

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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YOUNG AUSTRALIA TEACHING HIS GRANDFATHER TO ASSIMILATE DUCKS' EGGS.

HEADACHE

Readers of this paper should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes.

CURED.

TOPICS WEEK.

THE BRAKE ON THE WHEELS.

SO the sexagenarians of our colony have decreed among themselves that the Upper House of our Legislature must go, since it has shown by its rejection of the Old Age Pensions Bill such amazing inconsideration for the desires of those whose years would have allowed them to profit by the passing of that Bill. And Mr Seddon, whose utterances are sometimes well, shall I say a trifle Delphic in their ambiguity?—has spoken not darkly when he told a public meeting that there would come a time when he would tell the people that they must not suffer wrong and allow measures carried by the House of Representatives to be treated with contempt. All this seems to augur evil days in store for our poor House of Lords. That suggestive remark of Mr Seddon's is in itself ominous enough, for does not our burly Premier bestride the colony like a Colossus, and we petty men, members of the Legislative Council included, do we not walk between his legs?—and, when we get the decree of the sexagenarians tacked on to it, it seems as if it were almost time to speak of the Council in the past tense. Almost time, but not quite, and I sincerely hope it never will be quite. It would be bad, indeed, for the colony, if the Council were done away with—the Council that plays so often the part of the needed brake on the wheels of our very go-ahead law-making. Do they not tell us that, among the sober-minded folks in the Old Country, New Zealand is rapidly earning the reputation of being a giddy, skittish young colony, with little or no consciousness of responsibility? That her Government is accused of being in a desperate hurry to follow out the first part of the Apostle's injunction by trying all things, while it has not apparently laid to heart yet the second part of the injunction 'to hold fast that which is good.' Those sober-minded, steady-going folks in the Old Country very generally happen to have a certain amount of capital which, in addition to their sober-mindedness and steady-going qualities, renders them, as a class, most desirable immigrants. But, though at one time they made choice of New Zealand as their new home when emigrating, they do so no longer, since the colony has been acquiring a socialistic tone most alarming to the ears of the 'Have's,' however musical the 'Have not's' may find it. And Capital—with a large C and unattached to emigrating individuals—seems to find that that same tone bears a remarkable resemblance to the voice of the spider inviting the fly into her parlour, and backs away from the many doors which this colony has flung wide to tempt the welcome guest inside. Fancy, then, doing away with the Legislative Council which has again and again showed its desire to modify that alarming

socialistic tone and restore to the colony its former popularity in the eyes of Capital and small British capitalists. Surely Mr Seddon and the sexagenarians—who, as we know, must prefer the interests of the colony to their own—will not do this thing when they have considered the matter well. And, O ye sexagenarians, your sympathy, if rightly directed, should be all with that ill-appreciated Upper Chamber. Indeed, if it were constituted according to my ideas, no one who had not passed three score years should have a seat in it. Surely this would secure to it as a legislative body a sufficiency of that calm, judicious, farseeing spirit—the acquirement of men who have lived beyond the days of their turmoil—which should enable it to fulfil its function of repressor or modifier of those specimens of fancy legislation manufactured by the wild, rashly-daring young spirit prevailing in the Lower Chamber.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN A NEW ROLE.

IT cannot be denied that, even after its full desserts in ridicule and condemnation for its very apparent absurdities and vulgarities, the queer organisation must be reckoned as one of the powers making for righteousness at the present period of the Christian era. But, though it is first before everything, a religious organisation, it does not hold that fact incompatible with its entering into business speculations, and the honest shrewdness and unfastidious energy which partly characterises the body are enabling these speculations to be classed as successful ones. Already its tea business is assuming such big proportions that the Army speaks of growing its own tea in the future instead of purchasing and blending it in London as it does at present. I shall not, indeed, be surprised to learn before long that the Army is running a vast and varied store like Whiteley's in Westbourne Grove, where you can get anything you want from a feeding-bottle to a coffin, or from a pound of nails to a plate of Chinese birds' nest soup. I expect that it was in the interests of teetotalism that the Army first took up the tea-business, meaning to make the 'cup that cheers but does not inebriate' as cheap and alluring as possible to those who run after the other kind of cups. I fancy, however, that I could suggest to the Army what would prove, in the long run, a much more efficacious way of combating the strong drink evil. There is no doubt that tea is a fascinating drink—we in these colonies, more than any other parts of Her Majesty's dominions have fallen under the spell of the beverage, cannot deny the fact. But there are tea-drunkards as well as tea-drinkers, and there is not a wanting of medical evidence to prove that the effects of too much tea-drinking are almost, though perhaps not quite as bad, as the effects of too much whisky-drinking. Besides, it is to be remembered that, to the man who looks on the wine when it is red, the fragrance of a well-prepared cup of tea fails somehow to appeal. It certainly will not draw him past the door of a public-house. Now, what I would suggest is that the Salvation Army should fight the publicans on their own ground. Let it open clean, wholesome drinking shops where strong and mild drinks of every kind, and each the best of its kind, will be sold at fair prices to the public, with wise regulations as to the maximum amount to be supplied to each individual. Let the pernicious abuse of the practice of 'shouting' be firmly discountenanced in these drinking shops, and the conversation permitted there be of a kind to injure no man's self-respect, while good popular music and songs might be introduced for the general entertainment. I feel pretty well persuaded that, with easy access to such places, the moderate drinker would never degenerate into the drunkard, and even the drunkard, if he were induced to frequent them, might, in many cases, be led to see the error of his ways and to reform them. At all events, those drinking places could, as rivals of the public-house, only do good, and the Salvation Army, even if it does not act on the above suggestion of mine, has no need to be shocked by it.

A PRECEDENT ALARMING TO FOOTBALLERS.

THE game of football, I believe, the most violently execrated sport that ever existed. Despite this circumstance—or perhaps on account of it—no game has more numerous or more enthusiastic devotees, and every season regularly the football Moloch claims his human sacrifices. Whenever these sacrifices are claimed there is a general loud outcry among the non-football-playing population that the game should be sent into Coventry. But nothing comes of those outcries, and one has got into the way of believing that surely some divinity must hedge the game though the players are so conspicuously unprotected. Now, however, footballers will do well to tremble for the fate of their cherished game. The State of Georgia, driven into action by many fatal football accidents, ending in the death of a young man named Gammon, has passed a law prohibiting the game from being played in Georgia, under the penalty of a fine of 1,000 dollars or a year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Whether the passing of this law will, or will not, lead to a wholesale emigration of the young men of Georgia I cannot say, as I have no acquaintance with the young ladies of that State and cannot therefore gauge to what extent their charms may act as a tether to the young men; but this I know, that the passing of this law by Georgia has established a precedent which ought to be alarming to footballers throughout the world, and especially so to the footballers of New Zealand. For it cannot be said of New Zealand that she is backward in passing laws, and she is not likely to let the State of Georgia remain long the only country with a law like that. It has been said by an irreverent jester—in punning reference to the name of the unfortunate young man whose untimely end was the direct cause of the General Assembly of Georgia's prohibition of football-playing in that State—that Georgia was gammoned into passing the law which has thrown its footballers into despair; but the enemies of football in this colony sincerely hope that our Government will not wait until the sad end of some New Zealand Gammon arouses them to a sense of the urgent necessity of taking stringent measures with regard to what they term "the brutal game." I certainly shall deeply sympathise with the knights of the leather in this colony when the game is interdicted to them by law, for nowhere has football more enthusiastic adherents than in New Zealand. Yet I derive some consolation from the thought of the benefit they may get from having to cease playing the game, for a medical expert declares that indulgence in football has a tendency to produce atrophy of the brain. Therefore, if New Zealand passes a similar law to Georgia's, we may expect to see our young men and boys developing more brainy heads and less brawny legs. I wonder if the thought of this will be any consolation to our young men and boys? To the young ladies 'whose bright eyes rain influence' from the stand of Potter's Padlock on Saturday afternoons in winter, I have to show that their deprivation of the joy of witnessing a 'scrum' will not be without its compensation. Their swains will be able to devote their Saturday afternoons to their liege ladies instead of to the ball, and I conjure up charming visions of walks and rides a deux, in fresh cool winter weather, when young hearts will draw fondly to one another and make rapid progress towards perpetual union.

THE EDUCATED GIRL.

THE future of 'our girls' is attracting some attention just now. It has dawned upon many competent authorities that the modern system of educating our girls of all classes is not as satisfactorily complete as it should be. They are being turned out from public and private schools blessed (or the reverse) with a large amount of book learning, but with very little practical, useful knowledge. Put an average girl in the kitchen and tell her to prepare a good plain dinner and what a blank face of dismay she will turn on you! 'I can make a cake or some Turkish delight,' she says, 'but I can't cook a dinner.' Set her to sweep and dust, and her helpless manipulation of the broom and disdainful dashes at the

furniture with the duster are a painful revelation of the terrible incompleteness of her education. Unfortunately, this disdain for housework or for domestic work of any kind is growing on our girls. They have never read that even in sweeping a room the manner of doing it makes that and the action fine, and too many consider the little attention to home comforts, the petty details of daily life, quite beneath their attention. They are not being brought up to study these things; they are not being fitted for wives and mothers and daughters, lady-helps or domestic servants. They are only being educated for teachers, type-writers, telegraph operators, lady clerks, cash girls, shop and factory assistants. They prefer to live away from home, where they would be expected to assist a little to lighten their mother's labours, and so the beautiful domestic life, formerly so much the characteristic of the British nation, is fast dying out. For these are not marriageable girls. A man wants a wife to create a home for him. What sorts of housewives would the majority of our modern-ly-educated girls make? And the remedy must be found in less head and more handwork in our schools.

THE PLACE FOR A HOLIDAY.

A FEW weeks ago I ventured to preach a short sermon on how and where to spend a holiday, and the burden of my remarks was that the ideal holiday was one that embraced a thorough change. Unlike some preachers I have just been practising what I counselled. I have returned from a delightful little trip to the highest, innermost, and most wonderful part of this North Island of New Zealand. I have passed through the waters of Rotorua, lingered in that weirdly infernal region of Wairakei, sailed the great inland sea of Taupo, driven my wheel along that perfect road which lies at the bottom of the earthquake rift, fared sumptuously on the cherries, the raspberries, and the mountain strawberries that can be had for the gathering on the roadsides, climbed the rugged sides of Tongariro and Aurohoo, and looked down the sulphurous throat of the latter; and I have found it all supremely good. When I was in the West Indies there used to be a saying current on the Essequibo that whoever had once eaten bush pig and drunk bush water would never care to leave Demerara. Well, I think in the same way that when one has once really filled his lungs with the glorious breezes that blow on the elevated country in the Taupo region he will be loth to breathe any other. I fancy the fountain of perpetual youth must be somewhere in these little explored tracts. I would not have been in the least surprised if I had chanced on it in some of these alpine valleys that I traversed. Certainly the streams I did taste were not of the common kind, and the air was as nearly what I should imagine the elixir of life to be as I can conceive. How I wished I could carry away with me enough to last for the rest of the year, instead of having to be content with only my lungs full. Perhaps some day such a feat may be possible, and we dwellers in cities will be able to refresh ourselves daily with the pure atmosphere that blows about the mountain peaks, and sleeps in the pleasant birch-clad valleys. Ever since I came back to town I have been urging on all my friends who are about to take a holiday to take it under the shadow of Aurohoo, or indeed anywhere between Taupo and Pipiriki. There is the real sanatorium of New Zealand, Rotorua is only on its outskirts, and Rotorua is for most people the farthest point they reach from the North here. A few go through to Taupo, and of course the regular tourist coaches right on to Pipiriki. But how very few linger awhile in that region. For the most part the travellers rush through it from civilisation to civilisation as if it were some terrible wilderness that had to be traversed as speedily as possible. The cyclists, an ever increasing army in that part of the world, scorch over the long deserted road and give a casual glance now and again to mountain, lake and wood. But not one individual in two hundred, and hardly one party in the season, ever think of making these highlands their abiding

place for a week or so in the summer. Yet a more delightful resort does not exist in the whole of the colony. Let those of my readers who contemplate a holiday try it, and blame me if they come back disappointed. I know very well that in a few years there will be no need for this certificate of mine. The white wings of the yachts will be seeking the blue waters of Taupo, and summer houses, caravans and tents will dot its shores, while in the valleys around the great mountains camping parties will pluck the alpine daisies and big alpine buttercups every day of the summer time.

NAUGHTY NEW SOUTH WALES.

NEW SOUTH WALES appears in a fair way to prove herself the black sheep of the Australian Colonies. It certainly is not to be denied that she has claims entitling her to that conspicuous post which cannot be overlooked. Amongst other claims it may be mentioned that she was the first colony that produced the larrikin, and though the genus seems to thrive well throughout Australia, yet nowhere does it attain such remarkable development as it does in its native habitat—the capital city of New South Wales. Now comes forward the officious statistician to declare that the divorce rate in New South Wales is extremely high—so high that it is exceeded by only three civilised countries in the world. The divorce rate in the other colonies is not high at all—in some of them, indeed, it is very low—and it must come rather rough on them that, by reason of the numerous disruptions of the marital bond in New South Wales, the divorce rate of Australia, taken as a whole, reaches a figure which gives a shamefully misleading idea of how husbands and wives agree together in Queensland or South Australia. But why should husbands and wives in New South Wales be so prone to get themselves unmarried? At first, I was inclined to think that the high temperature of the climate of the colony, during a large portion of the year, might induce a corresponding warmth in the tempers of individuals which would be very detrimental to the maintenance of a married condition of life. However, a glance at the very low percentage of divorce in Queensland made me quickly absolve hot climates from any suspicion of being ante-chambers to the Divorce Court. Then I bethought myself of the peculiar character of some of the early stock, whence has partly sprung the population of New South Wales, and I wondered if the propensity to get divorced manifested by that population could, by any possibility, be an inherited trait. But a little reflection reminded me that the ladies and gentlemen, whom a considerate British Government deemed duly qualified for a free compulsory passage to Botany Bay, did not patronise the Divorce Court, but preferred to settle their marital differences by muscular force, backed by the casual assistance of a poker or a hob-nailed boot. So now, not being able to think of any more plausible explanations, I must wait patiently until some of those kind people who know the why and wherefore of everything will enlighten me as to the reason of the large demand for the untying of the connubial knot in New South Wales.

ARE WE ANY BETTER OFF?

Er, the world had caught the taint
That our higher notions give.
Happy in their skins and paint
Our ancestors used to live.
Now we have advanced space
And we laugh at them and scoff:
But, when we review the case,
Are we any better off?
True, we live beneath a roof
Where our fathers had a cave,
And our costume is a proof
Of the 'higher culture' wave.
But our culture brings us grief,
Bitter with the sweet we quarrel,
And we yearn for some relief—
Are we any better off?
Nothing moved the early man
Save an inter-tribal war;
Or a forage he would plan
When exhausted was his store.
Sanitation moved him not,
And he hadly knew a cough:
What he needed, soon was got—
Are we any better off?
Though we have advanced a deal,
Something still is out of gear:
Time can many ailments heal,
But the poor are always here.
So, unto the early men
We our hats must humbly doff:
Thinking when his state we scan—
Are we any better off?

ALEX. B. MCCREADY.
Christchurch, N.Z.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to Contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the "New Zealand Graphic" will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'Mizpah.'—I am able to answer your second query this week. Some ladies have elastic bands fastened on to the side hem of their skirts, and buttoning or tying on to the shoe at the top. This plan is far better than a strap that goes right round the foot. You must not use a very thin skirt, and it requires to be very well cut to hang gracefully. If I can answer any other question I will do it with pleasure. The elastic band should be sewn to the top of a deep hem, so that when unfastened it does not show below the dress. If this is not quite clear send stamped addressed envelope and I will sketch what I mean.

'West.'—By all means, but be sure you address it to the right person.

'N.Z.'—I do not see why you wrote at all.

'Bee.'—Much obliged. There was no need to apologise. Please write again.

'Donelly.'—It is better to remove your hat.

'Frida.'—You could write and ask; there would be no harm in that. I would not risk a personal call.

'English.'—It is very little observed out here. Young men do not seem to have time to call.

'B.E.N.'—There is no rule. Consult your own good taste.

'Japan.'—No; I do not think you would like that billet at all. Try something demanding less manual labour.

'Liz.'—Presents are much in demand just now. I am sure your mother would like a tea cosy, which is made with a removable linen cover. This can be taken off, washed, and replaced fresh and clean. The cosy is in half circular shape, covered with flannel, and framed at the top with puffs of silk. An embroidery of flowers in washing silk is carried out on the linen cover, which is hemmed all round, loop holes being worked around the top edge for passing ribbons through, and fastening the cover on to the cosy.

'David.'—The dinner hour varies in different cities. In most of the large ones six o'clock, or half-past six, is the preferred hour for dining. Some people dine as late as seven o'clock, and a very few choose eight o'clock. The fashionable hour in London at present is nine o'clock.

'In Doubt.'—Under any circumstances a lady should return all presents and letters when she breaks her engagement; she should not wait for the gentleman to ask for his letters, but should send everything as soon as possible, with a polite request that her letters be returned to her. It would not be right for a lady to offer to destroy the letters and gifts, and request the gentleman to do the same. Everything should be returned.

'Estelle.'—No, under no circumstances.

'Julie.'—For any brass or copper articles that have been neglected, take three-quarters of a pound of rotten-stone, one and a-half ounces of oxalic acid, and three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic; have them finely powdered, and mix into a paste with one and a-half ounces of sweet oil, and a little hot water if necessary. Apply the paste with a piece of soft flannel, and polish with a dry, soft wash-leather.

'E.F.G.'—It would hardly be suitable. Try again.

'Mrs M.'—To clean patent leather boots and slippers, put into a bottle equal parts of sweet oil and paraffin, and thoroughly mix together. Sponge off all dirt with warm water, and when dry apply a small quantity of above with a piece of flannel or sponge; polish with a soft rag or chamois leather.

'Dolly Varden.'—Your sketches arrived too late to be used. Anything of that kind wants to be quite fresh, as it so soon loses its interest. Try to send in earlier another time.

'Romeo.'—The finest actors now living, male and female, neither sing nor dance on the stage. Singing and dancing do not appear at all in high-class plays, or they are introduced chiefly in the comic roles that sometimes relieve a fine play. Singing and

dancing belong to light opera and to variety plays, and these, of course, are not first-class entertainments. Grand opera is different, and is considered artistic in a high degree. You can not secure a part in any reputable entertainment unless you possess talent, and have had some experience and training. You might apply to the manager of a theatrical company, and ask him to test your ability. Be content to take a small part at first.

'A City Girl.'—Probably you do not observe the rules of health by taking exercise in the open air, getting refreshing sleep, eating nourishing food, drinking but little tea or coffee, and using neither beer nor snuff. Try this course, together with rubbing your body well with a mixture of sweet oil and salt, and a few drops of alcohol or cologne. Your prematurely grey hair and your sister's sunken cheeks are due to a lack of perfect health. Your blood is impoverished. Take a spoonful of albuminate of iron after each meal. Hair turns grey early through lack of sufficient iron in the blood. It is the iron that imparts the colouring matter. Wash your hair in a strong decoction of common tea to which a little copperas has been added.

'Bobbie.'—Many thanks for your offer, but we do not keep a tame menagerie up here.

'Elsie.'—Write as often as you like. I remember you quite well. There is no rule about having none but pure white flowers on the table, and, indeed, I think in this case you will have to take what you can get. There is a quantity of pink ivy geranium, about just now. Why not have that colour and all the white flowers you can obtain?

'A.M.B.'—Many young singers complain of the same thing. The troublesome self-consciousness will probably disappear after awhile. All highly-strung natures are subject to it when they are young. Try to get out of yourself, to forget yourself, and to think only of what you are singing. You should eat plenty of lettuce, onions, and celery, as they are soothing to the nerves. A dose of bromide in a little water, taken before appearing on the stage, will help to quiet your nerves. Nothing is so effectual and harmless in soothing the nerves as the old-fashioned remedy, asafetida; but some people object to its disagreeable smell.

'L.B.T.'—Declined. It is surprising that any young girl should put her name to such a production.

NAPOLEON'S LAST HOPE.

That Napoleon had not quite abandoned all hope after Waterloo is proved by the following, written to his brother on June 19, 1815. It is included in the new work on Napoleon just published by Messrs Heinemann:

'All is not lost. I suppose that by collecting all my forces, I shall still have a hundred and fifty thousand men remaining. The federated troops and the best of the National Guard will furnish me a hundred thousand men, and the depot battalions fifty thousand more. Thus I shall have three hundred thousand soldiers, with whom I can at once oppose the enemy. I will horse my artillery with carriage horses. I will raise a hundred thousand conscripts. I will arm them with muskets taken from the Royalists, and from the ill-disposed members of the National Guard. I will raise the whole of Dauphine, the Lyonnais, and Burgundy. I will overwhelm the enemy.'

'But the people must help me, and not bewilder me. I am going to Laon. I shall doubtless find people there. I have no news of Grouchy. If he has not been taken, as I fear, I may have fifty thousand men within three days. With them I can keep the enemy engaged, and give France, and Paris, time to do their duty. The Austrians march slowly; the Prussians are afraid of the peasants, and dare not advance too fast; everything may yet be retrieved.'

'Write me what effect this horrible piece of bad luck has produced in the Chamber. I believe the deputies will feel convinced that their duty, in this crowning moment, is to rally round me and save France. Pave the way, so that they may support me worthily. Above all, let them show courage and decision!'

THE BUDDHIST HELL.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D.D.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

THERE are three great religions systems in China: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. The two first are of native growth, while the latter is a foreign religion that was propagated in China by Indian missionaries in the first century of the Christian era. The endeavour of Confucian teachers had been to raise morality to that higher level of spontaneous, disinterested obedience to duty. Virtue was to be loved because it was good, and practised because of its own intrinsic great reward. The teachings of Confucius only comprehended the limits of the present life. The Master recognised no other sphere of happiness and woe than the pre-



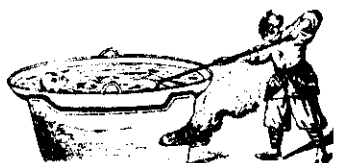
A FIEND BRAINS A PRIEST WHO HAS BEEN FALSE TO HIS VOWS.

sent world. If he spoke of rewards and punishments he left them undefined; never offered a hint of the time or place of their distribution, or indulged in any speculation upon a future life. His agnosticism on the subject of a future life is expressed in his reply to the question of Kee Loo: 'While we know so little about life, what can we know about death?' As to this life, beyond which his followers were not permitted to inquire, there were so many contradictions of the doctrine that happiness and misery were apportioned according to human merit or demerit, as were sufficient to nullify its value as an incentive to a virtuous life. Confucius overestimated the national character when he expected a Chinaman to do good without pay, or to be deterred from evil because it was wrong. The great mass of men who could only be restrained from vice by vivid pictures of its future penalties, and who could only be made virtuous by promises of eternal reward, found the needed motives in that modified and more popular form of Buddhism that pictured the bliss of the Western Paradise and the torments of the 180 hells; and which taught that every act of worship, kind deed, good desire and holy purpose are unerringly placed to their credit in the great ledger of the gods.

Buddhism taught six states of being: gods, men, demons, animals, hungry ghosts and torment in hell. Life is represented as a great wheel with six spokes ever turning—an incessant change from one state of being into another—and to be lifted off this transmigration treadmill into the Nirvana of non-being is the strange prospect held out by Gautama Buddha. Until that goal is reached there is no rest, but an incessant ebb and flow of the tides of life, birth and re-birth into states determined by a man's store of accumulated merit or demerit, either in ascending shapes from man up to Buddhahood, or in descending forms of life from man down to worms and slugs. Sir Edwin Arnold's words come to us:—

While turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying place can be;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes
Go round incessantly.

Whatever may have been the teachings of the earlier Buddhists on the question of a future life, the popular



A FIEND THRUSTS A PARRICIDE INTO A CAULDRON OF BOILING OIL.

conception of future retribution entertained by the Chinese to-day bears many points of resemblance to that of the Grecian and Roman classics. The Chinese yam-kan or yam-fu is the Greek Hades, the world of shades and place of departed spirits. Tartarus is represented by ti-yuk, or earthly prison. Elysium is represented by the Western Paradise, the abode of the happy dead, while grim Pluto becomes the Chinese Yim Loh Wong, the King of Hades and ruler of the under world.

One of the most popular gods in Canton is Shing Wong, the patron deity of walled cities. Travellers will remember an apartment in the temple of this god called by foreigners 'the

Chinese Tartarus such as greeted Aeneas on the banks of the Styx, or Dante on the shores of gloomy Acheron. A Chinaman can bear pain with calm resignation, and meet torture with stoical contempt. Besides, there is no hope left him. No inscription appears over Ti Yuk portals such as Dante writes over the gates of Hades: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.' The Buddhist system is purgatorial and remedial. Dante's Inferno, like the Chinese Yam-kan, is placed under the earth. It is also a singular fact that Dante speaks of ten pits or valleys of torture; but as these belong only to the eighth circle of the Inferno, it is doubtful if they can be made to correspond with the ten kingdoms of the Buddhist purgatory.

The first kingdom with its Hall of Judgment is presided over by King Tsung Kwong, who is seated on his throne clad in regal robes. Behind him are attendants with huge fans,

offerings for the poor and pocketed fees for masses and orisons that they have never said, or only partially so, are shut up in dark cells and condemned to read aloud from small type and with only a tiny taper's light, those Sutras they neglected during life.

On the other side of Tsung Kwong's throne are represented the good spirits who during life employed men to destroy obscene literature, to reverently gather up scraps of printed paper from the streets and so prevent the words of the holy sages from being trodden under foot. These come to this kingdom for the reward of their virtuous deeds.

The second kingdom is under the presidency of King Cho Kong. It is situated under the Southern Sea, and has sixteen sub-hells within its territory. The criminals who come here are priests who have inveigled children away from their homes to make them monks and nuns; men who

fends. After centuries of torture they will repent and be allowed to return to the earth in the bodies of loathsome reptiles.

The virtuous who come to this court for reward are men of humane sympathies—those who have brought and distributed religious tracts, those who have given alms to the poor, medicine to the sick, shelter to the out-cast, and the man who often trod aside



A FIEND STANDS OVER A WOMAN CONVICTED OF KIDNAPPING. WHILE SHE SWALLOWS LEADEN PILLS SATURATED IN FLAMING OIL.

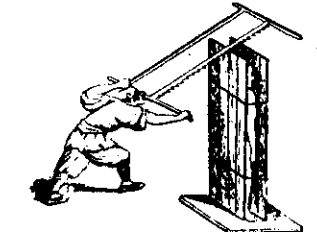
to spare the worm that crawled along the public path. These are delivered from purgatory and brought back to life in human form. Women who have spent their days in charitable deeds have the unutterable joy of being born again as men—a privilege which is highly appreciated by the fair sex in far Cathay.

The third kingdom of purgatory is under the direction of King Sung Tse. It is said to be situated at the bottom of the ocean, under the south-east corner of the Yuk Chin Rock, and contains sixteen prisons. Here are brought the disloyal, the contumacious, the unfaithful and disobedient; ministers of State whose treason endangered the government and brought trouble to the State; saucy wives and concubines who defied the authority of their lords; undutiful children, disobedient servants and mutinous soldiers; shopmen who cheated their employers; gaol-breakers and runaway convicts, whose escape from punishment involved their guards and wardens in trouble; geomancers who cheated their clients and chose un-

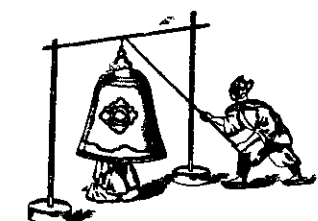


THE EATER OF DOG'S FLESH IS DRIVEN BY A FIEND TO BE BITTEN BY THE ANIMALS WHOSE LIVES HE HAS DESTROYED.

lucky sites for graves; gravediggers who, like Hamlet's clown, disturbed people's graves and cast up dead men's bones to make room for another's sepulchre; men who neglected their families and forgot where to find the tombs of parents and ancestors; busybodies who spread scandal, stirred up strife and provoked litigation; scribes who forged or altered deeds and tampered with accounts. All these stand trembling, guilty and accursed before the inexorable judge. A legion of foul fiends encircle them about, ready to drag them to the hells where other victims are already writhing in agony. Some are cast into cauldrons of boiling oil, others impaled on spikes. Some are torn by tigers and wild beasts, yet never devoured; others are pierced with arrows, yet never slain. Women who killed their husbands are chained to iron posts and disembowelled; others are slashed with knives, moaning piteously for death which comes not to their relief. Traitors and rebels are bound to red-hot furnaces on



THE FATE OF A BLASPHEMER OF BUDDHA.



A DOOMED MURDERESS ON HER WAY TO TORTURE—A DEVIL FOUNDS AN ADULTEROUS WOMAN IN A MORTAR—A WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN GUILTY OF INFANTICIDE IS IMPRISONED UNDER A HEAVY BELL.

chamber of horrors.' It is a representation of the ten kingdoms of purgatory, containing hideous images standing in threatening attitudes, behind which are groups of small figures in stucco relief exhibiting the pains and penalties of purgatory. Each group has its judge, victors, criminals and executioners, and its own peculiar forms of punishment. The judges, officials, police-runners and executioners are thoroughly Chinese, and the mode of procedure is that of a criminal sessions and gaol delivery in a district magistrate's yamen. It is not generally known that San Francisco can boast of a temple of Shing Wong. His temple may be found on Waverly-street, between Clay and Sacramento streets, and opposite the temple of the Ning Yeung Company. It is reached by two flights of stairs, and the visitor will find a very courteous temple-keeper ready to show every nook and corner of his sanctum sanctorum, and explain its details to anyone who understands Cantonese. There is no chamber of horrors as in Canton, but this is substituted by ten rudely painted pictures that adorn the smoky walls, describing the halls of Tartarus and the different grades of metempsychosis. The engraving, 'The Ten Halls of Purgatory,' given below, is a reduced copy of a rude Chinese drawing hung in private homes, representing the ten judges or kings of Hades, with attendants arranged in groups, while in the centre is an illustration of the transmigration of souls and the punishments inflicted on the ghosts of wicked people. The description of the Buddhist purgatory given in this paper is based upon the drawings and models found in the temples of Shing Wong, and especially the detailed account given in a religious book published in Canton called 'Yuk lik chi po pin.' These Canton moralists have drawn some very ghastly pictures, though they do not approach the lurid colours and weird imagery of Dante. No heart-rending wails and shrieks resound through the hollows and caves of the



THE TEN HALLS OF PURGATORY—FROM AN ANCIENT PAINTING.

for this is evidently a hot place. Before him are arranged persons who have committed various crimes. The principal culprits are those who have committed suicide and brought misery on others by their death. These are doomed to suffer like Tantalus, surrounded by food which they cannot touch, and 'water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' Four times each month they are supposed to endure the same agonies as attended their acts of self-destruction. After two years their spirits are permitted to return to the place of suicide, and an opportunity is given them to repent. If they are still obdurate, they are brought back for further castigation. Devils lead their wicked manes about in chains or heavy wooden collars; and hold up mirrors before them in which are reflected their crimes and the forms of beasts and reptiles in which they are doomed to reappear in this world. One demon is seen holding a poor wretch by the queue about to hurl him upon a bed of spikes upon which others are already impaled. Wicked priests and nuns who stole

have decoyed children from their parents and sold them into bondage; persons who have defamed their neighbours or brought evil upon them by false accusation; men who have carelessly maimed others and made no reparation; ignorant physicians and quacks whose malpractice brought their patients to an untimely grave; masters and mistresses who have refused to manumit their slaves when adequate redemption was offered, or who have held marriageable servant girls in bondage beyond the customary age; villainous marriage brokers who have deliberately arranged alliances between healthy persons and those afflicted with leprosy or other incurable diseases; fraudulent trustees and guardians who have squandered estates and deprived their wards of their property. These are cast naked upon the Hades ice fields, or thrown into the 'black-cloud sand'—a quicksand in which they are slowly engulfed. Rapacious and extortionate officials are thrust into iron cages, unable to move their limbs or stand erect, and wheeled round by hideous

wheels and drawn about by fiends, 'burning continually, yet unconsumed; dying perpetually, yet never dead,' and ever cursing and gnashing their teeth because they cannot end their miserable lives.

Under the ashlow of Sung Tae's throne are the virtuous who come to his court for reward. They are the spirits of those who in life spent their fortunes repairing public highways, erecting bridges, and assisting in other public works, and who are soon to return to the world to fulfil exalted positions in life.

The fourth kingdom of purgatory is presided over by King Ng Koon. It is said to be situated under the ocean, on the eastern side of the Yuk Chin Rock. Under Ng Koon's jurisdiction are sixteen prisons where the punishments fit for crime. Here come traders guilty of using light weights and false balances, of selling adulterated food, marketing sham fabrics, and passing counterfeit coin; physicians who administer inferior drugs; niggards who hoarded up a specific which might have cured a suffering neighbour; ruffians who pushed aside the gaed and weak; the rascals who plundered their richer neighbours, and the rich who neglected the poor; the thief who stole oil from the street lamps; the man who cast refuse, dead animals and broken glass and pottery on the public highway; the black-guard who uttered loud-mouthed curses and blasphemies and committed other nuisances on the public streets all receive sentence in this court and are dragged off to the caves of perdition.

The trader who sold by short measures and light weights is met by a hideous demon with a huge steel-yard, who thrusts a huge hook into the fleshy part of the body, adjusts the weight and holds the culprit suspended in mid-air till he has expiated his offences. Those who have sold adulterated goods are thrown into a huge mortar and pounded by foot pestles worked by fiends. One scene represents a poor wretch who had stolen food to save his family from starvation. He too is thrown into the mortar. He appeals to heaven. His cries are heard by the Goddess of Mercy, Kwan Yum—all compassionate as she appears in the clouds and rains down lotus flowers that so completely the man's body as to protect it from the crushing blows. Swindlers are doomed to wear ponderous wooden collars, in which it is impossible to lie down to rest. Thieves are dismembered, dragged over rows of spikes, or submerged in ponds of blood. When their term of punishment has expired, they are allowed to return to earth in the form of beasts, reptiles or insects.

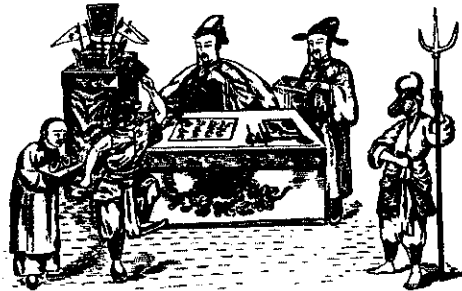
The virtuous who come to this court are those who have provided coffins for the poor, and borne the expense of their funerals. These are re-born as men and enjoys a life of affluence and dignity.

The fifth kingdom of purgatory is in charge of King Yim Loh. This is the Chinese Pluto, who once had the presidency of the first kingdom. The pearly emperor, to whom the kings of Hades hold allegiance, degraded him to the fourth place for permitting the ghosts of suicides, whom oppression had goaded to self-destruction, to return to the earth and take vengeance on those who had done them wrong. Sixteen hell prisons are under his jurisdiction, where are found racks, stocks, mills, and other implements of torture. Unbelievers in the doctrines of Buddha, revilers of the virtuous, incontinent, and incendiaries, men who have broken open sepulchres, or stopped wells, and watercourses are dragged into these chambers of retribution. At first these culprits are taken to the top of a pagoda, 400 feet high, from which lofty height they are permitted to view afar off their village homes and the scenes of their happy childhood. All the past delights of home, the companionship of wife, children and friends rise up before their vision, and as they gaze upon loved ones so near and yet so far, and behold familiar scenes to which, alas, they can never, never return, tears flow from their eyes, bitter laments escape their lips, vain regrets for the irreparable past, and fearful longings for the happy days that are no more. In the midst of their wails and sobs they are dragged down to the chambers of torture. Some are disembowelled and their viscera devoured by dogs and serpents that bark and hiss at their feet. Some are sawn asunder. Others are compelled to grovel in fire

and pick up and swallow red-hot pills of iron. At the end of their torments they are metamorphosed into the bodies of birds, dogs and other animals, and sent into the world to commence life afresh.

The virtuous are those who have spent their days in almsgiving and charitable deeds, and are escorted by the king's officers to the tenth kingdom to receive the reward of a virtuous life and promotion to some higher state of existence.

Beneath the Northern Sea lies the sixth purgatorial kingdom under charge of King Pin Shing. Here gather the blasphemers, the profane, the iconoclast and the ungodly. Here are found men who have reviled heaven and earth, murmured against Providence, grumbled at the weather and irreverently uttered the names of the gods. At the bar of justice stand those who have committed sacrilege, injured temples, removed images, broken open the bodies of idols to steal gold and jewels, placed filth in a temple, or offered some unclean thing to the gods. Here, also, are found dealers and readers of obscene literature; men who have shown disrespect to written paper, or who have torn and defaced the writings of the holy sages; men who have eaten the flesh of the ox and the dog, and those who have wasted vegetable food. Merchants who have made a corner on rice and increased the cost of this and other necessities of life are disem-



KING YIM LO, THE CHINESE PLUTO, AND HIS COURT OF JUDGMENT.

bowelled. The sacrilegious thieves, who have robbed temples are impaled on beds of spikes. Destroyers of good books are hung from the arm of a cross and flayed alive. Blasphemers, defamers and liars have their tongues cut out. The thief is bound hand and foot and made to crawl over red-hot iron filings, while they who have murmured against heaven are bound within two heavy slabs of wood and sawn asunder by two fiends.

The virtuous who come to Pin Shing's courts are they who have spent Buddhist holy days in fasting, prayer and self-denial, or those who have built, repaired and endowed temples, monasteries and convents. Blessed are these, and blessed are their posterity.

The seventh region of purgatory is in charge of King Tai Shan, under whose jurisdiction are sixteen cells. Those who have used human bones and other portions of the body for medicine, and human flesh for food, or stolen gold and silver from coffins come to this realm. These are bound hand and foot and cast by devils armed with pitchforks into a burning fiery furnace. Here, also, is found the kidnapper of children, those who have sold betrothed maidens into slavery or concubinage, parents who have destroyed their female offspring, and women who have procured abortion to cover other crimes. These are thrown into dens to be gnawed by wolves and dogs. Another group of culprits are those who have traduced good men, men whose cruel slanders have destroyed the peace of households and separated husband and wife, others who tell obscene stories, sing lewd songs, and whose conversation ever turns upon women, are bound to a stake, while a fiend tears their tongues out by the roots. Men who have cruelly oppressed their fellow-men, the master who crushes the weak and terrorises over those who are at their mercy, are brought to a cauldron of boiling oil. One fiend binds them and casts them in, another stir the soup with a spoon, while another pokes the fire and blows the bellows. Men in this grade are exhorted to repent of these misdeeds and atone for them by purchasing the freedom of captive birds and by buying coffins for paupers.

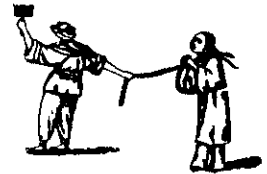
The virtuous who come here are those who gave up their lives to save their parents' lives, or those who submitted to be bled that a feeble and aged father or mother might be preserved by medicine made from their blood.

The eighth purgatorial kingdom is under the presidency of King Tow Shi. Before this awful Rhadamanthus appear crowds of undutiful sons, who have neglected their parents' support and whose heartless ingratitude and cruel abuse made their parents prematurely old and brought their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. These are trampled down by the hoofs of horses, crushed by heavy chariot wheels, and speared by fiends. Men with covetous hearts, extortioners, foul-mouthed cursers, drunkards, adulterers, seducers, gluttons, gamblers and loafing vagabonds are assailed by fiends, armed with spiked cudgels, and driven to a bridge from which they are cast headlong into a river of blood. In this foul stream they ever sink and rise. Their cries for help are answered by some horrid fiend who with a long trident strikes each rising head till down they sink again.

The virtuous who come to this kingdom are those who have given alms to mendicant friars, whose benedictions and prayers have procured their salvation from hell.

The ninth purgatorial kingdom is under the presidency of King Ping Tang, and contains sixteen prisons, surrounded by an iron network fence.

ment. Here are those who have neglected their parents, abuse servants and slaves, or wantonly destroyed animal life. Here are found



A BLACKSLIDING BUDDHIST PRIEST DRAWN IN CHAINS TO HELL.

lying hide by side, crushed beneath huge rocks, the schoolmaster who neglected the instruction of his scholars, and the scholar who disobeyed teachers and heeded not the words of the wise. Witches, nuns, gypsies and old hags who have by their enchantments led astray young girls and lone widows, are cast into ponds to be bitten by water snakes and other reptiles.

In this region all torment is brought to an end. The punishments endured in successive stages of purgatory are not eternal, but temporary and remedial, designed only to wash out all those stains of long-contracted filth that remain in the soul, to cure it of base animal cravings and love of life, so that at last, after long kalpas of time Buddha's rest and peace are reached.

'For this are various penances enjoined. And some are hung to bleach upon the wind. Some plunged in waters, others purged in fire. Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the dross expires.'

In this tenth region is found the mill of transmigration, the wheel of change that turns incessantly; and over against 'the five quagmires' of the world are the 'bridges of fate,' built of gold, silver, jade and wood, across which the souls emancipated from purgatory pass to be re-born into the world whether as man, beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect. Here, also, Chuen Lun determines the duration of each transmigrated creature's life, its measure of this world's happiness and woe, and the fate of each.

Upon those who spent their days on earth reading the Sutras, these hells have no power; their names are in the Book of Life; a higher sphere on earth awaits them, and their detention in purgatory is only brief. Before their re-birth, it is said, these souls are taken by the angel Mang to the Ku Mang pagoda, and there made to drink of the broth of oblivion. It is difficult to discover what effect this potion was supposed to have upon the transmigrating soul. Perhaps its analogue is to be found in the waters of Lethe described by Virgil in the passage: 'Whole droves of souls are, by the driving god,

Compelled to drink the deep Lethean flood In large forgetful draughts, to steep the cares Of their past labours and their toilsome years.

That unremembering of its former pain, The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.

But whatever joys await the soul in its loftier transportations, this life is not its goal. Buddhism taught that human life is at its best a delusion, a curse and a bitterness. Till disenchantment came and desire was quenched there was no hope of salvation. Life's chains and trammels must one by one be broken off. The soul must be weaned from ephemeral joys and evanescent pleasures. And to escape this dizzy whirl of life's ever-changing wheel, to find release from purgatorial hells, and from the dreary monotony of successive births and deaths, Buddhism showed but one way. It was to renounce the world, take refuge in 'the three precious ones'—Buddha, the Law and the Church, to spend one's life in rapt meditation and dreamy abstraction. So shall blessed tranquillity come, the world and all unreal things shall fade away and then comes the end. Just as the dewdrop slips into the shining sea, so life and being, personality and consciousness shall be absorbed in Buddha and swallowed up in Nirvana.

*Dryden's translation.

The court of this department is crowded with malefactors, convicted of capital crimes, and have come down from the upper prisons for further torture. Here are found people who used spells, enchantments, drugs and 'devil powders' to bring others under their power; men who have committed unnatural crimes; printers, vendors and readers of immoral literature; painters of obscene pictures; abortionists, and those who have administered aphrodisiacs to women and girls. These are enclosed in brass cylinders over red-hot furnaces, or roasted over slow fires. Those who have defrauded sanctuaries of the funds devoted to religious purposes or mispent money given to publish religious tracts, are cast upon the hill of spears. Hunters and fishermen who have wantonly destroyed animal life, are speared by demons with long tridents. The birds they trapped and killed now come in flocks to peck out their eyes, and the fish they have so wantonly netted now wait in the ponds to feed on their viscera. Those who have sown discord in families, broken off marriages, and embroiled communities, are devoured by wild beasts or gored by wild boars. Ravishers and seducers, swindlers of property and incendiaries are thrown into a mill and ground to powder, surrounded by a crowd of dancing, grinning fiends, who mock their every groan.

There are those upon whom Ping Tang smiles with favour. They are the kind-hearted and charitable who, during the cold winter months provided the poor with hot soup, and gave refreshing tea to weary travellers in the heat of summer. Others provided medicine for the sick, while some have benefitted posterity by establishing free ferry boats and bridges. These public benefactors are destined to ride in the sedan chairs of paradise, crowned with blessings and renown.

The tenth kingdom is under the charge of King Chuen Lun, or the king of the revolving wheel. Criminals who have suffered punishment in the other hells are forwarded to this kingdom to be reborn into the world or otherwise disposed of. Some few are represented as still detained in the prisons of this depart-

Old Harding: "Well, I guess that young Dabley's determined to marry our Lib in spite of everything." Mrs Harding: "Why do you think so, Jeremiah?" Old Harding: "Why, you know, she sang to him and played the piano night before last, and here he is again."

AKAROA.

PROTECTED PHOTOS BY WALTER BURKE.

AKAROA is one of the finest harbours in the Colony, but unfortunately so land-locked that little use can be made of it. Its value as a harbour is known to the officers of the Australasian Squadron, and warships frequently call there and stay for a time in order to take advantage of the unlimited sea-room and deep water for various manoeuvres. The difficulty of making good use of the harbour has kept back the population, and as a consequence the little town is much in request as a place in which to spend a quiet holiday, and the hard-worked Canterbury merchant and his good wife find a run down to Akaroa a beneficial change, and honeymoon couples, who prefer quietness for some reason, make for Akaroa in large numbers. The valleys have charming little bits of bush; there are pretty creeks and waterfalls; good boating and fishing, while the neighbouring bays are all worth a visit. Historically, Akaroa is one of the most interesting places in the Colony. It was here, as shown in your last Christmas number, the British Flag was first unfurled in the South Island, and the earliest settlement of Canterbury was at Akaroa. Many relics still remain, but unfortunately in 'this world of reality, hard, shallow-hearted,' they are little appreciated, and on each succeeding visit I have found fewer and fewer of any interest remaining.

THIS IS AN AGE OF NERVES.

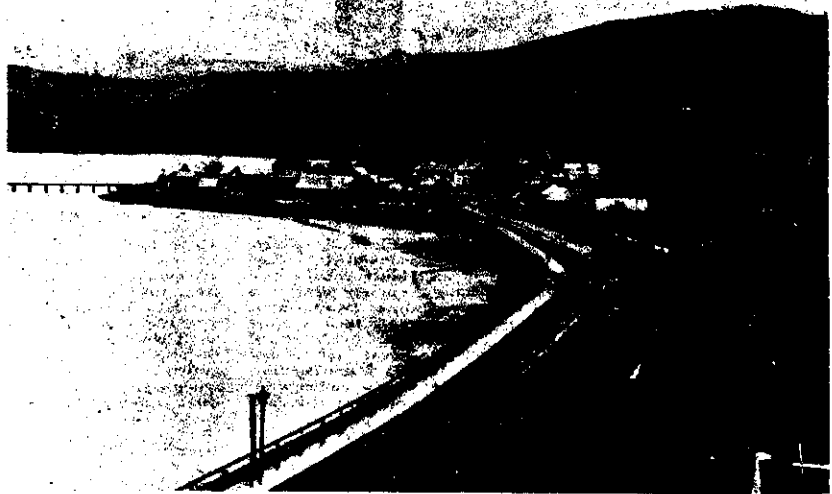
A London specialist, on being questioned on the subject of living, says that the artificial nature of modern life and the constant rush after work which one cannot overtake are mainly responsible for the general shattering of nerves seen all around. If people would only take things quietly we should be a much healthier race than we are.

The same physician, on being asked for a general cure for nerves, says: 'Diseases of the nervous system cover such an enormous field that one cannot recommend a panacea. Take smoking for example. Excessive indulgence in the weed has an effect not merely on the nerves, but on the whole system. But a good deal of nonsense is talked about smoking. It seems a remarkable thing to say, but it is a fact, that some of the longest-lived men and women have been smokers. Personally, whenever a patient of mine who is a great lover of tobacco leaves off smoking may be extremely injurious, bad, and I always regard it as a good sign when he asks for his pipe. There is no denying, however, that excessive smoking may be extremely injurious. It makes itself evident by a tremor of the muscles, irregularity of the heart's action, by extreme forms of dyspepsia, and last, but not most important of all, by affections of the eyesight ending in blindness. This form of blindness is not uncommon. It is absolutely impossible to say how much a person can smoke with perfect safety, for what would be harmless to one would be fatal to another. I have lived in lunatic asylums for a considerable portion of my life, and I have never known a case of over-indulgence in tobacco. The fact is, when a man feels ill, he puts down his pipe.'

The conversation further brought out the fact that smoking among females has made gigantic strides within the last ten years, and some women can smoke a great deal without being upset by it. Ardent spirits have a not less disastrous effect on the nerves than tobacco, and there are an enormous number of cases of paralysis depending upon alcoholic excess. Women can stand alcohol quite as well as men. One woman has been known to consume three bottles of whisky in 24 hours, and, as she said, 'it pretty nearly finished' her. All excess should be avoided. To some people a very ordinary amount of stimulant would be poison, while to others it would be health-giving. Excessive tea-drinking produces a strong form of nervous dyspepsia, and some people can never travel by train without being 'sea-sick,' but it is doubtful whether railway travelling has the effect on the average nervous system that many appear to suppose.



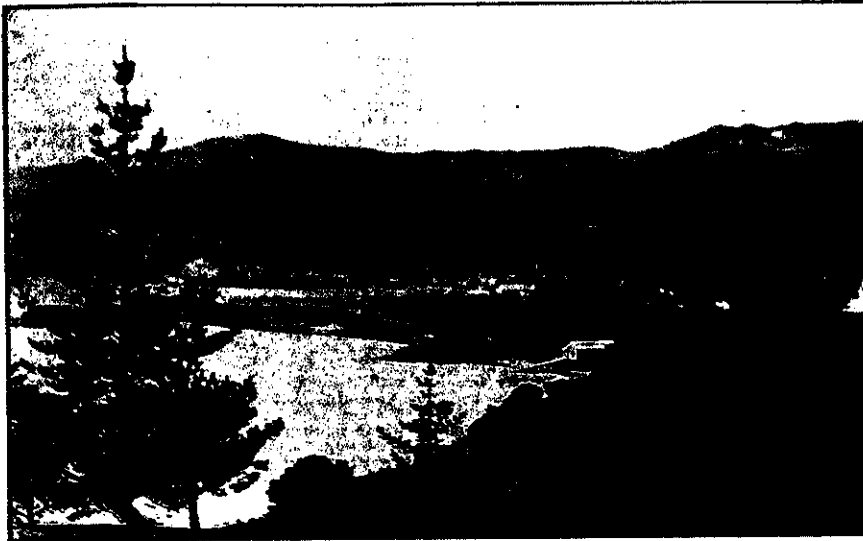
BRUCE'S TERRACE.



THE ESPLANADE.



AKAROA FROM NORTH.



AKAROA FROM THE SOUTH.



SUNSET ON THE HARBOUR.



AN HISTORICAL NGAIO TREE.

SIR ANDREW CLARKE'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Sir Andrew Clark was once on top of a tall building in London admiring the view of the surrounding country. While thus employed he was touched on the shoulder by a quiet-looking man, who slowly remarked, to the great astonishment of Sir Andrew, 'Sir, I am going to throw you off.' As the quiet-looking man was the larger, and there was no help at hand, the matter for the moment assumed a very serious aspect. Fortunately for Sir Andrew, he was possessed of rare presence of mind, and in a bantering way he exclaimed: 'Pooh! that's nothing; anybody could throw a man off here. Now, if you want to do something great, try and throw me up here from the ground.'

'Well, I can do that,' said the maniac, for such he proved to be, 'and if you will kindly descend to the street I will prove it.'

'With pleasure,' Sir Andrew replied, and with great decorum the two descended to the street, where the maniac was quickly handed into the custody of the law.

HOW TO BE CHARMING THOUGH PLAIN.

Many a girl has found to her sorrow that in spite of all her natural and acquired beauty, she almost invariably fails to attract attention in a company of young men and women, while another, with far fewer physical attractions, is lionised before her very eyes. This is mortifying in the extreme to any girl, and, most of all, to one who is conscious of a comely face and figure.

The whole secret of the trouble is that she is not interesting. Young men grow tired of just merely looking at a pretty girl. They want to be interested and entertained. Young women who expect to enter society should seriously consider the matter of becoming interesting, for, while beauty is a great advantage, the ability to entertain counts for much more.

Said one young woman to another: 'How I envy you your gift of entertaining! You always seem to have something bright and interesting to say. People gather around you at receptions and parties, and you are always in demand.'

'My dear, it is perfectly simple,' she said. 'Anyone can do it who possesses the average degree of intelligence. It is merely a matter of proper arrangement of one's forces. A general may have twice as many men as the opposite commander and be defeated, because they are not in the right place at the right time. Train your forces to be on call, my dear. If you want to be able to talk have something ready to talk about. That is the whole secret.'

'As regards chatting with people in general, nothing is easier. You have two or three good newspapers every day, and as many or more good magazines every month. Those are amply sufficient to post you thoroughly regarding the topics that are of interest to people of your own set. Do not try to absorb and digest the entire contents at "one fell swoop." Make a dozen different lists for different occasions. Of course they are the stock subjects, but they will serve to help you to acquire self-possession, which is the principal point, and before you know it you will find yourself expressing some original thought that takes the topic out of the commonplace.'

'For other occasions, other methods are desirable. Whenever you see a short witty verse or poem on social topics, learn it. Above all, get a supply of bright stories committed to memory. A good way to memorise is to write the story you have heard or read, in brief, note fashion. Tell these stories briskly with no superfluous words to make people wonder when you are coming to the point. Stories about well-known people are always desirable, as they are likely to be apropos. That sort of thing always takes at a dinner or supper.'

'After a while you will find that your carefully arranged topics will arrange themselves. You will instinctively note and remember the story or verse or bit of interesting or amusing gossip, and it will almost unconsciously come to your thought at the right moment.'



GREEN'S POINT ROAD AND BOAT SHED.



THE LAUNCH "PERAKI"

A ROMANCE OF THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.

Probably the quaintest and most interesting island that dots the waters of the world is what was known until after the last English victory over the French as the Isle de France. It is Mauritius, French in everything but government, which is English.

Mauritius is the home of romance and a veritable gold mine for the storyteller and novel-writer. It is the scene of good old Father St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and the visitor to Port Louis, the metropolis and principal seaport, who would attempt to leave the island without driving out and visiting the grave of Paul and Virginia would be considered an unromantic, unsympathetic heathen. It is situated in a peaceful valley and reached by a short drive from the capital.

This little island is one of the most cosmopolitan places in existence. French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, and a few American merchants are engaged in business in the bazaars along the water front, while Africans, Malays, Persians, the natives of Madagascar, coolies from the Malabar coast, Moors from the Straits of Gibraltar, and the natives of Upper India elbow each other in the market

places, and one hears the language of every land in a half-dozen blocks.

The superstitions of every country and the weird tales growing out of the traditions of all lands have been brought to the island, taken root and grown to be observed by the lower classes of all nations, and consequently the island has become the favourite hunting-ground of the story-teller in search of genuine novelty, particularly in the weird and mysterious vein. Besant and Rice obtained the story of 'My Little Girl' from Mauritius. It was here that the story of the 'Coco de Mere' had its birth. Here the legend of the enchanted caverns yawning for the reception of shipwrecked sailors, with their two gates, one leading to the celestial empire and the other to Hades, is repeated and believed, and those who cross the island to its northern and most inhabited shore can see two great openings, the bottom of each being below the low-water mark and the top being high enough to admit the rigging of a sailing vessel, awaiting for him to choose which way he will go, but with no guidepost or trade-mark to assist him in his choice.

Although the Government of Mauritius is English, the official language is French, and in order to travel without inconvenience one must speak it well; but in order to get at the weird and mysterious it is necessary to have an interpreter who is an East Indian and who appreciates the value of

getting at the bottom of a subject after having once entered into it. While returning from a visit to the famous gardens of Curpepe I halted at a little refreshment-house, and in conversation with the proprietor discovered that he was not only an old resident, but a man well versed in the folklore of the island, and one who would talk if allowed to.

It is needless to say that I allowed him to, and while we were enjoying some really delicious Manilla cheroots under the shade of a great banyan tree, just back of his house, he told me the following story:—

Shortly after it became impossible for many members of the old French nobility to live comfortably in La Belle France, a country nobleman, accompanied only by the young and beautiful daughter, left the mother country behind and arrived at Port Louis with little excepting the family jewels, plate, and honour. The father and daughter brought with them an old priest, who had been Ninnette's instructor and almost constant companion since the child's dying mother confided her while but a toddling infant to the good old man's care. With a few house servants the Count set up a modest establishment on the northern part of the island, purchased a small plantation and began the cultivation of sugar cane, which is the principal industry of the country.

Under the fostering care of her father, the priest and the old family servants, Ninnette grew to womanhood without having often crossed the boundary lines of the little plantation on which they lived. Her favourite recreation was reading, and she indulged this education of pastime in a bower-like nook on the very face of the cliff overhanging the ocean. Here she would spend the delightfully balmy afternoons watching the native craft either going to sea, sailing away into the blue distance until their lateen sails looked like the wings of a flock of seagulls, or coming up out of the blue waters of the Indian Ocean and growing larger and more distinct until the songs of the native sailors could be distinctly heard in her cliff-top nook.

She reached the age of 19, when one morning she encountered a young stranger in the person of the son of a wealthy planter who lived many miles over the other side of the mountain, and who, while pursuing his favourite pastime of shooting red-winged partridges, had scaled the cliff and following his dogs, almost stumbled into Ninnette's retreat. The young man, after apologising, withdrew hastily, but his dogs, enjoying the carcases of the timid, but delighted girl, refused to answer his call, and he was obliged to return to induce them to follow him. From this incident there grew an acquaintance as carefully conducted as the strictest rules of the old French family conduct would prescribe. And one morning the Count was somewhat surprised to receive a visit from the young man's father and mother, who had driven from the extreme end of the island for the purpose of introducing themselves and requesting permission for their son to pay his addresses to Ninnette. The motherless child was introduced to the woman who desired to be her mother-in-law and her husband. Family history and family matters were discussed at length and the planter and his wife did not depart until the desired consent had been obtained. After this the young couple were betrothed, the engagement duly announced, and at the expiration of nearly a year the date of the marriage set and made public, when one day Ninnette, while reading in her favourite nook, was overtaken by one of those fierce storms for which the island is famous, and in attempting to regain the top of the hill, slipped and fell down through the tangled underbrush, cut and scorched by jagged rocks, to the sands below. Here she was found by friends, who were alarmed at the storm and her absence and started out to search for her.

She was carried home almost lifeless and for several days hovered between life and death, until the vigour of youth enabled her to recover sufficiently to understand the terrible accident that had befallen her. Her once beautiful features were so cut and scorched that after one horrified look into a hand mirror the poor girl turned away, sent for her father and announced her intention of entering a convent as soon as she was well enough to do so.

The almost distracted lover had ridden over from his mountain home day after day to inquire after her condition; his parents had made repeated calls and kind-hearted strangers hitherto excluded from the Count's domain by the cold, exclusive disposition of its owner now came and offered sympathy and assistance daily. Soon as the attending physician decided that Ninnette had sufficiently recovered to be able to bear an interview with her lover without serious results, the almost frantic young man presented himself, only to be tearfully informed by the old Count that his daughter desired him to convey her undying love with every assurance that it would remain unchanged until death, but that as the fearful accident that she had met with had disfigured her so that she was confident she could not survive Heuri's expression of horror when he looked upon her poor mutilated features she would beg him to remember her as he saw her last, and that she would ever cherish his memory in the convent retreat that she desired to be conveyed to as soon as her health would permit.

Sadly and silently the young man took his departure, to return two days later, when he came instead of on horseback, as was his wont, in the clumsy old family carriage, from which he was assisted to alight by a favourite servant, when he said to the astonished Count, 'Take me to your daughter. Tell her that the changes in her features I can never know. She will always be as sweet and beautiful to me as when I saw her last. I shall never see her again, but cannot live without her society. Take me to her. She will see no looks of horror, for I am blind.'

Henri, after leaving the Count's door, had ridden to his own home, taken a last look at the scene that he had loved since boyhood, and then summoned a Hindoo fakir, and after a long consultation submitted to a painful operation that deprived him of his sight forever. The devotion that could not exist outside the atmosphere of mystery and superstition that hangs heavily over the little island was rewarded, and the descendants of Henri and Ninnette now live in the beautiful little valley back of the capital and tell of the veiled woman who conducted the blind planter over his estate, and who was his guide and companion until both were laid to rest near the scene of their first meeting, where a marble tablet set in the side of the cliff marks the spot and makes it almost sacred to the residents of the island.

I returned to the city, and it was several days before I was able to completely shake off the indescribable impression caused by what the old innkeeper stoutly asserted was a true story of the loves of Henri and Ninnette.

WHY SOME MEN ARE WEARY.

A good many hundreds and even thousands of long-suffering husbands can bear sorrowful testimony to the fact that this is the sort of catechism the wives of their bosoms subject them to every time they put on their hats to go out in the evening:—

'Where are you going?'
'Oh, I'm going out for a few minutes.'

'Where?'
'Oh, nowhere in particular.'

'What for?'
'Oh, nothing.'

'Why do you go, then?'
'Well, I want to go, that's why.'

'Do you have to go?'
'I don't know that I do.'

'Why do you go, then?'
'Because.'

'Because what?'
'Well, simply because.'

'Going to be gone long?'
'No.'

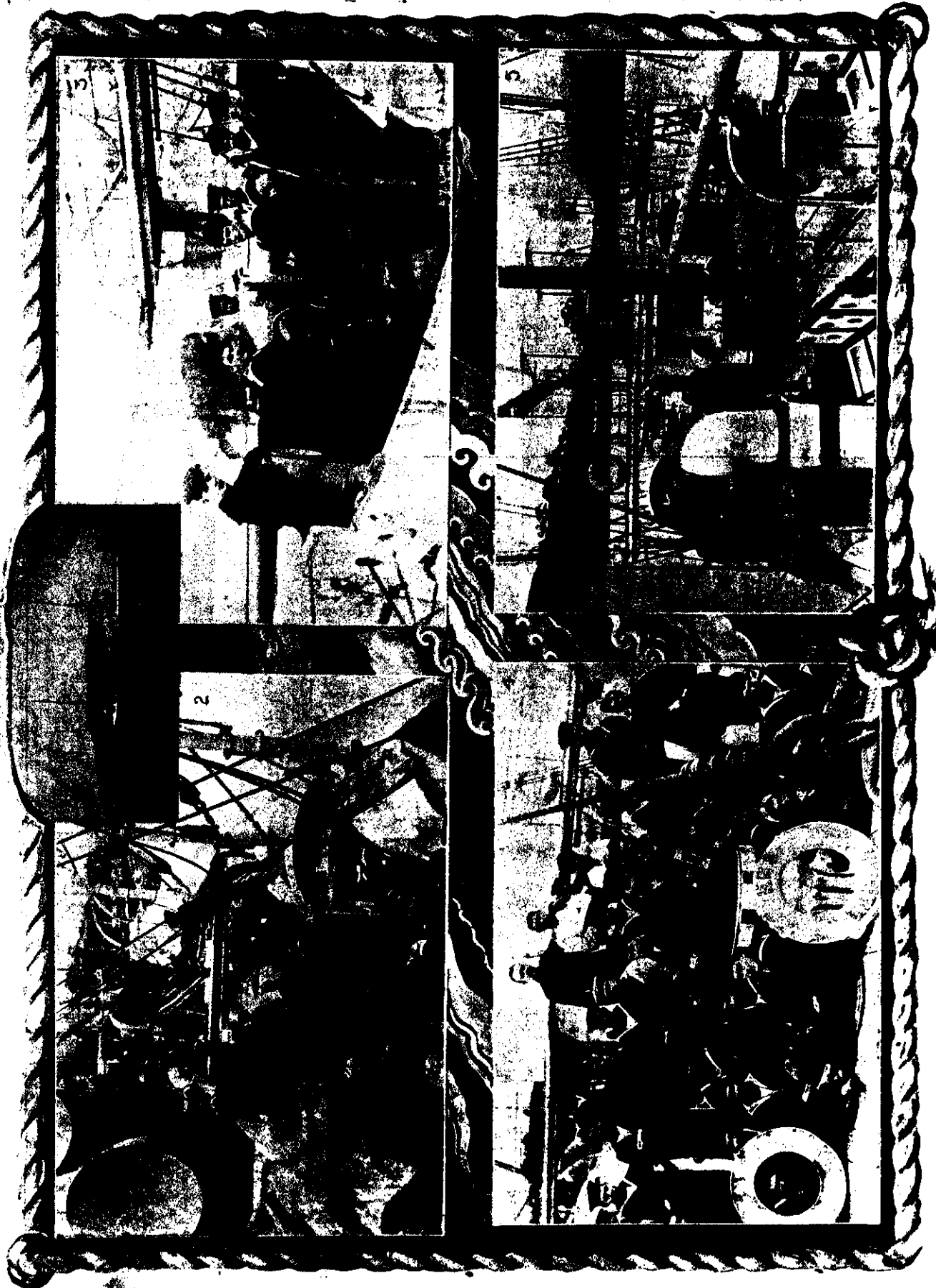
'How long?'
'I don't know.'

'Anybody going with you?'
'No.'

'Well, it's strange that you can't be content to stay at home a few minutes. Don't be gone long, will you?'
'No.'

'See that you don't.'

This is the reason so many marriages are a dead flat fizzle and failure.



Photos. by DeMina, Fort Chalmers.

H.M.S. MILDURA.

- 1. The Ship at Anchor. 2. "Soldiers and Sailors' Top." 3. The Forecastle Gun. 4. A Concert on Deck. 5. Looking towards the Bridge.

SEE LETTERPAGE.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "MILDURA".

H M.S. MILDURA, which is now on the New Zealand division of the Australasian Station, is a twin screw cruiser of the 3rd class. Her tonnage is 2,575, and her indicated horse-power 4,000. Her commander is Captain Wm. Lea, who took the place lately of Captain Wm. McC. F. Castle. The vessel was transferred to the New Zealand shores a few months ago, and both her officers and crew have made themselves popular wherever they have gone.

BUSH FIRES.

Heartrending are the reports which come to hand of the terrible bush fires which have raged during the past week or so in every part of the colony. In Hawke's Bay, in Pahiatua, in Nelson, in Taranaki, in Canterbury, in Manawatu, the damage done cannot yet be even roughly estimated, for not only is the immediate loss enormous, but the loss of feed and fodder means that quantities of stock—sheep, cattle, and horses—will have to be sacrificed, since there is, and will be, nothing to feed them on. As for the story of individual loss and suffering, it will not bear thinking of.

The tale from every part of the colony is the same, but the press reports cannot give even the smallest idea of

the suffering and privation which must be endured for many months and even years by the unhappy settlers whose homesteads and property have been utterly destroyed.

But for the rain which fell at the end of the week, it is hard to say where the devastation would have ceased. Our artist, Mr Watkins, has endeavoured to give those who live in safety, and to whom such experiences are happily unknown, some idea of what a bush fire looks like in its earlier stages. To attempt to pourtray the scene when the devouring element has assumed full sway would be to court failure, but our illustration gives a very fair impression of the scene when the fire fiend has begun to reach the edge of the bush and to lick up the outstanding trees with its ever-hungry tongues of flame. As will be noticed, many of our correspondents make reference to the fires in their letters.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON'S MOTHER.

A gentle, kindly lady has passed away somewhat suddenly, and one to whom she was ever most friendly would lay a stone on the cairn which will be erected by many in affectionate sorrowing remembrance of Mrs Stevenson.

Some time after the death of her husband, Mrs Stevenson, knowing

that her son, although now happily married, needed her as much as she longed for his companionship, left her home here and bravely went to the distant, sunny land where the novelist found he could best enjoy a measure of health. There the presence of the surviving beloved one soothed his mother's sorrow; and her intense interest in all that concerned him, and also in the entirely new phases of life around her made time pass very pleasantly. When, on (we think) two occasions she returned to Edinburgh for a short visit, she delighted all her friends by her graphic descriptions, aided by innumerable photographs, of life in Samoa. A third time she joined her son and his household there; but now they were not long to be together. As every one knows, after a few hours illness the distinguished novelist breathed his last, and sleeps in a lonely grave far from his native land, far from the spot where both his parents now rest till the great awakening. When his mother returned here she looked so changed and saddened, it seemed as if she could never be her own bright self again. True Christian resignation, however, time and appreciation in which her lamented son was held, had their healing effect; her wonted cheerfulness gradually reappeared, and she evidently began again to enjoy life.

At first we dreaded the most distant illusion to her loss, but before

long found that nothing pleased her more than speak of Robert Louis and his works. The last winter she seemed specially animated and cheerful. The meeting in the Music hall (presided over by Lord Rosebery) in connection with the proposed memorial to the great author was a heartfelt pleasure to her. So crowded was it that with the utmost difficulty his mother effected an entrance, and only by going on the platform much against her inclination, could she obtain a seat. "You may believe," she afterward wrote: "I listened with very mingled feelings; but I think the prevailing one was gratitude."

A daughter of the manse, Mrs Stevenson was always, as was her husband, an attached member of the Church of Scotland, and a warm friend to its missions. Kind, thoughtful, generous to a degree, she was ever ready to respond to appeals for aid in any form; and many a charity, public and private, will miss her sympathetic heart and her liberal hand.

Interested in all around her, brightly intelligent, full of anecdote, and with a keen sense of humour, she was a delightful companion, and her pleasant smile, her genial laugh, are good to remember.

The afternoon of Easter eve was the last time we saw her; and little did we think that the parting cheerful 'good-by' was 'farewell' for all time.—Chambers' Journal.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF A BUSH FIRE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE HARA-KIRI.

PART I.

COLONEL DAVIDSON was dying. The old traveller, who bore the scars of many thrilling adventures, whose iron constitution had stood by him during years of travel in far-off climes—was at last called upon to meet the inevitable. As the grey head rolled restlessly to and fro on the white pillow, the doctor and Mr Warner, the Colonel's old lawyer and life-long friend, stood sadly by and ministered to the wants of the sufferer, until as the first faint glimmer of dawn came through the open window, the soul of the invalid took its flight.

Colonel Davidson was a bachelor. During his many years of travel he had picked up here and there odd curios, until his big, rambling house was filled with an interesting collection that was a never-failing source of entertainment to his friends. Less than an hour before the Colonel died he opened his eyes and turning towards the old lawyer said with difficulty: 'Warner, after I'm gone I want you to see that the doctor gets that sword of mine.' He raised his hand and pointed to an odd-looking weapon that hung over the mantel. 'It's a Japanese affair,' he continued, feebly, 'and I've always prized it because of its interesting history. You'll find the story of it among my papers, and don't fail to give that to the doctor with the sword.'

About a week after the Colonel's funeral the doctor received the sword. It was securely wrapped, and with it was this note from Mr Warner:

My Dear Doctor,—I send you the sword. The history does not accompany it because I have not yet found it among the Colonel's papers. It will doubtless come to light soon, and I will mail it to you at once. Sincerely yours,

CHARLES ALFRED WARNER.

The doctor undid the wrappings and examined the weapon curiously, for, although he had often noticed it hanging over the mantel of the Colonel's bedroom, he had never before had opportunity to examine it closely. He noticed as he unrolled it from the paper that it had a musty odour, pleasantly suggestive of antiquity and strange adventure.

It was an odd-looking old weapon, about thirty inches long. The scabbard was plain, of wood covered with thick black hide and heavily tipped with brass. The hilt was a circular piece of brass covered with Japanese letters and designs. On one side of the scabbard was a flat projection which the doctor found to be the handle of a narrow-bladed hara-kiri knife that fitted snugly into a sheath made in the side of the scabbard. The blade of this knife was eight inches long, and so much narrowed by repeated sharpenings that some characters engraved on the blade had been partly ground away. Slipping the hara-kiri knife again into its socket, the doctor drew the sword from the scabbard.

It was an ugly-looking blade, about two feet long, perfectly plain, heavy and thick, with its edge ground down to the sharpness of a razor. The handle was of metal, closely inlaid with minute bits of coloured sea shell and ingeniously wound with braided black silk in an open-work design showing the inlaid handle beneath.

Set firmly into each side of the handle was a small metal plate. One had letters engraved on it, the original owner's name, the doctor thought. The engraving on the other was of such peculiar design as to excite the doctor's curiosity. In the centre were wavering flames of fire, from the midst of which rose the ugly heads of five serpents, their fangs protruding from their mouths. This scene had the rising sun for its background.

'That's a suggestive design,' thought the doctor; 'certainly must have been very comforting. I suppose it's the owner's coat-of-arms. He must have been a regular old tippler to have chosen snakes for his crest. Perhaps he inherited them from a drunken grandfather. I wish Mr Warner would hurry up with the pedigree. Meantime I'm going to get some of this engraving translated if I can.'

'Bridget,' he said, as that worthy came in just then to fill the office lamp; 'do you know any Japanese man?'

'Hiven sakes, no!' ejaculated Bridget, nearly dropping the lamp in her astonishment at the question.

'Japanese man indeed!' she sniffed. 'an phwat wud I be wantin' a Japanese man? Shure an haven't I enough to do wid looking after the hatches on my own country without huntin' up celishila?'

'I know you have,' replied the doctor, laughing. 'It's not for you, but myself I wanted him. I thought you might know where I could find one.'

'Indeed Oi do not,' said Bridget, somewhat mollified. 'or Japanese wimmin nather, unless it be Timme wud do ye.'

'Just the man!' exclaimed the doctor. 'I wonder I did not think of him before. Say, Bridget, when you have filled the lamp, will you go around the corner and ask Mr Roberts if he will let Timme come to my office for a few minutes?'

'Yes, sir, Oi will,' said Bridget, as she went out, muttering to herself, 'A Japinase mon, indeed! Why, if Oi had wan of thim Oi'd—' and words failing to rise to the possibilities of the occasion, she kicked a haspock that happened to be in her path so viciously that it rolled under the piano.

The doctor busied himself with writing for twenty minutes or so, when there came a soft knock at the door, and in response to his 'come in' the Japanese entered, Tim, or 'Timme,' as he was commonly known in the neighbourhood, had been a waiter in the restaurant on the avenue for some years. He had usually served the doctor when he took his meals there during his family's absence in the summer. He was a small though muscular man, about 50 years of age, and with pronounced Japanese features. He was prompt and obliging, but never could be drawn into conversation, and with all his good qualities, there was something about the man, or in his face, which made the doctor instinctively distrust him.

'Well, Timme, I've a Japanese sword here,' said the doctor, taking it down from the top of his desk; 'there's some writing on it which I can't make out, being a little rusty in my Japanese since I left school, so I sent for you to see if you could translate it for me.'

'Timme, with a grin, laid down his hat and took the sword in his hands.

'Yes, it's a Japan sword, sure 'nough; vere good one too. Belonged to big man, officer, I guess,' said Timme, in his peculiar cracked-pot voice, examining the weapon curiously.

'What do those letters and design on the handle mean?' asked the doctor.

The Japanese shifted his hands, which had hitherto covered the inscription on the handle, and, stepping over to the window, looked at the characters closely in the strong light.

He started visibly as he did so, and became greatly agitated. Muttering a string of unintelligible Japanese, he turned suddenly toward the doctor. His little eyes, usually so expressionless, were now widely dilated and snapped viciously; the smile had died away and in its place was a look of cruel determination about the thin, compressed lips; his yellow face was livid with a look of rage and hate. The doctor had barely time in his astonishment, to note the startling transformation in the usually inoffensive waiter, when the latter suddenly sprang from the window, and, drawing the sword from its scabbard, advanced threateningly upon the doctor.

'I must kill you; there's no help; you must die.'

'What do you mean? Put down that sword,' exclaimed the doctor, thinking the man had gone insane, and now thoroughly alarmed.

'I mean what I say; I must take your life; there's no help for you,' he cried, still advancing upon the doctor, and now the picture of murderous fury.

There was no time to call for assistance. In fact, it was done so quickly that it never occurred to the doctor to do so. Convinced that the Japanese intended to take his life, he sprang from his chair and around to the other side of his desk, placing it between himself and the would-be assassin. There was no weapon within reach with which to defend himself, so he grasped a chair, a small, heavy one of mahogany, sent him from the West Indies by a patient. Lifting it he prepared to sell his life dearly. Just as the maddened man, with an exclamation in Japanese, rushed upon him. Seizing the handle of the sword in both hands and swinging it around

above his head, he brought it down with murderous strength. The doctor raised his chair just in the nick of time to catch the full force of the blow. To that solid old chair the doctor to-day owes his life. The keen blade cut through two of its rounds, but the heavy seat met the blow with such force as to send the sword flying from the murderous grasp, and, spinning across the floor, it flew under the big sofa standing against the wall.

The Japanese looked dazed for an instant at being thus foiled, but only for an instant, for he quickly turned and ran to where he had thrown the scabbard on the floor near the window. Picking it up, he drew forth the hara-kiri knife and again turned toward the doctor. This momentary respite was not lost to the latter. He had reached over the corner of his desk and, pulling open a drawer, drew forth his big revolver, which he always kept there, but had never before had occasion to use. It was a modern weapon, fully loaded, and carried a ball of .38 calibre. As the frenzied man again rushed at the doctor he found himself facing the revolver.

Contrary to the doctor's expectations, however, this did not deter him in the least from his murderous purpose. As he sprang forward for the second time with the keen-bladed hara-kiri knife raised in the air to strike the doctor dead. The shot took effect. The villain's right arm dropped to his side broken by the ball, and the knife fell from his powerless grasp to the floor.

With a yell of pain and defiance, the Japanese sprang to where the knife had fallen, picked it up in his left hand, raised it high in the air, and turning his livid face upward uttered several words in his own language. Then, before the doctor could divine his intention, he plunged the knife into his own abdomen—and again—and again, pulling and tearing at it handle each time—and lastly, with a dying yell, drove it into his breast and fell to the floor dead.

The hara-kiri had been committed.

PART II.

The doctor was glad to see Mr Warner, when the latter called a few nights after Timme's tragic ending. 'Glad to see you again,' said the old gentleman as he cordially shook the doctor's hand. 'Well! I see by the papers you have had quite an experience.'

'Indeed, I have,' said the doctor. 'I hardly know what to expect next, nowadays, when a man comes into my office.'

'Rather an unpleasant feeling I should judge.'

'Decidedly. The affair gave my office so much notoriety that I fear it may rival Central Park as a suicidery. I like to be accommodating, but I really wish Timme had selected some other place in which to make away with himself.'

Mr Warner laughed. 'Don't worry about me, doctor. I've no thought of attacking you, much less of killing myself.'

'Thank you. I feel relieved. I was going to say that if you had I'd like the chance to take up some of my rugs, just to save the wear and tear, as it were.'

'So it really all happened in connection with the old sword, did it?' said Mr Warner, nodding toward the weapon which hung on the wall.

'Yes. The Japanese no sooner began to scrutinise the characters on the handle than he went insane, and after nearly killing me with the thing, finished by killing himself.'

'Humph! romantic. Well, I've found the history, and after your dramatic experience the sword is doubly interesting to me. I must admit my curiosity is wrought up to a high pitch, so instead of sending it to you, I brought it myself, hoping you will give me a chance to hear it.'

'Certainly,' replied the doctor. 'Light one of those cigars and make yourself comfortable, and we'll look it over together.'

The doctor took the well-filled legal envelope which Mr Warner extracted from his inside coat pocket. On the outside was inscribed in Colonel Davidson's bold handwriting: 'History of my Japanese Sword.' Taking a pair of scissors from his desk the doctor carefully cut the end from the envelope and drew forth a bulky manuscript, also in the Colonel's familiar hand. Seating himself by the desk, he spread it open and read aloud the following account:

'This sword came into my possession while residing in Tokio during the winter of 1869. It formerly belonged to an official of rank under the Tycoon, named Ti Yama. By an ancient law no one but a man of the nobility is permitted to carry a sword in Japan. Ti Yama was a crafty old man who, though a favourite with the Tycoon, was so cruel that he was much hated by the people. In those days, when a head dropped into the basket every time the high officials winked; cruelty in one in Ti Yama's influential position was often a good cause for hatred. Japan was at that time under a sort of feudal system, and was infested by organised bands of robbers, similar to the Italian banditti, who committed all kinds of outrages to persons and property.

'By accident it was discovered that Ti Yama was in secret the chieftain of one of these bands of marauders, and he was condemned to death, together with six of his followers, who were seized with him. In Japan, when a man of rank was condemned to die, he might choose one of two options. Either to be killed by the public headsman, in which case his family were forever disgraced and his property confiscated by the Government, or if he possessed the courage he might commit hara-kiri.

'This latter was an ancient custom, introduced into Japan during the Ashikaga dynasty, 1336 to 1568. The term comes from hara, a stomach, and kiri, to cut. It consisted in self-disembowelling with the hara-kiri knife, a keen, narrow blade, fitting into its separate little sheath made in the scabbard of every sword. Hara-kiri was only applied to the suicidal act, and was regarded as an honourable expiation for the crime committed. The ordinary culprit, of the common people, had no choice as to the manner of his removal from the earth. Decapitation followed as a matter of course. (Under the reign of the present enlightened emperor these barbarous methods and customs have been abolished.) Executions in Japan are strictly private, but through the influence of an official of rank I was smuggled into an upper room of the palace, and there, from behind the shutter of a window overlooking the court, I secretly witnessed the death of Ti Yama and his associates. When the hour came, the old robber chieftain, with his head erect, strode with dignified composure to the centre of the court set aside for the execution of criminals, followed by his trembling fellow-prisoners. When asked by whose hand he would die he made no answer, but calmly unfastened the belt that held his sword, and, laying it upon the ground, drew from its sheath in the scabbard the hara-kiri knife. Standing erect with a look of defiance on his face he plunged the blade deep into his abdomen and fell with an expiring groan to the ground.

'The other six culprits who were to die had no choice. With their hands bound behind their backs they knelt on the ground, their heads bent forward and necks bared, while the headsman, a big muscular Japanese, picked up Ti Yama's own sword and dispatched them one after another. It is remarkable what skill a Japanese headsman attains in his gruesome work. So accurate is he that the head is completely severed from the trunk at one blow. To fail in this so that a second stroke would be necessary would result in the loss of his position and possibly his own life.

'The slaughter effectually broke up that band of robbers. Those who escaped detection and capture fled from the country. Among them was Ti Yama's own son, who bore his father's name and was supposed to have embarked in a vessel bound for America. One of the condemned men confessed just before his death that the band had adopted a peculiar device—the heads of five serpents rising from flames of fire in the face of the rising sun—as its secret emblem. Each member of the mystic circle had sworn upon old Ti Yama's sword to kill at once any one upon whose person or property that symbol might be found. Failing to succeed in this, the one attempting it was to immediately commit hara-kiri. It was by marking this device upon the house or property that the intended victims were indicated. According to custom, old Ti Yama's sword fell into the hands of the headsman in lieu of a fee, and from him I purchased it shortly after the execution, for an exorbitant price.

'A Japanese never forgets or fails to keep an oath once taken, and as a number of Ti Yama's bandit followers escaped, and doubtless some of them are in America, I have thought it wise never to show this sword to a Japanese, fearing that it would by chance happen to show it to one of these desperate men the possession of that fatal symbol engraven on its handle might result in dangerous bodily violence to myself.'

'Signed, EDWARD DAVIDSON.'

'Well, who would think that innocent piece of bric-a-brac could have such a thrilling story,' said Mr Warner, as the doctor finished reading the narrative.

'That's true,' said the doctor; 'it is remarkable. If I had been less impatient and waited until I knew the history before showing it to that Jap it would have saved me considerable trouble.'

'Yes; we cannot always know what is best for us. I'm very glad, though, to have heard the tale,' replied Mr Warner.

'So am I,' replied the doctor, thoughtfully. 'However, there's one point lacking to make the tragic romance complete.'

'What is that?'

'To find out who this unfortunate Timme really was.'

'Yes; but how can you do that?'

'I fear not at all. Wait! I have one possible hope.'

The doctor stepped to his telephone and rang the bell, while Mr Warner waited curiously.

'Hello!'

'Hello! Give me the Fifteenth Precinct Station-house, 295, Boulevard, I think, is the number.'

After a moment's delay he continued: 'Hello! Is that you, Captain Peck? I'm Dr J. L. Smith. I wanted to ask you if there was anything found out about that Japanese waiter who committed suicide in my office last week that would give a clue as to who he was?'

The captain's reply came back over the wire: 'No, doctor; he had worked in the restaurant for several years, but the proprietor, Mr Roberts, knew nothing about him beyond that. He had no possessions whatever but the clothes he wore. But wait—I believe there was something else. Hold the wire a minute until I look at the blotter.'

The doctor repeated to Mr Warner what the police captain had said and waited impatiently, with the receiver at his ear, for the Captain to continue.

'Hello!'

'All right, what is it?' called the doctor.

'The record of the case on the blotter says that underneath the Jap's clothing was a medal suspended from his neck by a cord.'

'Yes, what was on it?' asked the doctor, eagerly.

'On one side was a queer design—five snakes rising out of flaming fire. On the opposite face were some Japanese characters. The case seemed a clear one of suicide, yet in order to investigate it thoroughly the medal was submitted to the Japanese interpreter at the Criminal Court building. His report said that the strange design was probably the emblem of some secret order or society to which the man belonged. The characters on the reverse side were letters, he said, which, translated into English, would spell "Ti Yama," which was evidently the suicide's name.'

Colonel Davidson's Japanese sword hangs in a conspicuous place on the walls of the doctor's office. The latter often repeats its story to his friends, yet he never takes the heavy blade into his hands that a shudder does not go through him at the thought of how nearly he came to losing his own life by its keen edge. And the slender hara-kiri knife is always unpleasantly eloquent to him of the tragic end of 'Timme,' the son of old Ti Yama.

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

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

Thames stocks had most attention on the Exchange this week, and several lines advanced in value. May Queens had steady demand, with frequent sales from 7s 2d to 7s 4d. Mountairi shares were also popular towards the end of the week, owing to important developments in that mine, coupled with the fact that the new 60 stamper battery is now ready to commence crushing operations. From 5s 6d the price advanced to 9s 6d, and the market closed with no sellers under half a guinea. Large parcels of Sheridans changed hands earlier in the week, but later on sellers were not so numerous, with the result that buyers had to advance in their offers. The six-foot reef recently cut in the low level in this mine is reported to be looking very promising. For a similar reason there were steady buyers throughout the week of Puru Consolidated shares at 2s 2d. In Upper Thames stocks Crowns had steady demand at 20s, while buyers of Woodstocks advanced their offers to 25s 6d, an increase of about 5s in a fortnight. Buyers of Waihi Grand Junctions advanced from 7s 6d to 10s 6d during the week, and many of the lower-priced Upper Thames stocks were inquired for at better rates. The market closed with a decidedly better feeling all round.

As will be seen below, the gold returns this month are small, but fortunately this is explained by the fact that the Waihi, Waitakauri, and other big bullion-producers do not clean up in January. The drought also diminished the water supply for some of the companies that depend upon creeks for motive power to drive the batteries. Rains have, however, since set in and replenished the creeks, so that next month's returns should be up to the customary average of the final quarter of last year. One feature of the crushings this month is that the average value of the ore treated by several companies showed improvement, which may be considered a promising beginning for the new year.

GOLD RETURNS FOR THE WEEK.

Companies.	Tons.	Picked.	£ s. d.
Royal Oak	10	440	143 2 10
Great Mercury	—	Estimated	130 0 0
Nonpareil	—	—	2 0 0
			£159 2 10

GOLD RETURNS FOR THE MONTH.

The output of bullion during the past month from the Hauraki goldfields, as calculated from mail to mail is, as usual for the first of the new year, a poor one, because some of the larger companies do not clean up till February, added to which shortness of water for motive power also reduced the returns from several companies. The fact must also be borne in mind that work was stopped in the mines during the Christmas and New Year holidays to enable the men to come to town, which also necessarily resulted in less ore being mined and treated.

UPPER THAMES.

Companies.	Tons.	£ s. d.
N.Z. Crowns	1,190	3,259 0 0
Waihi-Silverton	—	833 0 0
Waihi	1,210	4,627 0 0
Woodstock	—	2,056 0 0
Koimatia Reef	220	1,450 0 0
N.Z. Takahua	—	764 0 0
Total	—	£12,987 0 0

COROMANDEL.

Companies.	Tons.	£ s. d.
Royal Oak	10	1,113 10 0
Hauraki Associated	100	710 0 0
Hauraki	130	1,335 0 0
Great Mercury	—	130 0 0
Kapanga Stribusters	—	30 0 0
Kapanga-Vermont	—	400 0 0
		£4,328 10 0

THAMES.

Companies.	Tons.	£ s. d.
Waiotahi	—	133 0 0
Sheridan	—	12 10 0
May Queen Extended	11	17 0 0
Victoria	—	32 10 0
Claremont	—	150 0 0
Mahara Royal	—	17 0 0
New Albarain	—	25 10 0
		£1,679 10 0
Total for month	—	£6,325 10 0

CHICAGO S.C.

Mr W. A. Tribe, the Chairman of Directors of the Chicago S.C., which was floated in Christchurch some time ago, paid his first visit of inspection to the mine this week, and was very favourably impressed with the nature and size of the reefs which have been

unearthed. Messrs Lawry Bros., well-known prospectors, obtained a rich haul of specimens from a reef in the Chicago ground some years since, and a drive has now been put in near this spot and several reefs intersected, the stone from which is of such a nature as to warrant the immediate erection of a 10-stamp battery. The water race has been pegged out and surveyed, and the battery site fixed in a convenient spot to which quartz can be conveyed by wire tram from almost any part of the mine.

MOANATALARI.

Shares in this Thames company had attention during the week, and advanced in price owing to the fact that a decided improvement has taken place in the prospects of the mine. Gold has been seen in all the small veins of stone right up to the back of the reef, and it is probable this is the Cambria reef from which such rich hauls of stone were got some years ago by the company of that name. This reef is 400 feet below the surface of the hill.

ROYAL OAK RETURN.

£1,413 FOR THE MONTH.

The returns from this Coromandel mine this month show a decrease, owing to the intervention of the holidays. Ten tons of quartz and 440lbs of picked stone were crushed for 366ozs 4dwts melted bullion, valued at £1,413 2s 10d. During the previous month 36 tons of quartz and 1,074lbs picked stone were crushed for 1,163ozs of bullion, valued at £2,900.

THE WAIHI MINE.

The erection by this Waihi Company of a 100-stamper mill at Waikino is now nearing completion, and it is anticipated a run will be got out of at least some of the stampers by the week after next. The work of connecting the tank shed with the battery is now under way, as is also the erection of the screens for the stamper boxes, construction of dust conveyors. This Company will not clean up for the January crushing until early next month.

ROYAL STANDARD.

At this mine a large staff of miners are engaged. The large hopper at No. 1 crosscut is full of ore ready for the mill, and the men are now busy with the erection of No. 2 hopper. At the mill site splendid rock has at last come in and the management are now satisfied that a good foundation can be obtained. Bricklayers are engaged building the assaying and smelting furnaces. By the time they have completed the furnaces the foundations will be ready for the concrete. Mr T. Pascoe, a manager from London, is to relieve Mr Ralph. The company have a fine tram line excavated, and the machinery should be on the site inside of two months.

HAURAKI ASSOCIATED.

Work in this mine was practically stopped for a fortnight at the holiday season. Very rich ore was struck in the footwall stope, which will be the means of making the next return equal to if not better than last month's. From the leading stope, No. 2 Block, about 10lbs of picked stone have been selected, and the lead still looks promising. Good ore has been won from western drive with the exception of about the last ten feet when a poorer state of country was met with. There is now the appearance of a change for the better, when I hope on gold again being met with. Colours of gold are seen through the ore broken from the Rainbow end lead. This level has been advanced a distance of 25ft from the winze. About another 30ft of driving will reach under where a rich run of gold was got above the No. 1 level. The battery is working well and doing good work. Cleaning up should take place at the end of the month, when, as I have said, a better return than last may be expected.

N.Z. CROWN MINES.

By the last mail Mr R. R. Hunt received news that the additional 20-stamp battery for this company was nearly finished by Messrs Fraser and Chalmers, of London, and is to be shipped out by first opportunity. The foundation for these stamps is ready, and no time will be lost in getting the battery into place.

NOTES.

Jessie (Tapu).—This syndicate has been formed into a limited liability company with a capital of £10,000. At the mine men are now engaged erecting a battery.

Puru Consolidated.—Most of the timber for the battery is on the ground and the work of excavation completed. Operations on the water race and aerial tram have also been started. The whole of the works are expected to be completed by the end of March (contract time).

Whangamata Proprietary.—Work has been resumed on this property. The shaft being sunk is now down over 100ft. No. 2 level is approaching the pay sheet intersected.

Golden Lead (Coromandel).—From the cross leader in the main level good prospects of gold can be got.

Welcome Find.—The leader has shown gold a little more freely the last two breakings down.

Caspan (Thames).—The reef in low level is four feet wide, with good defined walls.

Harbour View.—The Blue Peter leader looks well, and is carrying gold.

Empress of India.—This property at Puriri, is being developed by Messrs Bewick, Moreing and Co.

New Golden Point (Tapu).—When breaking down above the intermediate level the quartz colours of gold were visible in the stone.

Bunker's Hill.—In the underhand stope on the cross leader, gold was freely seen last breaking down. Some good strong dabs of gold were seen in stone selected from the general dirt.

Great Mercury (Kuaotumu).—The last clean-up gave a return of 199ozs amalgam, which when retorted yielded 94oz 3dwts.

Victoria.—Sinking operations have been abandoned and the opening up of the surface level is proceeding.

Nonpareil.—Three loads were crushed from the Wade reef for a return of 130z 8dwts, and three loads from Liverpool reef for a return of 30z 11dwts. The total for the six loads is 160z 19dwts of retorted gold.

Clarke's #11 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 4s 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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DRINKS

(Solid Fruit Juices.)
Prepared from Sound Ripé Fruit.

ONE PACKET WILL MAKE

32 Tumbler Glasses, or

2 Gals. Delicious Cooling Drink.

Lemonade, Lime Fruit,
Raspberry, Strawberry, Orange,
Pineapple, Gingerale, &c.

Full Natural Fruit Flavour.

. TRY .

DE CARLE'S FRUIT JELLIES

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Orange, Lemon, Black Currant, &c.

In 1 Pint and 1 Quart Packets.

Manufactured by—
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WHOLESALE AGENTS—
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Ask your Grocer or Storekeeper for them.

FACTS

DUNLOP TYRES.

OUT OF A TOTAL OF 353 CYCLES
EXHIBITED AT
N.Z. METROPOLITAN CYCLE SHOW,
CHRISTCHURCH,

And the Rangiora and Canterbury Agricultural Show, no less than 314 were fitted with

DUNLOP TYRES.

OVER 88 PER CENT. WITH DUNLOPS

Facts such as these demonstrate the strongest possible manner the QUALITY and POPULARITY of

DUNLOP TYRES.

Be sure you get them. See the Trade Mark.

CYCLING.

A tricycle cab is one of the latest features of the streets of Berlin. It is called the Heydt cycle, so named after the inventor, and a company has been organised in the German capital which now has five hundred of these tricycle cabs in use. The cab is built on the principle of the bicycle, with the difference that it has three wheels instead of two. The two large wheels support a comfortably cushioned seat on their axle, and the small wheel in the rear is used for steering purposes only. In this tricycle cab the coachman or operator sits in the rear and the passenger in front. The conveyance is propelled by a simple up and down movement of the feet, just as a sewing machine is operated, and there is no chain or sprocket arrangement.

It is said that this new device has met with great favour in Berlin. The cab is cheap and light in weight, and can be propelled with great ease and at great speed. A mile ride costs something like a cent and a-half, which is infinitely cheaper than the charge for the regular cab service. The cab can be very cheaply constructed, and, as no horses are required to be stabled and fed, that expense is entirely done away with, and the company is making money.

The cab is so constructed as to be suited for all kinds of weather. For bright, balmy days, when no covering is required, there is a hood arrangement which can be detached. In stormy weather it can be easily replaced, thus affording the passenger all the protection desired from the weather.

This cab has been found of especial benefit to invalids. They can be wheeled about comfortably and quickly, which is a great advantage over the heavy and cumbersome invalid chairs.

A mathematician has computed the movement of a rider's feet while working a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

The French have a decidedly practical way of looking at new methods of locomotion. No sooner was the bicycle established than a large revenue-producing tax was imposed on it, and now it has been decided by the French authorities to impose a tax on motor cars, the tax apparently varying in different parts, according to the density of the population. In the large centres of population the tax will be a somewhat serious item, and in Paris it amounts to \$12 on vehicles for two passengers and \$20 on larger vehicles. It is curious that at the same time that this tax is being imposed it is also being proposed that subsidies should be granted to public services of motor cars.

Work on pneumatic tyres for bicycles is largely done by girls. Only where strength is required, as in putting the tyre on the wooden rim, is man called into service. It is necessary, when constructing tyres, to put the bands into the sticky mixture, which is applied to them to make them moderately impervious to injury. At first the hands are apt to crack, but they harden after a while. Most of the girls employed in bicycle factories are very young. A few older ones are required to fasten the ends of the rubber tubes together and to

put the valves in place. Such work requires judgment and deftness.

I should hardly think the boom in chainless safeties is likely to be so pronounced in England as it is at present in America, says Chas. Sisley, but several British makers are evidently moving in the matter. Among these is the Quadrant Cycle Company, of Birmingham, which is introducing a chainless bicycle, with what is known as the cross-roller gear. This is not a bevel gear, and it is claimed, therefore, that all friction with the cogs is dispensed with; it makes no noise, and there is no jar to the feet. The makers also claim that there is no backlash, and no adjustment is ever required.

What the cycle trade wants just now is something novel in cycle construction to give a fillip to business, and induce people to buy new machines. This is just why the American manufacturers are making such a boom in the States of the chainless bicycle. This chainless bicycle is no novelty. It has been used in England and France for some years, but being overstocked with chain-driven machines of the ordinary type which have come down in price in America, the makers, headed by the Pope Manufacturing Company, decided to boom the chainless bicycle at a high price, and thus attract those people who will be up-to-date, and buy the very latest thing in machines, no matter what the price.

If the English cycle makers were to do something of this kind it would greatly encourage business. It is the present fixity of pattern which causes dullness in the trade. Constant change of fashion is the best thing possible to prevent prices falling. Fancy a fashionable hat-maker or tailor always keeping to the same styles year after year! Would it not prove fatal to his business? And it is the same thing in cycle making.

If only bicycle polo were a better known game it would be immensely popular. In Ireland there are several teams who play it enthusiastically, and the professional players at the Crystal Palace have scored a great success, though the bicycle polo they play is different from the ordinary game. Instead of using mallets they knock the ball about with their front wheels.

Entirely a new method of jointing, specially applicable to tubes in cycles, has just been invented. The invention consists in the use of an internal spring locking-ring or thimble provided with a longitudinal slit, having its edges turned inwards so as to form a tapering opening, into which a grooved key, suitably tapered, is driven. This spreads the ring or thimble against the inner surface of the tube, producing a fine joint. This method, the inventor claims, entirely supersedes, as it does away with the necessity of brazing.

Amongst the latest inventions to benefit the lot of the cyclist is a penny-in-the-slot machine to inflate baby-tyres. It consists of a large reservoir of compressed air, and can be stationed in any shop which caters for cyclists' custom, or carried on to the highway by an enterprising vendor of sherbert and water, who may combine the business of quenching the thirst of the young with the satisfying of porous or punctured tyres. From the air chamber a pipe leads through a series of valves for reducing the pressure, and through a mechanism that only operates on receipt of the required penny.—The Cyclist.

J. W. Stocks, the famous racing cyclist, whose records are a household word among wheelmen, announces that he has definitely retired from the race path, and will in future devote himself entirely to business, having been appointed general manager of the Ariel Cycle Company, Limited, which has been formed to take over the business recently carried on for the manufacture of Dunlop cycles. It is a good many years since Stocks, who is a native of Hull, won many hundreds of prizes before he started record-breaking on the safety bicycle.

It is very funny what different ideas the modern cyclist has of what constitutes a 'bone-shaker.' I have heard the high bicycle, which preceded the present safety type of bicycle, so described, and latterly in the police-court, when a case of furious riding was being tried at Reigate, a solid-tyred safety bicycle, built three or four years back, was stated in the evidence to be a 'bone-shaker'; but

neither of these can be correctly called a 'bone-shaker,' which particular type of machine has nothing modern about it. It was in existence in the late sixties and the early seventies, had iron tyres, generally wooden wheels, of equal or nearly equal size, drove from the front wheel direct, and the rider sat on a long flat steel spring over the rear wheel.

The postal authorities of St. Petersburg have lately been experimenting with tricycle carriers for collecting letters from pillar-boxes and post offices in place of the inconvenient carriages now in use.

Many riders are far too careless of the condition of their tyres. Barring those encounters with inverted tacks, broken bottles, and upturned horse shoes, which cannot always be foreseen, there is no reason why any good tyre of standard make should not, with proper care, last two seasons through, even though the mileage recorded be high. Neglect in the matter of keeping a tyre well filled with air, however, will ruin it perhaps more quickly and completely than any usage it could be subjected to. A good thing for every rider to remember regarding pneumatic tyres is that the tighter you keep them pumped up the longer they will last, provided, of course, they are sound at the start.

Some time ago a wheelman was killed in a peculiar manner near Bridgeport, Conn., U.S. He sustained a fall which, however, would probably not have resulted in any serious injury had not one of the side pockets of his coat contained an apple. He fell in such a way as to bring the apple between his body and the ground, and the sudden pressure upon an important abdominal nerve centre caused a shock resulting in almost instant death.

MEN AND WOMEN.

When Queen Amelie of Portugal was out walking the other day she came across a woodcutter who had been injured by the branch of a falling tree. The Queen, who has studied medicine, attended to the man's injury, and then with her companion assisted him to reach his cabin. Later on the Queen called to see how her patient was. 'Then you are a doctor, madam, since you know how to take care of me?' asked the woodcutter, who did not know his benefactress. 'Yes, my good man,' was the reply. 'I am sorry for that,' continued the woodcutter, 'because I shall never be able to pay all I owe you. But you must give me your address, and as soon as I can go out I will bring you a basket of fresh eggs and butter by way of thanks.' The Queen replied evasively, and the surprise of the woodcutter may be imagined when he subsequently learned the rank of his physician.

Mrs Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent of the 'London Daily News,' tells 'Lorna' of the 'British Weekly' that there is no opening at all for women journalists in Paris. 'The manners of the country,' she says, 'are entirely against it. The French press is at present in the hands of a rough, pushing, scrambling set of men, who guard their own rights most jealously against any intrusion of women. If a girl tried to force her way into a Paris newspaper office, she would meet with scant courtesy, and would be looked upon as an interloper who deserved no mercy.' If this is the way Frenchmen treat women who interfere with their earnings, it is not difficult to believe that they would show even less mercy to women who stood in the way of their lives. 'Worse stories are believed in Paris about the conduct of the men at the Charity Bazaar fire,' says Mrs Crawford, 'than any which have appeared in print. The men at the bazaar were not of a good type—they were the idle loafers and hangers-on of society.'

The new mayor of West Ham, England, Mr Ivey, has managed to squeeze into his thirty-six years many out-of-the-ordinary experiences. He began early. At the age of nine he 'played the hop' from school, and took an appointment in a boot factory, afterwards trying his hand at news-agency, ironmongery, and the telegraph service. At the age of thirteen he started to learn the trade of a sheet-metal worker, and made progress. At the age of nineteen he went

to Australia as an engineer in charge of a condensing apparatus on an emigrant sailing ship, and on reaching North Queensland he struck inland to sample life in the bush and on the goldfields. With an ancient pistol that wouldn't shoot he made the knees of a lot of unfriendly aborigines to smite together, and preserved a future mayor from untimely death.

A young English lady who has recently arrived in Bengal, has decided to become a Yogi, or Hindu nun. She has already donned the ochre robes, and has chalked out a programme of work to be carried on in India, the main object of which is the spiritual regeneration of Hinduism, which is much below par at present. She will establish a 'convent' at Calcutta. It is likely that she will be joined by another English young lady at present in London, and who will come out early in December. The lady who has already been converted to Vedantism is a graduate of Cambridge, and, while in London, was one of the leaders of the Woman's Suffrage movement.—Bombay 'Advocate of India.'

Lady Jenne speaks out in a contemporary on behalf of the much-abused custom of giving wedding presents. She says:—It is the fashion in these days to decry every innovation or fad fault with its intention or results, and every one will persist in saying that people only give wedding presents for two reasons: first, that they may be asked to the wedding ceremony; and secondly because they hope to receive presents themselves in return, or in some way to benefit by their generosity. If it were a social law that every one was to give and receive presents, there might be good cause in complaining of such a tax; but as the gift is voluntary, no one should complain, as it is their own fault if they do not evade it. We fail to see why wedding presents should be considered such a grievance, and have no sympathy with those who cry out against the custom.

We do not wish to be flippant on a serious subject, says the 'Academy,' but we must confess to having found a little book, entitled 'When Thou Prayest,' rather amusing. This is a manual of suggestions for daily prayer, compiled for the use of young communicants by the Rev. W. Hewatson, and prefaced by the Bishop of Coventry. The body of the work is not matter for comment; but a little list of subjects for intercession, arranged alphabetically, invites it. Herein we find:—

Actors	Jews	Pollicemen
Authors	Mahomedans	Postmen
Bishops	Navies	Press, The
Cabmen	Parliament	Relatives

Reviewers are omitted. No set form of prayer is given.

Girls may always rest assured that if a shy man shows indication of affection for them, these indications are but slight evidences of a really great affection. A shy man is never insincere, and he simply cannot flirt. Girls sometimes despise the shy man, because it occurs to them that he is a physical coward. And women, no matter what their station in life, their education or their depth of feeling, unamously, and as a sex, abhor the man who is a coward. The shy man, though he is thus so retiring in manner, is always, without exception, braver than the blustering man, who in the trivialities of life has things so much his own way. When a shy girl wins a man's affections he really thinks he is the luckiest man on earth. Of course, he ought to think this, but some men only say they think it.

A young woman has been elected county registrar in Kansas. She rode on horseback to every ranch in the county, and personally appealed to all the cattlemen for their votes, barking up her persuasive accents with a liberal supply of free cigars. The other candidate was 'snowed under.'

Many old houses in Holland have a special door which is never open save on two occasions—when there is a marriage or a death in the family. The bride and groom enter by this door. It is then nailed or barred up until a death occurs, when it is opened and the body is removed by this exit.

There is a certain minister in Kansas who has an eye to the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his congregation. He brought one of his recent Sunday sermons to a sudden close with the following

words: 'Brethren, I will now close, for I see that we are going to have a thunderstorm. The congregation will please follow me to Brother So-and-So's field and help him stack his wheat.' And they went. The peasant on the shores of the Solway Firth that Froude tells about in his 'Life of Carlyle' held, it may be remembered, an altogether different opinion of what was necessary under similar circumstances.

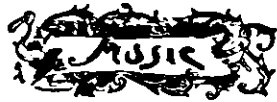
Miss Taylor, a young English woman who recently returned from Thibet and is now gathering missionary recruits for that mysterious country, says that men and women who understand medicine will be most successful in that field. The knowledge of drugs, she adds, among the natives is almost equal to that of the English themselves. The position of women, according to Miss Taylor, is higher in Thibet than in any other country in the Orient save, perhaps, in Mongolia. In place of polygamy, so common among the Mohammedans, polyandry rules in Thibet, a woman being married, as a rule, to all the brothers of a family. In consequence of the nomadic character of the people, usually one of the husbands is at home at a time, the others being absent in more or less distant parts, selling the products of their lands. Women in Thibet, Miss Taylor asserts, are never punished—a fact to which she attributes the saving of her life on several occasions.

A scientific gentleman has been making forecasts as to the future of the human race when it has outgrown the world it lives in. This time it is the Marquis de Nadaillac, who calculates that a few centuries will suffice for the number of mouths to exceed the food supply. Russia, for instance, at her present rate of increase, will in 100 years have a population of 800,000,000 to feed, and there are no data as to how she will manage it. Universal peace, science, and improved sanitation make it rash to expect overwhelming catastrophes such as occur periodically to thin out the lower creations. The only thing will be to regulate the number of offspring, and that, owing to modern prejudices, is at present beyond the boundaries of discussion. In the light of the above statements, and the threats of imminent overcrowding, it is curious to come on a report of a scientific expedition which travelled for five months without meeting with a single human being. This was not in the Arctic regions, as might have been supposed, but in Patagonia. The expedition was that sent out by Princeton University under Professor W. B. Scott, of the United States Geological Survey, which, after considerable hardships, has returned with a fine collection of geological, botanical and palaeontological information.

"DENOUNCING THE TREATIES"

To some people this phrase, recently seen in the cables from England, 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 arranged with foreign colonies will be permitted, if they choose, to charge higher duties on foreign than on British goods. For instance, the majority of the planes 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 ingratitude 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 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 Brumata Tea is grown. It is without exception the most invigorating for a tired-out brain the world can produce, and it should be admitted duty free, and a British tariff put on the produce of the Chinaman, and so bind the Anglo-Saxon together throughout the British Empire with something better than mere sentiment.'

Recent Brumata Tea is not blended with Indian or China, and that is why it is so wonderfully economical and invigorating. It is the only tea of the Empire that is not produced on the soil of a foreigner, and not the Chinaman from Chinese soil.



—and Drama.

Time and again Bland Holt has enjoyed a triumphal progress through these colonies and has scored successes more than we or he can remember, but probably there has never been such a run of splendid business—such a 'Run of Luck,' so to say, as that which he has met with since he landed in New Zealand some months ago. Such splendid receptions, such boundless enthusiasms, as greeted the ever juvenile actor-manager and his pretty wife wherever they appeared, must have made existence a veritable 'Life of Pleasure.' Though admittedly 'One of the Best' actors in the colonies, unlike other Australian favourites we wot of, Mr Bland Holt's successes have never bitten him with the desire to conquer 'London Day by Day,' and consequently, unlike poor Nellie Stewart, who will come back to us soon we hope as 'A Prodigal Daughter,' he has never met with disappointment 'In Sight of St. Paul's.' The applause with which he is greeted here comes 'Straight from the Heart,' and even 'A Derby Winner' could hardly prove more full of running than his splendid repertoire, while his gains would surely satisfy even 'A Cotton King.' Mr Holt no doubt feels, and wisely, that his 'Span of Life' is more profitably as well as more agreeably spent here than amid the 'Lights of London,' and we hope he will continue to think so till the time (far distant everyone hopes) when it will be his turn to skip up 'The Golden Ladder.' As for Mrs Holt, what can be said save that 'A Sailor's (K)not' dearer to the heart of the girl of the period than she is to all of us—and well, after that last pun perhaps this paragraph had better cease and determine.

We New Zealanders can hardly imagine the 'Village Priest' without Titherage in the title role, and Brough in what was assuredly his most wonderful creation, Jean Torquenin, the convict. Yet in India the Brough Co. are playing Grundy's famous drama, with Brough as the Abbe. Who takes the part of the unjustly convicted Jean deponent sayeth not.

The finest performance of the 'Village Priest' was unquestionably on the first visit of the Brough and Boucicault, when Cecil Ward, Brenda Gibson, Miss Noble and Miss Romer were all in the cast. Miss Romer's magnificent acting as the blind, in both senses, and trusting wife of the unjust judge, can never be forgotten or effaced from the memories of those who saw it.

The Greenwoods are still touring the smaller provincial towns. At latest advices they were in Grey-mouth.

Mrs Brown-Potter, who failed somehow or another to please the London critics, has been engaged to go to the Dresden Theatre for a Shakesperian season. She meditates another decent one to Australia, where her success was extraordinary, and probably also a tour of New Zealand, where opinions on her powers are much divided. 'Edmond,' a new version of 'Thackeray's' Classic and 'The Scarlet Letter,' done into a play by Joseph Hatton, are to be the stand-bys.

Miss Elliot-Page, of the 'Sign of the Cross' Company, is an American girl, very pretty and quite young. The Christchurch Theatre has been well-filled all the week. 'The Prisoner of Zenda' is being performed now, and is as gloriously staged as the previous drama.

The Christchurch critics, who are usually both able and out-spoken, speak in enthusiastic terms of 'The Sign of the Cross,' and of the acting of the company concerned therein. The play lived up to its reputation in matter of drawing record audiences, and the people of the City of the Plains have been as enthusiastic as the rest of the world in their admiration of Wilton Barrett's famous play.

'The Royal Divorce' was put on the stage at Christchurch on Saturday by the 'Sign of the Cross' Company. The play is picturesque and exciting and full of splendid situations, which seem specially designed to afford

scope to the scenic artist. Prominent amongst the tableaux are the disastrous retreat from Moscow, and the sunset on St. Helena. Waterloo also furnishes two fine scenes, but the two before mentioned are said to be the most impressive.

'The Cotton King,' which has been running to crowded houses in Auckland, is one of the most successful melodramas that Bland Holt has yet given his patrons. It abounds, that is to say, in scenery and sensation, and the audience are moved to gulp with either tears or laughter, from the time the curtain goes up till it comes down again.

The old story of an innocent man ruined, wrongly suspected and accused, and of the temporary triumph of villainy, is told, but told in a new way, and with such wealth of new detail and situation that one gets as excited as if one had never seen melodrama before. The scene in the cotton factory is one which will ensure the success of the drama wherever it is acted. Naturally the play is conducted on the usual lines, the lines that the public like, that is, Authors and managers alike have learned by bitter experience that in melodrama you must stick to the traditions and the familiar features. All attempts at breaking the conventions in this respect have resulted disastrously, and the public now get what they want—not real life that they see outside, but just melodrama.

A pretty little waltz called the 'Kaukara Waltz,' by 'White Feather,' has been successful in obtaining recognition by a musical journal. The music is light and effective, and the waltz movement well marked, so that it is very pleasant to dance to. It is composed by a Taranaki lady, who has evidently studied music successfully.

A new theatre hat which will meet with the approval of both sexes has just been introduced. It will be made of a material that will permit women to wear any size theatre hat they choose, and yet meet with no objections from the persons who sit behind. This new headgear will be made entirely of glass. It will be pliable, like ordinary straw or felt, light and transparent. It will not break if you drop it, and it is quite as fashionable as to its style as any theatre hat made of felt or velvet. The hat is made of a very thin preparation of pliable glass, which has been prepared with certain chemicals to prevent it from breaking. Its main ingredient is silicate of soda. The glass is perfectly transparent, and makes a most effective foundation for trimmings. The glass can be bought by the yard if one is fortunate enough to know where it is manufactured. It is so pliable that it can be easily plaited or ruffled, and under the deft hands of a milliner can be made into very fascinating transparent bows.

'The Heart of the Klondyke' is a drama being played in New York. It is by Scott Marble.

In the meantime there are over 5,000 students of music in London; potential Paderewskis abound on every side, and young ladies by the hundred are hoping to emulate the triumphs of Mme. Schumann and Lady Halle. Arrangements are made with an agent, who takes St. James' Hall, or the smaller Queen's Hall, for an afternoon. A few well-known artists are engaged, the hall is packed with friends, and Miss So-and-so makes a very successful first appearance as a pianist. If she have private means no harm is done; but in most cases the result is a life of drudgery as a music-teacher to small children—than which I can imagine few harder fates. How long will this state of affairs continue?

The interests of dramatists, for generations the sport of managers, are at last to be taken seriously in hand, and an attempt is to be made to infuse some esprit de corps into the practitioner in one of the most difficult branches of art. The Society of Authors, under the presidency of Mr George Meredith, and the guiding hand of Sir Walter Besant, proposes to do for playwrights what it has already done with such success for writers of books. Hitherto a budding Pinero, Gilbert, or Jones has had to glean his experience as best he could, generally by purchasing it at a costly rate. How much his work was worth, and which way was the best to get its worth, was as much a puzzle as the whereabouts of the Garden of Eden. Such questions, and innumerable

related ones of fixed fees and percentages and the legality of contracts, are to be thoroughly thrashed out, and an authoritative guide for dramatists evolved. To this end a sub-committee has been appointed, of which Mr Henry Arthur Jones is chairman and Mr Edward Rose and Mr Arthur A Becket members.

According to the latest official statistics on the subject, actresses have the best chance of marriage. Domestic servants come a good second. Lady journalists are snapped up rather quickly, generally by literary men. Lady typewriters have excellent chances of marriage. Factory girls seldom remain single. Nurses in hospitals, contrary to general belief, have poor chances of making good matches. For once love stories are right, for governesses have hardly any chances of matrimony, and if they have a love affair it generally ends unhappily. Young ladies in shops, however, have excellent prospects of marriage. Dressmakers and lady clerks, too, can usually secure good partners.

The theatre to be built under the direction of Eleonor Duse and Gabrielle d'Annunzio on the shores of Lake Albano, near Rome, is attracting now a great deal of attention in Italy, and the subscribers to the scheme include most of the Roman nobility and a number of distinguished Frenchmen, headed by Melchior de Vogue, Count Frankenstein, who owns large estates on the shore of the lake, has given the ground for the building, and a competition open to all architects of the Latin races will be held to decide who shall design the new theatre. Duse is to collect a company made up of the best Italian actors, and d'Annunzio, who has already translated 'Antigone' and 'Agamemnon' into Italian for the repertoire of the theatre, will write for the opening of the institution a tragedy to 'Persephone.' The object of the theatre is to elevate and ennoble public taste. Sig. d'Annunzio has said in an interview, and the performance will be held in the open air, with the most poetic dramas in ancient and modern literature acted in the classical style. The date fixed for the opening of the theatre is March 21, 1899, and the performances will be given during the months of April and May in every year. Eleonor Duse, who has been compelled to cancel all her engagements in northern cities owing to her health, is acting now in her own country. She will remain in the south during the winter, and in spite of her unfortunate experiences in Paris with 'A Spring Morning's Dream,' she is to act another play by d'Annunzio called 'An Autumn Dream.' She will act no other new roles this year.

Sir Henry Irving concluded a speech in England lately with an answer to W. S. Gilbert, who, in a fit of spleen over the failure of his last play, 'The Fortune Teller,' blamed Henry Irving and the critics equally for what he called the degraded condition of the English stage. His reply was in these words:—

'I must say there is one other reason, but perhaps a trifling one—but I think on this occasion I might be justified in alluding to it—why I feel a little bound up with you, especially to-night. This time it is not a matter of principle, but of accident, since I have been in a way arraigned as a fellow criminal with you in the melancholy charges made by a gentleman who possesses and has a very just and enviable reputation as a comic opera librettist. The gentleman seems to see—from a recent interview that he had in a newspaper—nothing but unworthiness in all or in any—press, managers, actors, and public—all except the dramatist, who, laying aside his lyre—and I must say I mean no disrespect to my friend—has chosen again to dare the heights of serious drama, and with what success I fear is greatly shown by his very childish statements and very jaundiced behaviour. He seems to me to be in the unfortunate position of the proverbial bull, but, instead of going into a china shop, has got into some ironmongery establishment and has hurt no one but himself. After all, these things are of the most minor of the worries of life. You and I will go on our way doing our duty as we see it, and we are not to be turned aside by any such silly trifling as that; and, for my part, so long as I have the support of earnest thinkers like yourself and of the great public, who, after

all, are the arbiters of all our destinies, I shall continue to travel on my road as you will, although I may not, perhaps, be able to accept a play upon its merits, or, perhaps, speak successfully thirty lines of verse."

There may be a greater tragedian on the British stage—there is no doubt a cleverer comedian—but for an actor, take him for all in all, Mr Beerbohm Tree has not his superior in this country. That is a pretty wide statement, but whoever would dispute it has a long day's work before him. Little did the young amateur think when he first ventured before the footlights in the guise of Pagan that the day would come, when, as an actor and as an actor-manager, he would stand among the foremost of our players. But there he stands, and every succeeding year only strengthens his position. It matters not what he plays in Edinburgh, the public crowd to hear him, 'The Red Lamp,' 'The Balladmaker,' 'The Dancing Girl,' 'Hamlet,' 'Trilby,' we have all seen, and yet the people go again because the charm of the performance clings to their memory still. How the public have crowded the Lyceum this week! And such a brilliant series of productions they have enjoyed.

Mr Kipling says the 'Academy,' has made over to Miss Olga Nethersole the right to dramatise his famous story, 'The Light That Failed.' It will be interesting indeed to see Miss Nethersole's study of Bessie, the passionate, revengeful, and rash artist's model, the character to which she has no doubt been attracted. But Miss Nethersole is presumably not alone in her possession of these dramatic 'rights.' Three years ago, at the very least, a stage version was prepared by Mr Courtenay Thorpe, with, it was understood, the consent of the author. Dick Heldar, the artist hero, was played by Mr Thorpe, who enjoyed considerable success with his little play in the States, and produced it later in England. Possibly here will be found a test case, to settle once and for all the question of a novelist's rights of property in the offspring of his brain.

The Paris Figaro says that the Prince of Wales, who has for so long been the arbiter of fashion and the mirror of taste in the way of male costumes, stands a chance of being relegated to the shelf, if he is not there already. And, like Sisera of old, it is a woman who has caused his downfall. Miss Vesta Tilley, a music hall singer in London, has made a study of the male biped, with such success that her costumes are faithfully copied by all the jeunesse doree. She sings all her songs in male costume, and anything she wears at once becomes the fashion. Every item of her attire is an artistic triumph, hat, necktie, coat, shoes, are perfection; tailors rave about her and fight for her patronage. She relates that one tailor was so overcome at seeing her in a suit of his making that he burst into tears.

The musical exploits of the Salvation Army are very little to the taste of the Prussians. The police has simply interdicted, to a 'lady captain' who organised conventicles in Eastern Prussia, the use of wind instruments, Barbary organs, drums, or even clapping the hands as accompaniments. The police will only tolerate singing and the piano, and again, the doings of the army are confined to Sunday, and then the meetings must close at 10 p.m. The said army, seeing itself thus menaced in its propaganda, went to law before the Supreme Court of Administration, which, however, only confirmed the decree of the police. The army will have to submit or quit the country.

The composition of 'The Lost Chord' is linked, says an interviewer of Sir Arthur Sullivan, with sad memories in the life of the composer, for its composition came about in this way: His much-loved brother, Frederick, fell ill, and for three weeks the brother Arthur watched by his bedside night and day. One night—the end was not very far off then—while his sick brother had for a time fallen into a peaceful sleep, and he was sitting, as usual, by the bedside, he chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Proctor's with which he had five years previously been very much impressed. Now, in the stillness of the night, he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their musical equivalent. A stray sheet of music-paper was at hand, and he began to

write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming quite absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song. In a short time it was complete, and not long afterwards in the publisher's hands. Thus was written 'The Lost Chord,' perhaps the most successful song of modern times—at all events, one whose sale has, up to now, exceeded 250,000 copies.

There is now a plain white marble cross on a pedestal of white stone over the grave of the late Mr T. Tallis Trimmell, in the Karori Cemetery, bearing this inscription: 'Thomas Tallis Trimmell, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Died 5th Sept., 1897. Aged 70. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.' The cost of the stone, which was chiselled by Mr W. J. Heyler, together with the concrete-and-iron railing which surrounds the grave, was borne by the fund which has been subscribed by the late musician's many admirers throughout the colony.

Madame Amy Sherwin is being congratulated on her narrow escape from an awful death by burning. She was driving along the Huon Road in Tasmania, and had just passed Longley, when the fire fiend came sweeping down the valley. The Picnic Hotel was, however, safely attained, though Madame Sherwin and the driver were nearly suffocated by the hot breath of the flames and smoke.

OBITUARY

The death of Mr E. M. Corbett, the well-known mining engineer, caused quite a shock in Auckland, especially



THE LATE MR. E. M. CORBETT.

in mining circles, where his great integrity and aptitude for business made him generally respected. He was director of a large number of mining companies, and great respect was entertained for his opinion on anything connected with goldfields. Mr Corbett was driving between Karangahake and Waitekauri, leaving last Thursday night. About a quarter of an hour after leaving Karangahake, he was found lying on the roadside. He was removed to Kelly's Hotel, Karangahake, on a stretcher, and Dr. Buckley, of Paeroa, was sent for. Mr Corbett died shortly after the medical man came. The latter thinks the cause of death was heart-disease. Mr Corbett had suffered from weakness and rheumatism for a long time. He stated that he fell out of the buggy, being overcome by an attack of faintness. One collarbone was fractured. Another report says that the old mare he was driving stumbled over some obstacle on the road in the dark gorge, and threw Mr Corbett out, breaking his collarbone. He asked, 'Where are you taking me? Take me home.' He died without a struggle. The horse and trap were uninjured.

Very much regret for his loss is expressed in the Ohinemuri district. Mr Corbett was twice married, and

has left a wife and ten children (the eldest of whom, Mr W. Corbett, is assistant engineer to the Ohinemuri County Council) well provided for. He arrived in New Zealand from England on November 1st, 1864, and resided at the Thames, where he built the Moanatairi Battery. Latterly he has been living in Waitekauri.

I regret to say Mrs Arthur Lyon, of Christchurch, wife of Mr A. Lyon, so well known in the hunting field, died on Friday at her residence, Upper Riccarton. Mrs Lyon caught a severe cold one very wet hunting day, which later developed into consumption, to which she has now succumbed, leaving her husband and three children to mourn their loss. Mrs Lyon was a daughter of Mr R. Westera, of Christchurch.

Mr Thomas Preece, a very old Christchurch resident, died very suddenly on Sunday morning at his lodgings, Hereford-street, Linwood. He was quite in his customary health on Saturday, and in town till late in the evening, and retired to rest as usual. He awoke the inmates of the house about 5 o'clock next morning, but the doctor only just arrived before he passed away, failure of the heart being the cause. He leaves one daughter, Mrs Isaac Gibbs, and one son, Mr Ernest Preece, of Standish and Preece.

The death of the Hon. James Crowe Richmond, M.L.C., removes one who was for a long time a very prominent figure in New Zealand politics. Mr Richmond was a brother of Mr Justice Richmond, who was also a well-known and much-esteemed personage in the history of this colony. Mr J. C. Richmond was born in London, and came out to Taranaki in the fifties. Under Superintendent Cutfield he was Provincial Secretary for Taranaki, and

'Do not let any loyal natives, Major Westrupp, or any outlying settlers sleep outside a stockade after this day.' Major Biggs did not act on this caution, and he and all his family were massacred. Mr Richmond was at the siege of Ngatapa, which lasted six days. Later he was with Colonel Whitmore at Matata, bar-bound, before the expedition by the Rangitikehe of the latter. He was asked at the last moment to lead a third expedition via Wairoa and Waikare Moana. Mr Richmond agreed to assist, but not to command, handing this over to Major Herrick. The expedition was afterwards countermanded. In 1883, Mr Richmond was appointed to the Legislative Council. Mr Richmond took a deep interest in the Thames goldfields, and as Native Minister at the time authorised Mr James Mackay to draw on the Colonial Treasury for a good many of the preliminary expenses of the goldfield, Richmond-street, Shortland, is named after the deceased gentleman.



ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Harley, daughter of Mr E. S. Harley, and Mr Clement Wilson, son of Mr F. H. Wilson, Cashmere.

The marriage of Miss Ida Otway daughter of the late Rev. Otway, takes place this week at New Brighton to Mr Davidson, of Burwood. The wedding will be very quiet.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Rigby, youngest daughter of the late Rev. G. H. Rigby, and Mr Theobald Matthews (barrister), son of Mr Justice and Lady Matthews. The wedding takes place in London early in February.

Miss Natalie Driser's engagement to Mr McGill, of Milton, is announced; also Miss Nellie Reid, Elderslie, Oamaru, to Mr Stuart Holmes, Oamaru.

Miss Annie Campbell, of Nelson, is engaged to Mr Wilkie, of Hawera. The wedding is to take place shortly.

MR CHOLMONDELEY TO MISS MORGAN.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Morgan, daughter of the late Mr Morgan, architect, of Gisborne, with Mr Hugh H. Cholmondeley, of Port Levy, Banks Peninsula, was celebrated at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington.

The account of the ceremony was a little late in reaching Auckland, though the wedding was one specially interesting to Canterbury and Gisborne residents, as the bridegroom's relations are amongst the oldest Peninsula settlers. Miss Morgan was recently head mistress of the Blenheim Girls' School.

The bride, who was given away by Mr E. H. Dean, of Wellington, was beautifully gowned in white surah silk, with chiffon and pearl trimmings, lovely waistband of pearls; a veil and shower bouquet completed her costume.

The bridesmaids—Miss Murgan (bride's sister), Miss Threlkeld, of Flaxton (bridegroom's niece), were frocked in white muslin with blue spots, white hats with pink roses and ribbon; bouquets of rosebuds and maidenhair fern.

The ceremony was performed by the brother of the bridegroom, the Ven. Archdeacon Cholmondeley, of Christchurch, assisted by the Vicar of St Paul's, the Rev. T. H. Spratt. The bride's brother, Mr James Morgan, of Napier, acted as best man.

Refreshments were provided at the residence of Mr Dean, Grant Road, whither the bridal party drove, leaving later on for the South. The bride wore as a travelling costume blue covert coating, boat-shaped hat of the same tint, relieved with cream ribbons.

The bridegroom's gifts were very handsome. To his bride an arrow-

drafted a letter in which the readiness of the settlers to support the Governor's policy to purchase the Waitara block in 1860 was affirmed. This led to the outbreak of the Taranaki war. Mr Richmond's part in the active operations being however, small. His bush farm was destroyed, so he retired to Nelson, taking charge of the 'Nelson Examiner,' to which paper he had frequently contributed during the disturbances. Mr Richmond was in the early sixties returned to the House of Representatives by Nelson constituencies, and was Colonial Secretary in the Weld Ministry from June to October, 1865, and Commissioner of Customs and Stamp Duties in the Stafford Government from August, 1866, to June, 1868. In 1867-69 Mr Richmond was a member of Mr Stafford's Government, holding the portfolio of Native Affairs. Mr Richmond was not personally responsible for the removal of Te Kooti and his party to the Chatham Islands, but he was for their continued detention. Mr Richmond was of much assistance in the arrangements made for subduing the Hauhau Maoris on the East Coast. He went in the Government steamer Sturt to see the East Coast in a state of defence after the escape inland of Te Kooti. He left Major Biggs on the Plain of Tauranga with the words:

shaped brooch of gold set with rubies and diamonds. The bridesmaids received double-barred gold brooches joined with hearts of pearls.

Mr and Mrs Cholmondeley received many beautiful wedding presents.

MR DARROCH TO MISS ARM-STRONG.

A pretty wedding was celebrated recently at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Carterton. The bride was Miss Winifred Armstrong, who was lately on the staff of the Carterton School, and the bridegroom, Mr Robert Darroch, assistant teacher at Masterton School.

The Rev. Father McKenna performed the ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr F. Froelick Fairbrother, of Palmerston North, looked charming in pretty hailstone muslin with snow-white satin and chiffon trimmings, white picture hat with satin ribbon and bows and veil, lovely shower bouquet.

There were two bridesmaids, Miss Grace Deller and Miss Millie Fairbrother, cousins of the bride, and they were dressed alike in buttercup crepon and wore hats trimmed to match. Mr R. Doban, teacher at St. Patrick's School, Masterton, was best man, and Mr X. Bunting was groomsmen.

There were many friends of the happy pair in the church. Mr M. O. Meadows, of Masterton, played the wedding march, and white roses were scattered in front of the bride as she passed down the aisle.

After the ceremony, afternoon tea was partaken of at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs Fairbrother, senior.

The presents of the bridegroom to the bride consisted of a magnificent Rosekranth piano, a hangle, and a handsome diamond and sapphire ring. The bride presented the bridegroom with a fine pair of silver-mounted military hair-brushes.

The newly-wedded pair left by afternoon train for Wellington, going South for their honeymoon trip. At the station many people were present to wish them every blessing and God-speed.

THE REV. CHAS. A. FRAER TO MISS McLEAN.

The marriage of Miss McLean, eldest daughter of the Hon. George McLean, to the Rev. Charles A. Fraer, took place on Saturday, January 8th, very quietly, at St. Barnabas' Church, Warrington, at 9.30 a.m. The bride was very becomingly attired in a handsome white silk dress, long train, and lovely Limerick lace veil.

Her bridesmaids were Miss Evelyn McLean, youngest sister of the bride, and Miss Fraer, sister of the bridegroom. They wore pretty, simple white muslin dresses and white hats, silver waist-buckles and shoe-buckles, the gifts of the bridegroom.

Amongst the few guests who were present were: Mrs W. Turton, Mrs Driver, the Misses Driver, Mr and Mrs Michie, and Mrs Allan Holmes.

A sumptuous sit-down wedding breakfast was given at Mr McLean's residence, Warrington. Everything went off most happily, much fun and merriment being indulged in in the throwing of rice, etc.

BARBAROUS.

A clergyman was being shaved by a barber, who had evidently become unnerved by the previous night's dissipation. Finally he cut the clergyman's chin. The latter looked up at the artist reproachfully, and said:

'You see, my man, what comes of hard drinking.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the barber condescendingly, 'it makes the skin tender.'

'Fred, I wish you would decide as to our settling down or not at this hotel—I know that's worrying you.' 'My dear child, it isn't the settling down—it's the settling up that's worrying me.'

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TRIXY'S MAN.

By NORA HOPPER.

'Trixy Martin's come to market this morn'. Is thy man cured, then? Hey, Trixy lass, what d'ye lack, what d'ye lack? I've got apples 'ud do your heart good only to look at, soas. Will 'ee buy some, dear? They're nigh as rosy as thy cheeks.'

Trixy Martin stood still in the midst of Polperro Market, with a smile on her strong-featured face. She was a tall, comely creature, with eyes as black as sloes and as deep as wells—so her lovers had said in the days when she had been Trixy Weaver. She gave back the greetings right and left, swinging her empty market-basket as she spoke.

'How does thy man, Trix? Is the cough better to him?'

'Ay, it's lighter. Trix said, as she picked over a basket of apples; 'but it's terrible thin he gets—and the eyes of him like lamps. I'm about making him some apple-butter, Mrs Noy; he's fond of apple-butter, is my man.'

'Trixy thinks the sun sets an' rises for her man,' tittered a girl in the background. 'A fine worker like her! Robin Martin was lucky to get her to wed him, and he a love-child, too, and a spindling, dwindling lad at that.'

'Don't 'ee let Trixy hear 'ee, Matty, or her 'll put the mark of her ten fingers in thy face,' counselled her mother. 'Hey, Trixy, who's looking to thy man while thou'rt away?'

'Elsie Black.'

'She's a skilful wench enough, though she be so young. Who's your maid running and calling? Why, Trixy,' cried Mrs Noy, 'there's Elsie Black running down the hill like a mad wench! Look 'ee Trix! Why, Elsie, soas, is t' house a-fire?'

'Come away home, Trixy, woman,' shrilled the child Elsie; 'thy man's dead!'

'Trixy's heart and her feet stood still together; then she threw down her market-basket, and the brown apples and red radishes rolled all ways at once.

'Thou mayst ha' my marketing, Elsie,' she said in a odd, high, strained voice. 'I'll go to market no more if my man's dead. I'll go home to my man,' turning abruptly away from the pitying faces. 'I'll go home,' she said again. 'Elsie!—putting out her hand gropingly—'will come home wi' me? I—I've forgot t' road.'

'Let me come,' one of the market-women said eagerly; 'I'll see thee through t', Trix, and willing.'

'Ay, you may come, Dolly; my man liked you.' And the two women went in haste and in silence on their way. Arrived at the door, Trix put her arm across it, and turned to the other woman.

'Thank ye kindly, Doll, but—go back thine ain gait,' she said harshly; 'I'll streak my man myself.'

'Wench, thou'll break thy heart,' said Dolly Trenoweth pitifully. 'Thou needn't be jealous now.'

Trixy laughed breathlessly. 'No,' she said, 'I needn't, so you may 'ee come in, Doll.' She opened the door with a jerk, went into the living-room, and flung open the window. When that was done, she turned to the figure on the couch, and stared down at it with loving, miserable eyes. 'So thou wouldn't wait,' she said softly. 'And where was the hurry, Robin? I could have helped thee, my dear, if thou'd waited for Trix.'

'Thy man died easy,' Dolly ventured to say, peeping over Trix's shoulder at the quiet, upturned face. 'Looke, woman dear, 'tis like sleeping he looks—and his eyes half-open.'

'He always slept that way,' Trix said, drawing a hard breath. 'Stand back, you, while I lift him to the bed—no, I'll do it my lone, Dolly, and thank you kindly all the same.'

She lifted the light figure in her arms and held it to her breast a minute or two; then, with another deep breath, laid it gently down upon the bed. 'You'll never be tired no more, Robin, my dear,' she said softly. 'Iss, and I'm main glad to think that. Now, Dolly, you'll leave him and me our lone, there's a dear soul, and you may come back in an hour and make me a cup o' tay. I'll be glad o' it then, but I couldn't drink a sup now. No, I'll not be lonely and I'll not be feared—I've got my man with me.' And there was a flickering smile on her lips as Dolly Trenoweth ceased her protests and went meekly out at the open door.

In an hour she came back, and found Trixy ready for her. She had changed her cotton gown for a black dress, and out of a strip of rusty crape she had contrived a makeshift widow's cap. Robin lay, made ready for his last sleep, on their bed, not with hands folded in the orthodox fashion, but palms upturned and filled with the reddest sweetwilliams Trixy could find in her borders. Flowers were over all the bed, and over Robin's body—flowers of the vividest colour. Black-hearted poppies blazed on Robin's breast, and over his feet was a heap of fiery marigolds. Beside his head, on the pillow where Trixy's head had lain, were spikes of yellow gorse, and stalkless crimson heads of sops-in-wine.

'Not a white flower anywhere?' cried Dolly Trenoweth, scandalised. 'Tisn't fitty, Trix; you'd ought to lay lilies and roses and suchlike round your man.'

'Lilies and roses? Them weren't like my man and me.' Trixy said gently. 'You d'n understand, Dolly; we'm different.'

'Yes, you be.'

To-morrow Robin Martin was to be buried, and Trixy had sent away all her would-be helpers, and was making the clean house cleaner than ever. On the white floor she sprinkled crushed shells till it glittered as if sprinkled with diamond-dust, and to the flowers withering round Robin she added many more until the air was heavy with their perfume. Then she changed her black gown for a clean print one, and she unpinned all her mass of red-brown hair, and cut off one thick lock. This she laid upon the carnations on her husband's breast. 'Twill keep you company, dear,' she said, 'till I come back.' She set out the table in the kitchen with plates and mugs, and brought in a small barrel of cider, then stood looking at her preparations and considering. 'They'll sure be main and thirsty when they brings me back,' she muttered; but there's nought else I need get ready. Dolly, she knows 'ere to get the bread and salt, and I've shown her the press where I keeps t' linen. I think I've forgot nought; I've slacked the fire, and fed owd puss and her kittens out in t' shed; and now I may get forward wi' my work.' She wound her loose hair in a great coil, and stowed it away under a sun-bonnet, whose strings she tied in a knot under her chin. 'I d'n want to look like some trollop when they brings me home to my man,' she said, as she drew the door to gently after her, with never a glance at dead Robin, and ran out into the windy dark down towards the shore. The wind was against her all the way, and seemed as though it desired to hold her back; but Trixy's will was strong, and soon she had crossed the crescent of beach and ran down the wet and slippery rocks to the place she had in her mind—a dark and quiet spot in a nook of the cliffs. The water was out now, and the sand was dry, but here there was heaped coil upon coil of dark-green weed, stranded here by weeks of storm. Trixy felt her way out into the yielding mass, and at the outmost edge of it 'ay down, and, lifting coil after

coil of it, drew it over her like a quilt till she was covered to the waist. 'I ere,' she said, whiskering a little as the wet mass weighed upon her thinly-clad body. 'I might ha' drown'd easier, but the undertow'd ha' dragged me out to sea. Now, I'll just lie here and drown decently when tide turneth, and they'll find me here in the morn and bury me with my man.' The tide came sluggishly in—it had never been so slow before—and Trixy began to talk to herself softly again. 'I could ha' done it in the house; there was t' knife and all, but I hadn't the heart. 'Tis all so clean, and my dear linn there so quiet; and my never liked ugly sights, did my man. Robin . . . It was the first wave lapping coldly on her outflung hand, but it put her in mind of Robin's cold and clinging fingers, and the love and hunger grew sharper in Trixy's breast. 'You were gentleman born, my dear,' she whispered. 'Iss, fay, you were, and you'd ha' married a lady if so be your mother'd had her rights; but 'tisn't every lady as 'd lie in a cold bed like this, so's to be buried with her man. Robin, do you hear? Robin, Robin . . . It was buffeted her on the mouth, and choked the tender words on her lips; another and yet another, and still the gasping voice called 'Robin.' . . . Then a light through the darkness, that was only the light of a fishing-smack, but to Trixy's dying eyes it meant 'Robin's coming'; and her soul leapt to her lips to meet him. . . . They buried Trixy and her man together.—London Sketch.'

IS LAUGHTER A SIGN OF INSANITY?

'It is a very curious fact,' said a celebrated asylum doctor recently, 'that, taken as a general rule, all lunatics laugh about twice as much as sane people.'

'One of my worst patients at the present moment exhibited the first signs of insanity by laughing continuously, and without stopping, for over a week.'

It was just after a severe illness, mental depression, and his friends which had been accompanied by much were so delighted with the apparent improvement in his spirits that they had no idea of the real state of affairs until a doctor was called in and pronounced the man completely mad. Laughter after a surgical operation is a symptom always greatly dreaded by doctors and nurses.

'That queer impulse to laugh which some people experience in the first moment of a sudden calamity is in reality one of the sharpest warnings of insanity that anyone could receive.'

'Some people fall into a habit of laughing at their own thoughts when alone; this should be always strictly checked, as it is an unhealthy sign, and may lead to brain trouble later on.'

Bills: "It is so late that I am almost afraid to ask the landlady for breakfast." Mills: "Keep your nerve; none but the brave deserve the fare."

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THE WAIWERA HOTEL.



THE BATHS, WAIWERA.



THE AVENUE, WAIWERA.

WAIWERA HOT SPRINGS.

SINCE the opening of the railway to Rotorua the hot springs and sanatorium at Waiwera have been somewhat neglected by visitors. However, under the present new management, no doubt Waiwera will boom again. Messrs Patterson and Co., the well-known bus proprietors, have bought the large hotel and surrounding grounds, including the hot springs, at Waiwera, and Mr T. C. Urquhart has entered into occupation as licensee. Mr and Mrs Urquhart are very well and favourably known to the travelling public from their former connection with the Imperial Hotel in Auckland, the Okoroire Hotel and the Lake House at Rotorua. Both host and hostess thoroughly understand the management of large hotels, and have a genial knack of making their guests feel at home, which in a great measure accounts for their popularity. The hotel and bath-houses are to be thoroughly renovated, and in all respects the sanatorium is to be put into thoroughly up-to-date condition. Few prettier spots are to be found in the neighbourhood of Auckland than Waiwera. Enclosed by beautiful bush-covered hills, with a splendid beach on the seaward side, and the picturesque Mahurangi Rock in the immediate foreground, the secluded little bay of Waiwera is indeed an idyllic place for a few days' retreat from the cares and worries of town life. Boating, fishing, and fern-hunting in the bush are some of the favourite diversions of visitors, while for those in search of health the hot springs usually prove a panacea. Indeed, for those who are in good health and who are not suffering from the aches and pains of rheumatism or sciatica the alkaline and soda water which issue from under the side of the steep cliff on the southern side are very soothing and pleasing to the senses after a day's picnicing. Waiwera now bids fair to again rival some of the newer health-resorts in the Auckland district, and the fact that the place is beginning to again take the place it deserves in the list of watering-places and sanatoria is shown by the fact that at the beginning of this week there were no less than fifty visitors staying in the hotel, while the adjoining cottages were all filled with holiday sojourners.

THE SKITTISH DOCTOR.

Frederick H. Cogswell says that Doctor S.— was noted among his professional brethren for his powers of concentration. When once he bent his mind to a problem he became totally oblivious of everything about him. The doctor had a horse that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression.

She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of a suburban stage she would run over the curbstone, and threaten not only the doctor's life but that of the chance passer.

Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could smell a stage long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of his way rather than meet one.

Early one morning he received a telephone to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk, the distance being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour stage lay right in his path.

He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to get to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstance, and then turned off at the first corner. This obliged him to go nearly double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognise two intimate friends whom he nearly ran over.

It was not until he had spent two hours with his patient, and came out to look for his horse, that he began to realise that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour stage.

Fond Parent: 'The child is full of music.' Sarcastical Visitor: 'Yes, what a pity it is allowed to escape.'

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

His Excellency the Governor, NOR, the Countess of Ranfurly and suite, were expected at 'Elmwood,' Christchurch, last week. A large quantity of boxes went down from Wellington to be in readiness for the Vice-Regal party.

Major and Mrs Nelson-George, of Auckland, left in the Mariposa on Saturday for England.

Mrs Canning, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, has been staying at Petane.

Much regret is felt that Miss Watt, one of the teachers of the Girls' College, Nelson, has resigned her position, and accepted a similar one nearer her home in Dunedin.

The Premier and Mr O'Regan, M.H.R., left Grey-mouth for Westport on Sunday morning.

Mrs Hoadley, of the Barrack Hill, Napier, is staying in the country.

Dr Pabst, the very popular house physician at the Auckland Hospital for some three and a-half years, has resigned his position. He intends to take up private practice in Auckland. It is hoped he will not altogether sever his connection with the hospital. Dr Pabst has the best wishes of his many friends for success in his profession.

The Rev. W. Ronaldson, Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New Zealand (Masonic), has officially heard from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England, to the effect that recognition will now be given to the New Zealand Lodge. The matter is one of much importance to the Masonic fraternity of the colony, and will, it is expected, considerably strengthen the cause and accelerate the progress of Masonry in New Zealand. The Irish and Scottish Constitutions will probably be guided by the decision of the English Lodge, and will also afford official recognition to the New Zealand Grand Lodge.

Mr and Mrs Lyons, of Auckland, with their son, intend visiting England in March.

Mr Alfred S. Rathbone, well known as the London correspondent of the principal Australian and New Zealand papers will shortly tour the colonies to keep himself in touch with colonial matters.

Miss Catley has returned to Nelson after a short holiday trip to the North Island.

Miss Cornford, of Napier, who has been staying at Wanganui for several weeks, is now back again after an enjoyable visit.

Mrs Beethem (Christchurch) is again in Nelson for the benefit of her health.

Mrs Von Dadelzen, who went for a visit to England, and has been away from Napier nearly nine months, returned on Tuesday. Her friends are all pleased to see her back again.

Mr Bertram, of Sydney, who has been acting as German Consul in Wellington, has returned to New South Wales.

Mr E. Focke, of the firm of Castendyk and Focke, has been appointed to succeed his late partner as German Consul in the Empire City.

Nelson people are very much on the move.

Mrs and Miss E. Sealy returned from Picton to Nelson last week. Miss Sealy also came by the same boat from Wellington.

Mrs Leggatt and family (Nelson) are camping in the Cable Bay Bush.

Mr C. Major (Auckland) paid Nelson a short visit last week.

The Rev. Waters, Vicar of St. Peter's, Wellington, is staying at Warwick House.

Mrs N. McEae (Wellington) is staying with Mrs Trolove, Richmond.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Rayner, of Stoke, Nelson, left last week for a trip to the West Coast Sounds.

Mr and Mrs T. Campbell are leaving Nelson and will reside in Wellington.

Miss Annie Campbell is at present in Nelson, wishing her many friends good-bye prior to her marriage.

Miss E. Atkinson (Christchurch) is spending her holidays with her mother in Nelson. Miss Trix Atkinson has also returned home after a pleasant trip to Christchurch.

Mr Ben Tillet is the guest of Mr W. Atkinson.

Miss F. Edwards has gone on a visit to Wellington.

Mr Robison (Wellington) is spending his holidays in Nelson.

Mr N. Fell, a recent Nelson College boy, left New Zealand by the last trip of the Gothic to continue his medical studies in the Old Country.

Mr and Mrs Booth and family are spending a few weeks at 'Annisbrook,' Stoke, Nelson.

Some Christchurch people, Mrs John Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Guy, left for a trip to England, expecting to be away about a year. A number of friends were at the station to see them off. Miss Neave also left the same day, in company with Miss Greenwood, of Wellington, for an extended trip to England and the Continent.

Mr Moore, Sheep Inspector, and family (Blenheim), Mrs Ensor (Spring Creek), and Miss Chaytor (Marshlands), left Picton on Wednesday evening by s.s. Phoenix to camp at Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mrs Turnbull (Napier) is staying with her sister, Mrs Tomlinson (Nelson). Miss Kidd (Auckland) is also a guest of the same lady.

The passengers travelling by rail from Wellington to Palmerston North on Monday last, had a most unpleasant experience at Mauriceville, as they had to cross the bridge on two planks, as it had been almost destroyed by the bush fires, and the train was of course unable to cross it; and to add to their discomfort, it also rained in torrents, and this rendered the line very muddy. Another train was waiting at the other side of the bridge, which took the passengers on to Woodville, and the whole country viewed from the bridge to Woodville was a mass of smouldering logs and burnt grass.

Miss Trimmell, Wellington, is staying at Dungere, where she is the guest of Mrs Renwick.

Miss Minnie Doulin has been appointed head mistress of the Blenheim Girls' School.

Miss Casey and her niece Miss Brodrick, from Melbourne, left Wellington on Wednesday en route for the Wanganui River, having also visited the Southern Lakes and the Oira Gorge.

Mr and Mrs W. Barton, Fareham, Featherston, paid a short visit to Wellington last week, being the guests of Mr and Mrs W. Ferguson, at Lioda.

The Hon. Mr Carroll, who has been taking a few weeks' holiday, came down from Wellington to Hastings at the time when the bush fires were at their worst, and had, of course, a most unpleasant journey. After his visit to Hastings, where he was the guest of Mr A. L. D. Frazer, Mr Carroll went on to Gisborne.

Miss Pollen (Wellington) is visiting Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Denniston, of Peel Forest, with their family are going Home in the Tongarua.

Miss Tomlinson (Nelson) is staying with friends at the Bluff.

Mrs Fell and family (Nelson) are spending a few weeks at their usual summer residence Totorangi. Miss Huddleston was their guest for a short time.

Captain Babot, of Wellington, has exchanged houses with Captain Anderson, Merivale, for a few weeks.

Mrs Donnelly, of Crissage, has been here for a short visit to Wellington, and returned home again on Friday.

Miss Crump, who is well known in musical circles in Nelson, left that city last week for Melbourne, where she has received an appointment as music teacher at the Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorne. Miss Crump's many Nelson friends congratulate her.

Miss Cummings (England) is visiting Mrs Wilding, Opawa, Christchurch.

Mr Meredith-Kaye has taken Fassi-ferr, Papanui Road, Christchurch, the residence of Mr C. W. Turner, for 12 months.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs Innes arrived in Auckland by the Mariposa last Friday evening.

Miss Wilkins, of Auckland, is staying with her sister, Mrs Fenwick, of the Bank of New Zealand, Napier.

Mr H. Wilmot, of Waitohi Valley, Picton, has been offered charge of the Canvas-stown School till masters are arranged for a new teacher. The teacher, Miss Doulin, having been appointed Head Mistress of the Blenheim Schools.

Sir James Hector is expected in Wellington by the Monowai.

Mr and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield have returned to Auckland from Gisborne.

Miss Page, of Napier, has returned from a visit to Wellington.

Mr J. Sharp, jun., has been elected Secretary of the Nelson Bowling Club, vice Mr Langley Bell, resigned.

Miss Ethel Seymour, Tynesfield, is staying in Picton with Mrs Dobbie for a few days.

Miss Robertson, a niece of the Rev. T. F. Robertson, of St. Stephen's Church, Ponsonby, arrived in Auckland by the Westralia last Monday.

Mr Thomas Peacock was a passenger to Auckland by the mailboat on Friday.

Mrs Whitelaw, of Ponsonby, Auckland, returned on Monday last after ten months' absence, which was chiefly spent with her daughter, Miss Annie Whitelaw, in visiting relatives in Scotland and England. She travelled Home and back by the German line, and eulogises the comfort and attention paid to passengers on those palatial steamers, which are getting a good share of the Australian passenger trade. The Konigen Louise, by which Mrs Whitelaw returned, was on her maiden voyage, and although a mishap to machinery caused a detention at Colombo for ten days, the voyage was altogether a pleasant one.

Miss Annie Whitelaw remains in England, having, after graduating with honors at Girton, obtained an appointment as Mathematical tutor at an important Ladies' Secondary School, Wycombe, about 30 miles from London.

Mr Cecil Leys, of Auckland, is expected from London by the P. & O. steamship China, due at Adelaide about the 11th of February. He has been absent a year, during which he made extended tours of the United Kingdom and the Continent. He was also engaged for some months upon journalistic work in London. His father, Mr T. W. Leys, and Miss Winnie Leys, have gone to Adelaide to meet him. Miss Brett is of the party.

Mrs Jos. Aussenue has returned to Takapuna from Te Aroha.

Mrs J. H. N. Burnes and children are in Dunedin, staying at Onslow House, Ocean Beach.

The Misses Gardner (Christchurch) have been spending some weeks at Oxford; and Mrs Waymouth and family, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Purchas, Mrs W. H. Shaw and family, and others are still up there; while the Rev. F. R. Inwood, Mrs Inwood and family are at Springfield.

The Rev. J. P. Cowie, son of the Primate, left Auckland for Sydney last week.

Mrs F. Barkas is also staying at the same place. They find it a pleasant change from Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Pyne, and Mr and Mrs H. O. D. Meares returned from the Southern lakes this week, having greatly enjoyed the trip.

Professor Carl Schmitt is recruiting at his country residence, Southern Wairoa. His holiday there is proving very beneficial to his health.

Mrs A. Kaye, Mrs Tomks, and Miss C. Turner have gone to the Southern lakes.

Mrs G. Kronfeld left Auckland for Sydney last week.

Mr John Ross left Auckland for the South last week.

Mrs Boyle, of Christchurch, with her children are staying with Mrs Studholme, Waimate.

Mr Parker, champion tennis player of Wellington, and ex-champion of the colony, is going to reside permanently in Auckland, where he takes the management of a fire insurance business, the agents for which are an Auckland firm. Mr Parker was up till this week in the Government Insurance Department, Wellington. He will be greatly missed in tennis circles in that city, and will be an acquisition to Auckland.

The Rev. H. Bull, of Auckland, has gone to Wellington.

The Premier and Mrs Seddon went overland to the West Coast after their short but sad visit to Christchurch. The cause of their being there was the death of the little son of the Rev. W. and Mrs Bean, and their little grandchild. Of course, the Hon. R. J. Seddon was entrapped into a little business, though it was a hurried visit.

Mr Arch. Clark, of Auckland, has gone South for a short trip.

Mr Clement Dixon, of the Thames, was in Auckland for a few days' visit last week.

Mr W. R. A. Morrison has resigned from the post of auditor of the Hikurangi Coal Company. Mr R. E. Isaacs has been appointed in his place.

Mr and Mrs Bloxam and family, of Christchurch, sailed last week for a holiday trip to England.

Mr and Mrs Moss Davis and their daughters returned to Auckland by the Mariposa last week. They have been touring Europe for about eighteen months, and their friends are very pleased to see them home again.

Dr. W. F. Coates has resigned his position as hon. physician to the Auckland Hospital. He had interests outside the city which will necessitate frequent absences.

The Rev. Dr. Wallis intends to tour the country districts of the Auckland province to deliver addresses on the present political situation. It is well known that Dr. Wallis holds opinions antagonistic to the present Government.

Professor F. D. Brown, of the Auckland College staff, has gone for a holiday to Wellington.

INDIGESTION

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The Rev. C. A. Frazer, of St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, was married last week in Dunedin to Miss McLean, daughter of the Hon. G. McLean.

The Under-Secretary for Defence, Sir Arthur Douglas, has returned to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs E. H. Rhodes returned to Christchurch this week from their trip to England, and at a meeting of the A. and P. Association a few days ago Mr Rhodes was very warmly welcomed back. They have taken up their residence at Otahuna, and are shortly expecting Mr and Mrs Alistair Clark on a visit.

Captain and the Hon. Mrs Dalgety are guests of Mr and Mrs C. Dalgety, Linwood, Christchurch. They are on pleasure bent, and intend seeing a good deal of our colony before they return to England.

Mr James Coates, General Manager of the National Bank of New Zealand, is in Wellington just now.

Mr and Mrs Robert Parker, of Wellington, are spending a month in Christchurch.

Mr Levi Coupland is leaving Wellington shortly, probably for Auckland.

Misses Fairhurst, Lorrimer, and Grant have had a very enjoyable trip to Lake Te Anau, and are now home again in Christchurch.

Mrs Pearson has returned to Auckland after an eight months' visit to Australia, and is now staying with Mrs Rigby, Elderslie, Mount Eden.

Miss Lindsay, of Auckland, is the guest of Mrs Watkis, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mr B. C. Haggitt, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, is very seriously ill. Much sympathy is felt for his wife and family.

Mr and Mrs Mothersole, England, are visiting Mr and Mrs Harvey in Picton.

Miss Westaby, of Woodville, is paying a visit to Mrs Kerr, of Shakespeare Road, Napier.

Mr W. J. Wratt, of Wellington, succeeds Mr Howie at Nelson.

The Hon. T. Thompson came down from the Waikato on Saturday in order to go South by the Flora. He is, however, detained in Auckland on business.

Mrs Gordon, of Clifton, has been paying a short visit to her mother, Mrs Tanner, of Napier.

Mrs and the Misses Millington (Picton), with Mr and Mrs Reeves and family, are camping out at Torea Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr H. L. Jackson and her son have come from Blenheim to stay in Picton for a week or two. Mrs Jackson and Mrs Ball, also from Blenheim, are staying at Mrs Allport's boarding-house.

Mr J. Howie, of the Customs Department, has been transferred from Nelson to Christchurch. During their residence in Nelson, both Mr and Mrs Howie have been most popular with all, and their many friends touch regret their departure. Mrs Howie who has been spending several weeks in Sydney, will join her husband in Christchurch.

Many people are still absent from Dunedin. Judge and Mrs Williams are in Auckland; some of the Misses Williams are also out of town; Miss Georgie Webster is at present the guest of Mrs Sinclair Thomson, Goodwood; Mr Ulrich and family are staying at Waikohu for a month; Mrs James Mills with her two children and Miss Buller, are in the same neighbourhood.

The Rev. Father Ginaty (Christchurch) held a very successful mission in Hamilton for eight days. It was brought to a close on Sunday, 23rd, when Father Ginaty proceeded to Cambridge to open a mission there.

Mrs Arthur Blundell and her little daughter (Wanganui) are staying with Mrs Blundell, Nele-street, Nelson.

Mr J. C. Chaytor, Marshlands, who went to England about six months ago, returned to Picton on Thursday, accompanied by his sister, Miss Chaytor, and his two daughters, Misses Eleanor and Jane Chaytor. Mr D'Arcy Chaytor met his father and sisters in Picton, and the party drove out to Marshlands the same evening.

Mr Laurence (of the firm of Laurence and McLachlin) arrived in Auckland last week by the Mariposa. He and Miss Laurence propose visiting the Hot Lakes. En route they are staying at the Auckland Grand Hotel. Mr Laurence is a popular Sydney solicitor.

Miss M. Carey is spending the holidays in Auckland and at North Shore.

Mrs Todd, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, has returned from Ormondville. She intended to stay longer, but was driven away by the dense smoke of the bush fires.

Mrs Duckworth (Blenheim) and her sisters, the Misses Eyes (2) are staying in Picton.

Mr and Mrs Sclanders (Nelson) have gone for a trip to Wellington.

Mrs Russell, of Flaxmere, Hastings, has returned home after a visit to Wellington. Captain Russell, M.H.E., who is on his way to England, unfortunately sprained his ankle when alighting from a railway carriage on the journey from Sydney to Melbourne.

Miss Sandes and Miss C. Wallnutt (Waikato) are away on a visit to Mrs Mathias, Te Akau, Raglan.

Mrs Waters (Wellington) is on a visit to Mrs C. Beauchamp, Anikiwa, Queen Charlotte Sound.

The Misses Henry (Wellington) are the guests of Mrs Graham, Park-street, Dunedin. Mr Harry Graham leaves this week for the Thames; he will be much missed by all his friends.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That Aucklanders are wondering whom they have to thank for the fact that their dilapidated Government House has not yet been fitted up for the reception of His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ianfurly, who have, in consequence taken a private residence near Christchurch for some months. If Aucklanders do not hurry matters up a bit, the Vice-Regal party will not be able to see the beauties of the fair Northern city this year. This, say some, will be a distinct feather in the cap of well-managed Wellington.

That some young ladies from Picton and Dunedin, going out to camp at Mr M. Greensill's place in Mahau Sound, were nearly smothered with smoke from fire which was on the run. There was no running away with them. They girded up their skirts, and prepared to fight fire like men.

The Rev. F. and Mrs Chatterton took a party of boys on a camping expedition to a small bay a few miles from Nelson. All enjoyed the outing immensely.

Mrs Bennett, of Napier, who has been for a change into the country, has returned. Mrs P. McLean, Mrs Anthill, and several other Napier residents, who have been visiting friends in the country, have also come home, and Napier is beginning to seem a little less empty than it was.

That camping out has not been without its element of danger this year, owing to the bush fires, some sparks from which travelled three miles across a reach of the Kenepuru Sound, and ignited a new fire on the side where it fell. Some of the campers-out, who were going to have a "real good time" away from civilisation, returned to home and safety forthwith.

That Dr Anderson, of Otago, is going into partnership with Dr Scott of Picton. This healthy little spot will be all doctors and no patients soon.

That great sympathy is felt with Mr and Mrs Trimble of Hastings, whose house was burned down on Sunday. Practically nothing was saved, only two or three chairs and a table, all the other furniture, which Mr Trimble got out from England about three years ago, was completely destroyed. At the time of the fire both Mr and Mrs Trimble were at church, and did not know of their loss until they

arrived home after the service. It is a curious fact that Mr Trimble had for some time been very nervous about fire through having heard of so many lately, and had a peculiar disinclination to go to church on Sunday, and leave the house unoccupied.

That a handsome specimen of the rainbow trout was lately caught by Mr D. Taylor, of Temuka, Canterbury, at the junction of the Ophi and Temuka Rivers.

That a serious accident happened to the coach belonging to Mr Stewart, of Kawakawa, on Tuesday afternoon. At the foot of the Utakura Hill one of the horses swerved, throwing the coach into a deep rut in the middle of this very bad road, and upsetting the vehicle. The inside passengers were slightly injured:—Miss Johnstone, two fingers of the right hand crushed; Miss Lloyd, twisted ankle and injury to face; Mr Alum, slight abrasion of the left leg. Mr Reed escaped scot-free. Outside, Mr Kirkpatrick fell with the top of the coach on him, sustaining a dislocation of the collarbone, fracture of nine ribs on the left side and seven on the right, also a severe bruise of the right shoulder. He is lying seriously ill at the house of a settler.

Mr Clendon (Magistrate), who was 67 that day, had an abrasion of the forehead, eyes, nose, left arm, and left leg.

Dr Declive Lowe had a crushed chest, right shoulder, head, and left knee.

The driver was pitched on to a horse and escaped unhurt.

A later telegram states that Mr Kirkpatrick (Manager for Mr G. W. S. Paterson) died on Saturday morning from his injuries. He leaves a widow and four children, the youngest being only two years of age. They live at Kaikohe, Bay of Islands.

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This Powder, so celebrated, is utterly unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES and all insects (which perfectly harmless to all animal life). All woolens 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.

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WORMS--"CHILDREN'S"
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Keating's Worm Tablets is a unique medicine (A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT) both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering a certain remedy for INTESTINAL or THREAD WORMS. It is perfectly safe and mild, especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.

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COULD NOT WORK.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cured Him.**

Edward Graham, Collingwood, Melbourne, Victoria, writes Gratefully of His Cure.



"In 1880 I had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and for nearly five years after the fever left me was a confirmed invalid. I had no appetite; became pale and emaciated, and was unable to work. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I began taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This medicine greatly improved my appetite, restored my liver and stomach to a healthy condition, and now my food digests perfectly and I am better than ever I was in my life. For this I am deeply grateful, and take pleasure in making known to others the value of your Sarsaparilla."

The wonderful success of the great blood purifier

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has led to numerous imitations. The name--Ayer's Sarsaparilla--is prominent on the wrapper and is blown in the glass of each bottle. Refuse all substitutes.

Highest Awards at the World's Great Expositions.

DR. ORPEN.

A PORTRAIT is here given of Dr. Orpen, the well-known Auckland doctor, who has been arrested in San Francisco on a serious charge. Detective Macklern left by the last mail steamer to bring the doctor back to stand his trial for the alleged offence.



DR. A. H. ORPEN.

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.'

than five voyages are marked. I think some interference was a bar to your progress and success in youth, but that wealth will come in after years. VERO.

THE LIGHT THAT CAST NO SHADOW.

Curious stories are told about the powers possessed by certain natives of India, who live up among the Himalaya mountains. These old men, it is said, have devoted scores of years to the study of natural laws and forces, which the rest of the world knows nothing about. Lately a German professor visited the 'adepts,' as these queer Hindus are called, for the purpose of finding out the secret of their remarkable performances. They treated him rather scurvily, but interested him all the same. One day the professor wanted to examine some ancient Sanskrit manuscripts. An adept went with him to a cave wherein the books were kept. The place was dark as the bottom of a well.

'I can't see to read here,' said the visitor.

'Then we will have some light,' was the reply, and immediately (the professor says) a soft, pearly light brightened the cave. He could not tell whence it came, but he noticed that it had one strange quality—it cast not the slightest shadow.

This is a story hard to believe, yet its truth is affirmed by a man of vast learning and high character, and you who now read it have no reason for doubt except that all the lights you have seen have cast shadows. Belief or unbelief commonly runs parallel with one's own experience. Dr. Johnson sniffed at the account of the Lisbon earthquake, yet credited the tale of the Cock Lane ghost.

A man who has been ill for years, and failed to find a cure, is sceptical when friends tell him of a medicine which they believe will make him well. What else but doubt could result from his experience? Take an example:—

'In the spring of 1898,' writes our correspondent, 'I fell into a low, weak and languid state. I felt low-spirited and out of sorts. At first my stomach was deranged, my appetite poor, and after eating I had pain and weight at the chest. I was much troubled with wind, and frequently spat up a sour fluid, also bitter bile. Later on I suffered from nervousness and great depression of spirits. I kept up with my work, but had always a sense of discomfort. Off and on I continued in this way for two years, nothing that I took relieving me. At last I heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and procured a supply. After I had taken only a few doses I found relief; my food digested, and gradually all nervousness left me. Although I had no reason at first to feel any confidence in this medicine, never having used it or seen it used, I now gladly admit its value, and its power over disease. Since my recovery, for which I thank Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, I have been in the best of health and spirits. In the interests of suffering humanity I deem it a duty to send you this testimony. (Signed) D. Griffiths, tailor and outfitter, 151, Hockley Hill, Birmingham, June 8th, 1893.'

There is a deal of difference between Mr Griffith's candid letter and the story about the light that cast no shadow. The latter may be true enough, but it cannot be verified without more trouble than it is worth. On the other hand, we have a trustworthy witness, who will answer letters of inquiry, and can be found at his address.

Finally, there is nothing mystic or magical about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It acts on the theory that most ailments are but symptoms, forms or phases of the universal disease—indigestion and dyspepsia. It cures that and throws the light of health and happiness over hearths and homes where illness and pain had cast such dark and terrifying shadows. And that is why people believe all that is told of its success by eager witnesses.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Advt.)



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 24.

Everyone is from home, and there is absolutely no news. Very curious weather has been experienced in Auckland lately. On Saturday it was very close, and about six o'clock a thick fog suddenly appeared, so dense that in some places it was impossible to see the other side of the road. From the top of Upper Queen-street the city was invisible, being enveloped in an impenetrable cloud. The tops of Mounts Eden, Wellington and Albert were hidden in vapour. At eight it changed to rain. Sunday morning up to 11.30 was intensely warm; then the wind changed and everyone was complaining of the cold.

There is a grand sale of work at Lake Takapuna to-day. It is to be opened at three o'clock, and special boats will be run.

OPERA HOUSE DRESSES.

Mrs Bland Holt looked very charming as Kitty Marshall in the 'Cotton King' at the Opera House last week. Her dresses, although gay, did not call for description, one being a vivid red, which was most becoming to the wearer, and another a modest Salvation lass's gown of dark blue. Miss Watson wore some pretty gowns, one a pink silk lustre, and her second a beliotrope silk costume with pouch bodice, pansy velvet belt and collar, white hat, with pansy velvet and flowers. In the third act she wore a lovely shade of turquoise blue, with revers outlined with cream lace, turned back from square-cut corsage. Miss Fitzmaurice Gill looked exceedingly well in a soft pink gown. Among the audience I noticed were:—Mrs Napier, wearing a pretty Nil green silk evening gown, with shell pink chiffon draped over shoulders; Mrs Findlayson, terra-cotta silk gown; Miss Fenton, black silk skirt, carmine satin blouse; Mrs Isidor Alexander, handsome black silk, trimmed with steel passementerie; Mrs C. M. Nelson, black, cream lace bolero; Miss Nelson, grey silk, trimmed with white insertion; Miss Queenie Nelson, Nil velvet blouse, pink flowers, dark skirt; Mrs Masefield, stylish grey chine lustre gown, flame coloured satin bodice, under black lace; Mrs John Reid looked nice in black; Mrs Masefield, white costume, with blue sailor collar; Mrs Dufaur, black and white striped blouse, dark skirt; Mrs C. Owen, blue and white gown; Miss Ada Dixon, white muslin blouse, with touches of colour, dark skirt; Miss Phillips, blue and white striped muslin; Mrs Goodwin, rich black silk, trimmed with black lace edged with white; Miss Goodwin, pretty white silk evening gown, low corsage, finished with white lace; Miss Thomas, white silk blouse, fawn skirt; Miss Wyde-Brown looked pretty in white muslin, lace fichu; Miss Dunnett, blue costume, trimmed with white braid; Miss Thomson, grey; Miss Percival, white muslin, trimmed with lace; Miss Campbell, pink floral muslin and white lace; Miss Campbell, blue floral muslin, frilled sleeves, edged with lace; Miss Hunt (North Shore), white; Mrs Reynolds, white silk blouse, dark skirt.

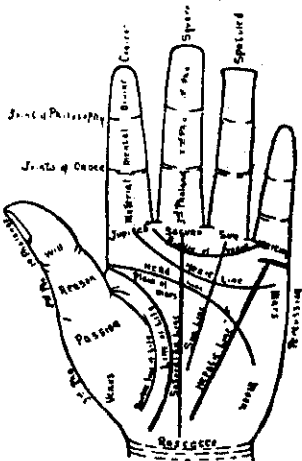
DRIVING AND SHOPPING.

I have noticed Miss Gordon (Takapuna), pretty pink silk blouse, under ecru spotted muslin trimmed with lace insertion of the same colour, black crepon skirt, black hat with pink carnations; Mrs (Dr) Scott, cream tussore silk gown, cape sleeves surmounted the sleeves, black chip toque with pink roses; Miss Boyd (Takapuna), salmon pink cambric, frill edged with white lace, white angor hat; Mrs (Dr.) Sharmar, very stylish gown of royal blue with a zig-zig design of white, white yoke, pale blue rucked sleeves, large white hat trimmed with pale blue and pink roses resting on the hair; Mrs Matthews, white muslin costume, large

CHIROMANCY

Or the SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

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



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

MIRANDA.—I have studied your diagram most carefully, but I still fear to pronounce upon the pre-eminence of any single mount in your hand. You undoubtedly possess the honourable pride and cheerful sociability of Jupiter, and I think Saturn is in combination. If so, the united qualities of these mounts give gentleness, patience, and discretion. The square tip of the first finger indicates a love of truth, and the similar shape of the fourth gives judgment and accuracy in business matters. The second phalanges appear to be the longest and the knots are developed, therefore I infer that you are methodical, logical, and fond of research and analysis. This is confirmed by the thumb, which, although strong, betokens more reason than will. The life line indicates some throat delicacy in childhood, but there are no other illnesses marked in your drawing, and the line extends to quite 70 years. The square near the end seems to point to some narrow escape from great danger or severe illness at a very advanced age. The heart line, as you have given it, is the reverse of satisfactory. There is plenty of it! You possess an abundance of affection, and you are greatly beloved, but the first long branch is crossed; that tells of some early heart trouble. The second curves down to the life line, which is an unfortunate sign, and the islands on such a hand as yours indicate physical weakness or unfortunate love; yet, I can find no confirmatory signs of trouble on the fate line! I hope, therefore, that you have not drawn the line quite accurately. There is only one strong attachment commencing between 22 and 26. I have little doubt that it ends in marriage, but the actual marriage line is absent. You are the longest liver. The head line betokens perseverance, memory, intelligence, imaginative power, and good business capacities. The break under the third finger points to an accident or blow on the head, but it is not serious unless marked in both hands. Few incidents are notified on the fate line. It is fortunate, from its straightness and clearness, but rather too short. Apparently love has wonderful influence in your life and prospects. The line of Apollo shows success in art, not early in life, and the result of personal energy. You have the vertical lines on the Mount of Mercury, which are said to indicate 'a taste for the medical profession,' or, in a woman's hand, a marriage with a doctor. You have much travelling to do, as no less

white hat trimmed with black wings and shaded flowers; Mrs Dunnett, white China silk embroidered gown, large white picture hat; Mrs Bland Holt, very pretty costume, long jacket, becoming toque with poppies under the brim; Miss Frances Ross, pink and white striped gown, blue straw hat trimmed with cornflowers; Mrs Laishley, black costume; Miss Laishley, pink and white striped frock, stylish hat of black velvet and plumes; Mrs Sellers, chic green and black figured costume, bonnet with peach trimming; Miss Holland, fawn skirt, with refter jacket same material, straw hat.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, January 20.
A great many people assembled at the Recreation Ground, Napier, on Wednesday, to see the

SPORTS

in connection with the Hawkes' Bay Caledonian Society. The programme included a Golf-putting competition, Bagpipe-playing competition, Putting the Shot, Throwing a 16lb Hammer, Quoits, Kurlle Races, Bicycle Races, etc. The starter was Mr H. B. Lusk, and some of the judges were Messrs F. Logan, E. Goldsmith, T. W. Halfour, R. Smith, C. McLean, G. Pierce, A. McHardy, T. Parker, W. Miller, P. S. McLean, G. S. V. Wenley, R. D. D. McLean, S. McKenzie, and A. McPherson. At about half past ten in the morning a procession consisting of members of the Caledonian Society and killed Highlanders marched to the Recreation Ground. At the head of the procession was carried the Royal Scottish Standard, and next came six pipers playing appropriate and inspiring music. After the arrival at the ground, cheers were given for Mr. A. McHardy, the father of the Society, for Mr Vigor Brown, the President, and for the Gordon Highlanders. A sad part of the proceedings was the playing, by Piper David Campbell, of a lament in me-

mory of the late Mr J. W. Neal, who died a week or two ago.
There was an exceptionally large attendance on Wednesday evening at the meeting of the Hawkes' Bay Highland Society. Highlanders were present from all parts of the colony, and everything went off most successfully. Mr R. D. D. McLean, M.H.R., occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr Hector Mackenzie and Mr W. P. Stuart. In the course of his address the chairman said he thought the Society should express sympathy with those who had suffered by the bush fires, and a motion to this effect was carried. Mr R. Neill, of Wairoa, gave a short address and read an original poem on 'The Charge of the Gordon Highlanders.' Songs in Gaelic were sung by Messrs A. Cameron, K. McKenzie, J. Young, and M. Campbell, a recitation, 'Tam o' Shanter,' was given by Mr T. Parker, and a flute solo by Master J. Young. The Misses McIntyre, who were in Highland costume, danced a double Highland Fling. Altogether, this was thought to be one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held by the Society.

MAJORIE.

PICTON

Dear Bee, January 18.
A MOUNTAINEERING EXPEDITION
for ladies only was arranged for Tuesday last. There are some beautiful waterfalls in a valley at Mount Pleasant, which a good many of us had never seen, and so we resolved to go on this occasion. Some of us drove, and others walked to Mount Pleasant, and joined Mrs and the Misses Western. We then walked to the foot of the steep gully, boiled the 'billy' and had lunch, and then made a start upwards. As I intimated before, there were none of the male sex present, so I need not describe anybody's dress, though I may say it is nearly approached 'reformed dress' as those present could bring themselves to appear in. In no other way could

those alarming feats of agility which it was necessary for us to perform have been performed. Some of course objected at first to climb without the usual and orthodox articles of feminine attire; but they were very soon brought to their senses by the awkwardness of skirts, and soon the logs and rocks on the road presented the appearance of a laundry, and the ladies went up and down precipices till they reached the sixth and last waterfall. We couldn't possibly have carried a kodak, though we wished times and oft that we had one. We had one or two scares. 'Cousin Belle' swarmed up a precipice and another of the party started to follow, but lost her footing, and for an instant hung over a dangerous rock; fortunately she grasped a rata vine, and others were able to draw her into safety. Then another of the girls was missed, and the rest cooed and called, but of course the noise of waterfalls prevented anybody hearing anything, and the party searched anxiously, expecting to find a mangled body on some rock, and quite a romance was invented in anticipation of such a finale to our excursion. 'Totty,' however, was safe, awaiting our advent at the last waterfall. Going down there were some falls, and many bruises. The discarded clothing was resumed, and respectability sat down to the most delicious 'billy' tea ever made. There were thirteen of us, but we were all too healthily constituted to trouble our heads over any old superstition and drank our tea and laughed over our adventures and narrow escapes. The party consisted of Mrs Western, the Misses Western (3), Mrs and the Misses Allen (2), Misses Greensill (2), Miss Downes (Dunedin), Miss Morgan (Dunedin), Miss B. Stevenson, and Miss Blair (Wellington). The Presbyterians of the district held their

ANNUAL SOIREE

in the Public Hall this evening. It was as usual a very great success. Mesdames Lloyd, Smith, Peck, etc., and Misses Lloyd, Allsworth, Smith,

Fuller, and many others worked energetically to make it a success. Addresses were given by the Rev. Mr Robb (Blenheim), Rev. Mr Shirir (Newtown, Wellington), and the Rev. Mr Allsworth. Several anthems were sung by the choir. Miss Ball (Blenheim) sang 'This Work-a-day World,' and Miss Instone 'The Holy City.'

CRICKET.

The Marlborough veterans—Neal and Blizard for Pictou, and Orr for Blenheim—made a big splash in the Cup contest played in Pictou on Saturday. The rising generation of cricketers were simply nowhere, and the three 'old men' of the clubs received quite an ovation from field and spectators alike. A splendid game was played by Eccles for Blenheim and Bathgate for Pictou. The latter won the match in one innings with 291 runs.

BUSH FIRES

have been raging all over the country for the last week or ten days, and the settlers in the Kai Valley and Marlborough Sounds are having a very bad time of it. The fire, in addition to destroying the scenery, has caused an incalculable amount of damage to stock and property. A north-west gale has been raging nearly all the time, making the fire spread in an alarming manner, and also making it dangerous to venture anywhere near. People in the Kenepuru Sound, at Anikiwa and Mahakipawa have been fighting fire and leaving all else to their own devices. Fencing, grass seed, and in many places a good deal of stock, is reported burned. One house at Kenepuru was completely surrounded by fire for two days; it was reported burned, but escaped by sheer hard fighting. Another man in the same place had his house and woolshed, with all his new grass seed, burned. Rain fell last week, so we may hope it will last and put out these terrible fires, or it will mean ruination to many of the settlers. The crashing down of trees in the vicinity of Pictou through a fire having been carelessly lighted among some logs has been

PEARS

Soap Makers



By Special Appointment
TO
HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton
*Senior Surgeon
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.*

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

**PROFESSOR
Sir Erasmus Wilson**
*Late President
Royal College of Surgeons, England.*

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

going on for the last few days; but now—thanks to the rain—that has stopped. JEAN.

MILSON.

Dear Bee,— January 19. We are spending a very quiet time just now, amusements are almost unheard of. Many folks are still away holiday-making, and a number of those who remain at home are suffering from the very prevalent influenza. The weather is dry and windy, in fact, a succession of small gales, which is anything but good for the flower gardens; rain is also much needed for the hops.

A few days ago there was some excitement amongst business men and others by the report that there was a

NEW GOLD FIND

in the Starveall locality, about two days' journey from this city. Several energetic ones at once set out to try their luck, but have since returned disappointed, having been unable to find gold. However, it is reported that they did not find the right place, and the few who are there are keeping things very "dark."

PHYLIS.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee, January 17. Though Blenheim is miles distant from the bush fires that are laying bare the hills that bound the Waitairu Plain, the smoke in town is both seen and felt, and those who travelled in the train on Saturday night say that it was very dense in the Waitohi Valley. Mrs W. Clouston, her children, and her sister, Miss Lillian Horne, are encamped for a few days in the Onamututu Valley, and it is to be hoped that the fire will not travel in their direction. It must be an anxious time for the farmers, who are busy harvesting, for the high wind is driving the fire closer and closer. Last Wednesday the mail coach from Nelson to Blenheim could not get further than the Kai Valley, the fire there preventing any progress, so it returned to Nelson, from which it started again Thursday. This time it was successful, though there was some excitement when passing along a part of the road which was bordered by flaming bush. The driver had to urge his horses into a gallop to avoid a burning tree which fell across the road immediately behind the coach. It was a narrow escape. Mr and Mrs Moore, Miss Moore, and several friends are camping in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound. No clearing fires will be lighted there, as it is a Government reserve, and I sincerely hope that those in other parts will not extend so far, and destroy what we shall soon have little enough of—beautiful native bush. The Misses McCallum, Linton, and Fulton (2), who recently walked to and from Nelson, were fortunate in starting when they did, otherwise the fires in the Kai would have prevented their carrying out their intention. On the return journey they chose the road by Mahakipawa and Waikakaho, from Havelock, instead of the Kaituna road, by which they went.

TENNIS.

On Saturday there was an unusually large attendance at the Marlborough Tennis Courts, Blenheim, and there were some very good men's sets, in which Messrs P. Trolove (Woodbank), Mirams, Harris, and Bunting took part. The Misses Horton and Bertha Farmar provided and dispensed afternoon tea. A little excitement was caused by the savage onslaught on each other of two dogs on the court on which a game was being played. The players had to desist, and with difficulty succeeded in separating the contestants, who, however, started again in front of the pavilion, causing a flutter amongst the ladies. After being separated again, one of the offenders had to be shut up to secure peace. The dry grass on the road immediately behind the pavilion caught fire in some inexplicable manner last Wednesday, and, spreading into the tennis ground, scorched one of the trees that shade the courts, and burnt the grass at the side. Fortunately, help was at hand, and it was promptly put out; therefore, there was no need for the Fire Brigade, to whom petitions for assistance had been sent. Those present were: Mesdames Bull, Anderson, B. Clouston, Carey, Griffiths, Cleghorn, Welford (Shannon), Black, the Misses Browning (Dunedin), Pulliene (Victoria), Millie Rogers,

Ethel Goulter, Viva Robinson, Ethel Carey, Rees, Broadbent (Carterton), (2), Horton, Farmar, Edythe Horne, Scott (Picton), and Messrs Bunting, Stubbs, Rees (Wellington), Pulliene, Mirams, Harris, Greenfield, G. Rogers, Trolove, etc. A pleasant little luncheon party was given by Mrs J. Mowat on Friday evening, and those present were: Mr and Mrs Booth, who are paying Blenheim a flying visit; Mr and Mrs Rogers, Mr and Mrs Griffiths, Mr and Mrs J. Conolly, and Mr Mowat. A cool haven of refuge was Mrs Griffiths' drawing-room on her 'at home' day last week, and amongst those who sought it were: Mrs Hubbard, Mrs Greenfield, Mrs G. Robinson, Mrs B. Clouston, Mrs Carey, Miss Pulliene (Victoria), Miss E. Carey, Miss M. Rogers, Miss Broadbent (Carterton), Miss Ada Broadbent, etc.

FRIDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 19. We have had a terrible experience this week, and one that has left sadness and destruction to remind us of it for many a long day. A howling nor-wester commenced on Thursday with intense heat, both increasing till on Friday it was almost unbearable; and added to this, smoke began to bear down upon us, obscuring the sun, which only shed a lurid glare, and one could contemplate his brazen face with impunity. Then came the news of the extent of the

DISASTER AT OXFORD.

fires breaking out in three places, at present no one knows how, but wreckage and ruin are left to some who have spent a lifetime on their homesteads. Twenty-six families are homeless, some only escaping in just what they wore, losing farm-houses, machinery, crops and stock. An unusual number of camping parties were in the district, and they had to fly for their lives, losing all the effects they chanced to have with them, including bicycles. Mr H. Wells was among the unfortunate, losing a very highly prized presentation watch and his 'cello. Miles of bush have been destroyed, together with mills and sawn timber, dividing fences, grass and sheep—all swept away. Large numbers of men were employed at the mills, and are much to be pitied, having lost their employment as well as their homes. A welcome rain set in on Monday and continued all night, thoroughly quenching the fire fiend, and since it has been so clear and sweet, reminding one of a placid sea after a terrific storm.

On Thursday afternoon Mr Evan Macdonald had arranged for a

MUSICAL

at their charming home, Gloucester-street West. His mother was having a quiet rest in the country, but Mr and Mrs Ranald Macdonald assisted in entertaining the numerous guests. Mrs Burns, Miss Davie, Mrs Wilding and Miss Cummings were amongst those who contributed musically to the enjoyment of the afternoon, and in spite of the heat it really was enjoyable. Mrs and Miss Elliot-Page, of the 'Sign of the Cross' Company, were the guests of the afternoon. Mrs Elliot-Page wore a becoming black and white costume; Miss Elliot-Page, a figured blue silk, the bodice almost composed of deep rose covered with white chiffon, hat to match; Mrs Burns, pale grey silk, with touches of pink chiffon; Mrs J. C. Palmer, pale green canvas over rose silk, white hat and feathers and rose chiffon; Mrs Denniston, white canvas trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Wilding, grey costume relieved with green; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, black and white striped silk with lemon colour let in the bodice, finished with lace, becoming large hat; Mrs Boyle, white muslin, with black lace insertion; Miss Julius, white muslin, with heliotrope yoke and sleeves; Miss Davie, a heliotrope costume and becoming large hat; Mrs Broham, Mrs Taylor, Mrs Fox, Ainger, Stoford, Tabart, Cotterill, Bishop Julius, Mr A. E. G. Rhodes, the Misses Reeves, Ackland, Nedwill, etc., were some of the numerous guests.

On Friday evening Mr Jesse Simon, of Dunedin, gave an organ recital at the Cathedral, Mr A. Millar being the vocalist. It was throughout very enjoyable, but the Cathedral Library Fund only benefited 1s. 6d. over & 4s. We are excellent in attending free shows in Christchurch.

The City Guards have been in camp a week at New Brighton. An inspec-

tion parade took place on Friday evening, and a friendly cricket match with a Brighton eleven on Saturday afternoon. A Church parade was held on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon the officers gave an 'At Home,' but early in the afternoon a number crashed off about two miles up the tramline, and by their timely assistance prevented the spread of what would undoubtedly have been a serious fire. On their return visitors began to arrive, several hundred being received by them during the afternoon, and refreshed with cake and tea. Among them Bishop Julius, Chaplain of the North Canterbury Battalion, Lieutenant McDonald, of the North Otago Mounted Rifles, and Mrs McDonald. The Woolston Band played some pleasing selections. It was interesting to see the neat order in the various camps, and the beautifully kept accoutrements. Camp broke up on Monday.

DUNEDIN.

Dear Bee, January 22. Socially things are very quiet at present; no doubt everyone is saving up for the Otago Jubilee in March. I hear rumours of several large balls to take place at that time. Mrs George Denniston gave a

SMALL AFTERNOON TEA

at her residence, Willowbank, Leestreet, on Friday, for Mr and Mrs Richardson (Wellington). Those present were: Mrs Eardly Reynolds, Mrs Eric Reynolds, Mrs Graham, the Misses Graham and Henry, Misses Reynolds, Roberts, Gilkison, Stephenson, and others.

The s.s. Waikare left for the West Coast Sounds on Thursday afternoon. She presented a very pretty appearance, and was saluted by the Union Co.'s vessels as she steamed out of port, also by a number of bystanders who had gone to bid their lucky friends bon voyage. Mr James Mills and Miss Buller have returned to town. The former had a nasty fall from his bicycle at Waibola, and is quite disabled at present. Miss R. Mills has also returned home. It is very pleasant to see many of the absentees coming back looking brown and well, after the many weeks' fresh country air and hot sunshine. A large party of South Canterbury people passed through Dunedin last week on their way to Lakes Manapouri, Te Anau, and Southland Falls. The trip should be a very enjoyable one if the weather is good.

AILEEN.

A Swiss paper relates a characteristic anecdote of the late Professor Hirzel. It was his custom, whenever he orally examined a candidate, to wind up the affair by looking very serious and saying, 'Now, I must ask you one more question.' After a solemn pause, he added, 'Do you prefer wine or beer?' When the candidate heard that question he knew he was right, for the Professor offered to treat those only who passed the ordeal successfully.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE.

An elderly country doctor was talking about his professional experiences, when something called to his mind a strange occurrence of many years before, one of those romantic events which, perhaps, are not so rare as most people would suppose in the lives of practising physicians.

'One night,' said the doctor, 'I received a call from a distant farmhouse, and upon answering it, found a lad of about 18 with a bullet wound in his shoulder. I dressed the wound, and then the lad, with much anxiety, observed:

'You won't say anything about this, doctor?'

'Why not, my lad?' I pitied him, for his eyes had a hunted look, and he appeared half-famished and half-dead.

'Because I received this wound in escaping from the sheriff.'

'You needn't tell me.'

'I must. I couldn't get work, sir, and, not able to resist temptation, I stole. It was for the first time. I thought you might speak of dressing a wound, and then they would know where to find me. If you say nothing I may be able to leave the country. You have been kind to me, doctor. Do this and—'

'On one condition, my lad.'

'And that is?'

'You will not steal again.'

'Would you believe me—a thief?'

'I will believe you.'

'I promise.'

'Many years afterwards I received a box of good things for Christmas. The next year another box came, and so for many years. The only clue I ever had to the sender was a few words in the first box: "I have kept the promise I made you, doctor."'



the church was closed while undergoing fumigation with burning sulphur.

The word 'tip' had its origin in the practice of the old English taverns, where a receptacle for small coin was placed conspicuously, and over it was written 'To Insure Promptness.' Whatever was dropped in the box by guests was divided among the servants. In the course of time, the abbreviated form of 'T.I.P.' was used.

In Austria the books of all trusts and similar organisations are subject to examination by the Minister of Finance, and the officials are compelled to furnish any desired information relative to their business. The Minister of Finance also has the power to nullify any action on the part of combines intended to decrease or increase the price of goods to the detriment of legitimate producers or consumers, and the trust officials may be required to give bond to comply with these regulations.

Seven Yale students passed their summer vacation by serving as conductors on a New Haven trolley-car line. The superintendent says they were the best conductors he ever had, and they were not members of the football eleven at that.

The nickel-in-the-slot idea is utilised for restaurant purposes in the Brussels exhibition. By placing a franc in the slot a chop or steak, with potatoes, can be procured, hot and well-cooked; another franc will produce a half-bottle of wine; half a franc will supply a plate of cold meat, with salad and roll, and a nickel of 10 centimes will extract a piece of bread and butter and cheese, or a 'brioche.' Besides all this a nickel will draw an excellent glass of hock.

'Cantab' writes: 'It has never been stated how and when Mr Spurgeon learned to smoke. It was while he was an usher in a boys' school at Cambridge, and became the pastor of the little Baptist chapel at Waterbeach. He used to stay with one of the deacons from Saturday to 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.'

The wiles of the present day advertiser are many, but perhaps this is one of the most clever. A member of a firm appeared in a Law Court with the complaint that his partner in business would sell goods at less than cost price, and he desired to have him restrained. The defendant utterly denied the charge, and the case was adjourned for a fortnight. As the plaintiff went out of Court he exclaimed in a tragic tone: 'Then the sacrifice must still go on.' The story was noised abroad, and the result was that the shop was besieged with customers. There the case ended, for at the end of the fortnight the plaintiff failed to appear in Court, having accomplished the purpose he had in view.

HOW A KING KEEPS COOL

If there is one thing that the King understands it is keeping cool. When a hot wave strikes Siam, and that is every summer, His Majesty devotes his entire energies to the task of keeping comfortable. There may be business to do, but it may wait. His palace is dark and cool and yet airy. And if the heat grows too burdensome, or perhaps only for a change, His Majesty goes under water and remains there until things cool off.

He doesn't don a bathing suit or diving bell for the purpose, but goes under water in full State, throne, bag and baggage, not forgetting a full supply of wines. The way he works it is very simple. A pavilion, built with the exception of the iron and cement floor, entirely of sheets of bent glass, floats by means of air chambers in the bottom of a large lake in the palace grounds. When the thermometer reaches a certain height, as indicated by His Majesty's degree of discontent, the Court moves to the glass pavilion. The air chambers are exhausted, and the pavilion, with all on board, or rather inside, sinks gracefully to the bottom.

There all hands remain until word is brought that showers or east winds have cooled things above. This word comes by means of speaking tubes that connect with the shore. A continuous supply of fresh air is also brought down from shore by flexible tubes. As for provisions, a plentiful supply is brought in before the pavilion is sunk, but it is not infrequently the case that a trip has to be made to the surface to get more. There is not much trouble in making the ascent. Coming up is as easy as going down. The air chambers are filled by means of connecting pipes from above, and soon the royal household is gliding upward with a gentle swaying motion.

In other hot countries they are equally careful to make life safe and comfortable in summer. The Syrians live most of the time in subterranean chambers, to which the sun's heat cannot possibly penetrate. The Hindoos construct floating rafts, on which they erect temporary summer shelters. They live in these until the hot spell dies down, when they return to land.

In New Guinea, whites, as well as natives, manage to live through the torrid season in fairly comfortable style. They give up work and retire to artificial marshes that have been dug. Here, hidden away under great palms and amid tall grasses, they lie about in undress until the evening, when they emerge to pursue the slight labour necessary to get food.

Consoling.—Leading Tragedy: 'Im: I'd act 'is 'ead orf, as you know; and I knew 'im when 'e 'adn't a boot to 'is foot, and now 'e 'as got thousands.' Low Comedy: 'Well, 'e can't wear mo'n a pair at a time, can 'e, old pal.'

Mrs Grumble: 'Ah, you men have a fine easy time of it. Woman's work is never done.' Mr Grumble (who has declined to fetch up the coals): 'That's very true. It's always neglected.'

**Indigestion
Loss of Strength
And Appetite.**

The testimony of Mr. R. Dennis, Adelaide, South Australia, who was cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is like unto that of many thousands of others. He writes:

"It is with very much pleasure that I testify to the great benefit I received from using your wonderful blood-purifier. I was a sufferer for years from indigestion, loss of strength and appetite, and constipation. My whole system seemed to be thoroughly out of order. A friend finally told me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice, though feeling discouraged at the fruitless results of other treatment, and I am thankful to state that a few bottles completely cured me."

The medicine that has cured others will cure you.

**AYER'S
Sarsaparilla**

Beware of imitations. The name—Ayer's Sarsaparilla—is prominent on the wrapper and blown in the glass of each bottle.

AYER'S PILLS A GENTLE PURGATIVE.

**MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS**

Makes the
Finest Beverage
in the World.



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.

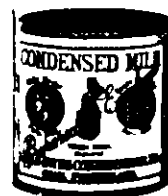
Mason's Wine Essences

NEWMALL & MASON, Nottingham, England.

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

AGENTS—Messrs. Chrystall & Co., Christchurch, N.Z.

**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.

The United States postal authorities have been recently making an experiment with reference to a new departure in postal facilities which has proved so successful in Washington and St. Louis, that it is to be extended to New York and the other cities of the Union. This consists of a system whereby, for a small fee, any house in the city can have its own private post office. The mode of providing this is as follows:—On application to the postmaster of New York any householder can purchase a regulation box, which ranges in cost from 10/ to 25/, which can be set up in the house in a spot agreed upon by the postal authorities and the householder, and of this box the Post Office and the owner have keys. The letters that arrive and those to be posted are each placed in the box, the postman taking away those to be mailed at each collection. But should the householder be out of stamps there is a small box in which the amount of postage can be deposited, and this amount is taken away with the unstamped letters, which are duly stamped at the Post Office. With each box also order forms for stamps are provided, and when one of these is placed in the box, together with the value in money of the stamps ordered, the stamps are left in the box at the next delivery. The system is one that might well be tried in this country.

One of the largest banks in New York makes a searching examination of each department at least three times a year. No one but the president knows when these may take place. He summons three heads of departments and they take charge of the clerks' books and firm assets so quickly that nothing can be changed or concealed. Since this system was adapted, several years ago, no trace of dishonesty has been found. Those clerks who get through a year without an error receive a premium.

'Tabac' was the first word uttered by a deaf French mute 25 years of age on recovering his speech. He wanted tobacco badly, and, after trying hard to make his want known, managed to get the word out, and since then he has talked fluently. Dr. Douard, who reports the case, thinks that it proves that the classical story about King Croesus' son may be true. Croesus, King of Lydia, was on the point of being slain by one of Cyrus' soldiers at the taking of Sardis, when his dumb son exclaimed: 'O, Persian, do not kill Croesus!' This has been held to be one of Herodotus' lies.

In France, as in Germany, boys are first sent to gymnasiums when they are 12 or 13 years of age, and spend five or six years in study, and under discipline that is much more severe than is that of the preparatory schools and colleges of the United States.

The wearing of hats in Parliament by the members is explained back to the time when those who were summoned to legislate, or rather to authorise the King to make laws, came in wearing helmets, which were not easily removed.

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; Ireland, 57; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over one hundred years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Serbia 573 persons have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proven is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.

Early last summer a church in Syracuse, N.Y., sent its cushions to be cleaned, and when the congregation came together again a plague of fleas cut the service short. Last Sunday

THE INVENTION OF THE AGE. WILLIAMS' LIFEBOUY, BETTER KNOWN AS

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

TRAVELLERS BY LAND AND SEA THE WORLD

OVER SWEAR BY THEM.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION CLUB SWINGER.

HOW HE GOT INTO CONDITION, AFTER A BAD BREAK DOWN, AND BEAT THE RECORD.



Curley Williams, of Bay Road, Sydney, N.S.W., champion club swinger, and who is shortly to make an attack on the world's record, and who, in addition, in two months' time goes home to contest the championship of the world, with Tom Burrows, the present champion, gave the following particulars of his sudden break down and illness to a reporter from the 'Balmain Observer,' who waited upon him.

He said: About ten months ago I went to Newcastle to make an attempt on the world's

record in club swinging, and there was very little doubt in my mind or in that of my backers as to my success, but, unfortunately, whilst training I took a severe chill. The result was that on the following day I was very feverish, and was seized with sharp pains in my legs, arms and back. Of course, I had to immediately stop training, and I gave up all ideas of the championship. I got over the first severity of the attack, but the pains in my limbs and back stuck close to me, I can tell you. When they first came on they were sharp and piercing, and I felt them only at intervals, but finally they settled down into a dull continual ache which never left me a moment, and which pulled me down tremendously. Of course I tried the usual remedies. I obtained several bottles of rheumatism mixture from chemists, which, however, did me little or no good, and I used gallons of lotion and patent liniments with which my mates used to rub me all over for an hour at a time. After these rubbings down I used to feel brighter and better for a short time, but the effect was only temporary, and I always woke up next morning as bad as ever. You should have seen, too, how thin and weak I got. Why, it was as much as I could do to walk about. My face was a dusky yellow colour, and there were heavy black rings under my eyes, and I really felt as though I should never swing a club again. A sort of crippling stiffness now seized me, and at last I was forced to lay up altogether. I had been in bed something over a fortnight, taking all sorts of medicines, when a mate of mine persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. After taking them for about

a week I was delighted to find the pains in my limbs and back were nearly gone, and I was able to get out of bed. Once up, the pills pulled me along wonderfully. My appetite, which had been very poor during my bed spell, was now splendid. I put on weight rapidly, and soon looked my old self again. It is a little over three months ago since I started to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (I took about four boxes, I suppose, altogether), and when I tell you that I am going for the world's record in a few days, it is hardly necessary for me to say that I am completely cured. In fact, I am more than in good health—I am in the pink of condition, and though during my sickness my skin was rough and patchy, it is now as smooth as a baby's. I feel almost absolutely certain, and so do my backers, that I shall be successful in my attempt to collar the championship of the world. I put down my grand and quick recovery from what looked like a stubbornly chronic illness to the powerful curative properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you may depend upon it I shall recommend them to my athletic friends on my club-swinging tour, which I intend to make all round the English-speaking world.

(Since the foregoing was written Mr Curley Williams has beaten the world's record by an hour and three-quarters, swinging two clubs weighing over 3lb 3oz each for 37½ hours.)

EVIDENCE PROVES THE UNDOUBTED CURE BY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

of the following, among other diseases:—

PARALYSIS
LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA
SPINAL DISEASE
ANAEMIA
POOR AND WATERY BLOOD
PALE AND SALLOW COMPLEXION
PALPITATION OF THE HEART
CONSUMPTION AND DECLINE
GENERAL DEBILITY
ST. VITUS' DANCE
RICKETS
HYSTERIA
LOSS OF VITAL FORCE
RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
INDIGESTION
LOSS OF APPETITE
AFTER EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA
CHRONIC ERYSIPELAS
SCROFULA
KIDNEY DISEASES
DISORDERS OF WOMEN.

AN ANAEMIC LADY'S HISTORY AND RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs Lardelli, a fine handsome woman of about 35 years of age, said to a reporter of the 'Balmain Observer' who called upon her to get particulars of an illness through which she had just passed:—"I am quite well now,



Suffered with general pain in my back.

and don't think I ever enjoyed better health, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People: but I was very bad indeed. The first start of my illness was loss of appetite, and as I also began to feel a bit low in spirits occasionally, and also was growing rather pale, I went to a chemist. "Why," he said, "you're anaemic," and he showed me in the looking glass how white my gums were getting; also the bad colour of the inside of my eyelids. He said, "You want a strong tonic," and he gave me one. However, I continued to get paler and more sickly looking, my appetite grew gradually less and less till I felt I hardly cared whether I ate anything or not, and when I did manage to get a little food down it seemed to stick like a hard lump on my chest. I was losing flesh rapidly, and was growing so weak that I could hardly get out of bed in the mornings, and when I did do a little work it knocked me up completely, and I had to go and lie down on the bed to recover. At last everything became a trouble to me, and I got into a low, hopeless sort of state, and hardly cared what became of me. Nearly all the time I had suffered from a peculiar dull pain in my back, so I made an effort and went to another chemist and asked him what was out of order, and he gave me some pills and medicine; but these did me no good at all. Altogether, I suppose I must have tried a dozen different kinds of medicine without any good effect. You have no idea what a wretched state I was in by this time. I used to lie down all day on the sofa, hardly able to move anything but my eyes. However, I could read, and it was because of an account of a remarkable cure that I saw in the 'Daily Telegraph' that I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

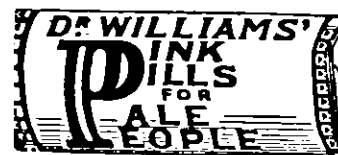
This pain meant. He told me my liver I sent my daughter for a box. In less than a week's time there was a great difference. I can assure you. My friends congratulated me on a change for the better in my appearance. I continued the pills, and very soon I was able to do a little work again. My appetite came back, and a slight tinge of colour appeared in my cheeks. I got slowly but surely better every day, and in about two months' time was completely cured, and felt as brisk and lively as a girl of eighteen. As I have said before, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did this for me when lots of other medicines failed to do me any good at all, and I shall always recommend them to my friends. I give my full permission to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company to publish the facts of my cure wherever and whenever they may think fit.

'E. LARDELLI'

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

Upon parents rests a great responsibility at the time their daughters are budding into womanhood. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness, is "tired out" upon the slightest exertion; if she is troubled with headache or back ache, pain in the side, if her temper is fitful and her appetite poor, she is in a condition of extreme peril, a fit subject for the development of the most dreadful of all diseases—Consumption. If you notice any of the above symptoms, lose no time in procuring Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will assist the patient to develop properly and regularly. They will enrich the blood and restore health's roses to the cheeks. Bright eyes and lightness of step will surely follow their use, and all danger of consumption and premature death will be averted. Wise and prudent mothers will insist upon their daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills upon the approach of the period of puberty, and thus avoid all chances of disease or early decay.

The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in wooden boxes, about two inches in length, each of which is encircled by a blue warning label. The outside wrapper has the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—printed in red. In case of doubt it is better to send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., enclosing the price, 3s a box, or six boxes for 15s 9d. These pills are not a purgative, and they contain nothing that could injure the most delicate.



WHAT FACE-READERS SAY

Large eyes in a small face usually indicate a spiteful vindictive nature. Fulness below the eyes is an invariable token of the gift of ready, fluent speech.

Oblique eyes generally go with untruthfulness and want of principle.

Eyes that are half-closed indicate innate shrewdness, and oftentimes insincerity.

Slow-moving eyes are generally tokens of forethought and business ability; their owners are usually economical, but not to the point of avarice.

Eyes that reveal the whole of the pupil show a fickle, impulsive temperament, with some indecision of character.

When the eyebrows are regularly arched and dark and heavy, it is an indication of sound judgment.

Black, sparkling eyes are generally united with good taste, refinement, and penetration.

Large clear blue eyes indicate activity and versatility of mind.

Dull blue eyes, especially when they are small, and retreat far back beneath the brows, are signs of frigid, self-contained, suspicious nature.

Small black eyes, beneath heavy brows, are usually associated with shrewdness.

Grey eyes betoken a prudent and reserved person.

Full, clear blue eyes generally accompany a bright, vivacious, ardent temperament.

Brown eyes are an invariable index to an amiable, lovable disposition.

When wrinkles are seen constantly on the sides of the nasal organ, its owner is of a grasping, avaricious nature.

A nose whose point turns skywards is often a sign of a tyrannical and coercive disposition.

Large noses are usually associated with great capacity, either for weal or woe.

A long forehead indicates intelligence; a short one, activity.

A conspicuous forehead invariably shows great penetrative and executive ability.

Fulness of the temples is very noticeable in persons of marked mathematical ability.

A prominence just above the eyebrows is a sure sign of individuality.

An irregular, corrugated forehead shows that its owner is a person of an original and investigating mind.

Foreheads wrinkled in the upper part, while the lower half is smooth, show dullness and stupidity.

Long foreheads, with tight smooth skin, belong to frigid, selfish people.

A man of marked ability may be recognised by one deep, perpendicular wrinkle on the forehead, with one or two parallel lines on either side.

Heavy, dark, overhanging eyebrows, with a prominent lower forehead, indicate deductive judgment to a high degree.

EASY TO GET MARRIED THERE.

An American journal, which has been making inquiries on the subject, concludes that in all the world there is no place where it is so easy to get married as in New York.

I have asked many of the city clergy (writes a member of the staff of the newspaper) for the purpose of ascertaining just what requirements are to make one eligible to the married state and to induce a clergyman to perform the ceremony. I find there is but one requirement, one great essential—a bridegroom.

Any couple may call at a clergyman's house and have the nuptial knot tied for the fee which the bridegroom thinks his bride and his purse justify.

The first call I made was upon the rector of the Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. Percy Grant, because he belongs to a 'set,' and has a Fifth Avenue church and an aristocratic parish.

'You are the rector?' I asked. 'The rector,' he said. 'Won't you marry me?' 'Certainly—this morning?' 'Well, no; but any morning I may drop in?'

'With pleasure, if I am here.' 'Any preliminaries?' 'None, except a man and woman and a strong desire. Did you wish any friends?'

'I hadn't thought. It isn't essential?'

'Not at all.'

TO THE SLEEPLESS.

Does the demon of sleeplessness torment you? Do you fight the pillow through the long, weary hours of the night, and get up in the morning a worn, hollow-eyed insomniac? If so, all you have to do is to follow the simple little routine invented by a doctor who has himself suffered, and you may be cured. It costs nothing to try it, and anybody can learn the process.

'It was during this blank interval,' he says, 'that I raised the inquiry of whether any new means heretofore untried could be devised that would turn off the belts from this little fragment of brain that insists on its automatic excursions day and night—this perpetual motion of a few cells of grey matter that obstructs rest and prevents repair of the great whole.'

After a great number of experiments the doctor at last succeeded in evolving a simple plan which brought him relief and cured him. In recommending his process to others, however, he presupposes that the sufferer will not have committed any of the sins which of themselves entail insomnia as an almost inevitable penalty. He assumes that the sufferer will not have his bed in a warm room, that he will not load himself down with bed clothing, that he will not indulge in over-eating and untimely eating. Assuming that there is a clean record in this respect, the doctor recommends the following plan:—

The patient should lie upon his back either with or without a pillow. Then he should reach at the same time for both the headrail and the footrail, thus bringing into use many muscles that have not been in active use during the day. In this position he should then raise his head half an inch and hold it there, breathing at the same time about eight deep and full inspirations per minute instead of the ordinary sixteen per minute. After the expiration of from one to two minutes the head will become too heavy to hold up longer without rest. Then it should be dropped and the right foot raised about half an inch from its resting place, keeping up the regular, long, deep inspirations as before. The reach for the headrail and the footrail of the bed meantime continues. At last the fatigue of holding up the right foot becomes too great and it is dropped, while the left foot is raised in the same manner, keeping up always the reach downward of the foot and head towards the extremities of the bed so far as the power will permit without exhaustion.

When the left foot can be held up no longer, drop it and raise the trunk of the body by resting upon the heels and shoulders. This elevation of the centre of the body and rest upon the two extremities will call for a change as all the former positions have done.

When this new pose in its turn begins to involve too much fatigue, turn to the right side, reaching for the headrail and the footrail as before, and elevate the head half an inch by use of the lateral muscles of the neck and chest. At the expiration of the due time the head goes down and the foot goes up as before. Then turn to the left side and repeat the same process.

By this time a person will have assumed eight positions, and a large majority of the whole number of muscles will have been called into requisition, while through the entire cycle of gymnastics the long, deep respirations, which in themselves are often sufficient to overcome ordinary sleeplessness, will have been kept up. In most cases sleep will come long before the entire programme has been carried out, but in case it does not the whole series of movements may be begun all over again.

FINEST SELECTION IN N.Z.

For...
**SEEDS,
 PLANTS,
 BULBS,**

H. C. GIBBONS & CO.

SEND TO ALL SEEDS POST FREE Free and Home cropped. Write for Catalogues.

"KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO OIL



The Celebrated Authoress, MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, says:—

"I have used your KOKO hair dressing since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but have a naturally new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer than I am not a young woman, but in due time I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."

1/-, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.

KOKO MARICOPAS COY., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

NERVE, BLOOD & SKIN DISEASES CURED BY TAKING HERR RASSMUSSEN'S ALFALINE HERBAL REMEDIES

(Registered)

A PERMANENT CURE FOR NERVE, SKIN, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

HERR RASSMUSSEN

The Celebrated Danish Herbalist and Gold Medalist, of 21 Lambton Quay, Wellington, and 57 Gough Street, Bristol, is world-renowned for the

THOUSANDS OF CURES which have been effected by his HERBAL REMEDIES, and the

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS speak for themselves as to the immense virtues of these Herbal Remedies.

ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS Are a Certain Cure for Weak Nerves, Depressed Spirit, Debility, and Weakness of the Spine, Brain and Nerves. Special Powerful Course, 4s. 6d.; Ordinary Course, 3s. 6d.; Smaller Bore, 1s. and 6s. passed. Send for Free Pamphlet.

ALFALINE BLOOD PILLS are unsurpassed as a Blood Purifier and Blood Tonic, and will remove the most obstinate Blood and Skin Affections. Price, same as Vitality Pills.

His Alfaline Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat Reducing Powders, Various Powders, Gargle Powders, Fresh Producing Powders, Worm Cakes, Bath Tablets, Eucalyptic Oil and Jockey's Hair Restorer and Complexion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all simply wonderful.

Send for his Free Book, which contains all particulars and many useful hints and numerous testimonials. ALL CORRESPONDENCE PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. Write without delay, and address

HERR RASSMUSSEN
 21 Lambton Quay
 WELLINGTON, N.Z.

RED FACES

Rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow, greasy, mothly skin, are the result of imperfect action of the pores of the skin.

The only preventive of bad complexion is CUTICURA SOAP, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.

CUTICURA SOAP is sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. Purveyors Druce and Cass' Care, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A. See "How to Produce a Clear Complexion," post free.

SOLELY REGISTERED BY
SALT RHEUM CUTICURA REMEDIES.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Purest Dentifrice ever used; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

A soothing, healing and excellent milk for hoarseness, sore throat, croup, whooping cough, influenza, measles, diphtheria, etc., and is warranted harmless.

ROWLANDS' ESSENCE OF TYRE

Dyes the hair a natural and permanent Brown or Black. Ask Druggists and Dealers for Rowland's articles of 20, Raston Gardens, London, England, and would show numerous imitations.

TENNYSON'S CHARACTER.

In the 'Contemporary Review' for November there is a contribution about Tennyson from his niece, Agnes Grace Weld, daughter of Anne Sellwood. It has been made, she states, without the knowledge of her cousin, the present Lord Tennyson, or any of the poet's relatives. The writer says: 'No poet, perhaps, has ever come so close to the type of the Seer prophesied of the Old Testament as Tennyson, for I think none was ever so penetrated through and through as he was with the sense of the divine source of the gift of poetry imparted to him. He told me that the sense was almost awful to him in its intensity, because it made him feel as a priest who can never leave the sanctuary, and whose every word must be consecrated to the service of Him who had touched his lips with the fire of heaven which was to enable him to speak in God's name to his age. And so, he went on to say, nothing he had ever written seemed to him to have reached the standard of perfection short of which he must never rest; all he could hope was that he had brought men a little nearer to God. And it is just because, all through his life as a poet, Tennyson felt that he had a divine purpose to further, that the inner springs of that life, now revealed more fully than ever before in his son's biography of him, are of such surpassing interest.' Writing of Tennyson as guest and host, she says:—'When my uncle stayed in our house in London I well remember the almost Spartan simplicity of the fare he insisted on our giving him. We knew he liked plain boiled salt beef, but were scarcely prepared for his begging to be allowed to have it (instead of the fresh roasts we had cooked for him) three days running, cold, for his dinner. No guest ever gave so little trouble or was so full of consideration for our servants; but this was because he was always full of thought for others, a little instance of which comes into my mind, the occasion being a visit my mother and I paid to Farringford when my aunt happened to be away for a few hours. Tennyson came into our room to see if it was all comfortable, and, disagreeing with the housemaid, who had thought the weather too warm to light the fire, said, 'Oh, this doesn't look half a welcome,' and, dropping on his knees, lighted it and fanned it into a bright flame.' The article concludes:—'Nothing that others ever spoke to me, and nothing I ever read, even in the pages of the Bible, ever made the impression upon me that his words and manner did when he would say to me, in exactly the same natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion: "God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together just as truly as Christ was with the two Disciples on the way to Emmaus: we cannot see Him, but He, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the Apostles about the actual and real presence of God and His Christ with all who yearn for it." I said I thought such a near actual presence would be awful to most people. "Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," he answered. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that He is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart." And I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested upon his face, and I felt that the presence of the Most High had, indeed, overshadowed him.'

MARRY AND LIVE LONG.

A Berlin physician has brought to notice some startling facts which go to prove that the married man and the married woman live longer than the unmarried. The fact shows also that parents live longer than childless people.

In spite of hard times and hard work, in spite of hustling for money to buy shoes for the babies, and of the loss of freedom, of holidays, and of quiet over which bachelors wax eloquent, it is the married man who lives, the bachelor who dies. It is the married woman, the mother of a family, who lives on after the old maid is a disembodied spirit.

The facts are almost amazing. Among unmarried men between the

ages of thirty and forty-five, the death rate is 27. Among married men of the same age, it is only 18.

Between the ages of twenty and thirty the disparity is even more remarkable. Darwin, in his 'Origin of Man,' quotes official figures from Scotland showing that of 1,000 married men between those ages, 7.2 die annually; of every 1,000 unmarried ones 14.9 die, or more than twice as many. Deparcieux, who kept a record of 48,540 deaths in a French parish, found that 43 married men to 6 bachelors reached the age of 90, and 112 married women to 14 unmarried.

By marrying at thirty a man adds eleven years to his theoretical and statistical chances of life—these are French figures—and by marrying at forty he adds six years. Therefore, by remaining single for the ten years between thirty and forty a man really shuffles off fifteen years of his mortal coil. Every minute he lives he wastes half a minute, sleeping or waking.

In 1894, of 205 centenarians 153 were women. Of these 184 had been married and five probably so. Fourteen were unmarried. There are many remarkable cases in recent records to show that the men and women who live long are usually those who have 'raised' very large families.

AFRICAN SOKO.

A very large variety of the common chimpanzee was found by Doctor Livingstone in Africa, and described by him under its native name of soko. H. H. Johnston, the author of a recent life of the great explorer, says that these animals are very intelligent, and seem to be animated by a strong spirit of playfulness. They will sometimes follow women and children who are at work in the forest, and even seize them, but after grinning and giving vent to a kind of shrieking laugh, they leave them unharmed. They will also kidnap children and climb trees with them but are easily lured down by a temptation of bananas.

They are very fond of their young, and show a pathetically human tenderness in caring for them. When a father and mother are crossing a bit of dangerous open country with their family, the father carries the baby until they arrive at a safe place, and then hands it over to the mother.

A young soko which was given to Livingstone as a pet seemed to take to him from the first, and was always quite content in sitting on a mat beside him.

If he went for a walk she insisted on being taken, and would hold out her hand to indicate that he might have the pleasure of her society. If she was refused, her sorrow was most pathetic, and strikingly like that of a human being; though she would not only wring her hands, but sometimes her feet also, which made the spectacle still more touching.

Her daily occupations and amusements were most interesting. She would gather grass and leaves about her to make a nest, and deeply resented any meddling with her property. Sometimes she tried to untie the knot in a cord which bound her to a post, and would then rage at any one who tried to prevent her, beating at him with her hands, and in short, behaving like a very bad child.

Whatever her mood, however, she was sure to regard Livingstone as a friend, and in offering battle to any one else, was glad to put her back against the explorer's legs, evidently finding in his 'backing up' not only a physical but a moral support. She seemed, in some respects, to be adopting the manners of the higher race, and showed the marks of civilization in many slight actions. For example, she scrupulously wiped her hands with a leaf when they were soiled, and on going to sleep would always cover herself with a mat.

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LIST OF SUCCESSORS FOR THE YEAR 1896-7.

Four Boys passed the Matriculation Examination.

Four Boys passed the Senior Civil Service Examination.

Nine Boys passed the Junior Civil Service Examination, two of whom gained the 18th and 19th places in New Zealand on a List of 236 successful candidates.

Special Bus Arrangements for Day Boys.

Prospectus may be had on application to the Principal, or from Messrs Utton and Co., Queen-street.

Last Term began Tuesday, Sept. 21st.

VINOLIA (SOOTHING) CREAM (EMOLLIENT)

FOR ITCHING, SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, FACE SPOTS, Etc.

The 'Baby' reports:—'For acne spots on the face and particularly for Eozema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, frequently healing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days.'

IT RELIEVES ITCHING AT ONCE. (In 4 Sizes.)

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FOR REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, TOILET, NURSERY, Etc.

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IN WHITE, PINK, AND CREAM TINTS. (In 4 Sizes.) PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP (For Sensitive Skins).

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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!

Wholesale and Retail Dealers obtain supplies of Bird's Custard & Bird's Concentrated Red Powder, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

TREASURE ISLAND.

Has the six million sterling worth of buried treasure, which for many years has attracted fortune seekers to Cocos Island, finally been found? A despatch from San Francisco states that August Whidden had returned on the steamer City of Sydney, with the secret in his possession. Whidden sailed away five years ago in the sloop Hayseed, in search of the hidden treasure. On reaching San Francisco he stated that he had found the treasure and immediately left the city.

Now when this Treasure Island has been forgotten by the world at large for years, the old and ever fascinating story—buccaneers, gold, charts, cascades and tropical beauties—is given new life by despatches from Vancouver, B.C., telling of the arrival there of the British man-of-war Imperieuse.

Cocos Island is a gem of a place in the Pacific Ocean, six hundred miles southwest of Panama.

A word of the war ship's mission before we go together to the island itself. On the Imperieuse two men went to Vancouver on November 3—Harford and Harris—both men of queer histories.

The war ship went to the island, the despatches say, to search for the £6,000,000 worth of treasure reported to have been buried there early in this century, when Chili was in the throes of revolution. The hiding place, so the tale runs, was discovered by Harford two years ago.

The mere fact that the Imperieuse's officers had talked of the affair so seriously may have given rise to the report that she now has on board gold and jewels worth £3,000,000; but at all events such a report is now current in Vancouver, and it is said the balance of the treasure will be removed in a few weeks, in accordance with plans known only to the captain and his officers.

Now for some of the history of this gold, which has led so many men on wild goose voyages, and which is to lead their sons over the same stretch of water. A swarthy buccaneer-like person landed in San Francisco from nowhere in particular in July, 1871, and talked of untold gold hidden in Cocos Island.

He looked the pirate, but he was sane and sober, and had mysterious resources, and his story, repeated along the water front, spread over the coast soon, and before the summer was ended expeditions were fitted out to seek the vast fortune, which, by the way, the swarthy gentleman said darkly no one would ever bring to civilisation.

These expeditions failed, as others had failed before them, and then some sage person suggested that the man of mystery had told a lie—oh, not a simple dream of gold, just for the sake of lying—worse, far worse.

It was suggested, in fact, that this sailor-man, wishing to pay old scores against a world with which he was greatly displeased, had deliberately set afloat a story of treasure so alluring that thousands who heard it could not rest any more, but would be dragged over the weary waste of waters by their greed, to reap only disappointment and die still thinking of that vine-clad rock spouting back the rolling water like a sea nymph at play and guarding its secret still.

The island of Cocos is rarely beautiful—truly 'a gem of the ocean.' It is of volcanic origin, and is clothed by a rich growth of cedars. In many places so thick a crop of mighty vines springs up as to render the interior impossible of penetration unless the adventurer carries an axe and hews a road for himself. There is much rain at most times, so that the island is always surprisingly green and beautiful.

But it is the play of the ocean which contributes most to its picturesqueness. It is like a mighty fountain, voyagers say who have seen it, for when the great waves thunder against its rocky sides the wave crests roar back to the ocean, spouting from channels worn in the volcanic stone, dancing and foaming under the rainbows which sun and spume hang above them.

And what sort of inhabitants are there, think you, to enjoy this ever fascinating splendour? A race of wild hogs, squealing a shrill defiance.

It was in 1880 that Captain Tom Hackett, of North Sydney, Cape Breton, came to time with a yarn of

Cocos Island, and one can follow its effects even up to now, when the Imperieuse sets the flame glowing brightly again.

Captain Tom told of an old man who had been on Cocos twice and had come away on both occasions laden to the guards with gold. The old man, it appears, had come into possession of a chart telling him just where to dig, and his only complaint was that he couldn't carry off enough of the treasure to satisfy him. The old gentleman was seventy, but he pined for millions just the same.

Finally, he interested a company of speculators in his discovery, and an expedition was fitted out in St. John's, N.F., with two captains, one representing the company and one commanding the ship. The old man declined to give up his secret until he reached the island, and when the ship finally arrived there the two captains quarrelled, and the expedition failed.

And now we get back to Harris and Harford, who have strange histories, and who landed lately from the Imperieuse, of Her Majesty's navy. The story is that when the treasure was carried to Cocos from South America only two maps of the burial place were prepared. Some years ago a document said to be one of these two originals fell into the hands of a woman in Maine. She organised a party, bought a schooner on the Pacific coast, and went to the island about a year ago. Harris was one of the men who went on that schooner.

When Cocos Island was reached there was a Mr Harford. He was in a starving condition, his supplies having given out. But he said he had found the treasure, and that there was more of it than anyone could imagine.

Schooner full? Why, the man said the Great Eastern wouldn't carry it off. He told them their map was no good, that he had the secret under his hat, that they might search for eleven thousand years, but would never find a dollar until they came to a satisfactory arrangement with him, whom they had found disputing for possession with the wild hogs.

They thought they could find it without him, but they searched long and vainly, and while they toiled Harford ate their good food and smoked their tobacco until they were ready to talk business. They surrendered and asked for terms.

After days of vain talk the party sailed back to Victoria, taking obstinate Mr Harford along. He at once attempted to organise another expedition, but failed, and finally, with Harris, went south on the Imperieuse, with the result now known.

VALETS INSTEAD OF MAIDS.

An up-to-date fashionable New York woman has lately even succeeded in astonishing her set, that as a rule is surprised at no eccentricity on the part of any one of its members. She has dismissed her maid and engaged a valet.

"I have never been so well taken care of in my life," she told a writer. "My clothes are most beautifully kept; my boots, shoes, and slippers are like new, and I have never had my hair so well dressed; in travelling he is invaluable; he forgets nothing, and his packing is perfect.

"No, he does nothing for my husband. Jim has his own man; mine simply valets me. I took him up with me to my sister's last week. She had a house party at her country place. Mollie said it was so queer to have a man unpack my traps and lay out my dinner gown, but I don't see why. If men are better dressmakers and better milliners, I do not see why they should not be better personal attendants. Adolph can trim a hat or change the character of a gown far better than any maid I ever had. Mind having him about? Why, of course I don't. I would not be so vulgar as to think of such a thing. The individual means nothing in such a case; it is the service you want. It is like Pauline Bonaparte, when one of her friends wondered that she should let her lackey come into her bedroom. "Mais me chere," she said; "appelle tu ca un homme?" My valet is a "ca"; voila tout."

"Is it true, George, that there is a tariff on elephants?" "Yes, dear. Those custom-house fellows don't intend to let any kind of trunks escape them."

A PRESENT WORTH A GUINEA.

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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), 6/6 PER ANNUM, payable in advance.

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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

CONTAINS NO STARCH

But makes a PERFECT FOOD for the YOUNGEST CHILD.

MELLIN'S FOOD for Infants and Invalids may be obtained of all dealers throughout the World.

MELLIN'S Food Works, Peckham, London.

DIETETIC DAINTIES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Not only do the cookery books of the fifteenth century give long lists of dainty dishes, but the directions given for their cooking show that the viands themselves were spiced and seasoned to a degree which would astonish a nineteenth century palate. Soups were flavoured with cinnamon, game was stewed and fish boiled in ale, while sauces were made of such piquant material as ginger, cloves, garlic, vinegar, verjuice and wine—a fair example being 'galendyne,' described as 'a sauce for any kind of roast fowl,' and composed of grated bread, cinnamon, ginger, sugar, claret wine, and vinegar, made as thick as gruel. Of raw materials, too, they had, in addition to those we use ourselves, many that would be strange to us. Birds were common then which one does not find on any modern game list—the bustard, the crane, the egret, the bittern; and all these appeared on the table, in company with heron, swan—which the present writer of his own experience can commend—and peacock. Others of their dishes would seem not only strange to us, but also somewhat repulsive. There was whalefish, now relegated to the Esquimaux, and even at that time considered 'the hardest of all other' (meats), 'and unusual to be eaten of our countrymen, no, not when they be very young and tenderest,' notwithstanding that whale's liver smelt like violets, and, when salted, gave 'competent nourishment.' There was porpoise, which, when baked like venison, 'many gentlemen and ladies loved exceedingly.' Our ancestors also ate snails, like any Frenchman, and did not shrink even from the unpossessing tortoise and the unsavoury seagull. We find, too, here and there on the cookery lists names which, from purely accidental reasons, provoke a smile. The 'colde creme' which figured at the wedding banquet of an Earl of Devonshire was a sweet dish not in the least resembling the well-known cosmetic of the same name. Another 'sweet,' pleasant to meet with

when wading through page after page of strange names, is 'viande ardente'—very evidently something of the nature of an omelette au rhum, or of a Christmas pudding, destined, when a light was applied to the inflammable liquids with which it was saturated, to give great delight in hall. The pleasing of the eye was, indeed, no small feature of mediæval hospitality. The roasted peacock was thought but poorly of if it did not flaunt its tail and sport a gilded beak, whilst each course at grand entertainments included a separate 'sottlety'—a device in sugar or jelly; perhaps a hunting scene, or a ship in full sail, once, even—supreme triumph of the confectioner's art!—an abbey church with all its altars. Passing from the consideration of separate dishes to their grouping on the board, one need not look in mediæval menus for an arrangement of courses quite similar to the modern sequence—the division, that is to say, into hors d'œuvres, soups, fish, entrees, jointes, sweets, cheese and dessert, though the ordering of viands follows a somewhat like rule. Cookery books of that time appear to consider dishes under the three great heads of potages divers, leche meats and baked meats. The word 'potage' in those days stood for far more than the mere liquid soup with which we associate it now, for it comprised stews of various kinds, and, indeed, every dish in the composition of which liquid predominated over solid. Leche, or slice, meats were in many respects analogous to entrees, baked meats to joints. The especial feature of a fifteenth century dinner was that each course—and there were generally three and sometimes four—formed a complete dinner in itself, according to modern ideas, beginning, as it did, with an appetiser, followed by soup or small game; then working through the various large dishes to the sweets, with which each course closed. Fifteenth century appetisers were, it may be here conveniently stated, of far more solid kind than the dainty hors d'œuvre of to-day, though of the present system one may see the germ in Dr. Andrew Boorde's 'Dyetary,' published in 1562, where six or seven dam-

sons are recommended as likely to give an appetite to a languid diner-out.

But no doubt the best and completest idea of a mediæval menu can be given by selecting an actual dinner for consideration in detail. The Harlequin MSS. provide many to select from—coronation feasts of kings, episcopal banquets, the wedding dinners and suppers of great noblemen. Yet, as such massive entertainments were as exceptional as a city banquet, it is perhaps better to fall back upon John Russell's 'Book of Nature' for a menu suitable for the dinner of a nobleman or gentleman only decently wealthy—a mere three courses and dessert. Here we see brawn with mustard opening the dinner and preceding 'such soup as the cook hath made of herbe, spice and wine;' then come the pheasant and the swan, the capon and the 'pygg,' the venison roast or baked, the meat fritters and the leche lombard, a strange medley of pork, eggs, pepper, cloves, currants, dates and sugar, powdered together, boiled in a bladder, cut into slices and served with rich sauce. Course two opens with a blanc mange, not the trifle so-called to-day, but a solid structure of pounded meat; two soups follow, and a jelly; venison, kid, fawn, coney, crane, peacock, stork, heron, and bittern represent the joints, whilst a bream, seeming sadly out of place, hides among the assemblage of flesh and fowl; and the whole concludes with cheesecakes, buns and fritters. The third course is a lighter one than the two preceding. Almond cream—a favourite mediæval dish, made with fine sugar and rosewater and eaten with violets—heads a list of such small game as quails, snipes, martens and sparrows; the inevitable fritters appear; and then baked quinces lead naturally to a dessert of white apples, caraway, wafers and spiced wine. Fish dinners were also favourite entertainments. In their menus appear such dainties as porpoise and peas, baked herrings with sugar, minnows, dory in syrup, and wheelks, besides almost all the varieties of fish common on our own tables.

Nor was the kindred subject of appropriate drinking neglected. The wise diner took 'meane wines such as claret,' with his food, reserving the 'hot wines for the dessert.' France, Gascony, and the Bainslands sent over their 'meane wines' to English dinner tables. Half Europe contributed 'hot wines'—a list of which gives Malmsey, Wyne of Corse, Wyne Greeke, Romanyak, Romny, Sack, Bastards, Tyre, Ossay, Muscadell, Capryke, Tynte, Roberdany. Neither were wines of the grape only appreciated. Alygaunt wine—that is, of Alicante—was made of the mulberry, whilst Beapynne was the acknowledged juice of the raspberry. Less extravagant diners patronised ale, which Dr. Boorde says 'comes naturally to an Englishman,' and is the best drink of all. Beer, on the other hand, the doctor evidently did not like. He describes it as 'a Dutch drink lately come into England' and now of late days 'much used, to the detriment of Englishmen; specially it killeth them the which be troubled with the colic, which is for the drink is a cold drink.' Yet, if 'fined, and not new,' it was of some service in qualifying the heat of the liver. Cider was little better, being 'cold of operation;' it engendered evil humour, hindered digestion, and hurt the stomach. Mead was good—but not for the colic; methelgyn—a concoction of honey, water, and herbe boiled and sodden together—much better. But most deleterious of all drinks was the doctor thought, water. For 'water is one of the four elements of which divers liquors or drinks for man's sustenance be made of, taking their original or substance of it, as ale, beer, mead, and methelgyn, and is not wholesome by itself, for it is 'cold, slow and slack of digestion.' Verily, our ancestors were not a nation of total abstainers.

THE SCORCHER'S CREED.

Count that day lost
Whose low, descending sun
Views no poor wretch
O'er whom thy wheel has run.

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We are offering the Balance of our Up-to-date Summer Stock at

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.

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Pink and Blue and Buttercup Zephyr Blouses, 2s. each. | Shirt Blouses in good Washing Prints, 2s. 6d. each.
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TE ARO HOUSE, Wellington.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

The Countess of Ranfurly says:—'I like very much the dresses you have made for me.'

The Countess of Glasgow, Auckland, writes:—'The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, wonderful considering they were not tried on.' Make me a rough black serge same as green one sent, as soon as possible.

Lady Stout:—'My dress is perfect in every respect.'

Mrs T. C. Williams, Wellington:—'My dresses that you have made and my daughters dresses are very nice.'

Mrs Walter Johnston, Bulls:—'I am very much pleased with my dress and habit, just received.'

Mrs Empeon, Waanganui:—'My dress is a great success.'

Mrs D. G. Riddiford, Halcombe:—'The habit you have made for me is most satisfactory.'

Mrs A. F. Roberts, Akaroa:—'My habit is a splendid fit.'

Mrs Greenway, Auckland:—'The dress you have made me is most satisfactory.'

Mrs Percy Baldwin, Wellington:—'I am very much pleased with the dresses. They fit perfectly.'

Mrs Newman, Wellington:—'My dress fits perfectly and I am very much pleased with it.'

Mrs C. Johnston, Wellington:—'I am very pleased with my dress.'

Mrs Alice Crawford, Kilmirrie:—'My dress is a great success.'

Mrs Shields, Dunedin:—'Mrs Shields received her gown to-day and is pleased with it.'

Mrs V. T. Hitchings, Levin:—'The habit came to hand and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly.'

Miss Tanner, Napier:—'I received the habit and it fits perfectly.'

Miss McMaster, Martinboro:—'The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction.'

Mrs Wilkie, Otakeho:—'Gown arrived safely and gives satisfaction.'

Mrs Hole, Waanganui:—'My dress came last week and is perfect. I am very pleased with it.'

Miss Herrick, Onga Onga:—'I am very pleased with my coat and skirt.'

Mrs Hay, Annandale:—'Mrs Hay received the gown Nodine and Co. made for her, and is much pleased with it.'

Mrs F. Riddiford, Hawera:—'My dress came in time, and fits very nicely. I am very pleased with it.'

Mrs Sargent, Waanganui:—'I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it.'

Mrs MacRae, Masterton:—'My dress and habit are very nice.'

Mrs H. N. Watson, Patutahi:—'My dress is very satisfactory.'

Miss Ormond, Wallingford, H.B.:—'I am very pleased with the dress you have just sent me.'

Mrs C. J. Monro, Palmerston North:—'The costume arrived and is a perfect fit.'

The above TESTIMONIALS are taken from HUNDREDS received in the usual course of our business, and refer mostly to garments made without fitting.

Having been in continuous practice for 25 years (from the very beginning of the Tailor-made Era), and having made a special study of making from measurement only, we are in a position to say that for all ordinary figures dresses so made are the best (the shape being always good), when made by an artist who knows what figure is, and while we do not follow unscrupulous firms who profess to fit any figures without seeing them (which every lady knows is an absurdity), we can with pleasure refer doubting ladies to these few testimonials, as the best of all guarantees that our best services are always given, for our reputation's sake, and with the desire that our clients shall look better dressed than others.

NODINE & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS,
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



HE chrysanthemum is just now in vogue, and forms a charming flower for our autumn hats.

A very pretty hat is given in my first illustration. On the turned-up side are some black ostrich plumes, brim are some deep damask velvet roses. As the autumn advances we shall, most probably, note many of these large black shapes, relieved by some slight touch of bright colouring. Deep yellows and warm tawny shades—savouring of terra-cotta—bid fair to be in fashion again this winter, for brightening up our sombre hats and bonnets. On some points Lady Modus is already revealing her autumn secrets. As yet, the verdict seems the kind of skirt that is to be generally worn has not been pronounced; but as regards coats and

while nestling under the deep damask velvet roses. As the autumn advances we shall, most probably, note many of these large black shapes, relieved by some slight touch of bright colouring. Deep yellows and warm tawny shades—savouring of terra-cotta—bid fair to be in fashion again this winter, for brightening up our sombre hats and bonnets. On some points Lady Modus is already revealing her autumn secrets. As yet, the verdict seems the kind of skirt that is to be generally worn has not been pronounced; but as regards coats and



BETWEEN SUMMER AND WINTER.

mantles, one is fairly safe in stating that we are to note the revival of the three-quarter jacket. This design is ornamented with a simulated bolero in a braiding which contrasts with the cloth. For instance, a charming model is in fawn coating, with a design of flat, black-silk galoon by way of a Zouave. At the same time, the popularity of the 'Moujik' will not diminish, and will be more especially in favour for the upper portion of real tailor-made costumes. For knock-about and travelling capes, those in plaid or tweed—with a capacious hood to throw over the head at nightfall—figure on the list of fresh modes. Another excellent, serviceable garment is the long, black Vienna-cloth cloak, with a border of velvet, and a wide band of the same passed through slits in the side seams to be only revealed at the back.

One thin fabric never shown till this summer is a clever French counterfeit of the rare and beautiful pineapple muslin which our grandmothers imported from India. The ground is the same dull cream colour as in the original, this as a cobweb and transparent as glass. It is barred by distinct stripes, acting in effect and uniform in colour, whether the shade be red, blue or green or even a clear milk-white, which latter is very effective upon the creamy ground. Yards and yards go to the composition of a dress, but the effect of the confection when finished is marvellously dainty.

There are also in the shops linen materials which are as firm as wire gauze and yet perfectly pliable. Those in the natural colour of flax are made up by our fashionable dress-makers with a complement of ribbon and lace, which makes them sufficiently dressy for any summer festivity, but not too severely for wear. Besides the charm of their prettiness, their durability makes them most desirable every-day gowns.

Never was there such a mania for cerise and white mixed as at present. The blend is especially employed for some of the daintiest Paris evening gowns. Our second illustration offers an attractive sample of what we mean. The corsage, draped 'a la Grecque,' is made of cream crepe-de-Chine, figured with big cherry-coloured roses. It bags moderately over a scarf-sash of cerise lise, which matches the frilled portion of



FOR THE EVENING.

the sleeves and the huge rosette perched on the left side of the chest.

The mode of veiling coloured silk or satin slips with lace or spotted net in no way abates. An American beauty at Ostend has in her season's outfit a 'Casino' gown quite worth a note or so. Black 'pointe d'esprit' veils an underskirt of sky-blue glace, and round the hem of the spotted net is a full pinked out ruching of the same silk. Small ruches ornament the bodice from throat to waist, which is tied in with a wide sash of similar coloured ribbon. Amongst the autumn wraps is the so-called 'Country Dame' mantle, which reaches below the knees, and is fashioned in plaid 'laineage' with a plain facing. There are no ornamentations on it whatever, with the exception of a double row of buttons to act as far as the bust-line. The shape will probably be copied in other materials. Indeed, there are fashion rumours respecting the revival of rich black satin lined with sable, for the fashioning of some of these



FOR AFTERNOON CALLS.

The charming afternoon gown illustrated deserves a detailed description of it by pen as well as pencil. This chic design is in Irish poplin of a soft dove's wing shade. The tabbed revers, cuffs, and band round the upper part of the skirt are in the new saffron-tinted guipure, and the dainty frills are made of the poplin. The white tulle front pouches over a band and bow of violet satin, the only dash of strong colour in the whole toilette. A silver-gilt centure buckle and a huge bow of the white net complete an ideal little visiting gown for the present season.

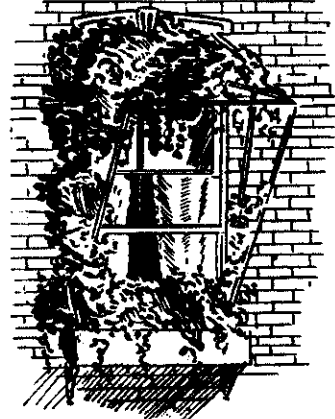
Many New Zealanders will remember Miss Irene Vanbrugh who was acting with Toole some three or four years ago. She is now playing in 'The Liars' in London and her dress is thus described:—Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Lady Rosamond Tatton is seen to advantage in a gown of primrose mousseline de soie, lined with deep orange glace, the whole being trimmed with silvery chiffon and the finest jet. For the second act, Miss Vanbrugh has a naive cloth gown, the skirt and pouched jacket of which are braided with broad white military braiding worked in big scroll pattern. The coat reveals a vest of white

silk and lace, and the hat is of Danish red coarse straw, with rolled brim, trimmed with red chiffon and white feathers. In the third and fourth acts a gown of geranium-pink glace is worn, with frills of butter-colour lace, wherewith a broad collar of red velvet worked in lattice pattern over a cream lace vest is most effective. A large black chiffon hat, with aigrettes and white feathers and black chiffon bow, is added in the last act.

GARDEN HINTS FOR LADIES.



HERE is no doubt that with the hot weather there comes a great longing to dwellers in towns and cities to leave the pavements and bricks behind them and go out and wander in the fields. But many people have to remain just where they are for, at any rate, a longer time than they want. They might bethink themselves, however, of the obnoxious that 'If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.' A little of the country can be brought within their sight even by making the most of a window box. To do this, of course the dweller in the room must have a real love for flowers; otherwise, a window box is generally a failure. When the plants are first put into it, their freshness and bright appearance are thoroughly delightful; but if their owner forgets that a great deal of water is necessary, with three sides of the box exposed to the wind and sun, and also that the soil requires to be extra good, and to be renewed occasionally with a little bone-dust and the further use of soap-suds, the garden will not be a success. But a few pertinent hints and the little sketch of a window shade or sun-blind consisting of creepers will be welcomed by those who really care to devote a little time and trouble to the matter. The nicest



WINDOW GARDENING.

sort of boxes are, I think, made of deal simply, and given a coat of dark olive paint. The little wooden framework fastened securely above should be painted to match. Very pretty boxes could be carried out with French marigolds, mignonette, and pansies, with creeping plants like nasturtiums that grow up so quickly it is almost difficult to keep them tied up. A row of 'Creeping Jenny' might droop down from the box. Nasturtiums alone would very soon cover a framework like that illustrated; but if there were any wish to render it permanent, nothing could be more delightful than a small vine.

Talking of creeping plants, with the twisting and training which they entail, reminds one of how much can be made out of a back garden. One might paraphrase a certain well-known remark and say, 'Show me people's back gardens and I will tell you what their front doors look like.' At least, when I have gone certain journeys by train through some of the poorer districts surrounding cities, I have thought this would be quite possible to accomplish, so curiously characteristic are they. One garden is a place where everything is thrown that no one wants anywhere else, and its contents point to the fact that the owners live habitually on a variety of tinned foods; another is a kind of washing ground, and dirty at that; yet, again, you see where the children have tried to make the most of it, but have not been much helped in their aspirations towards the beautiful. What a relief it

is to come across a tidily-kept little patch, even if the beds are only kept out of the paths by a neatly-placed row of oyster shells! It is a beginning, and you feel that it will not rest at that. In another more advanced specimen there are such masses of flowers as cause you to wonder how they can live in such a neighbourhood.



INGENIOUS GARDEN DECORATIONS.

with pigs for next-door neighbours and woebegone-looking hens on the other side. Then to what artistic uses in a garden can a number of queer everyday articles be adapted? Once I beheld a broken-down wheelbarrow converted into a thing of beauty by ivy growing all over it and the centre a mass of common Canterbury bells. One cottager I know has driven a large rustic-looking post into the ground and then nailed three little ordinary wooden kegs to it, each of which was simply overflowing with poppies, cornflowers and trails of Creeping Jenny. Another, even more ingenious, has evolved a most delightful shade in his otherwise shadeless bit of green. He, too, commenced proceedings by firmly driving in a large post, but on the top of this he has affixed one of the largest cartwheels I have ever seen. The wheel is completely covered with vine leaves, and makes a splendidly-cool canopy under which it is a real pleasure to sit.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

RECIPES.

Hot-Weather Lunches.—Try to plan your meals so that there shall be but little fire during the middle of the day. Cold meats may always be provided, and very many persons are fond of cold vegetables. Cold peas are delicious, as are also string-beans or butter beans. Potato salad is excellent, especially if one is fond of onions. While the morning fire is on, a pot of coffee or tea may be prepared. Those who have never tasted cold coffee have missed one of the luxuries of life. Salads may be made and put away for the mid-day lunch. Much may be saved in the way of hard work and heat by a judicious use of cold food. Do not use ice if there is a cold cellar or a deep well in which butter, milk and cold dishes may be put.

Apples, peaches, and pears are quite as healthful diet as berries, and are delicious and appetising served uncooked, fresh and cold, or made into pies, puddings, and creams, for the breakfast, luncheon, dinner or tea table. When serving them in their natural condition select those of a spicy flavour; drop in ice water for a few moments, then wipe and polish with a soft towel. Arrange in a small fancy basket, giving each guest with the fruit a plate, a silver knife and a finger bowl.

To serve apples with cream take very ripe apples; pare and slice; place in a bowl and sprinkle with powdered sugar and a little nutmeg; set in ice until cold, and serve with thick cream. Apples and peaches iced make a very easily prepared dessert. Pare well-flavoured apples and ripe sweet peaches in the proportion of three peaches to one apple; chop into small pieces; place in a fruit bowl in alternate layers, sprinkle with powdered sugar and pounded ice. Serve immediately.

A very acceptable breakfast dish is baked apples. Wipe sweet, ripe apples clean; remove the cores; stand them in a baking pan; fill the centres with butter and sugar, sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve cold in their own syrup.

To make apple dowdy, batter a baking dish and line the bottom and sides of it with thin slices of buttered bread. Fill the centre of the dish with thinly-sliced apples; grate over a little nutmeg. Mix half a cup of golden syrup with half a cup of boiling water, and pour over the apples. Sprinkle with brown sugar, and put over more buttered bread. Cover the top of the baking dish with a tin pie pan, and set in a moderate oven for two hours. When done, loosen the edges with a knife, and turn out on a dish. Serve with sugar and cream.

To make apple slump, a famous New England dish, sift a quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of butter with half a teaspoonful of soda; mix to a soft dough with buttermilk. Have six large tart apples pared, quartered and cored; put them in the bottom of a baking dish with one pint of water; roll out the dough; spread over the apples; cover the dish, and stew slowly in the oven for half an hour. When done, dust with sugar and serve with hard or soft sauce.

TESTIMONIAL.

Denniston, 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.—MRS. A. D. WARREN, Denniston.

WILTON'S HAND EMOLIENT

It 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.



SUMMER COLDS.

When children catch cold at this time of the year, the trouble is sometimes very difficult to banish. Perhaps it is because, when the sun is shining brightly, and outdoor attractions are numerous, it is almost impossible to keep them in the warm, as we can do in the winter. It is such a temptation to run out and join their companions in a game of play; they plead so hard that you grant their request, wrapping them well up. They get heated with their game; they perspire freely; and then they stand or sit about, get chilled, and the cold comes back again with redoubled force.

As to the origin of a summer cold, 'no man knoweth whence it comes or whither it goeth'; but as soon as the first symptoms appear—sneezing, snuffling (a rather vulgar but expressive word), huskiness in the throat, slight feverishness, and with young children lassitude and peevishness, lose no time in taking the necessary steps to nip the trouble in the bud. Keep the little patient in a fairly warm, but not hot, room; and when the sun is bright or the air mild, take the child out for a walk, or let it have a game of play outside under your own supervision. Don't let it get over-heated, and insist on a return to the house ere a chill can be caught. Anoint the nose, the forehead, and the neck, lightly, with vaseline; and, even in the house, let a light, loose-fitting cap of some sort be worn; this safeguards the top of the head—a most susceptible part of the body—from draught.

Where there are signs of feverishness, and the skin is hot and dry, give one drop of tincture of acouite in a little water every half hour; and a little common salt, finely powdered, 'sniffed' up the nostrils, like snuff, is beneficial. Let the little patient go to bed early; give a tumbler of home-made lemonade, as hot as it can be imbued; and wrap up well to induce perspiration. But watch carefully to see that the bed-clothes are not thrown off; and on the morning after a good rub all over with a towel, making the skin 'glow,' put on warm underclothing—not that which was worn on the previous day. If these simple precautions are taken in time, the cold will generally be banished in twenty-four hours or less, though care must be taken for a day or two to avoid its return.

KEEPING HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

Summing up the average cost of her table, the housekeeper is apt to add to the list such things as have been purchased from the 'market money,' and consequently, at the end of the year she is at a loss to know the exact cost she is at. To avoid this there should be kept in the kitchen a small book containing menus for one week in advance, and another book to contain a list of marketing for each day necessary to the fulfilment of these menus. This book should be taken to market and the price of each article registered when purchased. The housewife should also have a small ledger, into which these amounts may be transferred at least once a week. Another small book kept should have registered in it from time to time the dry goods necessities of the house—these under different heads: kitchen, pantry, dining-room, parlour, library, and sleeping-rooms. Then at the end of each month she can readily balance her cash, and will know from day to day the exact cost of the table. With regard to the fuel, have the coal for heating purposes in one bin, and the coal for kitchen use in another, so that the prices may be registered and the cost of the fuel calculated.

'Maud,' he said, 'can I believe you when you say that you have never loved any one but me?' and he clutched her hand wildly. 'Yes, George; why do you ask? Can it be that you think I have been too forward, too bold, in letting you kiss me?' 'No,' said he, in a quieter, more reflective mood; 'but somehow it seemed to me that you didn't kiss altogether like a novice.'

She: "So you won't let me buy your neckties any more?" He: "Er—no. I can't very well do so. But I tell you what I'll do—I'll let you build the free."

She: Papa didn't refuse to listen to you then? He: Not a bit. Said he liked me, gave his consent and asked me to forgive him.

A POET'S CHILDREN.
BY HIS DAUGHTER.

The great poet Longfellow never endured any sarcastic word to a child, especially from a teacher, and considered it most dangerous and blighting to any originality or imagination. Sympathy first, and then criticism when needed, but a criticism that cleared away difficulties and showed the right path, never a criticism that left merely discouragement and bewilderment behind.

To show how fully he understood the constant forbearance and encouragement needed by children, I will quote, in closing, from a little record he kept of the early life of his own family.

Speaking of some childish quarrel, he says: "What was the matter, the cause of this dispute? A trifle, a nothing. At last the little fellow said, amid sobs, "I will be good. Help me to be good, papa?" Ah, yes! help him to be good! That is what children most need. Not so much chiding and lecturing; but a little more sympathy, a little help to be good. You can see through their transparent faces the struggle that is going on within. A soft, gentle word often decides the victory! The children were reconciled in a few minutes. How quick it was all over—that great despair! Ah me!"

A POET'S HOUSE.

After his marriage, in 1843, Longfellow obtained possession of the whole house, gradually furnishing one room at a time. When the children were born, the sunny study upstairs was given up for a nursery, and the desk and books transferred to the room directly below, so that the familiar outlook might not be changed. The seclusion of the room upstairs was thus lost, and the children became double gainers, for the new study was mercilessly invaded by them at all hours, and everything about the room seemed to have a special charm, invested as it was with the atmosphere of repose, serenity and kindness.

In a corner stood the old clock, its steady ticking a soothing accompaniment to many an hour of delightful reading or dreaming; and over the fireplace an old-fashioned convex mirror reflected the room in miniature—an enchanting abode, with always the vague hope to a childish mind that some day one might find the way to enter in and take possession.

In a drawer of one of the bookcases was a collection of little pictures drawn by my father in pencil, which he used with great facility, 'The Wonderful Adventures of Mr Peter Piper.' These were a constant source of delight, as new adventures would suddenly appear from time to time, and we never knew what the wonderful Peter Piper would do next. He went travelling, with adventures in foreign lands; he went hunting, and fell from his horse; he went to sea, and was chased by a shark, and rode on a whale, and went down in a diving-bell, and all the possibilities of life were before him.

In another bookcase were delightful books of German songs with captivating pictures, and a tiny little book of negro melodies, and the marvellous Jim Crow. One drawer was especially dedicated to small cakes of chocolate for cases of extreme need, and rarely did the supply fail, although no other kind of sweetmeat was encouraged.

One corner of the study was usurped for marbles, as the pattern of the carpet seemed arranged on purpose for the game. How all this was endured is hard to understand, but I am sure it was not only patience that permitted these interruptions, but a true insight into, and sympathy with, all phases of children's life.

"There are only two classes of women who cry at weddings," said he. "Name them, please," she replied, her curiosity excited. "Those who are married themselves and those who have never had an opportunity to marry."

TEN PUDDINGS of a PINT EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—

BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—

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



Picking up Knowledge

Is easy enough if you look for it in the right place. This is the right place to learn just what to do for that debilitating condition which warm weather always brings. Do you want to be cured of that languid feeling, get back your appetite, sleep soundly, and feel like a new being?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. It has done it for thousands. It will do it for you. Try it.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. GOLD MEDALS at the World's Chief Expositions.

Ayer's Pills CURE CONSTIPATION.



**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 10s. 4d.; not exceeding 10s. 1d.; for every additional 20s. or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'From Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'From Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 3d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

**THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS
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.

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

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 13.

Cousin Ina, whose photograph appears in fancy dress this week, is one of our more recent cousins. She has added to our Cot



COUSIN INA.

Fund, and I hope we shall very often hear from her now that she knows us all better, and we know her from her picture.

Dear Cousin Kate.—As this is New Year's Eve I thought that I would like to write to you because this is the last letter I will write this year. I have not received my badge and collecting card yet. You said that you had sent it, but it has not reached me. My brother gave us a bike for a Christmas box. Was it not a nice present? For my swimming prizes I got a glove box and a handkerchief box for one race, and for the championship race I got a silver medal, and on it was my name and Champion Swimmer, Girls' High School, Wellington, 1897. I think I must come to a close as all my news is exhausted. With love to all.—Norah.

[You must have forgotten to post your letter, dear Cousin Norah, as the envelope bore the date of January 13th, so I am afraid you will think the answer long in

coming: I have sent your badge and card, and hope that this time you have received them. What a lucky girl you are to win such very nice prizes. They will make your dressing-table look quite smart, though I dare say it is very pretty already. I like to hear of girls having some nice little additions to their rooms. I had to leave all my pretty things when we left England. We had so many boxes, my father said we were to take nothing we could help, so we gave our pretty things away.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Do you think I have forgotten to write to you? I hope you have had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I was very pleased with the letter Cousin Maud wrote to you. I have been to see Cousin Ada in the Hospital and she seemed to think she would soon be going home. I received my badge and was very pleased with it. I had a nice trip in the train up to Henderson with my Sunday-school, but it was rather late coming home as the train was delayed. I must draw this letter to a close with love to all the cousins.—Cousin Lily.

[I cannot say I had exactly a merry Christmas, as we had no girl, and there was a good deal of extra work which fell to my share. We did not go anywhere for the holidays this year; did not even camp out. One of our hens has just set by herself, and has eight or nine little chicks, but she won't let us see how many. Though the boys and I creep up ever so quietly, she seems to hear us, and runs off. I am glad you saw Cousin Ada. You had lovely weather for your Henderson trip, had you not? What shall you do on the 29th?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Dora.—You will have thought me long in telling you what I got with your two shillings. I was waiting to hear what the little cousin at the Hospital said to your very kind presents. The Lady Superintendent says that Cousin Ada appreciated them very much, so much so that she has sent them to her own home, ready for her when she goes back. She thought so much of them she was afraid they might be broken by the other children in the Hospital. This is how I spent your money: I brought a nice little bedstead with wire mattress, for this I made another mattress, sheets, pillow, blanket, counterpane, then a doll to go in it. The bedstead was about ten inches long; the doll was dressed. Then a little tea-set, and a charming little stove with two pans to fit on to it, and two Christmas cards. There was also a nice Christmas card from Cousin Ethel. Do you wonder that Cousin Ada felt very rich? I took some trouble, because I thought it so nice of you to think of the suffering little one.—Cousin Kate.

A BOY REPORTER.

The reporter's pencil has trained many a hand for the novelist's pen. It trained Charles Dickens, who, at the age of nineteen years, did reporter's work of such excellent quality as to draw from the late Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, a prediction that the stripling reporter was destined for a great career.

Young Dickens had reported the last part of Lord Stanley's speech in the house of Commons against O'Connell. When the proofs of the speech were sent to Lord Stanley that gentleman returned them with the remark that the first two-thirds of it were so badly reported as to be unintelligible; but that if the gentleman who had reported the last part of it so admirably would call upon him, he would repeat his speech and have it reported again.

Young Dickens, note-book in hand, made his appearance at Mr Stanley's, and was reluctantly shown by the servant into the library. When the master of the house came in, he expressed astonishment with his eyes as well as by his words.

'I beg pardon, said he, 'but I had hoped to see the gentleman who reported part of my speech.'

'I am that gentleman,' answered Dickens, turning red in the face.

'Oh, indeed,' said Stanley, turning to conceal a smile.

Sir James Graham then came in, and Stanley began his speech. At first he stood still, addressing one of the window curtains as 'Mr Speaker.' Then he walked up and down the room, gesticulating and declaiming with all the fire he had shown in the House of Commons.

Sir James, with a newspaper report before him, followed, and occasionally corrected Stanley. When the proof of the

speech had been read by the orator, he returned it to the editor with a note predicting the future success of his young reporter.

Many years afterward Charles Dickens, the popular novelist, was invited to dine with Lord Derby. The guests were shown into the library, and Dickens, though he had forgotten the incident of the speech, felt a strange sensation, as if he had been there before.

At last something recalled the reporting adventure, and he reminded his host of it. Lord Derby was delighted to recognize in the popular novelist his boy reporter.

HERON AND RETRIEVER.

Three or four weeks ago, says a writer, I was shooting cock and partridge along the banks of the Musquodoboit, a Nova Scotia river. My dog was a smooth-haired animal, a cross between a pointer and a retriever. As we came out on the edge of one of the little wild meadows called 'intervalles,' a huge heron rose suddenly from behind a clump of alders. It was a fine bird, and I wanted it as a specimen.

At rather long range I fired, and the heron, lurching heavily to one side, came down in the centre of a shallow pool. Then it gathered itself together at once, and stood staring about as if bewildered. As I approached, with Rob at my heels, I raised one wing so it to fly; then drew its head back and took up a posture of defence. It was evident that my shot had in some way disabled the other wing, which, however, was not broken, but was held firmly trussed up as if uninjured. The pool in which the bird stood was perhaps six inches deep, and I ordered Rob in to fetch the game.

The dog dashed forward eagerly, as if to pick up a snipe, but was met by a vicious thrust from the heron's beak that drove him back in astonishment. His anger and confusion were amusing to witness. As for the heron, it stood immovable, its head back upon its shoulders, its keen eyes sparkling defiantly.

In a moment Rob returned to the attack. He ran around and tried to seize the bird by the tail; but the bird's head went about like lightning on the pivot of its long and snake-like neck, while its body never moved; and again Rob received a blow which made him yelp.

He drew off a few feet, and then ran round and round his enemy, seeking for an opening; but everywhere he found himself opposed by that terrible javelin of a beak. It seemed as if the bird must twist its head off in time, but no such disaster occurred. Whenever the furious dog would make a dash for the bird's tail, out would dash the long fine weapon, bringing blood where it smote, and hurling back the onslaught.

Presently Rob gave a howl of disgust, tucked his tail between his legs, and scurried in a panic from the water. Then, concluding that the plucky bird deserved a better fate than to be stuffed, I threw my jacket over his head and made him a prisoner. He has never recovered the use of his wing, but he presides with dignity and authority over my poultry-yard.

ABSENT-MINDED.

Fred Sharp was one of those absent-minded men who do the queerest things with perfect unconsciousness of what they are about. For instance, he one day sat down in his room to eat an apple, and when he had carefully peeled it, he deliberately threw his knife into the fire, put the apple in his pocket, and began to eat the peelings.

Once, however, Fred's forgetfulness stood him in good stead. He was buying oil-cloth for his kitchen floor when, looking out, he saw a runaway team rapidly approaching. The single occupant of the carriage tried in vain to stop the frantic horse, and serious disaster seemed certain.

Out rushed Fred, and in his forgetfulness he took with him the roll of oil-cloth which he had just taken up. On came the frightened horse, and was close upon our hero when he made a lunge at the beast with the big, hard roll, and hit him so fairly between the eyes that he fell to the ground, and was at once laid hold of and quieted.

This act made Fred famous, and some of his acquaintances wanted to know why he didn't get a patent on his new method of stopping runaways.

**EGYPTIAN SNAKE-
CHARMER.**

The following story of a 'snake-charmer' is borrowed from a Paris paper. The reader is expected to use his own discretion as to believing or explaining it. The incident is said to have taken place in Cairo, where the narrator, Monsieur Vigouroux, while walking the streets with a friend, fell in with a 'mild-looking young man' who professed to be a snake-charmer. The two visitors engaged him to come to

their hotel the next day, and give them an exhibition of his powers.

Guards were stationed around the building to prevent the charmer from getting into it before the appointed time. When he arrived he was led into the first courtyard. He was asked if there were any snakes there.

'Yes,' he replied, 'a great many.' As a precautionary measure he was conducted into an interior court in the centre of the palace. There he was asked if he could catch snakes. The charmer whistled for a few seconds, and then listened attentively.

'Yes,' said he, 'there is a snake on this side,' pointing to the wall. A bargain was then made with him, the rate being a shilling a snake. He immediately went to work with the air of a man who understood his business and was perfectly sure of the result.

Standing in the centre of the court gazing at the wall where he said the reptile was concealed, he began to recite a prayer or conjuration in Arabic, in which he addressed the serpent, saying in substance that everything and every creature must yield to the power of God. He also invoked Solomon and some celebrated Musesulman personages.

While he was reciting this formula he sometimes stood perfectly straight, sometimes he leaned forward, and lastly he fell on his knees. When he had finished he picked up a little rod that lay beside him, and scrawled the wall with it, advancing toward the door of the building leading to the court. At the door he stopped and said:

'Here he is; come and look at him.'

The party advanced, and on a line with his arm at the place where he had directed the rod, they distinctly saw the head of a snake protruding from a hole in the wall. The snake-charmer grabbed the head and pulled out a long, thin, and wriggling reptile. He made it fasten its fangs in his garment. Then he pulled violently and showed the snake's teeth in the stuff. At last he threw the reptile on the ground, excited it, and tossed it into his leather bag.

'How did you know,' he was asked, 'that there was a snake in that wall?'

'I smelt him,' was the answer.

And certainly there seemed to be no room to suspect a trick. One of the party remarked that the charmer might possibly have snakes concealed in his clothes. The fellow immediately threw off his blue blouse, which was his only covering, and shook it in the presence of the assemblage. He was asked if there were any more snakes in that court. After a moment's inspection he replied:

'In this wall there is a big one and a little one.'

He was told to catch the little one first. He recited his prayer, and added to it a command to the big snake to lie still while he captured the little one. Then he proceeded with his wand along the wall, as before. When he reached the door he called us, saying, 'Here he is!'

The head was sticking out of the hole. He grabbed it, pulled out the snake, and broke its fangs in the manner described above. But the reptile bit him in the arm and drew blood. The bite didn't bother him. He threw the snake on the ground among the spectators, who stood in utter amazement. Then he went at work again.

It was the big snake's turn now. He was yanked out like the other two. Notwithstanding the apparent impossibility of fraud, the thing was so surprising that doubts were still expressed.

'Let him come into the garden,' said one of the spectators, 'and catch snakes there; then we will be convinced.'

The charmer was led out into the garden. Near a heap of rubbish and weeds he began to whistle; then he announced a snake.

'Yes, there are two,' said he. Then stooping down he pulled one out, and, as he had left his leather bag in the courtyard, he put the head of the reptile into his mouth and held it there while he secured the second.

NATURAL DISTRUST.

It is an old story of the man who said, when he was offered tea, during his visit to an Army encampment, 'If my last cup was tea, I'll take coffee; if it was coffee, I'll take tea,' but it may still serve to illustrate practical wisdom as well as impudence. Another learner from experience figures in the following anecdote:

Two amateur sportsmen had gone out together for a day's shooting, and began operations by attempting to load their guns.

'See here,' said one of them, pausing in the act, 'which do you put in first, powder or shot?'

'Why, powder, of course,' returned his friend.

'Oh, do you?' was the reply. 'Then I don't!'



THE FLIRT AND THE FOOL.

I am holding her wool in an attitude quaint,
Feeling just like a wooden-armed, stained window saint,
She is sitting at ease in a negligent pose,
As charming and fresh as the dew on a rose.
She thanks me for helping her out of her tangle
And tells me 'so kind'
When I say I don't mind—
Why, to please her, I vow I would slave at a mangle.

Young Cupid, no doubt, in a mischievous vein
Is weaving a snare from that innocent skein
For who could be blind to those dimples divine,
Those eyes that so roguishly glance up at mine?
I am longing with lover-like kisses to smother
That sweet little face—
But I know it's a case
Of a flirt at one end and a fool at the other.



AN AFFINITY.

Kitty: Madge says she will never marry until she meets her ideal.
Beatrice: Silly girl! What is her ideal?
Kitty: A young man who will propose to her.

MAY HAVE MEANT THAT.

'He told me to get off the earth. What do you suppose he meant?'
'He seemed to think that you needed a bath, evidently.'

A MATTER OF PRIDE.

Mrs Greener—Mercy! What are you doing? Putting a ten-cent stamp on the letter when a two-cent stamp will carry it?
Mrs Paenmoney—I know, but it is well enough to give people to understand that we are possessed of ample means.

A PRETTY SURE SIGN.

Old Harding: 'Well, I guess that young Dalsler's determined to marry our Lib, in spite of everything.'
Mrs Harding: 'Why do you think so, Jeremiah?'
Old Harding: 'Why, you know, she sang to him and played the piano night afore last, and here he is again.'

THE PROFESSIONAL'S ADVANTAGE.

Mrs Wickwire: 'Goodness me, Henry, is it absolutely necessary to use such language in putting one little parlor heater in position? Why, the man who put up the great big kitchen range for us didn't have to swear once.'
Mr Wickwire (tensely): 'He didn't have his wife with him, did he?'

THE EXPENSE OF EDUCATION.
'You gave your boys liberal educations, I suppose, squire?'
'Liberal! Why, it cost me jes' all I could rake and scrape to pay fer cyclometers an' such things the boys hed to have in their college studies. I couldn't hev done any more without a-mortgagin' the farm!'

SWELLED FEET.

'How comes it, sir, that when I ask you for a No. 5 shoe you give me a No. 7?'
'Why, my dear sir, you'll be so proud of those shoes that your feet will swell.'



OUR YOUNG GENIUSES.

Mr Balmy Gushkin: You have read my book of poems, 'Grasshopper Twitterskins'?
Miss Lipcurl: Oh, yes, Mr Gushkin.
Mr Gushkin: And what do you think of my poetical genius?
Miss Lipcurl: I think it is like the North Pole.
Mr Gushkin (pleased): Ah, you refer to its weird fascination.
Miss Lipcurl: Oh, no! I mean that it may exist, but it has never been discovered.

FORTUNATE FOR NEWTON.

Patsy Whalen (studying his lesson): Sir Isaac Newton discovered the great law of gravitation by an apple falling on his head.
Whalen: Shure, and it's a good ting fer science that it wasn't a hod o' bricks, thin, or he'd never knowed phwat it was.

MORE HOME RULE.

Singerly: What would we do without woman! You know the old maxim, 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.'
Welderley: I don't know about its ruling the world, but I know the hand that rocks our cradle rules the house, and we pay her \$4 a week for doing it.

AN EAR FOR SUCH MUSIC.

Young Spoonamore: You don't mean to tell me seriously, Miss Quickstep, that you don't know one piece of music from another?
Miss Quickstep: Oh, well, I know a wedding march when I hear it.

THE RETORT DIRECT.

'You're no longer a spring chicken,' sneered the angry husband. 'But you're the same old goose,' came the answer, with a snap.

THE OLD STORY.

'I'll never be a scorcher, no.'
Said little Robert Reed.
'I'll never mount my wheel and go At most inclement speed.'
But that was ere he'd learned to ride,
And now, each day, l'golly,
He humps his back and burns the track In a way that beats the—trolley.

HER IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

Willie: Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?
Annie: Yes.
Willie: Where is the other one?
Annie: Hush; it's in heaven.

QUITE WRONG.

I had an ancient relative,
Built on the ancient plan,
Whose favourite jest it was to say;
'The coat don't make the man.'
And then he'd add the merry quip,
With such a jolly glance,
'It ain't the coat that makes the man—
Because it is the pants.'
But, when I look around to-day
Upon the bloomered throng,
I know my ancient relative
Was altogether wrong.

EGGS-ACTLY SO.

Ranger: Why do you call that hen Mæduff?
Granger: Because I want her to 'lay on.'

A DILEMMA.

Ethel: Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love and that would love me.
Edith: Well?
Ethel: Well, I don't know whether he means himself or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog.

IT WOULDN'T DO.

'In France it has been decided by the courts that an unmarried woman becomes an old maid at thirty.'
'That rule would never do in this country.'
'Why not?'
'Single women never reach the age of thirty in New Zealand.'

SOMEWHERE IN B.C.

Old Gruff: Waiter, you don't mean to say that this is spring lamb?
Waiter: Indeed it is, sir.
Old Gruff: H'm! What year?

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

'What do you consider the greatest achievements of the century?' inquired the philosopher. And, after some thought the man who wears bicycle medals replied: 'The last ten or twelve miles.'

THE OLD STORY.

'We've got a woman living down our way who says she is 106 years old,' said the enthusiast. 'Well, a woman never tells the truth about her age. She's probably only about 86,' said the cynic.

NO TIME LOST.

He—The scientists now claim that kissing will cure dyspepsia.
She—Well, here's health to you.
And the sound could have been heard a block away.



A VOLUNTEER TASTER.

Master: Mary, I must change my wine merchant. This port tastes as if it were watered down.
Mary: Why, that's the very words my young man said!

CLOSING THE SEASON.

At any rate, my wheel is of the latest pattern. I have noticed that it usually gets in last.—Indianapolis Journal.

A QUESTION.

First Statesman: I hear that there are some fellows going around offering bribes.
Second Statesman: That is something that ought to be taken in hand as soon as possible.
'Which—the fellows or the money?'

PRESENCE OF MIND.

She: Do you ever read poetry?
He (wishing to impress her): Oh, yes; I am quite fond of poetry.
She: I'm so glad! I've got a poem here that I wrote when I was at school. I'd like to have your opinion of it.
He: Huh! Huh! I smell smoke! I believe the house is afire.
(During the excitement he escapes.)

IN A BARBER SHOP.

Mr Absentmind: It is pretty cold in here.
Barber: Yes, sir; it is chilly this morning.
Mr Absentmind: If you have no objection I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair.

HE TOOK MORE.

'Only one!' he pleaded.
She looked at him in surprise.
'One little kiss,' he persisted.
'Oh, all right,' she replied carelessly.
'If you're fool enough to start the press for a single impression, go ahead; but it doesn't seem to me it pays.'

A TRAVELLING CHEMIST.

Sprocket—That's the last time I'll ever use that red and green lantern.
Gearing—Why, what's the matter with it?
Sprocket—I had it on my wheel last night, and half the men in town were chasing me, thinking I was a travelling drug store.



THE DREAD AVENGER.

Rebellious Boy (who has been caned by teacher): All right—I'll tell my father or you. My father can fight you—my father can fight my mother!

ABSORBING HIS FATHER'S EXPERIENCE.

'That boy o' mine ought to be as sharp as'n knowin' as they make 'em.' 'Trained him to it, have you?' 'Trained him to it? Why, fer four years that little shaver set at th' table on a gold brick that cost his dad £400.'

MY TWO TABLES.

I.
My dainty maiden table
Was the fairest thing to see,
With its cups and pot and kettle,
In order quaint for tea.
The pots of Royal Worcester,
A cup Belleek, or two,
And Dresden things, and rare gold spoons,
And a cosey, etched in blue.
Naught had ever jarred upon
The kettle's cheerful song,
And sweetest maids with jewelled hands,
Had with me sipped Oolong.

II.

My dainty married table
Is a shocking thing to see!
For 'mid its cups and kettle,
In order quaint for tea,
There is a bowl of ashes,
Burnt matches and a 'snipe,'
A pouch of Turkish tobacco,
And a briarwood bulldog pipe!