

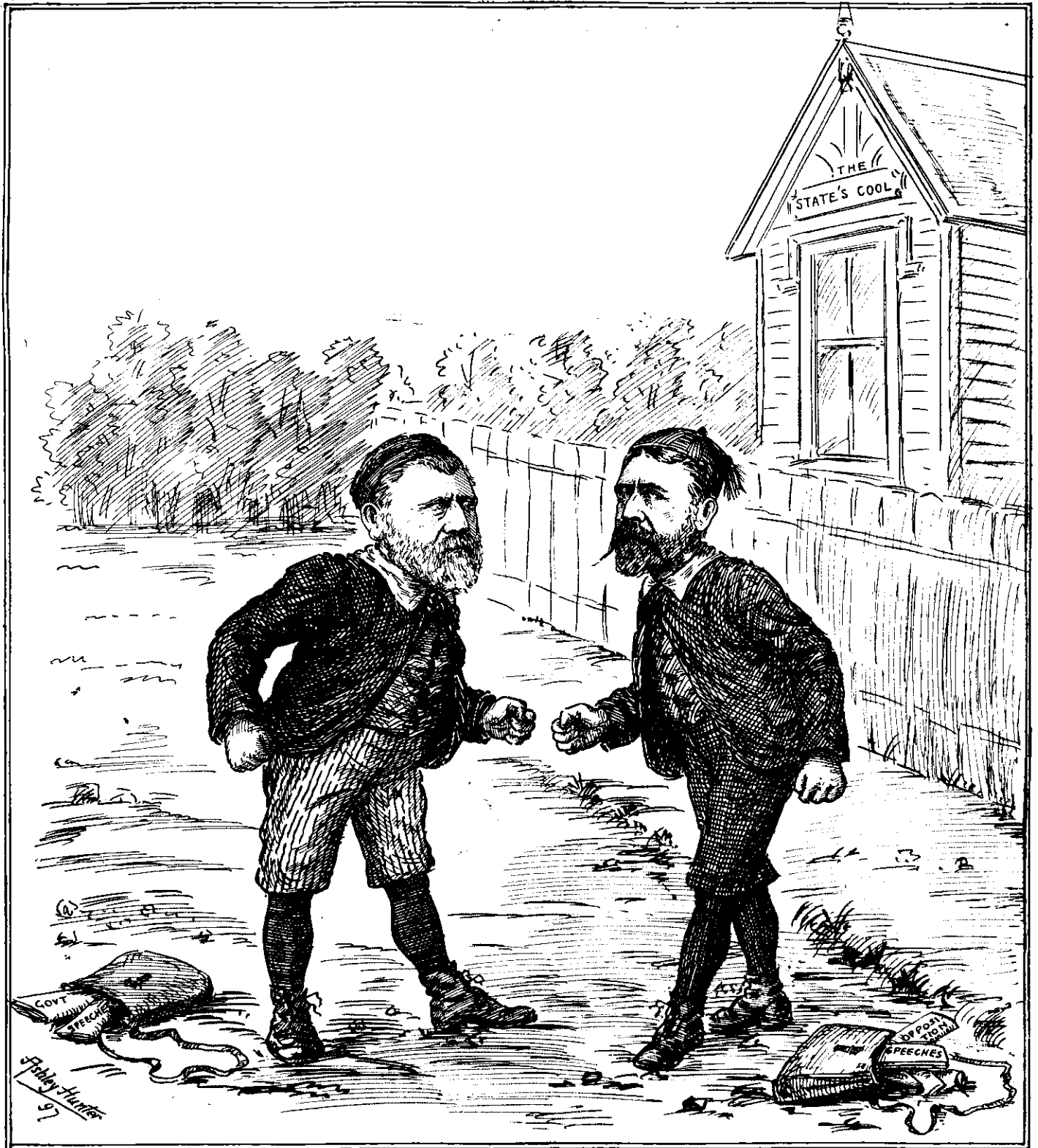
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LATEST PARLIAMENTARY

'G'arn! I can lick you any day!' 'No you can't, neither!' 'Can't I just?' 'No!' 'Oh!' 'Ah!'

(The Premier and the Leader of the Opposition continue to breath mutual defiance.)

GOUT

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

CURED.

TOPICS OF WEEK.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

EXACTLY two years from the date of this issue the world will come to an end. At least, so says a certain M. Rudolf Falb, who has made the heavens his study and reads therein the destinies of the earth. Even at this moment the instrument of our destruction, the comet of 1866, is returning on its eccentric path, refreshed by its journey through space, and seeking, like a certain personage, whom or what it may devour. Unfortunately our poor planet is in its way and can't get out of it, so there is nothing for us but to make up our minds to be knocked into a cocked hat or swept out of existence. So far as M. Falb can calculate we had better prepare ourselves for the latter alternative. He sees no chance of our escaping annihilation unless science can devise some way to ship us all off to some other sphere, so that we are not at home when our terrible visitor calls, or can retard or accelerate the earth's progress in its orbit so that we can dodge him. It would be a magnificent sight to witness from some safe retreat the ruin of our old world; to see it struck fair in the midriff, double up, break into sulphurous conflagration, and with a deafening, roaring, crackling and spluttering shrivel up like a parchment and finally resolve itself into its primary gases. And yet it would be a sorrowful spectacle enough—this brave old world that has so long been the home of humanity, on which generation after generation has been born, has lived, and has been buried. I am not sure that I would not rather prefer to stand by the ship and go down with it instead of starting life anew in some other planet, where everything would be strange and crude. Indeed, it would be even worse than emigrating from the Old Country to the colonies. After all there would be something grand and heroic in sharing the funeral pyre of a world. There was a time when M. Falb's prediction would have caused nearly as much consternation as the actual catastrophe; but the world was as credulous in those days as it is now sceptical, and if to-morrow an astronomer ten times as celebrated as this Parisian one were to predict the destruction of the world and all that it inherits, he would find few who believed him. However much we may talk of the transitory character of mundane affairs, the human race goes about its business as if the foundations of the planet were from everlasting to everlasting. Who ever troubles himself about the end of the world. If he is to bother himself about that, it would be much more reasonable to do the same about his own individual end, which is the end of the world for him to all intents and purposes. When we can contemplate with such equanimity our own dissolution, which is a dead certainty,

and may happen at any moment, one might ask what earthly reason have we to be troubled at the prospect of a dissolution in which all are involved. And yet, to tell the truth, when one thinks deliberately of such a catastrophe as M. Falb predicts, it is not without a feeling of regret. We are not so utterly egotistical as would sometimes appear. The most miserable among us has a sort of 'world pride,' just as he has a family pride, and he cannot be altogether indifferent to the utter destruction of this beautiful, wonderful world, or to the advent of a comet that writes finis in letters of fire to the history of humanity, even although these things are to happen when he has been laid in his grave. We are all interested in the future of the earth although we cannot hope to share in it, and it would certainly detract from the pleasure of life here did we know that a few generations hence, this globe, so manifoldly endowed with the accumulated inventions of the human brain, would be a howling wilderness, or its place in the solar system know it no more.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL.

HAS it ever occurred to you that the truest reflections of our national character and tendencies are to be found in our statute books which nobody but the lawyers or the politicians dream of opening. But surely it must be so if popular government is what it is popularly conceived to be—a government resting directly upon the majority of the citizens. Under an autocracy, an aristocracy, a plutocracy, or an oligarchy, the case is different, for then the statute books express the ideas or ideals of one or a few favoured individuals who have had the power in their own hands to use as seemed best in their own eyes. These can teach us little, and that little only inferentially, of what the great mass of the people thought and how they looked on life; so that the modern historian who wishes to find out these matters must go elsewhere for his information. It is precisely in proportion to the extent of political freedom and power that a people enjoys that its statutes will be valuable to the present and future student of national characteristics; and that being the case it follows that in a country like this the volumes of the law should be held exceeding precious. In a sense that cannot be said of the laws of any other people these are our historical records. It would be easy to point out countless illustrations of this in the legislation of this and the neighbouring colonies. Almost every page of the statute books bears the democratic stamp, so that in the case of Australia being swallowed up, *holus bolus*, by the Pacific, and only a few of these volumes being saved, it would be easier for the future historian to reconstruct from them a model of our whole social system than it was for Professor Owen to build up the moa from the single bone. He would have to exercise a great deal of care, however, for there are occasions on which the written law of the land is apt to convey an erroneous impression of the actual condition of affairs. Take, for instance, the tender manner in which the problem of poverty is dealt with in these colonies. We have 'poor laws,' but the sentiment of the community instinctively rebels against such a brutally frank nomenclature that recalls unpleasant associations, and we take refuge in euphemism. A somewhat amusing instance of this respect which the legislature shows for popular prejudices was furnished the other day in Tasmania when the Treasurer announced that the income tax would henceforth be known as the 'wealth tax.' No government in poor little Tasmania is in a position to make concessions in the substance of taxation, but they will willingly grant any alleviation of the burden if it can be done by giving it another name. Perhaps on the principle that 'nothing is but thinking makes it so,' there may be a distinct advantage in substituting the name 'wealth tax' for that of 'income tax,' though the impost itself may be the same. If you can persuade a man that he is wealthy before you tax him, it is just possible that he may become more reconciled to the infliction. This, I suppose, is what the Tasmanian Treasurer had in his mind, and the device is ingenious, whether it works or not. So far as

those who do not come under the harrow of the tax-gatherer are concerned, the new designation cannot fail to be popular, and to popularise its inventor. It seems to bring them appreciably nearer to that time when the rich will bear all the taxation and the poor man go free.

PERJURY NO OFFENCE.

UNCOMPROMISING opponents of female emancipation seem to derive much consolation from the prediction that the sex will have to pay most dearly for every excursion they make beyond their own proper sphere. What they may think to gain by the bold usurpation of privileges which are the inalienable heritage of the lords of creation can never recompense them for what they must lose in the way of that chivalrous respect and consideration with which they have hitherto been treated by the male animal. The warning has not been taken very much to heart by the ladies, however, for they still continue to push their way to the front as persistently as ever. And to tell the truth, judging by what we see round about us, there does not seem to be any immediate danger of her sex in and departing from the progressive woman if only she is not aggressive as well as progressive. The fear that the sins of the new woman against propriety and convention would be visited on the whole sex has also proved to be unfounded, for, despite the fact that certain ladies have made themselves laughing-stocks and invited discourtesy by their discourteous and intrusive behaviour, men have not declined in their appreciation of and respect for women as a whole. Indeed, it is questionable whether, taken altogether, the sentiment of appreciation and respect has not very greatly increased of recent years, and that with the advancement of women we are not getting nearer to the chivalry ideal instead of further away from it. It has been customary, by the way, to place the age of chivalry back some hundreds of years; but that, after all, was rather the age of pseudo-chivalry. The true age of chivalry seems to belong to a much earlier period. According to Professor Sayce, we must go back 4,000 years before Christ to the primitive communities of Babylonia to find woman occupying that place of honour which she has never been accorded since. It is not impossible that we are coming slowly back to the Aecadian state. If that is so, New Zealand can lay some claim to having been in the van of the movement, for did we not first give to woman the right of the franchise? Where we led, South Australia followed, and now it looks as if the sister colony was to outstrip us in generous appreciation of the sex. One, at least, is warranted in thinking so when a judge of that colony tells a jury, as Mr Justice Boncant, of Adelaide, did the other day, that a man is justified in committing perjury to save a woman. Mark you, he did not say that the perjurer in such a case would be pardoned or even more leniently dealt with than any other perjurer. As a judge, he could not wink at perjury, whatever the circumstances, but as a man he was quite prepared to absolve the delinquent. By the law of the land the offender must suffer, but he would have the consolation that he had obeyed the law of chivalry. A good test of the force of the chivalrous spirit in South Australia should now be furnished by the number of perjury cases in which women are involved. If perjuries become 'as common as bad penny,' it will be rather a good sign than otherwise. But I question whether in South Australia the spirit of chivalry is yet so dominant that men will risk the pains and penalties the law provides for the perjurer to save any woman. Most of us, I am afraid, would rather be inclined to follow the example of our common ancestor, Adam, and 'give the woman away.'

MARRIAGE BY PURCHASE.

THE general secretary of the Wesleyan Foreign Missions mentioned with a good deal of triumph lately, as one of the most conclusive evidences of the civilising effect of six years missionary labour in New Guinea, the fact that the natives no longer buy their wives. 'Now not only do the young women refuse to be sold, but the young men decline to

acquire their wives by means of purchase.' This is no doubt very satisfactory to the missionaries, but I question very much whether the abolition of wife purchase by the New Guineans is really such an index of civilisation as is assumed. Civilisation—that is our civilisation—has rather tended to complicate than to simplify the marriage knot. It is not nowadays but long ago that Corydon and Phyllis were joined in holy matrimony for no other reason than that they loved one another. 'Worldly considerations' weighed nothing in the balance in Arcadia. Cupid was indeed a god and not a lawyer's clerk, and when a young swain went a wooing he did not ask to see the maiden's bank book, and all he expected from the father was consent to the union. But that was long ago, when the world was much nearer the savage state—so we are pleased to think—than it is to-day and if there was such a thing as 'society' it was altogether different from the thing we now know by that name. To-day, among those who certainly consider themselves as the precious efflorescence of our boasted civilisation wife-purchase is just as common as it is in New Guinea. The only difference is that it is not gone about in the same frank fashion, and whereas in New Guinea the young savage pays a good round sum in the currency of the country to the father of the girl of his choice, in civilised countries the girl conducts the bargain herself, and gives herself to the paternal one. What, after all, is modern marriage, in thousands of instances, but a buying or selling on one side or on both. To associate these mercenary contracts with savagery only is absurd, for they are as much in evidence at one end of the ladder of civilisation as they are at the other. And apparently they are less confirmed in their bad habits at the lower than at the upper end, for whereas six years of missionary work has been sufficient to wean the New Guineans from their ways, we after eighteen centuries of Christianity are more confirmed in the custom than ever. I think that there is quite as much room for a missionary crusade against mercenary marriages amongst ourselves as there is among the poor savages of Papua.

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATING.

IT is curious how seldom the power to write a good story and the power to illustrate it go together. Du Maurier was, perhaps, a happy exception, but then a certain artistic mistiness pervades his novels, and there is a great deal of perspective in them, which it requires remarkably keen eyesight (mentally) to resolve into anything like definite objects. But take up any ordinary modern story, and see how the illustration agrees with the tale. For instance, in a recent number of the 'Temple Magazine,' the author of a short story therein remarks that when the hero returned from Australia he 'was now a bronzed and bearded man,' who says, 'When I go back I shall take you with me, Marian.' A charming picture is given over these words, representing the bearded man as a youth in a straw hat with a slight moustache. The absence of the necessary hirsute appendage is further marked by the fact that the description of his personal appearance by the author comes immediately under his portrait by the artist. Either one of the three following reasons may be given for this want of sympathy between the constructor of a tale and its illustrator. First, the artist may be a very busy man who has not time to properly read the story he has been asked to beautify by drawings; or he may not at the moment, be able amongst his sketches or models to lay hands on the type of face required; or he may have just used up his last 'bearded man' for another magazine, and may be reluctant to re-hack him for the M.S. lying before him. But whatever may be the reason, there are very many of the reading public who prefer to see the pictured representation of the hero, as far as possible a facsimile of the word sketch of him given by the author. Of course, in second-rate journals or magazines, where the editor has to fit the blocks already in his possession to any story which may require illustration, an exact harmony between the written de-

scription of the hero or heroine and their surroundings, is not to be expected. But in first-class monthlies, when the author says the hero has a beard, the artist should see to it that he gets one in his picture.

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.

'Daystar.'—Many thanks, I regret very much I cannot avail myself of your offer, but it would not be suitable for this column.

'Paerau's Aunt.'—I wonder if you will take this non-de-plume to yourself? I could think of no other which would catch your eye. Have just received your nice long letter, and am saving myself time by letting you know in this way that I have received it. Many thanks for your kind remarks about this column. It was those remarks which suggested this rather new way of replying. The pictures of the cousins have now appeared, and if another member of the family is ready to join, Cousin Kate begs me to say she would be very glad of his photograph also.

'Blue-bell.'—Why not put a flower aigrette in place of the feather? It is newer and more suitable for your age. The feather is better for an older person.

'Mother.'—It is no trouble at all, I assure you. Do let me beg you to see about your drains before summer. If you complain of a smell now, what will there not be to worry about when the hot weather sets in? Boil all your drinking water before you put it in the filter and sterilize every drop of milk. With your family of young children you cannot be too careful. I saw the following formula for preventing typhoid, which may be of use to you. It was sent by a lady to the Sydney "Morning Herald." I have not proved its efficacy; it sounds simple enough to be worth trying. She says "it is an almost certain preventive for typhoid, which seems, unfortunately, to be somewhat on the increase. Let all mothers of families give their children rectified spirits of turpentine in the following quantities every night on going to bed:—three to 12 years, four to eight drops in half teaspoon of sugar; above 12 years, 8 to 10 drops. It destroys the typhoid germ, and much suffering may be prevented by this simple and cheap remedy. If a child is seized with typhoid, repeat the dose 5 or 6 times a day, and let no solids or meat in any form be given. I speak from certain knowledge, and hope this little information may prove of use to some one."

'Miss Lucky.'—You are unfortunate. I hope you will be able to keep to your pseudonym. With regard to your dresses. Get a good pair of nice walking shoes; a pair of evening shoes—you had better have black ones, unless you buy one pair of black for ordinary evening wear, and one to match your ball dress. Then you require tennis shoes, and if you have a pair of fairly good walking shoes, take them in case you have any rather rough picnics, for these expeditions cut up one's foot-wear terribly. You must have two pairs of silk stockings, and four of black cashmere; three changes of underlinen; a silk petticoat and two good white ones, also a pretty one for morning wear. Get a very good white evening dress, with different coloured flowers and ribbons to transform it for two balls at least. Two or three low blouses will make it a dinner dress, and the good black silk skirt will also make, with these, more evening frocks. I should advise one tailor-made serviceable summer costume, with one plain waistcoat, and two or three full pouch coats. A good skirt with several cotton blouses takes up less room than whole cotton costumes, though no doubt you would find a pretty muslin dress very acceptable. You will also want a very fetching tea jacket. Take some lace scarfs and neck ruffles, as these smarten up a dress wonderfully, also a good supply of gloves, sunshade, umbrella, and a light waterproof. You must have a separate box for your millinery, though in

with it you can judiciously pack a silk blouse, lace, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. Travel in a fresh straw hat; a fly-away chiffon and floral thing is apt to look very second hand after a long journey. Pack up also all the good temper, brightness, and unselfishness that you can lay your hands on, and I need hardly wish you a very pleasant Christmas holiday.

'Mrs B.'—Smocking is still very much used for children's frocks. Advise that you are able to do this.

'Madeline.'—Pray accept my sincerest sympathy. The longest period is nine months—black for six months, half mourning for three months; the shorter period is six months black, no half mourning. In such a hot climate as this, there can be no objection to plain white and black blouses, with black ribbon.

'Housekeeper.'—The food supply for a large family in hot weather is certainly a serious question. Are you not giving the children too many potatoes? If a man were to live entirely on potatoes, he would require to eat 13 pounds every day to get the necessary amount of nitrogen to keep him in health. You will find a mixed diet very much better and less fattening. Beer, wine, and spirits are no use as foods. Give more fruit, a little meat, and other vegetables besides those potatoes. See they have some bread and treacle or butter for tea, and oatmeal for breakfast; then occasionally fry a few left-over potatoes.

'Penelope.'—As you are an artist, why not paint your own dailings? You could mix your own colours, and you will not find even the mantel piece hard to do. In the panels of the door, paint some pretty trailing flowers. With taste and care and some experience in paints and brushes, you can make a lovely room, the cost of doing which would not exceed two shillings.

'Dolly.'—Wash the scalp carefully in warm water and ordinary brown soap, applying the lather which the soap has made to the skin with a soft brush; afterward wash the head thoroughly with clear warm water and fan it dry. If it is given this treatment once every two weeks, and brushed thoroughly every day, there is no reason why it should not be entirely free from dandruff.

'Maggie.'—I liked your letter very much indeed. You are quite right; reading is a great temptation. I will quote a line or two from your letter, as the reply may help others similarly circumstanced: "You see we have a great many visitors during the summer; when they come they bring with them the books they have bought on the train, and when they go away they are apt to leave them behind. Of course, we are not near book shops, and most of us are greedy for good books; sometimes those left are delightful; sometimes they make me wonder, and I am left undecided as to whether they are quite the books I ought to read. Of course, I know the difference between a good and a trashy novel, but there are other books the worth of which is unknown to me. How shall I decide?" I can only tell you of one way. After you have read a book, or when you begin to read it, unless you would like to tell every word of it to your father and your brothers I advise you to drop it. Then there is another way: If it is a book that in any way shakes your belief, drop it; do not wait to see how it ends, do not wait for anything, but regarding it as a weapon of evil, put it in the fire. Between you and me, the so-called religious novel has done more to make people unhappy than anything I can think of and I do not advise your reading it. Even a belief that seems sure may be shaken, and it is wisest not to tamper with it. I do advise your reading good, sweet, honest stories—stories of devotion either to duty or to love; in fact, I do not think there is anything quite as good for a girl as an honest love story which ends happily, and where the right people get married, and try their very best to be happy ever after.

'Bolus.'—It is courteous when a man friend is saying good-bye to ask him to come again, for in this way you show the appreciation of his visit. I do not advise the giving of presents to your men friends, unless it is to one to whom you are engaged to be married. Unless a bride wears a travelling dress, she should choose

white, and as it may be gotten in inexpensive materials, the expense cannot be a reason for objecting to it. In speaking to a bride and groom, you congratulate the bridegroom and wish much happiness to the bride. When a new acquaintance expresses pleasure at meeting you, simply acknowledge by a pleasant word or two.

'Mr Paul.'—If some misunderstanding has come between you and the girl whom you are so fond of, go to her and ask what it is you have done. There is no loss of dignity in doing this, and friends, my dear sir, are much easier to lose than to gain.

A DESERT COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

By Hugh Wakefield.

Of all the deserts in the world, the Great American Desert, in spite of the railroad running through it, is the only one which bears the least resemblance to the ideal geography desert, while the Kalahari of South Africa is furthest of all from what I ever supposed a desert could be.

Well as I knew South Africa, I knew absolutely nothing of the Kalahari except that it was a desert, when it became possible—imperative, in fact—to cross it in one of those sudden changes frequently falling to the correspondent's lot.

I had four Dongola Kaffirs with me for servants. Not one of them, either, had ever been upon the desert, though they were near enough neighbours. It made very little difference, however. There was serious objection to increasing the escort, and no real necessity.

Horses and mules were the means of travel. Providing myself with the necessities, I left Griqualand and the Transvaal, and setting the course by the compass, began the journey.

The first day on the desert was full of interest. Fantastic rock formations, as grand and unique as in the Garden of the Gods, rose in every direction. Between them stretched a bed of glistening sand, as smooth and almost as hard as a granite floor. In the moonlight it was white as snow.

Some rocks rose in sharp cones, like miniature mountains. Some were sheer cliffs to the summit on one side and a rugged hill on the other.

Now and then a spring of ice-cold mineral water, often worse than no water at all, found vent among the crevices, and came rippling down the ledges. If it was fortunate enough not to fall into a rift by the way and be lost there, it would wander for a short distance out upon the sand; but it was always swallowed up before it had wandered far, and was always marked, as far as it did wander, by a solid mass of forget-me-nots, so blue that, from a distance, one would think the imperial African sky lay reflected there in the mirror-surface of a pool.

Wherever there was a spring the rocks had clothed themselves in green, brilliant green, over every inch of space that was moistened, and frequently a plant like the Mexican pulque grew about the base.

It is most appropriately called a desert, after all, for a more deserted place could not be found. For some reason wild animals rarely venture there, and though the native settlements crowd upon the very verge, the people never encroach upon the sand unless they are obliged to.

There was but one apparent danger, but that was not to be thought lightly of. It was the chance of meeting a hostile caravan from a district so set against the English still that the sight of a solitary white man would offer an opportunity not to be lost.

The Zulu outbreak was hardly crushed, and South Africa was full of natives with just such patriotic sentiments; while during the war I had seen quite enough of them, in a ferocious state, not to long for an encounter with too many at once out there alone on the Kalahari desert.

Unfortunately, too, I had a wager up with a friend, who lovingly risked ten pounds that I would not come out of the desert alive. It was very bad policy. It roused a speculative anxiety, which has a strong tendency to make one easily alarmed and over-cautious.

My Kaffirs were good fellows, and under the right conditions would have been good fighters. Any one of them would have risked his life to save me

from an attack by a wild beast, but they were quite too near home to be depended on in a struggle with natives. The universal law of an eye for an eye lasts one's life out (and if not redeemed till death it is passed on as a debt for his family) in the native wilderness. The fellow who is struck—or some of his friends for him—will be sure to turn up sometime and strike back with interest.

I knew that I could only depend upon them to run in case of an attack, with the strong probability that the direction would be over to the enemy. Thus everything conspired to prejudice me against a chance encounter with wandering natives, when the common instincts of self-preservation would have been quite sufficient for picket duty, and the result was that caution was very much overdone. I came precious near developing into a veritable coward, and was actually thrown into a state of temporary incompetency when, about an hour after sunset, I suddenly discovered that a great mound, composed of broken rock, which we were approaching, had been appropriated as a camp, not by an ordinary caravan, but by a band of Zulu warriors.

What they were doing on the Kalahari was more than I could imagine, unless they were fugitives, which would make it all the worse for me if I fell into their hands.

It was evidently a band of considerable size. As many as a dozen fellows were sitting about on guard. Often I had caught glimpses of them sitting in that way through the night in Zululand.

They were cross-legged all in a heap. Their lances were thrust into the ground between their legs, standing upright, clutched by both hands, thus steadying themselves, and forming a support for their heads, so that they slept almost as soundly as in their tents.

A native picket or sentinel is never supposed to keep awake; but these men were awake, for the very thing which caught my eye and discovered them was the swaying of their long lances, plainly outlined against the sky. The men themselves were deeper in the shadow, so that I could just discern their lumpy figures crouching on the ground.

My horse saw them at the same instant. So did the Kaffirs and the mules. We all stopped without a signal, and no sooner were we still than the lances also stopped swinging, and stood suggestively ready for use at a moment's warning. There was no room for doubt that the fellows were watching us.

I was so thoroughly impressed with the necessity of preserving my precious identity, on account of that ten pounds, that I almost lost sight of all other considerations, and for a moment utterly lost my head. I should surely have run for my life upon the slightest additional provocation. All that saved me was the absurdity of running when I had nowhere to run to.

If I turned back I should simply have come ground to go over, and the same people to pass later. There was no hope of working around them when they were already watching me. I might make a dash, and, if I escaped their lances, get away through the darkness before they could mount and follow me; but the Kaffirs and mules couldn't do it. They wouldn't have attempted it if they could, and I should have been in a fine plight alone on the Kalahari, without food, water, traps, or servants.

All this flashed through my brain as I sat for a second with my heart thumping against my ribs, and that ten-pound wager uppermost in my mind.

It was only as a last resort that the wisdom of standing on my dignity, going quietly ahead, and making the best of it if trouble really came, finally presented itself favourably. Then I touched the spurs to my horse. He snuffed suspiciously, but moved slowly forward. The Kaffirs showed no signs of following, but I did not venture to speak to them.

I didn't dare to speak, to tell the truth, for the moment I started the lances began to swing again, and the ten-pound wager gave me a chill.

It was a signal of some sort, and I looked quickly about to see if others were equipped in the neighbourhood.

Great heavens! what an ice-cold shiver ran through me when I discovered a precisely similar picket-guard seated before the nearest hill on my

left, swinging their lances in response. It was too late for any change, however, and I rode forward, keeping in the centre of the space between the two, and, as calmly as possible, giving them the Zulu salutation.

There was no answer. It was ominous, and I thought sadly of the wager. The toughest disappointment in the world, I believe, is losing a bet.

Then I noticed that the lances were still again on both sides. Something was evidently about to be done. With an instinctive quiver creeping along my veins, my eyes laboriously watching both sides at once, and spurs ready to plunge into the horse at the first motion, I went on.

When precisely in the centre, between the two, I caught the tread of the mules some rods behind. It occurred to me that the Zulus might be waiting till I should be at an angle away from them, with no danger of their lances crossing to their friends, and as the mules were coming up, I decided to wait there, and at least take them over the dead-line with me, in case there should be a chance to run.

There is always a more or less calming influence, for a man as well as a horse, in stopping to face a danger quietly. It is as good for one as it is for the other; and I sat looking first on one side, then on the other, pulling back a little self-control at least, when a gust of wind struck my face, and every lance, on either side, bent with a graceful sweep before it.

'Sold!' I muttered, in a disgust as intense as the fear had been, and rode up to the hill, at the base of which were some of those thrifty pulque-plants, or whatever they were, and from its centre each had sent up a long blossom stem, ten or twelve feet high, with a punctuated bud upon the top.

When the Kafirs came up I simply remarked that we would remain there for the night, and wandered off to calm myself, while they prepared the tents and supper.

In the grey light next morning I lay in the low tent waiting to hear them at breakfast, when a piercing shriek sounded, followed by a wild cry and a long, agonised wail. Then I heard the scurrying feet of my Kafirs as they ran, faithful rascals, and the air was filled with moaning and groaning and shrieking and yelling.

I sprang up, caught my rifle and looked out, but there was nothing in sight. The yells had become almost deafening, however, and appeared to come from behind. From inside the tent the hill could not be seen, but I could easily imagine it swarming with natives, sounding their war-cry to call me out. The tent was a poor protection, and, disliking to have an enemy behind me, I determined to appear at once.

I confess that perspiration stood on my forehead, and my hand trembled as I lifted the hammer of my rifle; but I drew a long breath and started, determined to take ten steady paces forward before I turned, unless something from behind should stop me.

This was no easy matter before a mob of howling savages, while imagination filled the air with lances, arrows, rocks, boomerangs, and goodness knows what not; but to do it, knowing that life and death hung in the balance of the next few seconds, and then wheeling about to look up a hill as desolate as ever existed in the heart of a desert, was even harder on one's nerves and self-respect.

There was not a living thing in sight but the shoulder of one of my Kafirs. The rest of him was wedged in between two rocks. I had almost a mind to fire at that, but the shrieking

continued. There were yells of triumph and groans of agony. Two hostile caravans must have met on the other side of the hill. Determined at least to have a sight at what was going on before I decided what to do, I cautiously climbed the hill.

More and more of the desert beyond appeared, but not a sign of life, except those fiendish groans and yells, till through a cleft I came suddenly out upon the brow of a cliff and looked down.

But for losing that wager I believe I could have shot myself then, for want of someone else to shoot me.

'Sold again!' would be a fair expurgated rendering of the involuntary comments which the occasion inspired; yet I stood looking down on a scene which could hardly be repented in a lifetime.

Two families of giraffes had been tempted into the desert, and had met in that grey morning light. They stood about fifty feet apart, their long necks twisting in every conceivable way, each individual utterly oblivious of all the rest; their heads swaying and often striking other heads; their tails lashing, regardless of results; while, ignoring harmony or unison, each one uttered groans and shrieks which even then I could hardly believe were not produced by human throats. They were all absorbed in watching a duel to the death between two old males.

Directly beneath me the two were locked in a desperate embrace. They must have stood nearly twenty feet in height; their glossy coats of dark sienna, dappled with centres nearly black, stood out against the sand. Their tufted tails lashed their flanks furiously. Their bristling, coal-black manes sagged and swayed, and under their bushy horns, protruding fore-

heads and snow-white ears their great dark eyes rolled fiercely.

Shoulder to shoulder they stood, every muscle bulged and swelled, and their slender legs and pointed hoofs were twisted and tangled.

One of them held the other's fore-leg below the knee in his jaws. The other, taking advantage of the lowered head, struck for his antagonist's neck, just back of the ears. They fought in silence, while their respective families urged them on. The giraffe is of the brotherhood of deer, with no canine teeth in his upper jaw, and the battle was as long as it was desperate.

It came to an end at last, however, without warning. A shudder shook the huge body of one of the beasts, and the next instant it was stretched upon the ground.

The two families ceased their moaning, and in absolute silence the victor stood a moment, absorbed in watching his victim. When he was satisfied he lifted his head with a proud toss and drew a long breath, evidently preparing for a cry of victory, when he suddenly stopped short and looked down, apparently realising for the first time that his own leg was wounded. Deliberately he examined his wound, while the two families waited as though they had been east in bronze. Then he lifted his head only a little way, and uttering a low plaintive moan instead of a triumphant cry, limped away over the desert alone. Not one of either family made a sound or offered to follow him. He was the victor, but finding himself a cripple, the supreme dictates of instinct told him that there was but one way for him to celebrate his victory. He would keep on wandering till he found some solitary cleft among the rocks, out of reach of food and water, where he would deliberately lie down,



Drawn by C. L. Kerry.

TEMUKA RIVER, CANTERBURY, N.Z.

[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS,'

wedge himself in, and patiently wait until starvation gave him the freedom of the happy hunting-ground.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ONION.

Undoubtedly, the onion is the oldest vegetable known to mankind. The native plant, the *Allium Cepa*, the parent of all cultivated onions, is not a native of this country. Cortez, when relating incidents of his brilliant conquest in Mexico, is reported by Humboldt to have said that he saw onions in the market place of the ancient Tenochtitlan, and that the Mexicans called these onions *xonacatl*. But, careful inquiry shows that the name *xonacatl* does not apply to our cultivated species of *allium*. In the seventeenth century only one single *allium* was reported from Jamaica, and that was our species, and was in a garden with other vegetables from Europe. Acosta, in his 'Natural History of the Indies,' says expressly that the onions of Peru were brought from Europe. To Europe, then, we must go on the track of the first onion, and any European will say that onions have always been cultivated here.

Shakspeare mentioned the onion. In his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Bottom, the weaver, giving final direction to Quince, the carpenter, Flute, the bellows-mender, Snout, the tinker, and Starveling, the tailor—all humble folks, who were about to present a play before the duke and his party—after telling them to go home and to attend to this and the other, says:

'And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy.'

When Helena, at close of the 'All's Well That Ends Well,' finds at the same time her husband and mother, the old Lafew exclaims:

'Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.'

In the introduction to the 'Taming of the Shrew,' the lord sending instructions to his page to enact the part of wife to the drunkard whom they are to befool, says:

'Bid him shed tears. . . . And if the boy have not a woman's gift, To rain a shower of command'd tears, An onion will do well for such a shift.'

Shall we find our first onion in England? No; its very name tells us that it is not a native of Britain. Onion is merely the English way of

pronouncing the French *oignon*, and by the French, at some time or other, the Onion bulb was brought into England. Chaucer, writing five hundred years ago, mentioned the onion as a well-known domestic vegetable. Another three hundred years takes us back to the Norman Conquest, and I think we may take another two hundred and say that a thousand years ago the onion was making its way into England. A thousand years sweeps away the history of England, and leaves a small island, torn with

the strife of its recent Saxon conquerors and harassed with sea pirates; an island almost unknown to the nations on the Continent. Another thousand years and Britain is an island lying far away from civilisation.

Two thousand years takes us back to the border-land between ancient and modern history. Another thousand and a few years more and we hear the groans of the Hebrews in Egypt as they drag the heavy stones for the massive forts of Ramesses and



THE STATUE OF BISHOP HARPER.

[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS.'



BEACH CYCLING.

[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS.'

Pithom, or make their tale of bricks under the sharp gaze of guards who stand over them with rods. Then a successful conspiracy is made, and the Hebrews under Moses and Aaron throw off the yoke of Pharaoh and defeat him on the shores of the Red Sea; and we hear the songs of triumph of those emancipated slaves as they take their first steps in freedom. Unthought of difficulties appear. The journey to the Land of Promise is not one long holiday of pleasure. Some present privations seem harder to bear than the late fearful slavery, and praising the good old times, they revile Moses and ask him bitterly, 'Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and the onions and the garlic.' And these onions whose flavour could be better remembered than the hardships of tyranny, can they be of the same species as our onions of to-day? Certainly they are. They are grown in Egypt to this day, and called now by the very name used for them by masters and slaves when Israel was there in bondage.

Seven thousand years have passed since the building of the first pyramid. Yet even then Egypt was an old country; its people civilised. Ten thousand years ago the onion was brought into Egypt, and from where? It was brought from India. History can tell us no more. The sacred writings of the Hindus and the oldest records of the Chinese mention the onion as a cultivated plant, but always cultivated. If we would find our first onion, we must leave history and find some other line of inquiry. We join the botanists and continue our search, and we find ourselves climbing the mountains of Afghanistan and Beloochistan, and exploring the table-lands behind Hindu Kush mountains. And there, in the birth-place of mankind, we find our onion the *Allium Cepa*—from which have sprung all the onions grown all over this wide world. On the mountains of Egypt the onion is called *batzel*, the name it goes by in Egypt at the present day.

Onion was enough. First Boarder: Were you here last summer? Second Boarder (crossly): No. Think I'd be here now if I had been here last summer?



[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS.'

RELIEF PARTY DISCOVERING SIGNS OF LOST EXPLORERS.

**THE KING OF SIAM VISITS
MADAM TUSSAUD'S.**

The London papers have had a great deal of fun out of the King of Siam. His Majesty is apparently a most jovial sort of a person, as this description of his visit to Mme. Tussaud's will show.

Richard L. was honoured with much royal attention. 'Ah,' incidentally observed the King, pointing to the token on Coeur-de-Lion's chest, 'there is the Crusader's cross.' When his majesty saw John he murmured, 'Magna Charta,' and softly chuckled. You could see he did not like him.

The sovereign of Siam cast an indulgent eye on Henry VIII., whose queens he passed in critical review.

'Who's that?' he exclaimed, with some asperity, pointing to a cheerful looking Chinese. At first I thought it was Li Hung Chang. But, no, it was not tall enough. Moreover, it was too good looking. 'Who's that?' again demanded the King, as though about to order the instant removal of the cheerful looking Chinese. 'It is Houqua,' Mr Tussaud hastened to explain. 'Houqua, the celebrated Chinese tea merchant.' King Chulalongkorn laughed a mocking laugh and walked on. Only a tradesman!

Julius Caesar and Mr Chamberlin were passed without a word. George Washington, Dr. Grace, Shakspeare and P. T. Barnum also had the cut direct.

But his majesty came to a sudden standstill before the Shahzada. Seeing that the royal visitor was interested, Mr Tussaud vouchsafed the information:

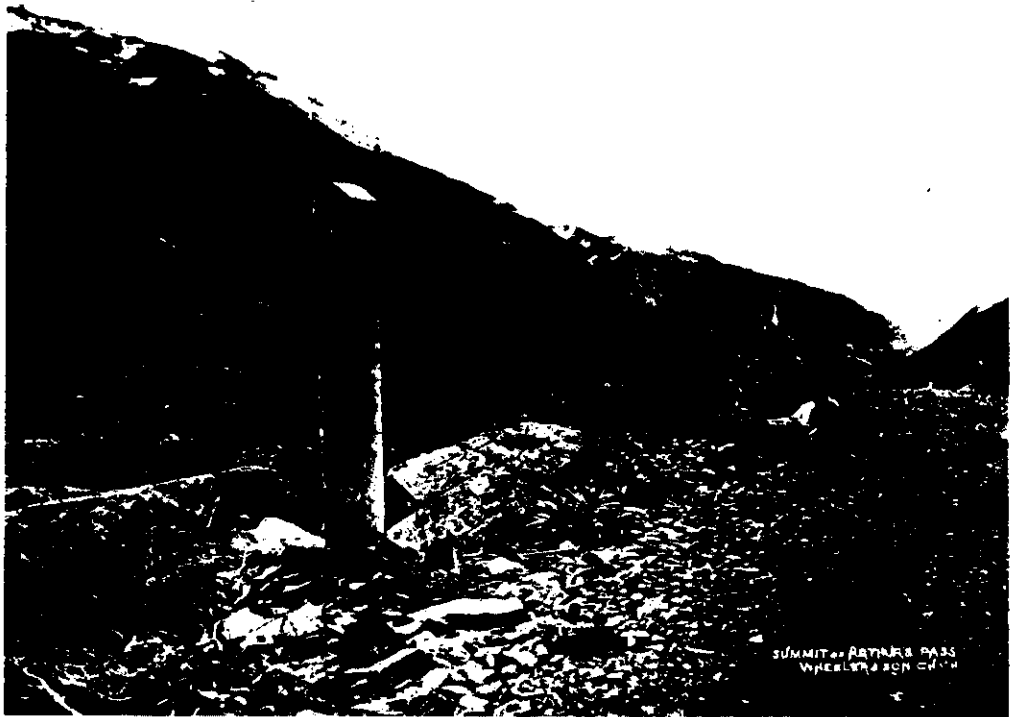
'They are the clothes he actually wore, your majesty.'

No king ever looked more astonished than did King Chulalongkorn at this intelligence.

'His actual clothes! His actual clothes!' he exclaimed, like a man who could not believe his ears.

Mr Tussaud ventured deferentially to confirm the information he had just imparted.

'But how did you get them?' inquired the monarch. Then, ere his question could be answered, a look of great sagacity came over his face and



SUMMIT OF ARTHUR'S PASS
WHEELER & SON PHOTO

Wheeler and Son Photo, Christchurch.

SUMMIT OF ARTHUR'S PASS.

he added, 'Ah, I know. You got them from one of his servants, eh?'

The great statesmen were nearly all passed by without a word, and the King did not even deign to notice J. R. Diggle or the late Fred Archer, whose dog, by the way, he saw the other day in the Duke of Portland's racing stud.

Coming alongside the Shah of

Persia, he favoured us with a royal joke.

'Are they the real clothes in this case, eh?' said he.

'No,' Mr Tussaud admitted, and we all laughed very heartily. But the jest was not up to the King's usual level.

Coming up to the late Dukes of York, Kent and Cambridge, his

majesty exclaimed, 'Ah, these are the sons of George III.' He must have been guided by the likeness. He certainly did not look in the catalogue.

The King paused in front of the case containing the orders of the Duke of Wellington, and for a few moments seemed lost in thought. Then he remarked, 'These are nearly



Morris, Photo.

CREVASSE ICE, HOOKER GLACIER.

[SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS']

all the orders a man could have. He had almost everything.
The King went in the chamber of horrors, but he didn't turn a hair. If not fascinated, he was, however, to a certain extent interested. He proved himself familiar with the murder of Mrs Hogg by Mrs Pearey, and when his attention was drawn to the model of James Canham Read he betrayed knowledge of the South End crime. This comes of reading English newspapers and having a good memory.

III. and the 'Re Galantuomo,' father of the present King of Italy. His last stand was made at the Fortress Gaeta, where Queen Marie, the 'only man' in his entourage, developed such brilliant bravery in the defence of the fortifications.
Daudet has taken many leading traits from this energetic princess for the heroine of his renowned book. The son of the 'Re Bomba' travelled afar, but later returned to Austria, like all the others of his Italian compatriots in fate, and he shared with them that other fate, to be forgotten. Only the news of his death recalled this

exiled King momentarily to the memory of his contemporaries. He left no children, but his eldest half-brother, Alfonso, Count of Caserta, who mostly resides at Cannes, in France, has after the demise of Franz II. claimed all rights and titles of the deceased, and has renewed the former protests against the 'usurpation of his country.'
In this connection the other two ex-Princess whose throne once stood in sunny Italy may be mentioned—Duke Robert of Parma, whose land in 1860 was united with the realm of King Victor Emmanuel II. of

Sardinia, and who resides with his family at Schwarzau, in Lower Austria, and Grand Duke Ferdinand VI. of Tuscany, who leads at Salzburg, also in Austria, a contemplative existence.
Ex-Empress Eugenie of France, while owning a residence at Farnborough, near London, is a restless wanderer upon the face of the earth, despite her physical ailments and her age. The 'future Emperor of France,' as the Bonapartists call him, is Prince Victor, residing at Brussels. He is the eldest son of the celebrated Prince 'Plon-Plon,' a brother of Napoleon III., but it is rumoured that the ex-Empress prefers his youngest brother, Louis Napoleon, who is commander of a regiment in the Prussian army.

Another woman, ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, grandmother of the little King Alfonso XIII. of the Pyraenaic peninsula, lives still in exile, though the latter is no longer dictated by political urgency. The revolution of 1868 drove her and her entourage—led by the nun Patrocino and the intendante, Marfori—from Spain, though she might have returned when her son Alfonso XII. succeeded to the throne.
However, the mode of life of this giddy old Queen is so reprehensible that her residence in Spain would have been so inimical to monarchical institutions that she received the persuasive hint that it would be better for her health to remain away from Madrid and from the land of wine and song.

You can easily make a delicious violet perfume for yourself by putting half an ounce of orris-root, broken into small pieces, in a bottle with two ounces of alcohol. Cork the bottle tightly and shake well. After it has been standing four or five days, a few drops on the handkerchief will leave the scent of fresh violets.



A FEMALE BARBER-SHOP.—A CHICAGO PHASE OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE 'NEW' WOMAN.'

ROYALTIES WITHOUT THRONES.

Alphonse Daudet, the French romancer, shows in his well-known book, 'Les Rois en Exil,' a whole colony of formerly crowned heads, who, hurled by various catastrophes from their thrones, were gathered in the gay capital on the Seine during the first years after the Franco-German war in common exile. The author met personally the models to his figures of romance.

'While a young man,' M. Daudet says, 'I brushed in the narrow corridors of the all-night restaurants, in the hot breath of the gas lights and in the pungent odours of musk and patchouli, frequently past the raven-black rig of the Duke of Brunswick (called the diamond duke); at Bignon's I saw one evening upon a lounge the Dutch prince, 'Citron the Silent' (Crown Prince William of Orange), while he, in company with a member of the demi-monde, devoured a goose-liver pastry. I also saw one Sunday the tall figure of the blind ex-king of Hanover while leaving the conservatory concert. He was guided by the sentimental Princess Frederika, his daughter, who touched him gently upon the arm whenever polite usage required him to salute somebody.'

At the opening of the last world's exposition in Paris the following former and pseudo-majesties could be seen in a row: Don Francisco of Assisi and Don Carlos, accompanied by their better halves, Donna Isabella and Donna Margherita; also, the Duke of Aosta, who is Amadeus of Spain of yore.

There are at present in Europe forty thrones occupied by twenty-six reigning dynasties. Among the formerly reigning families of Romance extraction there are three Bourbons, Bonapartes and Braganza who lost their insignia of power, and they and their descendants form the princely contingent of the princes and princesses who at present live in exile.

In that valuable and interesting genealogical work, 'Almanach de Gotha,' they still figure among the 'active' potentates, and when we open this volume we find first in the list of exiled royalty Duchess Marie of Bavaria, sister of the Empress of Austria and widow of ex-King Franz II. of Naples, who died Christmas Eve, 1894, in a hotel at Arco. He belonged to the Italian princes whose thrones during the political cyclones of 1859 and 1860 were wiped out by Napoleon



Sarony, photo.

'FIDDLE AND I'



BATHING SEASON.—'A MODEST DIP.'



'UMBRELLA BOAT' AT SOUTHSEA, ENGLAND.



HIS FIRST SEA BATH.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TEMUKA RIVER.

The sketch of the Temuka River is taken high up the stream. The scenery in the vicinity, and still further inland, is the wildest in Canterbury, or, indeed, in all New Zealand. Here lies the famous Mackenzie country, an inhospitable region in many respects, but still capable of affording good pasturage for sheep in the summer-time, when the flocks on the station graze well up the slope of the great mountain range. A severe winter, however, causes great loss to the owners, the cold being extreme and the fodder and shelter being scarce. The Mackenzie country is said to have got its name from a pioneer station-owner who took up his abode in the wild district and augmented his flock by the simple process of periodical raids on the flocks of the settlers on the plains below. Some years ago the country was so infested with wild pigs, which used to eat the lambs, that the owners of the two chief stations paid men to kill the pests. Some of the hunters are said to have done very well, especially at the outset, when one station-owner was offering so much for each pair of ears and the other paid for the tails as a proof of death. The pig-killers, of course, took advantage of that arrangement to get twice paid.

A RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The picture of a relief-party coming on traces of the lost explorers is full of grim suggestion. One can imagine with what immense satisfaction the relief-caravan, after travelling for weeks, probably over the waste and burning sands of Western Australia, at last come across the unmistakable signs of a white man's camping-ground. Now, at least, they have struck the trail, and may hope to follow it up successfully. It may not yet be too late to carry succour to the object of their search; but, on the other hand, the record of Australian exploration gives ground enough for the fear that the lost explorers, worn out with thirst and fatigue, are already beyond the power of the expedition to save them.

BEACH CYCLING.

At many of the sea-side resorts in America beach-cycling is a favourite pastime. It is great sport flying along the smooth sand where the receding tide has left it hard and firm. There are many beaches in New Zealand which would make splendid cycle tracks, but we can scarcely advise those of our readers who own machines and value them to go in much for beach-riding. The salt spray is far from the best thing either for the tyres or nickel-plated parts of the cycle, and the fine sand is very apt to get into the bearings. Of course, for those to whom the cost of a new machine is a small matter these drawbacks to beach-cycling are probably trivial; but few of us are in that happy position. If any of our readers do think of taking a spin on the beach occasionally, they should make a point of carefully cleaning and oiling their machines before putting them away. Then the chances of their being damaged will be very much lessened.

STATUE OF BISHOP HARPER.

In this issue we give a photograph of the recumbent statue of the late Bishop Harper, which was unveiled before a large congregation in the Christchurch Cathedral last week by his son, Canon Harper, and Mr Henry Slater, the Chancellor of the Diocese. The statue, which is the work of Mr E. J. Williamson of Esher, Surrey, is said to be a striking likeness of the original, and very finely finished. It represents the deceased primate lying in his robes on a marble couch, his left hand clasping his episcopal cross, his right resting on his breast, his head is slightly inclined to the left, the eyes closed in sleep. Mr Williamson is par excellence sculptor to the Queen and the Royal Family. He has executed busts and statues of all its members except the Prince of Wales, who, being so busy, has never been able to give him enough sittings, but whom he hopes to perpetuate in marble next Christmas. His studio is full of Royalties, even to Prince Edward of York, crawling on all fours with a little punchinello tightly clasped in one hand.

HOOKEER GLACIER.

Although the Hooker only comes fifth in size among the glaciers of Canterbury, the Great Tasman being the largest, it still presents sufficient difficulties to the unexperienced Alpine climber. As our illustration shows, the Hooker Glacier has some very respectable crevasses, which require to be carefully negotiated.

ARTHUR'S PASS.

Travellers who have made the journey from Christchurch to the West Coast will remember Arthur's Pass, with its magnificent scenery. Our picture shows the summit of the Pass, with the boundary post which marks the line that divides Canterbury from Otago. The road, which at this point is about 3,000 feet above the sea level, descends to the westwards, somewhat rapidly, into the well-known Otira Gorge, of which much has been said and written.

The proprietors of Condy's Fluid notify that they find it necessary to remove to more extensive premises. Communications should in future be addressed to: 'Condy's Fluid Works, 65, Goswell Road, London, E.C.'

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

"DENOUNCING THE TREATIES."

To some people this phrase, recently seen in the cables from Peking, conveys the idea that there is a malediction about Mr Chamberlain's intentions regarding foreign nations. It is not quite so severe as that. It means that he will give notice that the "most favoured nation" clause they now enjoy in their Commercial Treaty with England will be terminated, and that the colonies will be permitted, if they choose, to charge higher duties on foreign than on British goods. For instance, the majority of the pianos imported come from the Continent. Beet sugar is another article, and upon which the German Government pay high bounties, so as to compete with sugars from Mauritius and Queensland. Mr Chamberlain's commercial mind has grasped the fact that in the British Possessions necessities of life can be grown on British soil without depending on the Continent for sugar or China for tea. China has recently shown a disposition to England by arranging with foreign Powers for railways, and Mr Chamberlain intends to give tit for tat. What he practically says is 'You foreigners do not know when you are well off. I'll give the colonies leave to send their produce Home on Free Trade lines, and enable them to charge extra duties on goods produced outside our Empire. This will give them an opportunity to reciprocate with Ceylon, a British colony, where that delightful article Tea is grown. It is without exception the most invigorating and a tired-out brain the world can produce, and it should be admitted duty free, and a prohibitive tariff put on the production of the Chinaman, and so bind the Anglo-Saxon together throughout the British Empire with something better than mere sentiment.' Recall Suratura Tea is not blended with Indian or China, and that in using it should be admitted duty free, and should regulate you are encouraging the PRODUCTION OF BRITISH TEA FROM BRITISH SOIL, and not the CHINA-MAN FROM CHINESE SOIL.

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 a fair, delicate skin and a beautifully pure and healthy complexion. Warranted harmless. ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL. Moisturizes, 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 at 30, Ration Garden, London, and avoid cheap, poisonous imitations.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

THE only gold returns this week as only small parcels were treated, the total output was not large. The yield from the old Waiotahi mine was not as large as usual, a less quantity of ore having been treated. In the case of the New Alburnia only low grade ore won in the course of development works was crushed, and the average per ton is therefore poor. The Nonpareil crushing, though a small one, is much more satisfactory, the ore being of better grade. Very few transactions took place this week in shares in Thames companies, but an inquiry set in for Kaisers at low rates, and parcels of shares changed hands at 3d. Kuotunu stocks were without transactions this week, though there were steady buyers each day for Kapa-Vermonts at 2s 6d. Coronandel shares all round showed no change in value, and Great Barrier shares were entirely neglected. The principal business of the week was in shares in Upper Thames companies, and there has been more disposition to deal in low-priced stock. Frequent transactions were reported in Imperials, Ivanhoes, and Waihi Extended shares. The demand for Alphas ceased when 3s was reached. Grace Darlings did not maintain the rise of the previous week although the trial crushing demonstrated that even with the old ten-stamper battery the ore could be worked to profit. The first crushing of the Komata Reefs Company has not yet been finished, but one bar of bullion has been sent in and it is stated that the return will be a payable one. At Coronandel the new ten-stamper battery erected by the Hauraki Associated Company had a trial run this week, and will be formally opened within the next few days. Good accounts continue to come to hand regarding the new find at the Karaka Block, and there seems little room left to doubt that it is an important discovery.

THE KARAKA BLOCK.

OPINIONS ABOUT THE NEW FIND.

The recent discovery on the Karaka Syndicate's property at Coronandel continues to attract considerable attention from mining men. Amongst those who visited the find were Captain Argall, Mr A. P. Griffiths, Captain Hornibrooke, and Mr Batters. Some time was spent by the party going over the ground and also over the new Hauraki mine, where the same reef has been located and shows gold. All were favourably impressed with the find and consider it will be a valuable one. The show in the face looks well, gold being freely seen, and appearing to make strongly downwards. Mr Batters, the manager of the Kapanza mine, considers the new find will prove an average grade lode of good quality, which means a great deal in a large body of quartz. Gold seems to be evenly distributed throughout the stone, and should run £3 per ounce. The reef is so far exposed only at the outcrop, but the character of the country is such that it should maintain all its present qualities at a depth. The spur on which the reef outcrops at the ridge is almost vertical, and the whole can be inexpensively mined. Altogether, the discovery, as far as can be seen is one of the most important that has taken place in Coronandel of late years.

HAU'RAKI ASSOCIATED.

The ten-stamper battery erected by this English company at their Coronandel property started this week, and everything was found to work in a satisfactory manner. Tenders are now being called for the cartage of 100 tons of quartz from the mine to the mill, so that we should soon hear of regular crushings. The stone to be treated should yield a fair return. A good quantity of crushing dirt is being won from the various leaders now being worked in this mine. Parcels of picked stone are also occasionally obtained.

WHANGAMATA PROPRIETARY.

Tenders were called this week by Messrs Bewick, Moreing, and Co., mining engineers, for the erection of

buildings, machinery, and crushing plant on the Whangamata Proprietary Company's machine site at Whangamata. Since the 'Lack at Last' and adjacent properties were taken over by this English company, about £600 per month has been expended on development works. That these have resulted satisfactorily may be gathered from the following circular issued by the directors to London shareholders:—The directors are pleased to report that the managers in New Zealand, Messrs Bewick, Moreing, and Co., consider the mine sufficiently developed to authorise the ordering of crushing machinery. The following is an extract from a telegram of September 20th, from Messrs Bewick, Moreing and Co.: 'There is a chute of pay rock 260 feet long, average width five feet, from which 725 tons of an estimated value of £2 10/ per ton have been extracted from No. 1 level. Estimate 4000 tons of the value of £4 in ore chute in mine between the two levels. The lode has been traced for 2600 feet. Expect other rich chutes of ore. We are quite satisfied that it is a thoroughly good property.' The mine manager in his last report states that he is convinced the ore improves in depth, and the directors have called asking for a wire as soon as the reef is struck in the No. 3 level now being driven. Everything possible is being done in the shareholders' interests to expedite matters and to avoid at the same time any useless expenditure.'

GRACE DARLING.

Considerable business was done in Grace Darling shares during the past week, but when the buying orders had been filled the advance was not maintained. The cause of the sudden demand was the fact that the syndicate holding the option over the property renovated the battery and set it to work crushing 50 tons of general ore. The actual yield has not yet been made known, but 31 ounces of melted gold was got from the plates and boxes, while the tailings assayed about 35/ per ton. These will be treated by the cyanide process. It is, however, fully demonstrated that the ore is payable, and with a more modern plant, no doubt better results would be obtained. The latest report from the mine manager is to the effect that south of the flatsheet the reef is a splendid body of stone, six feet in thickness. Gold is showing in the stone, and magnificent prospects of free gold can be obtained by panning.

TALISMAN.

In the north drive the lode is five feet in thickness, and all the ore won is of a payable nature. Stopping south has been continued and the reef is two feet in thickness. At No. 4 level the ore won from the south stopes is not quite so rich as it was last month, but it is expected that richer ore will soon be met with further south. In the rise north of the break the reef has continued to improve. At No. 5 level south the reef is 3ft 6in in thickness, with well-defined walls, and encased in a splendid class of sandstone country. The ore is improving in value as the drive is carried in this southward direction. The rich shoot of ore coming down from the No. 4 level is expected to be met with at an early date. In the stopes north and south of the No. 1 winze the reef is 5ft in thickness, and the ore won is payable. The assays from this part vary considerably, ranging from £2 to £15 10/9. At No. 6 level the reef presents a splendid appearance and is a fine strong body, fully 5ft in thickness. The value of the reef is improving as developments are extended southwards.

NONPAREIL.

This Thames mine continues to give regular monthly returns. This fine 45 loads of quartz from the Liverpool reef were treated for a return of 55 ounces 10 dwts of gold valued at about £152.

WAIOTAHU RETURNS.

£387 FROM 120 TONS.

During the past month 120 tons of ore were treated for this old Thames Company, and yielded 143 ounces of gold valued at £387.

NOTES.

Victoria.—Quartz coming to hand from stopes above No. 3 level shows little more gold. This same reef in the drive at the intermediate level also shows little gold at each breaking down; both quartz and country on either wall indicate that greatly improved class of ore should be met with as drive advances. The Victoria reef averages from six to nine inches in thickness, composed largely of silica. Gold seen very freely in silica.

Kaiser.—This mine is looking exceedingly well. The reef, which is 3 1/2 feet thick, shows good gold and a splendid prospect is obtained on pouring.

New Alburnia.—Cleaning up took place this week at the New Alburnia Company's battery after a crushing of 200 tons. The yield of bullion was 96oz, which should be worth about £254.

Jersey (Cabbage Bay).—About 17lb of selected stone have been deposited in the Bank of New Zealand as the result of the last week's operations on the new leader. Good results have been obtained for a distance of about two chains on the surface.

Karaka Queen.—Colours of gold are still frequently seen when breaking down the reef. There are about 100 tons of ore ready for crushing, which will be commenced in a few days.

Bunker's Hill.—In taking down the footwall branch of the reef in the winze a few colours of gold were seen, but an unfavourable class of country made its appearance in the bottom.

Adelaide.—The reef formation in the south end of the winze is about a foot thick and composed of a number of stringers. The reef is more compact at the north end and strong colours of gold were seen at each breaking down.

Hinemoa—Hauraki.—The country seems to be changing from brown sandstone to nice blue country, heavily charged with bright minerals. One or two very small quartz veins have also been met with.

Welcome Find (Coromandel).—There is now 80lb of picked stone on hand, and the general ore is being classified in two grades preparatory to forwarding it to the Thames for treatment. A fair return is anticipated from the whole.

Gloucester.—The erection of a horse whim has been completed, and as soon as the water has been lowered tenders will be called for resuming sinking of shaft a further depth of 70 feet.

Komata Reefs.—One bar of bullion has been sent in from this mine. The final cleaning up is not yet completed.

Temple Bar.—The reef at the low level has been intersected. Colours of gold can be seen in the stone.

MEETINGS OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The following meetings were convened this week:—

Waiki Monument.—A meeting of shareholders in this company was held in Mr D. G. McDonnell's office. The balance-sheet showed total receipts, £865 10s 5d, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £109 11s. The chairman explained that outstanding liabilities, including the uncompleted contract, would amount to about £110, and the call to come in would give £298. The shareholders passed a recommendation to the directors to make the necessary calls to drive the low level until the reef was intersected.

Crecent.—At a special meeting held in Mr Gillfillan's office shareholders decided that it be an instruction to directors not to prosecute any further work, and to dispose of the plant and tools.

Leading Wind.—At an extraordinary meeting held this week shareholders resolved that the Leading Wind G.M. Company be voluntarily wound up.

Hauraki North.—A meeting of the shareholders who signed a requisition asking the directors of the Hauraki North Company to call a meeting was held this week, being convened by private circular. It was resolved that Messrs John Kenderline, W. Frier, H. F. Inder, John Strathern, and William Thomas be nominated as candidates for the position of directors of the Company.

GOLDEN MOUNT.

A meeting of shareholders in this company took place in Messrs Lusk and Rathbone's office, being held for the purpose of considering a proposal to amalgamate with the Golden Falls G.M. Company. A letter was read from Messrs Bewick, Moreing, and Co., who hold an option over the two properties, stating that they desire to amend the terms of the option over the properties. By the amended terms the Golden Mount shareholders get 40,000 shares in the company to be formed, while under the old agreement they were to receive £5,000 cash and 50,000 shares. The desirability of amalgamation with the Golden Falls was affirmed, on terms more satisfactory than are at present offered, and a committee with full power to act was appointed to carry out the amalgamation.

LAPSED MEETINGS.

The following meetings of mining companies called for Friday lapsed for want of a quorum:—

Jupiter.—At Mr H. Gillfillan's office. Credit balance, £316 4s 4d. The directors' report stated that negotiations for the sale of the property would, they hoped, be completed shortly.

Karangahake Company.—Receipts, £164 10s 9d, and credit balance, £71 5s 4d.

Wynyardton.—Credit balance, £92 12s 1d.

Zion.—Credit balance, £28.

Pigmy.—Credit balance, £434 5s 4d.

Prospect.—Credit balance, £86 18s 2d.

Scandinavian.—Credit balance, £95 4s 1d.

West Derby.—Credit balance, £16 9s 1d.

Tamilhana.—Credit balance of £259 15s 11d.

New Muster.—Cash balance, £3 11s 2d.

Fiery Cross.—Total receipts, £1,052 10s 2d; expenditure, £994 0s 6d; credit balance, £38 9s 8d.

Prince of Wales.—Total receipts, £756 7s 11d; credit balance, £2 19s 2d.

Waiki Welcome.—Total receipts, £479 12s 4d; credit balance, £19 13s 9d.

GOLD RETURNS FOR THE WEEK.

Companies.	Tons.	£
New Alburnia	2 3/4	254
Waioatahi	1 1/2	387
Nonparadi	4 1/2	152
Total for week	8 1/2	£793

Clarke's B. H. Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

KEATING'S POWDER.

This Powder, so celebrated, is utterly unequalled in destroying BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES and all insects (whilst perfectly harmless to all animal life). All woollens and furs should be well sprinkled with the Powder before placing away. It is invaluable to take to the seaside. To avoid disappointment insist upon having 'Keating's Powder.' No other Powder is effective.

KILLS FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES.

Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCK ROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs. The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every package of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING, without this any article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

WORMS—'CHILDREN'S,' 'SWEEET-FLEET' VEGETABLE (A SWEET-FLEET) both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering a certain remedy for 'WORMS' OF THE CHILDREN. It is perfectly safe and mild, especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.

Proprietor: THOMAS KEATING, London.



A race-boat made of hardened and polished cement has been invented by an Italian named Gacellini. Steel bars one-third of an inch in diameter form the frame, and on this is a thin wire netting. The netting is then lightly covered with some cement.

A letter bearing the address, Herr Andree, North Pole, has been found at the General Post Office, Berlin. It was written in all seriousness, and the authorities have returned it to the writer with the superscription 'Unknown.'

Colonel Landman relates that in the early part of the present century, when at Plymouth, then the scene of much excitement, he noticed one of the many ingenious ways devised by drunken sailors to get rid of their pay and prize-money. A foremast man, who had just received £700 and twenty-four hours' leave of absence, hired three carriages-and-four—one for his hat, another for his stick, and a third for himself—and in this fashion rode about the streets, from public-house to public-house, until morning.

A champion has arisen for those who lose their tempers and use 'swear words.' In his book on the 'Therapeutic Aspects of Talking,' Dr. Campbell says that outbursts of passion and irritability relieve the nerves and promote health, and that swearing may be justified from a physiological point of view. It may be true (remarks the 'County Gentleman') that a healthy man feels relieved after a good swear, just as women are all the better for a good cry. But, unfortunately, it is invalids who are most irritable, particularly those who are instructed to keep quiet. Swearing is not even a remedy for such a common ailment as toothache, and sufferers from neuralgia derive no benefit from smashing crockery.

A few months ago a doctor wrote some articles on 'Nagging Women.' He related his experiences as a physician, and declared that a large share of human misery was clearly the result of woman's pestilent and persistent nagging of those about them. But what about nagging men? There are men whose nightly return to their homes always means needless misery to their households. They find fault with their dinners, with the household bills, with the children, and with everything else. They make sarcastic remarks that burn and scarify the sensitive souls of their wives. They carry home the worries of business. They 'take it out' of their families for everything that has gone wrong in the day's work, and some are even cowards enough to revenge upon the innocent and helpless those wrongs and affronts which they have not had courage enough to resist and resent upon the offender. There are probably as many 'nagging' men as 'nagging' women in the world, and there is immeasurably less excuse for them. For men have the relief of work and out-of-door life for irritable nerves, and that is denied to most women.

Despite his worries, Abdul Hamid's hair, it is said, never grows white. To prevent that it is dyed, and the dyeing is repeated as often as needful, for, according to the Turkish Court etiquette, the Sultan's hair must always be black.

This is said to be a good way to clean a pipe. Take two or three heads of fuses and place them in the bowl of the pipe. Have a cork which will just fit the bowl. Light the fuses and press the cork firmly but gently into the bowl. The nicotine is forced through the stem by the pressure of the escaping smoke, and the pipe will be as sweet and clean as a new one.

The man who conceived the notion of placing metal plates on the soles of boots is reported to have made £400,000; while the idea of attaching a piece of indiarubber to the end of a pencil brought the inventor the respectable sum of £20,000. How, the originator of the sewing machine, derived from it an income of £100,000 a year; while Fox, the inventor of paragon frames for umbrellas, made a heap of money.

MEN AND WOMEN.

There are two deplorable extremes, into one of which a young girl often falls on receiving 'her first offer.' The worse and more frequent of these is that of fancying herself in love, when in reality she doesn't care a fig for her lover. The other consists in a coquettish pride, which leads her against the dictates of her judgment and the inclinations of her heart, to reject a suitor, however worthy. Many a woman has blighted her own life and that of the man she loved by indulging in a passion for coquetry. Having charms of which she is fully conscious, she proudly measures her power, and says to herself:—'I am equal to great conquests, and shall I thus early submit to be conquered? No! when I have had a surfeit of these delights, then—' But the time referred to in the long futurity of the little word 'then' seldom comes to the coquette. It will always be 'then.'

For domestic servant-girls and other heavy sleepers, whose slumbers the ordinary alarm-clock does not disturb, an ingenious appliance has been devised. It consists of a metal frame to be hung above the sleeper's head. From it are suspended a number of corks. During the night it is lowered gradually by a clockwork mechanism, until at the proper hour and minute the dangling corks begin to bob against the nose and face of the sleeper. Of course she wakes up.

Liza Wellington, a negro woman about thirty-six years of age, entered a doctor's office at Mayssville, Georgia, and called for 'medicine to make her quit eating dirt.' The physician asked a few questions, and found that the woman was in the habit of eating a washbasinful of dirt daily. The woman declared that the dirt gave her more satisfaction than a first-class meal at the hotel. The doctor says that the woman's health is not seriously impaired. She has an ashy appearance, but is active and strong enough.

The German list of patents contains the following:—'No. 92,406, an invention by Fraulein Elfriede Latekiewicz, of Berlin, for artificially filling out the cheeks. The apparatus is worn inside the mouth, attached to the jaws.' After false teeth, false hair, and false calves for cyclists we have now arrived at false cheeks.—Paris 'Figaro.'

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband. But, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonourable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level.

The United Brethren General Conference, at its recent session, had a discussion of the word 'obey' in the marriage ceremony of their discipline. A large number of women had interested themselves in the matter, and worked for its elimination, but the conference refused, and the word remains.

Old styles of jewellery are coming into fashion again. Women are haunting the old curio shops trying to find the beautiful old cameos like those worn by their mothers and grandmothers. The old-fashioned setting is rarely changed, the quaintly carved and twisted gold being considered extremely beautiful. The old brooches and rings are especially sought for, and bring remarkable prices when found.

Sandow has a rival, if reports are to be believed. This is the Archduchess Maria Therese of Austria, who is one of the strongest women in the world, and certainly the strongest in a royal family. She is said to be capable of lifting a man in the air with one hand.

The new ladies' club in Edinburgh is likely (according to a London journal) to excite a good deal of attention. It is to be a purely social club, and, of course, it is to be called 'The Queen's Club.' Gentlemen may be invited by members.

A lady journalist expresses the opinion that women are well fitted to write for newspapers. She says: 'They have done and are doing good'

work thereon, and it is probable a larger future is yet reserved for them upon the press. The qualities that make them succeed as novel writers would make them succeed as journalists. Their alert interest in the many-sidedness of life, their quick perceptive qualities, their sense of character, their light if somewhat superficial handling of a theme, tend, with sufficient training, to adapt them for the New Journalism. On almost all the various departments of the papers women are at work. There are women interviewers, paragraphists, essayists, critics, descriptive writers, foreign correspondents.

Nearly everyone has travelled sixty miles an hour on the railway except the Queen, who has never experienced the sensation of whizzing through space so quickly. The speed of the royal train never exceeds forty miles an hour.

The early fading of married women is always a subject for comment among their dearest friends. Each particular friend has some very good cause to assign for it, but it is a question whether, in many cases, it is not greatly the woman's own fault. Think, mothers, do you not do much unnecessary work? Everybody knows that you all, or at least nine-tenths of you, sew much more than there is any necessity for. Do you not stand to do many things which you could do as well sitting, if you were only accustomed to it? 'Oh, but it looks so lazy!' A fig for the way it looks! Why should a woman stand up to pare potatoes? Women stand half the morning preparing vegetables. Ask them the reason, and what is their answer? 'Oh, I don't know, I always stand. I'm used to it. I can work better so.' They have no business to be used to it.

One of the strangest of marriage customs known has prevailed for centuries in the cheese-making districts of Switzerland. There, when a happy pair unite in the bonds of wedlock, it is usual for their friends to buy them a 'register cheese,' which is presented to them on the evening of their wedding day, and henceforth becomes in the family register. These cheeses are, of course, beirlooms, and on them is carved all the important events of a family, such as births, deaths, marriages, and other matters which it is considered advisable to record.

Colonel Erastus Wheeler, a prominent and wealthy retired merchant of Atlanta, has laid the possible grounds for a divorce between himself and his wife by shaving off his hirsute adornments. The colonel, who is widely and favourably known throughout the State, was formerly ornamented with a heavy growth of silken whiskers, which were the pride of his wife, who is an 'advanced' woman, and well known in intellectual circles. He came home clean-shaven, and Mrs Wheeler, forgetting her culture, administered a terrible tongue lashing. They are now living apart. Social and intellectual Atlanta are convulsed over the affair.

Discussing the question 'Why don't men marry?' a bachelor says:—'If the number of bachelors is augmenting with such a frightful rapidity it is because it costs more to live than it did in olden times, and a man dare not assume a responsibility the expenses of which appear to him exorbitant. A prudent man, who manages without very much trouble to maintain a modest establishment, considers the fact of taking unto himself a wife as an act of prodigality for which there is no excuse, and looks upon the birth of one or more children as ruinous. Marriage is an association the expenses and first disbursements of which have grown beyond all measure during the last twenty-five years. The moralists of the masculine gender attribute this in general to the life which the woman of today leads, and which has made married life too much of a luxury for the average man. From the top to the lowest rung of the social ladder you will not meet, according to these pessimists, a young girl who would consent, on starting housekeeping, to lead the life and to accommodate herself to the simple tastes of her grandmother. The necessity of entertaining, the hunt after worldly pastimes and the passion for dress came today, no matter what the social conditions are, ravages infinitely more serious than those of the past.'

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

A SPLENDID ISSUE. PICTORIAL MAP.

In announcing the publication of the Christmas Number of the 'New Zealand Graphic,' there is no necessity to do more than simply draw public attention to the fact that this now deservedly famous annual can now be procured.

The public are excellent judges of a good thing and of its worth, so that the very obvious excellencies and artistic merits of the Christmas Graphic are certainly not likely to escape attention or to fail to command admiration.

In point of artistic merit, in point of printing, in point of paper, and indeed in all the details which tend to the production of perfection, the number now under review excels. We shall therefore make no attempt to extravagantly praise the various fine pictures, but merely mention a few of the subjects believing, as we do, that the quantity and quality of the work are eloquent enough in their own cause without the questionable assistance of puffery.

The whole-page engravings and half-tones which have been made a feature in the number this year comprise a series by Mr Kenneth Watkins on the Forest Kings of New Zealand.

No artist in this colony does the native bush such justice as Mr Watkins—he seems to catch the very spirit of the forest and its mighty denizens. The principal picture shows the felling of a giant kauri, while another and rather smaller picture represents the really stupendous spectacle of a 'fall' on one of the bush rivers after a winter flood when the logs 'are tearing down to the sea.

Those who know the grandeur of the sight when the logs fall in thundering confusion over some roaring bush cataract will easily imagine that so clever an artist as Mr Watkins has produced therefrom a spirited drawing.

'Fruit Fishing' is dealt with in a large picture by Mr Bob Hawcridge, who is also responsible for the engraving in a New Zealand Orchard,' which will, we think, perhaps be the favourite plate in the number. It is the fruit season, and a winsome lassie of sweet sixteen is standing on a ladder placed against a well-laden tree, plucking the fruit and laughing down at the inevitable youthful adorer, who stands gazing up at her while a very characteristic specimen of the New Zealand younger sister looks on sympathetically.

Mr Walter Wright, whose lengthy visit to the European Art Schools has so noticeably affected his work, illustrates a brightly written article on 'Life and Luck on the Gumfields,' and that famous explorer and guide, Malcolm Ross, contributes

RAMBLES ON THE REMARKABLES.

in which he clearly shows that he has lost none of his charm as a writer and none of his power of producing lovely photographs of Alpine scenery.

'The First Hoisting of the British Flag at Akaroa' furnishes Kenneth Watkins with a subject such as his soul loves, and such as he does to perfection. His fine full-page picture showing this ceremony, the Maoris squatting round, and the marines firing the salute, which is answered from ships seen in the bay, is supplemented by a series of photographs of historic interest.

Pay Day at the Waihi Mine and the Tairua Gorge are dealt with in large pictures by Mr Kerry, who has made his name in pictures of this class.

As we have said, it is not our intention to mention or describe every picture, and the beauties of the

'SOURCE OF THE AVON—A NEW ZEALAND VINEYARD.'

and the profusion of other fine engravings may be left with confidence to public appreciation.

The letterpress is full, and comprises two prize stories.

'Dr. Brunton's Marvellous Operation,' a cleverly imagined and exciting story, by Mr Burford, of Auckland, and

'A BUSH CREMATION.'

a really admirable bush yarn. The dramatic interest and characteristic New Zealand atmosphere of the 'Bush

Cremation' will commend itself to all, and it will be generally admitted that two such stories by New Zealand authors have not previously been published.

But the most novel and the most important feature is

THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT. In this the proprietors have struck out an entirely new line. A

LARGE PICTORIAL MAP, beautifully executed, printed in several colours, and covered with numerous picturettes showing the scenic beauty or natural resources of the district or country. It shows at a glance what are the characteristics of each particular portion of the colony, and it will unquestionably do more to clear away the ignorance of New Zealand which prevails to so large an extent amongst our friends across the sea than thousands of letters and descriptions would do. Nothing better for sending away to friends can be imagined, and this attraction alone will certainly command for the 'New Zealand Christmas Graphic' a record sale.

'Cantab' writes to the 'Westminster Gazette':—'It has never been stated yet how and when Mr Spurgeon learned to smoke. It was whilst he was an usher in a boys' school at Cambridge, and became pastor of the little Baptist Chapel at Waterbeach. He used to stay with one of the deacons from the Saturday to the Monday. Admiring the zest with which his host enjoyed his clay pipe, a "churchwarden" was promised him the following week, which offer he eagerly accepted. Said the old man: "He smoked his pipe as he did everything else—thoroughly; then he said, "I think I have had enough." "Yes," I replied, "I think you have," and he thereupon left the inside for the outside of the cottage."

Gold muzzles, costing from £25 to £50, or even more, according to the size of the favoured canine, are being ordered by rich women of their London jewellers.

AMERICA'S DISCIPLES OF BRAHMA.

So far as known, America has only one disciple of Brahma among its native born citizens, and he is Norman B. Covert, of Ann Arbor, Mich., according to an authority of the 'Chicago News.' Mr Covert has renounced the doctrines believed in by most of his countrymen and become a pronounced disciple of Brahma. He was brought up a Quaker, his parents belonging to that religious body, but at the age of fourteen became dissatisfied with the precepts of the Friends and 'evolted,' as he says, to the Methodist Church.

From a Methodist he became a Universalist of the type of John Murray, of Boston. As a member of this church he went to Ann Arbor in 1844. Religious principles still troubled him. He could not reconcile himself to the idea of the redemption. He was looking for a religion in which justice was the guiding principle. He began reading the doctrines on which Brahminism is founded, and became a convert to Brahma, and has since continued to be a follower of his. He believes in a greater and a lesser heaven, the latter being here on earth at the present time if one lives well. Of course he is a firm believer in the transmigration of souls, but he expects to have his own soul appear in some higher form of being than a dog or a horse. He thinks that dogs have more souls than some people he has met. Contrary to the law of Brahma, Mr Covert allows himself to eat meat. As far as he knows, he is the only American who has adopted Brahminism. He is seventy-eight years old and hale.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—'The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light.' Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 9d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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Princess Holenlohe

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

Eradicates Scurf and Dandriff, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, and its unique Testimonials prove it to be undoubtedly the Best Preparation for the Hair. Perfectly Harmless, Clean, Cool, & Invigorating. — a 6 & 6 sizers, of all Chemists, Stores &c. THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 18, Bevis Marks, LONDON, ENG.



— and Drama.

Mrs S. Charlton, of Hastings, gave a very successful limelight exhibition and concert at the Public Hall, Maraekakaho, last week, when there was a good attendance. Views of London and other places of interest were exhibited, descriptions of which were given by Mr H. H. Hunt. Messrs George and W. J. Tyeerman assisted with the limelight. The sum raised by the entertainment will be given to the funds of the Maraekakaho library.

Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' was re-produced by the Nelson Harmonic Society at the Theatre Royal last Thursday evening after an interval of four years. It can hardly be said, however, that the performance was altogether successful, owing, no doubt, to the smallness of the chorus and also a reduction of the orchestra. The few who were there did their best, but it is to be hoped that for the Christmas concert all the members will be able to attend, and so keep up the sound reputation of the well known society. The soloists were Mrs Percy Adams (first soprano), Miss Pratt (second soprano), and Mrs Walker and Miss Hunt (contraltos). All did their work well. Mrs Adams had a great deal of singing, but got through it successfully. Miss Hunt was heard for the last time in Nelson for some time to come. Her voice was full and sweet as usual, and there were many present who would have liked to have heard more of it.

The entertainment got up by Mr Bobbie in the Public Hall, Picton, on Monday evening (Anniversary Day), in aid of the funds of the Literary Institute, was an unqualified success. A very large audience greeted the performers, and the funds of the Institute must be considerably augmented by and through Mr Bobbie's means. The orchestral music rendered by the Dobbie family was a great treat, and owing to the orchestra the solos were made enjoyable. The first part of the programme was varied. Overture, 'Bienenheim Waltz,' orchestra; song, with orchestral accompaniment, 'The Old Folks at Home,' Mr G. Morris; guitar and banjo duet, 'Carnival Serenade,' Mrs and Miss Milington; song, with violin obligato, 'The Love Tide,' Miss Chapple; song, with orchestral accompaniment, 'My Pretty Jane,' Mr Batigater; 'The Area Belle' was the next item on the programme. Miss Thompson, who was the 'Area Belle,' did her part to perfection, and no one wondered that 'Pitcher' of the police, 'Tosser of the grenadiers, and 'Mr Walker Chalks,' the milkman, were deeply smitten with her charms, and felt an affinity for the cold mutton and Picton blenters, which furnished Mrs Croker's kitchen. The second part of the programme was a selection from Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, 'The Pirates of Penzance.' Mr Wilnot was Major-General Stanley, Mr J. Price the Pirate King, Mr Masters Pirate Lieutenant, Mr C. C. Howard Sergeant of Police, Miss Howard Mabel, Miss Speed Edith, Miss M. Phillips Kate, 'The Pirates' Chorus, Girls' Chorus, Chorus of Police, and the Sergeant's Song all went off well, but the choruses were especially well sung, all the voices blending well together. No doubt, now that Mr Bobbie has found out that there is corn in Egypt in the way of voices, he will initiate other performances of the same kind.

The national airs of great countries are short, while those of the little countries are long. 'God Save the Queen' consists of but fourteen bars, the Russian Hymn is sixteen bars, and 'Hail, Columbia!' has twenty-eight bars. On the other hand, Siam's National Hymn has seventy-six bars, that of Uruguay seventy, and Chili's forty-six.

The comedy 'Sweet Lavender' is to be played by Nelson amateurs shortly, in aid of the funds of the Harmonic Society.

A new organisation has been founded in Rome known as the St. Gregory the Great Society. Its object is to reform Italian religious music, which is accused of having departed from the traditions of the great Palestrina and become openly theatrical in its tendencies.

The Municipal Council of Paris is renaming the streets of a part of Paris after celebrated men. Three of the streets are to bear the names of the following musicians—Ambrose Thomas, Chopin and Benjamin Godard.

Dr. Maliontine, a Russian specialist, has published a curious article on the subject of the influence that a tuning fork has on the human voice. The doctor experimented on a number of workmen in a factory at Moscow. He took an A tuning fork of steel and applied it to the ears of his subjects, after having himself sung the A it produced. After two hours of work he found that his voice became more and more powerful and acquired a metallic sonority. He continued his experiments and found that in placing the tuning fork on his forehead he could sing from the chest several high notes that he had never been able to produce before, except falsetto. Several workmen who had never sung, and who were practically without voice, found themselves able to produce agreeable notes when the doctor placed the tuning fork on their foreheads. These persons stated that the notes came from their throats without the least effort. The doctor afterwards made experiments with professional singers, and found that their voices gained in power and facility of expression when the tuning fork was applied to their heads. It is possible that the experiment has a scientific value, but its practical application to professional singers does not seem easy. One can hardly imagine Raoul in 'The Huguenots' applying a tuning fork to his brow in order to take the chest 'I't in the duel scene, or the Queen in the 'Magic Flute' hanging a tuning fork to her diadem when she takes the famous F in alt.

Wagner societies everywhere seem to be outliving their usefulness, but the German Wagner Society is in the worst plight of all. According to statistics recently presented at the congress of the Allgemeiner Richard Wagner Verein, which recently met at Bayreuth, the membership has diminished more than 25 per cent since 1896. When Count Von Seckendorff, the president, made this announcement several members voted that the German branch of the Society be dissolved. The question was hotly debated, but finally it was resolved to continue the organisation with a number of modifications. The number of Wagnerian societies in other countries has fallen from one hundred to eighty-two during the last year. There is nothing astonishing in this news. Wagner societies were founded to bring the works of Richard Wagner before a world that was cold and indifferent to the Bayreuth master's music. They have succeeded in their object. To-day 'Lohengrin' is better known to the theatre-going public than 'Norma.' Popular audiences can recognise the 'prieze song' from the 'Meistersinger' more readily than they would recognise 'Una voce poco fa' from the 'Barber of Seville.' Bellini and Rosini are more in need of societies to keep their works alive than Wagner is.

At the Theatre Royal, Nelson, on Friday evening, Miss Hunt gave a farewell concert, and, in spite of the very wet weather, there was a fairly large audience. Miss Hunt's charming contralto voice is well known and appreciated in Nelson, and now that she has decided to go to England to perfect her musical training all unite in wishing her every success. On Friday evening Miss Hunt sang, (a) 'Still as the Night,' (b) 'The Answer,' both by Bohm, 'The Young Nun' (Schubert), 'Sunshine and Rain' (Blumenhals), and a duet, 'Moving' (A. M. Smith), with Mr H. Kidson. Miss Hunt sang all her songs well, especially 'The Young Nun,' which was much appreciated and received an ovation. Miss K. Fell sang 'Damon' (Max Stange) and 'Pack Clouds Away' (Macfarren), violin obligato by Herr Handke. For both songs she received an enthusiastic encore. Mr H. Kidson, Nelson's favourite baritone, sang 'Harold' (Loewe) in his usual finished style, and was, of course, encored. Pianoforte solos were played by the Misses Melnhuis and Jackson, and a string quartette by the Misses Trix Atkinson and Shove, Messrs Handke and Crump.

Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company playing to a sixpenny gallery! The idea is sufficiently startling with the memory of the 'increased prices' which have marked hitherto

the travels of the great actor and his comrades. But the sixpenny gallery at Mr Fredericks' fine theatre at Stratford remained at sixpence during Sir Henry's visit there, and if this innovation may be taken as a sign of the times it marks a very striking development indeed. If the suburban playgoer, who, mark you, is the chief supporter of the theatre in the West End—for everybody lives without the four-mile circle nowadays—if the suburban playgoer is to be further encouraged by so potent an argument as the full Lyceum Company and accessories, that everything comes to him who waits, and that the very finest productions of the London stage will in due course be brought to his very doors, where it will cost him half or less than half to enjoy it than if he submitted to the rush and discomfort of a several miles journey to town, then, indeed, we may expect to see the fashionable theatres decline continually in importance until at last they exist merely as a vehicle for the testing of plays intended to be taken afterwards to every district in London. The Lyceum Company has attracted huge audiences to the palatial theatre at Stratford. At the Metropolitan, Camberwell, when Sir Henry plays 'The Bells' and 'A Story of Waterloo,' the charges of admission have been raised.

There is yet one other notable change in Mr Robertson's revival. At the end of the play, Hamlet, wounded and dying, is set in his uncle's vacant throne, the diadem is placed in his lap, and, so sitting, he dies. Fortinbras, the man of action, as opposed to the dreamer, Hamlet, enters with his soldiers—as he never has done on the stage—and it is on their shields, in Roman fashion, that the dead Prince is borne away as the curtain falls.

The new play that Mr George R. Sims has written for Mr John F. Sheridan is called 'When the Lamps are Lighted,' and will be produced at Manchester on October 11. The scenes are laid in and about the London railway stations and on the Thames. Mr Sheridan plays the part of a woman, Miss Gracie Whiteford that of a man. The company will visit America shortly under the direction of Mr John R. Rogers.

Mr Beerbohm Tree has confided to an interviewer his impression that 'unfortunately for the theatre the tendency at the present moment seems to be in the direction of the light music hall entertainment. There will of course always be a demand for productions of the lighter kind, but I have not the slightest doubt that in time the taste will again change in favour of the higher forms of drama. It is astonishing how the old extravaganzas and burlesques—the most delightful kind of light entertainment—have died out.'

Signorita Manchette Duse, who is now travelling in Switzerland with her mother, the famous actress, is described as a tall, slim girl, still in her teens, and a head taller than her mother. Between the two there is little resemblance. What they have in common, however, is the deep, melancholy expression, which in a sixteen-year-old girl looks less natural than in the face of a dramatic artist. But they have only to talk together, and their faces are transformed as if by the touch of a magic wand. The melancholy has gone, and in its place is laughter, bright and catching.

Mr Kyrle Bellow is back in London again after his world tour. His experience has been that whatever the fluctuations of public favour, it has been accorded liberally and without variation to the legitimate drama. 'Take Australia,' says Mr Bellow. 'I suppose there is no more acute management in the world at this moment than that of Mr Williamson and Mr Musgrove; and what is their course? Why, they go straight for 'Hamlet' and 'As You Like It.' It is the same everywhere, and there is no corner of the English-speaking world, with a building capable of accommodating an audience, that I and Mrs Potter have not visited—aye, again and again. So completely have we established ourselves in the "four corners of the earth" that I think I could approximate the receipts, at point and point, of a tour round the world.'

It is interesting to recall just now that Mr Forbes Robertson's first trial of his powers was at painting. He

had distinct artistic talent, and at the Royal Academy School of Art proved a singularly promising pupil. The work grew irksome, however, and he definitely decided for the stage.

The latest letters from New York spoke of a great spectacular play entitled 'Nature' that was to be produced there on a thoroughly American scale. Everything was to be the biggest on record. There were to be an Amazonian march of 200 people, real live Esquimaux, and floral and choral ballets, imported regardless of expense.

The irony of fate! Mr William de Verna, who was known as the 'king of property men,' and who designed the scenery and properties to be used in 'Nature,' a great spectacular play produced in New York, died on the eve of its production, after devoting years to what was to be his last and greatest enterprise and investing the savings of a lifetime in it. He spent several months in Europe last spring perfecting the details and engaging performers. Shortly after his return he broke down from overwork, and he died last month, just as his hopes were about to be realised. Just before he died he turned to his wife and said, 'Oh, I wish I could have seen it once.'

The management of the Grand Theatre, Fulham, has made a rule, in the interest of their patrons, to the effect that infants in arms must be paid for. The intention is doubtless to discourage the practice of taking babies to the theatre, and so prevent, as far as possible, the outbreak of those shrill infantile screams which so often injure the effect of a good situation.

'Diarmid,' the new opera by the Marquis de Lorne and Mr Hamish McCunn, will, it is understood, be produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at no distant date. The role of the Celtic heroine is being studied by Miss Cecile Lorraine, the new American soprano. An excellent impression seems to have been made during the Carl Rosa Company's visit to Liverpool by Mlle. Dorre as Carmen. This artist, who is of French descent, came here with a big reputation gained in opera in Canada and the United States. Her impersonation of the wilful gypsy in Bizet's opera is described as strongly dramatic and full of subtle touches.

During the last week the Auckland Opera House has been well patronised, the attraction being an entertainment combining the Kinematograph and Phonograph. Some excellent pictures were shown, the illuminant being electricity.

Mrs Alfred Levi's pianoforte recital at the Wellington Art Gallery last week ranks among the most successful musical evenings of the season. The performance unquestionably added to the reputation which the lady has enjoyed in Wellington as a pianiste. The gem of the evening was Liszt's setting of Schubert's 'Erl King,' that delightful composition that so amply repays the conscientious musician. Mrs Levi played it with great expression and power. Weber's 'Rondo Brilliant,' Chopin's 'Nocturne in E Flat,' three movements of Beethoven's 'Waldstein Sonata,' and three of Grieg's solos. The vocal contributions to the programme were given by Miss Phoebe Parsons and Mr S. Dyer. The former sang Garcia's 'Salve Maria' in admirable style, and was so warmly applauded that she had to repeat a large part of the number. She also sang Handel's 'Slumber Song' and Bohm's 'Entreaty.' Mr Dyer gave 'My Life for Thee,' and 'The Deathless Army.' Mr H. Spackmann played a violin obligato to Miss Parsons' 'Salve Maria,' and a solo ('Sartarelle') on the same instrument. As an encore he played the 'Serenade of Pierac.'

The 'Daily Chronicle,' speaking of the production of 'Francillon' by the Potter-Bellew combination at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, says:—'Many persons financially interested in the drama on this side of the Channel probably weighed 'Francillon' and found it wanting in the qualities likely to draw the public, were its interpretation ever so good. Messrs Williamson and Musgrove, theatrical caterers of renown in Australia, have displayed more courage. The piece pleased their audiences at the Antipodes, where Mr Kyrle Bellow and Mrs Potter are great favourites, and they doubtless thought the prospects were fair of corresponding success being achieved with it

here. Whether their estimate of the attractiveness of "Francillon" in the Old Country will be justified remains to be proved. Its reception on the opening night—when everybody wished the managers well—was not precisely enthusiastic. From no point of view can "Francillon" be considered a satisfactory acting play. Its romance is commonplace, and somewhat tedious realism; its realism is extravagant romance. One critic speaks of Mrs Potter as having enormously improved since she was last in London. Another remarks:— "There was an air of artificiality in Mrs Potter's utterance and manner that materially interfered with her impersonation of the Countess, though she seemed to have an excellent idea. On the other hand there was nothing stilted or forced in Mr Kyrie Bellieu's assumption of the Count. It was polished and telling—neither too warm nor too cold in tone, and the actor looked the part. The ladies' dresses were rich, almost beyond description, and in one case at least decidedly daring, and for those who cared for decorative detail, "real Louis XV. furniture" was provided." Says the 'St. James' Budget':—"Upon the performance of "Francillon" there is no great temptation to linger. As Francillon, Mrs Brown Potter wore a number of exceedingly lovely dresses and looked as beautiful as the most aesthetic playgoer could desire. Her delivery was, however, jerky, and her manner mincing. A pleasing feature of the performance was the Annette of Miss Grace Noble, a young actress possessed of a very charming manner and exceedingly sweet voice. The reception of the play, if not enthusiastic, was at anyrate favourable."

THE DANDY OF THE ORIENT.

Chang Yen Haun is famous throughout the Chinese Empire as the dandy of the Orient. Rich and radiant is the far east in colour and magnificence of costume, but by the side of the most resplendent of his contemporaries Chang Yen Haun stands out like a peacock in a crowd of barnyard poultry. Satin is his favourite material, and as far as possible he sticks to satin. But with regard to colour there is no exclusiveness in his taste. He has satin robes in all the bright colours of the rainbow, and when he takes a walk in the grounds of his palace in Peking the populace knows of the circumstance by the reflection of the sky. And not only in his clothes is he resplendent. His diamonds are the envy and admiration of all the most famous burlesque actresses in China, and his collection of precious stones is the most valuable in the Empire. He never wears the same gown twice in the same season, and for every fresh gown he wears a special set of jewels to match. But not diamonds nor his emeralds nor his rubies are his chiefest glory. Fortune, said the philosopher, is a jade. But Chang Yen Haun's jade is worth forty fortunes. Jade is of all the highly-prized stones the one which is most highly prized in China. He has one necklace of the rarest and most beautiful green jade, which is valued at over £5,000, and he never wears this except with a special costume which exactly matches in colour. He has examples of jade carving which are upward of 2,000 years old, and he has carved jades which show the progress of Chinese art from the dawn of history down to modern times. Chang Yen's is a fine figure for the display of glowing costumes and glittering jewels, for he stands over six feet in height, is broad in proportion, and, notwithstanding his fifty-seven years, carries himself as erect as a tower.

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CYCLING.

'Cyclist,' in the 'Madras Mail,' tells the following 'absolutely true story' of a bicycle and a snake:—

I was always a timid bicyclist, and I do not think that 'coasting' is safe. I have had no foot-rests fitted on my bicycle, and in going down hill I never take my feet off the pedals, so that I always manage to retain complete control of my machine. This cautious habit made all the difference in an adventure that befell me the other day on the road between Coimbatore and Pollachi. Every one who has been to the Annamallay Hills knows that after one passes Podanur Junction the road crosses an undulating country, and the cyclist has to toil up ridge after ridge, although, of course, he has the compensating pleasure of letting his machine go when he runs down the slopes. It was when I was spinning down one of these ridges that this adventure came upon me. I was looking at some gathering clouds on the horizon which foretold a thunder-storm, and I was meditating on my chances of arriving at my destination with a dry coat, when suddenly I saw in front of me, across the road, a long snake. It was impossible to swerve to either side and avoid the loathsome reptile, for the slope was too steep and I was going fast. The only thing to do was to stop. I back pedalled with my whole weight. The rising crank lifted me out of the saddle as I straightened my knee. I put on the brake with all the force that my right hand could exert. But the momentum was too great or the hill was too steep. The brake rod had not been adjusted so as to make the brake very powerful, and it only checked the speed of the front tyre, which still slithered round under the rubber cushion as the bicycle went on over the snake, which rose with a hiss to meet me, and extended its hood. Quick as lightning it struck at the front wheel, and as it struck I instinctively lifted both hands from the handle bar out of harm's way, and leaned back in the saddle, the thought flashing through my mind that shoes and hose gave my feet and legs a chance, but that my hands were naked to the serpent's fangs. The instant my hand was off the brake the bicycle shot forward, for in my fright I had forgotten to continue to back pedal, and the road was very steep, and I weigh, I regret to say, more than 14 stone, so that the bicycle simply gave a bound down hill. But only one bound. I had not had time to replace my hands on the handles when, with unutterably sickening horror, I saw that the snake was half through the front wheel, and that the wheel was drawing it through the fork with a horrid 'whish' and a sensible slackening of speed. Then there was a thud as the head of the snake was drawn through the fork and hit the road on the left, and a fraction of a second later, a flap of the tail end of the snake as it was drawn through and hit the road on the right, followed by the horrid 'whish' again as it was once more drawn through the fork. There was no time to think. The one idea that possessed me was to accelerate this process. I leaned forward over the handle bar and pedalled with all my strength. How that bicycle did fly down the hill! The trees by the roadside passed me like a ribbon. The dreadful 'whish, thud, flap,'

'whish, thud, flap' continued, but the 'whish' was not so loud and did not perceptibly affect the speed of the cycle as the snake softened under the treatment. The level ground at the foot of the slope I sped across at racing speed, and I rushed the opposite slope so long as I had any breath left in me. Then I ventured to alight. The snake's head was gone as far as the spectacles on the hood, pounded into a jelly by the harl high road; on the right side of the wheel the snake tapered off into a few fleshless vertebrae. Two herd boys in the fields by the roadside came to see what had happened, and with sticks helped me to remove the carcass from my front wheel. When I reached Pollachi I had a whisky and soda. I think that no man knows how good a whisky and soda can be until he has had a cobra in the front wheel of his bicycle for a mile or more, the while he has been pedalling for dear life!

Evidently the day of the gallant gypsy is over. His weird music and comely physique have charmed many a woman, but now the bicycle has dethroned his music, and skill in pedalling is counted of higher value than skill in singing wild Romany melodies. A few months ago a gypsy wooed and won a princess; a few days ago a bicycle instructor wooed and won a Parisian lady of high rank and many accomplishments.

Victor Broe is the name of the Adonis. A year ago he accepted a position as professor of bicycling in a sporting academy near the Champs Elysees, and his principal duty was to teach young ladies how to ride the wheel. He had numerous scholars, and among them was one to whom he soon began to show special attention. She was a pretty little girl and the idol of her parents, who are quite wealthy. The 'Professor' speedily began to pour his soft nothings into her all too willing ear, and the natural result was that they met one starlit evening and swore to love each other until death should them part. Victor spoke of marriage, and the little girl went home, dreaming of orange blossoms and a bridal veil.

Next morning she learned, to her consternation, that her secret had been betrayed. Her parents had somehow learned of her infatuation, and they at once took effectual steps to cure her. Her father, a level-headed man, sent for the 'professor' and had a business talk with him. Instead of storming and expostulating, he offered the would-be son-in-law a few thousand francs if he would resign all claim to his daughter's hand. Broe, not being well endowed with this world's goods, accepted the offer, and so this little love episode terminated.

If we are making slow progress in this country (England) with motorcycles and motor-cars, says an authority, they are even more behindhand in America. I was talking to one of the leading American cyclists, and he told me that not more than two or three firms at the most were devoting any attention to what I consider will be the cycle of the future—the motor-driven cycle. Possibly the bad roads in America may account for this backward state of things. Matters in connection with the motor business are just now in a very stagnant condition, but I feel confident that in the near future there is going to be a big motor boom. Mr S. F. Edze, the general manager of the Dunlop Tyre Company, who has been making a vast number of experiments in motor-cycling, tells me that a company is about to be formed which will control some of the finest motor appliances for cycles, which have yet been invented, and they will be handled in a business-like way, and properly placed upon the market.

The Welsh bicyclist, Michael, who is credited with being the fastest rider in the world, gives, in a letter to one of the New York papers, an interesting account of his sensations while path racing. For a few miles he can hear his trainer call off his speed and give advice, which he is able to take, but at the end of ten miles 'the course becomes a grey streak rushing beneath my feet, and all the sounds and cheers are gradually dying away, and the rush of air sounds like a dull roar from afar. The light of day changes to the dullness of evening, and the twang of the spokes cutting the air grows fainter and fainter, and at 20 miles the only sound that comes to me is

the low purr of the rushing wheels. At 25 miles I have lost all sense of hearing, all power to think, all feeling. I seem to be absolutely motionless in my limbs, but I am literally flying through the air. Pacer after pacer comes and goes, and disturbs me not. I instinctively follow anything that seems to be leading me, and the change is made by instinct. . . . When the race is over, I once again collect the faculties that have been dulled in the effort, and am right in a very short time.' Michael, although only 20, calculates that he has already ridden over 100,000 miles, and candidly admits that he believes he is riding himself to death.

This is said to be an excellent wash for the girl who will ride a wheel and get freckles on her nose. Dissolve 20 grains of borax and 30 grains of sugar candy in two table spoonfuls of artificial lemon juice. Sponge the freckled nose or cheeks freely and frequently with this beauty lotion, and the result will be highly satisfactory. To make the artificial lemon juice take an ounce of fresh lemon peel and grate it. Pour over it four ounces of alcohol. Let it soak for a week, shaking it several times a day. Filter it through filter paper when the week is ended. Drop a tablespoonful in a glass of water and you have a refreshing, healthful drink, as well as face lotion. Tincture of orange peel may be made the same way, dissolving six drops of essential oil of orange peel in a half-ounce of the tincture, and adding a solution of one ounce of citric acid and dropped in a quart of water. This makes a refreshing drink.

In this country hill-climbing contests have been a more or less popular feature of the sport. In America, however, they are more partial to coasting contests. One has recently been held, at which an enormous gathering of cyclists was present, and the affair seems to have been most exciting. A very large proportion of the spectators were wheel-women who had set their hearts on the success of a tall and handsome rider, who was acknowledged to be the champion coaster. Unfortunately, just as he was within an ace of winning, after coasting the hill at a tremendous pace and in most graceful style, a sharp flint punctured his tyre and put him out of court.

Recently I have more than once discussed the question of alterations in the pattern of cycles for 1898, and I see in a Scotch paper another suggestion which I think is a good one. Cycle makers are urged to invent a method of mechanically fixing the back wheel in true alignment to the chain stays. Undoubtedly this would be a great boon to numbers of cyclists. The difficulty of adjusting the back wheel is a great one with most riders. A slanting wheel is an abomination, for it plays havoc with the chain and the running of the machine.

Cycle polo is becoming very popular in Ireland. I was speaking to one of the most prominent players of this game the other day, and he was relating his experiences, which would go to prove that it is one of the most exciting games one can possibly imagine. In Ireland it is played quite differently from the cycle polo which has been in vogue at the Crystal Palace recently. Ordinary polo sticks are used, and the teams are usually four a side. It requires a very great amount of skill to become an expert player of cycle polo, and if the game were properly taken up in this country I feel sure it would be very popular, although it certainly puts a great strain on the machines ridden.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has become a victim to the cycling craze, but with the Oriental's love of ease he uses a triplet machine, and leaves all the work to his two pedallers. . . .

It needed no expert in prophecy to foretell that Fashion would be soon weary of her bicycle (says Max Beer-bohm, in the 'London Mail'), nor needs it a very keen observer to see that she is weary of it already. She still bestrides it, but in comparison with her manner of last year or the year before last, how listlessly. A little while and she will suffer it to be wheeled into that musse sentimentale wherein she keeps, duly classified, specimens of her past follies. Already she has dropped it from her conversation; Rudge, Humber, Singer—she cares no longer to discriminate between machines which are, one

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and all of them, the devil's own patent. Indeed, she thinks bicycling was ever the most tedious topic of conversation. It was also the most tedious form of exercise, save walking, known to the human race. It was but a strange, ingenious compound of dullness and danger. I wish that Fashion's neglect could doom the bicycle. Of course, it cannot. The bicycle, long before it became fashion's fable, had all the makings of a national institution, and Fashion's patronage has but speeded its triumphal progress through England. Some things were created by Fashion herself, and perished so soon as she was weary of them. Others, merely adopted by her, are more abiding. Golf, for example, as the most perfect expression of national stupidity, has an assured, unchecked future, and croquet, as the one out-door game at which people can cheat, will never be in prolonged abeyance, and bicycling, as a symptom of that locomotomania produced by the usages of steam, will endure 'till we go back to the old coaches.' The bicycle is complementary to the steam engine, doing for the horseless individual what the steam engine does for the community. It was as inevitable as it is unlovely, and I must put up with it. But, though the bicycle is a serious fact, and though Demos, with humped back and all the muscles of his face beetled down to one expression of grotesque and ghastly resolve, will continue to scorch through those clouds of dust which mercifully obscure his outlines or those baths of mud which he would have me share with him, yet I may bid a glad farewell to the bicycle as Fashion's fable. To Fashion the bicycle was but a new toy, not a necessity. The dame is rich, and can afford horses, and her horses will be a proud symbol of her superiority, hereafter as in the past. Next century, she will tour equestrian in the bikish chaos, and the horses of her barouche will shy among the serried motor-cars of the middle class.

Little Goldie Straight, whose father, A. W. Straight, lives at Rosworth Avenue, Chicago, is one of the youngest cyclists on record. She is three years old, and was two years and nine months old when she learned to ride. She is 36 inches tall, and with her pretty baby face framed in golden curls, dressed in a little cycling suit, and mounted on the most diminutive of cycles, she is generally surrounded by an admiring throng whenever she rides in Chicago's parks and boulevards. Her little bike was made for her by her father. That is he made the frame, as he could not get one small enough for her. The frame is 11 inches high, and the wheels 14 inches in diameter. It is a 32 gear, and weighs 12 pounds. It is painted white trimmed with gold, and on the front is the name "Little Colour Bearer," with a picture of the American flag.

Cyclists will find better treatment at the hands of the Irish railway companies than of the English. Sixpence will carry a bicycle in Ireland the same distance as 2/ in England. For 1/ you can practically take your bike by rail any distance.

In France cyclists are permitted to ride on footpaths and ways assigned to pedestrians except in cities and towns where the road is badly paved and impassable. They must go at a moderate pace, however, and dismount if necessary, to allow a pedestrian to pass.

It is one of my rules, says a lady cyclist, who is a good long distance rider, never to "coast." I would rather climb a hill than ride down one. I seldom, if ever, dismount in climbing a hill, but when I once reach the top I always get off and lead my wheel down. It depends somewhat, to be sure on the grade of the hill, but if the wheel goes at all fast I dismount. My friends say that they can always lose me in going down a hill, but that I can catch any of them in going up the next one. The fact is I have a horror of my wheel getting beyond my control. Many very serious accidents are constantly occurring in this way. The secret of long distance riding, I should say, is not to ride too fast. A great many riders who start out on long runs fall out because they fail to maintain an even speed, and wear themselves out early in the run.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

BOWLING.

OPENING OF MR J. KIRKER'S PRIVATE GREEN, PONSONBY.

On Saturday last Mr J. Kirker (who had courteously postponed the opening of his private green until the district clubs had opened for the season) had a reunion of his bowling friends with their wives and daughters. The invitations were made as representative of the various clubs as possible, among those present being Mr Wm. Aitken, a veteran bowler of the Auckland (Grafton) Bowling Club in its earliest days, and one of its founders. There were about one hundred ladies and gentlemen present. Afternoon tea was dispensed, and a very enjoyable and pleasant afternoon was spent. The green was in the best of condition and elicited the admiration of the bowlers. Mr Kirker has adopted the style of the Glasgow clubs in having the 'ditches' covered with open wooden gratings, which keep the bowls clear and enable the bowler, if the grass is damp, to stand while waiting his turn on a dry footing. Forty men were engaged in the matches, playing ten men a rink. The following were the results:—

No. 1 Rink.—A. Brookes, Currick, Rhodes, Hooper, Gorrie (skip), 18 v. Meyers, Court, Peacock, Dingwall, Winks (skip), 14.

No. 2 Rink.—Foster, Patterson, Upton, J. Court, Lambert (skip), 13 v. Furby, Blomfield, Beatty, Holden, Kingswell (skip), 33.

No. 3 Rink.—Ross, Edmiston, Coleman, Haslett, H. W. Brookes (skip), 22 v. Ching, Woodast, Heton, Hardie, Stewart (skip), 11.

No. 4 Rink.—Hudson, Steele, Mackechnie, Russell, Thomson (skip), 14 v. Hosking, Campbell, Lawson, Hart, F. Court (skip), 21.

ORDINARY CLUB MATCHES.

AUCKLAND (GRAFTON) CLUB.

Games were played on the Auckland Bowling Club's Green Saturday afternoon. The president, vice-president, and a considerable number of members were absent, having been invited to the opening of Mr Kirker's private green in Ponsonby.

NEWMARKET CLUB.

Very enjoyable games were played on Saturday afternoon the green being in splendid order.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

A pleasant afternoon was spent at the Mount Eden Bowling Club Green, five rinks being occupied.

PONSONBY CLUB.

Five rinks were in full swing, some close finishes and good play being displayed.

REMUERA CLUB.

The attendance was small owing to other attractions, a number of the members being present at Mr Kirker's green.

DEVONPORT.

Despite the boisterous weather prevailing on Saturday several interesting and enjoyable games were played on the above club's green, which was in splendid condition. At a meeting of the club twenty-one new members were elected, and it is expected that some very strong rinks will be played during the season.

The description of the opening of the Nelson Bowling Season was conveyed, by mistake, to the North Shore, and did not reach this paper until too late for insertion last week. The green was opened last Wednesday afternoon, but, alas, under rather unfavourable circumstances as regards the weather. A heavy northerly gale was blowing, which rendered play difficult, and those looking on found it rather cold at first; but when the delicious hot tea, with a variety of cakes were served by Mrs and Miss Baigent the guests somehow forgot to feel cold, but once more felt good tempered and ready to thoroughly enjoy the afternoon's amusement. Mr H. Baigent, the president of the club, formally declared the season open, and a match was then played by teams selected by the president and the vice-president, the former winning by two points.

TENNIS.

The members of the Hawke's Bay Lawn Tennis Club are at present practising nearly every day, as the tournament, ladies, and men's handicap doubles, prizes for which will be given by the president (Mr A. J. Cotterill), is to begin some time next week. Afternoon tea was given last Saturday by Mrs Cartile, when there were a great many present, among the number being Mesdames Hartley, Logan, Morris, the Misses Begg, Sutton, Cotterill, Donnelly, Wood, Watt, Nairn, and Messrs Barron, Watkiss, Macfarlane, Brabazon, Dakin, Burke, etc. On Tuesday, the 9th of November, a match which should prove to be a most interesting one will be played between representatives of the Napier and Palmerston Tennis Clubs on the Napier courts.

Last Saturday, the Wairau Tennis Courts were opened for the season and the President (Mr McCallum) made a somewhat lengthy inaugural speech, which, however, as the wind was very high, was inaudible to many. There was ample compensation immediately after, however, in the delicious cakes, sweetmeats and tea provided by Mrs McCallum, and dispensed by a band of beautiful maidens and their attendant swains. A large number of the Marlborough Tennis Club were present, who greatly enjoyed the afternoon, as shelter from the disagreeable wind was afforded by trees on the windward side of the courts. Fortunately for those who had arranged to be present at both functions, the ground where the opening of the cricket took place was not far distant. There Mrs Orr and a number of others provided afternoon tea for the players and their friends, which, according to all accounts was the most delicious ever brewed.

The well-kept lawns (six) of the Eden and Epsom Lawn Tennis Club were opened for the season last Saturday. An extra court has been made since last year, and two croquet lawns. This gives ample space for the Championship Tournament, which is to be played here at Christmas. The new secretary, Mr J. W. Hall, won much kudos by his great attention to visitors and players. Messrs Marshall and Brabant are the Tournament secretaries.

POLO.

The Hawke's Bay Polo Club, assisted by the members of Whareraangi Club, held their opening meeting on Saturday, October 30th, at the Stortford Lodge Ground, when there were a large amount of spectators. Some very good play was shown, but as the ponies are not yet in very good training, it was not of a fast order. The ground was in splendid condition, and the club intend making various improvements this year, so that it may be still better for the tournament which is to be held in March. Messrs J. B. Chambers, G. Cooper and E. Peacock acted as referees.

APRONS AGAIN IN FAVOUR.

Aprons, for so many years regarded as the distinguishing mark of serving woman, promise to be the rage in the smart set in London. The apron of the future, however, will differ from that of the past which our grandmothers used to wear. In the days gone by it was a sombre affair of black silk or alpaca, sometimes set off by a few dainty tucks or rows of herring-bone stitching and a little very fine lace. Now the very cheapest aprons are made of the finest white linsens and muslins and batistes, and are puffed and frilled with lace and trimmed with ribbons until the old ladies of a hundred years ago would never dream that they were aprons. The finest aprons are made of real lace, and are well worth passing down from generation to generation.

An English woman recently ordered an apron that cost £100. It is made of Brussels rose point in an exquisite floral scroll design, and has a border of roses. She didn't get it to wear when doing up the kitchen work, but she does it when serving afternoon tea or doing a dainty piece of fancy work. Some of the lace aprons have pastoral pictures in which figures are introduced, and are very quaint-looking with their floral borders. Still others are embellished with butterflies, birds and blossoms.

Men like aprons, so it is pretty safe to say that the fashion of wearing them will soon take hold here. Some of the shops are already importing them, and the managers say they will go like hot cakes when chafing dish time comes round again. Nothing domesticates a woman in appearance like an apron, and a very frivolous girl can sometimes decoy a clever bachelor with one if she only knows how to wear it, or at least that is what some of the clever bachelors say themselves. There is a great deal in knowing how to wear an apron. The most costly apron ever made was worn by the Duchess of Queensberry in the last century. It was made entirely of point lace, and was valued at £600.

TESTIMONIAL.

Dennistown, Oct. 18th, 1897.

MR GEO. W. WILTON,
Chemist, Wellington.

DEAR SIR, Kindly send me by return post three pots of your Hand Emollient. I find it the VERY BEST PREPARATION I have ever used. No lady engaged in domestic duties should be without it. I enclose postal note for 3s 6d, to cover postage.—Miss A. D. WARREN, DENNISTOWN.

WILTON'S HAND EMOLIENT

Is also the most soothing and Healing Preparation obtainable for any abrasion or roughness of the Skin. Price 1s. Sold by all Chemists. One Pot will be sent by post on receipt of 1s in Stamps.

G. W. WILTON, CHEMIST,
Adelaide Road and Willis Street, Wellington.

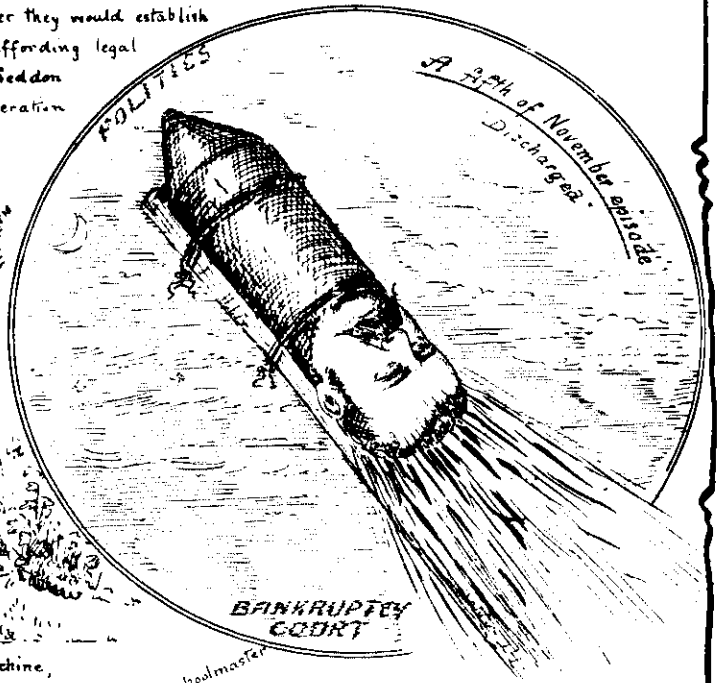
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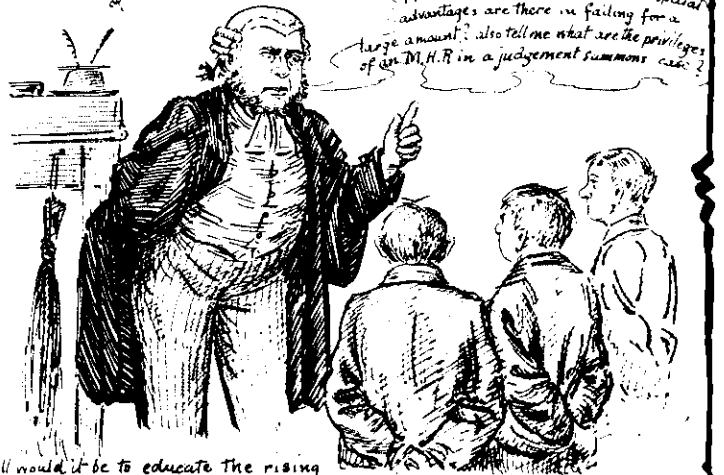
Cheap Law. Mr. Fisher asked the Government whether they would establish a Free Law Department for the purpose of affording legal advice to people who are unable to pay. Mr. Seddon promised to take the matter into consideration.



What is wanted is something after the style of the penny-in-the-slot machine,



The N.Z. Schoolmaster of the future



or, something worked on the Co-operative Stores principle; but better still would it be to educate the rising generation in the subtleties of the New Zealand Statutes so as to give every future colonist a remote chance of keeping out of gaol.

THE OPENING OF THE RANGITOTO TRACK



Splendid track! nice easy grade!! ought to do it comfortably in half an hour!!!

One Quarter Of The Way Seems to be a bit further than it looks!

Three Quarters Of The Way Phew!!!

But the view from the top, as seen through the clouds, was immense and as Jones said was immortal to remember.



and quite worth the subsequent expenditure.

Arthur H. H. 97

NOTES FROM THE GALLERY.

(BY CLARISSE.)

Wellington, November 4.

'Le sage entend a demi mot,' and the incumbent of the chair is still spoken of kindly by ladies frequenting the gallery. His exceptional popularity remains undiminished, notwithstanding the demand for silence, so peremptorily imposed, which has, however, produced most effective results. The constant supply of pointless chatter in the gallery has ceased, or is at least less obtrusive.

In my spare moments, snatched when some member is 'platitudinising,' the habits of this same gallery afford me endless entertainment. There are the old habits, who take an active part in Parliamentary affairs, know all the latest 'on dits' and lobby gossip, and so conversant are they with the 'personnel' of the House that the Speaker, who is 'up,' is identified as soon as his voice first strikes the ear, and members involuntarily turn to the gallery a furtive glance, after a sly hit or 'score off' an opponent. In strong contrast to them are the 'country cousins,' who look on with awe, as with full pomp and ceremony the Speaker takes the chair; for to them the proceedings are momentous, to be regarded through grave eyes, with face unlit by laughter, till suddenly the faces are suffused with smiles, and pleased nods of recognition denote the fact that 'paterfamilias' has been discovered and sits below, the centre of an admiring family circle, dexterously endeavouring to carry off the family adulation with becoming hauteur and seeming sang froid.

What, too, I often reflect, must be the mental anguish endured by the unfortunate members who are doomed to sit beneath the galleries, owing to the perilously close proximity of sharp-pointed scissors, of large dimensions, to the edge of the gallery ledge, upon which, regardless of environment, mysterious and wonderful creations are in some instances cut out.

There are the little 'coteries' which invariably adjourn for supper with some favoured member, and judging by the laughter which comes occasionally through the door to the gallery, the labour entailed upon politicians in connection with the discharge of this portion of their legislative duties is not arduous.

The sad touches are supplied by the anxious faces of those who go to watch the fate of some bill which probably entail superannuation upon a dear one, who is perchance to be laid upon the shelf while still vigorous, and anxiously in this case are the faces of the various speakers scanned, in hope perhaps of success from some unexpected quarter. Sharp challenge, too, centres in the gaze of some poor mother or wife who listens breathlessly to the confirmation of her fears as to the disposal of some coveted appointment anxiously solicited for husband or son—alas! fruitlessly.

'There's some mistake, surely. My Jim had more right than him.' I heard one such whisper hoarsely to herself, as, woman-like, she went away to administer comfort to the white, hopeless face that rises, obedient to her signal of departure, from the Strangers' Gallery. All this and much more I note from my perch aloft, as I take surreptitious peeps at the occupants of the galleries.

It is high time the House should make an end of the financial debate—so-called—or confine it to the giants of debate, as at present any speech a member may have prepared, upon any subject whatever, is worked off on the financial debate, failing a legitimate opportunity, and the present session will be memorable for the many hours wasted by such elocutionary efforts that were crammed within its ample folds. However, all things must have an ending, and Friday evening sounded the death-knell of the financial debate, and also witnessed the excommunication of the Left Wing by the Government, a task performed in his concluding speech on the debate by the Premier, who sternly and unrelentingly cut them adrift, sparing none of them. There he stands with his leonine head thrown haughtily back, addressing the House apparently through a speaking trumpet. 'Bats! traitors! Tories!' With these epithets he speeds the parting guests. These latter sit through their 'mauvais quartre d'heure' apparently unmoved, while the hushed House listens in silence to the torrent which

flows on. The bitter inflection of the voice and the trembling of the outstretched hand betray the intensity of the tumult raging within.

Finally, he brands the senior member for Dunedin as 'Judas Iscariot,' and alludes to Mr Rolleston as 'Brutus'—epithets which break the spell of silence which has reigned, and bring Mr Speaker to his feet to insist upon a withdrawal. The Minister of Lands sarcastically congratulates the Leader of the Opposition on his recently acquired recruits, wishing him joy of them, and emphatically declares their withdrawal has cleansed the Liberal party of an impurity.

The no-confidence debate on Friday was disappointingly tame, the only noteworthy features in connection with it being the action of the independent members.

On Tuesday afternoon a question of privilege occupies the House, and the mutilation of 'Hansard' by the Premier to the extent of eight pages is ultimately permitted, in spite of strong opposition from Captain Russell and the members of the Opposition. The Premier creates a laugh by referring to Mr Pirani as 'that ferret Pirani,' and Mr Speaker pours oil upon the troubled waters by ordering the withdrawal of the epithet.

Nothing noteworthy transpires during Tuesday and Wednesday, the House occupying itself with the debate on the Estimates, and so engrossed do the members become that it is half-past 5 when the House rises. In the early hours of the morning the scene in the House is a strange one. The familiar figure in the chair, with eyes bent down, and an air of supernatural solemnity, is as usual unfathomable. Members loiter about the benches in every conceivable attitude, making heroic but in many cases quite ineffectual efforts to appear wide awake; but all my attention is engrossed by my unsuccessful efforts to 'unravel' the elect of Hawke's Bay, whose attitude when writing at his desk is simply wonderful, his long limbs being disposed under his bench in such a manner that only his head is visible above. In this attitude, with his head on a level with his paper, he writes ceaselessly; the effect produced from the gallery being that he writes with his chin; and I hourly expect to hear him exclaim, like the aesthetical trio in 'Patience,' 'What do the inner brotherhood recommend for cramp?'

The appearance of Mr Hone Heke is quite pathetic as with sleepy languor he rises from his seat, and to the intense amusement of the House commences to speak in Maori. The astonished members are used to fluent and eloquent speeches in remarkably pure English from the member of the Northern Maori District. The House bubbles with laughter at the gravely suggested intervention of the Chairman, who says the honorable member must have an interpreter if necessary; and as the interpreter comes forward and announces, after another sentence in his native tongue has been essayed by Mr Heke, that the honorable member 'feels very weary, and wishes to go home,' members literally roll in their seats, and even the aggrieved Mr Heke joins in the laugh against himself. Several honorable members proceed after this to make important communications which are apparently addressed to their beards, as their remarks are quite inaudible to the gallery.

A THIEF IN BROADCLOTH.

A tenant of one of the finest apartment houses of the Rue de la Bienfaisance, noticed that the door leading to the rooms occupied by a well-known Paris club man—M. Mage—was open, although he knew that his neighbour had left town to be gone for some time. He entered and saw a man in faultless attire, a white flower in his buttonhole, busy opening bureau drawers and putting in his pockets all portable valuables he could find. The observer called the janitor, and the well-dressed burglar was taken in the act. At the police station he gave his name, that of a noble Polish family, and claimed as his residence a house in the Avenue des Champs Elysees, in the most fashionable quarter of Paris. In the elegant rooms which he occupied a full kit of burglar's tools were found, and, among other things, there was a complete list of wealthy Parisians, club members and families, who at the present time are away from town, and whose houses furnished an excellent field of operation for the well-dressed burglar.

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MR EDWIN HALL (SECRETARY).



MR W. DUNWOODIE (GROUND MANAGER).

TO COMBAT THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

The astounding fact that the blood of animals which have been trained artificially to withstand a particular disease becomes endowed with the power of protecting other animals from that disease is only in the earliest stages of its application. The results, however, which have already been accomplished are of so encouraging a character that the hope is justified that serum-therapy is destined to revolutionise the treatment of disease. The latest use which has been made of this method of combating disease is the employment of plague serum for the cure of the bubonic plague in India.

Yersin, formerly a student and assistant at the Paris Pasteur Institute, has been dispatched to India to superintend the administration of this new remedy, and the serum he employs is that derived from horses which have been subjected to and have recovered from inoculations with the plague bacillus. The treatment of snake bites by means of curative serum was so recently dealt with in this magazine that it only remains to cite it as another instance of the success which is attending the new methods of protection against disease.—'Longmans' Magazine.'

We are assured by a military authority that a Siberian soldier, notorious for the insatiable appetite he possessed, once disposed of a meal in the presence of an English officer consisting of ten pounds of beef, ten pounds of bread and butter, and a bundle of tallow candles as dessert. A young Russian soldier, seventeen years of age, named Tarane, ate twenty-four pounds of beef in twenty-four hours, and on another occasion disposed of a repast prepared for fifteen people.



MR A. H. GRAINGER, (TREASURER).

A FEAST OF ANCIENT THINGS.

A loaf of bread 2,000 years old might not be acceptable to everybody, but the guests of Mr Goebel, of Brussels, enjoyed it on the occasion of a recent dinner given by that gentleman. This was one of the oldest dinners ever given, as the following items mentioned by one of the guests will show: 'At that dinner,' he says, 'I ate apples ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen; and I washed down the repast with wine that was old hundreds of years before Shakespeare was born. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii; the wheat was taken from a chamber of one of the pyramids; the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water; and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the City of Corinth.'

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

Any reader of the "New Zealand Graphic" can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature or "nom de plume" to

MADAME MARCELLA, "Graphic" Office, Auckland.

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

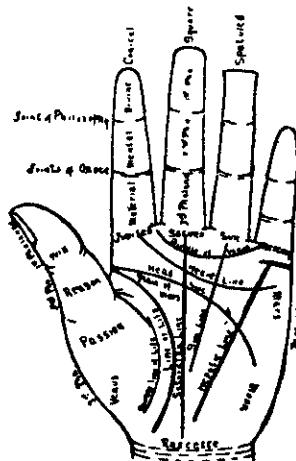
OPHELIA.—A very active temperament, both mentally and physically, is portrayed in your specimen of calligraphy. You are energetic and industrious, keeping your appointments, and business-like in arranging and organising your own affairs, without any attempt at interference with those of other people. Perseverance is accentuated by the long crosses to your 't's,' and the final letters. Determination is also plainly perceptible. You decide quickly but your perception is clear, and your judgment guided by strong practical sense. You are not impressionable, and only sufficiently imaginative; therefore you require to be convinced of the sincerity of a grievance before you bestow sympathy on the aggrieved, and even then you feel more than you express, as you are reserved when conversing with strangers, although chatty and amusing on general topics. You are a sincere and affectionate friend, trustworthy and reliable, as you are not swayed hither and thither by the breath of public opinion. When you resolve to accomplish a purpose, tenacity supplies resource, and you do not easily relinquish the idea of obtaining your wishes. Your efforts are frequently directed by unselfishness, and if not extravagant, you despise parsimony and avarice. Your temper is quick, but you possess so much control and self-containedness that I infer that it is kept in subjection; your spirits are equable, and although self-esteem is very moderately represented, your resolution and strength of mind render you not readily discouraged or depressed.

MARCELLA.

CHIROMANCY

Or the SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

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



Lay your hand, palm downwards, on a piece of clean white paper, the fin-

gers 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 24 penny stamps, to

MADAME VERO,

Care of the Lady Editor, "New Zealand Graphic," Auckland.

BEATRICE.—You only sent half the requisite number of stamps; kindly forward the remainder.—Lady Ed.

RESTLESS.—Mars and Luna appear decidedly to be in combination in your hand, and their united development gives courage, calmness in danger, love of the sea and navigation. The fingers denote great mental activity, some impulsiveness, but reason is strong (the second phalanges are the longest) and will hold the impulse in check. Your opinions are independent, but you do not render yourself conspicuous by eccentricity in action. The thumb is powerful and displays determination logic and good judgment. It is turned back sufficiently for generosity without extravagance. You are fond of movement and travelling, and perhaps also have some love of harmless teasing. The life line in both hands is eminently satisfactory. It indicates good health until an advanced age, and a long life, but your nerves are acutely sensitive and you have not anything like enough confidence in yourself. The heart line shows an abundance of steady and durable affection, without jealousy. There are two attachments marked. The first a very juvenile affair, which I do not think comes to an engagement, as I see no sign of a broken one. The second, which evidently ends in a happy union, commences apparently between 22 and 23. I am unable to give the date of marriage, but I do not think it is before twenty-five. The head line denotes that you possess excellent business capacities, perseverance, and much intelligence. The triangle, angles and quadrangle more than confirm all this, the latter also indicates kindness of heart, liberality of mind, and moral rectitude. The fate line indicates some conventional restrictions in early youth; you were hemmed in either by parental or scholastic authority; but this passes and the line is fairly fortunate, although you earn your own success. There is an important change in position at 30, and the cross on the lower portion of the triangle also indicates a great change, the result of a struggle. I cannot tell the date, but I have verified the truth of this sign. Two voyages are marked and some danger from water, not exactly connected with either of the voyages, but squares always signify escapes from danger, and you have two in your hand, one on the mount of Jupiter, the other on the plain of Mars. The first betokens escapes from physical injury; the second, according to my reading, a successful struggle in the battle of life. The line extending in a semi-circle from the Mount of Luna to the Mount of Mercury, is the line of intuition and is very rare. It gives keen intuitive power, as its name suggests, and generally success in deep and imaginative studies. You have to fear some internal weakness, but I think quite late in life, and you lose a parent when you are between 35 and 40 years of age.

VERO.

THE ODD CHICKEN.—I am almost afraid to pronounce definitely on the predominant mount in your hand. I think you are a subject of Venus; but the mount of Luna appears to be fully developed. Venusians are always loving, gay, cheerful, and fond of music, dancing, colour, and beauty. With Luna, in combination, they become capable of romantic and enthusiastic regard, but it is so difficult to speak with certainty of the mounts from a drawing that this description may not be accurate. Your fingers show quick impression, ability, intuition, and intelligence. The wide spaces between them denote that you are also independent in opinion and

action, and the unusual length of the little finger tells me that you possess the power of influencing others in no small degree. Yet the thumb does not display strength of will. My inference is that you reason well, are quick and clever, and you rule by force of fascination. The life line is distinctly double; this is always considered to be a good sign of success and to indicate riches and prosperity. But I see you have either had a very severe illness of long duration between the ages of 10 and 18, or else there was mystery and trouble in your childhood. The indication for both is the same, viz., an island at the commencement of the life line. Another illness, of less severity, is marked about two years later, after which your health appears to continue good until quite 50, when the falling branches show either loss of health or a temporary cessation of prosperity, and a law-suit is threatened between 40 and 45; but your latter years should be prosperous as well as strong and vigorous. The heart line is very good. It rises well, with an even fork, which indicates that you are true and constant as well as loving; but I am sorry to say that some severe disappointments are signified. These are caused by friends whom you love, but are not necessarily love affairs. They may not even refer to the opposite sex, although there is undoubtedly a broken engagement, for which, I think, 'money' is responsible. There are two attachments lines and a well-formed cross on the mount of Jupiter, the token of a happy marriage. Therefore, I may safely predict that all will end well. Marriage appears to be marked on the life line about 26; but of this I cannot be certain. It may be earlier, or nearer 30. There are two important changes in the position and residence of your family before your own marriage, while more changes await you personally after 30. The head line, by its length and straightness, confirms my impression of your ability and constancy; it also strengthens the decision of your character. The fate line is satisfactory, but it indicates that you must 'act,' and not trust to chance. Success will be the result of merit. The hepatica shows two illnesses, but 'gaps' in the line are said to indicate that they are over. You have two enemies—two seriously bitter in their enmity,—two or three long voyages, and, at least, four short ones. There is some danger connected with one of the former. There is no line of Apollo in your hand, but the long third finger, in some cases, gives wealth and sometimes a love of speculation in order to gain it.

VERO.

VIOLET.—I find that it will infringe on too much space if I follow my usual method of reading the hands sent to me and also reply to your 15 questions. I will therefore merely say that the spaces in your diagram appear to denote harmony in the faculties, as the mounts are usually proportioned. The fingers indicate love of work, travelling, movement, some impulsiveness, much activity, and a strict regard for truth. The thumb shows resolution, good sense, and ability, as it is set low down in the hand, and the cross lines on it are said to indicate legacies. Now to proceed to question No. 1: The horizontal lines on the Mount of Mercury are attachment lines. The second and strongest relates to marriage. With reference to the perpendicular line on the mount, I will quote from 'Chiromancy':—'When a sharp, straight line approaches the marriage line, but does not break it, it indicates lawsuits connected with the marriage; but no danger unless it break the line of marriage.' Question No. 2: Ed. Allen considers 'that a line crossing the hand from the thumb to the third finger or Mount of Apollo betokens a quarrel or quarrels with relations.' In your case, as it does not cross the line of Apollo, I think benefits may arise from the quarrel, but as Apollo's line

is absent I cannot be certain of the result. Question No. 3: The line running from the Mount of Venus to between the first and second fingers is the line of Saturn or fate. Rising from the Mount of Venus indicates that your disposition is loving and passionate. Bearing towards the Mount and Finger of Jupiter is a good sign of success and gratified ambition, but the break in the right hand shows some difficulties and obstacles between 15 and 30. Question No. 4: According to my reading the grade of Venus is not in either of your hands. The line which some might take for it signifies internal weakness. Question 5: The small lines between the lines of the head and heart indicate two strong influences in your life; the one which touches the heart line is lifelong. The crosses on the fate line indicate changes of residence and position at 35 and 42, or thereabouts, respectively. The line from the Mount of Venus to the head line (question 6) betokens some worry or trouble, so severe as to cause an illness, I think about the age of 25. Question 7: The line from Luna's Mount to the Mount of Venus indicates 'misfortune caused by a woman.' Question 8: The line shooting up from the life line is a legacy or accession of wealth at 40 or a little later. Question 9: The cross on Jupiter indicates a happy marriage; the ray, some interference or obstacle. 10: Three long voyages are marked in right hand, and several short ones or trips. 11: Important changes are indicated between 32 and 45. 12: Undoubtedly the lines can and do change and alter; of this I have positive proof. 13: As I have said, there are two strong influences in your life; the strongest commences about 30. 14: A square is almost always a sign of preservation. In your hand I think it means a happy ending to a quarrel. 15: The total absence of the line of Saturn denotes an insignificant life, without either much trouble or joy; but men who use their hands in laborious work, boating, cricket, or gardening, often erase the lines, and then, of course, the signification is different. We must in that case judge of success from other parts of the hand. Your life line is long and satisfactory. I see a change is shortly awaiting you, but I am unable to tell anything of your future occupations and surroundings.

VERO.

AN UNFAMILIAR FACE.

A captain of a regiment stationed in Natal, South Africa, when paying his company one day, says 'London Answers,' chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect bears 'the image and superscription of President Kruger.'

The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the Captain: 'Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown.'

The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it, mg it on the table and then remarked: 'It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?'

'You look at it, sir,' was the reply. 'The Captain glanced at the coin, saying, 'It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen.'

This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: 'If you say it's a right, sir, it's a right; but it's the first time I've seen the Queen wif whiskers on.'

QUITE DIFFERENT.

There are fine distinctions, though usually with a difference. In the days when Scotland was even stricter in its observances than it is now, a visitor to Edinburgh was whistling in the street on Sunday.

'Mon,' said another, reprovingly, 'ye mauna whistle.'

'I am whistling to my dog,' was the conciliatory answer.

'Oh,' was the concession, 'ye may whistle to the doggie, but ye mauna whistle.'

INDIGESTION SPEEDILY CURED BY Condyl's Fluid. Book of Directions and Physicians' Reports on every bottle. Sold Everywhere. Insist on buying "CONDY'S FLUID." CONDY & MITCHELL, of LONDON, ENGLAND, are the Sole Manufacturers

NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME.

Mr J. Studholme is expected immediately in New Zealand. He has had a very enjoyable time in the Old Country. Amongst other pleasures has been a brief visit to the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, in their own home.

Mr and Mrs John Edie have left England, en route for Cookston, Otago their New Zealand home.

Mr H. S. Von Sturmer has, with his daughter, Mrs Taylor, been having a most delightful tour up the Rhine. Time was no object, so they stayed at any place which took their wandering fancy. Mrs Taylor is staying at present with a daughter (Mrs McDermott) of Judge O'Brien, of Auckland. Mr Von Sturmer intends to visit his brother at Riga, as soon as the steady cold weather sets in. The Rev. Von Sturmer is chaplain to the British Embassy at Riga.

Dr. Fooks, late of Auckland, returns to New Zealand via Australia.

The Earl and Countess of Glasgow have been very kind to various New Zealanders visiting Scotland. Amongst others, Mrs H. D. Crawford, of Wellington, stayed a few days at their country seat, Kelburne.

Captain and Mrs Walter are visiting near Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire.

Conthe Martin, an exquisite bit of Devonshire, has been the temporary residence of Mr Robert Comer, of the Thames.

Mr and Mrs E. O'Rourke have taken a house at the fashionable Spa, Leamington, for six months.

Sir John Hall is now living at 15, Bulstrode-street, London.

Sir John Innis, Bart., Aberdeen, has been playing host to his brother, Mr James Innis, of Canterbury, New Zealand. The latter is returning shortly to the colony.

Mr Frederick Walter Kennaway, B.A., Cambridge, has also passed with success the Indian Civil Service examination.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Baker and daughter, who took 11 months to reach England, are now in Somersetshire. On their way Home they actually managed to visit Alaska.

The first lady who took a medical degree in New Zealand, Miss Emily Siedburg, of Dunedin, has been studying hard in England, and has nearly completed her arranged programme, which included six months in Berlin, specially studying women's diseases. She will be in New Zealand shortly, and she intends to at once commence practice there. Her brother is studying electrical engineering in Berlin. He was at one time the champion chess player of New Zealand. He does not contemplate an immediate return to this colony, but prefers trying his luck in America, where he will have more scope for the practice of his profession.



EVERYBODY who knew him was deeply grieved to hear of the death of Mrs Waddy's third son, Arthur, last Saturday. A slight knock on the knee developed blood-poisoning and he died after three days' illness. He was a very promising boy, only 14, and will be greatly missed by his mother, to whom he was a model son. All Mrs Waddy's Picton friends extend their sympathy to her and the family in their recent sad bereavement. The funeral took place in Picton on Wednesday and was attended by many Blenheim friends, and also old friends in Picton. All the deceased's schoolfellows met the hearse at the railway station and preceded it to the cemetery, carrying flowers and wreaths. The Rev. Father officiated at the grave. The hearse and coffin were covered with floral tributes, which were placed upon the grave.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

HIS Excellency the Governor, the Countess of Ranfurly, and suite left Wellington for Christchurch last Friday by the Tutaneaki to attend the New Zealand Cup Meeting on the Prince of Wales' Birthday. They will probably be away a week.

The Earl of Ranfurly is evidently very energetic. A few days ago His Excellency, Captain Dudley Alexander and Mr Hill-Trevor went out camping, the site chosen being about eight miles from Pahiatua. They took four servants and tents. Unfortunately, the weather was very bad, and camp was pitched, in torrents of rain, in the bush, near a small river. It cleared up towards evening, and the night was very cold, ice being formed on the pools of water about the tents. The next day was fine, but the rivers were unfishable, and only a few trout were secured. The last day was as bad as the first, and camp was struck in torrents of rain.

In January the Vice-Regal Party are contemplating an expedition which, should the weather be fine, will prove very delightful, viz., a driving and camping tour right through the South Island. It will occupy about two months.

The Bishop of Waiapu, who has been to England to attend the Lambeth Conference, has returned home by the Rimutaka after an absence of seven months.

'The Chummers,' Parnell, Auckland, loses one of its members in the person of Mr Sidney Orbell, who leaves this week for Western Australia. During his sojourn in Auckland Mr Orbell has made a large circle of friends, by whom his departure will be much regretted.

Miss Cotterell (Sydney) will drive from Blenheim with Mr Vavasour this afternoon to spend a week at Ugbrooke with Mrs Vavasour.

Mr and Mrs Burgess (New Plymouth) are on a short visit to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs John Duncan, The Grove, Queen Charlotte Sound, were in Picton from Saturday till Tuesday this week.

Miss Ella Johnston is the guest of Mrs Grace in Wellington.

Mr W. W. Collins is now in Auckland, and lectured last week on Nansen's attempt to reach the North Pole.

Mr and Mrs Bright leave Blenheim to-day for Christchurch, where they intend to spend carnival week.

Nearly a hundred natives have been arrested near New Plymouth for ploughing up the land belonging to the settlers. They were sentenced to two months' imprisonment and bound over to keep the peace for a year. Most of them were sent to Wellington to serve their time.

The Rev. G. E. Rowe, of Perth, Western Australia, is one of the delegates to the Wesleyan Conference in Auckland. Mr Rowe has done good work in connection with the gold-fields at Coolgardie and elsewhere.

The many friends of Dr. W. G. Scott, of Onehunga, will be glad to welcome that popular medical man back again at Christmas, by which date he hopes to be in this colony once more. He is greatly benefited by his trip Home.

Miss Dollina Hal, a pupil teacher at Kaitiaki, has been removed to Wairoa South. To show that her three years' stay has been appreciated she was given a silver bracelet as a memento.

Mr and Mrs Charles Goulter, of Hawkesbury, Blenheim, started this morning to drive to Christchurch. Miss Agnes Goulter, their eldest daughter, accompanied them. Should they have fine weather they are likely to have a very enjoyable trip.

Mr James W. Browne, Registrar of the Native Land Court, has been appointed chief consul for the Auckland division of the New Zealand Cyclists' Touring Club.

Mr Maling Greenhill, of Mahau Sound, was in Picton for Anniversary Day.

Mr Thos. J. Meade, of the Dunedin Telegraph Office, who is shortly to be married, has received a number of valuable presents, evidences of his popularity. At the telegraph office he was presented with a beautiful walnut overmantel and a couple of handsome vases.

Miss Pitt (Nelson) has gone on a visit to Blenheim. At a special ordination service held at the Cathedral (Nelson) on Monday morning, the Bishop officiating, the Rev. F. W. Bennett was received into priest's orders.

At the opening session of the Wesleyan Conference in Auckland on Wednesday, November 10th, the Rev. W. Morley, retiring president, will give an address. On Monday there is to be a missionary meeting, and on Wednesday night (17th) a performance of the oratorio, 'Elijah.' The visitors are to be entertained at a steamer excursion on the Auckland Harbour on Saturday, the 20th. The low price of a shilling is to be charged.

Miss Hunt left Nelson on Monday en route for England, where she will pursue her musical studies. She carries with her the heartiest sympathy and good wishes of the community in her career.

Mrs H. Wynn-Williams, Pelorus Sound, arrived in Picton on Sunday, unfortunately too late to see her young brother, Arthur, alive. She and Mr Wynn-Williams drove to Blenheim by coach on Sunday evening.

The Rev. W. J. Habens, chief of the Education Department, has greatly benefited by his visit to Rotorua. He intends to remain there a little longer.

The donation of £1000 left by the late Mr Walter Turnbull to the Benevolent Institution in Wellington, is to be utilized in adding a wing to the Ohio Road Home, which is very much needed.

Many were the congratulations received by Miss Katie Young, of Linwood, Christchurch, who is a young and talented musician of 14 summers, when news was received of her having at that age passed the senior honours in music in connection with Trinity College, of London. Miss Young had already gained three certificates with high marks in the junior, intermediate, and senior examinations in connection with the same college, and has subsequently undergone a practical examination under the superintendence of Dr. Charles Vincent, a well-known musician of London. Miss Katie Young is the eldest sister of Miss Rima, who sang at the late Carnival at Christchurch, aged five years, and whose photo appeared in these columns a few weeks since, as the youngest concert singer in New Zealand.

The Commandant of the Forces, Colonel Pole-Penton, left Wellington for the South on Monday evening, to complete his inspection of the volunteers in that part of the colony.

Miss M. Speed, who has been in Napier for the winter, returned to Picton last week.

Miss Bell (Nelson) who has been the guest of Mrs W. T. L. Travers, in Holborn-street, for some weeks, returned to Nelson on Monday, a large number of friends assembling on the wharf to wish her bon voyage.

Dr. Wallace MacKenzie (Wellington) is on a visit to his brother Dr. H. MacKenzie, at Deep Creek. Dr. MacKenzie visited his mother and sister in Picton on his way to Deep Creek.

Mr W. R. Plimmer, who for the last 14 years has been in the employ of Messrs George Thomas and Co., has been appointed to the position of manager of his father's business. On Monday evening Mr W. Haybittle, on behalf of the firm, presented Mr Plimmer with a beautiful marble clock, and Mr Woodger, on behalf of the employees, presented him with a very handsomely bound set of Shakspeare's works.

Miss Wood (Nelson) is staying with friends in Christchurch.

Mr Edgar Heaps, of the cable staff, La Perouse, Sydney, is at present spending a short holiday with his people in Nelson.

Captain Coyle, late of the Royal Engineers, has arrived in Wellington, in order to take charge of the submarine defences throughout the colony. Captain Falconer, who has been in charge in Wellington, will now take over the management of the Auckland torpedo station.

Mr Seymour Fell (Picton) who is working at Deep Creek on Dr. MacKenzie's dredge, is disabled by having crushed his hand while at work.

Mr J. de B. Patterson, of the Nelson branch of the National Bank of New Zealand, who lately received orders for a transfer to Waikaiti, has since resigned his position in the bank, and will not at present leave Nelson.

The Westralia brought over to Auckland the Rev. J. A. and Mrs Nolan, of Sydney, last week. Mrs Nolan is the President of the New South Wales Women's Christian Temperance Union and she will be entertained at an 'At Home' by the members of the Auckland Union. Mr Nolan is a brother of Mr D. Nolan, of Ellerslie. He has come to this colony to attend the Wesleyan Conference.

Mr D. Watt, of Wellington, has taken the vacancy in the National Bank, Nelson, caused by Mr Patterson's resignation.

At the pupils' concert in connection with the Nelson School of Music on Saturday evening, Miss Jackson (one of the pianoforte teachers) was presented by her pupils with a set of gold steeve links and studs. Miss Jackson has resigned her position at the School of Music as she is shortly to be married.

Mrs Thomas Brindley, a niece of the late James Stack, one of the first New Zealand missionaries, died at Lindfield, Sydney, the other day.

A very young dentist has just successfully passed his final examinations in Dunedin. This is Mr Norman Rishworth, son of the Rev. J. S. Rishworth, Onehunga. The clever young man is only 20 years of age.

Mr H. Wilmot, of Waitohi Valley, Picton, has been temporarily appointed to the charge of the Tia Marina School. Mr Wilmot is a promising young teacher and the present opening may show up his good qualities to the Board, and obtain for him a permanent appointment.

Mr (Dr.) Fell with her two children has returned to Wellington after a pleasant visit to Nelson.

A new mining expert, Mr Van Gamber, has arrived in Westport. He is said to have a good deal of valuable mining experience, gleaned in South African goldfields. His business at present is to report upon properties for the General Exploration Company.

Forty carpenters in New Plymouth went out on strike on November 2nd, owing to the employers not acceding to the men's demand to be paid for 48 hours for 47 hours work. The masters met and agreed to the men's demand.

Miss Buller, who has been in Dunedin for some weeks, returned to Wellington last week.

Mrs H. Cavell, of Palmerston, was unlucky enough last week to run a needle into her wrist. She was passing her hand over the wall when it met a needle which pierced her skin and broke off. It has not yet been recovered.

Miss Ollivier (Nelson) left suddenly for Christchurch on account of the serious illness of her brother.

Mr J. Elliot, a prominent supporter of the Star II. football team, was entertained at dinner at the Red House Hotel, New Plymouth, on November 3rd, and was presented with a handsome silver-mounted walking stick bearing an appropriate inscription. Mr R. Cathew, president of the club, was in the chair. A very pleasant evening was spent.

The matron who was appointed to the Westport Hospital, Miss Payne, of Wellington, complains that certain conditions which she desired have not been fulfilled. She therefore resigned, and Miss McCarthy has been appointed in her place.

Among the recent arrivals by the Australian mail is Mr W. Allan Lloyd, of Auckland, who has just completed a five years' tour of the world. Mr Lloyd left some five years ago, and has since visited England, Scotland, France, Spain, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Afghanistan, United States, Mexico, Hawaiian Islands, and the whole of the Australian colonies. Mr Lloyd was present in France at the time of the assassination of the late President Carnot, and describes the scene in Paris as something beyond the power of words to express; a whole city prostrated with grief at the murder of its idol. India was the last country visited, and Mr Lloyd regards the present trouble in that land of 'plague, pestilence and famine' as being largely the result of a too lax censorship over the native press, which, when not engaged writing about something startling and original, such as the 'Peace (?) of Europe,' is generally engaged in stirring up strife against their British rulers. Altogether, a most enjoyable time has been spent in the different countries, but as even travelling is rather apt to become tiresome when one has five years of it, Mr Lloyd is very glad to once more sight the shores of New Zealand, than which no fairer land exists, so he says, and he ought to know.

Much praise was given to Mrs Thornes and Mrs McKean for their indefatigable labours at the Children's Flower Show last week.

The Auckland working party for the New Hebrides' Mission had a good meeting this month, and it was resolved to ask the various friends to send in all contributions of clothing as soon as possible, as the Missionary Box is to be packed immediately.

Mr F. W. Carey, of Wellington, is spending a fortnight in Blenheim.

Miss Campbell (Hawera) is at present in New Plymouth.

Miss Ella Waddy, who left on a visit to Wellington and Christchurch, was recalled from Wellington and met her brothers funeral in Picton. She stayed with Mrs Fell for the night.

Miss G. Fell (Nelson) has returned to her home after a delightful trip to Sydney.

Miss Edith Hubbard, of Komata, receiving the highest number of marks in the district at the first examination held in New Zealand under the London College of Music, has been given a special prize by that august body. Mr H. L. Harston should be very proud of his promising pupil.

Mrs Knight (Sydney) is the guest of Mrs C. P. Knight in Wellington.

Mrs H. Godfrey, of Picton, who has been staying with the Misses Eyes in Blenheim for a week, returned home yesterday.

Colonel Newell is on a visit to New Plymouth for the purpose of inspecting the Taranaki Volunteers.

The new battery manager of the Mounatairi Gold Mining Company at the Thames is Mr C. Malstrom, who arrived there last week, coming over from 'Frisco by the Moana.

Miss Trix Atkinson (Nelson) has gone to Christchurch to visit friends.

Mrs MacKenzie (Picton), who has been ill for some time past with blood poisoning, is now recovering, and able to see her friends.

Mr and Mrs J. B. Thomson, of Dunedin, passed through Auckland en route for Rotorua, where they intend to try the baths for the sake of Mrs Thomson, who is in delicate health. Mr Thomson is rather an important southerner. He has been Mayor of Dunedin, Chairman of the Otago Harbour Board, and for many years a City Councillor.

Mr James Russell, of Auckland, has gone to Wellington.

A great many Wellingtonians have left for the Christchurch Carnival week, among the number being the Misses Johnston, Buller, Grace, and Tolhurst, and Mr Edward Pearce.

Mrs Daubeny (Sydney), with her infant daughter, returned to Nelson with her sister, Miss Fell, where her many friends are delighted to see her again.

Mrs J. J. Dixon, Mount Albert, left Auckland last Monday on a visit to her married daughter, Mrs Charles Taylor, B.N.Z., Te Awamutu.

Mr J. B. Godkin, of Ngaire (Taranaki), who has been on a visit to the Old Country, has returned to his home.

Miss Haselden, from Huntersville, is on a visit to New Plymouth.

Miss Pitt, of Nelson, is paying a visit to Blenheim, where she is the guest of Mrs Clegghorn.

The foundation stone of the new Wesleyan Church in New Plymouth is to be laid by His Excellency the Governor on December 9th. His Excellency will also open the 'Industrial, Art, and Curio Exhibition,' which is to be held at the same time, to raise funds for the building of the church.

Mr Alfred Nathan, who has been on a brief visit to the West Coast of the South Island, in connection with mining matters, returned to Auckland in the s.s. Mahinapua.

Amongst the specially welcome visitors to Auckland for the Wesleyan Conference, is the Rev. R. Ravin. He is one of the General Conference delegates, and has recently returned from a visit to England. He worked well in New Zealand for some years.

At Kaukapakapa a pretty present was made by the district school children last week to their head teacher, Mr G. W. Murray, on his birthday. The gift was a choice pair of gold sleeve links bearing his initials.

Miss Fitzroy, who has been the guest of Mrs T. C. Williams in Wellington, has returned to Hawke's Bay.

The name of Miss Bessie Doyle will recall pleasant memories of her winsome face and skill with the bow. The young violinist is now in Auckland under the semi-professional name of Miss Eileen O'Moore. She will probably give some concerts in this colony. Mr Reginald Coke, who with Mrs Coke, is shortly to arrive in Auckland, will probably assist Miss O'Moore.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That very peculiar weather has prevailed in the neighbourhood of Picton lately. At Te Awaite, Tory Channel, the hailstones broke nine windows in the school, besides denuding the fruit trees of their leaves. Large hailstones also fell at Koromiko, and the cold in Picton has been intense.

That the weather has been very unpropitious in New Plymouth during the early part of the week ending November 6th. On some days it rained incessantly from morning till evening, and often through the night. All the rivers were much swollen. The Waitara races had to be postponed, and several social arrangements were abandoned in consequence of the wet weather.

That the Flying Jordans' Company may probably play a short season in New Plymouth on their return trip through the colony shortly.

That a brave effort was made by some ladies to induce the Auckland City Council to allow the present wooden building, St. Paul's Sunday School, to be removed to Abercrombie-street from its site in Emily Place. It will be remembered that to oblige the City authorities and general public St. Paul's Church was pulled down, and, some years later, a new one of stone built in Symonds-street. This makes the school and church too far apart; hence the earnest request of the ladies—on behalf of the parish—to the City Council. However, that important body was obdurate, no more wooden buildings could be erected within city boundaries; in fact, too many permits for wooden structures had already been given. And, vanquished but not dismayed, Mesdames Judd, Howard, etc., bowed sadly to the Council's decision, and retired. The Council heaved a relieved sigh as the last skirt rustled through the door and proceeded cheerfully to their business.

That the committee for the Whiteley Hall exhibition are working very hard to make it attractive and a success.

That Mr S. Percy Smith, the surveyor-general, who is one of the best authorities in New Zealand on Maori names, says that the correct name of Lake Manapouri is 'Manawapopore' ('anxious heart'), and that Lake Hauroto is correctly 'Hauoko' (the Southern equivalent of 'Hau-rogo'), which means 'the wind of fate' or the 'wind which brings tidings.'

That an At Home is being given this (Wednesday) afternoon in the Social Hall, Y.M.C.A. Rooms, Auckland, by the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

That a gentleman writing from Kimberley says, 'All the New Zealanders I know of mean to get back to New Zealand as soon as they can. All hopes of making fortunes here are evaporated. We wouldn't take advice or believe what we were told; we wanted to see, hear, and do for ourselves, and we've done it, and now we can but look forward to getting back by hook or by crook.'

That a splendid lunar rainbow was visible in Picton on Monday. The phenomenon completely surrounded the moon and was of the most brilliant colours.

That the annual Children's Flower Show, held in the Drill Shed last Friday and Saturday, was a very pretty affair indeed. It was opened at three o'clock by Professor Thomas, who, it is well known, has the cause of flower cultivation by children much at heart. The entries numbered over one thousand, and the district school children sent some five hundred bouquets. The Grammar School Orchestra assisted with musical items, and, owing to the great interest taken in the show, and the hard work of the secretary (Mr Cranwell) and committee, the affair was very successful, and the promoters must be congratulated on the result of their labours.

That the following are the officers of H. M.S. Mohawk, to be commissioned for the Australian station:—Lieutenants A. Farrington, P. A. Roberts, A. C. Scott, Sub-Lieut. J. W. S. Miller, Staff-Surgeon John Moore, M. D., and Paymaster C. E. F. Webb.

That the other day Mrs Percy Adams, Nelson, gave an afternoon tea. Amongst those present were Mes-

dames Watta, Sweet, Houlker, C. Watta, R. Kingston, Harris, Burnes, Booth, Pitt, Batchelor (Dunedin), Fell, Richmond, the Misses Jones, Monro (New Plymouth), Oldham, Richmond, Batchelor, Fell, and others.

That the Floral Fete, which is to be held at Hastings next Tuesday, promises to be a great success, and that provision is being made for three thousand visitors.

That great preparations are being made for the Auckland Floral Fete, to be held at Ellerslie on Saturday, November 27th.

That this season visitors to Rotorua will be able to drive by the new Rotorua - Te Teko Road along the shores of Lakes Rototoi, Roto-ehu and Roto-ma, through very beautiful scenery, including some fine views of bush and lake. This is expected to be a very popular trip with tourists.

That the hitherto almost inaccessible extinct volcano, Rangitoto, is now opened for the public convenience as another attraction to the many pretty places of interest to be visited round Auckland. Instead of wearing out one pair—at least—of boots by climbing over rough boulders, a neat, clear path has been made to the summit. Perhaps the glory and honour of the ascent has departed, but it is now so much the proper thing to shorten all hours of labour, that it would no longer do to toil up the old volcano for four or five weary hours when the time could be diminished to a fifth of that period. Probably the ascent of the Southern Alps will speedily be made possible for invalids and cripples.

That the late heavy gale had a peculiar and disastrous effect on two fine draught horses belonging to Mr Harding, Kereru, Hawke's Bay. Last week they were ploughing, became frightened by the storm, and were actually blown over a steep cliff and killed.

That the governors' prizes (watches) presented for competition by points to the boys who took part in the annual sports of the Auckland College and Grammar School have been won by the following:—Senior: Te Paa, 34 points, 1.; Walker, 13 points, 2. Junior: Sharland, 17 points, 1.; Ibert, 13 points, 2. The school cups go to:—Senior: Syme, 10 points, 1.; Gresham and Te Paa, each 6 points, 2. Junior: Ibert, 13 points, 1.; Sharland, 9 points, 2.

That there is a strong feeling amongst society people in the colony that in view of the large increase in the population since the erection of the two Government Houses, an addition of proper rooms for entertaining should be made to each building. A ball-room has been added to each, but there is a great necessity for a proper supper-room, capable of seating at least one hundred persons. Even with this addition the plan which has been lately adopted by successive Governors of admitting guests to the supper-room in detachments would still have to be carried out. With the meagre space at their disposal the present Vice-regal party have had to make most careful arrangements and go to a very great deal of trouble in order that their very numerous visitors should be able to enjoy the particularly excellent menu provided for them without receiving champagne on their clean shirt-fronts, or trifles on their new satin frocks. If His Excellency the Governor is expected—as he is—to entertain, it is absolutely necessary and right that sufficient accommodation for this purpose should be provided both in Wellington and Auckland. In the latter city Government House is a disgrace to the colony and especially to the Auckland members.

AGRICULTURAL HALL,
AUCKLAND.

TO-NIGHT!  TO-NIGHT!

AND EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT.
PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF
PROF. NORTON B. SMITH,
EMPEROR OF ALL HORSE EDUCATORS,
The Greatest Horse Trainer since the Days
of Bucephalus.

GRAND PROGRAMME
EVERY NIGHT.
KICKERS,
BITERS,
SHYERS,
NERVOUS
HORSES,
HORSES
AFRAID OF
STEAM,
OUTLAWS,
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ALL fresh Subjects.
EVERY NIGHT.
EVERY NIGHT.

INTELLECTUAL ATTACK-
LAND ENIGMAS AUS-
TRALIA'S VERDICT -
"He is their FAVORITE
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WILD, VICIOUS AND
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THE FLOWER, FRUIT, AND VEGETABLE
EXHIBITION OF THE SEASON.
19TH AND 20TH NOVEMBER, 1897.

SPECIAL ITEMS FOR THE LADIES.
Table Decorations, Hand Bouquets, Spray
Bouquets, Shower Bouquets, Hand Baskets,
Hanging Baskets, Ladies' Vegetables, etc.,
etc., also Fruit and Vegetables.

ENTRIES CLOSE NEXT FRIDAY, 12TH INST.
AT 4 P.M.
Schedules of Secretary and all Seed-money.
J. HENRY MAC KIE, Secretary.

HORSE TAMING AND EDUCATING.

Professor Norton B. Smith's exhibition of horse taming and educating is certainly the cleverest thing of its kind that we have seen in the colonies. The Auckland season opened at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday last before a large audience prepared to be severely critical of the Professor's profession, and at the close of the performance everyone was prepared to concede that his methods of subduing recalcitrant equines are marvelously effective. So far as one can judge, the Professor educates chiefly by mechanical means, so that there seems no reason why those who acquire the necessary dexterity in his methods may not become horse-tamers themselves. The principle he adopts is to affix a simple form of breaking-in gear to the animals so that he has them entirely under his control. Then he proceeds to accustom them to all manner of startling sights and sounds. Drums are beaten before and behind them, trumpets are blown, and tin kettles rattled, steam whistles in hal-a-dozen keys screech in their ears, crackers explode by hundreds at their feet, while masses of papers are shaken over their heads and umbrellas opened and shut in their faces. The first effect on the animals of this pandemonium of sounds and unusual apparatus is to make them terrified. They prance and kick and buck as much as they can; but by degrees they learn to understand that all the din is quite harmless, and in the end it ceases to disturb them in the very least. This is the Professor's way of curing nervous horses, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is nervousness that ails an intractable animal. In dealing with stubborn or vicious horses he slightly varies his methods, but the main feature of his plan is still to make the horses understand from the very outset that they are in the hands of their master. On Saturday both nervous horses and stubborn ones were dealt with, and while, in the case of the latter, a short lesson wrought a wonderful improvement, the nervous horses were apparently cured completely. Anyone interested in horses should not fail to pay a visit to Professor Smith.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR CHARLES ROBERTSON TO MISS BALDWIN.

THE ton, was very prettily decorated on the 21st of September, the occasion being the marriage of Mr Charles Robertson, of 108 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, and Miss Nora Baldwin, daughter of Captain Baldwin, who is now living in Perth, W.A. Captain Baldwin was formerly proprietor of the 'New Zealand Times.'

The ceremony was arranged for 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and was performed by the Rev. Wm. Eyre, S.J., the Rev. Michael Gouin, the Rev. Prior Mularkey, and two others.

The bride was beautifully gowned in ivory satin, with exquisite trimmings of duchesse point lace and pearl passementerie. She wore the bridegroom's gifts, pearls and diamonds.

Dr. Gerald Baldwin, brother of the bride, gave her away.

There were three bridesmaids in chic costumes, viz., Miss Parker, Miss J. Story, the bride's niece, and Miss Scott, niece of the bridegroom.

The service was long, being fully choral, and winding up with a sermon on married duties, and the Nuptial Mass. After celebrating the latter the wedding party left the church and proceeded to a grand reception at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington.

Mr and Mrs Robertson left London later in the day for Lucerne and Florence. At the latter place they intend visiting the Servite Church; at Monte Senario, the birthplace of the Servite Order, they also mean to pay a call.

MR HARVERSON TO MISS TREADWELL.

This wedding was rather unusually quiet, as the happy pair displayed strong objections to the usual state and ceremony of a fashionable wedding.

This modern bridegroom was Mr William Walter Harverson, of Upper Clapton, London, and his bride Miss Laura Augusta Treadwell, of Wellington, N.Z.

They matured their plans in dead secrecy, and one morning, September 15th, they mounted their bicycles and apparently set off for Hastings, Sussex. On the way they called at St.

Mary Abbots, and were duly married. The lady was given away by Miss Moysie, and Miss Treadwell's cousin, Mr A. D. Hardy, also witnessed the marriage.

The bride was simply dressed in a bright blue sailor gown, loose blouse and skirt, white pith Colombo hat, ordinary white net veil, and white kid gloves. The bridegroom wore a light grey cycling suit with white tie and gloves.

The two thus quietly made one went on their honeymoon tour to Hastings, and are passing their holiday on wheels, touring the southern coast in a most delightful fashion. They propose to spend the winter on the Continent.

MR THORNTON TO MISS HUNT.

The wedding of Mr D. E. Thornton, of Auckland, New Zealand, and Miss Florence Enid Leigh Hunt, eldest daughter of Mr Walter Leigh Hunt, of 25, Queensbury Place, London W., was celebrated recently at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London.

MR MOORHOUSE TO MISS BARRY.

An interesting marriage ceremony was performed at St. Peter's Church, Ightham, Kent, between Mr Reginald William Moorhouse, son of Mr Thomas Carter Moorhouse, of Canterbury, New Zealand, to Miss Mildred Adela Barry, daughter of Mr Horace Barry, of Bush Hill House, Winchmore Hill, London.

The bride was married by her brother, rector of St. Peter's, the Rev. D. Barry. Mr C. F. Barry, her younger brother, gave her away.

MR McCALLUM TO MISS WALKER.

In the picturesque little church at Ellerslie, Auckland, on Wednesday morning, October 27th, a very dainty wedding took place, when Miss Kathleen (Gipsy) Walker, eldest daughter of Mr W. C. Walker, of 'Greenhills,' Ellerslie, was married to Mr Robert McCallum.

The Rev. Mr Norrie officiated.

The ceremony was of the quietest description possible, only immediate relations being present.

The bride was led to the altar by her father. She looked very bright and pretty in a stylish fawn Sedan cloth travelling costume, the coat opening over a pouched vest of pink shot with green mousseline de soie; smart brown hat, trimmed with pink roses and chiffon.

The bridesmaid, Miss Dolly Walker, wore an effective heliotrope dress, heliotrope hat to match, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet.

The bridegroom, who wore a tourist suit of knickerbockers, was supported by Mr Whitson as best man.

At the close of the service Mrs Elliott played the 'Wedding March.' After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Walker entertained the party at 'Greenhills' with a champagne breakfast.

Mr and Mrs McCallum departed amidst warmest congratulations for Rotorua, where they are spending their honeymoon.

A good (and true?) story is going the round, which shows to what extent the violent ebullitions and caprices of the German Emperor are regarded in his own country. An English gentleman (says the 'Westminster Gazette') it appears, was walking with a friend in Under den Linden, and in the course of a discussion on the Kaiser's conduct committed a greivous error of Magistrats-Belaidigung. The 'Emperor's a fool,' he exclaimed, whereupon an English-speaking police officer tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'You must come vid me to ze police station.' 'What for?' asked the Englishman. 'Mein herr did call ze Kaiser a fool,' replied the man. 'No, no, no,' urged the 'cute Britin.' 'It was the Russian Emperor I was talking about.' 'Dat vill not vash,' went on the constable, 'dere is no emperor a fool except the German Emperor.' After which, Dame Rumour has it, the police officer and the Englishman agreed to keep each other's secret, and parted on good terms.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

POTTER'S PADDOCK, EPSOM.
NOVEMBER 12TH AND 13TH, 1897.

GRAND EXHIBITION
OF
LIVE STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS.
HUNTING COMPETITIONS BOTH DAYS.

PROGRAMME—FIRST DAY:

Dairy Exhibition	1.0 p.m.
Judging Ladies' Hacks	2.0 p.m.
Driving Competition	2.30 p.m.
Trial of Hunters	3.0 p.m.
Sheep Dog Trial (Foot Entries)	3.0 p.m.
Leaping Match	4.0 p.m.

SECOND DAY:

Weight Guessing Competition	10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Sheep Shearing Competition	11 a.m.
Butter Making Competition	11 a.m.
Grand Parade of Draught Horses	1.30 p.m.
Grand Parade of Light Horses, Ponies, etc.	2.0 p.m.
Tandem Driving	2.30 p.m.
Hunting Competition for Ladies	3.0 p.m.
Hunting Competition for Gentlemen	3.30 p.m.
Leaping Matches for Boys' Ponies	4.15 p.m.

ADMISSION:
ONE SHILLING EACH DAY.

A Lecture, illustrated with Limelight Views, on the

'PARASITIC DISEASES OF ANIMALS' Will be given by Prof. A. F. W. Thomas, F.C.S., in the University Lecture Hall, Auckland, on Monday, November 13th, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

EDWIN HALL,
155, Queen-street. Secretary.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

Instant Relief for torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair, in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, great-est of blood purifiers and humour cures.

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AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 8.

The weather has been the cause of ceaseless growls this week. On Tuesday we were nearly suffocated with the sudden heat and heavy clouds, and hastily rushed into print. By the end of the week we were glad to put on our despised woollens, and even furs. Saturday morning looked most unpromising for the openings of the various lawn-tennis grounds; but despite the heavy rain in the morning, the afternoon, though cold, was fine enough to admit of the usual formal ceremonies. At Ferndale, Mount Albert, the lawns were in excellent order, and many players and visitors gathered to admire the flowers, enjoy Mrs Garlick's most delicious afternoon tea, and play or criticise those who were engaged in the quieter game of bowls or more active tennis. The courteous secretary, Mr Sydney Harbutt, had sent out many invitations, and from fifty to eighty people were present, a large number considering the various other attractions and the weather.

Mrs Garlick, black, lace cap relieved with lilac velvet; Misses Gurlick, navy skirts, blue silk blouses; Mrs Jack Garlick, dark blue, with passementerie trimming, white hat; Miss Larkins, a summer mixture of lilac and green, with green silk trimming, Alpine straw hat; Mrs Sellers,



PROF. NORTON B. SMITH, HORSE TAMER AND EDUCATOR.

black serge, braided, black tulle bonnet, with yellow and orange shaded flowers; Mrs Iasmonger, dark costume, white hat and veil; Mrs Iatkin, black, the bolero bodice opening over white brocaded silk, black hat, with fauzy silver trimming; Mrs Wood-rotte, white pique tennis costume, with narrow blue stripe, white pique collar, white straw hat; Mrs Wilding, brown velvet, black tulle and feathered hat; Mrs McLean, tweed costume, brown toque, with figured coloured ribbon bows; Mrs Tichborne, black, bonnet relieved with rose pink ribbon; Mrs Rattray, tweed; Miss Spragg, navy blue skirt, blue striped blouse, white hat; Miss Mildred Spragg, canary blouse, spotted with black, black skirt, white hat; Miss Bailey, mixed brown costume, with figured orange ribbon throatlet, brown hat; Miss Stevenson, stamped velvet blouse, with yellow chiffon frills, black skirt, brown hat; Miss — Phillips, black skirt, blue striped blouse, black hat; Miss Stewart, red and black mixed dress, black straw hat; Miss King, black skirt, blue striped blouse, black hat; Miss Iatkin, primrose frock and hat, the former with lace and frilled bodice; Miss Ethel Dixon, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Florrie Dixon, tussore blouse, brown skirt; both wore straw hats; Miss Priestley, dark navy costume, white vest, black hat; Miss Maude Sellers, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss E. Watts (Arch Hill), black skirt, black and white blouse; Miss Brookes, fawn checked dress, white hat; Miss Mabel Douglas (Ponsonby), pink striped frock; Miss Ashton, grey crepon frock, white silk front, white hat; Miss Cairns, primrose blouse, dark skirt, light hat; Miss Leila Wilks, black and white check skirt, light blouse, white hat;

THE AUCKLAND COLLEGE AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS

were held last Tuesday in the Domain and were a pronounced success, despite the unpleasant weather. Afternoon tea was provided by the Grammar School girls, in a marquee erected for the occasion which the teachers, Misses Wallace, Blades, and Picken, superintended, while many of the girls, with pretty politeness, flitted in and out amongst their numerous guests, bearing baskets of rich and dainty cakes and trays full of the ever-refreshing cups of tea, to which we all, I am sure, did ample justice. The ground was very heavy with the rain that fell during the afternoon, so that the lady visitors had almost to wade through mud to get to the pavilion. Impey's Band contributed popular airs with their well-known proficiency. Mr Tibbs, the head master, was present throughout the day, and did all in his power to promote the pleasure of the guests by giving programmes of the events and other little attentions which were much appreciated. The success of the sports was due to the untiring efforts of Mr J. Turner (hon. secretary), Mr Harrison (the starter), and the Boys' Committee. Messrs Dennistoun, Devore, George, Trevithick, Morrell, Marshall, and McCullough were the judges. Timekeepers: Messrs Hight, Mahon, and Professor Carrollo. Referee—Mr Sloman. Amongst the various guests I noticed the following, many of course were gowned in dark winter costumes:—Miss Blades, dark skirt, striped blouse, sailor hat; Miss Wallace, brown lustre, sailor hat; Miss Morrison, black costume; Miss Picken, brown; Mrs Harrison, navy serge with silver passementerie; Mrs Williamson, dark skirt and coat, white vest Mrs Hay, dark skirt, black and white striped silk blouse edged with lace, black tulle bonnet with yellow flowers; Mrs L. D. Nathan, Sultan red gown relieved with black, topie en suite; Miss Nathan, English tailor-made gown; Mrs Hope Lewis, fawn tailor-made costume, bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Buddle, beige costume; Mrs Duthie, navy serge; Miss Constance Wilkins, black costume with pink bodice, veiled in black net, hat with dash of pink; Mrs Arthur Nathan black costume with dash of pink in hat; Miss Nathan, navy serge, sailor hat; Mrs Watkins, black; Miss Watkins, navy serge, white vest; Miss Thompson, navy serge; and her little sister, navy; Mrs Sharland, stylish grey check; Mrs Pierce, black costume bonnet with heliotrope; Mrs J. K. Davis, grey tailor-made trimmed with shaded heliotrope chiffon; Mrs Rice, black; Miss Stella Blee; Miss Brabant, navy; Mrs (Dr.) King, brown coat;

Miss Biss, navy; Miss Myers, fawn tailor-made gown, and her sister dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Sloman, pale green costume, white sailor hat; Miss Ball, navy; Miss Dennistoun, navy serge skirt, blue blouse; Miss Edith Smith, dark skirt, canary blouse; Miss — Lusk, navy; Miss Carr, navy; Miss Nolan, brown; Miss Cuff, navy; Misses Ring (2); Mrs Mowbray; Miss Morrow; Miss Hull; Mrs Blair, green costume with pink flower in hat; Miss Shepherd, celery green coat and skirt Miss Thorpe, navy serge; Mrs Frank Hull, dark skirt and light blouse; Mrs Leeds, black; Miss Kensington black; Miss Phillips, grey coat and skirt; Miss Stella Alexander, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs Stone, brown, etc., etc.

A GARDEN PARTY AT TARA.

Mr and Mrs Kirker issued a number of invitations for the opening of the beautiful bowling and tennis lawns attached to their residence, Tara, Wallace-street, Ponsonby. The bowlers who attended the last interprovincial competition held in Auckland, pronounced this private ground the truest and keenest in the city, and one of the finest in the colony. It has in no way deteriorated, the turf this season being in splendid condition. The invitations were chiefly sent to the older members of the several Auckland clubs, and despite the adverse weather, which did not promise well for our door games, there was a large and representative muster. Afternoon tea, with refreshments of a more stimulating character for those who preferred them, was spread in the pavilion, which also afforded good shelter from the showers of rain which fell at intervals. The host and hostess were most assiduous in their attentions to their guests, and all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Mr Thomson, on behalf of the visitors, returned thanks for the pleasant entertainment which had been afforded them, and hoped that many enjoyable games would be played upon that beautiful green. Among the ladies present were:—

Mrs and Miss Hardie, Mrs Peacock, Miss Margaret Peacock, Mrs and Miss Upton, Mrs Wolcott, Mrs Winks, Misses Winks (2), Miss Lawson, Mrs and Miss Russell, Mrs Hart, Mrs Coleman, Mrs Myers, Mrs Ross, Mrs Hudson, Mrs Misses Hudson (3), Mrs J. Court, Mrs Carrick, Mrs Furby, Miss Dobson, Miss Kelsner, etc., etc.

The Auckland Choral Society gave its fifth concert of the season on Monday last. The programme included Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise' and Spohr's 'God, Thou Art Great.' A chorus of 111 voices, with Mrs Lawry, Miss Gillfillan, Mrs Coates and Mr Martin as soloists, and a strong orchestra interpreted the two pieces. There were unquestionably weaknesses in the rendering of the 'Hymn of Praise,' due evidently to insufficient practice, but on the whole the work was well received by the audience. The best performances of the chorals were the passages beginning 'Ye Nations Offer to the Lord,' and 'Let All Men Praise the Lord.' The second part of the concert was devoted to Spohr's work. Here the chorus was decidedly at its best, and the duet children, Pray This Love to Cherish,' sung by Mrs Coates and Mr Martin, and the quartette 'Walk Ye in Hundred Thousands,' in which the singers were Mesdames Lawry, Coates and Messrs Martin and Ryan, were particularly appreciated. Dr Cox led the orchestra and Professor Carl Schmitt conducted.

THE EDEN AND EPSOM LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB

opened their season with a large At-home last Saturday. The shady trees surrounding the lawns, and the distance from the bustle and noise of town, make these lawns a popular and charming retreat, and the energetic committee do their best to make their guests feel at home, consequently these special days are always looked forward to. The Italian string band played their usual delightful, dreamy music, which takes one so far away into dreamland. We did admire the six tennis and two croquet lawns, which were in capital order and always full of busy players. They represented one of the most picturesque and animated scenes one could wish to look upon. The stand has been extended to the whole length of the lawns, so that sitting accommodation can be had for those interested in croquet as well as tennis. The pavilion or tea-room was beautifully deco-

rated by the ladies' committee with greenery, arum lilies and pink ivy geraniums. The entrance arch was also tastefully decorated and hung with flags. The table decorations were exquisite, consisting of white crinkly paper with vases of white daisies, surrounded with fruit and cakes, etc.; pale azure blue curtains draped the walls. Mr Hall, the hon. sec., was most assiduous in his attentions to the numerous visitors, and they felt his kindness. Amongst those present were:—

Mrs Udy, black lustre; Miss Udy, brown; Miss Maier, peacock blue flecked with black fancy cloth; Mrs Peel, navy serge, with blue let in the neck, white sailor hat; Mrs Hall, black costume, black bonnet relieved with heliotrope flowers; Miss Hall, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Heather, very stylish black costume, with canary vest, black bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs McIntosh, navy; Mrs Clayforth, striking grey tweed with cardinal linings, grey bonnet with cardinal velvet trimmings; Miss Paton, peacock blue flecked with black, white sailor hat; and her sister wore black; Mrs Dawson (Mount Roskill), fawn tailor-made gown, blue vest, sailor hat; Miss Haigh looked well in a grey gown made with Norfolk jacket, sailor hat; Misses Pollan wore brown and black respectively; Miss Rosa Bull, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Stewart, grey camel's hair; Miss Mary Stewart, fawn tweed; Miss Lizzie Stewart looked well in a black cashmere, with green silk let in the neck; Miss Annie Stewart, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Robert Dargaville, black mourning costume; Miss Shuttleworth, black coat and skirt, white vest; Mrs Torrance, black; Miss Torrance, dark skirt, light blouse; Misses Nicholson, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Rice, navy costume, velvet bonnet; Miss Stella Rice, dark skirt, yellow blouse; Mrs Laurie, black; Miss Dolly Dudley, navy serge, bright butterfly silk vest, white sailor hat; Mrs Horace Walker, black; Mrs Barnard, black costume, hat with pink roses; Mrs Oberlin Brown, black; Miss Oberlin Brown, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Johnstone, grey; Mrs Chapman, dark skirt, grey blouse; Miss Gorrie, dark skirt, dark green striped blouse; Miss Taylor, celery green; Misses Kerr-Taylor, shot, costumes with white braids; Mrs Richmond, dark gown; Miss Edna Bell, black; Miss Garland, Miss Frost, Miss Clark wore dark skirts, light blouses; Misses King (2), navy serges; Miss Hooper, navy costume, pretty hat with blue forget-me-nots; and her sister wore a sultan-red gown, hat with yellow butterflys; Mrs Turner (nee Miss Reed), grey; Miss Reed, navy; Mrs Mahoney, a summery costume of red and white striped batiste muslin girted in with gold belt; Mrs Hudson, dark skirt, shot brown silk blouse; Miss Trevithick, dark skirt, black and white striped blouse, red belt and collarette, black velvet toque; Mrs Yates, dark skirt, grey check blouse, large picture hat; Miss Watkins, dark skirt, sky-blue blouse; Miss Barstow, grey and black striped corduroy silk; Mrs (Dr.) King, dark skirt, pretty soft muslin blouse trimmed with blue, blue floral toque; and many others too numerous for me to mention.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING

took place last Saturday. The weather was by no means a thing of joy, as a boisterous cold wind blew in gusts, which rather unsettled one's head-gear and frolicked with the skirts. The attendance was not as large as usual, no doubt owing to the many counter attractions. As for this Saturday, I had so many invitations, I did not know which to accept. I should have liked to have gone to everything, but that was impossible. The dresses worn at the races were not of a very striking character, as many had donned their winter ones. Sailor hats, with white spotted net veils were en evidence. Navy and dark green were the prevailing colours, which became rather a weariness, as there was nothing in them to brighten up the sombreness of the day. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Thomas Morrin, fawn costume, large hat, with large bows veiled in tulle, pink flowers; Mrs Mercer, periwinkle blue tailor-made gown, with white braiding, white sailor hat; Mrs Devereux, stylish combination of black and white, bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Devereux was much

admired in dark skirt, pink blouse, large hat with pink flowers; Mrs Smolgraus, very effective costume of shot green, with blue furings, hat en suite; Mrs Amenne, fawn tailor-made gown, pink vest, hat trimmed with pink; Mrs Armitage looked well in a unique costume of black striped broche relieved with pink, white chiffon toque; Mrs Dufaur, very fashionable stone grey relieved at the neck with pink silk and fawn lace; Mrs Musfield, dark costume, velvet cape; Miss Musfield looked sweet in royal blue; Mrs Hope Lewis, black and white taffeta silk, bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Nolan, Lincoln green costume, pretty green hat profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs Hay, black; Miss Kate Hay, violet gown, with cream applique, hat with variegated roses; and her sister wore green, with a similar picture hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor, shot green costumes, with white braids; Mrs Andrew Hannu, grey tailor-made gown; Miss Jackson, navy; Miss Witchell and Miss Little wore navy serges; Miss Otway, green; Mrs Otway, black; Miss Bush, butcher blue, with white applique; Miss Noukes, green; Mrs Archie Clark, navy; Misses Wyde-Brown, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Walker (Ellerslie), dark green; Mrs Elliot, black; Miss Esme Elliot, dark skirt, blue flowered blouse, large black hat, with pink roses; Mrs Masfen, fawn check, with brown military braids; Miss Beatrice Bull, navy; Miss McLaughlin, dark green; Mrs Secombe, dark brown tailor-made costume; Mrs Ranson, elegant gown of grey, trimmed with green; Mrs Bodie, purple costume; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, fawn tailor-made gown; Misses Buckland, navy serge; Mrs Harry Tonks, navy, with black military braids; Mrs (Capt.) Worsp, black; Miss Daisy Worsp, salmon pink, trimmed with green; her sister wore a spring green; Mrs T. Beale, navy serge; Mrs Hamlin, jun., black, relieved with white; Mrs Selby, black; Misses Atkinson, dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Davy, dark costume; Miss Lay (Grafton Road), dark skirt, canary blouse, hat with yellow roses; Miss Tanner, book green tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Miss Dunnett, navy; Miss Percival, green; her sister, Sultan red; Misses Dowell, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Markham, Mrs Greenway, Miss Firth, wore navy; Miss Eva Firth, fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Thomas, greeny brown; Mrs H. Gorrie, brown; her daughters wore grey; Miss Blanche Banks, navy; Miss Florrie Sellers, bright green costume; Mrs Weymouth, black, relieved with yellow; Miss Thompson, navy; her sister, dark green; Miss Churton, a combination of black and white; Mrs Churton, brown tailor-made costume; Mrs A. Carrick, navy; Mrs Craigh, Miss Craigh, and many others.

ST. GEORGE'S BAY ROWING CLUB 'AT HOME.'

Despite the threatening state of the weather, the 'At Home' given on Saturday by the members of the St. George's Bay Rowing Club was largely attended, and proved a most enjoyable affair. With the exception of a slight shower, there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the afternoon, for Judge's Bay is so well sheltered that the high wind which elsewhere proved so disagreeable caused there no inconvenience whatever.

Mrs Street had kindly put at the disposal of the Club the corner of her grounds adjoining the boatsheds, and there seats had been placed for the use of the guests. Tea was served during the afternoon, and the Newton Band discoursed sweet music at intervals. Afternoon tea was liberally dispensed by members of the Club, Messrs Ted Anderson, Lawton, Phillips, Stevenson, Gordon, and Palmer ably assisted in supplying everyone with tea and cakes.

Amongst the ladies present I noticed Mrs Burton Ireland; Miss Gertrude Ireland, who was wearing a pretty blue yachting costume faced with white; Miss J. Ireland, brown velvet, white sailor hat; Mrs Bloomfield (sen.); Mrs Lenthum, in black and green; Mrs Hubert Cox, blouse of mauve Nil silk; Miss Brown (Mt. Eden), charming green frock; Mrs Ware and Miss Wure (Studeroon), the former in black and cream, black hat with large cream bows and wheat ears, the latter wearing a handsome blouse of black and white satin, with frills of black chiffon; Mrs Stevenson, brown moire; Mrs Ruck; Mrs Malinou,

dark costume; Miss Salmon, blouse of pink and white, sailor hat with black velvet and white quills; Miss Horne, tailor-made suit; Mrs Tewlesy, green shot with purple, erise hat; Mrs Tom Mulvaney, navy blue; Miss Gordon, pink, with black bands; Mrs Gillies, black silk, pink bonnet; Miss Gillies; Mrs Seymour George; Miss Kissling; Mrs Burness (Remuera), dainty pink blouse of tucked chiffon; Miss Innes, fawn coat and skirt, hat of a delicate shade of electric blue, trimmed with black and white spotted net and ribbon; Miss Von der Hyde (Sydney), navy serge coat and skirt, crushed strawberry front and black velvet hat with roses; Mrs Arthur Monroe, grey costume; Miss Challis; Miss MacLymont, blouse of chine muslin and lace; Miss Ruth Dudley, cream drill costume, with epaulets of green; Mrs Bamford (Remuera); Miss Newland; Mrs Arnold; Mrs Goodhue; Mrs Paton; Miss Corbett; Miss Banks; Miss Eye Smith; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, stylish fawn jacket and skirt, scarlet blouse and pretty white sailor hat; Mrs Harry Bloomfield looked very pretty in a pale fawn dress, trimmed with pale blue silk and lace, black straw hat relieved with pale blue; Miss Ida George, navy serge costume, sailor hat; Miss Hesketh, pretty tartan blouse, trimmed with frills and narrow lace, dark skirt; Miss Violet Daere looked lovely in a stylish electric blue crepon blouse, over dark skirt, white sailor hat; Mrs Jervis, becoming black serge, with fawn waistcoat; Miss Cuff, black serge jacket and skirt, stylish black straw hat, with dark magenta roses; Miss E. Atkinson, pretty old rose coloured blouse, trimmed with lace insertion, green skirt; Miss M. Whitelaw looked stylish in a Nil green shawer muslin blouse, black skirt; Mrs Mueller, black, black bonnet; Miss George (Epsom), navy; Miss Devereux, pretty green and white blouse, trimmed with grass green ribbons, white felt hat, with green band and black tips; Miss Ross, brown costume; Miss Hattie Brigham, electric blue; Mrs Brigham, black; Miss Dudley, pale green striped blouse, white sailor hat; Mrs MacDonald, electric blue and black striped silk, black bonnet relieved with blue; Mrs F. W. E. Dawson, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Chatfield, navy; Miss Cameron, black; Miss May Cameron, cream serge blouse; Miss Stevenson (Remuera), navy blue flowered dress; Miss — Stevenson, plum coloured dress; Misses McMillan, fawn costumes; Mrs Lyons, cream drill costume; her sister wore a stylish navy serge jacket and skirt, small white gem hat; Miss Thomas, navy and white striped dress; Miss E. Smith, heliotrope blouse, black skirt; Miss Preece, black serge; Miss Fanny Preece, pale blue blouse; etc.

Among the gentlemen were Messrs Laing, Hogg, Lyons, George, MacNeil, Lawford, Orbell, Sutton, Dargaville, Tewlesy, Youngusband, Anderson, Lennox, Stevenson.

Quite a large crowd gathered on Friday evening at the opening of the

HAGEY INSTITUTE'S NEW PREMISES.

About 400 invitations had been sent out, and I was much surprised, as there is a good deal of gaiety this week, to see that at least three-fourths of them had been accepted. We spent a very pleasant evening, as the whole of the new building (Dr. Purchas' late residence in Pitt-street) was thrown open for inspection. There are twenty-two rooms, each beautifully furnished. The social hall is particularly handsome; the paper and dado are very pretty, and the new staining (pollard and maiden oak) of the doors, etc., is effective. This room holds about a hundred people. The two billiard tables in the billiard-room made us quite envy the men, and the kitchens would almost reconcile one to cooking even in the hot weather. The sanitary arrangements are excellent. The dining-hall is upstairs, so that the smell of cooking does not pervade the reception-rooms. The house and spacious grounds were beautifully decorated. Chinese lanterns, also a huge Chinese umbrella, which was used as a tent, flowers, and foliage being an evidence in all directions. Music, vocal and instrumental, was provided, also addresses by Mr McIlveen, President of the Social Club, Dr Wolfenden, D.D., Mr J. P. Caulfield, and Dr Purchas, senior. Sandwiched between the items were

various refreshments, good to look at, and better to taste, provided from Mr McEwin's best supply of such dainties.

The success of this marvellous cure for alcoholism and narcotism seems assured, as, though it has only been opened six months in Auckland, close on one hundred patients have been treated and cured. There was so great a crush, and my list of frocks at other functions is so full, that I cannot give the names of any present.

Mrs T. Brassey gave a charming

AFTERNOON TEA

at her pretty new house, Epsom. Mrs Brassey looked remarkably well in a lovely amber figured silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Puckey, handsome black watered silk; her daughter, black skirt with light silk blouse; Mrs James Russell, black moire antique, large white hat; Mrs Cochrane, very becoming black costume with ecru lace, bonnet covered with roses; her daughter, pretty light dress with large hat; Mrs Bodle, black skirt, black and yellow striped silk blouse; Mrs Mercer, blue; Mrs Pritt, black; Mrs Williams, black; Mrs T. Morrin, tailor-made light grey cloth costume, large black hat; Mrs Beatty, green; Mrs Hardie, very handsome black silk and lace costume, with lovely floral bonnet; Mrs Heather, dark green silk covered with black grenadine; Mrs Rice, black; Mrs Haines, purple and green costume, floral bonnet; Mrs L. D. Nathan, black with deep orange colour trimmings; Mrs F. Bodle, brown and blue, with bonnet to match; the Misses Alexander wore pretty brown costumes; Mrs Barstow, handsome black silk; Miss Barstow, black relieved with white; Mrs Richmond, black; Mrs Jackson, grey, bonnet to match; Mrs Carr, very stylish light costume; Mrs A. Nathan, black; Miss Isaacs, black and Miss Buddle; Mrs and Miss Stewart; Mrs and Miss Whewell; Mrs and Miss Smith; Mrs Aitken Carrick; Mrs and Miss Ruth; Mrs and Miss Herrold; Mrs Ware; Mrs G. Morton; Mrs Greenway, very stylish green cloth gown; Mrs Rees George, Mrs Hamlyn, Mrs Lennox; Mrs Whitney; Miss Shepherd; Mrs S. Morrin; Miss Owen; Mrs Bamford; Mrs Ching; Mrs Gamble; Mrs Hanson; Mrs Whyte; Mrs Otway; Mrs Woolcott; Mrs J. B. Whyte; Mrs Kempthorne; Mrs Brassey; Mrs Cheeseman; and many others. The rooms were all profusely decorated with flowers, roses and poppies predominating. Tea was served in the dining-room, the table being most beautifully decorated with yellow laburnum. Songs were sung during the afternoon by Mesdames Laurie, Ching, Nelson, Gamble; piano solo, Miss Cochrane.

Mr and Mrs Henton, of Denholm, Mount Eden, entertained a large number of their friends at a

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY

on Friday, November 5th. A delightful evening was spent. The host and hostess, who were ably assisted by their charming daughters, left nothing undone that could add to the enjoyment of their guests. The large drawing-room looked like fairyland with the lovely flowers, brilliant lights and handsome dresses of the ladies. About 50 guests were present. Amongst the prettiest dresses, I noticed: Firstly, that of our hostess and her daughters. Mrs Henton looked stylish in a handsome black silk with buttercup blouse; Miss Henton quaintly pretty gown of myosotis blue nun's veiling and figured silk; Miss G. Henton, charming blouse of petunia silk, lovely pearl bertha; Mrs Haslett, artistic gown of black silk and white lace; Mrs Edmiston, handsome costume of dove-grey silk; Mrs T. Read, black silk and crimson; Mrs T. Cousins, becoming blouse of buttercup silk and lace; Mrs J. E. Baker looked extremely well in electric blue silk blouse; Miss Choyce, dainty gown of white silk; Miss Henderson, pretty costume of cream and pale green; Miss Ella Choyce, stylish costume of black velvet; Miss E. Holland, becoming frock of salmon pink silk; Miss Hall (Thames), pretty blouse of sea-foam green silk; Miss Westwood, handsome gown of black and crimson velvet; Miss F. Harrison, coral pink nun's veiling and silk lace; Mrs Hall, silver grey satin, handsomely trimmed with passementerie and lace. The ladies' prize, a handsome fern stand, was won by Mrs Haslett; gentlemen's prize, double inkstand, by Mr F. Sanderson. The booby prizes created much fun and laughter. The ladies', a Japanese doll, was awarded to

Miss E. Holland; the gentlemen's, a comical donkey, was awarded with much merriment, to Mr T. Read. The supper was of the most recherche kind. The table decorations were most artistic, roses of every variety in profusion. The guests did full justice to the dainties, and about midnight we all bid Mr and Mrs Henton good night, declaring the evening to be a great success.

Mrs John May, who is shortly leaving Mount Albert for the Waikato, gave a pleasant little

AFTERNOON TEA

on Thursday, to say farewell to a few of her friends. Country cream, fairy sponge, sandwiches, and other cakes, made excellent refreshments, while friendly chat quickly whiled away the time. Our hostess wore black silk, pretty pale blue silk blouse; Mrs Hoskins, Mount Eden, black satin and lace; Mrs Motion, Western Springs Lodge, mourning dress; Miss Larkins, black crepon finished with shot silk and lace at the throat; Mrs Sellars, black costume; Mrs Keals, mourning dress; Mrs Rattray, black and white striped dress, etc.

The Guild of St. Mary's, Parnell, held a capital

SALE OF WORK

last week towards reducing the debt (£90) on the church. The Parish Hall was very prettily decorated, and the sale was attractive and successful. The stall-keepers at the various stalls were properly costumed, and were as follows: Christmas tree, Mrs H. B. Morton; assistants, Mrs Munro, Misses Chellis, Gillies, and Whitson, also five little flower maidens. English art, Mrs T. Kissling, with the aid of Miss Ethel Wynne, Miss Kissling, and Miss Bailey. Refreshment and produce, Mrs A. V. Macdonald assisted by Mesdames W. W. Philson and Shrewsbury, Misses Cuff, Aileen Hui, E. Kissling, Grant, and Alexander; Chinese art, Misses Horne and Ronayne; sweets, Misses Abbott (2), Burcher, and Hewson; pianoforte stall, Mesdames Harry Gillfillan, D'Arcy, and Colgrove; flowers, Mrs Ruck, assisted by Mesdames Ward, Hugh Campbell, Leatham, and Misses Mowbray, G. Rokrige, and Gertrude Kempthorne.

WEST END ROWING CLUB'S 'AT HOME.'

But as I have said, how can one don airy or spring dress in an uncertain climate like ours, with one day fairly fine, and the next quite wintry and cold. However, on Saturday the opening 'At Home' of the season of the West End Rowing Club was more favoured than other Saturday functions lately. Quite a number of visitors availed themselves of the Club's invitation. The little bay where the rowing club has its anchorage and pavilion was sheltered from the high wind that prevailed on the high roads of Ponsonby. Delicious afternoon tea was dispensed to the visitors, a number of ladies presiding over the tables which were prettily decorated. Some of the dresses I noted were:—Mrs (Dr.) Bedford, in a handsome black silk crepon gown trimmed with jet, cream silk vest, large black hat with cream bow; Mrs S. Hanna, black and white striped print, white sailor hat; Miss Devore looked stylish in black velvet skirt, cream blouse, fawn cape, black velvet picture hat; Miss Colley, pretty pink and white crepon, white hat, black band; Mrs Wilson Smith looked pretty in black merveilleux satin, black hat with touches of red; Miss Harrison, blue tailor-made costume, soft lace blouse; Miss Raynes, pale blue blouse trimmed with moss green, crepon skirt, small hat; Miss Oldham, black serge tailor-made gown, red and white blouse, black hat; Miss Lena Owen, fawn skirt, blue and white striped blouse, white sailor hat; Mrs A. B. Reynolds, black crepon finished with jet, white hat trimmed with cream lace and ribbons; Miss Muriel George looked charming in a heliotrope costume; Miss Nellie Graham, navy serge tailor-made white vest, white sailor hat; Miss Kennedy, navy serge, white vest under black braid, brown sailor hat; Mrs T. Mahoney, heliotrope dress; Miss Lena Butters, stylish fawn costume, floral pink silk blouse, white hat; Mrs H. Griffiths, black silk skirt, pretty blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs C. Griffiths, blue velvet blouse, dark skirt; Miss Kelsher looked pretty in pink floral muslin, chic white hat; Miss Edmiston blue velvet, cream jabot, black boa, white hat; Miss Nellie Edmiston looked dainty in black serge, fur bon; Mrs MacArthur, dark green and

black silk trimmed with jet fringe, floral bonnet; Mrs Morpeth, navy blue tailor-made costume, orange silk blouse, navy and white hat; Miss F. Hudson, white pouge, white sailor hat; Miss Mabel Hudson, heliotrope and white muslin; Mrs Metcalf, black serge, jet bonnet; Miss Laura Haven, pretty maize muslin blouse, black skirt, sailor hat, etc.

PHYLIS BROUNE.

HAMILTON.

Dear Bee, November 6.
On Saturday evening, 30th ult., a pleasant

EUCHRE PARTY

was given by Mrs McGlashan, the occasion being a visit from her daughter (Mrs T. G. Sandes) and a young lady friend, Miss Kissling (Auckland). There were three tables. Miss Hume was the fortunate winner of the first prize, a flower vase; Miss C. Wallnutt, who played as gentleman, won the prize, an inkstand, Miss Barry and Miss I. Cussen being boobies.

Miss Wright (Auckland) is at present on a visit to Mrs (Dr.) Kenny.

On Friday evening, 5th inst., a

SURPRISE PARTY

of nineteen friends visited Mr and Mrs Stevens, Hamilton East, and spent a very pleasant evening at progressive euchre. Mrs Brookfield won first lady's prize, a dainty teapot; Mr J. Edgcombe, first gentleman, a pretty photo frame; the booby prizes falling to Miss C. Wallnutt and Mr Adams.

Mrs Brookfield (Wanganui) is on a visit to Mrs Sandes just now.

Dr. E. Irewis (England) is staying with his brother, Dr. Seymour Irewis.

ZILLA.

DUNEDIN.

Dear Bee, November 6.

On Monday evening Mrs James Mills (Mount Lodge) gave a

LARGE DINNER PARTY

in honour of Miss Webster and Mr Chaffey. The table was most gracefully decorated with sprays of wattle blossom. Those present were:—Mrs Mills, in a handsome white brocade dress, diamond tiara and star; Mrs K. Turnbull (Linnburn Station), black satin, white satin trimmings, and pearl passementerie; Mrs Rose, handsome black satin, trimmings of jet; Miss Webster, pale blue corded silk, trimmed with Brussels lace and pink roses; Miss S. Webster, turquoise blue brocade, the bodice trimmed with frills of blue chiffon; Miss Chaffey (Culverden), black satin, cherry-coloured silk sleeves and sash; Miss Mills, bright rose brocade; Miss Reid (Elderslie), black satin and white lace; Miss Williams, heliotrope satin, black trimmings; Messrs Mills, Turnbull, Webster, Chaffey, Sergeant, Rydome, Ritchie, Captain Craddock, etc., were the men.

On Wednesday, November 3, the wedding between Miss Rosie Webster and Mr Chaffey took place at All Saints' Church. As the description of it will be a very long one, I have to postpone it until next week, when a full account will appear.

The evening of the same day Mrs Sinclair Thomson gave a

MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE

for the bridesmaids—Miss S. Webster, Miss G. Webster, Miss Chaffey (Culverden). Most of the people present were wedding guests. The hall and drawing-room presented a most brilliant appearance with quantities of pot plants, flowers, and shaded lights; the ball-room decorations consisted of greenery, broom, and fairy lights, and one end of it was arranged as a drawing-room. The supper table looked very dainty with green, lilies, pheasant's eye, and narcissi in high specimen vases. Mr and Mrs Thomson received their guests just inside the drawing-room. The latter wore a most handsome pink brocade, and carried a lovely ostrich feather fan. Those present were:—Mrs Webster, lovely black satin trimmed with black chiffon and jet; Mrs Turnbull (Linnburn), black satin, bodice trimmed with white satin and pearl passementerie; Mrs Gould (Oamaru), blue chine silk; Mrs Mills, white brocade, frills of white chiffon; Mrs MacMaster (Tokaraha), lovely yellow corded silk; Mrs Burbury (Oamaru), handsome pale green brocade; Mrs Garland (Oamaru), black satin, pearl ornaments; Miss Webster, blue brocade; Miss G. Webster, pink satin, pink

roses; Miss Chaffey, pale yellow brocade, blue silk sleeves; Miss Saunders (Christchurch), white corded silk; Miss Ford, heliotrope silk trimmed with dark purple velvet; Miss Williams, black silk; Miss M. Williams, white chiffon bodice, black satin skirt; Miss Shand, white bengaline silk; Miss Wright, blue corded silk; Miss E. Ulrich, deep yellow bengaline silk; Miss Reid (Elderslie), blue brocade; Miss B. N. Reid, black satin, pink roses; Miss Macassey, white brocade, the bodice trimmed with pearl passementerie and white chiffon; Miss Graham, black satin; Miss S. Graham, white brocade; Miss K. Royle, handsome yellow satin, the bodice trimmed with spangles; Miss R. Neill, white silk; Miss K. Neill, pink chine silk; Miss Gibson, white silk, pink roses; Miss Rattray, yellow mervellous; Miss K. Rattray, crushed strawberry pompadour silk; Miss Denniston, black satin; Miss Roberts, yellow silk, the bodice made with frills of chiffon and lace; Miss Bartleman, white satin, the zouave covered with guipure lace; Miss Morris, white brocade; Miss MacLaren, grey satin; Miss E. Neill, black satin; Miss Driver, white corded silk; Miss H. Driver, black satin; Miss MacLean, white silk. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Thomson, Mills, E. Chaffey (Oamaru), Webster, H. Webster, E. Webster, Sergeant, Ritchie, Reid, Teschemaker (Oamaru), H. Teschemaker, J. Allen, Burbury, Crawford, Sale, Morris, C. Morris, Oldham, Graham, G. Graham, Wright, Marshall, Kettle, Macassey, Muir (Invercargill), Turnbull, Black, Cheeseman, Royle, Gibson, Haggitt, Fisher, Ponsoby, Ayres, Archdeacon Gould, Dr. Garland, Captain Craddock, etc.

AILEEN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, November 5th.
Mr and Mrs J. P. Maxwell gave a delightful AFTERNOON 'AT HOME' on Monday afternoon. A large and

smart assemblage of guests assembled at their charming house in Hobson-street. The croquet lawn proved a great attraction during the afternoon, and the garden looked unusually bright, the trees being in perfect leaf, and the flower beds gay with bright spring blossoms and stately arum lilies, and they proved a charming outlet, preventing any crushing inside the house. A band was stationed in a room adjoining the hall, and during the afternoon played a selection of popular music, and a most delicious afternoon tea was dispensed in the large dining-room, Mrs W. Moorhouse and the Misses Izard, Moorhouse, Cooper, and Dransfield assisting the hostess at the tea table, where the floral decorations were extremely beautiful, the whole house, indeed, being filled with lovely flowers. The hostess wore black and yellow silk with jet embroidery; her sister Mrs Moorhouse, looking remarkably well in a gown of black cloth, the mauve silk waistcoat and lappels of which were appliqued in black; Mrs W. Johnston wore black satin, beautifully embroidered with white lace, and black and white bonnet; Mrs Rhodes wore black the bodice and trimming being composed of dark green velvet, and black and gold toque; Mrs Williams looked well in black brocade and Italian lace and pretty cream bonnet, her daughters being in dark green cloth gowns, the boleros opening over dainty cream chiffon waistcoats, with gold belts and pretty toques of pale blue, and pink and white chiffon and roses, a very smart tailor-made gown was worn by Mrs Travers, of black ribbed cloth with white braided revers and pink silk waistcoat and dainty toque of black aigrettes and pink chiffon, and roses of the same shade; Mrs Williams (Dunedin) looked very chic in a greatly-admired gown of soft grey cloth, and gloves and toque to match; Mrs Denniston wore black; Mrs Pynsent wore black brocade with a waistcoat and revers of soft old lace, and most becoming bonnet of white and mauve, lilac and black chiffon and

lace. A great many members of the House were present, among the number being Captain Russell, Mr Miller (Speaker of the Upper House), Mr Herries, Mr Oliver, Mr Buchanan, and several others, and among the very many other guests there I noticed Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mrs Brandon, Mrs McPherson, Mrs Rieyoulda and her daughter (Dunedin), Mrs Goring, Misses Butts, Miss Butts, and the Misses Cooper, Moorhouse, Johnston, Brandon, Coleridge, Bell (Nelson), Richmond and Blackett (2), and Messrs Chayter, Hadfield, Anson, Cox, Carlisle, Russell, Cooper, Rolleston, and many more.

CLARICE.

Dear Dee, November 4.
A most enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Mrs Findlay in her beautiful new house last Friday. Both the rooms upstairs and downstairs were open to the guests. A delicious tea was laid in the dining-room and the table very prettily decorated with lilac and green silk. Mrs Findlay received her guests in a black silk skirt and becoming yellow silk blouse, trimmed with jet. Among those who were present were Mrs Napier Bell (Dunedin), wearing a blue tailor-made costume, and jet bonnet, with scarlet flowers; Mrs Oliver, in a handsome red brocade gown, with panels of velvet to match, edged with passementerie, large brown hat, with feathers, and sable cape; Mrs Judge Williams (Dunedin), neat grey tailor-made costume and black and violet toque; Lady Stout, brown braided costume, and toque to match; Mrs Butts, black silk gown, trimmed with white, and black bonnet, with white aigrettes; Miss Butts, green costume; Mrs Field, grey tweed costume, and pretty toque, trimmed with pink roses and white lace; Mrs J. Mackenzie, fawn costume and bonnet of black velvet, with red flowers; Mrs Symons, red dress, trimmed with velvet to match and bead passementerie, floral toque; Mrs Samuel, livery green tailor-made suit and felt hat to match; Mrs

Judge Denniston (Dunedin), black costume; Mrs Mackenzie, brown jacket and skirt, yellow silk front, and brown sailor hat; Mrs Todd, fawn tailor-made suit, and green toque, with violets; Mrs Stafford, green costume, trimmed with handsome passementerie, and pretty pink bonnet; Miss Stafford, white muslin and white sailor hat; Mrs Ewin, neat green suit and black hat, with tips and pink roses; Mrs N. Reid, brown costume; Miss Reid, black skirt and pretty silk blouse, black velvet hat, with feathers; Mrs (Dr.) Young, black and white costume; Mrs Capt. Rose, green costume and pretty gold bonnet, with white flowers; Miss Rose, blue braided Eton costume and large black hat, trimmed with feathers and flowers; Mrs Butt, Mrs and Miss Blair, Mrs and Miss Gore, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs Gavin, Mrs and Miss Lingard, Mrs Ewart, Mrs W. R. E. Brown, Mrs and Miss Edwards, and others.

On the same afternoon the Wellington College Boys' Sports were held. Unfortunately, just as all the much interested mothers and fathers had arrived it began to rain hard, so that a great many people left at once, while those remaining wedded their way to the schoolroom, where a very dainty and refreshing tea was laid, and was very much appreciated, as the weather was so cold and stormy. I noticed Mrs Firth, wearing a neat white duck costume and white sailor hat; Mrs Macrae, in a black silk gown, trimmed with jet, and pretty black and pink bonnet; Mrs Seddon, green costume and black bonnet, with pink roses; Miss Seddon, navy blue braided dress, and white sailor hat; Mrs Rhind, black suit and becoming toque trimmed with violets; Mrs Watson, navy blue tailor-made costume and black and red bonnet; Mrs Tollhurst, black silk costume; Miss Tollhurst, brown crepon cape and skirt and toque to match, trimmed with yellow flowers; Miss L. Tollhurst, black silk skirt and pretty pale blue silk blouse, toque trimmed with jet and blue rib-

Pears' Soap.

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

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Erasmus Wilson

Prof. Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.
Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

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

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

Lilly Langtry

bon; Mrs Barron, grey jacket and skirt, black and pink bonnet; Miss Barron, a fawn tailor-made costume and white sailor hat; Mrs Haselden, black crepon costume and small black hat with tips; Mrs Fulton, brown cloth costume and black and yellow bonnet; Lady Stout, brown braided tailor-made costume and becoming toque, trimmed with yellow; Mrs and Miss Watkins, the latter wearing a neat blue serge costume and black sailor hat; Miss Hislop, blue jacket and skirt, and white sailor hat; Mrs Litchfield, black crepon gown and short frilled cape, gold bonnet, trimmed with white flowers; Miss Fairchild, fawn costume; Miss Friend, blue serge jacket and skirt and white sailor hat; Miss Montgomery, blue serge costume and fawn felt hat with wings; Miss Glover, black braided costume and white sailor hat; Miss Harding, black jacket and skirt and black velvet hat trimmed with jet and feathers; Miss H. Harding was wearing a neat grey tailor-made costume and white sailor hat; Mrs J. King, black costume and white sailor hat; Miss Bendall, green skirt and light blouse, white sailor hat; and many others.

Miss Borlase issued a number of invitations for the breaking up of her dancing class, which was held at Thomas Hall last Friday night. Several reels and other dances were gracefully danced by her pupils, and the prizes were presented by Lady Stout. Among the little ones I noticed the Misses Lawson (2), Brandon, Higginson, Fulton, Somerville, Nation, Williams, Collins, Elliott, Burke (2), Harcourt, and Coleridge. A number of grown ups were also present to watch the pretty dances performed by the enthusiastic pupils.

A very small dance was given by Mrs C. Johnston on Tuesday night. Among the few who were present were the Misses Grace, E. Johnston, Williams, Bell (Dunedin), Montgomery (Wanganui), Coleridge, and the Messrs Grace, Johnston, Gore, Higginson, Duncan and Cooper.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, October 26.

At the opening of the

BOWLING SEASON

Mrs Baigent wore a handsome gown of black silk, with trimmings on the bodice of white, small hat en suite; Miss Baigent looked well in a light tweed costume, toque to match; Mrs de Castra, smart coat and skirt of grey covert coating, vest of flowered silk, hat and gloves en suite; Mrs Robison, chic costume of soft grey tweed, bolero bodice, with deep belt of black satin, and a small vest of bright red, toque en suite; Mrs Spaul, an English-made gown of green, trimmed with silk to match, green straw hat; Mrs Watts wore black; Mrs Percy Adams, fawn coat and skirt, large hat profusely trimmed with blue chiffon and red roses; Mrs Sweet, deep violet costume, hat to match; Mrs Heaps; Miss Heaps, blue cloth costume, trimmed with black braid, sailor hat; Mrs Sealy wore black, jet bonnet, with red roses; Miss Huddleston, black serge coat and skirt, with waistcoat of cornflower blue, hat to match; Mrs Ponsonby; Miss Stewart Forbes, black gown, large black hat, with coloured flowers; Miss Huyter, pretty costume of green, becoming hat to match, trimmed with pink roses; Miss L. Ledger; Mrs and Miss Roberts; Mrs Lightfoot; Miss Lightfoot, black serge skirt, white blouse, with bright red belt and tie, sailor hat, with red ribbons; Miss C. Jones; Miss Webb-Bowen, tailor-made costume of black serge, white straw sailor hat; Miss F. Webb-Bowen, light green coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Leggatt; the Misses Edwards (3); Mrs T. Campbell; Miss F. Campbell, dark costume, large black hat, profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs C. Watts, black costume and bonnet; Mrs Robison.

On Saturday evening there was a meeting of the

GIRLS' CLUB

in connection with the Girls' College. It was held as usual in the large lecture hall of the College, and there were a large number of both past and present pupils, besides several friends, present. The programme was most interesting. Songs were sung by the Misses Kate Hurdstone, Leggatt, McEwan, K. Fell, Long, Fair, and Norman; Mrs A. Grace gave a recitation, and last, but not by any means

least, a farce was very cleverly acted by the Misses Blackett, Maud Harris, Tomlinson, Houliker, and Livesay. Miss Gibson wore a pretty evening blouse of light silk, black skirt; Miss Gribben, flowered silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Watt, blue silk evening blouse, trimmed with white lace, black skirt; Miss Pearce, dark dress. There were also present Mesdames Blackett, Bain, Houliker, Tomlinson, and a Grace, the Misses Fell (2), Richmond, Batchelor (2) (Dunedin), Leggatt, Oldham, Jackson, Lightfoot, Bunny, Harris (2), Blackett (2), Livesay, Houliker, Ledger (2), Perrin, Catley, and many others.

PHYLLIS.

Dear Bee, Nelson, Nov. 2, 1897.

The weather has been most changeable lately. We are getting quite tired of so much rain. One morning last week there was a sharp frost, and in the country a hail storm, which did a great deal of harm to the young fruit and vegetables. Many were disappointed on Saturday that the Brook Tennis Courts were not opened. The afternoon was fine, but the previous heavy rain had made the courts quite unfit for play.

There were some smart frocks worn at the

HARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT

on Thursday evening. The soloists were Mrs Percy Adams, who wore a handsome black silk gown finished with bright blue on the bodice; Mrs Walker, pink evening dress; Miss Pratt, heliotrope crepon, finished with chiffon; and Miss Hunt, who looked well in cream silk lustre, with ribbons to match. Amongst the audience were Mrs Watts, black dress, handsome white opera cloak, pretty lace cap; Mrs Sweet (India), amber satin evening dress; Mrs C. Watts, white fur-trimmed opera cloak over black gown; Mrs Colt, black silk and lace, Honiton lace cap; Mrs Broad (England), handsome black silk gown; Miss Broad (England) looked well in pale blue silk evening blouse, trimmed with rich lace, black skirt; Mrs Pitt, black evening dress; Mrs Sealy also wore black trimmed with jet, lace cap; Miss F. Sealy, becoming heliotrope evening gown, the bodice being mostly of chiffon; Miss N. Burnett, soft white silk blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs Robison, pink flowered silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Danby (Sydney), pretty blouse of forget-me-not blue silk and chiffon, black silk skirt; Mrs Bell, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs A. Grace, black evening dress; Mrs A. Mackay, petunia velvet; Mrs W. Harley, handsome gown of claret satin; Mesdames Blackett, Tomlinson, Perrin, Robison, Bunny, Fell, Humphries, Edwards, Harris, etc. Miss Richmond, black evening dress, with sleeves of black and white silk; the Misses Batchelor (Dunedin), both were attired in stylish evening dresses; Miss Fell, heliotrope blouse trimmed with white lace, white satin skirt; Miss G. Fell, pretty silk evening blouse, black skirt; the Misses Webb-Bowen (2) were becoming blouses of bright red silk, black skirts; Miss Ethel Mackay, pink opera cloak over dark gown; Miss W. Hunter Brown, effective gown of brown velvet; Miss Miles, white opera cloak, dark dress; Miss Catley, shot silk blouse, black crepon skirt; Miss Ledger, black and white striped silk; Miss L. Ledger, pretty grey silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Stewart-Forbes, heliotrope evening dress; Miss M. Cook, black evening dress; Miss Bunny, pink and white muslin; Miss Huddleston, sea green evening dress; Miss Huyter, becoming evening blouse, dark skirt; Miss Blackett, green crepon blouse trimmed with jet, etc.

PHYLLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, November 4.
We have had nothing but rain, rain, for the last month, so we made up our minds that the West End

TENNIS CLUB

would have to put off their opening for about the third time, but on Saturday forenoon it cleared up a little, so found us all in the best of spirits, thoroughly prepared to enjoy ourselves. Although the grass was wet, a great many people assembled at the courts. Afternoon tea was provided by the committee, and some enjoyable games were played by the men, and three or four of the ladies. Among those there I noticed Mrs

Penn, black costume, white skirt front, and hat to match; Miss C. Hamerton, navy blue; Miss Thomson, black skirt, white blouse, pretty sailor hat; Miss Reed, white blouse, brown skirt, Mrs Leatham, serge costume, crepe blouse, brown hat with butterfly; Miss G. Hamerton, black crepe vest, Miss Kyngdon, navy trimmed with white braid, pale blue and white front; Mrs J. Wilson, blue, and blue and white striped shirt blouse; Miss Bedford, navy blue costume, crepe front, and hat to match; Miss Berry, fawn skirt, pretty holland blouse; Miss McIntosh, tweed costume, black hat; Miss Smith, green and pink; and her sister, black and green; Miss Fraser, a stylish black costume, white blouse, hat to match; Miss K. Fraser, black, red hat; Miss Campbell (Nelson), black, green vest; Miss N. Webster, spotted blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Allen, stylish blue coat and skirt, fawn vest, and large fawn hat; Misses Holdsworth, navy blue costumes, white shirt fronts, and white Tam-o-Shanter hats; Misses Fookes, black costumes; Miss Rochfort, black, with white front, and white hat; Miss Arrow, brown; Miss Kirkby, very pretty blue shirt blouse, navy blue, dark skirt; Miss B. Kirkby, fawn and green, pretty white hat; Miss Dalziel, black and yellow; Miss Norah Skeet, brown; Miss Corrigan, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Taunton, black costume, orange silk front; Miss Knight, brown and black boa; Mrs Maurison, dark skirt, black and white blouse; Miss V. Bayley, black and white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs A. Kirkby, navy coat and skirt, dart vest; Miss Tucke, black; and the following gentlemen were present:—Messrs Wilson, Tuke, Smith, Taylor, Didsbury, Turton, Lusk, A. E. Clarke, Govett, Forte, Fookes, Dr. Leatham, and others.

NANCY LEE.

PICTON

Dear Bee, November 3rd.

A

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT was held at Koromiko on Thursday evening for the benefit of the Sunday School attached to 'St. John's in the Wilderness.' A recitation was given by Miss E. Bragg, and songs were sung by Misses Drummond, Singleton, E. Cresswell, E. and A. Horn, and E. Neal; one or two banjo solos by Miss Millington, of Picton, and some dialogues and farces were interspersed through the musical portion of the entertainment. There was a good audience who quite appreciated the efforts of the young people in their work. On Monday, which is Marlborough's

ANNIVERSARY DAY,

the teachers of the Koromiko Sunday School held their annual treat, which in spite of the threatening weather was a great success. In Picton we had a great Gala Day. The Corporation flag floated proudly over Victoria Domain, and all the world and his wife turned out to see the cricket season open with a match between Picton and Kenepuru, on Nelson square. Some boat races were to have been rowed off, but boisterous weather caused them to be postponed till a more auspicious occasion.

The Public Hall was so crowded at the entertainment in the evening that it was next door to impossible to see who were there, let alone describe dresses. It is so much the fashion to agitate now, that I think the press should agitate for a press gallery attached to all public buildings, so that correspondents may get an uninterrupted view of all the dresses. Among those present in the audience I noticed, Mrs and the Misses Gard (2), Mr and Mrs John Duncan (Queen Charlotte Sound), Mrs J. Greensill (2), Mrs and Misses Allen (2), Mrs and Misses Sealy (2), Mr and Mrs Fell, Mr and Mrs Stowe, Mrs Howard (Hilneheim), Mrs Scott, Mrs Philpotts, Mrs Morris; Miss J. Seymour (Tynesfield), Misses Western (4), Captain Dalton (Koromiko), Mrs C. C. Howard, Mrs J. H. Howard, Misses Harris (2), Mrs and Misses Fuller (2), Miss Divens, Mrs Erson, Misses Webster (2), Mrs Harvey, Misses Climple (2), Mrs Speed, Mrs Bailie, Misses Linton (2), Mr and Mrs Oxtley, Miss McOrnith, Mrs Godfrey, Mrs Craig, Misses Smith (3), Misses Lloyd (2), Misses France (2), Mr and Misses Reeves, Mr Orr (Hilneheim), Miss Williams, Mr and Mrs G. Smith, Mr Andrews, Mr and Mrs Miles, Captain and Miss Cummings, Misses Greensill, etc.

BLLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, November 2.

I don't know if we have been more unfortunate than other places in the matter of weather, but at any rate the Wairau plains seem to have been the battlefield of the elements lately, and last Wednesday, after a fine morning, there was a furious wind, a thunderstorm, a hailstorm, and at night a frost, which blackened the tops of the early potatoes. The cold night, however, was very suitable for the social given by the lady friends of the members of the Fire Brigade, for it is rather late in the season for dancing, and the unusually cold night was very acceptable to the heated dancers, for Ewart's Hall, in which the dance took place, was taxed to the uttermost to provide dancing room for the very large number present, estimated by some to be about 300. The walls of the hall were, by means of greenery of all sorts, flags, and curtains, completely covered, and in several places the brass nozzles were symmetrically arranged and adorned with flowers. A handsome mirror was placed across one corner and artistically draped, beneath which stood a card-table; a comfortable lounge and chairs in the opposite corner were also furnished with a table, where many were enabled to while away the time when not inclined to dance. The idea of placing card-tables in the hall itself was a very happy one, as one could alternate observation of the merry dancers with an interesting game of cards. The Garrison Band played some of the dances, Mr Corry, on the piano, and Mr E. Rose, cornet, some, and Miss Player and another young lady, whose name I could not ascertain, the extras. The term 'social' is supposed to indicate that singing, as well as dancing, should be included on the programme, and on this occasion it had been arranged that there should be two songs between each dance; but after 'Queen of the Earth,' by Mr Jeffries, 'The Storm,' by Mr Orr, a song each by Mr Miller and Mr S. Connolly, and a recitation by Miss Wakelin, the vocal numbers were all struck out. The supper, which was contributed by the ladies, was a triumph, both as regards material and arrangement, and was set out at the back of the stage on a long table, which was tastefully decked with lovely flowers. The promoters of the social were so pleased with the success of their undertaking that they think seriously of having one annually.

Yesterday, our Anniversary Day, the Presbyterian and Wesleyan Sunday Schools held their annual picnic, the former at Meadowbank, the latter, in the Taylor Pass. Crowded vehicles of all kinds passed, laden with shouting children, who carried gay flags, souvenirs, I expect, of Jubilee time.

FRIDA.

THE AUCKLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

The officials of the Auckland Agricultural Association are to be congratulated on the ever-increasing interest which the public in town as well as in the country take in the great Northern Agricultural Exhibition of the year. Everyone is looking forward to the event this year, and if the weather is only favourable we may expect to see a very large gathering at Epsom on Friday and Saturday first. We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the various attractions connected with the exhibition. It will be seen by the list of events mentioned there that the Show will in every respect be worth visiting on both days. The driving and hunting competitions, the leaping matches, and the sheep-dog trials are among the items that even those quite unversed in agricultural matters cannot fail to appreciate, and this year they will be more attractive than ever. Excellent arrangements for refreshments have as usual been made, so that those spending the day at Epsom will not lack the creature comforts.

THE FLORENTINE BROTHERS OF MERCY.

One morning in Florence, while walking past the Campanile in the Piazza del Duomo, I saw a great crowd of Florentines—men, women, and children—gathered about the doors of a building near the Cathedral. They were talking in loud tones and gesticulating wildly, their eyes large with excitement.

As I halted and stood watching them and wondering what the trouble might be, for their faces were grave, the bell in the neighbouring church clung out three times, and instantly a great hush fell upon the crowd and the people crossed themselves devoutly.

Then out of the building hurried a strange procession of men. They wore long black gowns, girdled about with a cord, and black hoods that completely concealed their faces and necks, leaving only their eyes visible. Suspended over their left arms they carried their broad-brimmed black hats. Eight of them bore what appeared to be a bier.

The crowd parted instantly to right and left to let them pass, men reverently baring their heads. The procession rapidly made its way through the Piazza del Duomo toward the Ponte Vecchio, which spans the river near the Cathedral, followed closely by the crowd. Interested and curious to know what it all meant, I followed too.

As I approached the bridge I saw another large crowd further on assembled about some object in the street. This crowd also instantly parted and the procession passed through. As it reached the centre of the crowd it halted. Then those bearing the bier-like burden placed it upon the ground. I was able at once to guess the meaning of it all. On his back in the street lay a man quite dead, clutching in his right hand a whip, in his left a portion of a broken bridle rein. Beside him lay his hat and a basket. His horse had thrown him violently against the stone steps leading up to the bridge.

A hooded man knelt beside the corpse, tore open the dead man's shirt at the throat and placed his ear above the still heart. Then shook his head gravely and rose to his feet. Tenderly they lifted the corpse in their arms and placed it within the litter and then moved slowly away. All this time not one word had been spoken by any one. One might have thought that the crowd had suddenly been struck dumb.

But now the people, as they sadly dispersed, broke out into a great chattering. Many retraced their steps to the Cathedral murmuring prayers meanwhile and counting their beads. I followed them, only to find a larger crowd assembled there than I had yet seen.

From a city guide who was standing near me I got, for a consideration, an explanation of the strange and picturesque sight I had just witnessed.

'La Misericordia, signorina,' he said. 'They have their headquarters here in the Piazza. A very old society, founded 500 years ago during a great plague that visited the city.'

'Then they are not priests?' I asked.

'No, signorina; La Misericordia is a fraternal society. Any Florentine who is an honourable man may belong. Even the very highest consider it an honour to be one of these brothers. Both King Humbert and the Archbishop of Florence are honorary members.'

'The society is formed from all classes, both aristocrats and men of the people giving their services voluntarily. And not only do they give their services, but each brother pays yearly a sum of money as large as he can afford into the society's funds.'

'When an accident occurs in Florence or a man or woman falls ill upon the streets, this bell in the steeple above us—this is the Church of the Misericordia—tolls twice. Instantly a crowd gathers in the cathedral piazza to learn the news, while the brothers hurry with their litter to the scene of the trouble. If the bell tolls twice and then again three times, we know that the result has been fatal.'

'Every day a certain number of men belonging to the society remain at headquarters for duty. When called upon by the ringing of the bell they don gowns and hoods and hurry on their blessed errand of mercy. When on duty they never reveal

Specially prepared as a Beautifier of the Skin & Complexion.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S
CELEBRATED
ARSENICAL TOILET SOAP.

Is prepared with special beautifying ingredients and will produce the most lovely Complexion, free from blotch, blemish, coarseness, reduces, freckles, or pimples. Delicately and expensively perfumed. One Shilling per Tablet. Doctor's certificate with each case, certifying to its harmlessness, purity, and beautifying qualities. Beware of injurious imitations. At all Chemists & Stores. *Madama Adolina Patti* writes: "I find Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap most excellent." S. HAWKEY, 5, Deans Street, London Bridge, Eng.

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LIST OF SUCCESSORS FOR THE YEAR 1897.

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 228 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.

Last Term began Tuesday, Sept. 21st.

Premier Vinolia Soap

FOR DELICATE SENSITIVE IRRITABLE SKINS

VINOLIA CREAM (For Itching, Sunburn, Insect Bites), 4 sizes.
VINOLIA POWDER (For Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery), 4 sizes

their faces. If for any reason it becomes necessary for a brother to raise his hood, he dare not recognise any one, though it be his own mother or his dearest friend. For the strict laws of the society prohibit him from doing so. Not even when nursing the sick may he speak to those about him.

'La Misericordia does not believe that the left hand should know the good deeds of the right. Only in one way can a Florentine know anything of the identity or social standing of one of these brothers, and that is by his boots. Often in a long procession the heavy boots of a workman may be seen beneath his robe next to the polished ones of a gentleman.

'On returning from an errand of mercy the brothers enter the Cathedral two by two. As the first two put their feet on the church steps they turn to the next two and say 'May God reward you.' And the second two reply, 'And you also.' This is repeated as the procession advances up the aisle until all have saluted. Then quietly and secretly they disperse.'

La Misericordia is greatly respected in Florence. Men always bare their heads when they pass a brother in the street and women cross themselves and murmur a blessing. The society does its work with remarkable order and system.

Years ago the brothers wore red robes. Even now all do not wear black, for those living outside of Florence proper dress in pure white. If an accident occurs without the city limits the white robed brothers bear the injured person to the city's gates and there deliver him to the brothers in black. For only La Misericordia of Florence proper are permitted to carry an injured person or touch a dead one within the walls of the city.

Preceded by a servant, also dressed in black, and wearing a large square collar and a hat like that worn by the Florentine police, a procession of these brothers carrying the dead or wounded through the streets, is both a strange and beautiful sight. The servant does all the conversing. But even he does not know whom the men he is serving are.

La Misericordia is the ambulance corps of Florence, and whether it be famine, accident, or some dread disease, they go bravely anywhere and everywhere to rescue and care for the sick or to bury the dead.

They are perhaps not so quick in service as our great ambulance corps in America are. They do not dash up and then dash away again. But gently and quietly—with many a tender touch and many a kind word—they pass about among rich and poor, giving a cup of cold water here, caring for a sick one there, and carefully bearing those who fall ill or die upon the streets to their homes, saying, as do the King's Daughters of our own land, that it is done 'in His name.'

EFFECT OF THE MOON ON VARIOUS PEOPLE.

'If you see the new moon over your right shoulder it's good luck all the month—over the left shoulder being bad luck, of course. 'If you meet the new moon face to face with money in your pocket you will have that kind of money in your pocket for a month—and so on, this last being taken from an old black-letter treatise on 'things worth knowing.' Everywhere in the world the idea prevails among those who lack scientific training that anything falling to the lot of man when the moon is waxing will likewise increase, similarly decreasing while the moon wanes. The Hindoo troubled with warts looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it—and when the moon goes so does the wart. If you fall ill you can be cured by herbs gathered in the full of the moon.

The Moslems in the kingdom of Oudh cure insomnia, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and similar evils by stationing the sufferer with a basin of water in his hands in the light of the full moon in such a way that its refulgent image shines directly from the liquid into his eyes. Then, without moving his gaze, he is required to swallow the water at a draught.

In Northern India the people lay out food in the full moon that comes in the months corresponding to our September and October, half of each,

DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

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

THE FRUIT SEASON and BIRD'S CUSTARD.
BIRD'S CUSTARD advantageously takes the place of cream with Fresh, Stewed or Tinned Fruits. So rich yet will not 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!

Stocksellers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard & Bird's Concentrated Egg Powder, Bird's Baking and Bird's Black-Range Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

and give it to their friends as a means of insuring longevity. That same night the girls pour water in the moonlight, saying they are getting rid of the cold weather.

It was long ago noted that the Yorkshire maids do worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling upon an earthen stone, and Lady Wilde says that the Irish damsels drop on their knees when they first catch sight of the new moon and say: "Oh, moon, leave us as well as you found us." In India the natives take seven threads from the end of their turbans and give them to the new moon with a prayer.

The spots on the moon are caused by many persons or things. Sometimes it is a man with a ragot on his back, sent thither for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. Chaucer calls him a thief and puts a thornbush on his shoulders. Dante says it is no less a criminal than Cain. Shakespeare provides a dog to keep him company.

Hindoo keep, not a man, but a hare, in the moon, and the well-known connection in the minds of the man in the moon and insanity may account for the statement regarding the March hare, and possibly the thornbush may be the distinctive covering of the latter. At any rate, this is as good guessing as a lot of the sun myth people have done, while Baring-Gould identifies the moon children, Bill and Hunki of the Northern mythology, with Jack and Gill of the nursery rhyme.

The Greenland Esquiman believes that the sun and moon were originally brother and sister. She, being teased by him past ordinary endurance, seized some lambchick and rubbed it on his face. Then she ran, her brother after. Finally she went so fast she rose up into the air and became the sun, while her sooty-faced brother turned into the moon. In Samoa, when a great famine oppressed the people, the moon rose one night, big and round, like a bread-fruit. A patient mother, unable to quiet the pangs of her little one, looked up and

said: "Why don't you come down and let my baby have a bit of you?" This made the moon so angry that she simply picked up both mother and child, and they have been there ever since.

All sailors are certain that sleeping in tropical moon rays will either make them cross-eyed or blind. On the American vessel El Captain a year or two ago a number of the crew, disregarding the advice of their fellows during a spell of hot weather, slept on the deck in the moonlight, and soon after went completely blind at night, though they could see as well in the daytime as ever. The skipper of the ship reported the occurrence, and with it made a statement to the effect that up to that time he had been a disbeliever in the so-called moon blink. Paul Eve Stevenson reports that he, too, was hurriedly awakened on his way to New York from the Bahamas with the assurance from the captain that all sorts of things would happen to him if he slept in moonlight. This is a disease unknown to the medical profession.

MOST PRECIOUS STONES.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE VALUE OF RUBIES.

"To the question, "Which is the most valuable precious stone?" nine people out of every ten at least will, without the slightest hesitation, reply, "The diamond," said a dealer in gems to a Washington "Star" writer. "But the value of a good-sized diamond cannot approach that of a ruby of the correct colour and similar dimensions.

"The worth of small rubies—stones that are of less than a carat—is, if anything, rather less than that of diamonds of a like description, but the rare occurrence of large specimens of that dark carmine tint which is looked upon as the sine qua non of a perfect ruby causes the value of these gems to increase in a far greater proportion than in the case of diamonds. Rubies weighing more than four carats are so exceptional that when a perfect one of five carats is brought to the market it will command ten times as high a sum as a diamond of the same weight, while rubies of six carats, without crack or flaw and of the proper colour, would, in all probability, bring as high a price as \$3,000 per carat, or fifteen times as much as a diamond of like size and faultlessness.

"All over the East rubies are regarded with the greatest possible favour, and so it has been from the earliest times of which we have any record. The finest specimens are found in Burmah, and from time immemorial it has been a law of that country that all rubies of above a certain size are the property of the King, whoever may have been fortunate enough to find them. It is thought to this day there are concealed in Burmah among the treasures which the British invasion caused to be hidden away rubies of far greater size and value than any which have up to now been seen either in Europe or this country.

"The law which gave fine rubies to the ruler of the land has undoubtedly caused the destruction in modern times of many magnificent specimens of this gem, for the finders of larger stones than usual have, whenever the opportunity was favourable, broken them into fragments, each weighing less than a carat, to insure themselves the possession of several rubies incomparably less valuable, it is true, than the original in which they were once united, but still their own instead of the King's."

CURE FOR WEAK NERVES.

The natural antidote for weak nerves is the health development of the muscles—that is of the general muscular system, instead of special muscles only. This can be done only by active exercise in the open air, which thoroughly oxygenates the blood and wastes the muscular tissues, thus preparing them to be replenished from the food elements of the blood. This constant waste and rebuilding are vital processes that measure vitality and efficiency. When these go on healthfully, nervousness is never present, except by some flagrant abuse of the digestive functions, some unwise drain of a vital fluid, or some exhausting tension of the mind. Therefore steer clear of these, and give proper attention to the muscles, and nervousness will be avoided.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO WOULD GO TO A DANCE.

"I went to such a delightful dance last night," said a young lady, by name Miss Elsie Kelly, of 42, Palmer-street, Darlington, thereby disclosing the fact that life still contained pleasures and comforts for her. "But," continued she, "less than a month ago, however, I never expected to be able to dance again, as I was suffering most virulently from a fearful attack of anaemia that threatened to cut my existence short. You see, I'm in my teens, and am consequently at an age that is critical to all Australian girls. My trouble began with indigestion in the most cruel form. Without apparent reason, I found myself forced to live on small pieces of toast, water biscuits, bovril, and such light food, and even the digestion of these occasioned me the greatest pain; so bad was I that I was even unable to take vegetables. Excessive palpitation of the heart also distressed me acutely, and this became so exhausting that even if I merely went up the stairs (a short flight) my heart would beat with such terrific force against my side that I could hear it plainly, and I was compelled to sink into a chair for several minutes to recover my breath, and till the excited heart-beating quietened somewhat. I was even unable to walk the hill on the eastern portion of the Domain, near Woolloomooloo, without support. My kneecaps swelled to an extraordinary size, and sharp, shooting pains would dart persistently down my legs if I essayed to walk; the agony was as unendurable as if I'd been struck with red hot iron rods. Frequently I was compelled to put my legs off the ground on to a chair so as to ease the awful pain in my knees. If I did go for a walk, when I returned, after suffering excruciating agony all the way, I would be quite unable to sleep—an unprecedented occurrence with me. At times, also, I was attacked by headaches, my face was always pale, dark rings came like stains under my eyes, which lost their lustre. I

was also totally unable to ride my bicycle. I had always a nauseating taste in my mouth, and my gums turned to a peculiar white colour. My breathing was forced and difficult, while I always felt so ill, so tired, and so thoroughly done up in every way that I could neither go out nor remain at home with composure. These fearful sufferings continued for three weeks, and my mother, in a frenzy of fright, consulted a well-known doctor. "It's anaemia," he said, "and that is terrible complaint. Her blood is poverty stricken, and likely enough this is the first stage of consumption. My mother suggested a trial of Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as she had heard a most satisfactory account of them; but the medico merely shrugged his shoulders, looked imperturbable, and remarked deprecatingly, "Try them if you like."

"She did like, and that probably," said the young lady with a flash of spirit, "is the reason I am here to-day in perfect health to tell you all about it. I took the Pills according to directions, and shortly afterwards a change for the better resulted, whilst a little later on I found myself wholly and totally cured. Pains, puffiness, heart-palpitation, indigestion, headaches, sleeplessness, the nauseous taste in my mouth, the restlessness and the constant feeling of despondency were all swept from my system. The blushes came back to my cheeks, the sparkle to my eyes, the sprightliness to my step, the buoyant feeling to my heart, the dark circles disappeared from under my eyes, and my gums regained their natural colour of red. In short I was a new person, better and stronger even than before I had been ill. This is the first time I have ever had sickness in my life, and I only hope that if I should ever fall ill again I will have this complete, wonderful, and sovereign remedy with me.

Mrs Kelly corroborated every word that her daughter had said, making many kindly references to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which she assured us she would recommend to all who came within

Health and Strength RESTORED

BY THE USE OF
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. M. A. Cumming, 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 Bileousness.
Sugar-Coated, Mild but Effective

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

Makes the
Finest Beverage
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FOR MAKING
NON-INTOXICATING
BEER
IMITATED, BUT
NOT EQUALLED.

One Tablespoonful of Mason's Extract of Herbs makes One Gallon of splendid Non-Intoxicating Beer.

The Most Refreshing and Pleasantest Beverage obtainable.

Mason's Wine Essences

for making NON-INTOXICATING WINE, produce in a few minutes a delicious Temperance Wine or Cordial—Ginger, Orange, Raspberry, Black Currant, etc.

NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham, England.

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MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK



The "Milkmaid" Brand is guaranteed to contain all the cream of the original milk. In the process of manufacture nothing but water is removed, nothing but the best refined sugar added.

Avoid low-priced brands from which the cream has been abstracted, and ask for the "Milkmaid" Brand, the best for all purposes.

her reach. Mr Kelly, who has a host of friends, is well and favourably known, especially in maritime circles, as the head steward of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company (Limited).

Miss Kelly's words clearly show that her cure is permanent. These pills are not like other medicine, and their effects are permanent. They act directly on the blood, and thus it is that they are so famous for the cure of anaemia and rheumatism, weak heart, scrofula, consumption, chronic erysipelas, and to restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are also a splendid nerve and spinal tonic, and thus have cured many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headaches. They are sold by chemists, and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., at 3/ a box, or six for 15/9, but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

See that your chemist does not substitute something just as good when making your purchases. The just as good kind cost him less money, and he is looking out for his pocket, not your health.

A PAIR OF GLOVES—WHAT THEY COST.

(By Mrs L. Frost Rattray.)

JUST one pair of gloves! Come, Mr Underley, you cannot refuse me.' Fred Underley tried to turn his eyes away from the pretty piquante face raised so coaxingly to his, and fix them on the gray and animated scene all around them. The third race of the afternoon was about to be run, and Eva Tement had set her heart on winning a pair of gloves from Mr Underley. The horse she was backing was a well-known and favourite racer. For a moment, as Fred gazed at the eager gamblers who infest all race meetings, he resolved he would adhere to his resolution not to allow himself to be drawn into betting even a pair of gloves. He turned to the girl at his side to tell her so. But before he could speak, she laid a daintily gloved hand on his arm, for one second only, saying entreatingly, 'Now, please, Mr Underley!' Fred was deeply in love with this fair temptress. She was what is called a good girl. She attended two services every Sunday, and a choir practice on Wednesday evenings. Her mother always spoke of her as a dutiful, useful daughter, her brothers and sisters were loud in her praise. She was generally liked and respected. Her father, a good business man, who worked hard in the city, saw no harm in going on a public holiday to the races. He did not bet himself, as he did not consider that an honest way of making money. He was innocently fond of horses, and enjoyed a good race, having nothing at all to fear if the wrong horse won. Still he did not forbid his daughters to do a little traffic in gloves with anyone who was so foolish as to waste money over them. For, as is customary with young ladies, they always forgot to pay any gloves they owed, though they were merciless in demanding payment when they themselves were winners. The unwonted touch of the girl's hand conquered Fred in an instant. A flush of pleasure rose to his cheek. 'Two pairs, if you like, Eva,' he said, softly. It was the girl's turn to colour; he had never used her Christian name before. Fred lost his waver, and had, moreover, to accept a challenge from Eva's younger sister, he again being the loser. Later in the afternoon he was strolling round the course with a friend, who urged him to try his luck with the totalizator. 'I never bet,' Fred began, then stopped abruptly. He could no longer say that he did not bet. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' he said lightly, and before the end of the day Fred Underley found he was 'in for several pounds.' He had a little money in the Savings Bank, and this he reluctantly withdrew to pay the money he had thrown away on the racecourse. 'What a fool I have been,' he said to himself. 'All that money gone, and nothing at all to show for it. Now I can't tell Eva's father that I have some money saved.' For Fred had proposed to pretty Eva Tement, and had been blushing accepted. When Mr Tement heard of the engagement, he said, 'Well, I suppose we must lose her some time. Young

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PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF THE ENTIRE WORLD OF NATURE AND ARE Presenting and Describing the Choicest Treasures of

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Have decided during the Months of OCTOBER and NOVEMBER to Present to every Person SUBSCRIBING to the "CANTERBURY TIMES" a Set of these Magnificent Photographic Views. The Set comprises 16 Parts, and each Part contains 16 Full Size 8 x 10 Views—256 Plates in all. These Pictures, with full Descriptive Matter, will be GIVEN AWAY FREE to anyone Subscribing to the "CANTERBURY TIMES" during the months named, and paying his Subscription in Advance.

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To the Young and the 40,000 Studios Readers of the "CANTERBURY TIMES"

The Proprietors have determined to add yet another important feature to their already popular journal. In OCTOBER they will commence a Series of ILLUSTRATED COMPETITION PROBLEMS. These Supplements will be issued weekly, and Prizes will be offered for their Solution.

The "CANTERBURY TIMES" is the only newspaper published in the Colony that can claim to be a thoroughly representative Colonial Magazine.

THE "NEW ZEALAND CYCLIST" ROAD MAPS.

Four of these Maps have already been Published, and the run on the "NEW ZEALAND CYCLIST" has been so great that the paper has been sold out on each occasion on the day of publication. These Road Maps are being published fortnightly, and issued as a Supplement (GRATIS) with the "NEW ZEALAND CYCLIST." Tourists wishing to obtain them should apply at once.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "NEW ZEALAND CYCLIST" (including Maps), 6s 6d PER ANNUM, payable in advance.

The "NEW ZEALAND CYCLIST" is now recognised as the only Up-to-date Cycling Paper published in New Zealand, and is increasing in circulation and popularity daily. Copies are obtainable from any of the numerous agencies of the "CANTERBURY TIMES" throughout the Colony and Australia.

Underley is a nice, steady fellow, has good prospects, though he can't marry just yet. Yes, I shall be quite willing to give Eva into his keeping, some day.' So all things smiled on the happy young people until the next race-day. For Fred, having once allowed himself to run the risk of catching the dangerous gambling fever, had fallen a victim to that dread disease. He was now, alas! betting freely. He was not risking any very large sums, nothing more at first than he could afford to pay; as he had just received his month's salary, and though he went to his lodgings one evening a poor man, with barely sufficient money in his hand to pay his week's board, still he owed nothing; he had won a little on one race, and that had helped to keep him out of actual debt. A week or two passed. Fred was rather more occupied than usual, his employer's business being left a good deal to him, as Mr Mantle was away, only a junior clerk besides Fred being in the office. Eva engrossed most of his spare time, and the young man ventured to congratulate himself on the ease with which he had got over his attack of the betting fever. Still he was sufficiently conscious of his weakness to hail thankfully Eva's suggestion of a water picnic for the next Saturday, when a specially good race meeting was announced. But on the Thursday, as he was walking back to the office from his lunch, he met with an acquaintance whom he had recently made. 'Hallo, Underley,' was his familiar greeting, 'just come here a moment. I've got the most splendid thing on, and as I've taken a fancy to you, I don't mind letting you have a share in it.' Fred declined when he found the 'splendid thing' was a Sydney sweepstake, alleging that he had no money at hand. 'That's all nonsense; won't do at all,' said his gambling friend 'Look here, I'll lend you the money myself. Somehow I feel sure you'll win, you've got a lucky look about you to-day.' Still Fred feebly protested, still the other plied him with specious arguments, finally telling him he could marry at once when all this money came to him. And so, against his better judgment, Fred gave into the man's lies and sophistries, put his name to an I.O.U. for the first time, and returned to his office trying to persuade himself that he was feeling very hopeful, and not at all ill at ease. But the picnic was by no means a happy time to Fred. He was fretting over one or two small bills which had come in, and which he had forgotten. Also, for the first time, he had not paid his landlady, as he usually did every week, telling her that as his 'boss' was still away, he had not the money for this or the previous Friday, but he should have it in a day or two. The good woman was quite hurt that her very respectable and trustworthy boarder should think it necessary to make any excuse at all. And Fred knew that had he felt as innocent as usual he would have joked, instead of apologising with a lie. Again, to clear himself, he went to the next races and lost heavily. The Sydney sweepstake did not bring him anything, and the I.O.U. was due. Mr Mantle was still away, and Fred had a good deal of money passing through his hands. Things were looking unpleasant for Eva's lover, when, one hot February afternoon, the worst temptation of his life came to him. There had been two letters by the noon post for Fred, one from Mr Mantle, saying he should not be able to return for a month; the other a very unpleasant reminder that he had run through a great deal of money the last few weeks, and demanding a settlement. And whilst, at three o'clock, he sat gnawing his moustache and wondering what to do, a large sum of money was unexpectedly paid to him for Mr Mantle, which, as Fred saw in a moment, would cover all his deficiencies, and could be easily borrowed for a month or more. And Fred 'borrowed' it. But when the time came to replace it, unfortunately, Mr Underley had not the means to do so. He left all his private accounts unpaid, pawned his scarf pin and his watch, but, as he had not left off gambling, even these, with his month's salary, did not make up the amount due. So Fred was obliged to 'borrow' enough to meet the deficiency of this account, and also to enable him to pay his landlady. And now, as he expressed it, he had frequently to 'borrow' a trifle from his employer's money. Mr Mantle had no suspicion of what was going on. Himself an upright, honest man, and believing

In all parts of the World
THE NATURAL FOOD FOR A BABE
 is

MOTHER'S MILK

And this Does NOT contain Starch.

YOUNG INFANTS
CANNOT DIGEST STARCHY FOODS

A perfect Artificial Food for Infants must, therefore,
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MELLIN'S FOOD

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But makes a PERFECT FOOD for the YOUNGEST CHILD.

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 of all dealers throughout the World.

MELLIN'S Food Works, Peckham, London.

Fred to be the same, he went on blindly trusting him, never dreaming that such a good young fellow was systematically robbing him. Merry Eva had noticed a change in her lover. He was subject to fits of depression, or of unnatural quietude. Sometimes his manner to her was most caressing and affectionate, at others he seemed to shrink from her touch, and was very irritable. Poor Fred, he was indeed becoming conscious of the fact that the way of transgressors is hard. Taking up the 'Star' one evening, Mr Tement uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and forgetting Eva's presence, told his wife that Mr Mantle and Mr Underley were ill with influenza, and that the former's brother, on going through the books, had discovered some very serious defalcations. Believing young Underley's illness only a ruse to escape from the consequences of his sin by flying the country, Mr Henry Mantle had at once communicated with the police, the result being that it was discovered the young man was really ill, and the doctor would not allow him to see anyone. 'Papa!' gasped Eva, 'it can't be true,' and the unfortunate girl fell in a dead faint in her mother's arms. Mr Tement sought an immediate interview with Mr Henry Mantle. He found him a stern, hard man, inclined to take the severest view of 'young Underley's unprincipled conduct.' He explained that his brother had long meditated a partnership, but were uncertain whether to retain Mr Henry Mantle's office in Wellington, or for both brothers to work together in Auckland. The latter had been decided upon, and Mr Henry had come up to find his brother in bed, and Fred struggling against the prostrating malady. But the sight of Mr Henry, and the announcement he made that the books must be immediately and thoroughly overhauled, completely overcame the unhappy clerk, and he had to be removed to his lodgings in a cab. 'And, sir,' said Mr Henry to the shocked listener: 'That young man

is a thief and a scoundrel. He has stolen our money and squandered it on the degrading and infamous sin of betting and gambling. Yes, sir, and I mean to expose him as a warning to every other young scamp of that sort. I told a reporter all I could this afternoon,' he added vindictively. Mr Tement could not speak at first. It was so impressively said. This reckless throwing away of his life's chances for a passing amusement was to the sober, practical man, quite unaccountable. How had it begun? Surely Fred's downward course had been unusually rapid. He expressed something of this to his companion, who said, sternly, 'Yes, luck was against him. But for the rather suddenly concluded partnership arrangement, and the young fellow's illness, he might have fixed things up, and even got out of his mess by outside borrowing. Or he might even have thrown himself on my brother's mercy. But it's too late for mercy now!' Mr Tement pleaded long and earnestly for the young man who was to have been his son-in-law, but Mr Henry was obdurate. 'At all events you will let the poor fellow get well before you take any steps, and you will have to consult your brother,' were the visitor's concluding words as he left the room. Eva listened to all her father had to tell with a white, set face. 'I know how it all began,' she moaned, as he concluded, 'It was my doing. I led him into betting, and it has all ended like this! I did not think there could be any harm in betting just a pair of gloves, and oh! my love, my love, I have ruined your life!' she concluded in a passion of remorse and sorrow. 'What shall I do? Oh, what can I do to atone? I ought to be punished, not he. Papa, papa, my heart is breaking.' The girl's agony was terrible. She, who had fancied herself such a model for other girls! She, who had prided herself on the uprightness of conduct which had marked herself, and was a noticeable trait in her lover's character, she to have helped to

humble both to the dust! For her betrothed's disgrace was her disgrace. Oh, it was intolerable! Through the long night the miserable girl prayed and cried, and suffered as such proud yet sympathetic natures only can suffer. As soon as her father had left the house in the morning, Eva crept quietly out, her face covered by a thick veil, and sought Mr Mantle's house. Fortunately, he was better, and able to see her, Mr Henry being down at the office. Long and earnestly she pleaded on her lover's behalf, telling his employer that the chief blame should rest on her. Mr Mantle did not spare the girl. He pointed out to her 'that since none of us liveth to himself, every action of ours has some bearing, some result, on those around us. Very seldom does the consequence of a thoughtless speech, a selfish deed, come home to us as quickly as in this case, but that reflection should not make us any the less guarded in words or in actions, lest we cause a weak brother or sister to offend. Eva listened with fast falling tears. She had never thought of these things before, and she sat appalled at the terrible influence for good or evil she, a careless, merry girl, possessed. 'Well,' said Mr Mantle, at length, 'for your sake I will forgive him. More than that, I will keep him in my office, and help him to save enough money to pay me back all that he has robbed me of.' And Mr Mantle was as good as his word. His kindness proved the best tonic and restorer Fred could have had, and after his return to the office, he strove with all his power to repay the debt of gratitude he owed his generous employer. Eva and he are still engaged, but are far dearer to each other since their sorrow.

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Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere. (Adv't.)

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AND OUR MARKING-OFF ROOM IS A VERITABLE BEEHIVE.

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We are making a Very Stylish Costume from the New Bordered Stripe Prints, for 19s. 8d. Complete. An illustration, with Patterns of above, will be forwarded on application to TE ARO HOUSE.

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**PRINTED AND WASHING FABRICS,
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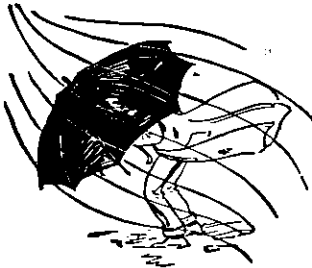
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Rain Storm**

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

**Ayer's
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can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—
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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 & POLSON have been making a specialty 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.

**LONDON AND PARIS
FASHIONS.**



REAL artistes in millinery declare that it is only those who have no idea of the irresistible charm of good and — above all — appropriate dressing still cling to the tradition of the plain

'schoolboy' sailor hat trimmed with a simple band of ribbon. Of course, this shape may be tolerated in the morning, or for country wear, provided the accompanying costume is "en suite." It can be worn, for instance, with an unaffected little serge or tweed gown, or perhaps with a dust cloak or waterproof, though, after all, a 'Homburg' or 'Deerstalker' model generally looks better with a long serviceable mantle. One of the reasons which prompts me to thus expatiate on the "pros" and "cons" of the sailor hat is the fact of so many English girls adopting this knock-about style of "chapeau" quite indiscriminately on the Continent, thus giving foreigners the idea that our women possess not the slightest taste in millinery, or even in any detail of dress; for, ten to one, the lady who dons her sailor shape will wear it equally as calmly with a smart sequined blouse as with a cloth coat and skirt. A very useful design to affect "en voyage," and one which cannot excite ridicule, is the fairly broad-brimmed, round tan straw hat trimmed with a full frill of black lisse, some gold braid, and loops of light blue taffetas ribbon. For afternoon millinery, flowers are to be more than ever in favour. Already bright coloured corn-flowers ornament dark blue platings, with a draping of the new gauze "en suite." As to the artificial roses, they are prettier than ever this season; and the manufacturers seem to have discovered delicate tints quite unknown even last year. One of the most delightful floral hats I have



A NEW FLORAL HAT.

noted for some time, and of which we give the illustration, is a 'Parma' mauve shape in very coarse 'strawberry basket' straw, turned up smartly on the left side. The only trimming on this model is a long garland of tea-roses, shaded to perfection from a glowing apricot tone to the melting pink one sees in the sky at sunset. The flowers form a circular wreath where the brim is raised, and are then brought round the crown and finally pinned so as to form quite a clump of blossoms on the left side.

From the first days of spring to the thoroughly hot hours of summer, it is sometimes rather puzzling to choose an appropriate and serviceable walking costume for little girls who have passed the stage of early childhood, but who are not yet sufficiently grown up to wear clothes like those of older demoiselles. A charmingly-cut overall cloak in some light summer material would prove very handy for the young maidens who, with so smart an outdoor mantle, need not wear anything very weighty in the way of a frock underneath. Indeed, such a confection as the model sketched in this column quite does away with the necessity of a dress, provided the wearer has tolerably full and stiff petticoats. This design is modelled in powder-blue alpaca, and is lined with a light surah of the same shade to just above the knees, the upper portion being perfectly innocent of any facing whatever. Four large cut steel buttons

fasten the cloak on one side; and on the shoulder—in one with a high turned-over collar—is a tuted-shaped cape, edged with narrow black velvet ribbon. Musketear cuffs, with the same style of trimming, finish off the "pigeot" sleeves. For the



A USEFUL PELISSE.

younger children there is the new short reefer-coat, with a hood and numerous pockets where Miss Tomboy can store away her tops, her goodies, and her dolls' ribbons. In this pelisse the designer has, by the way, inserted a 'ship' pocket just under the first two buttons.

I have already seen rattier pretty models in walking dresses of dark blue summer serge—which has revived again with increased popularity—but in these samples I hardly cared for the white cloth revers, that certainly look "chic," but are so un-serviceable in town. To-day's sketch of a neat walking dress affords an excellent suggestion for those who cannot afford to make thoughtless bargains. Here we have a dark blue serge gown trimmed rather profusely with narrow, round black mohair braid, which is planned on the skirt in such a manner that the figure is in no way shortened by this addition. The round-laced jacket is in no way with the short waistcoat which fastens with tiny black bone buttons over another front of cream washing silk. This is stitched on to a thin linen lining, and being separate from the remainder of the coat, can be sent to the cleaner's without any inconvenience. Arranged inside the high collar of the jacket is a ruffling of ivory lisse. On dull days the cream vest might be aptly replaced by a cardinal satin front, or by one in willow green velvet; for hardly any other colour harmonizes with the dark blue. These



A SERVICEABLE SERGE GOWN.

braided costumes require to be made very cleverly so as not to degenerate into the common style that characterizes some of the ready-made shop gowns to be bought for a mere song. A profusion of appliques (brading being the most general of all), good lace is now being cut up so that the flowers may be applied in different ways on some of the richest evening gowns. The fashion is, however, one "de luxe" and not within the means of many.

The very pretty reception gown given as my concluding illustration is made of

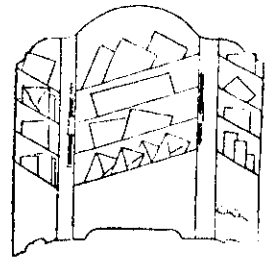
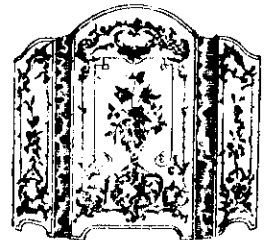
peach-coloured silk with richly embroidered low bodice over palest green chiffon, which also forms the neck-band.



PRETTY RECEPTION GOWN.
HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.

When talking about poker work I promised to give a design suitable for the decoration of leather in this fashion. A very charming design will be found in my

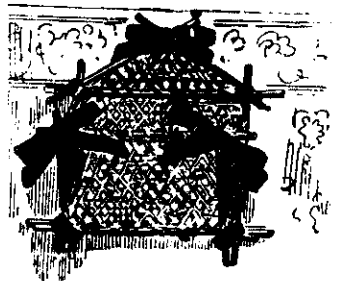


SCREEN, LETTER, AND STATIONERY HOLDER.—BACK VIEW.

second illustration, showing a little screen meant to stand on a writing table; it is prettily lined with soft silk, and slat pockets are made to hold writing paper, invitation cards, or whatever may be desired by its owner.

Most waste-paper baskets stand on the floor, and this is probably the orthodox position for this useful accessory. At the same time, it is not always convenient to have a rubbish basket standing on the floor. I mean that there is not always a protected corner where one can be absolutely certain of the basket's not being upset by a passer-by; moreover, I person-

ally find it more comfortable to be able to reach my rubbish repository without making stray shots at it, which may or may not land at their destined end. For all these reasons I have mine hanging on a wall. It is large, and answers the purpose admirably, and withal is an exceedingly decorative little addition to my writing corner. In addition it gives one of my girl friends plenty of occupation to keep



A HANGING WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

me supplied at intervals with a freshly-made basket. It consists of a series of rings covered with double crocheted work in pale blue line muscane string, with little polished sticks, wired in the position indicated in the sketch, serve to form the frame-work. This latter is everywhere ornamented with bows of ribbon.

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 replies for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the "New Zealand Graphic" are requested to comply with them.

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

RULES.

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.
No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.
No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

RECIPES.

Cannellons of Beef.—Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pound of cooked beef, a quarter of a pound of ham, three ounces of bread-crumbs or potato, a dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, half a dessert-spoonful of mixed sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a beaten egg, some brown gravy. Chop up the beef and ham finely, and add to it the breadcrumb or potato, and the herbs and seasoning. Concrete it with the egg, leaving a small portion of this to brush over the cannellons. Bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes, and serve with rich brown gravy poured over them.

Baroness Pudding.—This is a dainty, cheap, and wholesome dish. Chop three-quarters of a pound of suet very fine and mix it with the same quantity of flour. Then stone three-quarters of a pound of raisins and cut them in half, or smaller, if you like. Add them, and a quarter of a tea-spoonful of salt to the flour, and suet. Mix them all together; lastly, add one egg and half a pint of milk, stir it well; tie in a pudding cloth, or put it in a greased mould and boil for five hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

Salad for Supper.—Few people know what an excellent addition a really good salad is to such festivities, and we are such a stupid nation over the preparation of dishes of this kind. Take for instance this *Salade à la Dumas*; what could be more delicious or more simple to prepare? Cut into coarse shreds or thin slices one small cucumber (previously pickled), one small cooked beetroot, three cooked potatoes, and four fresh tomatoes. Set these on one side, and prepare a dressing as follows:—Rub one hard-boiled yolk of egg through a sieve into a salad bowl, add a table-spoonful of Tartare sauce, one small tea-spoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Mix well, and work in gradually two table-spoonfuls of salad oil, one of French wine vinegar, and a dessert spoonful of anchovy essence. Add the prepared vegetables and mix carefully. Dish up in a clean salad bowl in a raised form. Place the heart of a nice French lettuce in the centre, ornament with chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped chervil and parsley, a few French capers, and you will have a salad of which any French chef would be proud to claim as his "chef d'œuvre."

Crayfish Salad and Asparagus.—Cut some asparagus into pea shapes, and mince roughly some crayfish tails, and toss

them in good mayonnaise, pile the mixture up high in the centre of a dish, and arrange round it some lettuce hearts alternately with halved plovers, pheasants, or bantams' eggs, and an outer ring of cold new potatoes, tomatoes, and cucumber, all sliced. All the vegetables should be tossed before using in a plain oil and vinegar salad dressing. Lobsters, crabs, or prawns, and even shrimps, are all excellent treated in this way.

Preserving eggs.—5 quarts boiling water, 3 1/2 lbs. lard, 1 oz. cream of tartar, 1/2 lb. salt. When cold pour over the eggs in jars. Cork tightly and stand in cool place.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES. HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:—

From our children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always punish your child for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish him in anger.

Never let them know that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm; then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances at another.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

Accustom them to make their little rituals with perfect truth.

Never allow tale-bearing.

Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence. Practise the above.

VARICOSE VEINS.

Varicose veins are always due to long-continued and unusual pressure of the blood within the blood-vessels, which causes them to stretch, both in length and in width. The stretching occurs at intervals, and is usually in an advanced stage before pain is felt.

The veins about the ankle or the calf are usually the first to be affected. A small, superficial part of the vein appears bluish and more prominent than usual, and may have a beaded outline. This condition may disappear for a time, but it returns with increased discomfort. The enlarged veins, unless cared for, are liable to a number of complications.

The tissue around an enlarged vein is poorly nourished, and is liable to infection and degeneration, with rapid formation of ulcers, which are healed only with difficulty.

The vein may become so enlarged at a point near the surface that the tissue over it may waste away and the vein be ruptured. The loss of blood is then considerable. Such a rupture is always alarming, and may be dangerous to life.

The hardened tissue often found around varicose veins is a result of exudation of the watery portion of the blood through their weakened walls.

The lower extremities are most prone to varicosities of the veins, but the same condition is frequently found elsewhere.

The treatment consists in early preventing their development. The circulation, especially in the diseased vein, must be toned up. Hygienic and dietary measures should be employed to improve the general condition. The vein must be supported by local means. An elastic stocking, an elastic bandage, or a common roller bandage does this effectively. The bandage must be tightly and smoothly applied, beginning at the toes, and by successive turns covering every portion of the surface.

While sitting, the patient should elevate the foot on a foot-rest. The foot of the bed should be slightly raised to facilitate the venous return.

Standing, more than walking, increases varicosities. Walking and cycling to excess may also increase the difficulty. After exercise, it is recommended that the affected parts be bathed in cold water, and the veins firmly rubbed in the direction of the heart.

Ulcers, hemorrhages, and other complications call for a physician's care.

RUSSIAN PICKPOCKETS.

One day, while dining together, the French ambassador and a Grand Duke of Russia, were discussing the cleverness of the pickpockets of their respective countries.

The Grand Duke claimed that the Russian pickpocket was the more skilful. Seeing the ambassador incredulous, he told him he would, without knowing it, be relieved of his watch before leaving the table.

He then telephoned to the head of the police to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on.

The man came and was put into livery, and was told to wait at table with the other servants. He was to give the Grand Duke a sign directly he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the ambassador was very wary, and always kept on the alert, and held his hand on his hip, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the Grand Duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket, and pulled out a potato instead of his watch.

To conceal his feelings he said he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff-box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in its little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles; but the Grand Duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff boxes, etc.

His Imperial Highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.

SATISFACTORY ARITHMETIC.

A contemporary writer says, in regard to the Prussia of fifty years ago, that it had a state lottery, and in every town, large or small, was a collector, appointed to sell the tickets. One day a servant girl came to the collector in Hagen, and asked if she could buy No. 23. He had not that number in his possession, but as the girl seemed very much in earnest, and refused to be put off with any other, he tried to obtain it from some of the other collectors in town, and finally succeeded. The drawing took place, and Hagen rose to a state of feverish excitement when it was known that the girl had become a winner of a large sum of money. She found herself for a time the chief object of interest in the town. She was, of course, asked how she came to fix upon No. 23. Thereupon she gave this simple and lucid explanation:—'I dreamed one night No. 7, and a second night I dreamed No. 7, and a third night again. So I thought, "Three times seven makes twenty-three," and I bought that number!'

ONE MAN'S COURAGE.

ALL Paris was stirred one day in August, 1869, by a deed of courage, which recalled the old legend of Horatius and his two comrades holding Lars Porsena's army at bay until the bridge across the Tiber had been cut down.

At a performance in the Hippodrome, Lucas, the lion-tamer, entered the cage where were two lions and two lionesses. Scarcely had he closed the door when one of the lions sprang upon him and seized him by the back of the neck. The sight of blood maddened the other beasts, and they, too, fell on their tamer.

Women screamed and fainted, men grew pale or shouted out impossible orders. The employes of the Hippodrome lost their heads, all save Lucas's attendant, Jose Mendez, a Spaniard. Arming himself with an iron weapon, he entered the cage, snote the lions hip and thigh, and nearly killed them all. Then he dragged out his mangled master, who was immediately bandaged by a doctor.

LACONIC.

An instance of prompt obedience to orders is reported by the 'Electrical Review':—

The president of an electrical railway company complained to his superintendent, a Hibernian named Finnegan, that his daily reports of trouble on the line were too long—too wordy. 'Cut 'em short,' said the busy president. 'The superintendent's next report of a car off the track satisfied all hands. It was:

'Offagin
'Onagin
'Awayagin.'
'Finnegin.'

DR. LAMONT'S STRONG FINGERS.

'I was afraid you were going to slip through my fingers,' said good old Dr. Lamont.

The writer was a boy of about 17 then. While a student at school, more than 300 miles from home, I was taken down with pneumonia. I had a tough time, and for two or three weeks my life was despaired of. But youth and good care won the fight, and one bright morning I was ready to go home with my dear father who had come for me. I was weak still, but well and happy clear up to the brim. Oh, what a ride. Oh, what sweet air. Oh, what a glorious world I had got back into; and what a reception from my mother and sisters at the familiar house. Oh, life! Oh, health! Oh, 'dulce, dulce domum.'

Such an illness, if one survives it, only makes the sense of existence and its blessings more keen and delightful. It is good rather than bad. Lucky boy, not to have slipped through the doctor's fingers.

But when a man with most of his days behind him has to write a line like this 'All my life I have suffered more or less from disease'—why that is another and sadder story. It is the odds between an occasional thunder storm and a sky always covered with clouds.

We quote what he says, reminding the reader that in this matter Mr William Hodgkinson voices the experience of millions. He says: 'I always had a bad taste in the mouth, no proper relish for food, and after eating had pain and fullness at the chest.'

These sensations are symptoms of acute indigestion. In the stomach there is marked loss of power. The food is neither rolled over as it should be so that the whole of it may be in turn presented to the digestive fluid, nor is it duly moved on towards the outlet into the bowels. As a result it ferments and gives off irritating acids and gases, hence the patient complains of pain, weight, distension, acidity, and flatulence in that region. Thence the poisons proceed to every other part of the body, and headache, vertigo, gout, rheumatism, depressed spirits, and a score more of evils follow; among them possibly, nervous prostration, progressive anaemia, locomotor ataxia, and more or less complete paralysis.

'Frequently,' continues Mr Hodgkinson, 'I was sick, and as time went on I became very weak and feeble. I consulted one doctor after another, and took various medicines, but obtained no real or lasting relief from any of them. This describes my general condition until the fortunate day when I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was impressed by the statements others had made concerning it, and proceeded to try it. After taking one bottle I found relief, and was soon entirely free from my old complaint. Since that time, now eight years ago, I have enjoyed good health. Knowing personally of its virtues I have recommended this remedy to hundreds, and have never heard of its having failed to give relief. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave years ago. (Signed) William Hodgkinson, Hollington, near Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, August 11th, 1893.'

Mr Hodgkinson is well known and highly respected. He is a local preacher in the Methodist Church, and by employment, a quarry master. Had he gone into the grave as he feared he should, he would have been missed and lamented by the community in which he has long been useful, and will live to be useful, we hope, for years to come.

Now let us repeat our leading thought. Short illnesses, even though sharp and dangerous, may result in good rather than harm. But a disease that drags its victim through decades of lingering distress—what shall we say of it? The trouble and suffering it inflicts is beyond estimate, and its name is indigestion and dyspepsia.

And the name of the medicine that cures it Mr Hodgkinson has done you the favour to mention with clearness and emphasis.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottle. 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 envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10z. 1d.; not exceeding 10z. 1d.; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 4d. 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 over-weight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

**THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS'
COT FUND.**

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

NOTICE.

I have a very gratifying piece of news to give the cousins this week. The Countess of Ranfurly has most kindly consented to allow her daughter, Lady Constance Knox, to become President of the 'Graphic' cousinhood, and further, has generously sent one pound towards the Fund, stating, through her Private Secretary and Aide-de-camp, Captain Alexander, that she will give the same amount every year. Is not that good news? This is our first annual subscription and I am very pleased with it. By kind permission also, the photograph of Lady Constance Knox will also appear in this column. I hope she will be good enough to write us a letter sometime, and tell us what she thinks of New Zealand.—**COUSIN KATE.**

COT FUND ACCOUNT.

Balance in Bank.—£16 14s 3d. Per Lady Constance Knox, £1. Total £17 14s 3d.

**PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
COUSINS.**

I shall be very glad if all the cousins will send me their photographs as soon as they can for reproduction in the 'Graphic.' This, it is thought, will be a good way of introducing them to each other.—**COUSIN KATE.**

Dear Cousin Kate.—I should very much like to become a cousin. I know you have a great many cousins, but perhaps you will not mind having one more. I am sending sixpence for a badge, and if you will send me a card I will try and collect some money for the cot fund. I have just turned twelve, and have written a little story which, perhaps you will put in the 'Graphic' for some of the cousins to read.—**Cousin Bertie,** Sunny-side, Oct. 28th.

I have not at all too many cousins, and am very glad to make room for you, dear Cousin Bertie. I thank you for your nice little story, which shall go in the 'Graphic.' Also, I have sent you a badge and card, both of which you will have received before you see this answer. I wish you success with your collecting. I am exceedingly pleased with the interest the cousins take in the Cot Fund. I hope you will go up to the Hospital and see the cot and cousin Aida. The Lady Superintendent most kindly says if you show your badge any of the cousins may go your Saturday afternoon. I think if you forget to take your badge they would let you go in if you tell them you are a 'Graphic'

cousin. I suppose you are at school, and are looking forward to the Christmas holidays. They are very near now, are they not? What are you going to do in them?—**Cousin Kate.**

**THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSIN-
HOOD.**

PHOTO NO. 8.



COUSIN ILA.

The photograph this week is that of Cousin Ila, who lives North of Auckland. Her letter appeared before her photograph, as the latter was not ready to go in the 'Graphic' at that time. Cousin Ila has kindly helped us with the cot fund, though her opportunities for collecting are not so many as those of some of the other cousins. I hope we shall soon have a number of photographs of the other cousins.

FAITHFUL CURLY.

A little girl, whom we will call Dolly, was one day walking along the beach with her nurse. All of a sudden she heard a whining sound, and looking amongst the rocks for some time, she at last discovered a poor dog with a large stone tied to its neck, with a piece of rope as if somebody had been trying to drown it. Dolly happened to have some biscuits with her, and these she gave to the poor dog. So she got him to follow her home and got a box and put some straw in it for him to sleep on. The dog was a Newfoundland, and her father told her she might keep Curly (as she afterwards called him). Two years went by, and Curly had grown fatter, and his coat was nice and clean, for Dolly took him to the beach every day for a swim. As she was having a bath one day, she got out of her depth, and was nearly drowned when Curly saw her, and swam out to her and saved her life as she had once saved his, for if it had not been for the dog she would have been drowned. When she got home, she told her father how Curly had saved her, and he was so pleased that he gave the dog a better meal than he had ever tasted.—**B.M.R.**

LADY BURTON'S COURAGE.

When Sir Richard Burton was consul at Damascus, his wife shared the perplexities of that complicated Eastern life. She was braver than many men, and situations which would have seemed impossible to some women did not trouble her in the least. One day she was riding through a village where, as usual, every one rose up and saluted her, and where she was joined by several native Christians. Suddenly Hasan, a youth of twenty-two, thrust himself before her horse and called:—
'What fellows you "fellahin" are to salute this Christian woman! I will show you the way to treat her.'
She reined in her horse. The natives

dropped on their knees, kissed her hands, and prayed her not to be angry.

'For Allah's sake, bear it patiently,' they implored. 'We are not strong enough to fight for you.'

By this time a crowd had collected and she was the centre of all eyes.

'What is the meaning of this?' she asked Hasan.

'It means,' said he, 'that I will pull you off your horse and duck you in the water. Salute me!'

She had but an instant to think over her course of action. To give him an advantage would result in a consular and European row; and if she betrayed the slightest cowardice she would never be able to show her face in the village again.

She sprang nimbly from her saddle, seized him by the throat, twisting his necktie tightly, and at the same time showering blows upon his head, face and shoulders with the butt end of her whip, until he howled for mercy.

Her servant flew to the rescue, a pistol went off harmlessly, and Hasan's brother's dragged him howling away. Lady Burton mounted her horse and rode on, amid the curses of the attacking party.

'We will follow you,' they shouted, 'with sticks and stones and guns; and at night we will come in a party and burn your house. And whenever we meet an English son of a pig we will kill him!'

But the local governor forced them to apologize, and the following summer, Hasan and the lady became great friends. She was treating him for weak eyes, and one day she asked:—

'What made you want to hurt me, O Hasan, last summer?'

'I don't know,' said he. 'The devil entered my heart. I was jealous to see you always with the Christians, and not noticing us. But since I have got to know you, I could kill myself for it.'

A DOG THAT HUNTS FROGS.

The 'Bee' reports the talk of a 'prominent sporting man' about a dog that has taken up a novel industry. The man was at Cutoff Lake hunting snipe, when he saw a man going about on horseback carrying a pole, and preceded by an Irish setter.

'As the horseman had no gun,' says the snipe-shooter, 'my curiosity was roused to know what he was doing, though I supposed he was simply breaking his dog. In a few minutes I saw him ride up to where the dog was on a dead stand, and proceed to jab a pole down into the ground, and bringing it up, take something off the end of it.'

'My curiosity was greater than ever, and circling around I came up with him, and asked what he was doing.'

'Hunting frogs,' was the reply.

'What is the dog doing?' said I.

'Hunting frogs,' was the laconic answer.

'You don't mean to say that the dog will set the frogs, do you?'

'I don't mean anything else.'

'A few more questions and answers brought out the fact that the dog had seen his master spearing frogs, and had of his own accord taken up the task of locating the green beauties. He was thoroughly trained on birds, and soon became very expert in locating frogs, so his owner informed me, and my observation of his movements confirmed the fact.'

'RATHER INTERESTING.'

So far as man is concerned, the panther of India, according to Mr R. H. Elliot, is practically harmless. In proof of this, or perhaps in illustration of it, he cites what he calls 'rather an interesting incident' which happened at the house of one of his friends. 'Rather interesting' will probably seem a rather mild form of expression to some feminine readers.

One night my hostess, some time after retiring to rest, heard a noise in the open verandah which runs round the side of the bungalow just outside her bedroom. She got up, and lamp in hand went round a corner of the building in the direction of the sound.

As she turned the corner there fell upon her astonished vision the spectacle of a panther devouring the family cat. Seeing the lady the panther tried to make off along the verandah, which at that point was shut in by a trellis, but just then the cook, who also had heard the noise, appeared at the opposite end of the verandah with a lamp in his hand.

The panther turned back in the direction of the lady. She stood spellbound with the lumpy in her hand, and as the cook, to all appearance equally spellbound, remained stationary with his lamp, the panther found himself between two fires, and lay down under a table which stood against the wall.

At last he got up, made a move in the direction of the cook, and then, changing his mind, rushed past the lady and so effected his escape.

SAVING POSTAGE.

Patrick lived in New Zealand, and his parents still lived in the old country. Patrick earned very little money, and had no money to spare, but he desired to be a dutiful and generous son. One day a letter came to him from his father, in which the old man said:—

'My dear boy, the times is hard in Ireland. It's meself that am rejected, when I have occasion to appear in full dress, to the necessity of goin' widout a coat.'

This pathetic appeal was too much for Patrick. He at once took off his own coat and prepared to send it to Ireland. When he had got it all ready he mailed it, and at the same time sent this letter:—

'My dear father: I send you by the parcels post me own coat the day; but to make it weigh the less for the post, I've cut off the brass buttons.—Your dutiful son, Patrick.'

'Post Script.—Ye'll find the buttons in the inside brist pocket of the coat.—Pat.'

SLY - BOOTS.

Tommy was very happy when he came home from school with a tame crow perched on his shoulder; but, to tell the truth, he was not so proud of his pet after a closer acquaintance. Sly-boots that was Master Crow's name—soon learned a great many tricks besides those that Tommy taught him.

Biddy Topknot was bringing up a large family of fluffy white chickens, and Sly-boots did covet them so! He knew that Biddy was stronger than he, but he set his wits to work, till his sly little brain contrived a plan for getting a chicken dinner.

So he flew down to the grass where Biddy's children were playing 'Hun' the cricket, and opened his mouth as if he meant to devour them all.

Of course Biddy drove him away, but he soon came back, taking care to keep out of reach of her bill and claws. Over and over again he tried this manoeuvre, till poor Biddy's patience was quite exhausted.

At last she bristled up her feathers, and chased him clear across the garden into the meadow. When she had left her brood far behind, Sly-boots suddenly took to his wings, and reaching the poultry-yard first, carried off the fattest little chicken.

Biddy saw her mistake too late, but the very next day she lost her temper again, and so lost another of her children.

'Oh dear!' sighed Tommy; 'if she could only remember not to get mad! But I can't always remember that myself, when the boys tease me; and I s'pose I mustn't expect a hen to know more than I!'

Poor Biddy could never learn to keep her temper, and so Sly-boots had to be banished to his native woods.

SHARP DOG.

The Savannah 'News' has been trying its hand at a big story, and has succeeded fairly well. The story in question concerns a wonderful dog. Its name, we are told, was Ananias, but that is probably a printer's error. If any dependence is to be placed upon internal evidence, it could hardly have been the dog which bore that dishonorable appellation.

The owner of the dog was an enthusiastic sportsman, and pretty soon discovered that his young pointer was one of a thousand. His special gift the dog's, that is, was the hunting of partridges, which he could scent at a truly amazing distance. The very word partridge threw him into excitement, so keen was his enjoyment of the chase.

One day his owner drove to a neighbouring town and took the dog along. On the main street, the pointer, who was running ahead, suddenly came to a dead point in the middle of the road. It was clear that there could be no covey of partridges. The Southern partridge is the Northern quail in such a place and the man was entirely at a loss how to explain the curious proceeding.

He got out of his wagon, stepped forward, and gave the dog the word to 'go on.' Slowly and steadily the dog advanced across the street and charged in front of a shop. Then his behaviour was explained. There, over the door, was this sign:—

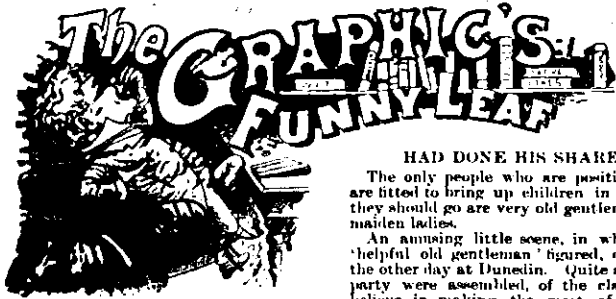
J. C. PARTRIDGE.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

WASHING DISHES.

Here's the dish-cloth clean and neat,
Here's the towel white,
Here's the girle fresh and sweet
Will make the dishes bright.

In and out the suds they go—
In and out the rinse—
Range them in a shining row,
Fit for any prime.



A PINK SHIRT WAIST.

There's a lustre in her optics
And a heaven in her smile;
There's poetry in her carriage,
There's decorum in her style.

Pink Shirt Waist.

With her sunny tresses falling
Like a cataract of gold
O'er divinely moulded shoulders,
Snowy white, but never cold—
Oh, the heart with rapture's boiling
While I view the blue eyes chaste
Of the maiden who's attired
In the

Pink Shirt Waist.

She adorns the baggy bloomers
So suggestive of the Turk;
She affects no stumping costumes—
Calls them all the devil's work;
She is pleased and well contented
To be modest, pure, and chaste,
And adorn her perfect figure
With a

Pink Shirt Waist.

She's familiar with the flowers,
Knows their origin and name;
She has read the classic authors
Who've achieved immortal fame.
You may bet she is a corker,
For she rode a mile unpaired
In fifty-seven seconds
And a

Pink Shirt Waist.

HER VENGEANCE.

'I'm sure I need not have married you,'
said Mrs Hammer, tartly. 'I had many
better chances.'
'And what had I ever done to you,' said
Mr Hammer fiercely, 'that you should de-
liberately select me as the object of your
vengeance?'

THE NEW RULE.

Early to bed and early to rise
May once have made people rich, healthy
and wise,
But at present the man who would fain
make his mark,
Has got to keep hustling until long after
dark.

MA'S DISADVANTAGE.

'Want to ride a bicycle, do you?'
snapped the old man. 'Your mother never
went whizzing about on the streets on a
wheel.'
'Yes,' retorted the dutiful daughter,
'that is just what ma told me. She says
that maybe if she had she would have
caught a better-looking man.'



WITHERING!

'Dusman (to rather slow four-wheeled
cab in front): Now, then, you in the
trance! 'Ave another 'our's sleep, an' yer
night wake up alive!

HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

The only people who are positive they
are fitted to bring up children in the way
they should go are very old gentlemen and
maiden ladies.

An amusing little scene, in which the
'helpful old gentleman' figured, occurred
the other day at Dunedin. Quite a family
party were assembled, of the class that
believe in making the most of a free
country, to await the arrival of an expected
guest. Children were there galore, play-
ing tag around the old gentleman's feet,
falling periodically over his canvas-bag,
sneezing wildly as they ran into pas-
sengers, and retreating in heaps as a 'cop'
approached.

The 'helpful old man' stood it as long
as he could conscientiously—then, looking
over his spectacles, said, severely: 'Stop
that racket—you children!'

'Well, I like that,' answered one of the
mothers in a loud, angry tone.

But if she did the old gentleman didn't,
and faced the woman as he continued:
'Now look here, ma'am: I've raised
three families of children, and not a single
child was ever allowed to annoy my neigh-
bours.'

'Well,' replied the irate lady, 'if you've
raised three families you've certainly done
your duty, and I'll thank you to allow me
to raise mine.'



NOT APTLY PUT.

Friend from Town: 'Yes, it's a pretty
place, but isn't it rather awkward, being
an hour away from the station?'
Ruralist: 'Well, even that's an advan-
tage, for it means that visitors are obliged
to start away early to catch the train.'

UNCERTAIN.

She: I am quite sure you had too much
champagne when you called on me yester-
day afternoon.

He: Yes; I thought I'd just look around
to-day to see if I was engaged to you.

CERTAIN.

'Do you believe that the air-ship will be
perfected soon?'

'Yes,' replied the man who is always
mournful. 'I used to have my doubts,
but when I look back over my luck I'm
convinced that we'll have a flying machine
in a week or two.'

'For what reason?'

'I have just perfected and patented a
remedy for sea sickness.'

HIS AMBITION.

Kindly Old Lady—You say that you are
a fancy lucker?

Casey do Kidder—Yes'm: I'm tryin'
to make de biggest loaf on record.

NO SATISFACTION IN IT.

'She says she was lugged by a ghost.'

'And what did she do?'

'Screamed.'

'Well, I should think she would if she
couldn't get anything more tangible than
that.'

THE HEART OF IT.

Mother: 'What did your father say
when he saw his broken pipe?' Innocent:

'Shall I leave out the wicked words,
mamma?' Mother: 'Certainly.' Innocent:

'Then I don't believe there is any-
thing to tell you, mamma.'

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Sunday-school Teacher: 'Now, what is
the striking feature in the story of Jonah
and the whale?' Pupil: 'They separated
on account of mutual incompatibility.'



A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Patient: 'Now that I'm better, doctor,
are you going to send me to a warmer
climate?'

Physician: 'Good gracious, man, that's
what I've been trying to keep you out of!'

ANTIQUITY.

'Yes,' remarked a Chicago girl, 'he re-
presents one of the oldest families.'

'Does he date before the fire?'

'No, not quite so far back as that, but
he's one of the people who have ridden the
old style high wheels.'

IN THE PARK.

She: 'How is it that you always manage
to have an entire seat to yourself?'

He: 'I always have a bag of peanuts in
my pocket, and when I see a seat that I
want I crowd upon one end of it and begin
eating. It doesn't take more than about
three seconds to make the others get out.'

YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

Little Girl: 'Mrs. Brown, ma wants to
know if she could borrow a dozen of eggs.
She wants to put 'em under a hen.'

Neighbour: 'So you've got a hen set-
ting, have you? I didn't know you kept
hens.'

Little Girl: 'No, ma'am, we don't, but
Mrs Smith's going to lend us a hen that's
goin' to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend
us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.'

A SONG OF THE WHEEL.

Oh! sing me a song of bolts and of
sprockets,
Of gongs and of tandems, of punctures and
sockets!

Oh! chant me a lay of the pneumatic tire,
And burn on an old-fashioned, social pyre
Your driving, your croquet, your creeling,
your tennis,

For the name of a man not a wheeler is—
Dennis!

Come with me o'er country you never have
seen,
Where breezes blow softly and Flora is
green,

Where Nature's soft music will ravish your
heart,
As sweet as Beethoven, op. B, or Mozart,
Where every true pleasure to you will ap-
pear,

So make life all beauty by buying—a
wheel!

HE EXPLAINS.

Wife—John, what's the matter with you
to-night? Here, I've been talking to you
for half an hour, and all you've done was
grunt and occasionally nod your head!

Husband—Well, I've found it possible
to do that without interrupting you.

PITY THE BLIND.

Mary: 'I actually gave a quarter to a
beggar last afternoon, and I am honest
enough to admit that I would not have
done it if he had not called me "pretty
lady."'

Sarah: 'Did you learn how he lost his
sight?'

THEIR FIRST TRIP TO TOWN.

'Here's some more of the horrible work of
the blamed monopolists,' said Farmer
Hayricks, as he hung his coat over the
foot of the bed.

'Goodness, where?' asked his wife.

'Here's a sign what says "Don't blow
out the gas." I guess they make these
folks burn it all night, so's to run up their
bills on 'em. Gosh, I don't know what this
country's comin' to!'

ONE CONDITION.

'Yes,' said the pretty typewriter, in re-
ply to her employers' proposal of marriage.
'I will become your wife upon one con-
dition.'

'Name it, my darling.'

'That after we are married you will em-
ploy a man in my place.'

THE CONDITIONS SUPPLIED.

'A few bottles of beer were taken up in
Andree's balloon,' remarked Mr Hazel-
wood.

'Do you suppose he intends to have a
high old time?' replied Mr Glenwood.

GETTING EVEN.

'John,' she said, thoughtfully, 'to-
morrow is the birthday of that little Jones
boy next door.'

'What of it?' he demanded.

'Oh, nothing much,' she replied; 'only
I happened to recall that Mr Jones gave
our Willie a drum on his birthday.'

'Well, do you think I feel under any
obligations to him for that?' he asked
irritably. 'If you do you are mistaken.
If I owe him anything it's a grudge.'

'Of course,' she answered sweetly.

'That's why I thought that perhaps you
might want to give the Jones' boy a big
brass trumpet.'

THE TELL-TALE BREATH.

Benedict (proudly): My wife kisses me
good-night regularly.

Rounder (bitterly): Women are sus-
picious creatures, ain't they?

HOW HE WAS COMPLIMENTED.

'John,' said Mrs Harkins, 'I heard
nice compliment for you to-day.'

Mr Harkins put his paper down, twisted
up the ends of his moustache, looked pleased
and said—

'Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I
receive compliments nearly every day.'

Mrs Harkins went on sipping her tea
and her husband waited for her to resume.
Finally he said—

'Well, why don't you tell me what it
was? Who was it that complimented
me?'

'Oh, you couldn't guess in a week.'

'Mrs Deering?'

'No.'

'Not Bessie Fallington?' he rather
eagerly suggested.

'No.'

'Oh, well, of course if there's any secret
about it I don't care to hear what it was
or who said it.'

'There isn't any secret about it,' Mrs Har-
kins sweetly replied. 'Mr Hannaford told
me that every time he and I met he became
thoroughly convinced that you were a man
of excellent taste.'

John Harkins then shoved his hands
down his pockets and walked out upon the
verandah to ruminate.



AN AMICABLE COMPROMISE.

Office Boy: 'Please, sir, that gentleman
you wouldn't see 'e sez 'e must see you, and
if 'e don't see you in five minutes 'e'll 'ave
a ha'popleptic fit an' die on the mat.'

Editor: 'Oh, well, tell him we don't
object to that.'

PRECAUTION.

'Say, missus,' said Meandering Mike,
'do you want hire anybody?'

'No.'

'Ye don't think yer husband wants ter
hire anybody, do yer?'

'I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I am
sure he does not.'

'That's no disappointment. I jes'
wanted de assurance dat I could go ter
sleep in dis next lot without bein' disturbed
by offers of work.'