from her most distant possessions, were witnessing the triumphal march of thanksgiving of the greatest of the crowned heads of Europe. She was seated in a magnificent carriage, drawn by eight beautiful cream coloured horses, whose gorgeous trappings were of gold. The outriders and groomers were resplendent in crimson and gold, and behind sat two Highland attendants. Before the carriage rode Lord Wolseley and an escort of Indian cavalry, who seems to grow more beautiful daily. Her dress appeared to be of the palest lilac. Princess Christian sat with the Princess of Wales, and both helped most graciously to acknowledge the enthusiastic shouting of the loyal subjects. But the central figure on whom all eyes were riveted, the object for which we had all waited so long, was the Queen herself. It was not without feelings of the greatest reverence and solemnity that we gazed upon her who has done so much to make England what it is. It was certainly a gratifying sight, the display of deep feelings of loyalty towards

the Throne, and of sincere attachment to our Sovereign Lady, who will never forget the fervent, heart-thrilling cheers, renewed and repeated again and again. That the Queen was deeply touched was only too evident. It must have been a tremendous ordeal to drive through six miles of continuous cheering, and who can wonder that her mingled feelings of gratitude and pride could not be overcome? We were not able to witness the ceremony at St. Paul's, but I can venture to say there was not many a dry eye among those present. It is rather a negative description to say that not one of the numerous pictures does Queen Victoria justice, but it is very true. Perhaps it is because no picture could have portrayed the look of love and gratitude she cast upon all. But the glimpse was a momentary one, and we suddenly realised that we had not even looked at the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Connaught. We had to content ourselves with a back view, and to look at the Equerries who followed. But the interest was gone. In our hearts we were following the Gracious Sovereign whom we had seen a moment before, smiling bravely through her tears. In our hearts we were echoing the refrain of our National Hymn, which was scarcely allowed to die away for an instant. In a few minutes the brilliant assemblage had vanished for ever, the hoofs of the horses had died away in the distance, and though we strained our ears for a far-off sound of the Thanksgiving hymn, it was in vain. It was all over, but the glory, the majesty, and the beauty of this wondrous scene will remain in the heart of the writer—a vision which time will never efface, nor other scenes eclipse.

A.W.

One of the most progressive and enthusiastic glass-makers in France is building himself a house of glass, which he believes will be brighter and more beautiful than any other dwelling in the country. His provisions against stone throwers are not known, except that the outer walls will be thick, and where exposed to the gaze of outsiders are to be of deep-coloured glass. Floors, walls, roof, drapings, and much of the furniture will be of the same material, while the pipes will also be of glass.



H. Lang Sims, photo, 47, Brixton Road, London.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION.

THE NEW ZEALAND TROOPS WITH THE MAORIALS AT REAR. TAKEN FROM OUR LONDON OFFICE, LUDGATE CIRCUS.



**T**HE concert given by the Napier Banjo Club in the Princess Theatre, Hastings, on Wednesday was greatly enjoyed by those present, and almost every item was encored. The programme included an excellent performance of 'Il Tremolo' (Gottschalk) and 'Nocturne in F sharp' (Chopin), both pianoforte solos by Mr Ashcroft Noall. Several solos were played by Mr Charles Macfarlane, among which 'The Courier' (Armstrong) was the favourite. A duet, 'Roseleaves Waltz,' was contributed by Messrs Macfarlane and Scott, and a trio, 'Merry Travellers' (Bain), by Messrs Macfarlane, O'Meara and Scott. Miss Jago sang 'Flight of Ages' (Revan) and 'Whisper and I Shall Hear,' both of which were greatly enjoyed. Mr G. E. Mannering sang 'Our Hands Have Met, but Not Our Hearts,' 'Gipsy's Laughing Song,' and 'Come into the Garden, Maud.' The accompaniments were all played by Mr Ashcroft Noall.

On Wednesday the Christchurch Ladies' Musical Club met at Mrs Boyle's residence, Hereford-street, and spent a very pleasant time.

The best of things must come to an end some time or another, and Mr Parker's sixth chamber concert in Wellington had to prove no exception to the rule. Chopin and Brahms were bracketed together for this final musical treat, and the result was one of the most charming evenings yet spent. On this occasion Dr. Kingston Fyffe acted as lecturer. His remarks on Brahms were particularly interesting inasmuch as a personal acquaintance with this great composer enabled him to give us a vivid idea of his personality. The programme consisted of songs and pianoforte pieces by both

composers, the former being given by Dr. Fyffe and Mr Prouse, the latter by Misses Williams, Stuart, and Parker. One item new to the audience was the setting of Brahms' Liebeslieder for pianoforte duet and vocal quartet, Mrs Quick and Miss Hamerton presiding at the piano, whilst the voice parts were entrusted to Misses Campbell and Upham, and Dr. Fyffe and Mr H. B. Coney. Miss Williams' solos, 'Rhapsody' (Brahms) and 'Polonaise in A' (Chopin), were brilliantly given. Mr J. Parker played two Intermezzi (Brahms) in a very correct fashion for so young a performer, but it requires a maturer mind to penetrate Johann Brahms, and to reveal his many weird beauties. We understand that it is the intention of Mr Parker, in conjunction with Dr. Fyffe, to give another concert later on, when the time will be devoted to the English musicians of the Queen's reign.

On Wednesday evening a concert was given at the Opera House by the Wellington branch of the New Zealand Natives Association. A visitor from Dunedin, Miss Kitty Blaney, made her first appearance before a Wellington audience, and delighted everyone by the sweetness of her voice. Miss P. Parsons was encored for her rendering of Ardit's 'Beauty Sleep.' One of the most successful of the items was a song by Mr T. M. Wilford, which received a double encore. Some charming tableaux, arranged by Miss Youmans, were interspersed through the programme. To Mrs A. Levi must be given high praise for the manner in which she worked up the concert.

The oldest drinking song in existence in the English language is in Gammes Gurton's Needle, says the *Philadelphia Record*, and is called 'The Jolly Bishop.'

An overwhelming audience, many of whom 'stood out' the performance in the porch, assembled at St. John's Church to hear Mr Maughan Barnett's tenth organ recital on Friday last. The programme included Wely's celebrated 'Fantaisie Pastorale,' Dudley Buck's 'At Evening,' J. Barnett's 'Ave Maria,' a melody in E. minor, by Silas, and the chant 'Séraphique,' portion of

Guilmant's 'Marche Funebre,' all admirably rendered by the talented organist. In addition to these items Mr Barnett also contributed a 'Bach Fugue,' a Mendelssohn March, and the first movement of a flute concerto by Rinck, and during the recital he used the vox humana stop with great discretion and effect, the use of the stop having emphasised the beauty of many of the selections. Mr Barnett's abilities as an organist are thoroughly appreciated by the public, and his next organ recital is being eagerly anticipated.

There are several stories abroad anent the organ blower, that useful class of men, and it may be that the story I am going to repeat here, and which I do not remember to have heard before, is known to some of my readers. My friend is an amateur organist, and he naturally told it to me with a good deal of relish. At a certain church a new organist had been appointed, and on the first Sunday of duty he played the 'Hallelujah' (Messiah) as the congregation was leaving. The blower was a man of long experience, and, like another member of the fraternity the subject of a very familiar story, he was surprisingly self-complacent. The organist had reached that part of the 'Hallelujah' where the air gradually works up to 'G,' and all at once there was silence. The blower had ceased to blow, and the organist was therefore unable to go on. What was the matter? That was what the latter desired to know; and the blower gave his explanation, 'Do you think, asked he, 'that I have been blowing the organ all these years and don't know how many strokes there are for the Hallelujah?' The blower had, in fact, 'struck.' He had reduced the art of playing to mere mechanical effort, and he put it to himself—'If so many strokes were enough in the time of his predecessors, why should the new organist make a demand for a large number more?' It cannot be doubted that there was a good deal of originality in the blower, or it would never have occurred to him to do his work on such a principle.

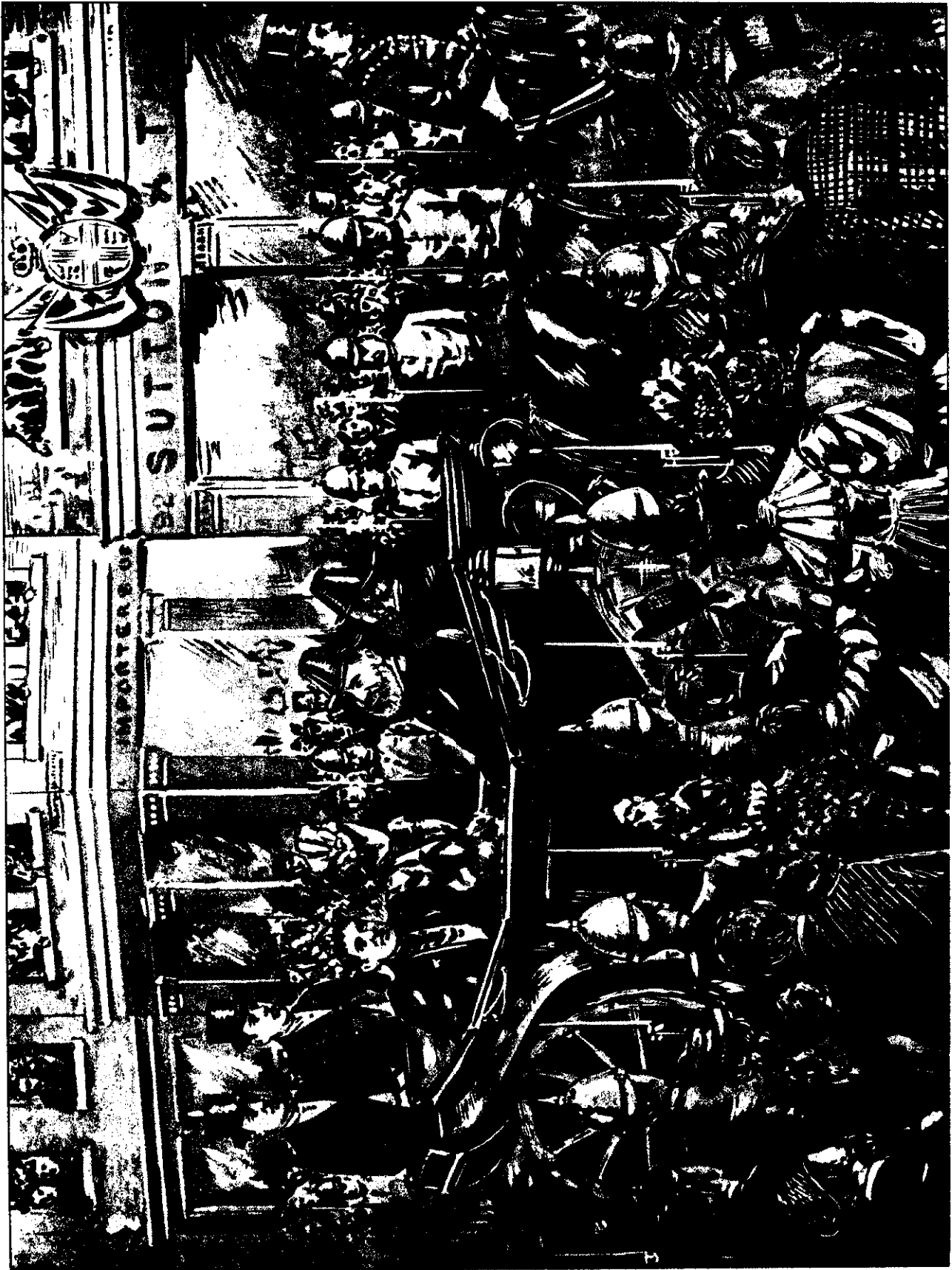
The Festival Choral Concert took place on Thursday night, in Wellington.



R. Lang Sims, photo, 47, Brixton Road, London.

#### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION

CARRIAGE WITH COLONIAL PREMIERS. TAKEN FROM OUR LONDON OFFICE, LUDGATE CIRCUS.



From a Sketch by our Special Artist

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE IN LONDON.

CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, MRS SEDDON, AND SIR GORDON AND LADY SPRIGG.

## Plays and Players.

THE Brough season opened at the Theatre Royal on Saturday week to a packed house, when 'A Woman of No Importance' was staged. On the appearance of Mrs Brough several minutes elapsed in applause before she was allowed to go on with her part.

In Wellington the Broughs are playing to full houses, and their performances are much enjoyed.

The play 'Caste,' which has been in rehearsal for some time in Hamilton by amateurs, came off on Tuesday evening in the Volunteer Hall, and was a decided success. Not a hitch occurred, all playing their parts well to a crowded house. The manager, performers, orchestra, and scenic artist have all to be complimented on combining to make the entertainment so very successful. Mr Swarbrick as Eccles, and Mr Manning as Sam Gerridge, were quite above the ordinary run of amateurs. Of the ladies, Mrs Swarbrick, as the Marquise, and Miss Ida Cussen, Polly Eccles, acted their parts in a manner which left little to be desired, the latter young lady especially frequently carried the house with her, and gives great promise of being a valuable acquisition to the Dramatic Club.

Mr Sydney Grandy, who was going to write no more until he had come to a definite understanding with the public as to what they wanted, seems to have settled his doubts (says a contemporary). His new adaptation, 'A Marriage of Convenience,' is drawing splendidly at the Haymarket, and Mr Beerbohm Tree is about to produce at his new theatre, Her Majesty's, an adaptation by the same author of Dumas' 'Mlle. de Belle-Isle.' So Mr Grandy appears to have decided that 'Back to the French' is the mandate of English playgoers.

Bland Holt finished a thirty-five weeks' season in Melbourne on July 23rd, and is now in Brisbane drawing large audiences, as usual.

Howard Vernon has gone in for drama on his own account, his operatic venture, it is understood, not proving all that could be desired, from the financial standpoint at least.

Miss May Hill, daughter of that well-known actress, Mrs Walter Hill, is well spoken of in Christchurch for her acting in 'A Woman of No Importance.'

The report goes that the reason why Mr Pete Hughes' upper lip is now destitute of its well-cared-for appendage was not a desire on his part to conform to a prevailing fashion in and outside of the profession. His moustache, like the hair of the Prisoner of Chillon, is said to have grown white, or some colour akin to white, in a single night. The change was not, however, the result of 'sudden fright,' but, we are given to understand, was merely due to the result of experimenting with somebody's 'wash.'

The Paulton-Stanley Company will tour New Zealand some time in December. Messrs Williamson and Musgrove, who are running the show, have decided that only the principal towns will be visited and the season short.

Arthur W. Pinero to pay a compliment—an unusual compliment for an Englishman—to the abilities of American actresses. He said: 'It is impossible for me to express sufficiently my admiration for American actresses. They are so bright and so receptive of your wishes. I think they have a great future on the London stage. The American stage has the advantage of ours in one respect, namely, in the clear and distinct pronunciation of their artists.'

The first and the only woman's theatre of which the world has ever known is being constructed in Paris. The place of site is adjoining the ladies' club known as the Cercle Pigalle, near Montmartre. In France it will be the 'Theatre Feministe,' which means a theatre for women, by women and in the interests of women only. There is only one weak spot in this armour of femininity, and that is the fact that the manager is to be a man, but the ladies who are the soul of the enterprise say he will not count, as, like the rest of his sex, he will merely be their slave.

As a serious, though, it is to be a genuine place for women. The White Theatre, where only plays of absolute purity were to be tolerated, was the first entrance of woman into the managerial capacity. This victory gave such confidence to the women that they were determined to star their own ideas exclusively, and the result is the Theatre Feministe. The establishment is not to be limited. No pest up France will confine its powers, and the ladies of every country will be at liberty to air their grievances, assert their privileges and defend their interests through the medium of the drama or the opera.

For a long time the question of management was discussed pro and con by the members of the club which had the project in hand. Opinion was divided, not as to the ability of woman to take entire charge of every

detail, but as to whether it would not be wise to have some man to do the drudgery and let honour and glory be the lot of the women. Finally, it was decided that if a man could be found who would face the prospect he should be engaged on the spot. As the Frenchman is fond of excitement and loves to brave adventure, the necessary man was easily discovered and has already become the Adam in this otherwise Adamless Eden.

It is provided in the agreement that he shall receive instructions from the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors, which is composed of five women. Thus far he has accomplished the unparalleled feat of pleasing all five, and is very popular. The circulars or advance announcements of the theatre and its purposes do not bear the name of the manager, but state that the theatre is under the sole control of the Board of Directors, composed entirely of women. They further state that only plays treating of woman's rights will be presented, unless some specially good play by a woman receives the endorsement of the committee.

Another committee of the directors bears the title of Committee on Plays. Its duty is to pass on all plays which are presented to it, sift the wheat from the chaff, and then submit its selection to the full Board of Directors for approval. Each play is to be read through to the board, and then, to insure acceptance, the authoress, or possibly the author, must incorporate all suggestions of the board. The unkind men who have heard of this project say that he who runs and readymay attend one performance, but that he who reads will run after seeing a second announcement thereof.

Aside from the manager, the only condition under which men can hope to obtain a little scrap of the success which this theatre, according to its projectors, is sure to attain is to write plays or musical compositions which will bear on the subject of woman's rights. The authors of these efforts may come from any part of the world they wish to, and their nationality will be considered no bar. The ladies say that the men will be criticised in that same spirit of fairness in which a woman always considers her own sex, and therefore they may be sure of absolute justice.

Mme. Loevy, who will direct the foreign department of the new theatre, is very decided in her statements as to the purpose and probable result of the enterprise. Heretofore, she says, the fact that a play was written by a woman has been sufficient in most instances to insure its failure. The only instances where this has not been the case have occurred in the United States. Now this sort of thing is to end. Women are to have the precedence in at least one theatre, and the men will have to take second place, if they are sufficiently fortunate to secure any place at all.

## 'GRAPHIC' STORY COMPETITION.

THE manuscripts which were unsuccessful in the Story Competition have been returned to the writers in all cases where a desire to have them again was expressed and the necessary stamps enclosed. The manuscripts for which stamps were not sent will be forwarded to the writers on receipt of a written request and stamps for postage.

Emperor William recently gave a Bible to each of two new churches in Berlin. On the fly-leaf of one of the books he wrote with his own hand this quotation from St. John: 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' In the other he wrote, 'Obey My voice and I will be your God, and ye shall be My people,' which is found in Jeremiah.

## CYCLING.

FROM Germany comes the news that cycle-stands, like cab-stands, are to be started in Berlin. It is proposed to put two hundred and fifty on hire in various parts of the city. The fee for hiring will be the modest sum of one penny for twenty minutes during the day and double at night.

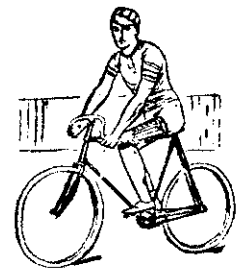
Cycling is said to be effecting attendance at the theatres. We read that in New York the theatrical season is almost over already. This early-closing movement (says an American journal) is undoubtedly brought about by the bicycle, for the usual plea of hot weather cannot be urged this season.

'I don't like to ride my bicycle now,' said the fair young girl, 'because of the wind.' The young man blushed slightly. 'Co-couldn't you use strips of lead or something?' he stammered. 'Strips of lead for what?' The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot. 'Why, in the hem of your sk-kirts!' he stammered. 'My skirts!' echoed the tall beauty. 'I'm not talking of my skirts. It's my curls that the wind blows out!'

What is probably the oddest clock ever manufactured has been made by a Frenchman. It should interest every cyclist, for it is constructed solely of bicycles and parts thereof. It stands eleven and a-half feet high, and is the queerest combination in appearance at which any cyclist ever gazed. Withal, it keeps correct time, and the man whose duty it is to keep it in order has a very easy time of it, for so delicately is it constructed that the gain or loss is almost infinitesimal. It bears the appearance at first glance of a circlet of bicycle wheels intertwined, in the centre being an immense rim, while within this rim are the figures that denote time and the hands that point the hour and the minute.

### A LEGLESS CYCLIST.

Mr G. B. Iliff, whose portrait we give, is the legless champion cyclist of the world. He was born in Chicago in 1872, lost his feet in 1893, and is now employed by Morgan and Wright, tyre manufacturers, as a member of their 1897 racing team. The following championship events were won by Mr Iliff:—Fifty-yard dash, Lincoln, Nebraska, September 12th, 1894, 8secs.; standing broad jump without weights, Chicago, May 3rd, 1895, 6ft 4in; one mile bicycle (paced), 2min 28sec; half mile bicycle (paced), 1min 10sec, October 10th, 1896. Mr Iliff also holds the silver cup championship of the United States for men wearing one artificial leg. He won it, although



wearing two artificial legs; no time given. He also won the gold medal championship of the United States, 100-yard dash open to men wearing two artificial legs. Cup and medal were offered by the National Association of Railway Cripples at their annual athletic meet at Calhoun Park, Pittsburg, June 27th, 1896. Mr Iliff is also the legless champion in the manly art of self-defence. 'He is ready,' says a friend, 'at any time to meet any legless individual who wishes to try for championship honours in any of the following events:—One mile walk (heel and toe), fifty yards dash, 100 yards dash, 220 yards dash, standing broad jump, mile and a-half bicycle (paced or unpaced), trick and fancy riding for points, or a limited number of rounds with the gloves for points.' Mr Iliff couldn't do much more if he possessed the legs he was born with.

A lady friend of the writer relates the following amusing incidents:—In the vicinity of Budleigh Salterton, during the past summer, the poachers pursued their vocation with great earnestness, and, in order to secure their capture, the gamekeepers adopted the use of the bicycle, of which the poachers were not unaware. Very early one morning the poachers were out in full force, and had prepared their gins and slips for a good bag of game, when, suddenly, through the morning mist, and about fifty yards up the road, their watcher observed what he believed to be a man on a bicycle rapidly approaching. He at once gave the alarm, and the poaching crew descended in haste, leaving everything behind them. It subsequently transpired that the supposed man was a lady cyclist out for her morning spin, and arrayed in rational costume.

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## SPORTS &amp; PASTIMES.

## GOLF.

Some good scores were made on the links of the Napier Golf Club last Saturday, when some of the members played the third round for the President's medal. W. Wood, jun., made the record of 18 holes in 88. The following are the scores:—

	Green.	Hop.	Net.
W. Wood, jun.	88	—	88
Morris	95	—	95
Fanning	116	—	116
Burke	121	25	96
Bullock	136	40	96
Matthias	97	—	97
A. Kennedy	102	5	97
C. D. Kennedy	103	5	98

Messrs Antill, Goudy, Jardine, P. S. McLean, and Tabuteau also played.

In spite of the heavy rain, which fell during the early part of the day, a great many golfers mustered at the Miramar Links (Wellington) on Saturday to witness the final round of the Ladies' Championship, the Boyle medal competition taking place at the same time, the scores counting for both competitions. As the weather cleared up during the afternoon the attendance increased, among those who rode out being Mrs Beddard, Miss Buller, Colonel Pole-Penton, and Mr Coates. The scores handed in were:—

## BOYLE MEDAL.

Miss Cooper, 112; Mrs Lees, 108; Miss Dransfield, 134; Miss U. Williams, 139; Miss Rose, 110; Miss Morrish, 131.

## FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mrs Lees, 108; Miss Rose, 110; Miss Cooper, 112. Miss G. Rose thus wins the championship, with the aggregate score of 325 points, Mrs Lees being second with 331 points, and Miss Cooper third with 351 points.

At the Hutt Golf Links, Miss L. Wilford won the Fitzherbert Shield, which carries with it the Ladies' Championship, and as she has now won it for two years in succession, it becomes her property, her score of 94 far eclipsing that of any of the other competitors, who were hopelessly out of it. The Riddiford Medal (12 holes) was also very easily won by Miss Wilford with the good score of 72.

Mrs Todd presented the runner-up of the Wellington Championship with a charming silver-topped scent bottle, Mrs Lees, of course, being the lucky recipient. The Boyle medal has to be played for three more times, the Misses Rose, Kebbell, Morrish, Cooper and U. Williams having been the winners so far.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Another unfortunate bicycle accident happened last week in Christchurch, Mrs George Bennett being the victim. She was cycling in one of the quietest streets, and in some unexplained way collided with a cart, the wheel of which passed right over her, bruising her shoulders very much, but no bones were broken. She is suffering a good deal from the shock and bruises, but progressing favourably.

Reynolds, the well-known Irish cyclist, has arrived in Adelaide. He competes in forthcoming events.

In a bicycle race between Palmerston North and Ashurst, Walter Freeman, junior, son of the caterer on the Wellington-Manawata Railway Company's line, received serious injuries owing to the collapse of the fork of his machine. He is in a precarious condition, and one side of his face is shockingly disfigured.

Mr and Mrs Ernest Preece left Christchurch on Sunday for Dunedin on their tandem, and by easy stages finished the journey on Wednesday, having had a delightful trip, covering 240 miles.

## CONCERNING LADY CYCLISTS.

The following interesting incidents concerning lady patrons of the popular wheel are founded on facts. As many folk are aware, the Duchess of Connaught is an ardent cyclist, and may frequently be seen wheeling through the Western suburbs of the metropolis. One day, accosting a lady of title at one of the Drawing Rooms, she said, with affected seriousness, 'Now, Lady D—, will you tell me why you cut me so severely the other day?' In great amazement, Lady D— said, 'Indeed, madam, I did not cut you. You are mistaken; I should not dream of such a thing.' 'Well, you actually did cut me,' said the persistent Duchess with a pleasant smile. 'You were driving down the Brompton Road, going to Hurlingham, I presume, while I was riding a bicycle, and following an omnibus rather closely in order to avoid accidents.'

A novel wedding was recently celebrated at a fashionable seaside resort. The whole of the bridal party wheeled to the church on cycles. They were led by the bride and bridegroom who preceded them on a tandem safety, while next in the unique procession rode three bridesmaids and four gentlemen friends on safety cycles. In the rear rode the bride's parents on a tandem tricycle. After the marriage the blissful brace wheeled away on a cycling tour for their honeymoon.



A SHOCKING fatality occurred about 5 o'clock on Monday morning when the Moturoa Hotel, at the breakwater in New Plymouth, was burned to the ground. The loss of the property is nothing compared to the fact that two lives were lost in the conflagration. Captain Turner, master of the New Plymouth Harbour Dredge, and Mr William Drader, an expert at the Petroleum Company's Works, both being boarders in the hotel, were burned to death. They were both evidently suffocated in their sleep, and thus suffered a painless death. On the following afternoon the remains of the poor victims were buried in the Te Henui cemetery. The cortege was long and representative, showing the esteem in which the deceased were held in the district. Mr Drader, being a member of the Egmont Lodge of Masons, was accorded a Masonic burial. Preceding the hearse marched the members of the craft, and next to the hearse came a carriage containing Mr Samuel (Chairman of Directors), Major Parris (director), Mr H. Shepherd (secretary of the Petroleum Company), and Mr O. Carrington. Next came a carriage containing Messrs H. McLister, C. Menzies, C. Webberley, and J. Gibbanks, the deceased's fellow employees in the Petroleum Works. The pall-bearers were Bros. T. Blanckett, S. W. G. Blanckett, J. W. Wainwright, B. Weale, W. Jury, J. W. and E. Sole, S.D. The hearse containing Captain Turner's remains came in order after a few other carriages. The pall-bearers were Messrs J. Fraser, T. Inch, G. Connet, Brokenshire, Lindsay, and W. Vile, members of the Harbour Board staff, to which the late Captain Turner was attached. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. C. H. Garland, and Bro. J. Asher, P.M., gave the impressive Masonic service. The coffins were covered with wreaths.

Another of the pioneer settlers of New Plymouth has passed away to that bourne whence no traveller returns in the person of Mrs Mary Ann Grylls, who died at her residence, St. Aubyn-street, on Friday, having attained the venerable age of 87. Mrs Grylls and her husband came from the south of England, and were among the earliest pioneers to settle in Taranaki. The deceased lady, who was widely known and greatly respected by a large circle of friends, leaves behind her five daughters and two sons, all settled in this district, and numerous grand and great grandchildren. The daughters are Mesdames J. Jury, T. Leedom, W. Cottier, W. Black, and Jas. Loveridge, and the sons Messrs J. Grylls, and R. Grylls, the well-known host of the Oakura Hotel.

Another of the old Christchurch identities passed away last week at St. Alban's—Mrs Frances Caverhill, who has only survived her husband since April last. Mrs Caverhill arrived in the Colony in 1850 in one of the first four ships—the 'Cressy.' Mrs Caverhill was married in 1852, and accompanied her husband to the well-known Motunau station, and afterwards to Hawkeswood and Highfield, where during her residence many acts of hospitality and kindness were shown to high and low, rich and poor. She leaves four sons and three daughters, and a very large circle of sorrowing friends.

Mr James Sinclair, one of the first settlers in Blenheim, and commonly known as the 'Father of Blenheim,' has just passed away at the age of 79. From the earliest days of the province he was intimately connected with all movements of a public nature, and was a member of the Provincial Council until the abolition of provinces in 1879. Mrs Sinclair predeceased him by two years. He leaves a grown-up family, consisting of four sons—Messrs James, John, William, and David Sinclair; and one daughter—Mrs Sutherland McAlister.

The death of Mr Lionel L. Harris, which took place at his residence on Wellington Terrace on August 6th, has deprived Wellington of one of its most prominent and useful citizens. The deceased gentleman was born in Liverpool in 1851, his father dying shortly after his birth. At the age of two he and his mother sailed for New South Wales, where he afterwards began his career in the drapery trade, but hearing of the great gold rush on the West Coast of New Zealand, he abandoned his business in order to try his luck on the goldfields, and his experiences in the early days there, although not crowned with success, were very varied and exciting. Not meeting with success, he returned to New South Wales, but only for a brief period, as he left again shortly after for Kalkoura, Marlborough, and after storekeeping for a time there, he went to the Canter-

bury district. In 1875, he came to Wellington, starting business as a financier, and has remained in the city ever since, taking great interest in all public affairs, having been a member of the City Council, where his great financial experience proved invaluable to the Finance Committee, a Hospital Trustee, a member of the Charitable Aid Board, Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee for many years, in which position he did much to improve that body, and Chairman of Directors of the New Zealand Times Company. He was also President of the Wellington Hebrew congregation for several years. The great respect in which Mr Harris was held by all classes of the community, in private as well as in business life, was evidenced by the very large attendance at his funeral, which took place on Monday morning last at 10 o'clock. The Fire Brigade acted as pall-bearers, the members of the City Council attending in a body. The interment took place at the Karori Cemetery, the Rev. H. Van Staveren officiating at the graveside. In addition to many lovely wreaths sent by private friends, beautiful wreaths were also sent by the Hospital trustees and officials, the Evening Post proprietors, the Underwriters' Association, the members of the Central Club, commercial and practical staff New Zealand Times and New Zealand Mail, the directors of the New Zealand Times Company, and the literary staff of the Times and Mail. Mrs Harris, who was a daughter of Mr Isaac Phillips, has also received a very large number of telegrams and letters expressive of deep sympathy in her sad bereavement.

Very great regret was felt in Wellington at the somewhat sudden death of Mrs Swainson, which took place at her residence in Fitzherbert Terrace last Tuesday. The deceased lady had for many years conducted a private school at Thorndon, and was universally loved and esteemed. A very large number of her old pupils attended her funeral, and a large congregation assembled at St. Paul's pro-Cathedral to attend the choral service sung in connection with the funeral before the interment at Karori Cemetery. The choir sang Spohr's well-known anthem, 'Blest are the Departed,' the solo parts being feelingly sung by Miss Campbell, Dr. Fyffe, and Mr John Prouse, the accompanying service being conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Fancourt and the Rev. T. H. Sprott.

Information was received in Napier last Friday of the death of Mr Matthew Miller, who had gone for a holiday to Waituna West, near Feilding, and while jumping a horse over a log was thrown. His neck was broken, and in a few minutes he was dead. Deceased was the second son of the late Mr M. R. Miller, of Napier, and was in the office of Messrs Williams and Kettle. He was only twenty years of age, and will be greatly missed. The deepest sympathy is felt for his mother and family in their trouble. The 'Dead March' from Saul was played in the Cathedral on Sunday night, and the Dean of Waiapu made feeling references to his untimely death. As the deceased was a member of the F Battery, he was accorded a military funeral, which took place on Tuesday last.

Very largely attended indeed was the funeral of the late Mr Robert McCullough, J.P., of Ardmore. It took place at Papakura Cemetery, and the service was conducted by the Rev. T. Norrie, both in the house and at the grave, where friends from Ardmore, Auckland, Clevedon, Remuera, Papakura, Papakura Valley, and Papaitoihi had assembled. The deceased was greatly respected, dying at the advanced age of 69 years. He leaves a widow, four daughters—one of whom is married—and three sons.

News has been received from England of the death of Mrs Mary Steadman Aldis, wife of Mr William Steadman Aldis, formerly professor of mathematics in the Auckland University College. They went Home for the sake of the lady's health, but unfortunately she was in no wise benefited by the change, but, after a long and painful illness, died on June 25th at Stone-in-Oxney, Kent. Mrs Aldis was the eldest daughter of the late Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, England, and had a number of friends and acquaintances in Auckland. An Auckland gentleman thus writes of her:—'I felt the highest esteem for her, and for the independent and outspoken way in which she expressed and vindicated her opinions, as well as for her admirable style of writing English. I know of few writers whose style is more lucid, more forcible, and also more concise. Well, her troubles and controversies are all over now, and most sincerely do I say *requiescat in pace!*'

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## ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR AND THE COUNTESS RANFURLY.

ON Tuesday, August 10th, Wellington, as behoved the Empire City of New Zealand, was thoroughly *en fête* to give a fitting reception to the new Governor, and seldom have the city and harbour looked more lovely. During the morning small showers of rain fell, and a light fog hung over the city and harbour, but by two o'clock the fog lifted and the sun shone out, bathing the hills and gaily decorated city in a warm glow of light, and the harbour water, clear as glass, reflected the many vessels and small craft which steamed slowly down the Bay to meet the 'Tutanakai.' Vast crowds filled the wharf in every part, among them being an unusually large sprinkling of the fair sex, whom the fine weather had tempted to don their brightest bonnets and sweetest dresses. Flags were flying from every vessel, H.M.S. 'Pylades' being a perfect mass of



LORD RANFURLY.

Devine's, who was dressed all in white. The two dear little daughters of Lady Ranfurly, who have already won all hearts here by the pretty way in which they smiled and waved their handkerchiefs in response to the cheers which greeted their arrival, had on most dainty frocks of bright green cloth or serge, with gold bonnets on the coats, and very becoming burnt straw-coloured Leghorn hats trimmed with twisted green satin ribbon to match their frocks, and they also carried bouquets sent them from the shore, and evidently took the greatest interest in the proceedings. Lord Ranfurly wore the very becoming and uncommon undress uniform of the Knights of Grace of the Order of St. John, and was attended by Captain Alexander and Lieutenant Ward. Among those upon the dais I noticed Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Rhodes, Lady Douglas, Mrs. Tegetmeier, Mrs. Beddard, Lady Stout, Mrs. Reid, Miss Buller, Mrs. Fairchild, and very many others.

Having received and suitably replied to addresses



LADY RANFURLY.

bunting. A beautiful arch was erected by the Fire Brigade at the main entrance of the wharf, composed of flags and palms, and bearing the word 'Welcome' most ingeniously made out of letters composed of hydrants and other appliances used in the work of the Brigade. At the upper end in the centre of the wharf, a dais was erected, with chairs for Lord and Lady Ranfurly and suite, and the wives and daughters of the Legislative and public functionaries. The volunteers preserved a lane right down the wharf, being formed in a double line from the entrance of the wharf to the dais, and the Permanent Artillery, under Major Messenger, formed a guard of honour at the landing place, the permanent staff consisting of Colonel Pole-Penton, Lieutenant-Colonel Newall, Majors Maddocks and Collins, and Staff-Sergeant Major Finn.

Punctually at three o'clock the 'Tutanakai' steamed up to No. 1 berth, followed by her floating escort of steamers, large and small, the yards of the 'Pylades' being manned as she passed, and in a few minutes the vessel was made fast and the gangway lowered, and His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly stepped on to the wharf, the band striking up the National Anthem and the Militia presenting arms as they did so. The Mayor (Mr H. D. Bell) having been presented, and the chairman of the Harbour Board (Mr Fraser), who were waiting at the foot of the gangway to receive them, they proceeded to the dais amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the huge crowds assembled on the steamers and the wharf.

Lady Ranfurly, who is very like the pictures seen here before her arrival, was charmingly attired in a black cloth gown, made with a smart short coat and skirt embellished with velvet, and a waistcoat of filmy lace of a pale cream shade, her exquisite rose-coloured velvet toque being profusely trimmed with roses and *choux* of chiffon of the same shade, and two black wings in the centre. She also wore a most covetable long full sable cape when she landed, this being discarded as soon as she reached the dais. She also carried an exquisite bouquet of New Zealand flowers, presented to her by Miss McKenzie on behalf of her mother, Miss McKenzie having gone out to Worsley Bay during the morning with the Members of the Government to present it. The bouquet had long flowing pink streamers, and had the Gaelic motto, 'Cead mille failte' ('a hundred thousand welcomes') inscribed on the ribbons in gold letters. Her ladyship was also presented with another lovely bouquet of yellow flowers, tied with yellow streamers, by a sweet little daughter of Councillor

from the citizens, presented and read by Mr J. B. Page; the Town Clerk, the Harbour Board's address, read and presented by Mr W. Ferguson, the secretary; and the Friendly Societies, three hearty cheers were given for Lord Ranfurly and three more for Lady Ranfurly, and their Excellencies were then escorted to their carriages, the Governor's being drawn by four splendid bays, with postillions in blue uniforms trimmed with silver, the Governor's outrider, Mr W. H. Sinclair, also wearing silver and blue, and being mounted on a white horse. Lady Ranfurly's carriage was drawn by two splendid black horses, all the animals behaving wonderfully well considering the tremendous tests to which they were subjected among the crowd. The Governor's carriage contained Lord Ranfurly, the acting Premier (the Hon. John McKenzie), the Mayor, and Captain Alexander. Lady Ranfurly's contained Lady Ranfurly and Miss McKenzie, and Lieutenant H. O. D. Ward. The third carriage containing the little Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox, the Hon. Mr Hill Trevor, and Colonel Pole-Penton. Other carriages followed containing the Ministry, and Major Maddocks, the City Council, Harbour Board, Melrose Borough Council, and other civic and suburban bodies.

At the entrance to the wharf a contingent of natives, headed by Mr Hone Heke, M.H.R., gave a dance of welcome, which had to be curtailed, as the shouting so frightened the horses. On leaving the wharf, the procession started, headed by police outriders, and comprised 200 cyclists, the Fire Brigade, Otaki Band, the Operative Bakers' Union, with its banner, the Shipwrights' Union, also carrying a banner, St. Patrick's College, numbering 60 students, and its band, the Scandinavian Society, the Friendly, Temperance, and Hibernian Societies, and the different orders of Oddfellows and Foresters. All along the route of the procession the crowds greeted the new Governor with cheers and waving of hats, which were graciously responded to by Lord and Lady Ranfurly and their little daughters. Flags hung across the streets from house to house, all the principal business places displaying bunting, the Ranfurly and National Hotels, St. George's Hall, and the New Zealand Times Office being among the most noticeably gay. The verandahs, balconies, and even the roofs of the houses were filled by gaily-dressed crowds,

anxious to obtain a glimpse of the Governor and the procession.

An immense crowd had assembled at the Government Buildings to witness the spectacle of swearing in the new Governor. The Governor and Lady Ranfurly went up on a platform specially prepared for the occasion, on which were their Honors the Chief Justice and Mr Justice Edwards, and the clerk to the Cabinet (Mr Willis). At the conclusion of the ceremony the D. Battery, who had taken up a position at the rear of the Parliamentary Buildings, fired a salute, and Lord and Lady Ranfurly were conducted back to their carriages and then driven to Government House, and after watching the dismissal of the Volunteers, the crowds gradually disappeared.

In the evening the tower of Government House was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lights and transparencies, and the gas designs at the Government buildings and Insurance Offices were shown, and many other business premises were similarly illuminated. It is most gratifying to be able to record no accidents, and all the arrangements in connection with the reception and procession reflect the greatest credit on Mr A. G. Johnson, the master of ceremonies, and the assistant marshals—Messrs Sayers, W. C. Marter, A. Collins, and J. Kershaw.

His Excellency held a very largely attended *levée* at Government House on Thursday morning, the *levée* being conducted in the manner observed at those held by the Prince of Wales at St. James' Palace. The Garrison Band played the National Anthem upon the entrance of the Governor, the private *entrée* then went by, after which the *levée* took place, His Excellency shaking hands with all who attended. At the conclusion of the *levée* the National Anthem was again played, His Excellency bowing right and left, and leaving the room with his staff in the reverse order to that in which they entered.

## HUNTING.

(BY ONLOOKER.)

THE Pakuranga Hounds met last Saturday at St. John's College, where an excellent day's sport was enjoyed. This was another day of this season which enthusiasts will mark with a red letter. Some time was spent in drawing for pussie in her usual haunts in the gorse and scoria land near St. John's College. At last one was started, and gave us a run of some length, in which many tricky jumps, such as gates and slip panels, had to be taken. Pussie was caught finally near a haystack. We then made our way to 'Glen Innis,' the estate of the late Mr William Innis Taylor, where one of our finest runs was enjoyed. In this run, which lasted for three-quarters of an hour at a rattling pace, the following jumps had to be negotiated; three wire fences, besides various other nasty fences, one a bullfinch, where we got rather scratched. These our huntsman took, the foremost of the followers taking all except wire here. As a rule, our huntsman always pounds the field, for we do object to wire. At the first wire jump only Mr Crowe successfully followed. Over the second he was followed by Mr Crowe, Mrs Bloomfield, and Miss Kerr-Taylor, but the third, which was a combination of a wire fence, hedge and rail, the last two being a foot distance from the wire, which made it rather a wide jump, he was followed again by Mr Crowe, but the ladies objected and the next gentleman who attempted disfigured his face by smashing his nose, and another steed turned a somersault. We then had the wire tied down and managed thereby to be in at the kill. Our steeds, as well as the hounds, by this time were all thoroughly knocked up, so after giving our mounts time for breathing we turned for home. Now for those present:—Mr McLaughlin (who is acting Master for Col. Dawson. The latter, of course, will be unable to be present for some time, owing to this bad accident the other Saturday) was riding Betty, but will appear next hunt on a new mount, having purchased Mr Skipwith's Dad; Mrs Bloomfield, Mrs Tonks, Mrs Kelly, Misses Buckland (two), Dunnett, Gorrie (two), Taylor (Mangere), Kerr-Taylor, McLaughlin, Tanner, Percival, Roberts, Morrin, Peacock, Ware, Bleazard-Brown, Bull (two), Messrs Tonks, Gorrie, W. McLaughlin, Buckland, Pollock, Skipwith, Varnum, O'Dowd, Kinloch (two), Crowe, Elliot, Dunwoodie, Ellett, Philips, Dunnett, Carminer, Hyde, Harrison, Noakes, Shera, Gilbert, Gordon (two), Goodman, etc. Driving were Mrs (Col.) Dawson, Mr Elliott, Mr — Elliott, Miss Elliott, Miss Percival and friend, Mr and Mrs H. Walker, Mrs H. Gorrie and Miss (Frank) Buckland, Misses Sellers, Kempthorne, and Mr Bain. Walking were Mr W. Bloomfield, Miss Henderson, and Mrs Markham. Much a amusement was afforded by one of our hunting ladies abusing those riding ahead in these runs. I do not think they moved quick enough to please her.

Mr STOTT, Inspector of the National Bank, is visiting B'cheim, and with Mrs Stott is staying at the Criterion Hotel.

## Personal Paragraphs.

**HIS EXCELLENCY** Lord Ranfurly arrived in this Colony last week, and has been duly sworn-in as Governor of New Zealand. There is every indication that the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly will be very popular. The prepared formal welcome was kept hot till the proper moment for serving it arrived, despite the fact that His Excellency was waiting in the harbour, and might have preferred a more comfortable ante-room than the cabin of the 'Tutanekai' afforded, and an earlier reception, even if there were not so many speeches and hurrahs on the menu as the *chef de cuisine* for the occasion deemed essential.

THE many friends of Mr A. Boyle in Christchurch are very gratified at his speedy and satisfactory recovery; he is progressing splendidly.

MISS REES (Auckland) is on a visit to Mrs Brewis, in Hamilton.

COLONEL PENTON paid an official visit to His Excellency the Governor on Wednesday morning.

MISS S. GARD, of Picton, has gone to Blenheim to stay with her sister, Mrs J. T. Mowat, at Springlands.

THE Rev. Dr. Walters and Dr. Martin have returned to Wellington from their trip to the Islands. Flags were flown in their honour at St. Patrick's College.

MR B. FOOKES has come from Hawera to New Plymouth to celebrate his twenty-first birthday.

MISS PHILPOTTS, of Picton, has gone to the Wairau Valley to visit relations there.

MR W. H. N. GOODAY, who met with a train accident in Wellington some little time ago, by which he lost a leg, for some years was in Laurence, Otago, practising as a solicitor. He is recovering in the Wellington Hospital.

MR AND MRS MALET are with Mrs Ross, Montreal-street, and Miss Malet with Mrs Wilson, Cashmere, in Christchurch.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR held a *levee* on Thursday morning, which was extremely well attended. So great, indeed, was the crush that two men fainted.

LORD AND LADY RANFURLY have been out driving several times since their arrival. The Countess was much struck with Wellington Harbour, saying it reminded her of Scotland.

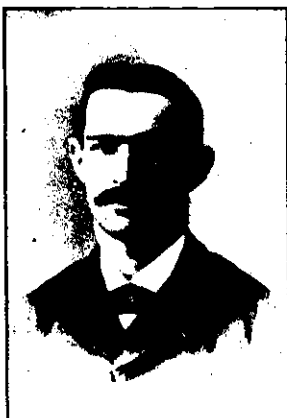
CAPTAIN ALEXANDER will evidently become a very popular aide-de-camp.

MR A. G. JOHNSON, Marshal, who was ably assisted by Messrs E. T. Sayers, A. Collins, J. Kershaw, and W. C. Marter, has won for himself and his coadjutors great credit for the excellence of the arrangements made for welcoming the Vice-regal party to Wellington on Tuesday.

MRS GREENWAY leaves Auckland this week for Wellington, where she intends to stay for three weeks, to be present at some of the gaities given for Lord Ranfurly.

MRS DUNCAN, of Wellington, arrived in Blenheim on Saturday night, and is staying with Mrs Bright.

MISS DOLLY CAMPBELL returned to Dunedin on Wednesday by the 'Te Anau,' having spent a week or two with her sister, Mrs C. B. Shanks, and Mrs W. Lake, Christchurch, on her way down from Wellington.



J. Martin, Photo.

MR J. W. HOLLAND.

THE above is a picture of Mr J. W. Holland, son of Mr Holland, M.H.R., for Auckland, to whose plucky rescue of the boy Hutchinson we referred to in our issue of last week.

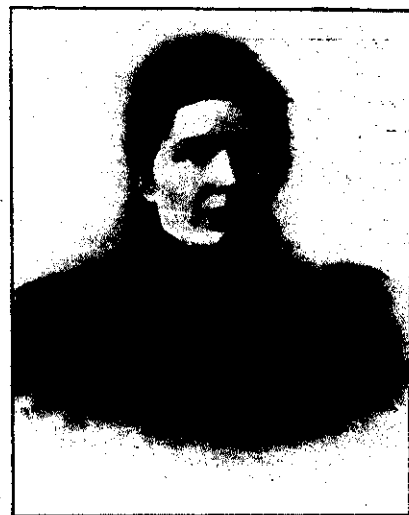
MRS HUNTER, saloon stewardess on board the ill-fated steamer, *Tasmania*, has a strong objection to interviewers and their too-inquisitive remarks. But her pluck and courage, and quiet adhesion to duty in the midst of



MRS HUNTER,  
Saloon Stewardess on 'S.S. Tasmania.'

danger, and her attention to the wants of the lady passengers and children, have won her a name for bravery which will not soon be forgotten.

MISS M. MACLEOD, saloon stewardess of the 'Tasmania' wrecked off Table Cape on July 29th, is the eldest daughter of Mr Alexander MacLeod, of Unapool Assynt, Sutherland, and a granddaughter of the Rev. W. Urquhart, of Cove, Rosshire, N.B. Her only sister married Mr M. MacKenzie, of Loching, a cousin of Sir Kenneth MacKenzie, of Garloch. Miss MacLeod spent



MISS MACLEOD,  
Saloon Stewardess on 'S.S. Tasmania.'

ten hours in the open boat on the eventful night of the wreck, having nothing on but a thin blue muslin dressing gown. She and the other stewardess, Mrs Hunter, having no time, in their anxious care for the ladies and children, to suitably dress themselves, or save any of their belongings. Their bravery, and that of the stewards, will not easily be forgotten. Miss MacLeod, it is said, was about to be married, and many of her wedding presents have gone down in the 'Tasmania.'

OUR pictures are reproductions from photos by Mr Whitnall-Smith. We were indebted to the same gentleman for the originals of our photogravures of the officers and crew of the 'Tasmania,' which appeared in our last week and were erroneously credited to Mr Scott.

MRS FRAZER, of Napier, who has for some time acted as secretary and treasurer of the Mothers' Union, was last Wednesday presented with a pretty afternoon tea service by the members, and a farewell address on their behalf was read by Mrs Stevens. Mrs Frazer, who is leaving for Adelaide very shortly, thanked them for the gift, and said she would never forget the pleasant meetings which they had had in Napier.

CAPTAIN THOMAS MCGHE left Auckland for Sydney in the 'Anglian.' He will report himself at the head office of the Huddart-Parker Company.

NEW ZEALAND Prelates are talking of returning to their colonial duties. The Primate thinks he will be in Auckland about the end of October. Bishop Wallis, of Wellington, mentions the 8th of November as the date of his arrival in Melbourne per P. and O. Company's steamer, 'Anstralla.'

MISS ROSALIE WILLIAMS, of Picton, has passed in the London College Music Exams Senior Pass with 92 marks. Her sister, Miss Caroline Williams, gained the highest number of marks (95) in the same pass. Both young ladies are pupils of Mr Martin A. Cheek, of Blenheim, who visits Picton weekly, and has a number of pupils in that town. Mr Cheek gained the highest number of marks in this year's pass as Associate of Music.

DR. AND MRS MICKLE, of Christchurch, left by the 'Frisco' mail for a trip to England.

MR C. SRELY, who has been working with Mr M. Greensill on his farm in the Pelorus Sound, met with a slight accident while bush-felling, and cut his head. He is at home in Picton for a few days till his wound heals.

THE Hon. W. Jennings, M.L.C., has returned to Auckland from Wellington.

MR AND MRS FAIRFAX FENWICK are visiting Christchurch, and are the guests of Mrs Fenwick.

THE rejection of the proposal to grant degrees to women at Cambridge University must have grievously disappointed the large number of students at Girton and Newnham, who this year presented themselves for examination. There were eighty-one in all from the two Colleges, and although none succeeded in obtaining Wrangler rank, the marks gained by many of the students were brilliant enough to sustain the reputation of women for intellectual capacity. Among the Senior Optimes, Miss E. Willis, of Girton, headed the list, her



MISS A. W. WHITELAW.

position being equal to 34. Miss Annie Whitelaw, of Auckland, who stood seventh among the Senior Optimes from two Colleges, attained a place between 49 and 50. Miss Whitelaw was a pupil for several years at the Auckland College and Grammar School, where she held a Senior Scholarship. She was the first young lady from New Zealand to enter as a student in Girton College. Immediately after graduating at Girton she received the appointment of Mathematical tutor at Wycombe Abbey School, at Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, a college for girls conducted on the same system as Eton and Harrow, and like those schools, giving great prominence to physical training in the College course.

MESSRS MCNAV, Mynott, and Pindlay left New Plymouth on Tuesday for Wellington. They will take passage for Vancouver in the 'Aorangi.'

MISS WILSON, of Napier, has gone for a visit to Wellington.

MR GEORGE FISHER, M.H.R., has been staying for a few days at Eketahuna.

THE Rev. R. Young is forming a Boys' Institute at Foxton.

MR W. C. SOMERS has gone to Lyttelton. He is one of the firm of Messrs Russell and Somers, Auckland.

MR W. H. SKINNER delivered an interesting lecture on 'Local Maori History' in New Plymouth last week.

MRS C. GOVETT and her daughter have returned to New Plymouth after their stay in Dunedin.

THE Rev. Dr. Clifford has left Napier. He with Mrs and Miss Clifford much enjoyed their visit to this salubrious town.

MR AND MRS WALTER CLIFFORD went to Christchurch for the Grand National. They stayed a day or two in Wellington *en route*.

SEVERAL 'Golfiacs' from Wellington are going to Christchurch. Mrs Pearce will visit Mrs Ogle, and Miss S. Johnson is the guest of Mrs George Gould.

MR F. J. DIGNAN will act as manager of the Napier branch of the Bank of New Zealand During the absence of Mr Fenwick in Christchurch.

MISS CORNFORD is visiting Mangawhere. Miss Nellie Cotterill is with her. Both young ladies hail from Napier.

An old resident of Devonport, Captain J. M. Syms, who intended some time ago to settle in Tasmania, is at present visiting Auckland. He may remain there permanently.

THE Rev. C. Bice (General Secretary to the Anglican Board of Missions) is inspecting his various stations in Queensland. He proposes to extend his tour to Mrs Robinson's Selwyn mission to the Kanakas at Mackay; also he will visit the Bellenden Ker.

DR. NINIAN TROTTER, of Invercargill, will act as *locum tenens* for a clergyman in Christchurch. Mrs Trotter and family have not arrived yet, but are to reside at New Brighton when they come.

MRS BROUGHTON leaves Picton to visit friends in Dunedin for a few days. She afterwards intends to return to Wellington, and journey overland to Auckland, visiting the Hot Lakes *en route*, previous to returning to her duties as Professor of Music in New York.

MR AND MRS KERSHY COOPER have left Wellington for London. They intend to go by the Canadian mail steamer 'Aorangi' to Vancouver, and thence to England.

MRS CORRIGAN, who has been staying in New Plymouth for a considerable time, has returned home.

MR AND MRS GEORGE BLOOMFIELD left Auckland for Australia by the 'Mosna.'

MR JAMES MACFARLANE and Mr C. A. Harris, of Auckland, have gone to Sydney.

MRS W. HASTIE, wife of the manager of the Milborne run, near Hampden, has returned from a visit to her mother in Sydney. Unfortunately, she was a passenger by the ill-fated steamer 'Tasmania,' and has thus had a prolonged, though eventual passage.

MRS CLARA FIRTH, Auckland, is going to Waikato to spend a month with her cousin.

MRS TROUBRICK and her little son have returned from England, and are staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

MR J. BOWDEN, who has long been choirmaster at the Otahuhu Wesleyan Church, has been presented with a handsome illuminated address on resigning that position. Mr Bowden is manager of the Victoria Insurance Company in Auckland.

THE Misses Cornford and N. Cotterill, Napier, have gone for a short visit to Mangawhare.

THE girls in the Beresford-street school, Auckland, who recently passed the Sixth Standard, have presented their teacher, Mr F. J. Ohlsen, with a combined pocket-book and purse, and fountain pen. Miss Ettie Regan, on behalf of herself and the other pupils, made the presentation. The whole of the 36 scholars in Mr Ohlsen's class passed successfully.

A SERIOUS accident happened to Mr Sanderson, manager of the Patoka Station, on Tuesday morning. He was out pig-hunting, and one of his party, in taking aim at an old boar, missed his mark and the bullet entered Mr Sanderson's forearm and the elbow of his right arm. He was taken to the hospital about nine o'clock on Tuesday night, and is now much better, although very weak from loss of blood.

WHILST young Mr Hosking was away at Mount Albert attending his uncle, Mr John May, who was severely injured by being thrown from his horse on Wednesday morning, his father's dwelling at Mount Eden was entered by burglars, and two trophies, valued at £5 and £3, respectively, also a pair of trousers, were stolen. The trophies were found in the garden, where the burglars had thrown them with a note saying they hoped to have better luck next time.

MRS CARLILE, Napier, has returned from a visit to Wellington.

MR AND MRS F. F. FENWICK, of Napier, are going for a visit to Christchurch. Mr F. J. Dignam, late manager of the Bank of New Zealand, Marton, will, in the meantime, take Mr Fenwick's place.

DR. KEITH, of Fiji, with his wife (who was a Miss Jackson, of Auckland), is at present visiting the Northern City. They will soon return to their sunny home.

THE successor to the late Mr L. A. Williams are Messrs M. Laing and R. Maudsley, who have been appointed joint managers of Messrs Sargood, Son, and Ewen's Wellington branch. The appointment is regarded with favour, as both gentlemen have been with the firm for a considerable number of years.

MR AND MRS OWEN JONES, of Dunedin, are in Auckland on a visit to their friends. They find the climate a pleasant change from that of the cold South.

JUDGE WILSON left Auckland for New Plymouth last week.

THE chief officer of the 'Rotorua' has been appointed chief officer of the 'Waikare.' Mr Walker left the 'Rotorua' at Lyttelton to take up his new billet.

MR JOHN WALKER, Wellington, is going to begin business in Adelaide with a connection of his. For a few years he was in the employ of the Wellington Harbour Board. He has now resigned that position.

CAPTAIN ADAMS, H.M.S. 'Pylades,' officially visited His Excellency the Governor, and Lieutenant Ward, on behalf of His Excellency, returned the state call.

THE Primate of New Zealand, Bishop Cowie, has been a D.D. of Cambridge, his *alma mater*, since 1869. He recently received the degree of D.D. *honoris causa* from the University of Oxford.

MRS BRAUCHAMP, Anikiwa, Picton, has gone to visit the Empire City.

IN Christchurch Mr and Mrs Barker are the guests of Mrs A. Boyle, Lanmaes, and Miss Elworthy is staying with Miss M. Cotterill.

MR H. HAMLING, left by the San Francisco mail boat for England for the purpose of laying his scheme for a tramway between Moturoa and Fitzroy before his principals at Home. He is interested in the progress of Taranaki.

MRS STRANG (Rangitikei) is staying with her mother, Mrs Nicholson Reid, in Wellington.

MRS BOLTON, who has been paying a short visit to her mother, Mrs Hindmarsh, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, has returned to her home near Woodville.

MR FRANK ROSS leaves Christchurch shortly for a two years' trip to England.

JUDGES EDGER and H. D. JOHNSON, of the Native Land Court, are going this week to Maketu to hold a sitting of the Native Appellate Court.

THE Misses Gray (Hoon Hay) are staying at Warner's, Christchurch, for the week, also Mr and Mrs Cathcart Wason.


MRS ALLEN has returned to Picton after spending a delightful week at Tyntesfield with the Seymour family, and also getting a peep at many old friends in Blenheim.

MR LUCAS went to Fiji last week. He has been appointed chief officer of the s.s. 'Maori' (U.S.S. Company).

MR AND MRS W. BARTON are staying at Warner's, Christchurch, with Mrs Stadholme.

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**ROYAL TESTIMONIAL**

FOR THE  
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MR JOHN WALKER, on the staff of the Wellington Harbour Board, was presented with a smoker's companion on the occasion of his resignation from the service to enter into business in Adelaide.

MRS G. MARSHALL, from Wanganui, is at present in New Plymouth.

NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Grimes, of Christchurch, is at present in Ireland. He arrived in London by the Messageries Maritimes steamer from Marseilles, and intends to return shortly to the great capital.

MR TOM MANDENO JACKSON won for himself great kudos and pecuniary reward at his first benefit concert in the Queen's Hall, London.

MR SEDDON visited Mr Gladstone in Hawarden whilst in England. He also went to Paris to see if he could develop the meat trade in that gay centre.

DR. FOKES, late of the Avondale Asylum, is already much better for his trip Home and complete rest. He was able to enjoy the Jubilee dissipations.

CAPTAIN ROBINS, who was in command of the New Zealand contingent forming the Royal escort from London to Windsor, after the Jubilee, was sent for by the Queen, who graciously desired him to convey to the members of his troops her warm admiration of the manner in which they had comported themselves.



SOCIETY \* ON \* DITS.

THAT a novel feature of the welcome extended by all classes of the community to His Excellency the Governor and the Countess Ranfurly was the greeting of the waiata, who in the shape of a good-looking body of Maori women and girls formed themselves into an extra guard of honour to the carriage, making vigorous remarks in their native tongue during the whole progress of the procession.

That H.M.S. 'Pylades' will probably remain in Wellington for the coming festivities until about the 20th, when she sails for Auckland and Campbell Islands, and she afterwards returns to Lyttelton to be docked.

That an enjoyable little euchre party was given by Mrs Carlile, of Napier, last Thursday night.

That a considerable exodus will take place from Blenheim at the beginning of next week. Miss Cotterell will accompany the Misses Fell to Picton, where she will stay with them for a few weeks.

That Mr and Mrs H. C. Seymour's Picton visitors have real good times rabbiting and gorse-burning at Tyntesfield.

That Mrs W. K. Macdonald and her son gave an 'At Home' at their residence, Gloucester-street, West Christchurch, for Mr and Mrs Brough.

That Mrs Wade, senior, of Taranaki, was one of those who were present when the celebrated Blondin crossed the Falls of Niagara for the first time on August 17th, 1859.

That Mrs Tyerman is to be congratulated on the success of the children's fancy dress ball, which was held in St. Matthew's schoolroom, Hastings, on Tuesday night, and that the gavotte, cachucac, and several skirt dances were very gracefully performed by some of her pupils.

That quite a crowd of Picton people met in Blenheim on Saturday last. They made the pretty little town look quite busy.

That much pleasure is expressed by the many friends of Mr John May, of Mount Albert, at the news that he is recovering from his severe accident. It appears he was mounting his horse, which was rather 'fresh,' when the animal suddenly reared and threw him on to a stone wall. He received a cut on the back of his head, and sustained partial concussion of the brain.

That Mrs Studholme gave a reception at Warner's Hotel, Christchurch, when the bride and bridegroom, Mr and Mrs J. Studholme, were present.

That Mr Bertie Green, who has been for a considerable time in the Union Company's office in Blenheim, has received notice that he has been promoted to one of the Company's boats that trades from Auckland to the Islands.

That a conversation in honour of Mr and Mrs Snodgrass, who are about to leave Blenheim for Ashburton, was held in Ewart's Hall on Saturday evening last.

That great preparations are being made for the Garrison Ball, which is to be held in the Wellington Drill Shed next Thursday night. The conversation is to be on the 18th, and the Port Nicholson Yachting Club ball on the 20th.

That many Picton people are looking forward to the Blenheim bachelors' ball, which is to eventuate next Friday. They expect to have a good time, as from all accounts the bachelors are intending their affair to out-Herod Herod in the ball line.

That Mrs (Dr. Morton) Anderson gave a pleasant little dinner party at her residence, Worcester-street, Christchurch, on Wednesday evening. The guests spent a very enjoyable time, having a little music after dinner.

That a peculiar coincidence in connection with the fatal fire at Hawera some two years ago, and the recent one at Moturoa, is that two persons lost their lives in each case, and the name of one of the victims in each instance was Turner.

That Mr Snodgrass intends to leave Blenheim to proceed to Ashburton early next week, whilst Mrs Snodgrass will leave at the same time, but go northwards to Tauranga to stay with her parents for a time before settling down in her new home.

That the Epiphany Church, Auckland, is taking up in earnest the question of Women's Church rights. At the annual meeting of parishioners the other week the ladies gained a victory, it being carried 'That the time has arrived when the women of the parish should have the privilege of voting at parish meetings, and that the Synod members be instructed to bring the question up at the next meeting of the Synod.'

That the Taranaki Farmer's Club has been formally opened.

That Wellington Society during the coming sessional festivities will be unusually favoured in the matter of models of pretty gowns. Lady Ranfurly's wardrobe is said to comprise some dreams in evening dresses, and the Court and social functions which Mrs and the Misses Seddon have attended in connection with the hospitality showered upon the Colonial Premiers while in England have involved repeated, and, I suspect, pretty costly visits to fashionable costumiers. I notice in the English papers that at the Mayor's reception in Manchester Mrs Seddon wore rich black silk with pink carnations; Miss Seddon looked charming in soft white silk, to which a cluster of crimson roses lent a touch of colour; Miss M. S. Seddon, white satin veiled in silk embroidered gauze, spray of scarlet and white hovaridia blossoms in her hair.

That in Edinburgh at the reception by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council Mrs Seddon wore a handsome black satin effectively trimmed with jet and lace; the Misses Seddon both looked pretty in frocks of blue and silver and pink and silver brocade, respectively.

That the bachelors of Hampden gave a most successful ball at the Oddfellows' Hall in that township on Friday night, when in spite of the unsettled state of the weather there was a large attendance, and excellent music was supplied by a string band from Waipawa.

That Mrs Bush, Auckland, gave a large euchre party on Tuesday evening, concluding with a dance.

That the following appointments to the new Governor's staff have been gazetted:—Captain Alexander, to be private secretary and aide-de-camp; Hon. Hill Trevor, assistant private secretary; Lieutenant Ward, to be aide-de-camp.

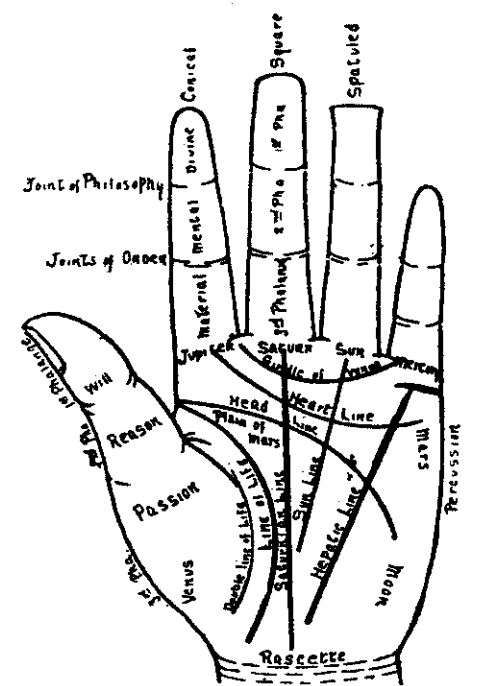
That Dr. Wolfenden, of Victoria, an eloquent preacher, is now on a visit to New Plymouth.

That Mr Seddon is to arrive in Melbourne on the 6th of September. He will not reach New Zealand until about the 20th, as he will need nearly a fortnight in which to acquaint himself with the history of New Zealand politics during his absence. Quite a large mass of official information has been or is being forwarded to Sydney ready for his attentive perusal. To the ordinary onlooker there is not much to tell the Premier, but to the initiated there is a great deal to be read between the lines.

That Mr R. A. Miles one of the members of the St. Alban's C.C., Auckland, was the recipient of a beautiful carver set last week. On the plate was engraved, 'Presented to Mr R. A. Miles by the members of St. Alban's Cricket Club as a token of respect and esteem.'

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.'

'Spy.'—The mounts of Apollo and Mercury appear to be the most conspicuous in your diagram, and this, if accurate, is a fortunate and happy combination, as Apollo gives gentleness, gaiety of heart, intelligence, and affection; while Mercury supplies energy, promptness in action, good business capacities, and scientific tastes. A good author says that 'the subjects of Mercury will always push their way through the world.' The fingers and palm, almost of equal length, indicate an even balance between mental and physical activity. The third finger is the longest, relatively. This denotes a taste for art and a love of riches. The latter is fully confirmed by the length of the third phalanx if you have given it correctly. The thumb turns back slightly, therefore you would make a good use of wealth. There is a tendency to obstinacy in the thick first phalanx, but reason is strong also, and this should regulate your judgment. The Life Line, as you have given it, is very good, and here I must remark that as I almost always have to say this of the Life Lines in the diagrams sent to me, I think my 'subjects' hardly understand the necessity of putting in every mark they can see in their hands; so, in real life, I rarely meet with a life line entirely free from breaks, bars, or crosses. The only branch from yours is an ambition, or very great wish, about the age of nineteen or twenty, which I think is gratified. The Heart Line, rising as it does in your hand, betokens a long life, in which success is not attended without labour. On this line also I fancy there must be more signs than you have given me, otherwise it indicates poverty in affection. Two strong attachments are marked on the Mount of Mercury. The first is very early, before 20 and I fear it ends in a widower or widowhood (I do not know whether I am addressing a lady or

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a gentleman). If not, the line drooping to the heart line signifies marriage, prevented by death. The other attachment is not until after 28, and in that you are not the longest liver. You have put in no lines relating to actual marriage, therefore I can only say that these are presumably marriage lines. The Head Line displays self-reliance, quick decision, and much ambition. Its length shows perseverance, firmness, and a retentive memory. I cannot decide from your drawing if there be a double head line, as the pencilling is indistinct. If so it is a sign of a great inheritance, and very seldom seen. In my experience I have only met with one double head line. The Fate Line shows a most important change in position before 20. I am almost certain it is connected with marriage, and afterwards there are indications of trouble; but it passes away, and life continues smoothly, according to your drawing, and with much good fortune, either from business or science, as the line stops under the Mount of Mercury. Three long voyages are marked, and you have two enemies with whom to contend in life.—VZRO.

'ILMA.'—No mount in your hand appears to be very decidedly prominent. Apollo and Saturn are well developed. The latter gives prudence, wisdom, and gravity to a character; if in excess, sadness and melancholy. But Apollo's subjects are notably gay, happy, and graceful, therefore the combination should render you discreet and thoughtful, but cheerful, tolerant, and obliging. Your fingers from the diagram are long, with the tips of the first, third, and fourth square. These indications give a love of detail, truth, and reason. The third is relatively your longest finger, ergo, you have a taste for art; but as the line of Apollo only rises from the Heart Line, and then is crossed, I cannot predict artistic success. The thumb displays little strength of will, but much power of fascination, good sense, and ability, as it is set low down in the hand, and other signs confirm this indication. The Life Line is excellent, as you have given it long and clear; but of course as there are no marks, lines, or bars on it, or the Mount of Venus, I can only say that from your diagram it promises splendid health and long life. The Heart Line, too, leaves little to be desired. Its length and the well-formed fork on the Mount of Jupiter denote strength and fidelity in love, enthusiasm, and also success, although there should be some branches from the line; but I fancy that I should find some in your own hand, and that, like many of my 'subjects,' you do not understand the importance of giving me the small lines and marks. There are no lines whatever marked below the little finger, so I can have nothing to say relative to attachment, marriage, or any information to be found on the Mount of Mercury. The Head Line, apart from the line of life, shows some impulsiveness; but this is contradicted by its length, which gives reason and domination of self. I therefore interpret the sign to mean that your decisions are made quickly, and that you have a fair share of self-reliance. Rising slightly towards the line of the Heart, under the second finger, signifies that you are, or were, rather easily deceived in business matters. I hope the cross bar at the end of the Head Line is not in your hand, as it is a sign of misfortune and poverty. It has the appearance of being unintentional. The Fate Line is most fortunate after the age of 21. Before that there are troubles and losses indicated by the falling branches, but a change comes, of what nature I cannot tell, as there are no marks to guide me, and the fact, so far as clairvoyance goes, remains that the line runs clear and unbroken across the plain of Mars and ends uncrossed on the Mount of Jupiter, and in this ending, says my favourite authority, we find satisfied pride, and the attainment of the objects of our ambition.—VZRO.

'NEMO.'—I have studied your diagram attentively, yet I can only decide in a negative manner that Mercury is not a prominent mount or space. The others appear equally developed. Venus and Luna indicate a love of music, both melody and harmony. Your tastes should be refined, your manners pleasing, and your temper good. The fingers and palm of almost equal length signify an even balance between mental and physical activity. The spaces between the fingers show independence, especially in action. Their shape displays usefulness, industry, and freedom of thought, a great dislike to conventionality, and a preference for reality and fact. The thumb and little finger show, respectively, strong will and influence. The finger rising above the second joint of the third phalange is said always to indicate the latter. The nail phalange of the thumb gives the former. The life line in your hand is distinctly double—the second time quite recently that I have met

with this rather rare indication of success in life generally, either in love or war, for 'the line of Mars gives to soldiers great successes in arms,' while another authority contends that there is always a love affair wherever it begins. If this be true your great *affaire de coeur* began as early as 19, and lasts until over 70, for both lines are long. The Heart Line shows much affection both to give and to receive, and also that where you love you are blind to faults and failings; yet I see no indications of jealousy. There is only one strong attachment marked, and that commences in youth and I think your marriage is also early. You suffer much from the interference of a member of the feminine sex in matters connected with love, but I am almost sure that her influence ceases after marriage. The Head Line confirms the indications of the thumb, and shows firmness and quick decision. The Fate Line, or line of Saturn, signifies much trouble or unhappiness in childhood and youth up to the age of 18 or 20; then a fresh and fortunate influence line appears, and there is a change altogether for the better, which apparently continues for many years. The quadrangle indicates kindness of heart and liberality of mind. There are two or three illnesses marked on the hepatica or Health Line, but I do not think they are of great severity until late in life. You have not given me any voyage lines. The horizontal line on the mount below the second finger is considered to be an omen of success.—VZRO.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR NATHAN TO MISS POSSENNISKIE.

A QUIET but pretty wedding was solemnised on Wednesday, August 11th, when Miss Minna Possenniskie, daughter of Mr H. F. Possenniskie, of Auckland, was married to Mr J. Nathan, of Paeroa.

THE ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. A. Goldstein at the residence of the bride's parents, 'Ardblair,' Park Avenue, Auckland.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked elegant in a beautiful trained gown of white China silk, trimmed with tiny frills and handsome pearl trimming. She also wore a pretty coronet of natural orange-blossoms, from which fell a long tulle veil, and she carried a beautiful bouquet which, with a cheque, was the gift of the bridegroom.

THE bride was attended by three bridesmaids—Misses Rita Possenniskie (sister of the bride), Stella Alexander (cousin), and Vera Possenniskie (sister). They were all attired in smart costumes of cream lustre sac coats and skirts, with large black pearl-straw hats trimmed, respectively, with sea-green, heliotrope, and pink flowers and ribbon, coloured silk vests, and carried large baskets of flowers to correspond with flowers in their hats. They each wore a pretty stone brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

THE bridegroom was given away (according to Jewish rites) by Mr and Mrs Alexander, and was attended by Messrs Levinsohn, Goldstein, and Moses as groomsmen.

At the conclusion of the ceremony a sumptuous wedding breakfast was partaken of, when several toasts were proposed and heartily responded to.

LATER in the evening the newly wedded pair left en route for the Waikato and Rotorna, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride's travelling dress consisted of olive-green coat and skirt, white corduroy vest, hat to correspond.

MRS POSSENNISKIE wore a rich costume of black brocaded silk, the bodice trimmed with black tulle and jet, small pearl toque with sigrette and wreathed with mauve velvet pascias and violets, beautiful shower bouquet of pansies and violets to correspond; Mrs Isidor

Alexander, handsome black brocaded dress, the bodice composed of white chiffon, toque of Neapolitan violets, and beautiful shower bouquet to match toque; Mrs H. D. Levinsohn, pretty silver-gray crepon, bodice trimmed with black chiffon and beautiful jet ornaments, and she carried a lovely bouquet of violets and snowdrops; Miss Zara Levinsohn, pretty cream cashmere dress, white felt hat; Mrs Goldstein, black costume, pretty bonnet to match; Mrs K. Moses, black broché bodice trimmed with white Honiton lace; Miss Moses, black dress, green velvet zouave trimmed with green passementerie, very stylish brown chip hat trimmed with chiffon and roses; Mrs Jonas (Timaru), brown shot silk dress trimmed with passementerie; Miss Jonas, black skirt, unique bodice of black accordeon-pleated chiffon over turquoise blue silk, pretty toque to match; Miss McPherson, stylish lawn tailor-made costume, silk vest, hat to correspond; Miss Gladys Ehrman, pretty cream serge dress trimmed with lace, cream Dutch bonnet.

THE wedding presents numbered between seventy and eighty, and considering the wedding was strictly private, only the relatives and very immediate friends being present, this shows the great esteem in which the young couple are held.

MR MACKAY TO MISS GILBERD.

ON the 3rd August, at the Cathedral, Napier, the marriage took place between Mr R. P. Mackay, of Napier, and Miss Nellie Gilbert, daughter of Mr J. G. Gilbert, also of Napier.

THE bride was given away by her father, and wore a travelling dress of brown cloth trimmed with broché silk; brown velvet picture hat with osprey. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of white flowers and wore a handsome gold bangle, the gift of the bridegroom.

MISS LOTTIE GILBERD, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr J. P. Williamson as best man.

THE ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Waiapu, and as the bridegroom has for some time been a member of the Cathedral choir, the service was fully choral. Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played by the organist as the party left the church.

THE bride's parents afterwards entertained the wedding party at a reception at their house in Clive Square.

THE presents were both numerous and handsome, though unfortunately several of them from friends in Auckland have gone down in the ill-fated ship 'Tasmania.'

THE bride's present to the bridegroom was a massive gold ring, and the bridegroom presented the bridesmaid with a gold brooch. In the evening a large dance was given by Mr and Mrs Gilbert in honour of the occasion.

MR BESANT TO MISS LYNDON.

THE marriage of Mr Albert Besant, eldest son of Mr Albert Besant, of Southsea, England, with Miss Sophie, eldest daughter of Mr Edward Lyndon, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, took place on the 28th July, at the Cathedral, Napier.

THE very Rev. the Dean of Waiapu officiated. THE bride, who was given away by her father, wore her travelling dress of claret-coloured cloth and a white felt hat.

THERE were two bridesmaids, the Misses Lyndon, sisters of the bride.

IN the evening a enchré party and dance were given at the residence of the bride's father to celebrate the event.

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**MR ALEXANDER TO MISS BURCHER.**

THE marriage took place on June 29th, at the Church of All Saints, Slingsby, England, by the Rev. A. S. Brooke, assisted by the Rev. E. S. Carter (Vicar choral of York-Minster, and Vicar of St. Michael-le-Belfry, York), uncle of the bridegroom, and the Rev. John Lascelles (Vicar of Sheriff-Hutton), of Mr G. W. E. C. Alexander, son of Mr W. C. Alexander (late R.N.), to Miss Evelyn G. K. Burcher, daughter of Mr Albert Burcher, of Auckland, New Zealand.

THE service was fully choral, and the music was composed by the Rev. E. Carter, uncle of bridegroom, and was beautifully rendered by the choir.

THE famous artist, Mr Harcourt, R.A., performed the duties of best man.

THE bride was given away by her uncle, Mr J. C. Kerry, F.R.G.S. (the well-known explorer). She wore a handsome costume of white trimmed with embroidered Indian silk and chiffon, and carried a lovely bouquet of white carnations, roses, and maidenhair fern.

THE bridesmaids were Miss Violet Alexander (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss Carter (his cousin).

SLINGSBY was quite *en fête*. On the church tower flags were flying, and the gate and porch were beautifully decorated, while the route to the church was also decorated with flags, etc., and a triumphal arch, and on all sides every token of good-will and esteem to both families was shown.

THE wedding presents were numerous and handsome. The beautiful wedding-cake was given by Mr Kerry, and was provided by Messrs R. Bolland and Sons, Chester.

**MR PAEWA PARATA TO MISS OWHITA.**

A VERY smart native wedding took place at Manaia last week, when Miss Margaret Owhita, daughter of the Rev. — Owhita, was united to Mr Paewa Parata, son of the late 'Munro' Parata.

THE father of the bride performed the marriage ceremony in the little native church.

THE bride was tastefully dressed in cream cashmere. Mr Waraki Parata (brother of the bridegroom), was the best man.

THE bridesmaid, Miss Raheine, was appropriately costumed to suit the character.

ABOUT two hundred people assembled for the wedding breakfast, which was arranged at the house of Morshue.

**MR MURRAY TO MISS JAKINS.**

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's, Merivale, Christchurch, on Wednesday, when Mrs William Murray, son of Mr James Murray, Scotland, was married to Miss Ada Jakins, daughter of Mr G. S. Jakins, of Christchurch.

THE church had been tastefully decorated by the bride's girl friends. The Rev. H. Airey Watson officiated, and Miss Jennie West played several nice selections on the organ, and the 'Wedding March' as the bridal party left the church.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, was handsomely, yet simply, gowned in a rich white satin, made quite plain with full train, and long tulle veil and lovely shower bouquet. She wore an exquisite pearl crescent brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

THE Misses Alice and Laura Jakins (sisters of the bride) were her maids, and wore pretty fawn-coloured frocks trimmed with pink silk, white hats with pink flowers, and diamond and sapphire brooches, the gift of the bridegroom.

MR GALLOWAY was best man and Mr Sinclair groomsmen.

MR AND MRS JAKINS held a reception after the ceremony at their residence, Webb-street, when about sixty guests were present. Mrs Jakins wore a handsome black silk, black bonnet with heliotrope; Miss Jakins, pretty grey costume with Empire belt; Miss — Jakins, electric blue, floral hat; Mrs Carey Hill, rich black silk and jet, black and pink bonnet; Mrs C. H. Croxton, check costume with heliotrope, black and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Rochfort Snow, very elegant gown of blue and black striped merveillex, bonnet *en suite*; Mr and Mrs Gilbert Anderson, the Misses Bowden, Messrs Snow, Croxton, and the Revs. H. A. Watson and O'Bryen Hoare were among the numerous guests.

AMONG the numerous and handsome presents was one from the staff of the Christchurch Meat Company—a silver tea and coffee service, salver, and cake basket.

THE bride's going-away dress was an exceedingly pretty one of electric blue with Empire belt to match, and white felt hat. Mr and Mrs Murray left by steamer that evening for a trip to Mullau.

**MR STUDBOLME TO MISS GRAY.**

THE little church at Woodend was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Mr W. P. Studbolme, son of Mr Studbolme, Merivale, was married to Miss Mabel Gray, daughter of Mr H. F. Gray, Waioara.

THE church was very prettily decorated with flax, evergreens and flowers, floral horseshoes, that emblem of 'good luck,' being plentiful, and a true lovers' knot of white ribbon adorned the seats.

THE Rev. H. H. Mathias, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Stack, performed the ceremony, Miss Ross presiding at the organ.

THE bride wore a very handsome gown of white corded satin, wreath and veil, and an exquisite shower bouquet.

HER bridesmaids—the Misses Gray, of Hoon Hay, and the Misses Wilder, of Ngapara—wore gowns of Roman satin trimmed with crimson velvet, white felt hats with the same velvet trimming, and black plumes, bouquets of red flowers.

MR A. C. ROLLESTON was best man.

**MR ARTHUR GIDDINGS TO MISS GRACE BUCK.**

AT St. Peter's Church, Wellington, was celebrated on Wednesday the marriage of Mr Arthur Giddings, son of the late Mr Giddings, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, and Miss Grace Buck, youngest daughter of Mr Francis Buck, of Wellington.

THE Rev. W. C. Waters read the service, and Mr A. Stalker was best man.

THE bride was given away by her father. She was charmingly dressed in pearl merveillex silk with Maltese lace trimmings, veil and orange-blossoms, and looked nice.

THERE were four bridesmaids. The first two, Miss F. Austin and Miss Dumbell, wore French cashmere of a pale shade of green trimmed with Brussels lace, Reubens hats. The other two, Miss Ethel Buck (the bride's niece) and Miss Constance Lechner, were in daffodil nun's veiling and Reubens hats.

THE bridegroom gave the bride an opal brooch and ring, and the bridesmaids pretty gold bar brooches.

THE bride's parents entertained the wedding party at breakfast after the ceremony.

**MR HOLLINGS TO MISS BESSIE PERRY.**

THE wedding of Mr Philip L. Hollings, second son of the late Mr Alfred Hollings, of North London, and Miss Bessie Perry, fourth daughter of Mr Walter Perry, was celebrated at the Masterton Wesleyan Church.

THE bride was given away by her father, and was most becomingly gowned in rich ivory figured silk lustre trimmed with pearls and chiffon. The usual wreath and veil, and a lovely shower bouquet finished this pretty toilette.

THE bridesmaids were her sisters, Miss Blanche and Miss Ida Perry, who looked pretty in cream figured lustre, cream hats of silk and crooks with delicious violets. The bridegroom gave the three ladies lovely gold brooches.

MR L. DONALD was best man.

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**AUCKLAND.**

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 16.  
It is strange how lucky some people are in the weather they have for their festivities. Amongst the very fortunate ones is Mrs Charlton Dawson, whose pleasant

**MUSICAL 'AT HOME'**

came off at Ellerslie last Tuesday afternoon. The pretty residence, 'Arborfield,' was delightfully sheltered from the keen south-west wind, and the front porch and abutting verandahs were bathed in the westerling sun, and afforded a charming retreat from which to enjoy the lovely view in front, and the music which emanated from the drawing-room behind. The great treat of the afternoon was the singing of Dr. Keith, of Fiji, whose sympathetic and well-trained voice was heard to advantage in 'Tell Her I Love Her So,' and 'Good Night, Beloved.' Mrs Kilgour gave out the usual pleasure we experience from her songs. Other musical items were rendered by Miss Keith and Miss Thomson (Parnell), and Miss Tilley played a pianoforte solo. Tea and coffee were tastefully set out in the dining-room, the centre of the table being a pretty combination of draped and ruffled apricot silk, with a large vase of spring flowers, whilst smaller vases and flowers were scattered harmoniously amongst the various cakes, sweets, etc., with which the table was laden. The drawing-room and ante-room were also prettily decorated, and quite filled with the numerous guests, who overflowed on to the verandahs. Our hostess, Mrs Dawson, whose manner in answering the shoals of kind inquiries after the Colonel's broken collar-bone was a happy mixture of wifely solicitude and desire not to damp the enjoyment of her guests, was wearing a stylish combination of blue—navy skirt, blue striped silk bodice and shoulder-knots, over tight-fitting navy velvet sleeves. Several young ladies, amongst them being Miss Elliott and Miss Carter, were of great assistance in entertaining the visitors, and deftly and gracefully handing tea, etc. But I must pass on to the consideration of the fair ladies' toilettes. Mrs Williams (Remuera) and her daughter, Mrs Pitt, were, of course, in mourning; Mrs Thomas Morrin's always pleasant look was enhanced by a stylish large black feathered hat and green costume relieved by a cream waistcoat with palette design, green fur-edged muff with little posies of violets on it; Mrs Owen Jones (Dunedin) was most handsomely dressed in exquisitely-fitting black satin, rich cream appliqué and passementerie let in the back and front of the bodice, purple velvet bonnet with lilac chiffon and flowers; Mrs McLaughlin (Papanui) was in a chic last stage of mourning costume—very dark purple and white spotted silk dress, with pale purple, almost lilac, chiffon vest, bonnet *en suite* with purple velvet passies; Mrs W. Bloomfield was faultlessly arrayed in green skirt and jacket, the latter edged with fur, opening over a cream waistcoat brocaded with roses, the brocade also finishing the cuffs, white chiffon at the throat, Welsh green velvet hat with feathers and *cache-peigne* of bright-hued flowers; Mrs Keith, brown dress, white vest, with spray of lycopodium, black straw hat touched with red; Miss Keith (her sister-in-law), grey skirt and jacket, white silk vest, black hat with feather; Mrs (D.) Scott, stylish black skirt and jacket opening over a full vest of daffodil ottoman silk, black lace ruffle edged with cream lace, chapeau to harmonise; Mrs Allan Kerr-Taylor, black skirt, black velvet and fur cape, black hat with scarlet feathers and flowers; the Misses Kerr-Taylor looked attractive in coquettish cashmere dresses and capes, the latter toned with rows of black braid, hat of the same warm shade; Mrs Bull, black silk, green velvet bonnet with very becoming lilac finishings, chiffon and flowers; Mrs James Russell, very handsome black brocaded silk, striking pink velvet bonnet; Miss Derris, navy serge stylishly trimmed with white braid, black hat with pink roses; Miss B. Bull, green and black striped crepon, black high hat; Miss B. Peacocke, fawn tailor-made gown, and her sister wore a black and grey check tweed trimmed with black velvet; Miss Morrin, pink beige cloth, fawn hat with pink flowers; Mrs (Major) George, handsome black tailor-made gown with embroidered vest; Mrs R. D. Thomas (Christchurch), serpent green cloth; Mrs Buckland and Miss Phoebe Buckland wore mourning costumes; Mrs Gorrie, dark costume; Mrs R. Browning, black silk with pretty red velvet bonnet; Mrs Sam Morrin, brown costume with jacket, black straw hat with tulle and red

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poppies; Miss Sereta McLaughlin looked pretty in dark green, the skirt being cloth and the bodice velvet with bands of *écru* lace, green straw hat with green feathers; Mrs Craig, fawn check skirt, black velvet cape; Miss Craigh, dark grey coat and skirt; Mrs Elliott, black creponette, black bonnet with purple; Miss Elliot, green melton cloth; Miss Emae Elliott dark skirt, sky blue silk blouse, black high-crowned hat with ostrich tips and pink flowers; Mrs Martin; Miss Martin, black silk, with *écru* lace billowed about the shoulders; Mrs Worsp, mixed green creponette, black velvet cape, black hat with ostrich tips and red flowers; Miss Worsp, navy serge, red cravat, fashionable sailor hat; Miss D. Worsp, fawn tailor-made gown, white felt hat; Mrs Thomson (Parnell), black striped moiré, very becoming bonnet relieved with purple; Miss Thomson, grey tweed; and her sister wore black; Mrs Anacne, fawn gown, toque with pink; Miss Nichol, mourning costume, hat with violets; Mrs Nolan, dark green costume; Mrs Tilley, handsome slate grey satin; Miss Tilley, fawn tailor-made gown, long box; Miss Stella Rice, navy serge with orange vest; Mrs Heather, dark green costume, black bonnet; Miss Carter, stylish navy flecked fancy tweed trimmed with velvet, navy felt hat with navy bows; Mrs H. B. Morton, navy; Miss Hickson, navy serge, toque with pink flowers; Miss Cawkwell, dark skirt, fawn blouse spotted with green; Mrs Cawkwell, black; Miss Ware, fawn tailor-made gown, sailor hat with Polo colours; Mrs Beatty, check tweed; Mrs Robert Rose, Sultan red; Mrs Archie Clark, pretty costume; etc., etc.

#### THE GREENWOOD COMPANY

again produced 'Romeo and Juliet up to Date' at the City Hall on Tuesday evening, with various other good musical items. Miss Maribel Greenwood sang charmingly, and was very well received. She wore a dress which had an appearance of being shot, red and blue, the blue standing out. The effect was almost purple, and suited her immensely. It was trimmed with cream lace and had a train. The trio was a great success, the voices blending well together, and the trill's being especially well executed by Miss Maribel. She wore the same dress; Miss Agatha wore a bright green satin dress covered nearly to the hem by a long white muslin overskirt; Miss Roberta was dressed most becomingly in deep yellow. Miss Maribel's recitation was truly excellent, and the duet very pretty. Romeo appeared in bright red hose, slashed sleeves, a white doublet, and white satin cloak lined with red. He made a very pretty little figure, and so active was he, so *à l'aise* and charming, that one forgave him being so small. His little girl was far too big for him; she was dressed in white after the style of Tribby. He was recalled for the serenade. Mercutio, dressed all in pale blue, makes a very good contrast to Romeo, and also acts well; Paris was dressed in blue and pink; Tybalt, in black and yellow; Apothecary, a very slight man, in dark coat and knickers, the coat a sort of Eton edged with white braid, a white turn-down collar and white stock (very comical, especially in the dance with the Nurse, who is very fat with a peculiar nose; she wears a sprig cotton gown and white apron.); Lady Capulet, in black velvet, looks most imposing and stately. The solos by Miss Agatha are worth hearing.

#### THE SECOND REMUERA SOCIAL UNION

took place on Wednesday evening last, and was very successful, but the hall was a little crowded for perfect comfort in dancing. The night was especially brilliant, and the moon was determined this time to show us her brightest side—a welcome change, for on prior evenings we have been hastened on our journey to Remuera by a hailstorm or some other equally unpleasant freak of the elements. The ladies were a little in the majority, but the energetic secretary, assisted by his sister, did all possible to remedy this by introducing the visitors to one another, and finding partners if possible. To say Burke's Band supplied the music is sufficient to know what delightful strains and well-known airs were played. The supper-table was decorated with orange silk drapery, and a high centre-piece of red camellias, while small specimen glasses of pink and red camellias finished the table, surrounded by dishes of oysters, tongues, trifles, jellies, etc. The stage was decorated with large pots of arm lilies and their foliage, and draped in red flags, while red cotis were placed on the floor round the pots. The hall was adorned with tall branches of bamboo, and the gas chandelier was shaded with a large red Japanese umbrella. Flags were hung from corner to corner in triangular, which had the effect of darkening the hall, and though pleasant, no doubt, for dancers, it was rather inconvenient for those who wished to see the gowns. The committee were Mesdames Jackson, Rose, Cotter, Bamford, Misses McFarlane, Stevenson, Whewell, Lennox, Jackson, Hay (two), Messrs Rose, Cotter, Marshall, Lennox, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. R. Whewell. Amongst the pretty dresses I saw Mrs Robert Rose, in pink shimmering silk; Miss McFarlane, black costume with red poppies on shoulder and in hair; Miss Stevenson, Tuscan silk; Miss D. Stevenson look'd sweet in a maize silk; Miss Whewell, black lace costume with white chiffon, red flower in her hair; Miss Lennox, canary silk with red roses; Miss Jackson, bouton d'or silk; Misses Hay (two) were much admired in ivory satin with red flowers; Mrs McFarlane, black silk brocaded in blue; Miss Meta Aickin, dainty white silk with chiffon; Miss Brodie, white silk with red geraniums; Miss Davy, bright pink silk; and her sister, a pale Tuscan silk finished with ruchings; Mrs Cheeseman, black lace over silk, and stashed with claret ribbons; Mrs Finlayson, dark bottle green brocade; Mrs Thorne George, black silk finished with white; Miss Ida Thorne George, black gown finished with lace; Mrs Barsett, black silk; Miss Mason, pale blue silk with fawn lace, old gold opera cape; Mrs Henderson, black lace, with silver passementerie; Miss Henderson, black lace; and her sister wore white gown with pale pink brocaded sleeves and finished with green ribbons; Mrs Coates, black; Miss Coates, white; and her only friend a spice pink silk; Mrs Goodwin, black gown with grey let in, and finished with black and white chiffon; Mrs Robert Browning, black skirt, grey silk blouse; Miss Goodwin, bright pink silk; Miss Winnie Goodwin, canary silk with red

flowers; Miss Dowell, black gown with blue spotted chiffon finishing the neck and sleeves; and her sister looked sweet in a white gown; Miss — Noakes, white *débutante* silk with lilies of the valley; Miss Bush looked very well in white silk with red flowers; and her sister was much admired in a dark skirt with azure blue silk blouse; Miss M. Buckland, very striking white silk; Miss Cotter, bright pink silk; Mrs Griffiths, handsome white silk with yellow corselet bodice; Mrs Griffiths looked *distingué* in black skirt, dome blue blouse veiled in grey chiffon and profusely trimmed with red roses; Miss Ryan, dark skirt, buttercup blouse; and her friend, a dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Proud was simply gowned in white; Miss Jagger, white *débutante* frock; Miss McFarland looked very pretty in white; Miss Lizzie Gorrie, dome blue silk; Miss Little looked *chic* in white silk with wreaths of flowers; Miss Otway was a study in azure blue; Miss Beatrice Bull, white silk with red flowers; Mrs Winstone, stylish combination of black and white; Miss (Frank) Buckland, dark green velvet handsomely trimmed with silver passementerie; Miss Hardie, orange silk; and many other ladies whose names I did not hear. Messrs Otway, Griffiths (two), Rose, Winstone, Lecky, Lennox, Brodie, Bloomfield, Pindleyson, Gould, Wynyard, Hume (two), Buckland, Bailey, Anbel, Wilson, Herrold, O'Halloran, Lawford, Simpson, Tilly, Robertson, Whitson, Douglas, Reynolds, Anderson, Lecky, Daveney, Philips, Goldsbro, Airey (two), Webb, Cotter, Major, Whewell, etc., were among the gentlemen. We missed Mrs Cotter, who is quite a moving spirit in these dances. She intends to return from Sydney by the 'Moana,' and it is rumoured that the Misses McMillan will also return by that boat.

#### Mrs Cromwell Tewsley gave a most enjoyable

#### MUSICAL 'AT HOME'

last Thursday afternoon at her beautiful residence, 'Sheen House,' Parnell. The glimpse of the harbour from the verandah is just perfection. Many of the guests lingered here before entering to gaze upon this beautiful scene. This function was given in honour of our hostess's sister, Miss Kempthorne (Dunedin), who is staying in Auckland with her. Mrs Tewsley was quite one's ideal of a hostess, making every one of her guests feel at home directly they entered the large reception room by her natural and charming manner, as she greeted her guests and introduced them to her sister. Mrs Holmes also assisted her to receive. 'Sheen House' is admirably adapted for entertaining, Mr Tewsley having had the house lately remodelled on the latest English style. There is a large roomy entrance hall with tiled fire-place, and from here we wandered *ad lib* to the large reception room through a curtained archway, and then on through another to a smaller room. The large grand piano was placed near the window of the reception room, so that the music given in the afternoon was heard to much advantage, as the musicians were forced to face the audience, and their voices thrown into the room. Amongst those who contributed were:—Pianoforte solo, Miss Millie Heywood; song by Miss Kempthorne, whose rich contralto voice was much appreciated that she was requested to sing two or three times; Mrs Kilgour kindly sang; her singing, you know, is quite a treat to listen to, she having such a cultivated voice. The vocal duet sung by Miss Flora Thorpe and Mrs Kilgour was very much admired. Miss Nathan sang very sweetly, and Miss Kate Hay sang 'Ask Me no More' with great feeling. The wonderful execution of Mrs Walker's pianoforte solo drew much attention. Afternoon tea was served in a very large dining hall, having two square tables prettily decorated with high glass vases of white jonquils and yellow daffodils mingled with their foliage, and small glasses of violets and snowflakes, surrounded with the faintest repeat imaginable of fruit salads, trifles, jellies, sweets, and cakes of every description placed on the most picturesque of delf. Mrs Tewsley wore black satin skirt with band of black beads, pretty soft pink muslin blouse edged with white lace; Miss Kempthorne, white brocaded silk finished with chiffon and bands of silver passementerie, white kid shoes *en suite*; Mrs Holmes, grey tailor-made gown, black high-crowned hat; Mrs L. D. Nathan, an English costume of black brocaded satin trimmed with gold silk and *écru* lace, toque with high feather trimming at one side; Miss Nathan, stylish Gobelien grey English costume with bolero, black Empire band, loveliest hat imaginable of violet straw profusely trimmed with heliotrope double primroses and finished with ribbons and velvet *en suite*; Mrs McMillan, an exquisite robe of brown and grey shot silk, bolero of brown velvet, brown velvet braiding, becoming peacock green feathered bonnet; Mrs Thomson (Parnell), black striped silk and crepon, black bonnet relieved with purple; Mrs Thompson, black silk; Miss Thompson, navy serge coat and skirt, red vest, white sailor hat with red quill; Mrs Gillies, dark costume; Mrs W. Bloomfield, Lincoln green gown; Miss Hardie, navy serge; Mrs Ashley Hunter, dark costume; Mrs Uppill, I think, wore a green gown; Mrs Barton Ireland, black silk; Miss G. Ireland, grey gown with cardinal vest; Mrs Kilgour; Mrs Seeger looked quaint in navy serge with red vest, hat *en suite*; Mrs Thorpe, black silk; Miss Flora Thorpe, dark green costume, fawn felt hat; Miss Millie Heywood, navy serge; Mrs (Capt.) Worsp, green creponette; Miss Worsp, navy serge tailor-made gown; Mrs J. H. Upton, black silk; Mrs Walker, grey gown in coat and skirt style, red plaid vest; Mrs Theo. Kissling, navy serge; Mrs O. R. Youngusband, dark green costume; Mrs Chatfield, black gown; Mrs Lonsdale Pruitt, black mervilleux, black bonnet relieved with purple ospreys; Mrs Kempthorne, black silk; Mrs Kenderdine; Mrs Preston Stevenson, handsome brown gown; Mrs Colegrove, navy; Mrs Goodhue, dark green; Mrs J. Chambers, black silk; Mrs S. Morrin, navy serge; Mrs Winstone, Havana brown costume; Mrs Ashton Bruce; Miss Kathleen Thompson, black sailor hat with large bows and violets; Miss Reay, green gown with fox fur; Mrs and Miss Kerr-Taylor; Mrs Clifton, dark brown costume; Mrs Wilfred Rathbone, stylish Lincoln green serge; Mrs Laishley, black silk with cerise brocaded vest, bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Laishley looked *chic* in a

well-fitting grey cloth tailor-made gown, white brocaded silk folded vest, black velvet high-crowned hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs E. H. Lyons, very handsome violet gown with canary vest, black velvet hat with violet pansies beneath brim at back; Mrs Reid Bloomfield, autumn brown brocaded silk; Mrs Ranson, dark green serge; Miss Cuff, navy serge coat and skirt; Mrs Ching, black silk; Miss Ching, peacock blue fancy material; Mrs (Prof.) Egerton, brown gown; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, dark green; Mrs Thorne George, black silk; Mrs C. Polian, dark costume; etc., etc.

#### A very

#### ENJOYABLE DANCE

was given last Thursday evening by Mrs Aickin at her residence, Park-street. Two large rooms down stairs were used for dancing, the floors being put into first-rate condition. Music was ably supplied by Burke's band, and dancing was kept up till close on two o'clock in the morning. The verandah was covered in with canvas, and in a room off this an excellent supper was provided. The library was used as a sitting out room. Mr and Mrs Aickin were ably assisted to entertain their guests by Miss Aickin and Miss Fisher.

#### We spent such a

#### PLEASANT AFTERNOON

at Mrs Dignan's, Mount Eden, last Friday. Our hostess received us in her usual courteous and gracious manner, putting us at once at our ease. You know Mrs Dignan makes such an excellent hostess, and she looked *distingué* in a black satin skirt, black bugle belt, canary figured silk blouse, black zouave; Mrs Reed, brown figured fancy cloth; Miss Flo. Reed, green Melton cloth trimmed with fox fur; Mrs Street, black silk; Mrs Gillies, black skirt, velvet cape, black bonnet; Mrs Firth, black; Mrs Markham, handsome black and white costume, black hat with high sky blue trimming; Miss Eva Firth, fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Clara Firth, navy; Mrs Greenway was much admired in black skirt, grey check blouse, large black Parisian *chapeau* with bows and pink roses; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, black; Miss Thompson, navy serge; Mrs (Major) George, black serge with cream vest; Mrs R. D. Thomas (Christchurch), dark green costume; Mrs Arch. Clark, navy serge; Mrs Robert Rose, dark Sultan red with black trimmings; Mrs Beatrice Bull, green and black striped crepon; Misses Kerr-Taylor, and many others. I forgot to mention Miss Mona Thompson sang.

#### One of the

#### MOST DELIGHTFUL DANCES

of the season was given by Mrs W. Culpin at her residence, Selwyn Terrace, on Friday evening last. Two large rooms, which were beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens, and flags, were devoted to dancing. The verandah was also enclosed and prettily hung with Chinese lanterns, and used as a promenade. Mrs Culpin received her young guests in a handsome black satin skirt, green silk bodice covered with black lace. She was ably assisted in her duties by her two daughters, Misses Linda and Ruby, the elder looking very pretty in pale pink, and the younger in heliotrope. The following are a few of the numerous guests who assembled. Among the elder ladies looking on at the young people enjoying themselves were Mrs Somerville, in a handsome black satin; Mrs Winks, black silk; Mrs Braithwaite, black satin, and pretty red cloak; etc., etc. Miss Wright looked lovely in black tinselled net dress, the corsage trimmed with silver sequins (this very pretty dress had no further adornment and needed none); Miss Flossie Hay looked charming in black velvet the bodice trimmed with lovely point lace; Miss Moss, black velvet; Miss Winks, black velvet; Miss Nellie Winks, white and prune; Miss Lottie Winks, white; Miss Ida Thompson, pretty pale blue silk; Miss J. Ireland looked very pretty in brown velvet, puffed sleeves; Miss Nelson, white; Miss Cooper looked pretty in daffodil satin and muslin; Miss Ethel Black, a daintily-made brown velvet; Miss Tanner, pretty white muslin with blue spots, blue satin puffed sleeves; Misses Maggie Haatie, Hattie Ross, Minnie Holland, primrose yellow; Miss Whitley, pretty pale blue silk; Miss Windsor, white, scarlet poppies; Miss Gilmore, pink silk bodice and black velvet skirt; Miss Freda Harrop, white; her younger sister in pink; Misses Richmond (two), one in white and one in pretty pink; Miss Louie Atkinson, white; Miss Maudie, white and yellow; Miss Marion Erate, *cau-de-Nil* sun's veiling; Miss Hattie Davy, white; Miss Jessie Reid, pretty white silk; Miss Maria Reid, pink; Miss Maud Howard, white; Miss Mary Geddis, white and pink; Miss McEwen, white, and many others. Among the male gender were Messrs Culpin (three), Hay, Saunders (two), Sellers (two), Nelson, Cooper, Howard, Bain, Partridge, Wiseman, Burningham, Winks (two), Robertson, Whitley (two), Johnson, Murray, Reid, Hastie, Horne, Flower, Ireland, Craig, Atkinson, etc., etc. The supper-table was indeed a thing of beauty—a 'dream.' The flowers chosen were daffodils and snowdrops most artistically arranged. From the centre of the table was suspended with daffodil ribbons a lovely basket of daffodils and snowdrops. Some lovely vases filled with the same flowers supported the basket on either side. The table, a very long one, was crossed with yellow crepon silk from end to end, each corner being finished with a fan of the same prettily arranged with daffodils. The lamps were shaded with daffodil shades, and here and there on the table were pretty little yellow baskets containing every kind of sweets. The table was laden with every delicacy one can think of. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until an early hour, when all the guests departed after a thoroughly delightful and enjoyable evening.

#### PHYLLIS BROUNE.

Iceland is peopled by the descendants of vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law-abiding that they have only one policeman. The solitary officer is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would not do to have a capital without a policeman and so they keep one.

A SOUTH AFRICAN CRIME.

'You black rascal, I gave you out enough wood to last you two more days! You've been selling it for snuff. If I find you at such games, the only wood you will get will be about your back.'

'You lie, boss!' replied the gaunt Kaffir, in a deep, guttural voice. 'You lie!' he repeated, with a smile which showed that he meant no offence, but simply used the one English form of denial that he knew.

This Kaffir was employed as a digger in one of the South African diamond mines, where all the native labourers are called

'boys.' Besides their wages, they receive wood for cooking purposes. Now wood is very scarce and costly there, hence the 'bosses,' who are usually 'Britishers,' are apt to suspect the boys of making away fraudulently with the expensive fire wood.

The man who accused this particular Kaffir was the managing partner of a firm of four Englishmen, who supposed themselves to be 'gentlemen,' and were commonly regarded as such by their neighbours at the diggings. They had come out some months earlier to seek their fortunes in diamond-mining, but the sequel proved them willing to gain money by almost any means, honest or atrocious, as the case might be.

Up to this time they had suffered that pernicious run of luck which is almost worse than no luck at all. They had put nearly all their capital in one 'bole,' from which their boys seldom brought them a diamond till the owners were on the point of giving up in despair. Encouraged by a find at least, the Englishmen would put in more money, only to experience another long succession of profitless days, followed at the last moment by a find that induced them to venture for a month longer.

So 'the luck' had gone till nearly their whole capital had melted away, and they had come to speak of the 'hole' as the 'sepulchre.' Probably their Kaffirs had been secreting and stealing the diamonds as fast as they found them, shrewdly giving the bosses just enough to keep them investing their money for the benefit of their boys.

As the manager continued to accuse and threaten this particular Kaffir violently, and as the Kaffir continued to answer unsmilingly, 'You lie, boss, you lie!' the three other partners of this firm of 'gentlemen' came to the sound of the discussion.

'Get back to your work!' roared the managing partner. As the boy ran away the manager said, petulantly:

'I say, you fellows! I wish we hadn't arranged to go on with this beggarly sepulchre for another month. Here's half the time gone, and the same old game. All the eggs in one basket and no luck. I wish we had put our last pile in the wood-cutting business, as the doctor suggested.'

'Not too late yet,' said the doctor, who was out of the quartette.

'No, why should it be? Wood cutting appears to pay those five fellows uncommonly well. I'll bet they're making sixty pounds a week. I wish some new chums would come along and buy us out, and let us have a turn in the wood trade.'

Within a range of forty miles not a stick of wood was to be found—nothing but the bare and scorched *veldt*, or plain. Hence fuel had to be transported from afar with great labour, and it was in this transportation that the manager and the doctor wished to engage. With them the two others did not agree.

'Oh, bother the wood!' said Merwyn. 'Get the stuff and make it go as far as possible—that's all I want to do in the wood trade.'

'There's more in the wood trade than appears,' said the doctor. 'We ought to look into it. I'd like to try it, anyway.'

'What do you mean by there being more in it than appears?' said Merwyn.

'Well, I've thought about that Wood Supplying Association for a long time. I've never been able to make out clearly what they really do for their money. My belief is that wood cutting is not their only occupation.'

'Gammon! Why?'

'Where do they get their diamonds?' said the doctor, laying his finger to the side of his nose and looking profound.

'Do you suppose they have found diggings that they keep to themselves?'

'I don't know. That's one possible explanation. But diamonds they certainly get somewhere. They were the first men I met after I came here. I suppose they took me for a globe-trotter, as my garments still had a tinge of Pall Mall. One of them was anxious to supply me with specimen diamonds. Where do they get those stones?'

'Buy them for speculation,' said Merwyn.

'No, they do not buy. I've inquired. They never buy a stone on this Kopje. So

I say again, Where do they get the diamonds? Well, if things don't change for the better with us soon, I'll renew my acquaintance with those wood-dealers, and give them the chance to choose between opposition or taking us into partnership.'

With this the conference ended, and the partners strolled away to their respective posts for watching their Kaffirs. As overlookers their duties were principally three: First, to keep the boys at work; second, to prevent the boys secreting 'finds' instead of bringing them to the managing partner; third, to sort the diamonds brought in.

The wood firm whose doings were thus discussed had been the object of much speculation before this. But all attempts to become familiar with that close society had failed. The camp continued to wonder the five men, evidently broken down 'awfully' about their steady wood trade to dipping in the diggers' lucky bag, with the chance of a find that would set them up again in their former style of life.

Many men of the camp had volunteered to work for the firm, and others had suggested that they would like a trip with the wood contractors 'just for a change, you know.' But not one of them got either engagement or invitation.

The wood-dealing firm had been at first an ordinary hunting party, who looked in at the camp in the course of their wanderings. About four months later they re-appeared with waggons, and set in at once to carry out plans which were evidently carefully prepared.

Day in and day out, after their discussion about the wood firm, the four diggers worked at their unresponsive claim, steadily getting nearer to bankruptcy, and sturdily postponing its announcement in hopes of a change of luck. Indeed the claim was a very provoking one. Every

FACTS ARE CHIEFS THAT WINNA DING, AND DAURNA BE DISPUTED.—Barna.

TIMES change, and with them manners and tastes. The unimpeachable evidence of statistics of trade tell us that the people really appreciate a good and pure article in preference to a dear and inferior one. This has never been so clearly demonstrated as in the records of the Customhouse.

In 1895 Chinese Tea made its first appearance in New Zealand. That year the tea imported from all sources was 4,442,867lb, of which

CHINA supplied 2,987,661lb, or 67 per cent. India supplied 150,640lb, or 3 per cent. CEYLON supplied 493lb or 0.01 per cent.

That insignificant little shipment of this colony was so appreciated that people asked for more—and got it.

5 years later (1899) the imports stood thus:—

CHINA supplied 376,240lb, or 25 per cent. India supplied 667,902lb, or 17 per cent. CEYLON supplied 363,137lb or 9 per cent.

The total imports for that year from all sources were 3,349,165lb.

It was this year that Suratera Tea was introduced, and became a boon and a blessing to humanity. How it has established itself in the homes of the colony, he can see by the manner in which it has displaced all rivals, and materially assisted to drive China tea out of consumption. In 1896

CHINA supplied 58,911lb, or 14 per cent. India supplied 992,646lb, or 24 per cent. CEYLON sup. 2,310,415lb or 55 per cent.

No other article of domestic consumption can show so striking an approach as this.

Suratera Tea is picked and packed in Ceylon, thereby preserving its freshness and aroma until it reaches the consumer—which accounts for its economy and purity.

Suratera Tea is NOT blended with India or China tea.

Health and Strength RESTORED BY THE USE OF Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. M. A. Cunningham, of Yarraville Victoria, Australia, Says:



'About a year ago, I had a severe attack of influenza, which left me very weak, without energy, appetite, or interest in life. Obtaining little or no relief from doctors, or from the many remedies recommended to me, I finally tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and from that time, began to gain health and strength. I continued the treatment until fully recovered, and now have very great pleasure in telling my friends of the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the happy results of its use. I consider it the best blood-purifier known.'

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Gold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.

AYER'S PILLS for Constipation and Biliousness. Sugar-Coated, Mild but Effective.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

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

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Nourishes, preserves and beautifies the hair.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA,

A pure toilet powder in three tints, white, rose and green.

Ask Chemists and Druggists for ROWLANDS' articles of 30, Abchurch Lane, London, and avoid cheap, poisonous imitations.



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Having a reputation second to none for curing complaints of a NERVOUS character, from whatever cause arising.

Old and obsolete methods discarded; the New American remedy for Debility proved absolutely effective, known only to DR. WALLACE. Cures cases pronounced hopeless. Thirty years' experience in Europe, America, and Australia. My BOOK has opened the eyes of numbers of both sexes to their true condition. A perfectly readable book. Send Six Penny Stamps at once. Write your case freely and confidentially.

As ONE POUND usually suffices, this amount should be enclosed with first letter.

Morbid fancies eradicated, and the future made bright. Don't waste valuable time.

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

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

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

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DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS. BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER. Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in endless variety. The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard. THE FRUIT SEASON and BIRD'S CUSTARD. BIRD'S CUSTARD advantageously takes the place of cream with Fresh, Stewed or Tinned Fruits. 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!



month it yielded some trifling diamond, just enough to keep them from abandoning the wretched speculation, but never enough to yield a sum that would enable them to cry quits and supply themselves for some other venture.

When the month ended the usual miserable find turned up and found its way to the Diamond Kooper down the street, just in time to provide the means of struggling on.

It was particularly painful to the managers to have to pass a fair proportion of the find's value over to that strictly business like wood firm, whose representative insisted on cash in advance of delivery.

During the previous week the diggers had not bought much wood, because their boys had absconded in such numbers that few were left to supply with fuel.

Why were the boys running away more frequently than usual? The doctor especially pondered this problem, but he was too inexperienced to hit upon the true reason just yet. The head boy's story that the absconders were homesick did not appear to be good enough. Certainly the Kaffir were better fed and warmed at the mines than they were likely to be at home. It did not occur to the doctor that they might make home more comfortable with the proceeds of stolen diamonds.

One fine day about this time a visiting wagon-train from beyond the Transvaal brought an unfortunate native into camp. He had been picked up about four days off, starving and suffering from a bullet wound in the shoulder. Of this wound he would give no account.

When he found out in which direction the party was journeying he had fought hard to get away, half-delirious though he was. When eventually safely landed in the hospital hut, the poor wretch sought the darkest corner, and effaced himself as

much as possible, as though fearful of some impending punishment.

In the course of the day the only doctor on the field—he of the diamond firm—heard of the wounded Kaffir, and strolled down to the hospital hut, which was also the prison, in front of which many a boy had been flogged for not giving up hands to their masters. Having opened the heavily-padded door, the doctor peered round for his patient.

No sooner did the Kaffir catch sight of the visitor than he started up with a howl of fright, and made a determined rush for the door, where his weakness brought him down insensible.

In a moment the doctor, in his strictest professional capacity, was by the Kaffir's side. Before the wounded man had recovered his consciousness, the bullet had been cut out from close under the skin of his back. This put the poor wretch in comparative comfort as he lay on the heap of sacks which did duty for a bed. There the doctor left him, and after carefully relocking the door went on his way in search of some medicines which he found would be required.

Arrived at his tent the doctor put the bullet on the old packing case that served as a common table. Then he gathered up what he wanted, and set out again for the hospital or prison hut.

This time the Kaffir did not attempt to escape, though his terrified aspect showed that he expected some awful retribution.

'Strange!' thought the doctor. 'Perhaps he expects the usual Boer treatment, and thinks that we are uncommonly slow in putting him to torture, or no—perhaps it is the place that frightens him. If he ever worked on these claims he must have seen diamond-stealers flogged outside that door. Oh, now I understand!'

The doctor peered into the Kaffir's terrified face. 'Yes, by Jove, I do know him! If he's not one of our runaway boys I'm a Dutchman. I suppose he expects me to have him flogged for desertion.'

As the doctor did not resent the man's fight, he addressed all his skill to the wound. Soon the Kaffir made up his mind that he was not suspected of the robbery which had really been the motive of his desertion. He had taken diamonds from the mine, and sold them. His late employers were too inexperienced to be aware that a 'boy' seldom decamped without a diamond smuggled away in some tight knot of his waist cloth.

'Digger law' forbade the possession of diamonds by any black man, and cruelly punished every ascertained infraction of this rule.

Possibly the Kaffir was affected to remorse by the compassion which the doctor seemed to bestow; perhaps he was afraid of being searched, and thought it safer to yield his booty voluntarily. At any rate he tore to pieces a hard knot in his skin girdle, and let fall a noble diamond that flashed a bright course right across the dark clay floor of the hut.

In a moment the doctor grasped the situation, and picked up the sparkling beauty so strangely returned to its owners. Then, feeling rather more inclined to shake the thief's hand than give him over to his floggers, he put him back kindly on the sacks, and hurried off to share the good news with his chums.

He found them in solemn conclave, minutely inspecting some object that they passed from one to the other.

'What! Got a stone worth looking at at last?' cried the doctor, jumping at conclusions. 'Then luck is changing with a rush! See, here's a beauty for you! Let me see yours!'

Then, in exchange for the gem he gave them, he received the bullet he had left on the table.

'Why does this interest you?' asked the doctor, twiddling the bullet.

'So queer to find it here,' said Merwyn. 'Oh, I put it on the table,' said the doctor, and told them the story.

'Very strange,' said Merwyn. 'The rifle that fired that bullet is an old friend of mine. I'd swear to that ammunition anywhere. Bad times made me sell my shooting gear, and the man who bought the gun that carries that sort of ball is Thompson of the wood firm. Bless him for the lucky shot that brought back that sparkler.'

'If that's the case, the shot may turn out more lucky still,' added the doctor, after a few moments' deep thought, 'that is, if you chaps are not too scrupulous.'

'Ready for anything,' said Merwyn. 'Well, let me have the stone, the bullet and three days' leave, and when I return I shall have something that will put us all in fair way of getting on the home visiting list again.'

'What do you mean?' 'Never mind. Let me alone. Work the stone as capital, and trust to me for a proper investment.'

cutters, and to all appearance deserted diamond-digging for steady industry.

So camp affairs rolled on for upwards of a year, and Kaffirs came and Kaffirs absconded spasmodically as of old.

At last a day came when the auctioneer had a grand sale, no less than the entire plant of the dissolving wood firm. This was knocked down at a bargain to some speculative strangers jointly with two of the retiring firm; and the new lot set in to improve the business if possible.

They did so with a vengeance, for in less than four months the entire staff were in jail with a good chance of being lynched by claim-holders from all parts.

In plain words the firm's real 'business' had been discovered. It consisted of way-laying absconding Kaffirs, and relieving them of the diamonds they had stolen, in the certainty that they would not dare to complain. How many 'boys' the knives had found it necessary to murder was not to be ascertained.

The trial was a singular one. No charge against the prisoners could be sustained in law. They had certainly robbed black thieves of stolen diamonds, but the gems had never been seen by their true owners. Hence none of these could swear to their property. No Kaffir could be found to appear against the 'wood company.' There-

fore the rascally 'gentlemen' laughed defiantly at those who arrested them.

But though they escaped from court, they did not so easily get away from the vigilance committees organized by the camp. A handsome coat of tar and feathers was given to each rogue, and all were finally fairly kicked out of the company of honest men. But the original sale had long escaped to England, where they thought they would go scot-free. Fortunately the story was well circulated there, and every man concerned ultimately suffered exposure and disgrace.

W. B. CHURCHWARD.

Prompt.—'May I kiss you?' 'No, Mr Simpson; I don't feel well enough acquainted.' (Interesting pause.) 'There, now do you feel well enough acquainted?' 'Yes, George.'

'I must have been a fool when I married,' said little Tompkins, glaring fiercely at his wife. 'Certainly, my dear,' said Mrs Tompkins sweetly. 'It couldn't come on so badly all in two years, could it?'

'There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage.' 'What are they?' 'First, a good husband.' 'And the others?' 'The other five are money.'

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., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. EPPS'S COCOA

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KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND. "THE TOWER," REMUERA. VICTOR: REV. W. BEATTY, M.A. PRINCIPAL: MR GRAHAM BRUCE, B.A., with Honours of the University of London. Assisted by a Large Staff of Resident University Graduates.



LIST OF SUCCESSSES FOR THE YEAR 1896-7. Four Boys passed the Matriculation Examination. Four Boys passed the Senior Civil Service Examination. Nine Boys passed the Junior Civil Service Examination, two of whom gained the 18th and 38th places in New Zealand on a list of 233 successful candidates. Special Bus Arrangements for Day Boys. Prospectus may be had on application to the Principal, or from Messrs Upton and Co. Queen-street.

"DISINFECT" WITH "SANITAS" FLUID, POWDER, SOAPS, &C. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. Valuable Book, "HOW TO DISINFECT," free on application. The SANITAS Co., Ltd., BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON, E.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT HOBART.

THE PATIENT SENT OVER TO SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

ADVICE to had convey the news of a terrible accident having befallen a well-known and highly-esteemed resident of Hobart. The unfortunate sufferer was, as the result of her mishap, been afflicted with locomotor ataxia, an affliction that has in the past baffled the skill of the ablest physicians, and been pronounced by them as incurable. Mrs Nellie Denver, who now resides at Countess Cottage, Double Bay (Sydney), was kind enough to grant an interview to our reporter, who called to investigate her case, and narrated her experience as follows:—

'About six years ago, when residing in Hobart, Tasmania, I had the misfortune to meet with a serious accident, which I subsequently discovered had seriously injured my spine, although, strange to say, I felt no ill effects for about two years after. I then commenced to suffer from great weakness and dizziness and an intolerable feeling of exhaustion. I did not seek medical attendance at first, but when I at last became aware of the serious condition I was persuaded by my friends to go to the Sydney Hospital, where I remained two months without receiving any permanent benefit. On leaving the hospital I again rather neglected my state of health, and on applying for re-admission was informed that my case was perfectly hopeless. I obtained admission to the Newington Asylum, where I remained seven months; yet still I got no better, being unable to swallow any nourishing food. I then took two courses of electric baths, for which I paid six guineas, and with the exception of some alleviation of my suffering I cannot say that they did me much good; in fact I could not even walk, so I imagined that there was no cure in store for me. One day, on reading the daily paper, I noticed an account of a marvelous recovery effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and considering that this case (the one of Boiler-maker Jarvis, suffering from locomotor ataxia), closely resembled mine, I determined to make a trial of them. I experienced relief after the first box, and have steadily improved ever since; my appetite returned, and I ceased to suffer from that terrible feeling of nervousness. I am now in my seventh box, and can confidently assert that I am most decidedly improved in health. My friends also noticed a marked improvement in my condition, and this I entirely attribute to the health-giving properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; in fact, it must be solely due to them, for I have tried no other remedy. The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are at perfect liberty to make whatever use they may think fit of this statement, for I feel deeply grateful for the benefit I have derived from them.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork or excesses. They are sold by all chemists and storekeepers generally, or the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., will forward on receipt of stamps or P.O. order, one box for 3s, or half-a-dozen for 15s 0d, postage paid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are only genuine when put up in round wood boxes about the size of a shilling, with name in full. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on the wrapper. They are never sold in bulk or by the hundred.

SOULS' UNION.

'As I looked up I felt comforted to think that the same sky and stars looked on us both.'

UNDER the selfsame sky, dear love,  
Up to the starry dome  
You gaze, and so do I, sweetheart,  
Though far apart we roam.

Your thoughts take fancy's flight, dear love,  
And hither southward fly;  
The spangled face of night, sweetheart,  
I watch of your north sky.

The common ground of thought, dear love,  
To which both spirits soar,  
The space apart is nought, sweetheart,  
Our gaze can not leap o'er.

Under that velvet night, dear love,  
We feel and understand  
That in those points of light, sweetheart,  
Our souls join hand in hand.

Thine very stars I know, dear love,  
To which you turn your eyes,  
From yours reflect their glow, sweetheart,  
To mine which watch your skies.

And thus our thoughts unite, dear love,  
In that pure vault above,  
With diamonds richly dight, sweetheart,  
That speak our mutual love.

And there in close embrace, dear love,  
Our souls shall nightly meet,  
And in that spangled space, sweetheart,  
Hold silent converse sweet.

Y. KING.

NOT EVEN IF IT COST TWENTY SHILLINGS.

A NOTABLE percentage—about one-third, I think—of the power of a steam engine is used up in overcoming the friction of its own parts. Hence inventors are constantly seeking to reduce the friction. Yet they can never overcome it; and the resistance created by it represents power (and hence expense also) absolutely lost.

Now the human body is a machine propelled by heat, exactly as an engine is; and anything that retards it may be considered as friction. Very good, then.

You have noticed great differences in your own vigour. Some days you work easily, and on others with difficulty. This is so whether you are chiefly a muscle-worker or a brain-worker; or a mixture of both—as most people are. Occasionally you are able to do more work in a day than at other times you can do in three. It is the odds between walking on smooth, hard level ground and dragging yourself uphill through wet clay. What wouldn't lawyers, authors, clergymen, and all other brain-workers give for something having the power to keep their minds clear and strong? Or body-workers for something that would prevent aching, weakness, and aches? Do I know what will do it? No, don't. If I did I could retail the secret for more money than I should care to have in the bank of England. But I do know one thing, and will tell it you in a minute—or no time.

First, however, we will talk of Mr J. B. Goss and the friction he tried so long to overcome. Mr Goss is a large farmer living at Stradsett, near Downham Market, Norfolk, and is well known in his district. When the farmers meet on market days he often speaks of his experience and how he came out of it.

In order to cover it all he has to go back fifteen years—to about 1878. At that time he began to feel the signs of some disease which he could neither account for nor understand. At first he merely realised that he was out of condition. His work became less and less a pleasure and more and more a task. From his business his thoughts turned upon himself, and no man can work well in that form. Then he and his victuals began to disagree, which is a state of things to make a man ask what can the reason be?

He had a well-provided table, of course; you'd think he sat down to his meals and wouldn't touch a morsel. Mr Goss knew that this would never do. If a man expects to live, he must eat. There are no two ways about that. So he ate more or less—although not much—without the stimulus of an appetite; he forced it down, as you may say. But this wouldn't do either. When the stomach goes on strike it can't be whipped into working before the question at issue is properly settled.

Thus it ended in his having great pain and tightness at his sides and chest. 'I was constantly belching up a sour fluid,' he says, which ran out of my mouth like vinegar. I had a horrible sensation at the stomach for which I was not able to find any relief. For nights together I could get no sleep; and in this general condition I continued for five years, no medicine or medical treatment doing more than to abate some of the worst symptoms for the time being.

In the early part of 1883 I heard of a medicine which was said to do good in cases like mine. Whether it would help me of course I had no idea. After so many things have failed, one naturally has no faith in a new one. Yet I got a supply and began with it. In a short time it was plain that I had come upon the real remedy at last. My food agreed with me, and soon all pain and distress gradually left me. Since then (now ten years ago) I have kept in the best of health. If I, or any of my family all anything, a dose of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—the medicine that cured me—soon sets us right. We have no need of a doctor. (Signed) J. B. GOSS, March 24th, 1893.

Mr Goss once said that if Seigel's Syrup cost 20s a bottle he would not be without it in his house. We can easily believe him. Considering what it did for him—and does for others—it would be cheap at any price. Yet, like plenty of things of the highest practical value, it costs but little. The reader can imagine under what difficulty and friction Mr Goss must have done what work he did during those five years' suffering with indigestion and dyspepsia.

This, then, we know, that life's friction and loss of power comes chiefly from that single disease, and that case arises from the use of Mother Seigel's great discovery.

'Women,' he said oracularly to her, 'are rarely good listeners.' And the protractive mother-in-law at the keyhole smiled grimly.

Her Invisible Charm—'Be your own judge, Chumley, but can you show me one thing about Miss Richly that makes her attractive?' 'No, it's in the bank.'

LORD ROSEBERY'S WITTIICISM.

DURING Lord Rosebery's term as Foreign Secretary in Mr Gladstone's last administration, he was often annoyed by an elderly friend who paid him daily visits to get his opinion on matters of no importance to him whatever. Finally, becoming exasperated at the woman, he gave the doorkeepers orders not to admit her under any circumstances. However, not a day passed that she did not make an effort to gain a hearing, and on an unusually late visit happened to meet the secretary just as he was about to enter his carriage.

'Lord Rosebery,' said she, breathlessly, 'I must see you on a most important subject, and at once.'

'Very well, madam,' said the urbane Secretary of State, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, 'I beg of you to get in.'

Delighted to be invited to drive with so important a personage, the talkative lady jumped into the carriage, Rosebery gently closing the door on her, and before she could expostulate, she heard him saying to the coachman,

'Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then home.'

Looking out of the window, the now late occupant saw her late victim stepping into a cab.

RHEUMATIC GOUT—A MASTER MARINER'S ESCAPE.

(Shields Daily News.)

CASE of Captain Holland, master mariner, Dockway Bank, East Hobster, South Shields. Exposure to the weather had so crippled him that he was totally incapacitated for active exertion by rheumatism and rheumatic gout, from which he had suffered for nearly nine years. Three doctors had treated him without effect. He suffered daily the most agonising pains in limbs and body. There was considerable swelling of the joints, and altogether he had a most miserable time. Happening to come across an article in a newspaper describing the cure of a similar case by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he resorted to the same means as a last hope of recovery. Asked the result of his proceeding, he said, 'I took one box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and felt great relief; I persevered, taking three pills after each meal, and now I am healthy and strong again. I have only been visited with the pain once since taking the pills, and this was a slight attack which a few pills very speedily dispelled. I feel myself a young man again.'

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THE GUIDING VOICE.

THERE is more than one version of the following story going about. By some an army officer is made the chief personage; by others it is given in another way. It has therefore seemed good to me to publish this true account to the world, having found the same among my grandfather's papers, which came into my possession as the eldest son of his first-born.

Without doubt some will say it is but a story. To them I say this, 'It is true. And twist it as you will by the lights of modern knowledge, it did in that day confirm two worthy Christians in their faith.'

JARVIS JOHNS TREHARNE.

'Twas but six months after I had been appointed master and commander in His Majesty's navy that, through the great drubbing received by the Danes from our brave fellows under Nelson—his many titles and honours I cannot enumerate—I was paid off from my brig 'Rover,' the Peace of Amiens having been concluded, and being now as near home as I should ever be while on active service, I betought me to post there, for I was a native of Penzance.

I was in luck to have been paid off at Plymouth, for I had but a journey of some seventy miles, whereas had the 'Rover' been ordered to Portsmouth my distance had been more like two hundred. Taking the Bodmin Road with an easy mind—for your highwayman would not find enough to keep him in horseflesh so far west—I reached Truro at noon of a fine May day, and being now but some twenty miles from home, I spurred onward.

The day changed to thunder. I had but got the length of Marazion when I could see I was in for a wetting, and, sure enough, as I reached Market Jew, in the good old town of Penzance, the first drops saluted me. Riding on, I came to the sea face, and here it came down 'cats and dogs,' so, seeing a handy archway, I reined Dobbin and sought its shelter.

The thunder crackled overhead and the green lightning flickered angrily, while the hail and rain descended ho-ho-bolus, as the saying goes. I had not stood there a minute when in rushes another wayfarer; he had been caught afoot.

'A smart storm, sir,' he said, and we got into a conversation.

I found he was a Redrath man, a student, and apparently of a religious mind.

From where we stood the bay was in sight, and among the small craft I saw a vessel which I took to be a sloop of war lying at anchor close in.

'What ship may that be, pray?' says I.

'It is His Majesty's sloop "Rainbow,"' he answered. 'She has been here now three days, and is to go on to Portsmouth. They are drunken dogs aboard, I am sorry to say.'

At that the storm cleared, and all of a sudden the downpour ceased. In the silence I heard the sloop's bell strike the hour, and, looking at my watch, found it was indeed four o'clock.

'Pray, sir, can you tell me why ten bells were struck?' says my companion.

'Ten!' answered I. 'Nay, you mistake; 'twas eight.'

'Ten sir; for I counted them.'

'Then, if that were so, you will hear them "struck back"; for that's sea usage.'

Sure enough, as I spoke came the oblige again, and I doubt not the fellow who made the mistake got a wiggling. And yet who shall say whether, indeed, God did not direct his hand? But you shall hear.

The storm had passed St. Ives way, and it was brightening over Newlyn, so, being impatient to see my dear ones, I spurred out, with a short 'Good day,' and thought no more of the matter.

With the pleasures of family converse the sweet early summer sped all too fast, especially as every one could see that the peace would not last. What! England, with an army of one hundred and sixty thousand regulars, besides her volunteers and militia, to sit quiet with Malta in possession of France, and all our colonial stations given up? Even now Bonaparte's 'consuls' were spying in all parts of England, while our small merchantmen were seized and confiscated in French ports on the smallest pretence. No. This shameful peace could not last, and so every moment at home seemed precious.

And thus it was that June passed swiftly, and nothing happened to break our peace till that night came which was to cause us admiration all our life through.

We—that is, Ether, my wife, and I—

had retired early. It was midnight, when she suddenly cried out and woke.

'Jarvis! did you hear it?' she whispered.

'I heard nothing,' answered I.

'It was as the voice of God,' she said, 'and his words were "Send thy husband post haste to Bodmin."'

'Nay, you were dreaming,' said I. 'Turn over and go to sleep,' which, unwillingly, she did.

Then I fell off myself; and woke in like manner as she had done. A man, whose face I seemed to know, stood over me and said, 'Jarvis Treharne, obey me! up instantly, and post to Bodmin!'

'I heard it!' cried I to my wife, and we both sat up, wondering greatly.

''Twas but thinking of your dream,' says I, presently, and again we lay down.

Once more the thing happened to me, and this time my wife had also dreamed again as before.

'Jarvis,' she said, with solemnity, 'it is borne in upon me that it is the voice of God calling you.'

'Nay, 'twas a man!' says I, 'and one that I know, though I cannot recall him.'

'That may be,' she answered. 'And yet it is God's voice. What will you do?'

'Do?' says I. 'Why, sleep?'

'I would post to Bodmin,' she replied.

And, indeed, I was so worked upon myself that I then and there rose and clothed myself. Then I said seriously, 'Must I indeed set out and ride these fifty miles? And even as I asked myself she voice answered me, 'Yes!'

And so, thinking still that I was on a fool's errand, I went forth, and by four in the morning was on my way, with my wife's comforting words in my ear:—

'Take the ferry, Jarvis,' she said as I rode off; 'it will save you a couple of miles.'

'Aye,' answered I, 'and gain me old Zeek's maledictions!'

But still I thought I would take that road, being the direct way; though, Zeek being a-bed, I should have to rouse him out.

What freshness there is in an early summer morn in this country of England! In many foreign climes the first rays of the sun sicken you; but here the sweet air, tempered with sea mist, unseen yet still there, is as a kiss from nature. And all heaven's birds do sing, and the smell of the

wet grass and the balm of the hedge flowers are in your nostrils, while the good horses trot along, head erect and ears cocked.

I skirted the flat, marshy land Saint Ives way, and bore to the right. When I got the ferry in sight I was struck to see Zeek there, waiting in the boat. As I rode up he hailed me.

'We're all ready, Master Treharne. Thy man rode I out, ye see.'

'My man?' thought I, in wonder. And now, indeed, it seemed to me that God his hand must be guiding me.

'Aye,' I answered, 'it is a matter for hurry, Zeek.'

And, stepping aboard, we were soon across, and I on my way again, with a feeling of awe in that this mysterious voice had even wakened the ferryman, that I might not lose time.

But with all my speed it was two by the clock when I rode into Bodmin's long street and wondered why I was there. 'Tis ever a sleepy place; but this day it seemed even more so. Away further down I noticed a small crowd near the town hall, but all else was quiet.

I put my horse up, and, hearing from the hostler that the Assizes were on, I walked to the town hall, for the want of something better to do. 'Twas here the crowd stood, and I learned that within they were trying a man for a cruel murder that had been done six weeks ago, which, indeed, I had heard of at the time—Helson being the place, and the day, of all others, the one on which I had arrived home. But in the society of wife and children, after three years' absence, even murder may be forgotten, especially so by one licensed to murder the King's enemies by His Majesty's commission.

But now, being here in Bodmin, and knowing not why, I thought, 'I cannot do better than look in at the court,' at which I forced myself in with some trouble, gaining a savage frown from the judge and sundry calls of 'Silence!' from the ushers. For, indeed, I had arrived at a most solemn moment. The prisoner, whose back was toward me, was facing the dread representative of the law, who had just asked him that awful question, what he had to plead why sentence should not be now passed upon him.

'My Lord,' said the poor fellow—and, thought I, 'Where have I heard that

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voice—"My Lord, I stand here found guilty, and from the evidence brought before you I cannot wonder at the verdict. It is useless for me to say, "I am not guilty." This I have already said in my pleading. But worse than my doom to me is the fact that I have lost—almost lost—faith in my God. I have earnestly prayed to Him that He would shield the guiltless; for life is sweet to me. I have cried, and there is no answer. One person only can prove my innocence. On the day when this crime was committed—aye, at the very hour—I was many miles from the spot. At that moment I stood beneath an archway in the town of Penzance with another man on horseback. While there we heard the bell on His Majesty's ship 'Rainbow' strike ten. The ship was lost with all their souls the following week. No one but that stranger on horseback can prove my innocence."

The reason of my warning voice was explained. His God had not forgotten him after all!

#### ALASKAN GOLD.

A GREAT MANY expeditions are being organised in the States to thoroughly prospect the great unknown region in North British Columbia and Alaska, where it is believed there are goldfields of vast extent. One of the first to leave New York, and in some respects the most venturesome, is that planned by a combined hunting and gold-seeking party, under Mr. Paul Kemble, to penetrate the Copper River Country back of Cook Inlet. This section has always been a sealed book to prospectors, principally on account of its inaccessibility, but also because of the supposed savage nature of the tribes that inhabit it. Once a year the Copper River Indians come down to Cook Inlet in their skin canoes to trade with the white men of the small settlements scattered along the shore. Then they return—no man knows how. Those who have attempted to follow them have invariably come back discouraged; some have never returned. The trails they follow have so far remained a secret, which they keep close locked in their breasts. Almost always the savages bring virgin gold, sometimes

in good sized nuggets, sometimes in dust, which on account of its purity and peculiar colour, has gained a distinctive character and set the white miners nearly crazy with desire. The Copper River Country is believed to be the great game centre of Alaska. Moose, caribou, bears, goats, wolves, foxes, minks, etc., are found there in great numbers. A story which circulated among the miners of Cook Inlet last year is to the effect that a party of Copper River Indians recently killed on their principal hunting grounds two mastodons the like of which they had never before seen. They described them as being "four times bigger than the biggest moose, with enormous heads full of ivory and with bodies covered with patches of long hair that swept the ground." They were said to have weighed several tons. The skeletons are now gracing the totem of the great war chief of the tribe. Virgin copper in nuggets the size of a man's two fists have been exhibited on Cook Inlet, and pelts of the finest and rarest character occasionally find their way to the trading posts, coming from this unknown but wonderfully resourceful country. This much was learned from Captain Percy Hunting, the guide who goes with the party. This man has achieved a reputation as a hunter and prospector in South-eastern Alaska, and has also ascended the Shushitna River, going forty miles further than any other white man. He has camped with and studied the ways of the Copper River Indians, and feels confident of making his way into their country this winter. Captain Hunting has made a map of the section lying north and east of Cook Inlet, which is considered the most accurate yet drafted.

"We are a little party of twelve," said Captain Hunter, "and are organised primarily to hunt big game in the country surrounding Cook Inlet, where moose, bear, and caribou are plentiful. We are going to a small island off the western shore of Cook Inlet, at a point called Sang Harbour. This will be the headquarters for our party. It is an ideal spot and from its heights the eye traverses the whole of the inlet back to the glaciers and ranges of snow-capped peaks far off in the interior, with an occasional glimpse of a smoking volcano.

"Do you expect to take up any mining claims around Cook Inlet, Captain?"

"If the members of the party wish it, they can do so. As for myself, I have all the claims I can handle there now. It is not what you might call a poor man's proposition. There are virtually only two poor men's claims on Cook Inlet."

"And how is the climate in summer?"

"There are three months of positively glorious weather. These are June, July, and August. During this period the sun never sets. You go to sleep in the day and wake up in the day. At first it is rather difficult to accustom yourself to all this light, but you soon get used to it, like everything else, and after a good day's tramp can lie down and sleep the sleep of the just."

"There is something about the water, too, that tones up the whole system and makes you as hard and rugged as an athlete."

"The Indians on the inlet live on fish nearly the year round. Salmon is so plentiful that they knock them out of the water with clubs. There's a small fish called the candle fish, which they dry and use for lighting purposes in the winter. So full of oil are they that they burn entirely up."

#### AN INDIAN STORY.

"By the way, talking of Indians reminds me of a good story which you will appreciate," interjected Captain Hunting, laughing heartily.

"My Indian boy, who is exceptionally intelligent, was with me one day last year when I received a package of papers from a vessel just in. Among them was a copy of a paper containing an illustrated supplement. After I had looked this over I tossed it to him, and I give you my word I never saw a more interested Indian in my life."

"He squatted down on the beach, under the broiling sun, with the gnats swarming around his uncovered head, and sat there the livelong day studying those pictures, the like of which he had never seen before. One picture especially caught his particular fancy—that of a section of New York city showing the elevated road and some of the skyscrapers. He studied the height of those buildings most attentively—even

measured them by the tallest thing he could bring within his vision on the inlet."

"I called to him several times, but he paid not the slightest heed. Once in a while his hand would go up to his head, and mechanically and soberly he would brush the flies away. But they never caused his attention to wander from the paper. Nothing did—he was in a trance. Finally he got up, looked about him slowly, heaved a deep sigh, and with a wealth of feeling that stung beggars to description, exclaimed—

"'Huh! White man, he knows everything; Indian, he all same fool!'"

"Our intention is to cut a trail back into the Copper River country this winter, ascending the Shushitna as far as possible and packing the rest of the way with a dog train. We go fully equipped to stand off all known hardships and dangers."

#### SLEEPLESSNESS.

I HAVE written (says Gordon Stables) several paragraphs, before now on sleeplessness, but so prevalent is the complaint, that whenever I have anything in the least degree new, I mean to mention it. Here, then, are a few brief but useful maxims:—  
1. The insomniac cannot be too particular in obeying all the laws of health; he should be all the time in the open air, take moderate, not hard, exercise, and live rather abstemiously. Nutritive and not bulky food, and not a deal of flesh. 2. He must avoid constipation; it heats the head and prevents sleep. 3. He should sleep in a well ventilated room with the window a bit open. 4. No more bedclothing than suffices for warmth, and not a bed he shall sink into. 5. The pillows should be soft and nice, and high or low as seems to suit best. 6. No exciting talk for two hours before going to bed. 7. He should disabuse his mind of anything likely to worry or to make him think. 8. Attend to the feet, even the point of a corn may wake one too soon, and one won't be able to drop off again. 9. A warm bath occasionally at night, the cold to every morning, bathing the feet every night in hot water. Attention to these simple rules may bring relief without medicine.

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 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.

**IMPORT YOUR BULBS DIRECT.**  
 We, PETER VAN VEISEN AND SONS, Bulb-growers  
 Haarlem, Holland, beg to intimate that Illustrated Catalogues can  
 be had on application, post free, from our agents,  
**MESSRS A. MILLAR AND CO.**  
 Auckland.

**LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS**



THE coloured straw hat and  
 bonnet shapes seem to be  
 catching on so far; and the  
 plateaux of coloured straw for  
 working on to lace founda-  
 tions seem likely to become  
 popular. An example of the  
 latter novelty, just recently  
 sketched from an ultra-modish  
 source, forms the subject of  
 my first illustration. The  
 foundation here is of black  
 lace; the straw plateau of  
 rose colour; while black  
 ostrich tips, fan bows of black  
 lace, and a diamond buckle, complete the 'altogether'  
 of a stylish and becoming chapeau. I was much amused  
 at a remark recently heard from an artisan, who, with a  
 neatly-attired little wife, was gazing in a smart milliner's  
 window at the fearful and wonderful confections therein  
 displayed. 'They are atrociously gay, aren't they?' he  
 asked. 'Atrociously gay' the millinery of the hour un-  
 doubtedly is, and seems likely to be throughout the  
 season. Some 1830 bonnets—as in my initial—are being  
 displayed in the West End windows and show-rooms.  
 I have not yet seen them in wear, but it is very  
 probable they will be during the summer, at garden  
 parties and race meetings, a good deal worn. They

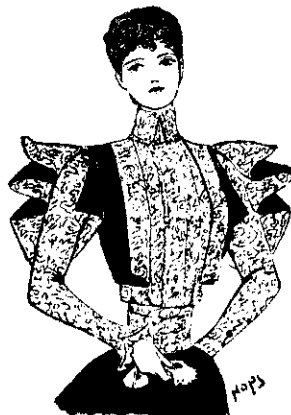


COLOURED STRAW PLATEAU HAT.

are nearly always entirely white. Entirely white hats  
 are also *en evidence*, and are quite a relief to the eye  
 amidst such a glare of colour. They are certainly dis-  
 tinguished looking, but, oh! my sisters, carefully con-  
 sider the subject of your complexions ere donning them,  
 for they are a trying ordeal. White, however, is to  
 some complexions an assistance, as it is an illuminator,  
 and more frequently than not a necessity near the face  
 —hence the fashion for centuries of some kind of collar  
 or ruffle, of white linen, lace or muslin—its absence, ex-  
 cepting in cases of particularly clear and fair com-  
 plexions causing a dead, or dirty, aspect of skin. It is  
 the absent illuminating bit of white at the throat that  
 makes mourning so unbecoming to so many people far  
 more than the black itself, as black again is an assist-  
 ance to the complexion, enhancing what fairness it  
 possesses.

When 'she will, she will,' we know, and Dr. Wood's  
 raid against veils has not, I fancy, disturbed the rest of  
 many wilful shes. Now we can shelter, too, under the  
 opinion of various eminent lady doctors, who, though  
 not always wearing veils themselves (an important point),  
 do not consider there is any harm likely to ensue from  
 their wear. Even the spotted ones may be worn in safety  
 they consider, provided the wearer does not read in  
 them: a note for railway travelling.

A very smart bodice is shown in the second sketch which  
 commends itself highly for afternoon wear, or would even  
 make a good dinner bodice for informal occasions. The  
 bodice itself is made shirt fashion, and is of sapphire-



A STYLISH BODICE.

blue silk, the turn-over collar and centre pleat being  
 edged by a narrow Valenciennes lace. The folded band

and sleeves are also of silk. The short Bolero is of  
 sapphire velvet, the revers and lining to the novel head-  
 ings to sleeves being also of silk. The skirt to this  
 stylish bodice might be either corresponding silk or vel-  
 vet. Brocade may be used in place of plain silk.

This spring a woman's wardrobe is not complete with-  
 out a shoulder cape. They hold their own with remark-  
 able tenacity, which is not a little surprising, since large  
 sleeves are no longer an excuse for their popularity.  
 Capes are so easily and conveniently handled, and are so  
 dressy and becoming to the majority of women, that they  
 are still kept in the foreground. They do not, however,  
 begin to have the style that a well-made and a well-fitted  
 jacket has, and there have been imported this season  
 many that are particularly good examples of the style  
 worn in Paris. A shoulder cape that has just been  
 brought over for private use is composed of black accor-  
 dion-pleated Brussels net, which was trimmed with  
 many rows of black No. 1 ribbon before it was pleated.  
 The ribbon had such a feathery edge that it was nearly  
 all fluff, and so gave a very soft effect. Several of these  
 ruffles composed the cape, over them fell in full folds  
 some very old and heavy white Italian lace which once  
 belonged to one of the late Popes. Around the neck ex-  
 tended a full ruffle of the net, with black double-faced  
 satin ribbon, and black silk poppies with grass green  
 centres.

So many of this season's bodices blouse at the back as  
 well as at the front, although to a less prominent extent  
 naturally. This should never be attempted unless by  
 those of tall lithe figures with small waists. When it is  
 possible to becomingly wear them they certainly give  
 one a smart appearance and stamp the gown with the  
 impress of 1897.

The departure of the 'sac' jacket is not yet, it seems.  
 The Parisiennes are sporting some particularly handsome  
 and dainty specimens, and an example recently from the  
 gay city forms the subject of my last illustration. This  
 coat is in piece with the skirt, both being of purple



SAC COAT FROM PARIS.

cloth. The coat, it will be seen, is cut to allow of an  
 under front, fastening invisibly on the left side. This is  
 of white velvet, embroidered with purple braid, the tabs  
 and cuffs being of the same, and the fur edging is narrow  
 black sable.

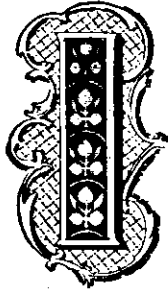
Although *le petit mot* from Paris is the disappearance  
 of white glacé kid walking gloves, still the smartest  
 shops there show just as many as ever. At the 'Car-  
 nival de Venice,' on the Boulevard, which is now con-  
 sidered authority for women's gloves as well as men's,  
 there is a most tempting variety, the only difference  
 being the scarcity of stitching on the back. Tan gloves  
 are again fashionable, for they are too well liked to re-  
 main long in the background.

HELOISE.

How to become slender! Let the maiden inclined to  
 embonpoint follow this advice, and her form should be-  
 come as willow as she could wish. Rise early and take  
 a cold bath, rubbing vigorously afterwards with a coarse  
 towel or flesh brush. Take a cupful of water before  
 breakfast. Take one small cup of tea at breakfast, some  
 dry toast, boiled fish or a small omelette, and a baked apple  
 or a little fruit. At dinner, which should be at midday,  
 take white fish or meat, dry toast or stale bread, vege-  
 tables or fruit, either fresh or stewed; for supper, toast,  
 salad, fruit, and six ounces of wine or water. Hot water  
 with lemon juice in it is also good for supper. When  
 you have followed all these rules, and find yourself fairy-  
 like in proportion, then you may begin to contemplate  
 smart clothes such as only the slender can wear.

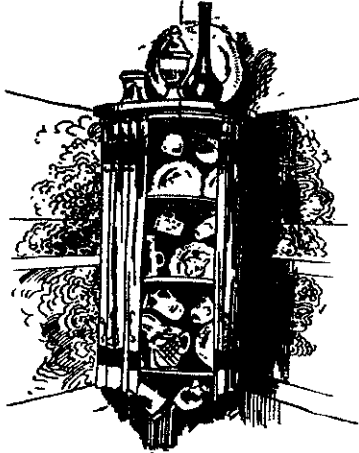
ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B & P PILLS is warranted to cure  
 all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, Gravel,  
 and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in  
 boxes, 4/6 each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.  
 Sole Proprietors THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG  
 CO., LONDON, ENGLAND.

**WORK COLUMN.**



It has often occurred to me that we are not nearly as clever in the arrangement of rooms as our neighbours the French, who are accustomed to live in 'flats,' and make the most of the space. We make little or no use of our dining-rooms; for instance, there is no reason why there should not be an infinity of ornamental cupboards round the walls, and in the corners, where ordinary, everyday china might be well arranged so as to add to the decoration of the room. The cupboard shown in the accompanying sketch is really pretty, yet here is everyday breakfast china, a marmalade jar, milk jug, and

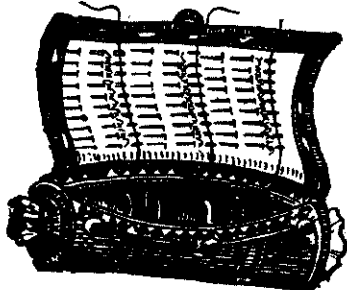
everything of the kind put safely away instead of standing about on the dresser of a kitchen. It is supplied with a couple of bright little curtains which can be drawn at need, but left partially open have a better



A CUPBOARD FOR CHINA.

effect. The cupboard itself is nothing in the world but a series of corner wooden brackets fixed on the wall one above the other, and these can be stained to match the furniture, or, if a contrast be liked, stained green or painted white.

Housewives, as a rule, do not commend themselves to me; for the most part they seem to contain a variety of articles one never uses, they are too cumbersome to carry about, and are seldom at hand when they are wanted, but I most seldom at I fell a victim to the charms of a little French 'housewife,' which not only gives you needle and cotton, but also the former threaded and ready for use, for as you take out one of the needles and pull the thread through the others, breaking it off, you have only got to make a knot and set to work at whatever you are doing; but I will proceed to explain it in a more technical fashion. This peculiar 'housewife' consists of three rows of needles, which are supposed to remain always threaded. For instance, one row of a dozen needles is threaded with the same single bit of black silk, and the two others have white or any other cotton of two different sizes. The reels themselves are enclosed in the bolster case, which is divided into three compartments. Our model is made in antique garnet silk, brocaded with flowers and with ribbed stripes; it is lined with flannel. Both the inside and the outside measure



A NEW 'HOUSEWIFE.'

13 inches in length, and 6 1/2 inches in width. A 7 inch square of coarse linen is cut for the inside of the roll, and is placed between the silk and the flannel, to give more strength; the partitions are also made of flannel, and the whole is bound with a fancy galloon. The two gathered ends are in old-gold satin, to correspond with the feather stitching which divides the three lines of threaded needles. Evidently only the first needle of the row must be taken at a time, and the continuous thread drawn carefully, so that, in breaking the required length, the remaining needles are still left all threaded with an end projecting at the edge, as clearly shown in the illustration. Three fancy buttons, sewn outside the cotton case, correspond with three loops, by means of

which the roll is securely fastened. The top flat is also provided with a loop, to be rolled and buttoned up when not wanted.

**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 pressures 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.**

**PAUPIETTES DE BŒUF.**—Cut thin slices of steak, two inches by six, put on each at one end a piece of well-flavoured pork sausage meat the size of a pigeon's egg; roll up each slice tightly and neatly, and tie it up with thread. Fry them in butter till they begin to take colour, then take them out, remove the thread from each, and lay them by. Fry some onions a golden colour in butter, add a very little flour, sweet herbs, a few mushroom trimmings, pepper and salt to taste, and moisten with some good gravy or stock. Let the sauce boil; then strain it and carefully lay the small rolls of steak in it to simmer till done and ready to be served. The sauce should cover them in the saucepan. Serve with potatoes dressed in the following fashion: Potatoes Mashed; Take some boiled potatoes, hot or cold, and pass them through a sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a large piece of butter, and salt to taste. Work them well on a slow fire, adding small quantities of milk until they are quite smooth and of the desired consistency.

**FOR A YELLOW LUNCHEON.**—A beautiful idea for a yellow luncheon might be carried out thus. Work two extra squares rather larger than the napkins for vases on either side of the cloth used as a centrepiece. Take two designs for the napkins of maidenhair fern. Fill in all four corners by placing the designs alternately in each corner. Two other designs somewhat similar to each other, might be used in the same way for the second square by way of variety. All the china for the occasion should be tinted a delicate yellow merging into a golden brown next to the gold decoration on the outer edge of the plates and flower bowls. Some simple sprays of fern or foliage may be painted on this ground, thrown on in careless fashion, but this is not absolutely necessary. If artistically executed these will add greatly to the beauty of the plain tinting. The set can be elaborated by adding tiny vases for individual favours. The guest and menu cards for such a luncheon may be shaped like fern leaves, or else plain cards decorated with the traceries of the fern, with the name apparently hidden beneath, may be used. The lights should be of a golden yellow, casting a glow as of sunshine over all about them. The bonbons are also yellow. Small square baskets of bamboo or of wicker, having high square handles ornamented with large bows of yellow satin ribbon, filled with moss and growing ferns, make pretty, dainty, and moderately inexpensive favours. Small yellow vases of daffodils and primroses should form the floral decorations.

**ALMOND MACAROONS.**—Blanch, wash, and dry with a towel 1/2 lb of sweet almonds. Chop them very finely, and spread them out on a dish to dry for a day or two. Pound the almonds, beat the whites of two eggs very stiffly, and add to them the almonds and 1/2 lb of fine sugar. Spread a sheet of paper on an oven tin, and put the mixture out in teaspoonsful on the paper, a little distance apart. Touch the top lightly with a wet brush, and put a strip of blanched almonds on the top of each. Put them in a slow oven till they are quite hard, then remove the paper from the tin; turn it upside down, and wet the back of each biscuit with cold water; in a few minutes the paper will come off easily. The almonds and sugar must be mixed quickly and lightly into the eggs.

**STALE BREAD MADE INTO RUSKS FOR CHEESE.**—Break the bread into small, rough pieces; dip each one quickly in and out of cold milk, put them into a baking-pan, and bake in a hot oven. In a few minutes they will be crisp, when they must be taken out, allowed to get cold, and be put away for use.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

THE floor of the kitchen and dining-room should be brushed after every meal, the sideboard rearranged, and the table prepared for the coming meal. This is an important matter when the housekeeper attends personally to the dining-room. The receptacles for sugar, salt, the various table sauces, etc., the glasses, silver, napkins and cutlery may be placed ready for use, and the table prepared ready for the water, bread, etc., and then covered with a clean cloth large enough to protect it entirely from dust and disarrangement.



**DINNER INVITATIONS.**

DINNER invitations depend for their form and date of issuing upon two things: the number of guests and the formality of the occasion. For a small and informal entertainment a note in the first person should be sent to the guests from a week to ten days before the date settled upon. Some such form as the following should be used in the invitation:

'The Firm'

MY DEAR MRS BROWN,  
Mr Jones and I hope that you and Mr Brown will dine with us on Wednesday evening, the thirteenth, at seven o'clock, to meet Miss Black, our charming English cousin.

With kind regards,  
Cordially yours,  
CAROLINE R. JONES.

October 5th, 1897.

It is unnecessary to add 'quite informally' after the 'dine with us,' as the first person note shows that the affair is to be small. It is a good rule to never use third person invitations except to formal affairs, as the character of the entertainment is at once thus shown.

In all informal invitations to married people the hostess writes to the wife, mentioning her husband's name with her own in extending the invitation, and inviting Mr Guest through his wife. In formal invitations, on the contrary, both husband's and wife's name appear equally as hosts and guests.

The acceptance or declination of a dinner invitation must be sent at once, by return post if possible, at latest within twenty-four hours. It must follow closely the form of invitation, and should repeat—as many embarrassing errors may thus be avoided—the date and hour of the dinner. An acceptance of the informal invitation should read about as follows:

The Terrace.

MY DEAR MRS JONES,  
Mr Brown and I will be delighted to dine with you and Mr Jones on Wednesday evening, the thirteenth, at seven o'clock, and to meet Miss Black.

Always sincerely yours,  
MANTHA BROWN.

October 5th.

A declination of a similar invitation should, if possible, give the reason for refusing. Its form is about as follows:—

The Terrace.

MY DEAR MRS JONES,  
Mr Brown and I regret very much that a previous engagement will prevent us from dining with you on the thirteenth, though we hope to meet Miss Black on some other occasion.

Sincerely yours,  
MANTHA BROWN.

October 5th.

For a formal dinner the invitation should read as follows, and should be issued two weeks in advance:—

'The Firm'

Mr and Mrs Henry Jones request the honour of your (or of Mr and Mrs Brown's) company at dinner, on Wednesday evening, November the tenth, at seven o'clock, to meet Miss Black.

October 27th, 1897.

These formal invitations are almost invariably written, though some very extensive hostesses have blank cards, in size about 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, engraved:

'The Firm'

Mr and Mrs Henry Jones  
request the honour of your company

and would use these in issuing dinner invitations. Two blank lines are left for the date and further description of the entertainment. R. S. V. P., another initialled abbreviation of a French phrase—'Repondez si vous plait'—is not used to any great extent upon invitations of late years, as it is considered both unnecessary and discourteous to remind people of their duties, the necessity for immediate acknowledgment being tacitly understood. The acceptance of the formal invitation must be sent promptly and should read as follows:—

The Terrace.

Mr and Mrs William Brown accept with pleasure Mr and Mrs Jones' kind invitation to meet Miss Black at dinner, on Wednesday evening, November the thirteenth, at seven o'clock.

October 28th, 1897.

The declination should be sent with equal promptness. The following is the most usual form:—

The Terrace.

Mr and Mrs William Brown regret that a previous engagement will not allow them to accept the kind invitation of Mr and Mrs Jones to meet Miss Black at dinner on Wednesday evening

And it may be added that the call after a dinner must never be omitted.

A farmer's taxes in Turkey are classified thus: (1) one-tenth of all crops and fruits; (2) 4 per cent. of the rental value of house and lands; (3) 5 per cent. on every transfer; (4) an annual cattle tax of 32 pence on every sheep and 21 pence on every goat. The taxes are rigorously collected.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all blemishes. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 12 bottles Made in London—(Advt.)



**CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.**

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelopes ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 1oz. 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 3d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

**THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' GOT 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.—I would very much like to become a GRAPHIC cousin. I have a pretty garden. I grow in it violets, lilies, pansies, and jonquils. I have got a little sister and brother. I am nine years old, and go to a private school. I am sending six stamps for a badge, and I want to know if you can let me have a collecting card too. Cousin Ina, of Wellington, is a great friend of mine. We have had a fine winter so far. I have nothing more to tell you, dear Cousin Kate, so with love I remain.—COUSIN GIRLIE.

[I will put you on my cousins' list with pleasure, and will send you a badge and card as soon as you send me up your name. You put the address, but not your name. Please send it in confidence. A post card will do if you like. Put also 'from Cousin Girlie,' then I shall know who you are. Your garden must look lovely just now. Have you any summer flowers in it? I am glad Cousin Ina is a friend of yours. You will like to see each other's letters in print.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I saw my letter in the GRAPHIC this week, and I told you that next time I wrote to you I would tell you about my garden. My sister and I share the garden, and on Saturdays we generally try and tidy it up, but it gets done properly by the gardener, who comes to do my father's garden. We have a great many different kinds of flowers in our garden. Before I finish my letter I want to tell you about a very cruel boy. There was a sale at his house yesterday, and a strange cat went into the house, and the boy got a pea-gun of his and put a pea in it and shot at the cat and broke its back. But not content with that, he loaded the gun again and shot it up the nostrils, and then the wicked boy covered it over with pieces of tin, and a little boy going to school uncovered it so as to let people see and try and find out who did such a wicked thing.—COUSIN LILLY.

[I most sincerely hope that the boy who could so cruelly treat a poor pussy will be caught and get a good dose of the cat-o'-nine-tails for his horrid conduct. Nothing but actual pain will do a lad of that sort any good at all. I suppose you have no time but Saturdays for your garden. I do not get home till six generally, and last night at eight o'clock I remembered I had left the cover off a frame in which I am growing some lettuce. So I took a candle and had also a snail hunt. Is it not provoking to find your pet plants carefully nibbled off by some hungry slug, or still more voracious snail? I have some lovely white camellias just now, besides the spring flowers. All winter I have had pink ivy-leaf geranium in flower. I suppose you went down to the wharf to see His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly arrive? We had such a perfect day here, I hoped your weather would have been the same. Please write whenever you can.—COUSIN KATE.]

'THERE is nothing like settling down,' said the retired merchant, confidentially. 'I settled down last year with a pretty comfortable fortune; but, if I'd settled up, I should not have had a penny left.'

**'IT.'**

MANY of the games with which we are familiar are well known throughout Great Britain and on the Continent. But among the most amusing and most popular of English games is one of which we know little or nothing. It is dignified by the two-lettered name, 'It.'

This is altogether suitable for the parlour, and may be played by everybody if we will except the very young people. It creates roars of laughter, on account of the funny mistakes made by the questioners. 'It' is a great mystery, and the longer it is played the greater mystery often it becomes. Only those understanding this game may remain in the room. All others must leave; there is no alternative. One of the party, unfamiliar with the game, is then selected to return, and must, by questioning those in the parlour, learn what 'it' is. When he knows 'it,' he too must remain behind, and some one else is selected to fill his place. In this way the game is carried on, until each one in turn comes in and finds out the secret.

'It' is really the person who sits at your left, but, before this is discovered, usually much amusement is made. The game is played in the following way:

All in the parlour must sit in a circle, and must not change their positions. When the player is called in, he is told to ask a question of whomsoever he may please, and the person must correctly answer. For example—'Is "it" white?' As everybody present is white, the answer is necessarily 'Yes.'

The questioner then asks another person, 'Is "it" thin?' and if the person to the left of the person thus questioned is thin, the answer is again 'Yes.' Perhaps this question may be repeated, and some one else is asked, 'Do you also think "it" is thin?' and if the person has some one for a left-hand neighbour who is very stout, of course he answers 'No.'

And thus the questioner is mystified, and must continue question after question. For a long time he may think 'it' is a thing. Therefore a good question to put would be, 'Is "it" alive?' And then he might ask, 'Is "it" in this room?' Then he might try complexion, and again would be mystified, for if he asked, 'Is "it" a brunette?' and the reply being 'Yes,' his next question, 'Has "it" dark eyes?' would perhaps have for answer, 'No'; and, 'Has "it" light hair?' 'Yes.' And so the secret seems harder than ever.

A good way is to ask the same questions over and over, and try to locate 'it' in that way. But the questioner should not easily be discouraged. A few points may be given to him, such as some of the above. The players would better announce 'It' as a trick game.

EMMA J. GRAY.

**THE UNPLEASANT PART OF IT.**

'WELL, Johnnie,' said the visitor, 'I suppose you'll begin going to school again very soon?'

'Yes.'  
'Do you like going to school?'  
'Yes; it's staying there after I get there that I don't like.'

**THE EXTRA LESSON.**

RECITATIONS were finished early in Miss Whitney's room, and she told the children that they would have twenty minutes of 'don'ts and do's.'

'You know, children,' she began, 'the schoolroom is our little world and we are all citizens. Tell me, Mary, one thing that good citizens don't do.'

Mary spoke with feeling as she replied: 'Miss Whitney, they don't rub the girls' faces with snow.'

'And,' put in Harriet, 'they don't rush to the dressing-room so fast after school that they push down smaller children.'

Jeanette's hand was up, and she added: 'They don't snatch the first rubbers or mittens they see, no matter to whom they belong.'

'I know,' said Ernestine, 'that polite children don't take the biggest piece if they are invited to share some one's lunch.'

'Very good,' said Miss Whitney. 'I would like to add that loyal scholars don't stay on the playground till the last minute, they come in and hang up their wraps as soon as the first bell rings. And certainly kind children, in school or out, don't make fun of any peculiarity about another child, or criticise any dress not as good as their own. Now for the do's!'

Fred spoke up: 'If there are visitors we place chairs for them and we do try never to pass in front of them; if absolutely necessary we say, "Please excuse me."'

'I think,' put in Arthur, 'that good school citizens keep their books clean and their desks free from marks.' Morris had a 'do' ready. 'They behave just as well when the teacher is out of the room as when she is with them, that's honest!'

Miss Whitney now remarked: 'I hoped that someone would say that our model citizen stands straight when he recites, instead of leaning against the desk; and he does not put his hands into his pockets.'

She finished with one of her sweet smiles: 'Please remember that the teacher is here to help you and not as a police-officer; and for the sake of your school be sure to

tell the exact truth about anything that is done in the schoolroom or on the play ground.'

When the children were dismissed, Edward said: 'O Miss Whitney, nobody said, "Don't chew gum!"'  
'No,' said Miss Whitney, quickly, 'that, like eating with the knife, is not necessary to mention to well-bred children.'

Arthur Emerson told his father all about the 'extra lesson.'

'That's sensible!' exclaimed Mr Emerson. 'Live up to that lesson and it will do you more good than a week's arithmetic.'

PRESCOTT BAILEY BULL.

**FAIRY GODFATHER.**

ONE of the odd occurrences which we call improbable when we meet them in books, but which are every day coming to light, was related not long ago by the *New Zealand Times*. Two gentlemen, one an American and the other a Viennese, met at an Austrian watering-place, and after a short but delightful acquaintance, the Viennese discovered that the American, who had given his name as H—, was a banker.

'Are you then the head of the house of H— in New York?' he asked in surprise and interest.

'I am.'

'How very strange!'

'Why strange?' inquired Mr H—.

'I cannot give you a satisfactory reply without telling you a sad story,' was the answer, and he went on to relate the following incident.

Two years before a charming girl who was under his guardianship had married a man who had at once set up in business on his wife's capital, and had then become bankrupt. The next step was his disappearance, and so discouraged had he been over his ruined hopes that everyone believed him to have committed suicide.

Within a few months, however, his sorrowing wife had received a letter from him written from a town in one of the Western States of America. He begged her to forgive him for leaving her, and promised to send for her as soon as fortune should once more favour him.

Letters continued to come, now from one city and now from another, until he wrote from New York, saying that he was in the banking house of H—, at a salary too small to allow him to send for her, though if industry and perseverance could advance his interests, she should not have long to wait.

'And now,' said the Viennese, 'do you know a clerk of yours named P—?'

'No,' was the reply. 'I left home months ago. But your story is so interesting that we ought, if possible, to spell out the sequel. I will cable home this minute.'

'Have we clerk P— in our service?' ran the message, and the next day came the answer:

'Yes.'  
'What salary?' ran the next message. 'Is he satisfactory?'

The reply to this was a condensed certificate of character of which any clerk might be proud, with the additional information that P—'s exceptional virtues were paid for at the rate of £15 a month.

'P— promoted,' cabled Mr H—, 'Quadruple his salary.'

A day later the forlorn young wife in Vienna received a message from her husband, delightedly hinting at good fortune and urging her to come to him at once. Mr H— of course heard the news, and no doubt congratulated himself on his ability to play fairy godfather at the right moment.

**A PERILOUS JOURNEY.**

ELECTION day had come; papa his hat and glasses took. 'I'm going to the polls,' he said, with grave and thoughtful look.

Woe Bessie looked up all surprise, and said beneath her breath,  
'I wouldn't go as far as that; I'm 'fraid you'll freeze to death!'

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

19, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 18.  
'Dear Sir,—I am a poor head 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 mucus, 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.**

19, North Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 22, 1893.  
'I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospital and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your 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 Chronic 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.



THE CRUEL CARTOONIST.

The cruel cartoonist may caper with glee,  
As he screws on his glasses the better to see  
Each fault in the form and the face of the man  
Who's unlucky enough to come under the ban;  
But his wit and the work that he puts on the sheet,  
From the droop in the nose to the corns on the feet,  
Help many a fool to perceive in the glass  
That he's not ready yet for the thoroughbred class.

The cruel cartoonist's not cruel at all,  
And his heart's just as big as his income is small,  
For he follows Bill Shakespeare, and works with his pen,  
Upholding to nature the meanness of men,  
Their faults and their frailties, their pomp and their pride,  
He opens them up and shows what's inside,  
For there's lots of balloons puffed away up with gas,  
That when pricked collapse out of the thoroughbred class.

COOKING BY SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

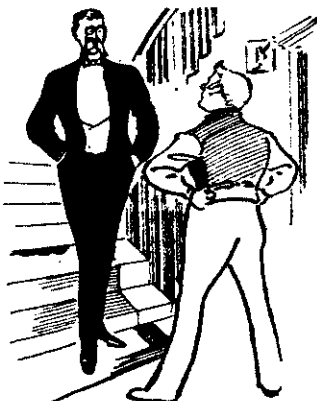
GIVE me a spoon of oleo, ma,  
And the sodium alkali,  
For I'm going to bake a pie, mamma,  
I'm going to bake a pie.  
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,  
And his tissues will decompose;  
So give me a gramme of phosphate  
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,  
To shorten the thermic fat;  
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,  
And look at the thermostat;  
And if the electric oven's cold  
Just turn it on half an oim,  
For I want to have supper ready  
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma,  
And rotate the mixing machine,  
But give me the sterilised water first  
And the oleomargarine.  
And the phosphate too, for now I think,  
The new typewriter's quit,  
And John will need more phosphate food  
To help his brain a bit.

EXCUSE REJECTED.

'Why didn't you come when I called?' asked the angry papa.  
'I didn't hear you,' whimpered Willie.  
'That's no excuse at all. Hereafter when you don't hear me call I want you to come and tell meso.'



A FAITHFUL RETAINER.

SIR RALPH: 'Bacon. I saw you in a very drunks condition in the street the other evening.'  
Servant: 'Yes, Sir Ralph.'  
Sir Ralph: 'Aren't you afraid of something happening to you when in that state?'  
Servant: 'Oh, no, Sir Ralph; you see, I always take care to carry one of your cards with me.'

MALIGNITY.

'If you hate him,' suggested the chief counsellor of state, 'why don't you command him to get hence?'  
The tyrant laughed ferociously.  
'I propose,' he hissed, 'to command his neighbours on both sides to get hena.'  
Every man's house was his castle, even now; but just what his vegetable garden was, was not exactly clear as yet.

OLD KING COLE.

OLD KING COLE  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

So Old King Cole  
Got his pipe and his bowl,  
But his fiddlers, where were they?  
They had mounted their wheels, each jovial soul,  
And merrily ridden away!

So old King Cole  
Spurred his pipe and his bowl,  
And he said to his slave, said he  
'Well, I guess I'll go for a bit of a "roll,"  
So fetch my bike to me!'



CRUSHING—BUT ASKED FOR.

YOUNG ARTIST: 'Charming! Glorious! Not another man in Europe can handle a brush like that!'  
Old Critic: 'Certainly not; you have a touch which—but why waste yourself on common canvas?'  
Artist: 'Why, what do you recommend?'  
Critic (severely): 'I recommend, sir, that you should stand at the corner of a street and use your brush to black people's boots.'

APPEARANCES AGAINST IT.

'I THOUGHT you said you'd never ride a wheel,' said Sprockett to Davvy, when the latter had returned to consciousness after his first attempt.  
'And I don't think I ever will,' groaned Davvy.'

FEMININE AMENITIES.

'TROUBLE,' repeated the hostess in speaking of it afterward, 'you don't know what trouble is until you try to give some function. You lie awake nights to make up the list of those whom you won't invite, and even then there will be painful omissions. It is so provoking to please somebody you really wanted to hurt.'

TOO TRUE.

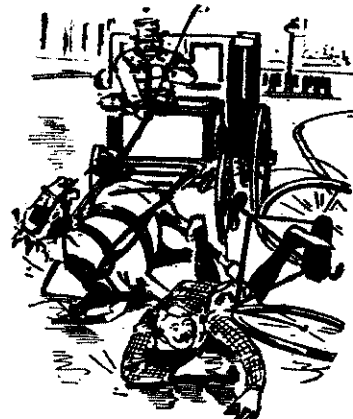
MR WATTS: 'I don't see why weather was invented, anyway.'  
Mrs Watts: 'If it were not for the weather there are a good many men who would never turn their eyes heavenward at all.'

A GOOD REASON.

VIOLAT: 'How did Mr. Bighed come to accept the doctrine of re-incarnation?'  
Rose: 'Well, you know, he always had an impression that the world couldn't get along without him, and if that is so, it stands to reason that he will have to come back.'

'TWAS HER WORK.

MANAGER: 'I wish to congratulate you. You have managed to draw a picture of absolutely commensurate repulsiveness for your villain.'  
Author: 'Thanks, awfully; but the compliment is due to my better half. It is a description of me by my wife when I returned to buy her a new bonnet.'



ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRING CARMAN: 'Good old horse! That's the fourth time he's fallen down to-night, and blowed if he ain't upset a cyclist every time!'

MIGHT MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

'I'll tell the people who talk about employing you that you are incapable of a falsehood!' said the warm friend.  
'Thank you, ever so much, only express it carefully. There's a good deal of difference, you know, between saying that a man "cannot tell a lie" and declaring that he "has no diplomacy."'

ALL FOR SCIENCE.

SHE: 'Do you really believe there is anything in the story that kissing is unhealthful?'  
He: 'I don't know—suppose we try the experiment.'  
She: 'The idea! However, in the interest of science, I don't know that there is any objection.'

THE SARCASTIC GIRL.

HE: 'I—ah—have always had a horror of premature burial—being buried too soon, you know.'  
She: 'Oh, pshaw! Such a thing is impossible.'

SO FOND.

MRS FERRY: 'I never saw a boy so fond of pets as Bobby is.'  
Mrs Wallace: 'Really?'  
Mrs Ferry: 'Yes; he has worn out a kitten and two pups in the last three months.'

INDIGENT, BUT INTELLIGENT.

'Those people next door lead a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, don't they?' said the president of the Helping Hand to the Worthy Poor Sewing and Mission Society.  
'No,' responded the good dame addressed; 'they're awful poor, but I guess they know enough to handle forks properly.'

HER PRINCIPAL THOUGHT.

THEY sat in silence for some time.  
'Of what are you thinking?' he finally asked.  
She blushed and fidgeted uneasily in her chair for a minute.  
'Never mind,' she returned, sharply. 'It's your business to propose; not mine.'



'FILLING A LONG-FELT WANT.'



Sat., Aug. 21, 1897

THE NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC.

I

## WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 13.

## THE FANCY DRESS BALL

given by the ladies of the Hutt is the first item on my list for you this week. It was a most delightful dance. The hall was beautifully decorated with nikan palms and flags, while on the stage was erected a tree fern, this having a very cooling effect from the heated ballroom. Besides this there were screens, pot plants, easy chairs, etc., which made things very comfortable. The supper, which was supplied by the ladies, was all that anyone could desire, and the artistic floral decoration on the supper-table were masses of primroses, violets, and jonquils. Cimeno's string band supplied the excellent music. A number of the ladies and gentlemen drove out from town in breaks, and were fortunate enough to have a still moonlight night, as the drive is a long one. The guests were received by Mrs E. J. Kiddiford, who wore a becoming Grecian costume, made of white soft material caught with gold straps. She wore her hair to suit the costume. Other costumes I noticed were Mrs (Dr.) Purdy as the 'Queen of Hearts,' this being very handsome, and designed in white and crimson satin; Mrs Jackson represented Hama; Miss Krull (Wanganui), Black Witch; the short skirt and bodice was of black satin with panels let in of white, on which reclined small and large cats, and on either shoulder were perched an owl and a cat; she also wore a tall black pointed hat (this costume was very much admired); Mrs G. Pearce looked well as a gypsy; Miss Coleridge also looked well, but I do not quite know what character she represented; she wore a black velvet gown with white lace fichu; and large black hat with white feathers; and her hair powdered; Miss Burnett wore a similar costume; the pretty costume, Pierrette, was well carried out by Miss M. Burnett; Miss Atkinson, Sweet Girl Graduate; Miss Sydney Johnston, Fish Wife; Miss McLean looked as though she had stepped out of one of Marcus Stone's pictures, and wore a pretty white muslin dress with fichu, and becoming large white hat with long white feathers; Miss Wardell, black velvet gown, with white lace fichu, and wore her hair powdered; Miss Hislop, as Kate Greenaway, wore white muslin finished with blue ribbons; Miss V. Johnson, Flower Girl; Miss Bodman wore Grecian costume, so also did Miss Foster; Miss Hector looked very well as a Swiss Peasant. Among the gentlemen I noticed Messrs A. Duncan, H. Gore, and W. Johnston in Old English dress. Dr. Purdy as Mephistophelus; Mr H. Fitzherbert, Court Dress; Mr Kirk, Clown; Mr W. Higginson, Peasant; Mr F. Harcourt, Torador. I also saw Colonel Pole-Penton, Major Maddocks, Lieutenant Ward, and the Hon. Mr Hill-Trevor.

## THE ART GALLERY

was packed last night, when Mr Robert Parker gave his sixth Chamber concert. Miss Joan Parker was wearing a pretty soft dress of white muslin with satin belt and collar; Miss Williams, black silk skirt, and becoming sky blue silk blouse veiled with cream chiffon; Miss Stewart, white silk and lace; Mrs Quick, handsome black silk gown trimmed with lace; Miss Hamerton, black silk skirt and shot silk blouse; Miss Upham, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Campbell, black silk, with bertha of black lace. Among the audience I noticed Lady Stout, in a black silk gown and handsome velvet cape bound with black and white feather trimming; Mrs Henry Fitzherbert (Palmerston North), black satin skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss Quick, black silk skirt, pale pink blouse with coffee lace collar; Miss Harcourt, long grey cloak trimmed with fur to match; Miss Matland (Dunedin) wore a pale blue silk gown, the bodice finished with ruches of chiffon to match; Mrs Butt, black silk gown trimmed with white silk under black lace; Mrs Butt, dark skirt, and red blouse trimmed with coffee lace; Mrs Barron, black and yellow evening gown; Mrs Biss, black silk skirt, shot silk blouse trimmed with lace; Lady Douglas, black and mauve figured gown trimmed with mauve silk; Mrs Joseph, handsome black silk gown trimmed with jet, white cloak bound with fur; Mrs Ashcroft; Miss Ashcroft, black silk skirt, blue silk blouse under coffee lace; Mrs Travers, long electric blue evening cloak trimmed with brown fur; Miss Coleridge, black silk skirt, silk blouse, white cloak trimmed with beaver; Miss Chaytor (Picton), black skirt, pretty white evening blouse; Miss Henry, black and white gown. Also Mrs Parry, the Misses Burnett, Miss Montgomery, Mrs and Miss Parker, Mrs and Miss Powles, the Misses Gore, Mrs Fell, Miss Taylor (Rangitikei), the Misses Davy, Miss E. Richmond, Mrs and Miss Palmer, Mrs and the Misses Prouse, Mrs and the Misses Stowe, Mrs and Miss Pharyn, the Misses Hamerton, Miss Watkins, Miss Spratt, Mrs and Miss Martin, Mrs Wardell, the Misses Tolhurst, Mrs G. Tolhurst, Mrs and the Misses Rose, Mrs and Miss Stewart, Mrs and Miss Barbor, and others.

Mrs MacGregor gave

## A LARGE JUVENILE DANCE

last Friday night at the Masonic Hall in Bulcouth-street. Mrs MacGregor received in a handsome black silk gown trimmed with jet and lace; Miss MacGregor wore pink silk and white chiffon; Miss Sybil MacGregor looked nice in pale blue crepon; Miss M. MacGregor was wearing a soft white gown trimmed with lace. Among the guests were Lady Stout, and the Misses Tuckey, Tripe, Stafford, Rawson (two), Burke, Coleridge, Douglas (two), Miles, Smith, Blandell, Harcourt, Harding, Rdwin, Miles, Gilmer, Seddon, Hanna, Haselden, and many others.

## OPHELIA.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 13.

I have sent you a long description of the arrival of Lord and Lady Ranfurly, which leaves me little news for my letter.

## THE ANNUAL BALL

given by the D Battery of Artillery took place last week, and proved a great success. The hall (St. Thomas) was charmingly decorated, and a delicious supper provided

by Mr Godber. Amongst those present were Lieut-Colonel Newall, Major Collins, and Captains Warren, Moorhouse, and Paterson, Surgeon-Major and Mrs Collins, the latter looking lovely in yellow brocade. Lieutenants Biss, F. Hume, and Roe, and many others were also present. Mrs Moorhouse wore black velvet, and Miss Dransfield was also in black.

It is good to get away sometimes from routine, even if one's groove lies in pleasant places, and I have come to the conclusion that a

## BICYCLE LUNCHEON,

with a long ride, on a good road, as a forerunner is the best way of doing so. A very pleasant ride of this description took place on Wednesday last, among those who took part in it being Mrs Adams, Mrs Travers, Mrs Purdy, and the Misses Coleridge, Chaytor, and Turrell (Christchurch), Lieutenant Garrett and Dr. Andrews, of the 'Pyliades,' and Dr. Purdy, being among the gentlemen riders. When the Upper Hutt was reached a delightful luncheon was partaken of at the hotel there, and on the return journey to town the party stopped at the Lower Hutt at Dr. Purdy's for tea, which was thoroughly enjoyed, the run back to town being a most pleasant one.

Several

## AFTERNOON TEAS

have been given on the 'Pyliades' by the Captain and officers since they arrived in Wellington last week. Among the guests present at a very pleasant one given yesterday afternoon were Mrs Maitland and her daughter, Mrs Lees, Mrs Travers, and the Misses Coleridge, Turrell, Moorhouse, and Barclay.

## CLARISSE.

## DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 10.

On Monday evening the monthly open evening of the

## LADIES' SAVAGE CLUB

was held at Mrs W. G. Neill's, Stafford-street. Mrs Hockin was chairwoman for the evening, and the items on her programme were all very enjoyable. The programme itself was painted by the chairwoman, and was very quaint, being coloured representations of Maori gods. The first item was a song by Miss Ethel Neill; second, a dialogue in Scotch between Mrs Shand and Miss Fanny Cargill; third, piano solo by Miss M. Boyd, and fourth, a reading by Miss Stewart Bartleman. After this all adjourned to the dining-room, where delicious tea, coffee, and cakes were partaken of. The first item on the second half was Miss Olive Turton's Indian Clubs; next, a song entitled 'Sing Sing,' which was charmingly rendered by Miss Lily Shand, who received an encore. The last item was a very clever dialogue between Miss Robinson, Miss Ruby Neill, and an unseen Bridget. The next evening will be held at Mrs Batchelor's, Mrs Charlie Turnbull in the chair. Mrs Sale wore black silk gown trimmed with lace; Mrs Shand, black lustre, full waistcoat of heliotrope brocade; Mrs Hockin, black silk, lace bodice trimmed with white satin; Mrs C. Turabull, black satin gown trimmed with jet; Mrs G. Kilson (Clyde), pale blue satin blouse, black skirt; Mrs Sim, yellow flowered silk; Mrs Denniston, black velvet and silk costume; Mrs Martin, black corded silk, white muslin fichu with accordion-pleated frills; Mrs Driver, figured cloth, full front of white satin and jet; Mrs Stilling, heliotrope sarah silk blouse, full ruffle round neck; Mrs Woodhouse, canary-coloured silk blouse trimmed with jet; Mrs Melland, black and white gown; Mrs Bathgate, black; Mrs Stock, blue silk blouse, black crepon skirt; Miss Cargill, white silk blouse trimmed with passementerie; Miss F. Cargill, red flowered silk blouse, crepon skirt; Miss Ulrich, yellow silk blouse, white chiffon fichu; Miss Driver, blue shot silk blouse, black crepon skirt; Miss Turton, blue flowered silk blouse, black skirt; Miss O. Turton, cream crepon blouse, black skirt; Miss E. Batchelor, blue and fawn striped silk blouse, long blue chiffon sleeves; Miss G. Webster, moss green velvet blouse prettily trimmed with cream lace, black silk skirt; Miss Rattray, yellow shot silk blouse, black crepon skirt; Miss Neill, blue crepon blouse trimmed with spangles, black crepon skirt; Miss F. Mills, blue and white striped silk blouse; Miss G. Mills, white dress; Miss Boyd, pink flowered silk, full frill of lace, black skirt; Miss Shand, black velvet trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Lily Shand, pale blue flowered silk trimmed with blue chiffon; Miss Sale, black velvet blouse; Miss M. Cargill, grey crepon blouse.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs G. A. Denniston gave a large

## MUSICAL 'AT HOME'

at her residence, Lees-street. The music naturally was quite the feature of the evening. Mesdames Rose and Brown (England), Miss Reynolds and Neill all sang most delightfully; Mrs E. C. Reynolds and Miss Roberts played piano solos, and Mr Hunter also sang. Mrs Denniston received her guests in the hall, and wore a handsome black velvet trimmed with flowered brocade; Miss Denniston, handsome white brocade, the bodice trimmed with frills edged with white chiffon. Those I noticed present who wore pretty dresses were Mrs Thomson, in handsome pink brocade trimmed with pearl passementerie, and white chiffon; Mrs Reynolds, black satin with bunches of scarlet roses on the bodice; Mrs Brown, pink corded silk blouse edged with jet, black satin skirt; Mrs Rose, black lace and jet; Mrs Oliver, handsome brocade; Mrs Martin, black satin trimmed with white pleated chiffon; Mrs Woodhouse, white silk trimmed with black satin ribbon and flowers; Mrs Melland, bright scarlet sarah silk trimmed with black sarah silk, spray of red at her throat; Mrs Gilkinson, pink and white silk gown; Miss Reynolds, pale blue satin, the bodice prettily trimmed with red velvet ribbon; Miss R. Reynolds, blue gauze trimmed with lace and bunches of pink flowers on the shoulders; Miss M. Reynolds, yellow gauze, frilled

sleeves, bunches of buttercups on the bodice; Miss Ulrich, heliotrope crepon, the bodice trimmed with green satin edged with passementerie; Miss G. Webster, blue satin bodice, sleeves and skirt of black sarah silk; Miss Neill, pink sarah silk, white lace frills; Miss Morris, white brocade, the bodice lavishly trimmed with white chiffon and Brussels lace; Miss Wright, green and pink Empire costume; Miss Roberts, pink sarah silk, the bodice trimmed with black lace banded with black satin ribbon; Miss Shand, salmon pink sarah silk, the bodice edged with passementerie; Miss Royle, white satin blouse, frill of black lace, black satin skirt; Miss Bathgate, salmon pink muslin, white chiffon fichu; Miss Joachim, black satin trimmed with lace and bows of scarlet ribbon; Miss Robinson, black satin gown; Miss Neill, white brocade skirt and white crepon bodice; Miss Macassey, white striped silk; Miss Ford, heliotrope crepon trimmed with prune velvet and cream lace; Miss Stephenson, black; Miss Turton, flowered pink lustre banded with spangles, etc.

On Friday evening the

## STUDENTS' ANNUAL UNIVERSITY BALL

was held in the Garrison Hall. The secretaries for this year were Misses H. Graham and G. Sale, who fulfilled their arduous tasks most efficiently. Supper, which was upstairs in the band-room, was managed by a committee of ladies. The arrangements were excellent, and the tables looked lovely, being decorated with wattle blossom and blue crepon paper, blue and yellow being the University colours. The floor was in splendid condition. A novel idea was the swinging rotunda for the musicians in the centre of the hall, which acted splendidly. The music, supplied by Messrs Yates' Band, was all that could be desired. The stage, which was charmingly arranged as a drawing-room, was furnished by Laurie and Co. Mrs Shand wore black velvet; Mrs Ulrich, black brocade; Mrs Sale, black satin; Mrs Bachelor, black satin, with revers of blue figured silk; Mrs Gray, white satin; Mrs Adam, black brocade; Mrs Black, black corded silk; Miss Churton (Auckland), maize silk; Miss Shand, white merveilleux; Miss E. Shand, pale green satin; Miss Williams, black silk; Miss M. Williams, white muslin; Miss Ulrich, yellow corded silk; Miss Webster, pink satin; Miss Brown (*debutante*), white chine silk, lily of the valley trimmings; Miss McKellar (*debutante*), white merveilleux, the bodice covered with white chiffon; Miss Turton (*debutante*), white Liberty silk; Miss Wright, white satin, blue trimmings; Miss Boyd, pale green silk; Miss Fitchett, yellow silk; Miss Black, white satin; Miss Mackerras, sea green sarah; Miss Scott looked well in white merveilleux; Miss Bartleman, pink brocade; Miss Graham, black silk; Miss Fergus, white merveilleux; Miss Reynolds, pink chine silk; Miss Gibson, white satin; Miss N. Gibson, blue corded silk; Miss Batchelor, white satin; Miss Griffiths (Melbourne), yellow silk; Miss Joachim, white merveilleux; Miss MacLean, pink chine silk; Miss MacLaren, white merveilleux; Miss K. MacLean, white satin; Miss Haggitt, sea green satin; Miss Baxter, brown corded silk; Miss Armstrong, black satin; Miss Ramsay, pale yellow silk; Miss Macassey, white broché; Miss Mills, bright pink brocade; Miss F. Mills, white brocade; Miss Orbell (Geraldine), pale green silk; Miss Bathgate, yellow corded silk; Miss Smith, heliotrope satin; Miss Morris, pale pink merveilleux. Dr. Batchelor, Prof. Ulrich, Prof. Gilroy, Messrs Wright, Gregg, Graham, Sale, Turton, Patullo, Williams, Gibson, Shand, Blewis, Dick, Law, Ramsay, Scott, Sergeant, Macpherson, Moutat, Stephens, Morris, etc., were amongst the gentlemen.

AILKEN.

## PICTON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 9.

We are not very gay in Picton this winter, so many of our energetic young people have left us. We especially miss the Seymour family, who were always first and foremost in all pleasant gatherings. Mrs Phillips gave an

## AFTERNOON TEA

for Miss Broughton, which are very pleasant, songs and music being on the programme. Among those present were Mrs H. Howard, Mrs Stow, Misses Gard (two), Greensill, Broughton, Harris, etc.

The Waitohi Football minstrels gave an

## ENTERTAINMENT

on Friday last. The affair was postponed from Wednesday because of bad weather, which probably accounted for the sparse attendance. The first part of the programme was a Christy Minstrel performance, which, under Mr Wilmot's able management, was really clever and amusing. Local conundrums and jokes created roars of laughter, and the absurdities of bones and tambo were thoroughly enjoyed. In the second part the minstrels were assisted by lady and gentlemen friends. Among the items rendered were: 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' 'Miss Allen;' 'Oh, Barney Dear,' 'Miss Symes;' 'Marguerite,' 'Miss Instone;' 'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen;' 'Mr Wilmot;' 'The Bogler,' 'Mr J. Price.' 'I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard,' was sung in character by Messrs Wilmot and H. Western. All the items were encored. The entertainment ended with a farce, which was very funny, and greatly enjoyed.

There are rumors in the air of a football social and a Mason's Ball.

Much sympathy is felt for Miss Evelyn Linton, who is now in the Blenheim Hospital to be under Dr. Cleghorn, and also for her mother, whose scholastic duties in Picton preclude her being with Miss Linton during her illness.

Our whalers have not met with much success this season. Though many whales have been sighted in the Straits, only one has been caught as yet, hardly enough to repay the men for their outlay, let alone to provide the staff of life for their families.

Several of our new residents go in for cycling, though the town itself is rather hilly for the sport, but once up the elevation a good long stretch of level road rewards

the cyclist. Miss Chapple rides through to Blenheim once a week.

The weather seems to have broken up now, and rain—which country people long for, but townspeople can very well do without has set in. In our quiet little place we can hardly realize that elsewhere the weather has been stormy enough to wreck and delay steamers. We have felt nothing of it here.

The usual

MONTHLY MISCELLANEOUS READINGS

of the Pictou Reading Society was given in the Anglican Sunday-school. Though the audience was a small one it thoroughly appreciated the efforts of the Society. Among the items rendered were—'The Anti-New Woman,' Mrs Sedgwick; 'Ringing the Carfew,' a chapter from 'Frank Fairley,' Mr Sedgwick; 'The Fire King,' Mrs Allen; 'A Big Mistake,' Miss Howard; 'Service Number Two,' Miss R. Williams; 'Mr Fisher's Bereavement,' Mr Wilson; 'The Knight and the Lady,' Mr Howard. The usual Shakespearean studies will be continued on Friday next.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BRN, AUGUST 12.  
At the Temple on Thursday evening the scene was so much changed as to render the interior quite unrecognisable. A capital Maori house had been set up on the stage amid surroundings natural enough to cheat almost anyone into the idea they were attending a real Savage meeting, and not one only of a Club of that name. The decorations round the house of tussock, manuka, flax, and cabbage trees were most effectively blended, and Mr Norman Smith displayed great taste over it all. An ode of welcome to the *whanau*, specially composed by Mr G. P. Williams, was exceedingly funny. There were recitations, songs, *korero*, and other diversions, besides most tempting refreshments during the evening. Some lightning sketches by Mr Rayner caused much amusement, the likeness to the original being unmistakable, and Mr Menzies Gibb in a few minutes produced a very pretty seascape. Altogether the evening was one of the best of its kind. Among the many 'squaws' I noticed Mrs Roper, in a very handsome black moiré relieved with pink and trimmed with jet; Mrs W. Stringer, in cream trimmed with black; Mrs Broham, deep yellow silk; Mrs A. J. Merton, dark red velvet; Judge and Mrs Denniston, Dr. and Mrs Thomas, Mr and Mrs C. Hood Williams, Mrs G. Deamer, Misses Gardner, Ainger, Nalder, etc.

Among the numerous audiences during the

BROUGH SEASON

I noticed Mr and Mrs Duncan Cameron, Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes (Elmwood), Mr and Mrs A. H. G. Rhodes, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Parsons, Mr J. Paton (Auckland), Mrs Clifford, Miss Wynn-Williams, Mr Inman (R.M.S. 'Gothic'), Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Mrs Wason, Mr and Mrs Ogil, Mr and Mrs Lee, Mr and Mrs G. Gould, Mr and Mrs Russell, Mrs Quane, Colonel and Mrs Gordon, Mrs G. Deamer, Mrs Alan Scott, Mr and Mrs Roper, Mrs Cotterill, etc. Theatre parties are being made up for the coming week, and very enjoyable they are.

DOLLY VALR.

NAPIER.

DEAR BRN, AUGUST 5.  
The first of the ANNUAL WINTER DANCES

was held in the Theatre Royal on Friday last, and although there was not a large attendance, it passed off most successfully. The floral decorations were particularly effective, and an excellent string band discoursed sweet music. No fresh dresses were worn. Among those present were Mesdames Wood, Carlile, Coleman, Nairn, Logan, Hamlin, Donnelly, Fenwick, Bollock; the Misses Gertrude Nelson, Watt (two), Cotterill (two), Heath, Cornford, Donnelly, Hamlin, Wilson, Tanner, Kennedy, Macfarlane, Wood, Balfour, Maclean, etc.; Messrs Hill, Parker, Macfarlane, Brabazon, Grummitt, Bradley, Saxby, Crowley, Hughes, Cornford, Dinwiddie, Kennedy, Nelson, Russell, etc.

A RUCHEE PARTY,

inaugurated by Mrs Dewes, was held at the Kioko on Tuesday. There were ten tables, and those present enjoyed themselves immensely. After the euche was over there was dancing, which was kept up till an early hour of the morning. Some of those present were the Misses Kennedy, Balfour, Macfarlane, Heath, Hamlin, etc., Messrs Brabazon, Parker, Macfarlane, Cornford, Dinwiddie, Saxby, Hughes, etc.

Among those present at the euche party given by Mr Lyndon in honour of his daughter's wedding were the Misses Morecroft, Hamlin, Balfour, Wood, Cotterill, Wilson, Cornford, Kennedy, McGowan, etc., Messrs Parker, Saxby, Howell, Brabazon, Dinwiddie, Cornford, Macfarlane, Kennedy, etc.

MARJORIE.

BLENNHEIM.

DEAR BRN, AUGUST 11.  
Changes are impending in two of our Banks. Mr Snodgrass, Manager of the Bank of New Zealand, has received marching orders, and will leave shortly for Ashburton, whilst the Union Bank is to be closed altogether, but the ultimate destination of the two offices belonging thereto has not yet been announced. Mr and Mrs Snodgrass have been so intimately connected with all movements of a musical nature here, that their absence will be greatly felt in that as well as in other ways. Mr and Mrs Arthur Green, who are to come in their place have many friends here, who will be pleased to see them again. Mr Green was accountant here some

ten years ago, and his boyish days having been spent in Pictou, he is as well known there as here.

The fact of a lady opening

THE DEBATE

last Friday night attracted an unusually large audience to the room in which the Debating Society meets. The inner room, which is usually used, was found inadequate for the large number that assembled, so an adjournment had to be made to the outer and larger one. Miss Pearce affirmed that too much prominence is given to athletics in the present day, and put her case in a very clever and thorough manner. As a matter of course she had many opponents, not a single lady venturing to support her, and only two gentlemen, who, however, adhered more to the subject to be debated than some of the youthful debaters, who were rather erratic in their statements and arguments. Mr C. B. MacShane was the opposer, and was supported by Messrs Hill, Campbell, K. Moore and Chaplin, Mr Jenkins and Mr C. Adams alone having the gallery to espouse the lady's cause. Among the ladies were Mesdames W. Sinclair, C. Mills, Grace, Baker (Nelson), Carey, Thompson, Winstanley, and the Misses Cotterell, E. Carey, Mabin (two), Mills, Sinclair, Horton, Fell (Pictou), Harding, Pasley, Farmer and many others.

A PROGRESSIVE RUCHEE PARTY,

given by Mrs J. B. Green at the end of last week, was a very enjoyable affair. The drawing-room was devoted to the game, and in the dining room a delicious and dainty little supper was most charmingly set out with variegated foliage, japonica, and spring flowers. The ladies were Mesdames Green, B. Clouston, and Orr, and the Misses Harley (two), of Nelson, Bull (two), Rhoda Barnett, May Nosworthy, Josephine Horton, Lillian Horne, Green (two), and Gertrude Ward. The gentlemen were Messrs Mabin, C. MacShane, Mirams, L. Horne, Green (two), A. Ward, H. Stowe, Hildreth Smith, Orr, etc.

On Tuesday evening a

SURPRISE PARTY

arrived at Mrs Carey's, who, having heard of the intended invasion, was prepared to receive them. Progressive euche was arranged for the evening's entertainment, and the ladies had come provided with dainty buttonholes for each lady and gentleman, the one given to a lady having a duplicate for a gentleman, who were thus arranged to play the first game together. The invading party consisted of Miss Bull, who looked well in a black dress; Miss Ella Bull, dark skirt, cream blouse with chiffon frills; Miss L. Horne, dark skirt, pretty shirred cream blouse; Miss Simpson (Tauranga), white crepon dress, pale pink roses arranged from the right shoulder to the front; Miss B. Farmer, dark skirt, cream blouse adorned with filmy chiffon; Miss Johnston, pale blue French muslin and white chiffon; Miss Cotterell (Sydney), black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Pasley (Gisborne), black dress, embroidered muslin fichu; Miss Mabin, black skirt, becoming pale blue blouse; and Messrs H. Robinson, H. Stowe, L. Horne, R. Dymock, A. MacShane, B. Green, H. Horton, Mabin, Stabbs, Mirams, C. MacShane, and Cyril Carey. The house party comprised Mrs Carey, who wore black; Miss Harding, whose black evening dress, with palest pink silk sleeves and ribbon, were very becoming; the Misses Fell (Pictou), who were similarly attired in black velvet skirts, and pretty pale pink blouses with garniture of jet; and Miss Ethel Carey, who wore a black skirt and lemon blouse, square-cut, and trimmed with gold. Play was kept up till nearly midnight, when refreshments were handed round. Miss Bull and Mr A. MacShane made top score, and Mrs Carey, who played in the place of a gentleman who was unwell, and Miss L. Horne the lowest.

FRIDA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

DEAR BRN, AUGUST 13.  
Miss Hurst gave a most ENJOYABLE DANCE

in the Alexandra Hall last Tuesday to celebrate her nephew's (Mr Bertie Fookes) coming of age. -The night was all that could be desired for dancing, beautifully fine and bright moonlight, with a slight touch of frost in the air. Besides dancing there was whist played, and the room set apart for that was beautifully decorated with narcissi, daffodils and jonquils. Mr Bewley was the recipient of the gentleman's prize, and Mrs McKellar the ladies.' Miss Hurst received her guests on the stage, and that was very prettily decorated with arum lilies. The supper-room was composed of numerous tables (which looked beautiful decorated with narcissi and daffodils) that would only seat four persons, who were attended to by waiters. Among those there I noticed Miss Hurst, a very handsome biscuit-coloured brocade and old lace; Mrs Devenish, black silk; Mrs Marshall, black velvet and cashmere; Mrs Hamerton, black silk; Mrs A. Fookes, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs W. Skinner, pale green silk and dark green velvet; Miss Devenish, light blue trimmed with a darker blue silk; Miss M. Fookes looked pretty in white silk and violets; Mrs Kelsey, yellow; Miss Hamerton, black trimmed with green satin; Miss E. Hamerton, cream; Miss Marshall, cream; Miss W. Mathews looked pretty in white silk; Miss K. Hamerton, pale pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Mathews, black; Mrs Allen, black and heliotrope; Miss Tuke, pale blue silk and violets; Miss C. Hamerton, pale pink; Miss F. Hamerton, white; Miss O. Tuke, white silk; Miss Stephenson Smith, black; Mrs Gifford Mars all, cream; Miss Curtis, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Dixon, black; Mrs Kendall, black silk; Mrs Catfield, black satin; Mrs P. C. Morton, black; Mrs Leatham, yellow; Mrs Kyngdon, black; Mrs Davies, black and white; Mrs Nicholson, black; Miss Nicholson, cream and pale blue; Miss Kirky, pale blue; Miss B. Kirky, cream; Mrs Stephenson, cream; Miss Dalziel, pale pink satin; Mrs Skeet, black silk; Mrs Westmacott, black; Miss Young, pale pink and dark green velvet; Miss N. Smith, pale blue silk; Mrs K. Smith, cream; Miss A. Smith, white; Miss N. Webster, pale blue; Miss M. Webster looked

very pretty in pink; Miss Mackay, a handsome maize-coloured satin; Miss M. Shaw, cream; Mrs W. Shaw, cream; Miss Arrow, a very handsome orange-coloured satin; Mrs Stanford, black; Miss Stanford, cream and pale blue; Mrs Douglas, black silk; Mrs Duncan, black; Mrs W. Webster, black; Miss Abier, cream and pale blue; Mrs P. Webster, black; Miss Mace, black; Mrs Vickery, black; Miss M. Hursthouse, pearl and black; Miss N. Hursthouse, pale blue; Miss Halsee looked very handsome in black silk crepon; Miss C. Bayly, yellow and daffodils; Miss B. Bayly, cream; Miss Hoby, pale blue; Mrs Hoby, black; Mrs Berridge, black; Miss Berridge, pale green trimmed with dark green velvet; Miss Rawson, white; Miss Hoby, cream; Miss Hempton, black; Miss A. Hempton, cream and blue; Miss Cornwell, yellow silk, yellow velvet sleeves; Mrs MacDiarmid, black; Miss Johnson, black; Miss Thomson, white satin; Miss Humphries, black silk; Miss M. Humphries, pale blue; Miss H. Humphries, pink; Mrs McKellar, black silk; Miss McKellar, pink; Miss Jessie McKellar, palest yellow; Miss McTaggart, cream; Mrs Valentine, black and pink; Mrs Westears, black and pink; Miss Perry, cream; Miss Trimbal, pale pink blouse, black skirt; Miss Brown, white; Mrs Brown, black; Miss — Trimbal, pale blue and chiffon; Miss Stuart, heliotrope; Mrs Tuke, black; Mrs Wheatley, black silk; Mrs Knight, black; Miss B. Knight, pale blue llama; Miss Rochfort, white; Miss Holdsworth, white and heliotrope; Miss C. Holdsworth, cream and scarlet; Mrs Halloran, black; Miss Halloran, cream; Mrs F. Richmond, ruby satin; Mrs Carthew, brown; Miss Carthew, ivory; Mrs Meldrum, pale blue; Mrs Newton King, black; Miss Wood, pale pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Hamer Arden, black; Mrs J. C. George, yellow silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Glynes, cream; Mrs Clarke, black; Miss Rutherford, cream; and many others. Among the gentlemen were Messrs B. Fookes, H. Fookes, T. Fookes, G. Fookes, W. Fookes, Didsbury, Fookes, A. Fookes, Rev. Evans, Messrs Rowe, W. Skinner, Hamerton, L. Hamerton, J. Wilson, Stephenson, C. Hamerton, Kelsey, Mathews, Spencer, Roy, Penn, Kirky, De Hutcheson, McKellar, F. Webster, L. Webster, H. Hursthouse, W. Webster, G. Holdsworth, D. Hursthouse, Taylor, F. Holdsworth, Westmacott, Allen, McPaul, Barnett, Stapp, Gilmour, Malford, Wright, McTaggart, Cornwell, Wheatley, Tuke, Catfield, Kyngdon, Hughes, Kemp, Rutherford, Russell, M. Standish, W. Standish, Knight, Stocker, Hutcheson, Hempton, Elliott, Beckett, P. Thomson, F. Thomson, C. MacDiarmid, A. MacDiarmid, Dalziel, Young, Backridge, Bewley, Cooper, Berridge, Broad, Luck, Watkins, Shaw, Hoby, Stanford, Hoby, Humphries (two), Halloran, Richmond, Carthew, Arden (two), J. C. George, Noble, Leewin, Clarke, P. C. Morton, etc.

NANCY IRR.

To MORROW evening (Thursday) the Parnell Lawn Tennis Club will give a grand concert and exhibition of Edison's loud-sounding Phonograph in the Bonaventura Hall, Parnell. An excellent entertainment is promised, the phonograph items including Gladstone's great speech attacking the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery on Home Rule, nigger songs and dances, and some of the best instrumental selections by the chief bands of the United States.

THE unfavourable state of the weather on Monday last interfered with the attendance at the concert given in the Choral Hall by the Auckland Young Ladies' Orchestra. Those, however, who did venture abroad were rewarded by a very pleasant musical evening. The instrumental programme included Malemberg's 'Diana,' Boucheur's 'Imps Revels,' the familiar 'Marionette' overture of Gurlitt, Feiniger's 'P'tit Chère,' and Beausais's 'Irresistible.' All were fairly rendered, the best performance being Gurlitt's lively composition. The orchestra was conducted by Miss F. Thorpe, while Miss Stevenson led, and Mrs Robin Hay acted as pianiste. Amongst the minor instrumental items may be noted the violin solo, Ernst's 'Elegie,' by Miss Sybil Lewis, a quartette by Mrs Hay, and Misses Stevenson, Peck, and Taylor, and an oboe solo by Miss Nina Trevithick. The vocal contributions included 'Douglas Gordon' and 'Angus Macdonald,' by Mrs Stewart, and 'Let Me Love Thee' and 'Maid of Athens,' by Mr W. Manning.

NEW ORNAMENTAL CHINA.

MR WILSON having been appointed Sole New Zealand Agent for the now famous

DELLA ROBBIA POTTERY, HAS NOW ON VIEW SOME EXQUISITE SAMPLES OF THIS LOVELY ART WARE.

The Fashionable China in England for Wedding and Birthday Presents.

A FEW OF ENGLISH PRESS OPINIONS:—  
The Gentlewoman, 20th June, 1896.

DELLA ROBBIA POTTERY.  
'This beautiful Pottery, with its lovely greens, blues, and yellows, is too well-known to need recommendation. There were also some Pottery plaques of figures in low relief that were highly decorative.'

The Queen, 20th June.

'Space will not allow us to do more than mention the show of the Della Robbia Pottery from Birkenhead, consisting of plaques, vases, and tempting dessert services.'

'The Princess of Wales became the possessor of a very handsome vase and a quaint tea service of Della Robbia ware.'

The Daily Chronicle, June 14th.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION.  
'An interesting novelty was a fine display of Della Robbia Pottery, remarkable for both beauty of colouring and freshness of design.'

Liverpool Courier, July 4th.

'The Princess Louise, who visited the Exhibition on the opening day at the Albert Hall, paid special attention and compliment to the Della Robbia ware, and her appreciation took a very practical line by H.R.H.'s purchase of the most beautiful and expensive of the pots.'

AT WILSON'S, CHINA AND GLASS DEALER, QUEEN-STREET.