

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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NEARLY OFF THE BOIL.

"Look here, Dick; we can't keep the pot boiling with this stuff: why, it's all smoke."
"Here's something that will make a blaze, at any rate, Jock."

(Reported from Wellington that the Premier informed an interviewer that he expected a surplus of half-a-million this year, and that the Government intended raising a loan of £2,000,000.)

GOUT

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

Australian Offices:
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CURED.

endant of these same pioneers in Otago—these Pilgrim Fathers of New Zealand. The city likewise that counts them as its founders has just cause for pride, for whatever blot may stain its subsequent history the opening pages at least are free from the touch even of vulgar commercialism. As all great enterprises should open, the foundation of Otago was inaugurated in a spirit of devoutness.

ASTRIDE THE WORLD'S FENCE.

MR W. S. GILBERT, of comic opera fame, with a generosity that is not supposed to be characteristic of him, or indeed of playwrights or authors generally, has actually been giving away plots free gratis, and for nothing. His practised eye, so quick to perceive latent humorous possibilities where the optics of ordinary mortals saw none, has discovered in roaming round the world an ideal venue for a good comic opera. No, it is not New Zealand, dear reader, with its advanced legislation, though that has still to be exploited by the author in search of subjects. It is in Fiji, and just at that particular spot where the line of longitude 180 degrees rests dry-shod, as it were, on its long sea voyage from the North to the South pole. If you have a map at hand you can locate the place and, in view of what I am going to tell you, you had better do it at once. If you have not forgotten all your geography you must be aware that all along that line, which is really the division fence between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, the days of the week belonging to the one are always at logger-heads with the days of the week belonging to the other. It seems to be a sort of boundary dispute that has been going on since the dawn of creation. All this the primers have told you in more precise language than I can command; and you are also aware that to avoid the confusion the skippers in crossing the fence arrange for two Sundays or two Mondays or two Tuesdays or two any other days—it all depends on what day you may happen to strike the fence. If you get there on Saturday night you awake next morning, not on Sunday, as you would in any other part of the world, but on Saturday No. 2. The reason is explained and you understand, or what is much more likely, you don't, but take the skipper's word and forget all about it. But did you ever think what it would mean to be permanently settled at the boundary fence; to have two Mondays or two Tuesdays or two Sundays merely by taking a step to the westward or Eastward? Fancy having a house with the front steps leading into Sunday and the back door opening slap on to Saturday; or being able, as Mr Gilbert suggests, to dance a hornpipe on one leg while with the other you moved at a sober gait consonant with the most puritanic observance of the Sabbath. The author of the Mikado sees only matter for comic opera in such a situation. Naturally he cannot take it seriously; that has never been his metier. But I should like to know why it should not be taken seriously. What is to hinder any of us taking up our abode on the great fence? It is a locality that would suit every temperament. Those who are religiously minded could have two Sundays in one week with the least trouble imaginable, while those sad dogs who find the sacred day heavy on their hands could very easily dodge it altogether without in any way laying themselves open to censure. You see, you could always spend your Saturday on one side of the fence, and at midnight cross over to the other, when you would be in Saturday morning. Then, after you had gone picnicking on that side you would cross back again and find yourself in Monday morning. From what I know of human nature I think choice lots on that boundary line will soon be at a premium when the world comes to understand the advantages of the situation. For there is very little land that occupies that unique position. What a mine of wealth it will be for a syndicate. It would pay to reclaim a strip right along that favoured line.

A WOMEN'S BANK.

THE Intest feminine aspiration seems to be for a women's bank—that is, a bank managed by women for their own sex. In the eyes of ladies the common male bank, if we may call it so, has certain insuper-

able objections which makes the other a necessity of the times. It is a relief to know that these objections in no way reflect on the ability or honesty of man. The ladies would admit at once that the stern sex know well how to manage a financial institution, and are not more likely to be guilty of fraud than themselves. They are quite willing to entrust the safe custody of their capital to the existing banks, but what they hate and detest is having to run the gauntlet of a score or so of male eyes when they enter the temple of Mammon and to transact business with men only. In their ordinary shopping they are accustomed to be served by their own sex chiefly, and when it is a man who executes their orders the transaction usually deals with matters with which they have a certain familiarity that puts them on the same standing as the vendor, if not actually above him. For instance, a lady has the advantage over a man in discussing certain esoteric articles of feminine attire. But when a woman goes into a bank the atmosphere of the place seems overpoweringly masculine. Other business places managed by men solely may have the same effect, but in a much less degree, for somehow or other the gentlemen in these establishments always appear of a more approachable order of creation than the cashiers and clerks who consciously or unconsciously take the colour of their surroundings and shine with the reflected light of the institution they serve. In a bank I believe you see man in his most arrogant, self-satisfied phase. Totally oblivious of the fact that it is your money which has contributed to place and keep him there, he regards you with a superior air when you go to cash your cheque. I scarcely wonder that ladies have an antipathy to these financial palaces. Then again there is something bewildering at first in the simple operation of cashing a cheque if you are not accustomed to it. The unfortunate female who finds herself standing for the first time in her life in the centre of a palatial building with that mysterious ribbon of paper in her hand, and without the remotest idea of what trying formalities she may have to go through before it is converted into sovereigns, is indeed an object of pity. The Christian martyr in the arena was scarcely placed in a more trying position. In vain she looks for guidance to the mysterious brass plates variously inscribed with 'A to G' and 'H to Z,' 'Cheques marked,' 'Bills receivable,' etc.; equally useless is it to expect mercy from those insolent eyes that regard her unmoved. There she stands, afraid to venture forward a step or to ask a question, for there is a Rhadamanthine aspect about all things there that a false word or a false step means ruin and disgrace irremediable. She almost wishes for the time she were the beggar in the street, who is spared the trial of cashing a cheque. And when at last after making half a dozen mistakes, and being treated worse than a criminal, she flees from the place feeling like one, her self-respect hurt, her pride crushed, and her whole personality, as it were, broken on the wheel, is it a marvel that she cries, 'Give me a women's bank!' No doubt she will get it some day, too. The gentle sex will not be insulted with impunity nowadays, and if our existing financial institutions do not meet their requirements there are not wanting enterprising ladies here and elsewhere to start a feminine bank where man may never enter. Directors and managers of our banks should see to this thing. What is to hinder them having a ladies' room in the bank on the lines of some of the Continental banking-houses?

WANTED A BATTLE HYMN.

THE singing of the National Anthem or the singing of any anthem on the eve of a battle is not a characteristically British method of getting ready for action. Hence most people were no doubt a little surprised to read in a cable from the Nile Valley the other day that on the eve of what promised to be a sharp tussle with the Derivishes the British troops sang 'God Save the Queen' and then marched forward to meet the foe. Now, if it had been the German army or the French army that did this thing it would not have struck anyone as out of place, and in the old days when our Henrys or our Edwards led their troops over the vasty fields of France, or later in the Civil War, it was not considered derogatory to the dignity of an English soldier

to either say his prayers or sing a battle hymn before he joined the fray. Of course, if you like to go further back you will find the singing and the fighting more closely connected than ever. Why is it then that the battle song has died out in our army, or even that it should be getting rarer, as I believe it is, in the Continental legions? The explanation that we are becoming less musical will not suffice, for the reverse is the case. There is a growing appreciation of the divine art, though it is not always in the very class forms among the very latest from which Tommy Atkins is and has been recruited. One almost begins to fear that the fault lies in our modern war methods and war machines, which are turning Tommy himself into nothing more than a methodical machine, and knocking all the personality and human instinct out of him. Here surely is a danger that has to be guarded against. If you make a machine of Tommy you cannot expect him to be moved except as a machine is. It will be in vain that you appeal to his patriotism, to his pride, to all that complex bundle of sentiments and feelings and associations which constitutes the man in him, if you go on from year to year taking little trouble to cultivate that part of him. What is it that makes one regiment so much more dependable, so much more invincible, than another, if it is not its capacity over the other to respond to the personal appeal, to be moved by association, by sentiment? The limbs of one may be as sturdy as the other, and their muskets are the same, but there is all the difference between them when the fate of the day may be hanging by a thread. I believe in song of any kind for making men feel together and act together, and I should like if in the army therewerealwaysready a good stirring battle chorus. 'God Save the Queen' is good in its way, but I think Mr Kipling, for instance, could give us something better. His Jubilee Hymn and that martial chant beginning 'The Earth is Full on Anger' are both magnificent, but something he might give us more suited to Tommy's ways of looking at things.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

VERY seldom, I am sure, has the Auckland oyster appealed in vain to any properly regulated palate and through the palate to the heart. The whole family have such a winsome way with them, whether you meet them in their naked simplicity on the rocks of the Hauraki Gulf or embellished—needlessly, I think—for the dinner table, that I think no one will turn a deaf ear to the plaint they are at present making. For the last three years they have been permitted to be undisturbed in their beds. This was absolutely necessary, for the spoiler in the shape of the oyster boy had spread ruin and desolation among them, and they were threatened with extinction. Thus were they saved, and now, with their three years' rest, the colonies have bred and mustered till they again cover the face of the shore. Their present flourishing condition invites our attention, so the Government have decreed that the beds shall be open on the first of April, which news the northern city hails with joy, for the inhabitants thereof, who may be said to have been accustomed to oysters from their cradles, have of late been cruelly deprived of what in a sense is their natural food. Others are rejoicing also, namely, the exporters of the precious bivalves—the inhuman monsters who would expatriate the simple shellfish and sell them to the stranger in Sydney. It was owing to the wholesale spoliation of the Hauraki beds by the agents of these men that the whole species was nearly wiped off the face of the shore three years ago, and the Government were compelled to put a stop to the depredations. But now when the oyster beds are reopened there is every reason to expect a repetition of the very same thing. Arrangements have been made for sending large quantities of the poor natives to New South Wales, and we may be certain that as before the spoilers will not act with any leniency or mercy, but will pounce down on whole families down to the undeveloped babes who are quite useless for food, tumble the lot of them into their capacious sacks. The consequence must be the ruination of the beds, the destruction of an industry that gives employment to many

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE JUBILEE OF OTAGO.

LAST week Otago celebrated its Jubilee and it was a big affair. What one cannot help admiring about the Scotch is the admirable thoroughness with which they do everything they set their hands or feet or heads to do, whether it is taking a precipitous mountain fortress, as in India the other day, or merely dancing the Highland Fling. The good people of Otago have thrown their whole souls so into this demonstration in honour of the fiftieth birthday of the settlement that they have altogether forgotten the present and are living again in the past. Dunedin, as some ill-tempered person said to me the other day, is positively musty with the ancient things that were resurrected on this auspicious occasion. What with old identities, old reminiscences, old names, old sayings, old jokes, the poor Sassenach visiting the place would have been at a loss to take it all in had there not been a liberal accompaniment of old whisky. You may smile at the perfrivolum ingenious Scotorum that makes itself manifest so far from Caledonia and under circumstances like this, but I know of no other part of this colony or of any colony that has better reason to be proud of itself when it takes its retrospect from its Jubilee Mount, than has Dunedin to-day. No city in the whole Southern Hemisphere had a more unsullied birth. Regal Sydney and innocent-looking Hobart may well blush to think of how they were begotten, and the rest of us, from Melbourne to Auckland, owe their origin to nothing higher than the commercial instinct and love of adventure. But Dunedin came of devout parentage. Her founders believed the clergyman as necessary to the success of the infant settlement as the surveyor, and the Bible a better book to carry in the emigrant's kit than the ready-reckoner. The setting out from the Old Country and the arrival here of the pioneers was invested with a religious aspect, for which one can find no parallel unless he goes back to the days when the Mayflower sailed from Plymouth. These first emigrants, chosen much more on account of their moral worth than for mere strength of limb, or wealth of gear, seemed to have regarded themselves as a sort of later Pilgrim Fathers, and although they may not have been altogether free from sectarian narrowness they gave to the enterprise of colonisation a character that no other colonising enterprise can claim. Their methods may have appeared somewhat antiquated to the majority of people fifty years ago; and in these modern days when we lay the foundation of our colonies by means of chartered companies and Maxim guns they would be still more out of date. Be that as it may, it surely proves that we have improved on matters. I would count it an honour if I could claim to be a des-

here, and, worst of all, a dearth or total absence of that prince of shell-fish, the Auckland oyster. It has been suggested that a timely and effective remedy for this lamentable state of things would be the prohibition of the export of oysters, or at least the imposition of a heavy export duty. As a friend of the oyster, I trust the Government will be moved to do something for the helpless.

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.

A Constant Reader.—Pray do not apologise. It is very difficult to advise fully on the subject you mention, and would take up more space than is available for one correspondent. The best I can do for you is to give you Punch's advice to those about to marry—'Don't.'

Helen.—Thank you for your kind remarks about this column. (1) You cannot possibly go to the opera in such deep mourning. (2) The preparation to which you refer is said to be harmless. (3) Never keep your boots on when they are the least bit damp. This causes the trouble you speak of.

Miss M.—Keep up the borax and vaseline treatment.

Ruby.—I forwarded your letter as you requested. You will probably receive an answer as soon as you see this in print.

A Middle-aged Lady.—I could not possibly 'laugh at your troubles.' For your son's sake, look as young as you can. Put mauve or grey silk on that black dress.

Bride.—Allow me to congratulate you on your good sense. You are very wise, as you will have no opportunity to wear it in the future, to give up all idea of having a satin wedding dress. The white serge will be just as effective and undoubtedly more becoming. Your bridesmaids may be gowned in some pale-tinted soft material that will be a pretty contrast to your gown, and will serve them for evening dresses for their quiet little dissipations. They wear hats.

Polly.—I am glad to hear your hands are 'much improved.' Rub well every other night with lemon juice; the intermediate one use mutton fat; sleep in gloves with the tips cut off.

Mr S.—The young lady must, of course, be properly introduced to her new relations, and it is better for you to undertake the pleasant task.

Bluebell.—Quite out of the question.

Important.—Your letter was posted fifteen days after the date which you place at the head! Why not lay the tiles on the hearthstone? The kerb, if made to measure, would just fit all round them, and hide their edges. I have seen many hearths so laid, and the arrangement actually facilitates the removal of dust and ashes.

A Girl Reader.—You could not possibly wear a tea-gown at an evening party. Yes; they are always lovely.

In a Difficulty.—You must tell your maid when you pay her the weekly wage on the same day of the week as that on which she came to you that after this week you will no longer require her services. If you have actual proof of her unworthiness you can refuse to give her a character.

Baby May.—Stew some prunes very well and eat two or three before breakfast each morning.

Young Mrs D.—You will find a visiting book almost a necessity. Every young married lady has social duties, and a book, if arranged and kept systematically, will prove invaluable to her as a record of calls made and returned, as well as of her other social obligations and the duties incidental to her position.

Mrs P.—You will find that vinegar and fruit stains upon knives can be taken away by rubbing the blades with raw potato and then polishing on the knife-board in the usual manner.

Bonnie Belle.—I think that is your nom de plume, but am not quite certain. Your writing is diff-

cult to read. For the proper care of the nails one needs an ordinary nail brush, then a smaller one that will brush well under the nails, a file, a polishing brush, curved scissors, a pair for each hand—since it is very unhandy to properly cut the nails of the right hand with scissors made for cutting the nails of the left hand.

A Visitor.—You should write the day after you return home, and say something of this nature: 'I must tell you how greatly I enjoyed my little visit to you last week,' etc. A few lines would be quite sufficient for the occasion, unless you had anything of mutual interest to touch upon.

Papa.—Godfathers and godmothers should be chosen from among friends or near relatives of the family, and ought always to be persons who will have a good influence on the child. They should also be persons of a mature age, and members of the same church or sect as the parents of the child. There is no fee exacted in any Protestant church for performing the rite of baptism. If, however, the parents are inclined, they may present the officiating clergyman with any sum it is their pleasure to offer. It should be inclosed in an envelope and handed to him after the ceremony has been concluded.

Peter.—Take more exercise. Why not ride a bicycle? This advice, though not new, is good.

A Party Belle.—To keep cut flowers quite fresh for wearing sprinkle with a little water, and place in an airtight vessel (such as a covered saucepan) and keep covered until required. They will in this way keep quite fresh as the absence of water and air will prevent the petals from drooping.

Donovan.—Returned with thanks.

Tabby.—Your article is too offensive in style, and your attempts at wit are rather heavy. Try some other paper.

Mignonette.—Your style is fresh and pleasant, and you appear to possess a certain amount of literary ability. Put all you write away for six months, then re-read your poems, polish them (if you still like them yourself) and send to an editor or publisher.

A REMARKABLE WATCH. The Regal Gold Stop Watch. A Genuine Stop Watch for only

Advertisement for 'The Regal Gold Stop Watch' featuring an illustration of a pocket watch with '326' on the dial. Text describes its accuracy and features.

THE REGAL GOLD STOP WATCH or Chronograph is undoubtedly a most desirable article for Bicyclists, Athletes, Horsemen, Gamesters, Travellers, &c. The use of Regal Gold which is in appearance equal to Bull Gold, and is so treated with that precious metal, that it wears for years and stands the Acid Test. It has heavy Bevelled Crystal Glass, superior finished movement, instantaneous stop action, and retaining to one-third of a second, centre second, sunk rounded dial, perfect time-keeping quality, either as an ordinary Watch or Stop Watch, and will thoroughly please every purchaser. No watch will be interested in sports as much should be well as Regal Gold Stop Watch. It is a watch of almost all events, no matter how important, quite as much as a fifty guinea Chronograph. For economy, excellence and durability of timekeeper, see Regal Gold Stop Watch. It is superior in addition to being a perfect Stop Watch, it is suitable for any business, as it is a perfect timekeeper, and is very accurate. It has the appearance of a very costly timepiece. The price is low and it is a perfect timekeeper. The Regal Gold Stop Watch is guaranteed. We deal with the public direct, hence, in order to place the Watch in the hands of our many individual customers as possible and to secure the valuable advertisement that each order for the Regal Gold Stop Watch entails, we have decided to sell the watch at a price much lower than elsewhere. We do this to protect our regular dealers, who must purchase quantities to retail at a price that will enable them to give the public the benefit of the Regal Gold Stop Watch for a short time only, as the price of 25s. is not to be exceeded. We will be glad to send to secure customers for our other lines, catalogue of which are sent with each Watch. To secure the valuable Regal Gold Stop Watch your order must be sent with the enclosed amount and £1 2s. 6d. not later than 31st June, 1898.

This Catalogue entitles the sender to One Daily Regal Gold Stop Watch, if sent with £1 2s. 6d. not later than 31st June, 1898. It is provided that the Watch will be sent to the person named in the enclosed order, and that you promise to recommend our firm if it gives satisfaction. (Signed) The Union Manufacturing and Agency Co. If you are in Melbourne at any time we will be pleased to have you call and inspect the Watch, or you may ask a friend to do so for you. Delivery of the Watch is guaranteed for money paid. Each Watch securely packed and sent carriage paid by registered post. Cash money by Cheque, P.O.O., Postal Notes or Cash in registered letter. The Union Manufacturing & Agency Co. 359-361 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.



In pursuing a close examination into the methods of work carried out at the War Office, the Secretary for War has discovered, to his great astonishment, that it includes the writing by men sitting in adjoining rooms of long and solemn letters to one another on the most trifling subjects. The questions raised are such as might easily be settled by half a minute's conversation between the officials concerned. Arrangements are afoot for putting an end to this waste of time and energy.

There are various ways in which ministers may become popular with various classes. The Rev. Myron Reed of Denver, says:—'I am popular with the drivers of this city because I am rapid at a funeral. I do not want to freeze them to death.'

Although the brain is perpetually active, the whole of it is never active at one time. The two hemispheres or halves do not operate simultaneously, but alternate in action—now it is the one half, then the other.

The sudden changes of climate encountered by soldiers when troops are moved from one quarter of the world to another are estimated as increasing the annual mortality of Europe by 50,000 men.

Tokio, the capital of Japan, has doubled its population in twenty years. It had 700,000 in 1868 and today it has 1,500,000.

The late Mr Villiers told his nephew, the vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, that he was much struck with a remark of Cobden's in reply to a question as to what the English people believed. 'They believe in God and the devil, but in which they believe most depends on whether trade is good or bad.'

The presents sent to the Pope on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of his first mass are valued at close upon a million sterling. The largest offering in money came from England the Duke of Norfolk having sent, on behalf of himself and other members of the Catholic aristocracy, a cheque for £8,000. The clergy of Austria sent His Holiness 100,000 florins, and a similar amount was awarded to the Vatican from Hungary. Spain and Germany made substantial money gifts, and the present of the Roman Catholics of the United States was a diamond cross, estimated to be worth £10,000. Already 100,000 gifts of small value have reached the Vatican from all parts of the world.

Esquimaux is the only place in the British Empire, according to a recent climatological report, that exceeds London in cloudiness. Esquimaux is also the dampest place in the empire, while Adelaide, in Australia, is the driest. Caylon is the hottest, and North-west Canada the coldest possession that the flag of England floats over.

A biography of the Prince of Wales has just been published. Here is an anecdote:—'On one occasion,' shortly after the end of the war, His Royal Highness, accompanied by general Teesdale, visited the battlefield of Sedan. He was naturally anxious that his identity should not become known. . . . When the time came to pay the hotel bill General Teesdale found with great dismay that he had no ready cash; the Prince was in an equally penniless condition; while an telegram sent would have disclosed the identity of the Royal visitor. At length, after much discussion, the equerry made his way to the local Mont de Piete, and placed both his own and the Prince's repeater in pawn. How or when the repeaters were redeemed deponent saith not.

Although suppressed as much as possible, there can be no doubt (says the 'Chronicle's' correspondent) that a panic exists among the rich corporation of French Jews. The Rothschilds, who have been benefactors to Paris, and who, outside the routine of their colossal banking interests, have never touched public, and above all, political, affairs, live in a state of hourly intimidation. The bank in the Rue La Fayette is guarded by a specially detached group of 'sergent de ville' and detectives. Their private residences in the Rue Saint Florentin and

elsewhere are the objects of similar harassing protection. A special service of policemen has been organised round the house of M. Muthieu Dreyfus.

Major-General Bengough of the British Army, who died recently, became famous in India for a divisional order commending the medical staff to pare the corns and cut the toe nails of the men in order to improve the marching efficiency of the division.

The United Kingdom consumes 600,000 pounds, or about 4,000,000 gallons, of tea every day, which is as much as is used by the rest of Europe, North and South America, Africa and Australia combined.

Some of the adulterations found in beer are cocculus indicus, capsicum, ginger, quassia, wormwood, calamus root, caraway and coriander seeds, coppers, sulphuric acid, cream of tartar, alum, carbonate of potash, ground oyster shells, nux vomica, piertum and strychnine.

Burial in Westminster Abbey is not a question of money, but the interment fees aggregate £100.

In 1000 cases of the morphine habit, collected from all parts of the world, the medical profession constituted 40 per cent. of the number.

In the sixteenth century plums and apples were forbidden to be sold in the streets for the reason that servants and apprentices were tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

Boxing is a favourite sport of the Danish royal family, Prince Valdemar being the best boxer among them. When he challenged the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, however, he met more than his match. King George of Greece is also skilful with the gloves. The present Emperor of Russia, on his travels round the world, used to have a bout with Prince George of Greece every morning on the bridge of the steamer.

In Germany a man who has lost both hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life insurance money, if he be insured, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself.

Not very long since a well-known London merchant left a colossal fortune to certain religious societies. The only exception made in the disposition of his properties was that he gave to his three sons £10,000 each. They had to buy at a valuation the business which had enabled their father to accumulate his great estate, and they found the sum left them insufficient for the purpose. They have thus resolved to contest the will. The case will cause excitement in the religious world, inasmuch as the testator bequeathed the largest sum ever left to denominational purposes.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

STORY COMPETITION PRIZES—XMAS 1898. FIRST PRIZE £2 10 0. SECOND PRIZE £1 10 0. THIRD PRIZE £1 0 0. FORTH PRIZE £1 0 0. FIFTH PRIZE £1 0 0. The stories must not be less than 4,000 or more than 10,000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. It will be seen by Rule 5 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subject is unlimited.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

1. A notice instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed to the editor, and all such envelopes must have the motto and words 'Story Competition' on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MS packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and that the author's own. 2. Every MS. must be prepaid, and if left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed to 'Editor, New Zealand Graphic, Auckland,' and outside the wrapper, above the address, must be clearly inscribed the motto mentioned in Rule 1. 3. Any contributor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage, and such a desire is not expressed, the MS. will become the property of the Graphic. 4. All contributions must reach the office before May 15th, 1898. 5. Choice of subject rests with the writer, but the SCENE MUST BE LAID IN NEW ZEALAND AND BE OF LOCAL INTEREST TO NEW ZEALANDERS. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gunfields, gold mines or country search for treasure, fighting or peace, in fact, anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading. 6. Write clearly on one side of the paper only. 7. Writers who fail to comply with the above simple rules and conditions will be rigorously disqualified.

VEN. ARCHDEACON GOVETT'S JUBILEE.

SPECIAL SERVICES IN NEW PLYMOUTH.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the Ven. Archdeacon Govett's ministry in the Taranaki district was commemorated by special services in St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on 13th March, at which the Primate of New Zealand, Dr. Cowie, took a prominent part. There were present clergymen from all parts of the archdeaconry, as well as many from other places in the colony. At both services the church was filled by large congrega-

all the priests present took part with the Primate. The office of Holy Communion was then resumed, the confession being said by Rev. N. D. Boyes and the Creed by the Primate. At the reception the Primate was the celebrant, and was assisted by Archdeacon Govett, the Rev. Canon Walsh and Rev. F. G. Evans acting as sub-deacons. The service was then brought to a close by the choir singing the Recessional Hymn.

In the evening the procession entered the church at 7 o'clock, when evening prayer was said by the Rev. F. W. Walker and Rev. N. D. Boyes. The first lesson was read by the Rev. F. G. Evans, and the second by Rev. Canon Walsh. His Lordship the Primate then preached a thoughtful and ear-

voured to make the people love one another and not be alienated. It was fifty years since the Archdeacon first came to New Plymouth—fifty years since he had walked through the bush from Auckland to New Plymouth, accompanied only by a Maori guide, and since that time many important changes had taken place. But through all the trials and troubles he had gone through the Archdeacon had been guided by one principle—that of helping the members of the Church, and they would all join in the fervent hope that he would long be spared to remain amongst them.

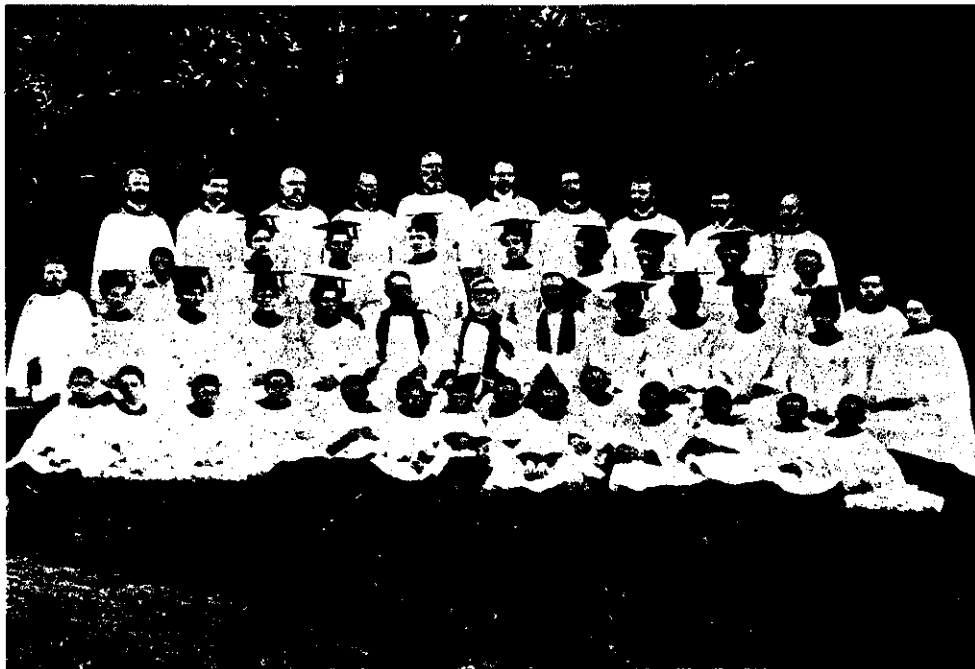
The music rendered at the services was most excellent. Mr Cooper was organist, and he was supported by a full and efficient choir. In the evening

deacon's Jubilee took place. The Rev. Canon Walsh, having painted a hatchment commemorating the deeds of the officers and men of the 65th Regiment who fell in the Maori war, presented it to the Church, Archdeacon Govett having been chaplain to the regiment during its long term of service in the district. It is a very handsome piece of work, and has been hung on the south wall of the church. The hatchment is two feet square, on which is emblazoned on a black ground the Queen's and regimental colours, surmounted by the badge of the regiment—a tiger, passant regardant, and the Royal Crown, and under the flags on a scroll are the words 'Royal Bengal Tigers.' The whole is surrounded by a rich gold border, on which are the honours of the regiment, viz., India, Arabia, Taranaki, and Waikato. The work, which is painted in oils on a kauri panel, is of a thoroughly durable nature, and will serve for many years to ornament the fine old church. This is the second hatchment of the kind now in the building, and we understand that the reverend gentleman intends to add others from time to time, so that the noble deeds of those who fought so bravely for their country may be recorded. After the blessing, the Primate, accompanied by Rev. Canon Walsh, approached the steps of the chancel, where Bishop Cowie briefly but in very happy terms referred to the noble services the men of the 65th Regiment had rendered in defence of the district. His Lordship then called on Mr Nicholas Golding, late Sergeant in the 65th, to unveil the hatchment. He was supported by Messrs Murphy and Copestake, also non-commissioned officers in the same regiment. Mr Golding having withdrawn the veil, the ceremony came to a conclusion.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS TO ARCHDEACON GOVETT.

At a social held at the Theatre Royal on Monday, March 14, there was a large and most representative gathering. It was presided over by the Most Reverend the Primate (Dr. Cowie), Bishop of Auckland, and His Worship the Mayor (Mr E. Dockrill). Also on the stage were Canon Walsh, Revs. F. G. Evans, F. W. Walker, N. D. Boyes (Stratford), Anson (Hawera), Robinson (Inglewood), Garland and H. L. Blamires (Wesleyan), Drew (Baptist), Osborne (Presbyterian), and Messrs H. Brown, M.H.R., C. W. Govett, F. A. Carrington, A. Standish, W. H. Skinner, N. Golding, P. C. Morton, F. L. Webster, W. D. Webster, S. W. Shaw, A. F. Halcombe, Mesdames Cowie, C. W. Govett, Broham, Standish, Robinson, Skinner, Walker, Dockrill, F. L. Webster, W. D. Webster, Cornwall, Tuke, Miss Govett, and the Misses Margaret, Marion, Dorothy, and Monica Govett, and others.

After the proceedings had been opened by some instrumental and vocal selections, the Primate said he



ARCHDEACON GOVETT AND THE CLERGY AND CHOIR OF ST. MARY'S, NEW PLYMOUTH.

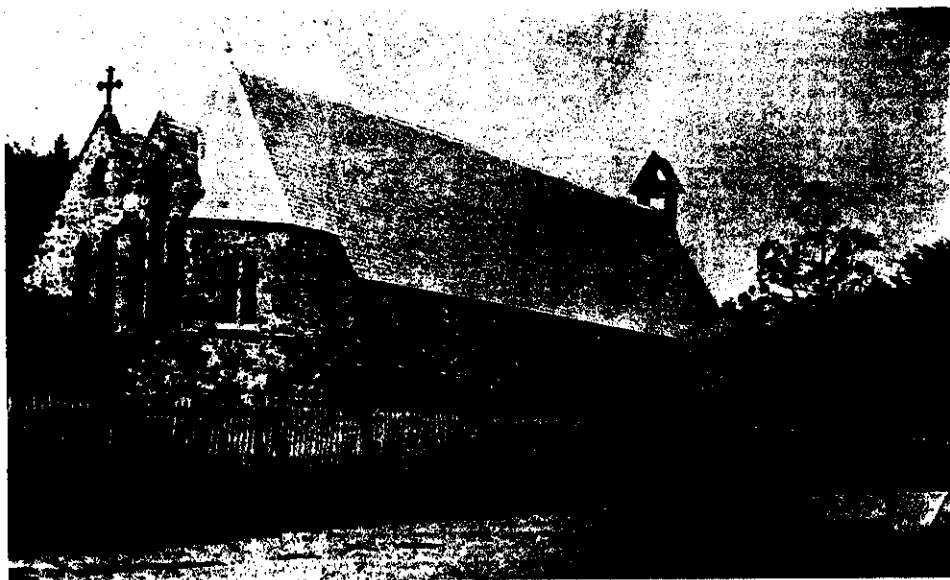
tions, demonstrating most emphatically how the Archdeacon is beloved, not only by his own people, but by the settlers in the district as a whole. At the morning service the Rev. C. W. Robinson, who is taking charge of the Inglewood parish, was ordained, this being the first ordination service in the church. The ceremony commenced at 10 o'clock with prayer, and at 11 o'clock a procession was formed in the schoolroom opposite the church in the following order, headed by Mr E. Dent, student at Inglewood:—The choir, lay readers, clergy of the district consisting of the Archdeacon's curates, the Rev. F. G. Evans and Rev. F. W. Walker, Rev. H. Mason (Okato), Rev. C. W. Robinson (Inglewood), the visiting clergy—Rev. N. D. Boyes (Stratford), Rev. M. J. Devenish (Huntonville), and Rev. Canon Walsh (Waitemate North), the Ven. Archdeacon Govett, and the Most Reverend Primate of New Zealand, Dr. Cowie, of Auckland. On entering the church, the Rev. Canon Walsh, who acted as chaplain to the Primate and Master of the Ceremonies, took charge of the proceedings, and as the clerical party marched up the nave the choir sang the Processional Hymn. The Primate having said the 'Bidding Prayer,' then preached a most impressive sermon, taking for his text the fifth verse of the first chapter of Titus. His Lordship drew attention to the fact that this was the first ordination in New Plymouth, and after making some remarks on the three orders in the ministry and the necessary qualifications of a candidate, enlarged on the duties of clergymen, and concluded by giving some earnest advice to young clergymen. After the Litany had been said by Rev. M. J. Devenish, and Hymn 353 sung, the candidate for the ministry was presented by the Ven. Archdeacon to the Primate, who put questions from the 'Ordinate' to him, and the Holy Communion commenced. The 'laying on of hands' followed, in which

ness sermon, taking for his text Ephesians iv., 4, 5, and 6. He dwelt on the doctrine of the church and the universal nature of its religion. In conclusion he paid a noble tribute to the work done by Archdeacon Govett, saying he had practically exemplified the principle of brotherly love. During the time the Archdeacon had been amongst them he had always endea-

Mr Edgar Walton sang 'Hosanna' and also the solo part in 'Gloria in Excelsis.' Miss Bertha Bayly took the solo part in 'I am Alpha and Omega.'

MEMORIAL HATCHMENT UNVEILED.

After the blessing, which concluded the evening service, an interesting event in connection with the Arch-

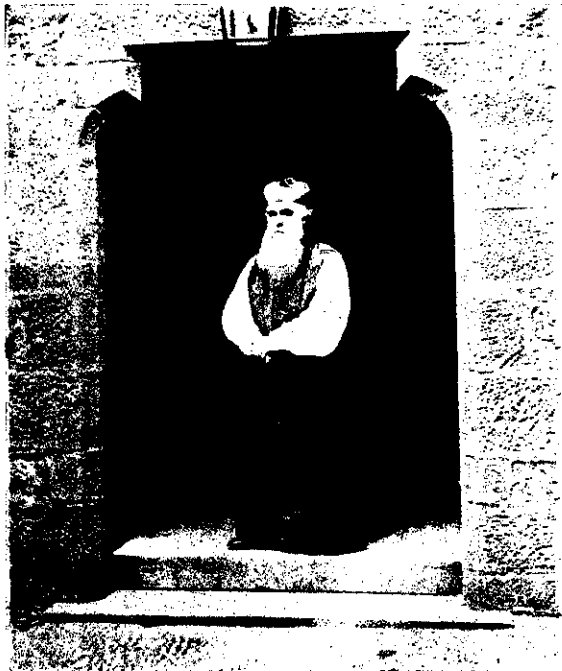


Photos. by W. A. Collis.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.



BISHOP COWIE, ARCHDEACON GOVETT, AND REV. CANON WALSH IN ROBES OF OFFICE, IN FRONT OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



THE MOST REVEREND PRIMATE, BISHOP COWIE OF AUCKLAND.

Photos. by W. A. Collis.



THE PRIMATE, ARCHDEACON GOVETT, AND CLERGY ON THE LAWN AT THE VICARAGE.

considered himself fortunate at being able to accept the invitation to meet the members of St. Mary's Church and the general public that night to congratulate his friend and brother, Archdeacon Govett, who had just completed his fifty years' ministrations in the district. He expressed his great pleasure at seeing so many persons present to show their respect to the Archdeacon. After His Worship the Mayor had said a few words, Mr F. L. Webster presented an address from the parishioners of St. Mary's Parish to the Archdeacon, in which reference was made to the services he had rendered to the settlers of the district during the fifty years he had spiritually ministered to their wants. 'Your Jubilee is a suitable occasion,' says the address, 'to remind you that our beautiful church is entirely free from debt, and for all time will be a lasting tribute to the foresight of the late Rev. W. Bolland and your own unbounded benevolence and liberality.' The address also stated that 'as anything which would tend to still further beautify St. Mary's would be valued by the Archdeacon more than a personal gift, the parishioners had decided to place in the church a reredos in stone, as a memorial of his labours during the past fifty years.' On the Archdeacon rising to reply, the rev. gentleman was greeted with a most enthusiastic reception from the miscellaneous audience present. He made a very feeling speech, referring to the events in the district during the past fifty years. He said: 'You have been

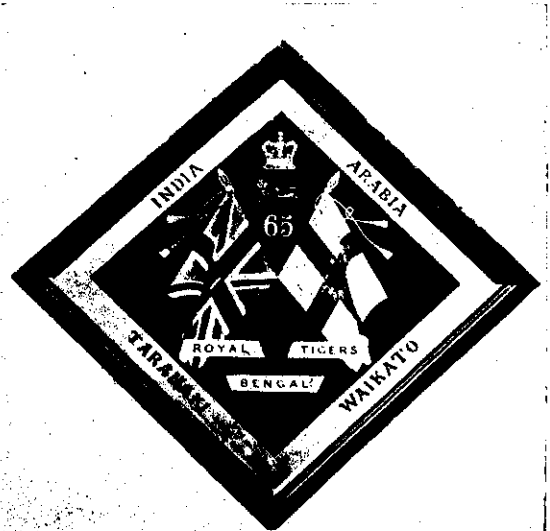
if ministers of the Gospel, following the example of the Archdeacon, would climb down to the level of ordinary mortals and participate in such innocent recreations, it would tend greatly to elevate them all.' After the Archdeacon had replied, the audience burst out almost spontaneously with 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' which served to raise the spirits of the audience and put one and all in good fellowship with each other.

A programme of musical items followed, and the social was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

Mr W. H. Skinner, who had the control of the proceedings, carried out his duties in a most capable manner, the celebration of Archdeacon Govett's Jubilee being a great success.

We are indebted to Mr John Cook, of the Survey Office, New Plymouth, for the photographs of Bishop Cowie in the porch of St. Mary's Church, the clerical party on the lawn of the Vicarage and in their robes, also for the picture of the 65th Regiment Hatchment, painted by Rev. Canon Walsh, which has been placed in the church. We have also to thank Canon Walsh for the assistance rendered to our New Plymouth correspondent in obtaining the particulars relative to the services in the church in connection with the Archdeacon's Jubilee.

'What's that book you're reading, papa?' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' my pet.' 'What did he die of, papa?' 'An eruption, dear.'



MEMORIAL HATCHMENT IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NEW PLYMOUTH.

very patient with me in the work I have endeavoured to do in the cause of Christ, and you have shown your great appreciation.' He referred to the beautiful stone church they possessed, 'which now everybody acknowledged to be one of the best in New Zealand. So he and his congregation might be pardoned for being so proud of it.' He thanked the parishioners for placing a lectern in the church to the memory of his wife, an action he said he greatly appreciated. The Archdeacon concluded by warmly thanking them for the reception he had received that night, which he felt a fitting climax to the many acts of kindness he had received. Cheers were called for and responded to most heartily, during which a movement in the hall showed that an unexpected item in the programme was about to be introduced, but which proves how thoroughly the Archdeacon is respected by the whole community. A number of gentlemen walked on the stage. Mr James Paul, who headed the party and acted as spokesman, said they were members of the Bowling Club, and as the Archdeacon had always taken a lively interest in the Club since its inception, they wished to present him with a life member's ticket, and at the same time cordially congratulate him on the attainment of his Jubilee. He added: 'The players had derived much benefit from the presence of the Archdeacon amongst them, and he thought

Says Henry Hess in the African Critic:—'I hear that Mr Kipling has lately been deluged with invitations from assiduous lion hunters. Lady Jeanne tried to get him for one of her receptions, and failed. Mrs George Curzon held out the chance of meeting Mr Balfour as an inducement, but Mr Kipling was coy. Even the Duchesse of Devonshire received a polite refusal. The clubs, too, tried for him. Of course, a log-rolling fraternity like the Omar Khayyam clique knew better than to apply; but even the presence of 'Bobs' failed to secure the attendance of Mr Kipling at a recent Savage Club dinner.'

Finest Pearls in Europe.—The Duchess of Cumberland possesses the finest pearls in Europe. They were part of the crown Jewels of Hanover, and in 1857 they were valued at £100,000. These pearls were claimed in 1837 both by Queen Victoria and by her uncle, King Ernest of Hanover, and it was not until 1857 that Lord Wensleydale, Lord Hathorley and Sir Lawrence Peel unanimously decided that they belonged to Hanover. They were then given up, along with a splendid casket brought to England from Hanover by George II., and the rest belonged to Queen Charlotte, who left them by will to her son Ernest.

QUIDA ON TROUSERS.

Quida hates trousers. She says so in the 'Cosmopolitan.' She knows all about them. To her the trouser now seems the 'culminating point in male attire of ugliness, indecency, unsuitability, and anti-hygienic stupidity.'

'To be the least protection against cold its lower regions must be swathed in the gaiter, its upper covered by the ulster.'

'It is a garment which conceals all symmetry of proportion, yet most impudently suggests nudity.'

'It is certainly a shapeless thing which may be pulled on in a minute or two, but there its sole merit ends.'

Now this is an impeachment of superlative importance. The thing impeached is the civilised man's most priceless possession; it is his one essential; it is also his one lordly symbol. The impeacher is one whose right to denude cannot be questioned.

Ugly, indecent, unsuitable, unhygienic, cold, unsymmetric, impudent, with the sole merit of being 'drawn on in a minute or two'—that is the emblem of dishonour by which alone the gender is now known.

Quida wants a more 'floating' costume for men. She instances the umbrella skirt of the manly Cretan soldier. She is convinced that what men need for grace, decency and warmth, is the ballet dress. It may take more than a 'minute or two' to adjust it, but it will show the fine symmetry of the godlike leg without being impudent, and though perchance sometimes chilly it will be hygienic.

Seriously, what limitless artistic rubbish is uttered about trousers.

Art ought to thank the gods for what the trouser hides. If art has preserved for us visions of male shapelessness, it has been as reticent about the bulging, misshapen towers of flesh and the painful attenuations

which in the sans culotte days were fully as much in evidence.

The trouser no. only hides vast ugliness, it verily idealises the leg of man. If it gratefully obscures leg individually, that is not the pull down of democracy, but the hoist toward respectableness.

Quida, you are a long way off. Long hose was abandoned because it exposed so much ugliness, and was a dirty and altogether troublesome thing. The well-made trouser of to-day, on the other hand, is a poem. It is the culmination of comfort, and future art will recognise its reasonableness.



STANLEY ROWLEY, OF SYDNEY.
Champion Sprinter of Australasia.



A. J. PATRICK, OF WELLINGTON.
250 Yds. Champion of N.Z.



Jones, Photo.

DUNEDIN MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

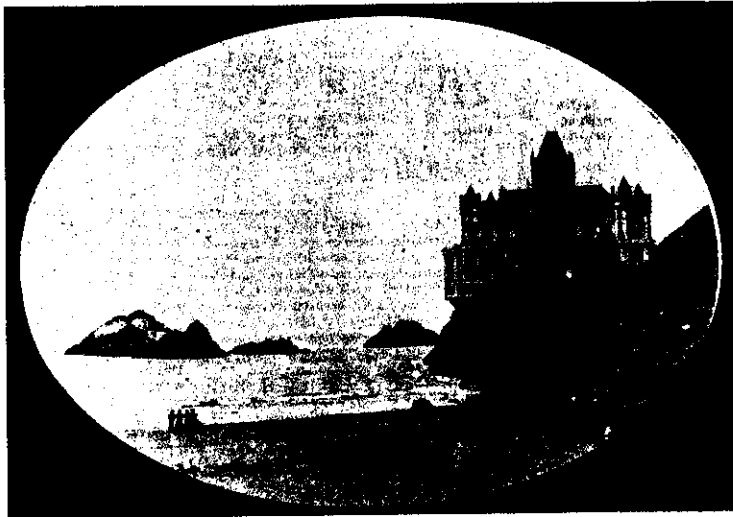
BACK ROW — H. STOKES, Bandurria; B. GALLOWAY, Mandola; W. HOFF, Mandoline; D. M. ROSS, Mandoline; W. COLVIN, Bandurria; A. PRIOR, Mandoline; A. ROUGH, Mandoline.
MIDDLE ROW.—R. HOPKINS, Lute; MISS E. BRIGG, Guitar; L. D. COX (Conductor), Bandurria; MISS A. PRIOR, Mandoline; S. HARRIS, Mandola.
FRONT ROW.—MRS R. HOPKINS, Mandoline; MISS M. FRANKER, Guitar; MISS O. BURDOCH, Guitar; MISS C. BLAND, Guitar. [SEE "MUSIC" COLUMN.]

SOME SAN FRANCISCO RESORTS.

SOME seven miles out of San Francisco, and close by the Golden Gate, are the group of rocks known as the Seal Rocks. Here a large colony of seals have made their home, and from the shore, distant about a hundred yards, their every movement can be clearly seen while they bask in the sun and occasionally leave the rocks for a frolic in the water. They make a peculiar noise like the bark of a dog, which may be heard above the roar of the surf. Close by is the Cliff House, a handsome building erected over the edge of the cliff. It is run as an hotel, and enormous crowds frequent it on Sunday and holidays. In the illustration the Seal Rocks are seen on the left, and it was round these that Ernest Cavill, the Australian champion swimmer, swam not long before he was asphyxiated in the Stockton Baths near San Francisco. The Sutro Baths, next the Cliff House, are probably the finest baths in America. They are of enormous size, which can be judged from the fact that there is seating accommodation for 15,000 people. The water is pumped up from the sea, warmed, and the part devoted to swimming is divided for the convenience of swimmers of every grade. In addition to the swimming accommodation, sundry other shows are run, such as concerts, museum, restaurant, etc., etc.



THE SEAL ROCKS.



THE CLIFF HOUSE.

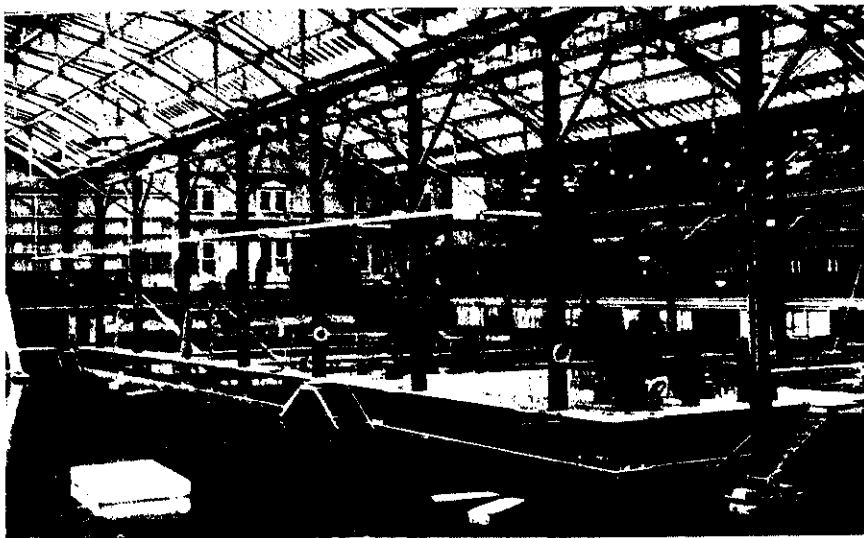
Photos. (protected) by Walter Burke.

The streets in the business part of San Francisco do not strike the visitor favourably. They are laid in cobblestones of antiquated style, rough to a degree, and were likened by the Premier in an interview to a New Zealand riverbed. Here and there where there has been a break they frequently replace the square blocks with round ones fresh from a gravel pit, and it is little wonder that the cars are well patronised, while bicycling in the streets is not a popular pastime. Our illustration shows a section of Market-street, the principal street of the city.

A peculiar custom—that is, peculiar to the New Zealand visitor, where the street footpaths are kept clear for foot traffic—is the way the sidewalks of San Francisco are kept blocked from early morn to dewy eve with merchandise of every description. Each shopowner appears to also own the piece of sidewalk immediately in front of the shop, and this portion he stacks up with a miscellaneous lot of goods till a foot passenger is left barely room to walk. How this sort of thing is permitted in a go-ahead city is a conundrum.

DECAY OF THE LIVERY SERVANT.

The history of the livery servant would form (writes Sir Walter Besant) an instructive—I cannot say a pleasing—part of social history. He was a gentleman attached to the service of a great lord down to the civil wars of the seventeenth century. After that he became a flunkey. During the whole of the last century he was an insolent, lazy, over-fed brute. Noblemen had to keep a retinue of lackeys; they crowded his hall, the held out their hands for vails; they insulted the guests; the hung on to the coach half a dozen at a time; they ran before the coach in white; they had their own gallery at the theatre, where they got in for nothing and made a horrid noise. Some of the evils were abated; the system of vails was abolished; their gallery was taken from them; they were reduced in numbers; the process of reduction is still going on; our grandchildren, I believe, will wonder what was meant by the footman in plush and white silk stockings. Now the original meaning of the livery servant was protection; they guarded the coach against highwaymen, the house against robbers; if one of the ladies went out shopping the footman in livery marched behind her carrying a long stick; he protected her against footpads and pickpockets and gentlemen adventurers. I believed that he walked after her to church. He is gradually undergoing painless extinction. Think of the part played by footmen in Thackeray. Think of the immortal footman in Pickwick's Bath. I write these words in Bath. I have been walking about the streets, and I assure you that Mr John Smauker no longer exists.



THE SUTRO BATHS.

MEN AND WOMEN.

It is possible that the Queen may return to England, after her visit abroad, through Germany, in which case Her Majesty is to pay a visit to the German Emperor and Empress at Potsdam, and she will be present at the wedding of her eldest grand-grandchild, Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen (granddaughter of the Empress Frederick) and Prince Henry XXX. of Reuss.

Miss Marie Corelli is very methodical in her work, and is usually in her study by nine o'clock, where she breakfasts alone, in order that nothing may disturb her thoughts. She usually writes until two o'clock, when she considers her literary work for the day over, and devotes the remainder of the time to driving, reading, and to music, which still remains her chief recreation. She plays the piano and mandoline. It is her habit to write a rough draft of her stories in pencil, afterwards enlarging as she copies out in a legible hand, which must be a delight to compositors. Secretaries deal with her correspondence, but everything relating to the actual writing of her books passes through her own hands. Her household is simply ordered, and she is relieved of all housekeeping care by her friend and companion, Miss Vyver, while her step-brother, Mr Eric Mackay, author of 'The Love Letters of a Violinist,' makes his home with her.

The latest Paris fad has been set going by the shoemakers. In the fashionable boot shops on the boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix are to be seen boots with illustrations on the soles. Figures and landscapes are painted on them by hand.

The French have produced the most remarkable kleptomaniac on record. This is an old woman named Bile, whose passion for smoking has impelled her to pilfer pipes from Parisian shops with such industry that no fewer than 2,600 were found in her lodgings. All were meerschaums and thirty-nine were well coloured.

All great celebrities have large noses, inclined to the Roman type, and large ears. A short, weak jaw marks the man lacking in will, while a broad and heavy jaw shows firmness, and even stubbornness.

New York rejoices in a Rainy Day Club. It is composed of ladies, and exists for the purpose of advocating

what is called a rainy day skirt in wet weather. From the report of the annual meeting of the club, which appears in the 'New York Tribune,' we gather that the influence of the club is spreading, other organisations having been formed in various parts of the Union. The test of membership is that members pledge themselves to wear short skirts, about four inches from the ground, on rainy days; and some of the more enthusiastic members favour the imposition of a fine upon those who fail to comply with this regulation.

It will benews to most people to learn that there exists in Russia a district which is wholly administered, and for the greater part of the year exclusively inhabited, by the fair sex. It comprises some fifteen square miles in the province of Smolensk. In the early spring all the able bodied males emigrate in search of work to the large towns, and remain absent for nine months or more, leaving their wives and daughters to cultivate the fields, and manage local affairs generally under the presidency of a Mayor. Before nightfall the ladies assemble in a sort of club house, and play cards till one or two in the morning. Moreover, against the return of the men folk, they brew quantities of 'braga,' or small beer, and cook numbers of 'piroghis,' or patties. This Adamless Eden is one of the most prosperous and best conducted portions of the empire, and the Czarina takes a strong interest in its welfare.

Dark hair and complexion, in races as well as in individuals, signify strength. Dark-skinned races are always behind the lighter hue peoples in fine civilisation, because the physical predominates among them to the exclusion of the mental. Coarse red hair indicates marvellous physical endurance.

Wide, round heads and faces indicate selfishness, joviality and animal propensities; narrow and long heads show sobriety and strong character. A deep thinker carries the head bent forward; a woman capable of deep affection carries her head thrown well back.

It is said to have been the Princess of Wales who suggested to Her Majesty and to the Prime Minister that the honour of knighthood should be conferred upon Mr Lipton. The Princess (says a London correspondent) was full of gratitude to the anonymous donor of £25,000 to her

jubilee fund, and when, after much difficulty she discovered the identity of the donor, she sent for Mr Lipton and thanked him personally. Last month Her Royal Highness again received Mr Lipton at Marlborough House, granted him an audience of twenty minutes, presented him with a scarfpin with the figures 1837-1897 set in brilliants, and announced that she had suggested Mr Lipton's name for knighthood.

Leonard Huxley's paper on his distinguished father in the current Century is full of delightful glimpses of a tender-hearted and gentle man. The professor's love for children was one of his most winning traits, and as a grandfather he was perfect. He would make endless fun with his little people, even pretending to misbehave at the table and being banished temporarily to the corner. 'Little Miss Madge, a quaint, observant mite of 34, on her first visit was much astonished at a grave and reverend seignior thus conducting himself, and at last broke out with, "Well, you are the curious 't old man I ever seen!" This tickled his fancy amazingly, and he delighted in telling the story.'

As for pets, the professor showed in his care for them the same gentle nature. His son says of him:

This story is told of Mohammed that once, rather than disturb his cat, he cut off the sleeves of his robe, on which it had gone to sleep. Not less kindly has my father been found in the study reading in an uncomfortable seat, while the cat was lazily curled up in the arm chair. He laughingly defended himself by saying he could not turn the poor beast out. At dinner time he might often be seen with a big cat either on the arm of his chair or crouched on his shoulder, demanding proper attention, and, if it thought itself neglected, putting out an eager paw at the morsels on their way to its master's mouth.

Undoubtedly Mme. Du Bos d'Elbehecq is the oldest living woman who supports herself by her pen. She is 99 years old and has outlived her husband, son, grandchildren and friends, and is now living in a convent at Angiers, France. Mme. Du Bos d'Elbehecq is a prolific authoress. A list of her books would fill a column of a large newspaper. Some of these were highly successful, and 'Le Pere Fargeau' still sells. Her handwriting remains firm and legible; and the works which she now produces are read chiefly by the peasants and country folks. She began to work for the printers at the age of 20—that is, seventy-nine years ago—and her life ever since has been a regular one. She has never been very poor and never very well off. She was elected a member of the Societe des Gens de Lettres fifty-three years ago.

THE AMERICAN BACHELOR GIRL'S CODE OF ETIQUETTE.

A young woman and a young man entered a street car together the other afternoon in New York, and were talking sociably when the conductor came for fares. In a flash the young woman handed him a coin.

"Two," she said.

The conductor seemed amused as he fished for change. The young man looked very eloquent.

"I'll get even with you yet," he was heard to say.

"Get even all you want," said the girl, snapping her purse together; "it's the doing more than that, that's against the creed. If you rode home from business with a man friend you wouldn't always pay his fare any more than he would pay yours. You'd share and share between you, and no fuss would be made about it. A girl in business should insist on being treated purely as an individual and not as a woman."

"The girl was right," said a woman bachelor in speaking of the incident. "These very little courtesies and deferences that men habitually pay to woman are a clog to her business advancement. Even the lifting of a man's hat to his typewriter, and his standing aside to let her pass, are stumbling blocks in her business career."

Explain it? Why, this way. There are girls working now for \$12 a week where if they were men of the same capacity and intelligence, they would command \$18. As long as women in business go on letting men treat them as though they were on a different plane, observing usages and customs

that obtain in social life, they will be set apart in the matter of standing and wages also. When the business woman stops expecting, and accepting, courtesies which had their source in an entirely different order of things, when there were no women wage-earners to consider at all, men will consent to acknowledge her worth on its own merits, and pay her the same for her services as a man is paid.

When a man clerk has a sweetheart he is so much out, so far as expense is considered, but when a woman clerk has a sweetheart, he is a source of income to her, from a money point of view. He gets her theatre tickets, pays her car fare, supplies her with flowers, jewellery, candy, perfumery, gloves, what not. Business men and business women can't stand on an evenly adjusted plane as long as that sort of thing holds. That is the outcome of etiquette observance established when there were no women wage-earners. It is precisely because more is expected of a man, because there are more demands on his purse, that the business firms pay him more and pay their women workers less. When the new era dawns and no more is expected of a man, in a monetary way than of a woman, then either the man's wages will be lowered to the woman's standard, or her salary will be raised to his. Both will fare alike.

Business women are outside the pale of ordinary social observance. They are an anomaly. The dictums and regulations that hold good for women of leisure were made to fit an entirely different order of living. For instance, in the matter of acquaintance. In social life a girl's men acquaintances are only those men whom her father, brother, or other relatives elect to introduce to her. The girl in business is in a different atmosphere. Her business absorbs her time and cuts her off from chances for making purely social acquaintances. She meets men in a business way, but she has to judge for herself as to their fitness or unfitness for her friendship. If she accepts attentions from these informal acquaintances she runs counter to the code which would discountenance such a departure, and the simplest way out of the dilemma is for her to receive these attentions just as a comrade, insisting upon reciprocating them, and so avoid embarrassment.

'You mean that if a man asks a business woman to take luncheon with him, or to go to a play, the courtesy should be returned if she accepts?' this advocate of a new code was asked.

'Certainly, if she met him in a business way, and she likes him well enough on further acquaintance. Of course, the woman who had some social experience, before she launched out in business, and was brought up with the old stereotyped notions, will never be able to rid herself of her prejudices, but there's no reason why girls who step directly from the school room into business should be hampered with a lot of regulations that never in any case apply to them, or to anything in their world. The young business woman should have acquaintances even if made informally. It is not natural that she should have no genial influences in her life at all, and her business occupies nearly all her days. If, therefore, she accepts attentions from acquaintances made in a business way, just as if she were a man, then she must return them, just as a man does.'

'At present, with the average man getting higher wages than the average woman, the man must take the initiative because he has more income. The code of social relation, as it exists now, is responsible for this state of things, but the bicycle, and the twentieth century girl's common sense together is an entering wedge for a new code in the every-day work-a-day world, and even so small a matter as car fare shows which way the wind blows.'

An old chronicler, writes a contributor to Harper's Magazine, preserves a bill of fare for a council dinner in the year 1592. For the first course there were capons, steamed beef and old hens, black game prepared with vinegar; second course, steamed carp, served with spiced sauce, sauerkraut with mutton and pastry; third course, roast veal, birds, fried fish, cheese, fruit, nuts, chestnuts and wafers. The wine and game were furnished by the court; the host received fifteen farthings from each person.

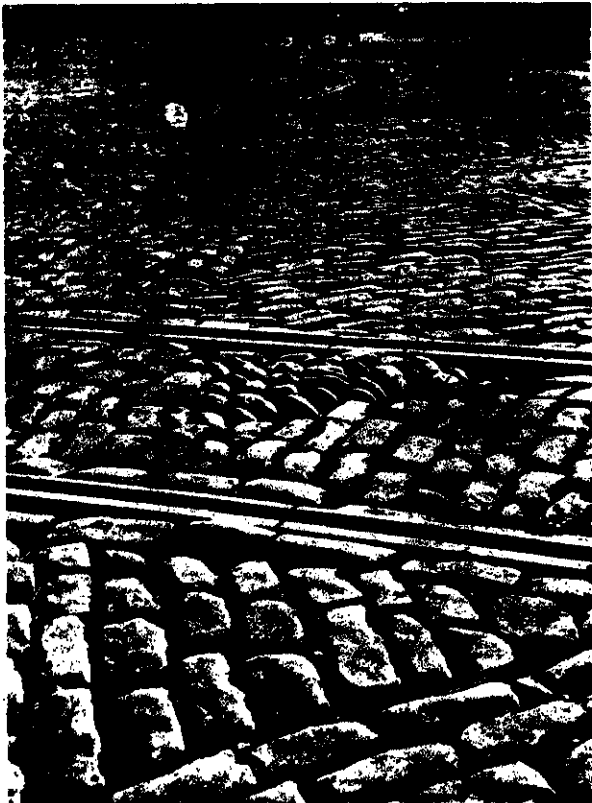


Photo. (protected) by Walter Burke.

A STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE COBBLE CAUSEWAY.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

THE returns from the mines this Week, although not large, are noteworthy, because the gold is entirely from the Coromandel district, and also because the bulk of it was obtained by tributers. The recent discoveries in the Kapanga mine continue to yield rich returns to the lucky tributers, and it is now stated that the company will not let any more tributers, but prospect the upper levels on its own account. The value of the find on the Karaka block has been further demonstrated by the fact that five tons of ore yielded £102 worth of bullion. Good accounts continue to be received regarding the prospects of the Harbour View, Pukewhau, Golden Lead and Hauraki Associated mines at Coromandel. On the Exchange this week, however, shares in Coromandel mines have received but little attention. Thames mines have shown little worthy of special note this week beyond the fact that a trial run took place of the new battery of the Puru Consolidated Company, and shares advanced about sixpence in value. The Tararu Creek Company had the misfortune to have its battery destroyed by fire, but the loss will not be so severe, because part of it is covered by insurance, added to which it was intended to erect a new battery. A little more attention was paid this week to shares in Ohinemuri companies. Waihi (new issue) changed hands at 24 10s, and more could have been placed at a slight concession on that price. Waihi Silvertown shares had frequent sales, prices ranging from 4s 9d to 4s 6d. An advance took place in Waihi Grand Junction shares, buyers offering as high as 17s 6d without transactions resulting. Talismans were sold at 9s 6d, and Woodstocks had steady demand at 20s 6d; while 44s was offered for Waitekauri shares. In cheaper lines there have been steady buyers of Imperials, Waihi Consols, Souths and Extendeds; also in Teutonics and Rising Suns. The present feeling on the Exchange points to an improved movement next month.

KAPANGA TRIBUTERS.

Messrs Horne and Johnson, who hold a tribute in this Coromandel mine, have had their specimens crushed for a splendid yield of 330oz of gold, which should be worth about £975. The general dirt, which is very rich, has still to be treated. This is estimated to be worth another £500. Yesterday these tributers secured another 75lb of specimens. There is a distance of 400ft between this tribute block and the one from which Messrs Andrews and Gunn obtained such rich hauls during the past four months. There is therefore ample room for the Company to work and secure a share of the riches left in the upper workings of the mine.

KARAKA BLOCK.

Five tons of quartz from the reef discovered on the Karaka Block, Coromandel, have been crushed at the Success Company's battery for a return of bullion valued at £93. The tailings have yet to be treated. Another parcel of ore from a different part of the mine is to be sent to the battery shortly.

N.Z. TALISMAN.

Recent rains having replenished the Waitawheta River, the above Company's battery is now working full power and the Krupp mill is also engaged crushing the ore. It is intended to experiment with the wet process to see if it can be advantageously applied to ore won from the Talisman mine.

WAITEKAURI UNITED.

Owing to the development works in this property not having resulted in the discovery of payable reefs work in the mine is to be temporarily suspended until the mine manager's report has been considered by the London directors. Reefs have been discovered in the various drives, but the assays proved them to average a low grade, ranging from 15s to 20s per ton. It is expected that the directors will decide to inaugurate development works in order to ascertain if the reefs are payable in other portions of the property.

WAITEKAURI COMPANY.

At the kiln level the drive is now

in 700 feet from the crosscut, and the stopes are providing a large supply of payable ore for the battery. The improvement in the character of the lode being still in evidence. At No. 2 level of No. 1 shaft the drive north on the course of the reef is in 150 feet, and two rises are now in progress up to the kiln level. In this level the reef where the last crosscut was put in proved to be 22 feet wide, and of this over eight feet was ore of high grade quality.

WAIOHAHI.

The tributers lead which yielded so well in the upper level of the Waiotahi mine has been cut by the Company in a level below No. 1, and the stone broken out shows gold.

GOLDEN LEAD.

In the main level Scotty's reef is fully 2ft thick, and in breaking down the same colours and dabs of gold were showing in the stone.

YOUNG NEW ZEALAND.

A start has been made to continue driving at the main level in this mine, as good ventilation has been secured since the rise holed through.

TE PUKE GOLD REEFS.

Mr R. R. Hunt, accompanied by Mr J. G. Green, mining engineer, Mr James Coutos, inspector of mines, and Mr McKay, Government geologist, visited this mine during the week. The visitors were simply delighted with the mine, the size of the No. 1 reef, and its similarity to the Waihi mine lodes impressed them very much. They were quite satisfied of the excellent prospects of the mine, considering the No. 1 lode only, and the other reefs, though of value, they thought were quite overshadowed by the big reef. There is a large quantity of quartz ready for crushing, and 550 feet of backs available. All the visitors were impressed with the splendid site the company have for a township, and the quality of the land, which will be cut up into suburban lots for occupation by miners.

PURU CONSOLIDATED.

It is expected the new battery will be working within three weeks, as he aerial tram and water race are completed, so there will not be any delay. There are fully 1500 tons of ore in the hoppers, and the directors of the company are making arrangements to enable the battery to be kept going continually. It is anticipated that the battery with the stone breaker will be equal to crushing 800 tons of ore per month.

KATHLEEN-CROWN.

A small parcel of ore from this mine has been treated for a return of 5oz 7dwt of gold, valued at £15.

TARARU CREEK.

This Company's battery, and the residence of Mr Torrens, were burned to the ground on Thursday night. The origin of the fire is a mystery. Mr J. McLean, the mine manager, was awakened, and he discovered that the battery was in flames. The fire spread rapidly, and sparks landing on the roof of a house occupied by Mr Torrens, ignited the shingles and the house was burned to the ground. Mr McLean estimates the damage roughly at about £4,000 or £5,000. Mr Torrens furniture is insured for £150 in the Victoria Assurance Company. The house was owned by Mr Thorburn of Waitekauri. The battery and buildings were insured in the Northern Assurance Company for £2,000. £500 was re-insured with the South British, and £500 with the Standard Companies.

KARAKA BLOCK.

The manager telegraphed on Saturday:—"Cut a reef in the new level which gives rich prospects." This refers to work undertaken at a considerable distance from the original find. With regard to the recent trial crushing of five tons of ore from the reef first discovered it has transpired that the yield was 36oz 4dwt of melted gold, which realised £102 14s 3d, instead of £93 as originally estimated. The tailings from this ore when assayed returned at the rate of from £2 18s 6d to £6 9s 8d per ton, and the slimes from these tailings under further assays returned at the rate of £3 3s 3d.

Clara (after a tiff): 'I presume you would like your ring back!' He: 'No, keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring unless she wore it as a bracelet!'

WEEK'S GOLD OUTPUT.

Companies	Tons	Picked Stone	£ s. d.
Kapanga Tributers	970 0 0
Kapanga do	27 0 0
Napier do	200 0 0
Karaka Block	102 14 3
Kathleen Crown	15 0 0
Boat Harbour	30 0 0
Jersey	51 15 0
Total	£1,216 9 3

NOTES.

Napier.—Tributers in this Coromandel mine crushed 2½ tons of ore for a yield of bullion valued at about £22.

Sheridan.—Mr Richard Tierney has been appointed manager of the Sheridan mine at Tapu.

Pukewhau.—A distance of 31ft has been driven on the reef, which has carried gold all through. A few pieces of stone were got showing gold this week. A three inch leader was cut which gave good prospects by pounding.

Harbour View.—Since last report 16½ of picked stone have been secured, and also good general crushing dirt.

Hauraki Associated Mines.—Footwall lead No. 2 level: The ore now coming to hand from the No. 1 block is of very fair value. The Rainbow End lead intermediate level has greatly improved in value, and ore much better quality is now coming to hand.

New Golconda.—There is an improvement in the leader in the winze as a piece of stone was got (some ten feet down) with a strong dab of gold in it, which goes to show that the gold goes down. The leader in the low level is looking very well.

Kapanga.—The appointment of Captain Hodge as manager of the Kapanga mine is confirmed.

Boat Harbour.—McNeil, a prospector at Boat Harbour, Cabbage Bay, obtained a return of 9½oz retorted gold.

Jersey.—A return of 18oz 18dwt retorted gold was obtained this week from ore treated by this Company.

Great Barrier.—At the meeting of shareholders called for at Mr G. Elliot's office the statement of accounts submitted showed total receipts £536 8s 4d, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £6 13s 10d.

The mine expenses, including wages, totalled £339 16s 3d. The mine manager's report stated that Lee's Reef had been cut 1,500 feet from the present workings.

Goldstream.—The meeting of shareholders lapsed. The accounts showed receipts £261 19s 2d, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £70 19s 9d. The mine expenses were £130 3s.

THE RAILWAY PORTER'S JOKE.

Mrs Hayrick (looking at dial on weighing-machine): I say, is that clock right?

Porter: That ain't no clock; it's a weighing-machine.

Mrs Hayrick: What do they want with a weighin'-machine here?

Porter: No folks wot wants to leave town can get a weigh.

Indignant Old Gentleman: 'Yes, sir, he is one of those people that smack you on the back before your face, and hit you in the eye behind your back. Ugh!'

CELEBRATION

OF THE

JUBILEE OF THE PROVINCE OF OTAGO.

ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN DUNEDIN.

HIS Excellency the Governor, Lord Ranfurly, Lady Ranfurly, and suite arrived in Dunedin by special train from Puketuaki, where they had stayed since Saturday night, on Monday afternoon, 21st, at 2.30. The Dunedin Engineers, mustering fifty strong, under the command of Capt. Barclay and Lieut. Ross, joined the Guard of Honour as His Excellency left the station for his carriage.

Lady Ranfurly was becomingly attired in a pale fawn faced cloth tailor-made gown, consisting of skirt and semi-tight-fitting jacket. With this was worn a large and handsome epaulette collar of point lace. Her hat was of white chip, trimmed with white plumes, and under the slightly-turned-up side a group of pale blush roses, which partly rested on the hair.

Among those who received the Governor were His Worship the Mayor (Mr E. B. Cargill), Miss Cargill, Col. Pole-Penton and Lieut.-Col. Webb, the Hon. R. Oliver, D. Pinkerton, S. F. Shrimski, M.L.C., Mr J. A. Millar, M.H.R., Mr D. Fraser, M.H.R., and Mr James Mills. As His Excellency stepped off the train the Garrison Band played 'God Save the Queen,' and the crowd cheered heartily as His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly drove off with the Otago Hussars, under the command of Capt. Robin, acting as a travelling escort. In the first carriage with His Excellency were His Worship the Mayor, the Hon. John MacKenzie, and Capt. Alexander, private secretary.

The second carriage was occupied by Lady Ranfurly, Miss Cargill, Hon. C. Hill-Trevor (assistant private secretary), and Capt. Ward, A.D.C.; the third by the Hon. R. Oliver, M.L.C., the Hon. G. MacLean, M.L.C., Capt. Wellesley, A.D.C., and Lieut.-Col. Webb; and the fourth by the Hon. W. H. Reynolds, M.L.C., and Mr James Mills. The Vice-Regal party drove up Battray-street and along Princes-street to the Town Hall, being loudly cheered along the route. Perfect order was maintained by Inspector Parry and his men, who kept the traffic clear. A large concord of people had assembled in the Octagon to witness the proceedings at the Town Hall, and a number of ladies and gentlemen were also present in the reception-room.

An address of welcome was presented after the usual formalities had been gone through, to which His Excellency replied as follows:—"As the representative of Her Majesty the Queen I am pleased to accept your loyal expressions of devotion to the throne and person. It is a fact of which your citizens may be justly proud that fifty years ago the prosperous town wherein we stand was a barren wilderness, and it is a lasting monument to those noble pioneers of the past, who, nothing daunted by hardship or privation, gave their best energies to its foundation and who understood so well that without the Divine blessing their labours would be but in vain. In congratulating you upon your Jubilee I pay a tribute to another city, which your ancestors, and I am proud to say some of mine, also made famous in the history of the world, for the old Dunedin has a record which needs no words of ours to enhance her fame. But there is something in her name that stirs up feelings of love and devotion in every Scottish heart. I shall convey to Her Majesty the assurance of your unalterable loyalty, and I thank you cordially for the welcome you accord to me personally and to Lady Ranfurly."

Three hearty cheers were given for His Excellency, and another set for Lady Ranfurly.

An address was then presented by the Rev. T. G. Brooke on behalf of the Loyal Otago men, to which His Excellency replied. The Governor and party then proceeded to the Grand Hotel, attended by the Hussars, and later on were taken for a drive round the city, visiting several public institutions. His Excellency attended a reception at the Mayor's residence, 'The Cliffs,' in the evening.

His Excellency and party, accompanied by Mr Wi Parata, M.H.R., at

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DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET
FROM YOUR DRAPER & OUTFITTER
SEE THAT YOU GET "OKTIS"

tended Divine service at the church at Puketeraki on Sunday, when Archdeacon Fucias preached.

The weather for the commencement of the festivities was perfect; later on in the week cold showers and wind greatly spoiled the various functions. The streets were crowded with visitors.

Fully 300 arrived from Invercargill and 400 from Outram, 400 from Palmerston, 900 from Clinton, 600 from Dunmurry, all by specials, while the ordinary trains brought quite another 1,000.

The religious services were very well attended indeed. A united thanksgiving service was held at Knox Church, at which His Excellency and two of his suite attended. They were received at the gate by the Mayor, and conducted to seats in the gallery over the clock, the choir and congregation singing the National Anthem. The officiating clergy were the Revs. Saunders and Hewitson. Immense congregations were present at the Synod's Special Services at First Church, the Revs. Gibb and Chisholm preaching appropriate sermons. The Rev. Father O'Neill, of Milton, preached at St. Joseph's; the Revs. North and Jolly at Trinity Wesleyan Church. Bishop Nevill preached in the Cathedral, and a special grand service was held at the Synagogue.

The illuminations were not nearly so extensive as for the Queen's Jubilee.

THE JUBILEE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OPENING CEREMONY.

Long before the hour appointed, a crowd assembled at the Agricultural Hall. The arrangements for admission were utterly inadequate, carriage after carriage depositing its occupants on the pavement, who had to wander up and down until the full glare of the electric light found them standing room within the building, which was soon filled to overflowing, and crowds turned away. The stage was occupied by the Orchestral and Choral Society, while on the platform were the Premier and members of both Houses of Parliament. As the Governor and suite entered punctually at 8 o'clock, the orchestra played the National Anthem, the audience joining in the singing. His Excellency was accompanied by Capt. Brown, Lieut. Freeman, Lt. West, Dr. Bowie, H.M.S. Tauranga, Hon. C. Hill Trevor, Capt. Ward, and Capt. Wellesley. The Vice-Regal party was met at the entrance by the Hon. T. Fergus, Messrs G. Hazlett, and T. Brydone, Vice Presidents, and escorted to the platform, where seats were also occupied by the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, His Honor Mr Justice Williams, the Hon. W. H. Reynolds, W. D. Stewart, R. Oliver, S. E. Shrimski, G. McLean, D. Pinkerton, W. M. Bolt, G. Jones, M.L.C.'s; the Hon. W. Rolleston, Messrs H. J. Millar, Scobie MacKenzie, W. Fraser, T. G. Duncan, A. Morrison, J. W. Kelly, T. Parata, E. G. Allen, M.H.R.'s; the Mayor of Dunedin, Mr E. B. Cargill, More, Dr. Copeland, Naseby, Mr Guffie, Port Chalmers, M. Mill, Councillors Carroll, Solomon, Haynes, Swan, Chisholm, Messrs W. Cutten, W. Henderson, J. M. Galloway, R. Wilson, A. MacFarlane, A. Burt, B. Hallenstern, T. W. Kempthorne, A. C. Begg, A. Thomson, Fenwick, C. R. Chapman, W. T. Monkman, J. Shiel, W. Brindley, H. V. Haddock, J. Cook, J. Angus, J. C. Thomson, J. Edgar, A. Todd, and G. P. Farquhar.

The combined musical societies, under the leadership of Mr J. Coombs, gave much pleasure to the large gathering, which was representative of the whole colony of New Zealand. On the conclusion of the National Anthem, the Governor, as President of the Exhibition, who was joyfully cheered, called on the Hon. T. Fergus to state its objects. The speeches dealt chiefly with the agricultural and commercial progress of the province. His Excellency said in the first place, "I desire to express my extreme regret that Lady Ranfurly is unable to be present this evening, but hope she may be able to take part to-morrow. It is hardly necessary for me to say with what pleasure I am able to be present on this auspicious occasion of your Jubilee. I have seen as much of Otago as possible in the short time at my disposal. This province, which owes its origin to the persevering energy of those who are mostly all of Scottish descent, and Scottish birth has made in these 50 years a marvellous stride in civilisation. When I saw the woolen manufactures, with the latest appliances and machinery, the most modern methods in the mining dis-

tricts for getting and winning the gold from the earth, the manner in which you also won gold from beneath the water by dredging, I could not help thinking that although in the present day, there was less labour employed possibly at the moment, still you are probably only on the eve of a great industry which may employ more labour than it has done in the past. In viewing the Exhibition this evening, I noticed that nearly every requisite of an inhabitant of Otago, no matter what his pursuit in life may be, seemed to me to be manufactured in the colony (applause), and I was much pleased to see that there appeared to be very little else but home manufactures. (Applause.) As your Mayor said, it is not to wheat alone that a nation can look for prosperity, but to manufactures and industries as well. The energy shown by the founders has indeed been great, but to-morrow we are to see what are called the old identities. (Laughter and applause.) Your old identities are the people who kept the ball rolling. The present generation are keeping the ball up. But what of the future? Let the present generation, I say, teach their children that if the old identities have placed New Zealand in its present position, it is not for those children to sit down at their ease and spend the money, but it is for them to put their shoulders to the wheel, and heave the ball up the hill. (Applause.) It is by energy alone that New Zealand will take its place as one of the foremost British Colonies, and I trust a British Colony always. (Loud applause.) The old identities recognised England and Scotland—the United Kingdom—as their home, their motherland. Many of you here no doubt have been born in New Zealand, but still I trust that you will use the word 'Home,' and still think of 'Home' as the land where that Sovereign lives who has reigned over us for so many prosperous and happy years. I have much pleasure in declaring this Exhibition now open. (Loud applause.) The crowd was too great to admit of examining the courts in detail, but notice of the various exhibits will appear in future issues.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession, which was over 2½ miles long, and took 40 minutes to pass a given point, started from the Town Hall at 12 o'clock. From Knox Church to the Oval appeared to be a dense mass of people, and the sight was the most imposing ever witnessed here. Every house-top, window, and verandah was filled with spectators, and the crowd was estimated at 100,000 people. The order of procession was as follows:—Fire Brigades, City Railway, Caversham, Invercargill Pipe Band, Dunedin Pipe Band, Gaelic Society, Foresters (Adults and Juveniles), M.U. I.O.O.F., I.O.O.F., North East Valley Band, Kaitorai Band, Druids, Hibernian Society, Shipwrights, Engineers' Band, Timaru Band, Orangemen, Protestant Alliance, Tailors' Union, Naval Band, Citizens' Band, Painters' Union, Trades Displays, Reid and Gray, W. Wright, Anderson Bros., A. Phillips, Christenson Bros., J. Guller, J. Walker, D. M. Wilson, Otago Paper Mills, Victory Sewing Machine, Strachan's Brewery, Otago Rolling Mills, A. Johnston, Johnston and Robertson, 'Frog in the Throat,' A. and J. Macfarlane, and W. Patrick. The procession of Old Identities numbered about 400 on foot, and 200 in carriages, and each squad bore flags showing the date of their arrival. They were cheered all along the route. The Vice-Regal party, who were also loudly cheered, included Lord and Lady Ranfurly, Capt. Alexander Ward, and Wellesley, Hon. C. Hill Trevor, Hon. R. J. Seddon, and J. McKenzie, and His Worship the Mayor. A most interesting group were the Maoris, of whom there were three drag loads. A great many were in full native costume, and looked very picturesque, though somewhat thoughtful and sad. The volunteers lined the streets and fell in behind the carriage of His Excellency, who joined the procession at the Octagon, after having seen it pass. Included in the Otago Paper Mills' display was a drag containing raw material, drawn by a team of bullocks. The miners also had a mail coach and six, with an escort of two troopers. On arrival at the Caledonian Grounds, speeches were made, and His Excellency thanked the people for the reception they had given him, and concluded by asking them to sing 'Auld Lang Syne.'

THE SPORTS

were then proceeded with, and great

interest was taken in the events.

THE JUBILEE REGATTA

was held in the afternoon, the barque *Laira* was used as a flagship, and the Citizens' Band played. A nice breeze made the racing good and interesting.

THE DUNEDIN JUBILEE BALL

was held in the Garrison Hall on the 25th, and was attended by nearly 700 people, exclusive of a number of sight-seers, who occupied the east gallery, the west being reserved for guests. Lady Ranfurly was unfortunately absent through illness, but His Excellency the Governor, attended by Captains Alexander, Wellesley, and Ward, and the Hon. C. Hill Trevor, Captain Brown (H.M.S. Tauranga), and members of his staff, arrived about half-past 9, and were received by the Reception Committee, the Volunteer officers, and the Consuls for the German Empire and United States. They were then escorted to the stage, which had been furnished as a drawing-room. Three dances were over, but the fourth, an official set ofancers, was at once formed. Lord Ranfurly, with Mrs Cutten, the Mayor (Mr E. B. Cargill), with Mrs Williams, Captain Brown and Mrs Roberts, and Captain Alexander and Mrs Reynolds, being their vis-a-vis. The sides were occupied by Mr Justice Williams and Mrs Batchelor, Mr John Roberts and Mrs Hosking, Colonel Pole Penfon and Mrs Sargood, and the Hon. Hill Trevor and Miss Cargill. Each of the dances was heralded by electric bells. An innovation much appreciated was the inclusion of the 'Joy' waltz, by Strauss, which was sung by a party of 16 voices, while the music was simultaneously played by the band. There was also pipe music for the reels, which has the magic power of stirring the generally unemotional Scot. The hall presented a brilliant spectacle, enlivened by the effective uniforms of the Otago Hussars, and other Volunteers wearing scarlet. A ladies' drawing-room, as well as card and smoking rooms, were provided. The supper was laid in one of the new additions, and was tastefully decorated with flags and draperies. The cafe plan was adopted, whereby—excepting the table for His Excellency and suite and other distinguished visitors, and the hostesses and host—the supper was served on small tables set for six. The admirable arrangements prevented crushing, and nothing had been left undone for the pleasure and comfort of the guests. The following are a few of the toilettes:—Mrs Cutten, black velvet; Mrs W. H. Reynolds, shot brocade; Miss Cargill, black silk, gold and black passementerie; Miss Cargill, pink; Mrs Sargood, pale green brocade, entire front richly embroidered in gold—a beautiful and effective gown; Mrs Roberts, black velvet; Mrs Batchelor, yellow satin and black lace; Mrs Hosking, cream and heliotrope brocade; Mrs Williams, black silk; Mrs J. Mills, pink corded silk; Lady Stout, black silk and cream lace; Mrs Ulrich, black silk; Mrs Shand, black velvet; Mrs Petrie, white silk; Miss Reynolds, pink and grey silk; Miss J. Reynolds, yellow silk; Miss Reynolds, pale blue satin; Mrs Cheeseman, cream brocade; Mrs Finch, pink silk; Miss G. Roberts, yellow silk; Miss Roberts, heliotrope; Miss L. Roberts, cream brocade; Miss Rattray, green silk; Miss Macassey, black with crimson roses; Miss Ramsey, white silk; Miss Neill, white silk; Miss E. Neill, cream; Mrs Edmond, white satin; Miss Webster, pink silk; Mrs Grierson, heliotrope silk; Miss Shand, pale green satin; Mrs Fox, white satin; Mrs Hazlett, white brocade; Miss Bond, white silk; Miss Landells, yellow and green; Dr. Emily Seidberg, white silk with pink; Mrs Ogsten, green silk relieved with white; Miss Ulrich, pale blue; the Misses Williams, black net and white silk; Mrs W. Reynolds, white satin; Mrs L. Reynolds, white and pink; Miss Mills, white and pink silk; Miss F. Denniston, grey silk; Miss Moodie, white silk; Mrs Whitson, yellow silk; Mrs Sinclair Thomson, blue and pink; Miss T. Stevenson, grey and pink; Miss J. Stevenson, rose pink; Miss Brown, white silk; Miss MacLean, white silk; Miss L. Ferguson, white satin and heliotrope; Miss Turton, pink and black.

His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly left for Christchurch on the 26th, and everyone was glad that Lady Ranfurly was sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to be able to attend the

garden party in the Fernhill Club on Friday afternoon.

Some of the events of the

CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

were postponed owing to a strong breeze. Luncheon was served in the saloon of the *Manapouri* at 1.15, His Excellency and suite and a large number of ladies and gentlemen being the guests of Mrs Jas. Mills. After the repast, the toasts of the Queen, Governor and host, were duly honoured. Lord Ranfurly, in responding, said, that he should never forget his reception, not only in Dunedin, but in every part of Otago.

The Governor visited the Chess Club's rooms, and His Excellency, on behalf of the Club, was presented with a silver key, suitably inscribed, as a souvenir of his visit.

Photographs of the Jubilee festivities will appear next week.

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, every where.—(Advt.)



Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all obstructions, irregularities, anaemia, and all female complaint. They contain no irritant, and have the approval of the Medical Profession. The only genuine are in White Paper Wrappers and have the name of "G. and G. Kearsley, Bottles, 1 and 2 of all chemists.—Makr-C. & G. KEARSELY, 17 North-st., Westminster

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserve, strengthen, beautifies the hair, prevents baldness, eradicates scurf and produces a luxuriant growth. Authorities all positively assert that oil is absolutely necessary to nourish and preserve the hair; therefore use ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL; also in a golden colour for fair-haired children and ladies.

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A pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth powder; it whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath. Ask Druggists and Stores for ROWLANDS' articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.

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Full Natural Fruit Flavour.

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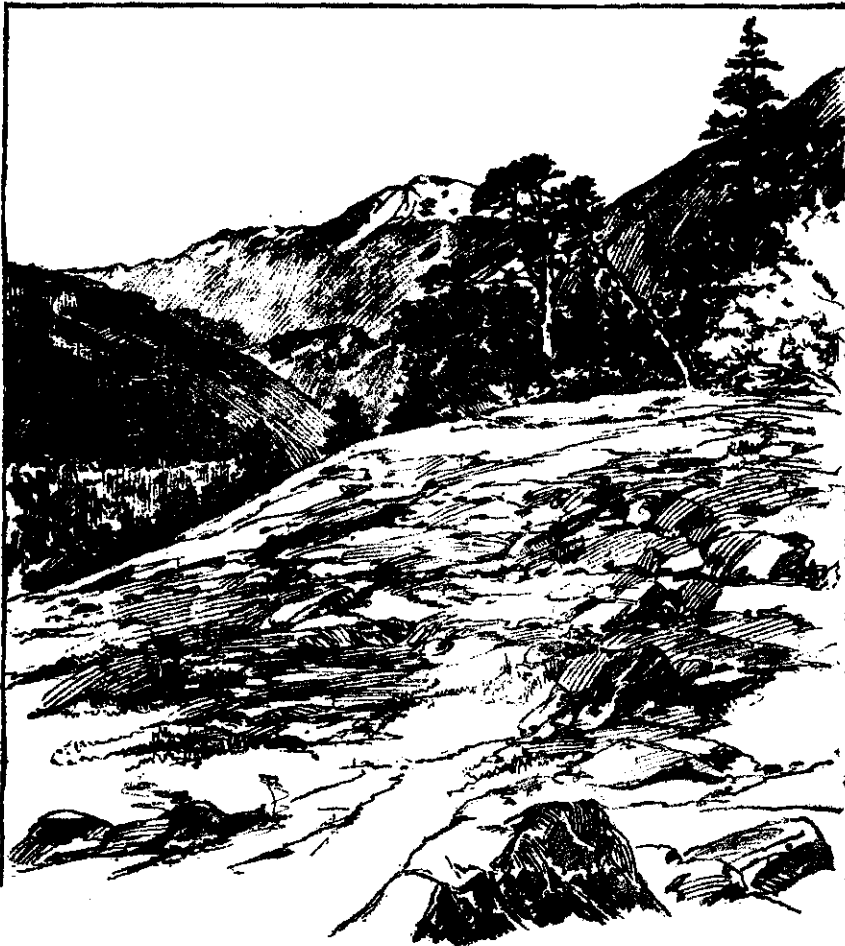
THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

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VIEW OF WHITE PASS: ON THE KLONDYKE ROUTE.

Recently reported to be in possession of Alaskan rowdies.



← and Drama.

The Dunedin Mandolin and Guitar Band, a photograph of whom we reproduce on another page, is one of the best known musical institutions in the Southern city. It was organised in 1890 by Mr L. D. Cox, the present conductor, who was a pupil of Senor Fernandez, one of the famous Spanish Students. Since its foundation the band has been most successful in winning public favour, and in introducing to the public notice a class of instruments and music with which the majority was little familiar. In addition to the mandolin and guitars the band has in use an excellent mandola and a fine lute. Both these instruments are not merely novelties, but form a valuable acquisition to the music of the band. The lute has only lately been revived in Italy, and is almost unknown in this country. Its tone resembles the 'cello, being deep and resonant.

Signora Duse, in a recent interview in Rome, announced that she was utterly tired and sick of what she described as romantic-philosophic plays. More especially was she wearied and disgusted by such pieces as 'Magda' and 'La Femme de Claude. At one time she was fascinated by Ibsen, but she no longer finds anything attractive in the Norwegian realist and pessimist. Her great ambition now, she declares, is to revive the tragic masterpieces of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, in whose grandeur and simplicity she recognises the fundamental emotions of mankind.

Some interesting figures are published in London concerning the cost and the profits of pantomime. It seems that the late Augustus Harris expended £20,000 upon 'Dick Whittington' at Drury Lane, and £15,000 was spent upon 'The Babes in the Wood' this year. Both investments proved exceedingly profitable.

It is proposed to turn some of the rooms in the palace at Versailles into a theatre, and give there special performances of the plays of Moliere. The plan is to make the theatre to a certain extent the Bayreuth of Moliere's plays, and one feature of this will be the performance of the comedies with the costumes and scenery copied from the original.

The magnificent theatre in the Eremitage Palace at St. Petersburg, which was originally built by Empress Catherine the Great, but has not been used at all for years, is being restored to its pristine beauty and will soon be finished. Only in great intervals the large hall has been used for amateur performances at the Russian court, arranged by Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch with great magnificence. A short time ago the Czar ordered the house to be thoroughly repaired; the stage has been entirely rebuilt, and fitted with modern apparatus and electric lights. The company of the Imperial French Theatre is to appear in the newly furnished Eremitage Theatre toward the end of this season. The theatre will not be open to the public, however, but can be entered only by invitation of the Czar. It will contain the most luxurious furnishings and will seat about 1,000 people.

In France the doctor of the theatre has a seat given him for every performance. He must be there every evening.

Fifty-eight new plays were produced at the West End theatres of London in 1897. Where, oh, where are they now?

A fierce musical campaign is to be waged against the united Italian kingdom, and before long a conquering army will force the Alpine passes. It is proposed to take into Italy a great German opera company, with orchestra, chorus and all the paraphernalia of a first-class institute, in order to show the Italian people the perfection of modern German productions of opera. The manager of the new company will be the well-known impresario, Emil Durer, while Conductor Arthur Nikisch, at one time the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will wield the baton. Besides Wagner operas, Mozart's 'Don Juan,' 'Kuzl's



Sarony, Photo.

THE END OF THE HARVEST.

'Evangelimann,' Humperdinck's 'Hansel and Gretel,' and a few other operas will be performed by a select company of artists. Part of the season will be spent at Turin, where a theatrical exposition will be held at the same time, but Milan, Rome, Naples, Florence and other cities will also be visited.

'I began life,' said Sir Henry Irving, 'as a poor boy. I was denied even the advantages of a common school education. I entered upon my theatrical career when I was not more than 17 years of age, and the struggle to gain even the means of the poorest living was not the easiest imaginable.'

In recording the production at the Paris Renaissance by Sara Bernhardt of Signor d'Annunzio's tragedy, 'La Ville Morte,' the Paris correspondent of the London Times says:—Mme. Bernhardt displayed a tenderness, eloquence and grace; she has evoked in this role of the blind, loving and suffering woman an emotion, a sympathy which are indescribable. But it is painful to think that efforts so admirable have been placed at the service of so monotonous and morbid a production, in which much talk takes the place of action, a work which will, no doubt, be read with pleasure, but which has nothing of the theatre about it. Signor d'Annunzio has himself written this tragedy in French in a brilliant style. He has sought to mingle with modern passion the breath of the fatalism of the antique world. Never did a tragic poet have a happier opportunity for success. But his work is without life; it even seems insincere; it shakes the nerves, but does not cause the heart to beat nor real tears to flow. There is a signal want of proportion, and the very setting of the dead and cursed city is out of harmony with the sonorous phrases which seem to be delivered by actors promanaging on stilts.

Very few persons are aware, says an exchange, of the origin of the word 'deadhead,' which is so frequently used in connection with the theatrical representations. It is stated to be as follows: Many years ago, in the time of turnpikes, the principal avenue of a town passed close to the entrance of a road leading to the cemetery. As this cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the road, it was arranged that all funeral processions should be allowed to pass along the latter free of toll. One day as a well-known physician who was driving along the road stopped to pay his toll he observed to the keeper: 'Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge.' 'No, no, doctor,' said the gatekeeper, 'we can't afford that; you send too many deadheads through as it is.' The story travelled around the country, and the word 'deadhead' was eventually applied to those who obtain free admission to a theatre.

An event took place the other day at the Grand Theatre at Nantes which, as far as we can discover, is without parallel in theatrical annals. A performance of 'La Poupee' was announced, and the crowd was so great that the audience was not seated when the curtain rose. The first act consequently was played amid much disturbance, and when the second commenced it was hailed with noisy protests and calls for the manager. On that gentleman making his appearance he was ordered to start the opera again. After a hasty consultation with the company this request was good-humouredly complied with, and the whole of the first act was repeated.

Fraulein Fuchs and Miss Emily Reeve are going to make a musical tour of the Australasian colonies. The former is a clever young violinist, only seventeen years of age, who has just come to Auckland from Berlin. Miss Emily Reeve is an Auckland, who has been studying music in Germany, and has returned to her native city. On the voyage thitherward she met Fraulein Fuchs, and a campaign of the colonies was planned. The two ought to have a very successful tour.

We understand that a syndicate has been formed in Dunedin to run 'Ziska, the Egyptian Mystery,' at the Otago Jubilee Exhibition. The syndicate has secured the entire plant and New Zealand rights from Messrs Muskelyne and Cooke, of the Egyptian Hall, London.

The Two Little Vagabond Company closed its Auckland season on Saturday last.

Fitzgerald's Circus opened a three nights' season in Napier on Friday, and are now making for Auckland.

Pollard's Opera Company were visiting Marton, Palmerston North and Feilding.

Madame Amy Sherwin and her Concert Company open at the Wellington Opera House on Friday evening.

Miss May Pollard leaves for London this month, and it is probable that she will appear with 'The Firm's' company at the Shaftesbury.

TWO PROMISING ATHLETES.

WE give on another page the photographs of two athletes, Rowley and Patrick, the one from Sydney and the other from Wellington, who were among the competitors at the athletic carnival held in the Auckland Domain on Saturday last under the auspices of the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club. Stanley Rowley, who distinguished himself on that occasion by winning the 100 yards Invitation Scratch Race, beating Patrick, the Wellingtonian, and Smith, of Auckland, was born at Young, New South Wales, in 1877. He stands 5ft. 9 1/2 in., and weighs 11 stone in his condition. He has competed in eighteen events, winning ten firsts, three being second, and three third, and twice unplaced. He held the 100 yards championship of New South Wales for two years and the 100 yards and 220 yards championship of Australasia; while he shares with Mr W. T. Macpherson the New South Wales record of 10secs. for 100yds., and 22 2-5 secs. for 220yds. In addition to winning the 100 yards Rowley tied with Patrick for first place in the 250 Yards Invitation Scratch Race, Smith again coming after them.

A. J. Patrick is a smaller man in every way than his rival. He stands 5 feet 4 inches, and weighs 10 stone, and is 2 1/2 years of age. He has a fine record in the colony, his chief triumphs being the 100 yards at Napier, in 1895, the 100 yards at Auckland in 1897, and the 250 yards at Wanganui in 1898.

Two of the luckiest persons in Paris at the present moment are a maid-servant and a concierge in the Luxembourg district. The mistress, a wealthy lady without children, recently died leaving £60,000 to be divided between them. They are also to inherit two houses, and nobody has as yet arrived to contest the will. The lady's husband died two years since, leaving £80,000 to the Assistance Publique.

Makes All the Difference.—Englishman: 'Is it true that you catch folk thing more of Burns' birthday than of Christmas?' Scot: 'Aye, no, because ye ken the worst o' a Christmas fou' is that's it's ower like an ordinary fou'. It's far frae the exhilarating feelin' and sublimity o' soul a body feels in gettin' blin' drunk to the everlasting honour and glory o' Robbie Burns.'



'CYCLING.

In Chicago riders in bicycle road races over a certain division of the suburbs will have to wear more clothing than formerly. Commissioner Wilson succeeded in getting the approval of his fellow-commissioners to such a regulation respecting racing permits. The commissioner, in his demand that bicycle riders do not shock a sense of decency, offered to donate a prize of the value of £20 to be given to the rider wearing a full suit of clothes who finishes among the first in the big annual races.

C. F. Barden, accompanied by his wife, left Melbourne for London by the China on Tuesday last. Whilst Barden has not proved the success in Australia anticipated by his friends and supporters, he has at times given us glimpses of his prowess as a sprinter. It is a thousand pities that he has not struck form, for his reputation and performances on the English and Continental tracks stamp him as one of the finest sprinters England has produced. After Barden's riding in Australia it will be interesting to watch his performances upon his return to the Old Country. Of one thing we are certain: Barden's eyes have been opened surprisingly wide in as much as that Australia can produce cyclists second to none in the world. Amongst Barden's greatest performances are two seconds in the One Mile World's Championship and his victory over Hurst in a match for £400 a-side.

A novelty in the pacing line will adorn the tracks of London next season, in the shape of a team of multiple pae-makers of negro extraction. These swartly braves are training now to get used to curves and bankings, and some of the larger specimens are ransacking London in a futile endeavour to find shoes and pedals of sufficient size to accommodate their 20-horse power feet. All the machines to be ridden by the blacks will be enamelled white, and there will be no risk of the racers and pacers not being distinguished from each other.

During the last year or two there has been a marked increase in the military cycling movement. Every one of our crack volunteer battalions now possesses its cycling section, consisting of an officer, a sergeant and twelve rank and file, which may be increased by special permission to twenty-four. These sections are now banded together under what is known as the brigade system, that is, the sections belonging to the regiments of every brigade are combined for special manoeuvres under a brigade cycling officer. These volunteer brigades consist of from four to eight regiments, so a brigade of cyclists may number as many as 150 to 170 men.

There is nothing more confusing to the uninitiated (says a cycling authority) than the system of 'list' prices adopted by most cycle makers. The result of the list price system is that the little 'garret' maker lists his inferior bicycle at just as high a price as the first-class maker, and then tempts the would-be purchaser with the bait of abnormally large discounts. I am constantly being asked by prospective purchasers of new machines how it is they can buy a machine like the 'Royal Humbug' at £7 or £8 when the list price is as high as that of a Humber, Swift, Rover, or any other top grade machine. The reason is obvious. The 'Royal Humbug' is not

worth more than £7 or £8; the other machines are; but, strangely enough, the list prices are about the same in each case.

I should like to see a fixed net price system adopted by every maker. If it is strictly adhered to the buyer gets greater confidence in the maker than at the present moment, with discounts of a most elastic range in vogue. In fact, I know a good many people who on taking up cycling have gone to buy a bicycle without knowing that it was the custom to allow discounts at all. They have generally parted with the full list price, only to discover later on that their friends have been obtaining special rebates of this.

Clarke's B. B. Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, all kinds of complaints, from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 4d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

'DENOUNCING THE TREATIES.'

To some people this phrase, recently seen in the cables from England, conveys the idea that there is a maleficion 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' nations they now enjoy in their Commercial Treaty with England will be terminated, and that the colonies will be permitted, if they choose, to charge higher duties on foreign than on British goods.

For instance, the majority of the pianos imported come from the Continent. Best sugar is another. 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 it for China for tea. He practically says to-foreigners do not know when you are well off. I'll give the colonies leave to send their produce Home on Free Trade lines, and enable them to charge extra duties on goods produced outside our Empire. This will give them an opportunity to negotiate with England, a British colony, where that delightful Suratura Tea is grown. It is without exception the most invigorating for a tired man in the world can produce, and it should be admitted duty free, and a prohibitive tariff put on the production of the Chinaman, and so bind the Anglo-Saxon together. Let the British Empire with something better than mere sentiment.

Recollect Suratura Tea is not blended with India, China, and the fact that wonderfully economic household requisites you are encouraging the PRODUCTION OF BETTER SOIL AND A STRONGER MAN FROM CHINESE SOIL.

KEATING'S POWDER. KEATING'S POWDER. KEATING'S POWDER. KEATING'S POWDER.

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

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES.

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

WORMS.—'CHILDREN'S' WORMS.—'CHILDREN'S' WORMS.—'CHILDREN'S' WORMS.—'CHILDREN'S' WORMS.—'CHILDREN'S' WORMS.

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

Proprietor: THOMAS KEATING, London.

In use 58 Years before Victoria was Queen. Ladies should always Knit with

"BEE HIVE" KNITTING WOOLS

Scotch Finishing, Wheeling, Soft Merino, Australian, and other qualities. All "Bees" Brand.

NOTED ALL OVER the world for quality, colour, softness and durability.

Established 1736. Sample SHADE CARD FREE BY POST.

Also "Bees" Brand "Wool" at Underwear manufacturers and from the "Bees" Wool.

J. J. Baldwin MALDEN ENGLAND.

Sixty Years' Success.

WHELFTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

Sold at All Drug Stores Wholesale of Sharland & Co., Auckland & Wellington.

FOR -- Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation. Invaluable for Ladies.

It has at last been decided to hold an inquiry into the (more or less) recent D.S.C. fire



(Foreman) Gentlemen, before opening these proceedings I think we should publicly record our disapproval of the indecent haste with which it has been decided to hold this inquiry. I therefore move that this inquiry be postponed for a further period of twelve months."

In the above space you have a slashing cartoon on the Report of the Kauri Gum Commission.

(The intelligent observer may object that there is absolutely nothing at all in the above space, neither is there in the Report: This is the joke.)



The Premier states that he anticipates a larger surplus for the current year than for the last, probably amounting to £500,000.



THE CITY OF A THOUSAND SMELLS

"The way to the Railway Station? Well, you keep straight on the way you're going till you come to a stale fish smell with a little stable manure smell thrown in to sweeten it as it were; well, you cross over there, and you goes on till you find yourself in the vicinity of a rotten egg smell and you follow that till it tapers off into a species of dead sheep perfume, and there you turn off to the left and go up a bit of a hill till you strike a lot of sewer gas, - you can't mistake it, well you follow your nose, so to speak, till you comes to a street where there store bone-dust" and then you — " (Stranger to our beautiful city thinks he had better take a cab.)

Ashley Hunter 98



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST
 "No thanks: you don't palm any of that stuff off on me; not after the articles I've read in the newspapers on 'Our dairies!'"

THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW HAIR.

(By CLINTON ROSS.)

NOW, the doctor is a famous story-teller, as a man who has been everywhere often will be. He dates back through a lot of the century's history; it's like being presented to some worthies to hear him talk;—a man who was out in the Sepoy rebellion.

Daisy Vandewater said: 'Do tell us, doctor.'

'It's not a very cheerful story, my dear young lady.'

'It's about the man with the yellow hair?'

'Yes, about Captain Beckwith. It's a long, long time ago, but things repeat themselves in India.'

Having the habit of yarning, he was persuaded, his interest reaching us; and that lawn, and our own matters, put themselves away.

I.

The major came across and looked at me, and I remember I looked at the major, before I said, slowly:

'The plague, dem me, sir; the plague!'

We knew what that meant in those days of the East India Company, just as we know now. A long time ago, I say, and I was a surgeon in that service. And it was in the days of one of those little wars—which are big enough, if you take the accounting of years, of all those that died in 'em, that are dying now. The account of England's wars in India is a long one; the men who were killed for that imperial idea are innumerable. When you read of it all, in brief newspaper accounts, you don't realise it, I tell you.

Well, to return to the beginning, I left the major and went back to the mess. We were then at a little frontier station, far away, and there

seemed no hope, unless we should have reinforcement.

As I came into the room a man, tall and grizzled, was telling a story; and I listened.

This is what he said. I'll repeat it to show how far back it takes us, though it has no particular bearing on the yarn of the man with the yellow hair.

'After Waterloo, you know, we were following 'em up.' Then he struck a match for his pipe (I can see his face now, in that sudden glare, as if it were not so many years since, grizzled and strong; there are officers who never had their deserts in all services). 'We came on,' he continued, 'an overturned coach. The Prussians had cut the sides to pieces with their sabres, thinking the Emperor was in it. How they hated him, those Prussians! But Napoleon wasn't there. We rode on—you have heard the story?'

His little grey eyes gleamed with a pale light as he put the question; but no one responded and we listened again, as we had so many times.

'Well, we rode on and on, that troop of us, you know, and at last we—about midnight—we came to a little house in a forest—a hut. I went in first. The place was dim, with a flickering candle. A man and a woman crouched in a corner. "He has gone. Vive l'empereur!" said the man, in their patois. In the corner of the room was a cot. I thrust my hand in under the clothes. Dem me! they were still warm with Napoleon's body. We pushed on, riding hard; but, as you know, we didn't overtake him.'

We listened, perhaps rather apathetically, to this old story, which we had heard so many times before, for we were all concerned for our own to-morrow. And Waterloo, I tell you, was not far enough away in those days to be particularly novel.

In the corner sat Beckwith. He was the Hon. Thomas Farquhar Beckwith, Lord Sussex's grandson, a tall, broad-

shouldered, yellow-haired fellow; a most efficient officer, too.

'Ferguson,' he called to me.

'Well?' said I.

'You are going down?'

'Yes, yes,' said I.

'Hombay.'

'Well?'

'There'll be a deal of fighting on directly,' said he.

'What ails you?' I retorted. 'You never had the habit of the dumps.'

'I've been a fool.'

'Well, I've met several,' I answered, lighting a pipe.

'This is to be a devil of a row.'

'We're always having devils of rows. What of it?'

Unnatural of him to be talking in this strain. I didn't understand it—not a word, indeed; so I sat there and listened, and from outside came the fresh, damp smells, nowhere so coolly refreshing as in such a tropical spot past sunset; and I thought my duty being that of your doctor, you know, what it all signified, what the rajah of Dornen had started up. It was in the year before the great rebellion; and this was a little one, which was already a considerable uprising and commotion between this and that.

'I have persuaded her to come out,' Beckwith went on, slowly, lighting his pipe.

'Her?' said I.

'Yes, Mary Danvers,' my friend, the captain, went on, when, of course, I understood well enough. He had told us of this before; and the girl was coming out to him. I remember I chaffed him a bit.

II.

Well, well, I was down-country a fortnight later, and word came of something that had been done near Simla. Beckwith had done it, too; he was always doing something or other. As I was crossing the parade-ground that afternoon a very pretty girl spurred past.

'Who is she?' I asked.

'Miss Danvers.'

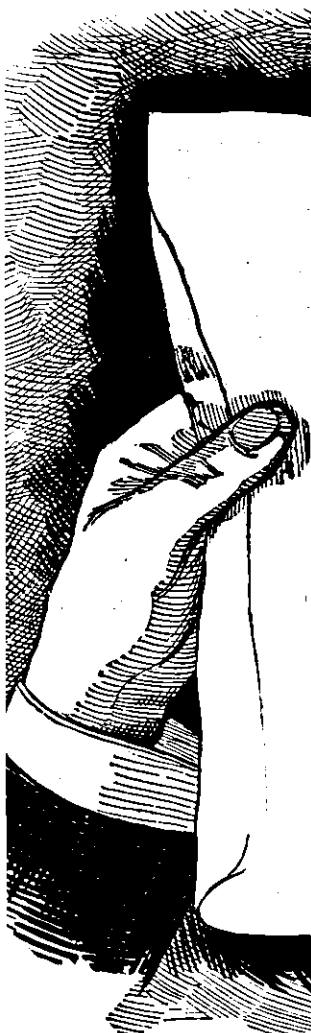
Beckwith's girl. I was to see her with Mrs Major MacPherson that night at dinner, as I remember. And I began a talk with Beckwith, of course, and then was sorry I had. For I ended, before I went to quarters that night, by wanting her to think more of me than of him. But that was scarcely loyal; so that next day I went boldly to the subject again—what he had done and was doing in the little war, what a charming, brave fellow he was, indeed. And she listened, with rapt eyes, now blushing over her pride in him, and again turning white lest he be hurt or killed up there in the hill-country.

And one day there came a letter to me: 'Dear old Ferguson!—Don't forget to make it pleasant for Mary. We are having a fearful time up here, but we are taking it out of 'em for little Withers.' Little Withers was the chap who had commanded at Dornen when the uprising came, and he and all his command had been cut to pieces.

Well, you know how it is when one is thirty and is thrown too often with a pretty girl. I had my excuse if he had asked it, and, in fact, most of the men were away.

Now, among the things we did, we went ramshackling about the old city. You know what an Indian city is now; it was not very different then. Years don't change things or people in the East. For the young lady just from the North Country here was startling contrast, strange colour, an endless story. She could not have enough of it. And there was never a beggar, which is saying a deal in India, to whom she didn't toss a penny or so.

We had been riding one day through a forest, and at a cross-road we came on an old woman, sitting numbing to herself. Miss Danvers would rein her pony, though my Mohammedan boy remonstrated.



LINEN LASTS LONGER

Your Clothes delightfully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as sea-breezes if soaked and washed with

HUDSON'S SOAP

A Fine Powder—In Packets.

Shirts, Cuffs, and Collars washed with Hudson's Soap are thoroughly washed, therefore remain much longer clean—WITH ABOUT HALF THE USUAL LABOUR.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

The hag's eyes opened from under heavy, swollen lids; they looked out piercingly on the fresh young English girl.

'The evil eye,' said my boy, Mohammed Ali, 'the evil eye'; for he believed in it, you know.

And Mary Danvers shrank from that gaze, shivering, while the woman, raising a bony hand, pointed at her, shouting out an execration in some jargon. With something like an oath, I fear, I seized her bridle, and directly we were out from the dark, evil place and the sound of the cross-legged witch at the turning.

'Something will happen to him,' she added.

And she added, shuddering: 'Wasn't she horrible?'

'Oh, don't mind,' I remember I said, soothing her. 'They hate us English.' Little did we realise how deep that hate was; the rebellion of the next year was to show it all plainly. That danger is ever alive in India. What if all the Mohammedans should rise as one man?

I heard Mohammed Ali muttering that night as he brought my shaving-water:

'The evil eye.'
'Stop that d—d nonsense!' I cried, flinging a boot at his head, which he deftly dodged.

'Yes, sahib,' he said, with an ugly gleam in his own eyes.

There seemed something in the air which kept my nerves on edge. I found myself swearing at him, and wondering at my strange irritability. But after I was dressed I asked him:

'Well, you understand the lingo. What did she say?'

'The black curse on him she loves, sahib. She said that for all the wrong that had been done India there will be retribution, sahib.'

And he bent his head, like the well-trained servant he was.

Well, I went out to dinner. As I say, there was something in the air; we were a singularly uncompanionable lot.

III.
My irritability, I say, was not unshared. Something seemed to have seized all our tempers — something that left our nerves unstrung; while the long days following, hot and dank, made us listless.

Suddenly, as if it were all pre-arranged, people began to die; not by ones or twos, but by scores. As you walked abroad a low, distant wail seemed to fill the air; to reach out of the city's narrow alleys into the broader streets.

There was indeed a sound of lamentation in that part of the land; for the dread plague held it. Men fell dead at their vocations—as they breakfasted or dined. The wrath of the god of Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmin, or Christian was over that place. No longer was there a jest in the garrison; the fearful death reached among our soldiers. The interest in the little war of the rajah of Dornen dulled. Men may fight one another with a becoming spirit, but when it is a fight with death, grinning and ghastly, it's a matter of a paler colour.

My own irritability, the tension of my nerves, lessened in the duties that the trouble put on me. The surgeon became suddenly the most important person. You who live in the comfort of the temperate latitudes can't imagine, by any stretch, the fear, the panic, that held us.

I, of course, being so busied, saw little of the ladies of our post. They were brave enough—much braver, indeed. Men can endure battle and campaigning; but it takes women to bear patiently the long-continued terror.

Yet as I passed to and fro and saw Mary Danvers with her friend, Mrs Mac'herson, I caught myself cursing the mood which had led Jack Beckwith to send for his bride out of England.

She would stop me, too, and ask how matters were going in Dornen—was the plague there?—was Captain Beckwith safe?—would it be reasonable to expect him back that month? One day the post caught news that

it was settled up there; the rajah was a prisoner. Captain Beckwith and the others were on the way down.

One night that I can never forget, fagged out, I had been snatching a bit of a sleep.

Somebody shook me. 'Devilish sorry, Tom,' said Beckwith; for there he stood in the flare of a candle.

'Jack,' said I, sitting up, 'what's the matter with you, man?'

'Just came in. Something's wrong; something's wrong.'

His yellow hair framed hectic cheeks.

'Let's see,' said I, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes.

And I saw all at once, with a sickening of my heart. He was talking crazily. I put him to bed.

That thing, that infection, killed men almost instantly. I had been called away for a few moments when my boy, Mohammed Ali, came to me with chattering teeth.

'The sahib is dead,' said he.

I hurried back. 'He is turning black,' said the boy, at my heels. I knew what that meant—the black death.

As I entered the room my friend's long, outstretched figure caught my eyes. A dim dawn now lit his face, which I too saw was darkening. With something like an oath I pulled the sheet over it, and, turning, warned Mohammed Ali to admit no one there. He had come back from the wars to her, to die.

I left the thing—for it was more than the dead usually are to surgeons—and went away to arouse the functionary's wife.

She gave a cry when she heard of it.

'She mustn't know,' the little woman said. 'It will kill her.'

'But what can we say? She doesn't know he is here.'

'She expects him.'

'Yes, yes, I know,' she said; and then, with more resolution, 'we must tell her that he died in the hills.'

'Yes, yes,' I said; 'you must remember that—in the hills.'

But I left her doubtfully, a lump in my throat.

It must have been three hours later before I was able to return to my quarters, where Beckwith lay.

As I passed in an old woman came out; her step was hurried, yet she turned around to face me with an evil grin. I can see her toothless mouth, her deep-set eyes, even now; and with a sudden fear I remembered what Mohammed Ali had said of her; for it flashed over me that this was the same woman Mary Danvers and I had passed that day at the turning. I don't understand now why I had chanced to remember her. I called out, but she seemed to slip away and was lost in the hurrying street—gone, indeed, like an apparition; and I never saw her again.

At the inner door I met Mohammed Ali, standing there with a strange stare. When I asked him about the woman he only looked dazed, his white, shining teeth giving a sort of click-clack. Perhaps the fear of the plague had seized him, since the dead lay in my quarters.

I went in the room where Beckwith lay.

Kneeling by the bed, her hair loose over her shoulders, was Mary Danvers.

'Look,' she said, turning and facing me, and there was that in her face and eyes which shook me; and from her I looked at the dead, and then found myself crying out.

The body of my friend lay there, yet changed to a deep black; a black man, I say, whose face was framed by yellow hair waving in the little breeze, and though I had known the plague to so change a victim, in this case it was so horribly startling that I found myself gasping out incoherent words; and I turned to her, who knelt there staring with the fixity of madness.

'My poor girl,' I said, 'my poor girl.' But she did not answer; only knelt on still.

Remembering the contagion, I put my hand on her shoulder to drag her away.

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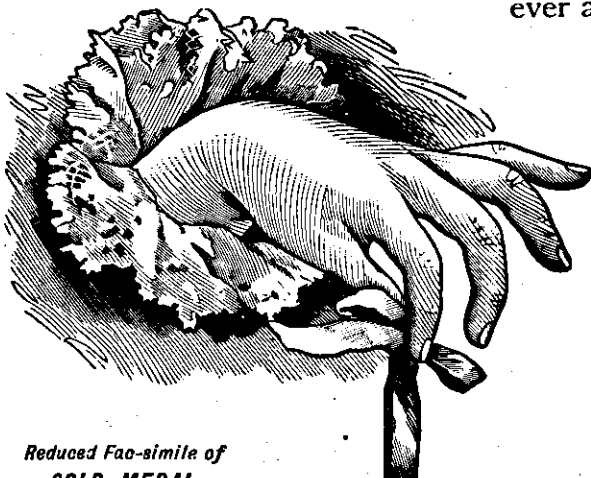
By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.



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awarded by the jurors
of the
Paris Exhibition,
1889.





OBITUARY.

IN the death of Mr T. S. Wau-chop the young men of Christchurch have lost from their ranks one of the most promising of their number, and so many (fully four hundred) attending his funeral showed the respect he had gained and the sorrow at his death. He had been suffering from typhoid fever, but a week ago great hopes were entertained of his recovery. On Saturday, however, he had a relapse, and passed away on Sunday. The open hearse was more than covered with beautiful wreaths, etc. He was captain of the East Christchurch Swimming Club, and the champion swimmer of Canterbury. A special memorial service is to be held at St. John's Church, Latimer Square on Sunday afternoon.

The news of the death of Miss Gertrude Cotterill, daughter of Canon Cotterill, was received in Christchurch, last week with the deepest regret and sympathy for the family. Miss Cotterill resided with her brother in Napier for some time, and after a long visit there she returned to Christchurch, hoping she was sufficiently strong to stand the severity of the climate, but had to go North again, and has been more or less of an invalid for several years.

The funeral of the late Mr Dermott O'Carroll, son of Dr. O'Carroll, New Plymouth, took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Te Henui Cemetery and was very largely attended by friends and relatives. The coffin was simply covered with wreaths. During Mr Dermott O'Carroll's short stay in Napier he made many friends, including Dr. De Lisle, a Foresters' Court, the deceased's co-workers in the dispensary, and the United Friendly Societies' dispensary, all of whom sent wreaths. Six football chums were the pall bearers, their names being Messrs Sadler, L. Allen, H. Hursthouse, J. W. Hopkins, S. and A. Humphries. The burial service was read by the Rev. F. G. Evans, who also gave a very feeling and impressive address to the young men present.

Mr W. B. Girling, of Blenheim, was suddenly taken ill on Saturday afternoon, carried home and attended to by Dr. Anderson, but succumbed early on Sunday morning. Great sympathy is felt for Mrs Girling in her sudden bereavement, for her only son is still a youth not capable of taking charge of his father's business. Her other children are three daughters, the eldest just grown up.

Mr George Pettin Oxley, a much-respected Auckland resident, died very peacefully early on Friday morning at the residence of Mrs Kennedy, Franklin Road, after a long and painful illness. Mr Oxley came to Auckland in 1858 from Prince Edward's Island, Canada. He finished his education under the able tuition of Mr Farquhar Macrae, and joined his father and brothers in business. Ten years ago, Mr Geo. Oxley went over to Sydney, but four years after, he returned to Auckland, hoping the milder climate would be beneficial to his health. Unfortunately this was not the case, and despite every care and attention he gradually sank—his illness being a severe form of diabetes. Very much sympathy is felt for his widow by the many friends who, despite his retiring disposition, greatly esteemed and liked Mr George Oxley. Notwithstanding the extreme severity of flowers, some beautiful wreaths and crosses were placed on the coffin.

The takings at the Theatre Royal, New Plymouth, on the occasion of 'The Two Little Vagabonds' being played there, exceeded £100. The Company arrived at New Plymouth by the six o'clock train, started the performance at 7.30, finished the play at ten o'clock, and had everything packed up and was on board of the Garloch on their way to Auckland by eleven. This is about the smartest piece of work Messrs Williamson and Musgrove have accomplished for some time.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR has a good deal of official visiting in hand just now. He has a natives' meeting at Hastings on his list; following that are ceremonies at Napier on Thursday, Pahiatau, Masterton, Carterton and Greymouth North the week after. These labours accomplished, Lord and Lady Ranfurly will take a month's rest and change in Australia. Possibly after that, if the Auckland Government House is in decent order, the Vice-Royal party may be induced to pay the northern city a tardy visit. Tardy thanks only to the supineness of the Auckland citizens themselves.

Miss Jervois, daughter of the late Sir William Jervois, formerly Governor of New Zealand, is staying with Mrs Richmond, Wellington.

Miss Mary Seymour (Tyntesfield) has gone to Feilding to be present at her cousin's (Miss Vi Robertson) marriage to Mr Stubbs. She left Picton on Monday evening.

Miss Ettie Ireland returned to Auckland the Westralia after a visit of ten months in Sydney.

Kahui, a well-known chief at Ruhotu (Taranaki) has offered to organise a body of Maori volunteers to help defend New Zealand against invasion, or if necessary, to go outside the colony and fight for England.

Mrs Johnston, who, after spending several months in Kaitiaki, has been staying in Christchurch, is now in Blenheim, where she is staying with Miss Amy Johnston.

A very large number of friends assembled on the wharf on Saturday last at Wellington to wish Mrs W. F. Parsons and her daughters bon voyage on their departure for England by the Ruahine.

Miss Fernandez, matron of the New Plymouth Hospital, has been granted six months leave of absence owing to ill-health, and she left on a visit to Wellington.

The Rev. J. Clark, of the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle, has been accorded a vote of thanks by the members of the W.C.T.U. for his willingness to hold a Willard Memorial Service. Hearty thanks were also extended to the Tabernacle officers for the use of their building.

Miss Hurst house, on the eve of her marriage, was presented by the Choir of St. Mary's, New Plymouth, with a large photograph of the choir, handsomely framed, and a beautiful oak and silver biscuit barrel, suitably engraved.

Mr and Mrs Moore, of Blenheim, are staying at Kekerangu, with Mrs J. Symons, and Miss Moore is visiting in Wellington.

Everybody in Picton is glad to welcome Mrs Rutherford back after her long stay in Canterbury. Illness was the cause of her detention, but she is now getting strong and well again.

Mr Harry Burnes has been appointed manager of the local branch of the New Zealand Shipping Company at Wellington in place of Captain Rose. Mr Burnes has been chief clerk at the headquarters of the company at Christchurch, and has been in the company's service 22 years. As Captain Rose intends leaving for England in December, Mr Burnes will in all probability come to Wellington some months before that date, in order to get into the run of things, and will take over the management early in June. Some time ago Mr Burnes was offered the management of the company's Napier branch, but declined the offer.

Dr. Gilbert Smith is the kind lecturer at the St. John Ambulance class for ladies now being held in Te Aroha. Mrs Campbell is hon. sec. A knowledge of 'first aid' and 'nursing' is really necessary in all country districts where the services of a medical man cannot quickly be obtained.

Mr Leonard Dodson, of Blenheim, left to try for fortune at Klondike, but on reaching Wellington changed his mind and, it is said, settled in

Mr Arthur Carter, of the Telegraph Department, Blenheim, has been transferred to Masterton, and was entertained at a smoke concert before his departure, when he was presented by his comrades in the office with a handsome writing case.

The Hon. J. Carroll, Hon. W. Jennings, and Messrs F. Lawry and R. Monk, M.H.R.'s, went from Auckland on Thursday morning to visit the Maori meeting at Huntly. Hawera.

Mr Blackmore, Government Pomologist, says that orchards in the north are not managed in an intelligent manner.

Mr W. Tripe, Wellington, and Mr W. Thomas, Christchurch, are visiting Mrs Chaytor, at Marahau.

The Rev. W. J. Williams is in Auckland. He came up from New Plymouth on Thursday.

The Thames Liedertafel Society presented Mr John Watson, junr., with a pair of chic sleeve links on his departure for Scotland, where he intends to complete his studies as a mechanical engineer.

Mr Murray Roberts is reported as likely to stand for Taiari at the next general election.

Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell, who was a passenger to England by the Ruahine, is hoping to have a book he has written on the Maori war published by a London firm. The colonel is well up in his subject, having played a prominent part in the suppression of the native race.

Mons. E. Pollet, Consul-General for Belgium in Australasia, is in Auckland at present on a visit from his Melbourne residence.

Mrs R. Jenkins, Blenheim, has gone to Wellington, where she is visiting relations.

The opinion always expressed by the 'Graphic' that the Auckland water supply should be obtained from the Waitakerei Ranges is greatly strengthened by Mr McElwain, an old resident, who has consulted an expert engineer on the subject.

Miss Ronalds (Christchurch) has gone on a visit to her aunt, Mrs James Mills, Dunedin.

Mr R. Webster, of New Plymouth, has gone for a trip to Auckland.

Colonel and Mrs Dawson, of Arborfield, Ellerslie, with their two sons, leave Auckland for England via Vancouver next month. They expect to return at the end of the year. Next Monday the family go to their run near Ngaruawahia and Rotorua for three weeks' farewell visit. Mr and Mrs George Bloomfield have taken Arborfield for a few months.

Mr J. S. Kelly, the Wellington correspondent of the 'Lyttelton Times', has taken the place of Mr F. K. Reeves on the 'Poverty Bay Herald'. The latter is resuming his old position on the reporting staff of the 'Wellington Times.'

Miss Cato, who has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs Cheek, in Blenheim, returned to Wellington last week.

Captain Edwin Phillips is again in charge of the Mararoa. Captain Newton, the temporary captain, is now in Wellington.

Mrs Duncan, of Wellington, who has been visiting friends in Blenheim, returned home last week.

Dr. and Mrs A. O. Knight have returned to Auckland after their trip to Europe. Their many friends were glad to see them home again.

Miss Allan (Wellington), Miss Duggan and Mrs Menteith's children, who have been in Picton for over a month returned to Wellington last week, having enjoyed their stay in picturesque Picton immensely.

His Honor Judge Conolly unveiled a portrait of the late Mr Justice Richmond, which has been hung in the Supreme Court-room, New Plymouth, on March 23.

Mr G. Humphries, of the Press Association, was presented by Major Sommerville, on behalf of the shooting men present at Oamaru, with a gold sovereign case, and a gold pencil case, as a mark of appreciation of the admirable manner in which he has reported the Rifle Association meetings for the last 20 years.

The Moderator of the Otago Synod, the Rev. Wilt, has received a pleasant recognition of his scholarly attainments. His alma mater Edin. University has conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Mrs Henry Brown, of New Plymouth, is paying Auckland a visit.

Mrs Holford, of New Plymouth, has gone on a trip to Auckland.

Mrs Garton (Bulls) is paying a short visit to Mr Edwin in Wellington.

Mr McIntosh, who has been travelling about as Inspector of the National Bank, is at present at home, in Blenheim.

Mrs Broham, who has been staying with her father, Archdeacon Govett, has gone back to her home in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Alan Scott (Christchurch), with their little daughter, are making another trip to England, and left last Saturday.

Miss G. Rose has returned from the country to Wellington.

Mr Musgrave (Christchurch) has gone back again to South America, leaving by the Ruahine, for Buenos Ayres, which sailed from Wellington last Saturday.

Miss Ida Worsp leaves for Sydney by the s.s. Westralia on April 4th, en route for Japan, on a visit to her cousin, Mrs De Ath, at Kobe.

Lady Atkinson, from Wellington, is staying with her daughter, Mrs C. Govett, of New Plymouth.

Mrs Aldridge, after three months' stay with her daughter, Mrs Dignan, Mt. Eden, Auckland, left for her home in Napier on Monday last.

Mr and Mrs W. H. S. Moorhouse, Wellington, are paying a visit to Mr and Mrs Paul Hunter at Hawke's Bay.

Mr C. F. Griffiths, solicitor, Auckland, was entertained at a farewell dinner at the Waverley Hotel last week, prior to his departure from that city, where he has resided for 28 years.

Mrs Smith, who has been making a long visit to her daughter, Mrs F. Anderson (Makuri) at Palmerston North, returned to Blenheim last week.

Bishop and Mrs Mules were staying at the Picton vicarage for several days this week.

Mr Charles Spencer Booth, who is leaving Hurford Road (Taranaki) for another district, was entertained at a social recently. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed to the musical portion of the entertainment: Mrs Gilbert, Misses Penwarden, Greenhill and Des Forges, Messrs Giddy, Booth, Paterson and Des Forges.

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Condyl's Fluid.**

Book of Directions on Every Bottle.
Sold by all Chemists.

CONDY & MITCHELL, OF LONDON, ENGLAND, are the Sole Makers.

Miss Quick has returned to Wellington after her visit up country.

Miss Rose (Wellington) left for England last Saturday by the Ruahine. Mrs and the Misses Parsons were also passengers by this boat.

Mr Kenneth Duncan returned to Wellington last week after making a short visit to Blenheim.

Mrs M. Lightfoot, from South, is staying at her mother's, Mrs W. Kennell, of New Plymouth.

Mrs Croker left Blenheim last Wednesday for Wellington, and after spending a few days there, will proceed to Christchurch, in order to be present at her sister's marriage.

Mrs Kinross White (Napier) is in Christchurch on a visit amongst friends.

Mr John Connal (Christchurch) and Miss Connal left for Gisborne on Saturday where, after spending a week or ten days, they purpose visiting Auckland and Rotorua, returning via the West Coast in about a month or six weeks.

Rev. Canon Walsh, who has been with Archdeacon Govett, during the Jubilee returned to Auckland last Tuesday.

Mr Horton, one of the proprietors of 'The N.Z. Herald,' has been on a short visit to New Plymouth.

After being absent in Hokitika for several months Mr Powell has returned to Blenheim for a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs Shannon, of Wellington, spent a few days in New Plymouth, on their way to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs D. O'Toole have returned to New Zealand from a brief visit to Australia.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson is likely to be a candidate for Parnell, Auckland, at the next general election.

Mr and Mrs Bright went to Wellington at the end of last week, and though Mr Bright returned to Blenheim on Saturday, Mrs Bright has elected to extend her visit.

The nautical adviser to the New Zealand Government (Capt. Allman) and Mr Hales (Marine Engineer) left Wellington by the Hinemoa last week in order to choose a site off the East Cape, North Island, for a lighthouse.

Mrs Arthur Russell, of Te Matai, Palmerston North, is at present in Wellington, staying with her parents, Mr and Mrs T. C. Williams, in Hobson-street.

Mrs Dobbie, who has been staying with Mrs Howard, in Blenheim, returned to Picton last Thursday.

Mr and Mrs Lattay, nee Miss Margaret Hursthouse, have gone to Auckland to live.

Miss Hatherly, of Wanganui, has been staying with Mrs Cornford, of Napier.

Dr. Barnett, who is rapidly making a name for himself in Dunedin as a most kind and clever medical man, has been taking a well-earned holiday in Wellington with his wife and bonnie bairns.

Miss Reece, of Gisborne, is staying with her sister, Mrs Lusk, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mrs Hayward returned to Wellington last week, being greatly benefited in health by the change to Picton.

Mr A. D. Riley, Director of the Technical School, Wellington, is about to visit England, principally for the benefit of his health, and also with a view of visiting the various advanced art schools, in order to acquire information which will be of use in the local school, and also to purchase models and material. Mr Riley intends being away for about four months, and leaves Wellington by the s.s. Maori on Monday next. On Monday evening last Mr Riley was presented with a pair of field-glasses by the practical plumbing class, Mr Scott, the instructor, making the presentation, and wishing Mr Riley bon voyage on behalf of the class.

Miss Glasgow, of Nelson, is paying a visit to Mrs Nelson, of Tomoana.

Captain Brand, brother of Lord Hampden, Governor of New South Wales, arrived in Wellington by the Tarawera on Wednesday last from Australia. After visiting Christchurch Captain Brand proceeds to England.

Mr John M. Chambers, of Oakdene, Parnell, left Auckland last week, en route for Sydney, to celebrate his marriage with the daughter of Sir B. Tangye, of Sydney. Lady Tangye is bringing her daughter over, and after the marriage will proceed to Auckland for a visit. Mr John Chambers has taken the house in St. Stephen's Road, Parnell, recently occupied by Mr Harrop, nearly opposite his father's house, as he intends to reside in Auckland.

A billiard-room under the roof of one of the big New York hotels, Waldorf Astoria, is the latest provision for the happiness of woman. The room has recently been opened. It has at once been taken into favour by the powers in the feminine world who make such things the rage or strangle them outright. The billiard-room survived the test, with a brilliant future ahead. Women who play in their own homes have been polishing up their pool and billiard lore, and everyday the room is visited by devoted exponents of the game. A number of girls have arranged for instruction in billiards. The room is open to guests of the house and women known to the management. It is distinctly exclusive, and not every one finds a table or the necessary paraphernalia if her presence is not desired. Men do not sail in with an air of owning all the place. If one is so bold as to remove his coat an attendant instantly hands him a thin lounging jacket to shield his shirt sleeves, which are not condoned in the ladies' billiard-room. There are six tables for players.

BOWLING.

SCOTLAND V. THE WORLD.

On Saturday afternoon the postponed match, Scotland v. the World, was played on the Grafton Road Green. There were 13 rinks a-side (52), there being 104 men engaged, the largest number in a local match which has yet been played. The game was 21 heads up.

The Scottish team wore Stuart tartan rosettes, furnished by Mr Thomas Finlayson, while the world were arrayed in "Red, White, and Blue," with a dash of green. Piper Fotheringham, late of the famous "Black Watch" (42nd Highlanders), who wore the Royal Stuart tartan, and Piper Mitchell, in the garb of the Gordon Highlanders (92nd), were present.

At half-past two o'clock sharp, Piper Fotheringham played the challenge, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye Wainkin' Yet?" when the game proceeded. During the afternoon Piper Fotheringham played "The 42nd's Gathering," "Cock of the North" (Gordon Highlanders' Quickstep), "McKenzie's Farewell to Ross-shire," "The Queen's Welcome to Deeside," and a number of strathspeys and reels. Piper Mitchell gave "The Highland Laddie," "The Haughs of Crondale," "The Barren Rocks of Elen," and a number of strathspeys etc.

The game resulted in a victory for the World by 53 points; the World: 289; Scotland: 236. The World won in nine rinks, and Scotland in four rinks.

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SOCIETY ON DITS.

That the Williamson and Musgrove Company paid New Plymouth a visit last week and played to a crowded house.

That the Misses Kempthorne give a large girls' afternoon tea on Tuesday at their pretty residence overlooking Hobson Bay, Remuera, Auckland.

That the unveiling of the portrait of the late Mr Justice Richmond took place in the Supreme Court of New Plymouth last Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Mr Justice Conolly.

That His Excellency the Governor was in Wellington early this week on his way to Hawke's Bay.

That Aucklanders are waking up to the fact that the view obtainable from One Tree Hill far surpasses in extent the much-valued panorama visible from Mount Eden. The city itself is not conspicuous from One Tree Hill, but the Hauraki Gulf, Manukau Harbour, Waikato South Ranges, are all spread out before the delighted spectator as on a map.

That a peculiar incident occurred during the visit of the Bishop of the diocese to Picton on Saturday. The Bishop's luggage was sent on to Nelson by mistake on Saturday, and His Lordship had perforce to wear a curate's costume at the confirmation service. In these days of belief in theosophy, palmistry, and other modern superstitions, people may wonder what influence the want of Bishop's robes may have on the confirmees. The Bishop didn't like it a little bit, and the ladies of the congregation—there were very few of His Lordship's own sex present—wondered if a new fashion in Bishop's robes had come in.

That a fancy fair in aid of the general funds of St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, will be held on July 25th in the Theatre Royal and will take the form of a Japanese village.

That the Primate of Auckland gave a lecture on Tuesday evening in the library at Bishop's Court to which a number of invitations were issued. The subject of the very interesting lecture was the recent trouble with the tribes on the north-western frontier of India.

That the Polo Team to represent Wellington at the Polo Tournament at Hastings consists of Messrs Skerrett, C. Crawford, Cooper, and Major Madocks.

That great growling was indulged in over the scant accommodation of the Picton Wharf lately. The Pohorua had to anchor out in the stream last Thursday because there was not room for her at the wharf, thus causing a great delay in discharging her cargo and loading up.

That the Misses Worsp (Auckland) give a large girls' afternoon tea on Friday, April 1st, as a farewell to their sister.

That Frank Thornton's Comedy Company is coming to pay New Plymouth a visit on May 6th.

That if Blenheim would join Picton in asking the Government for better wharf accommodation it would be more to the purpose than agitating for the removal of the railway management to Blenheim. The interests of both places are identical. If Picton is forced into the background through the near-sighted policy of Marlborough residents, then Blenheim will also sink into insignificance till more enlightened politicians take up the reins of local government.

That about seventy employees of Messrs Smith and Caughy, Auckland, are going to become volunteers. Mr Gover proposed that a corps should be formed and called 'The Queen's Own Rifle Corps, No. 1.' This was agreed to. Colonel Banks and Major Murray arranged for the necessary drill.

That Dr. Anderson, who has lately gone into partnership with Dr. Scott, of Picton, is a decided acquisition to the coming terminus of the South Island.

That Mr P. Friend, clerk of the House of Representatives, Wellington, has recently undergone two operations for a throat affection and is now progressing favourably towards recovery.

That Mr S. M. Scott, for several years schoolmaster at Midhurst, was presented lately with a handsome walking-stick, pipe, and tobacco pouch on the occasion of his leaving the district. He was also entertained by the Masonic Lodge 'Hinemoa,' of which he was the Master.

That Mrs Edwin (Wellington) entertained a few friends at afternoon tea last Monday.

That just before her marriage Miss M. Hursthouse was presented with a handsome oak and silver biscuit-barrel and a large photograph of the choir handsomely framed from St. Mary's Choir, New Plymouth. Miss Helen, who is also leaving the choir shortly to be married, also received a handsome silver crumb-scoop and bread fork and a photograph.

That Merivale House will soon be occupied again by its rightful owners, Mr and Mrs John Studholme, who purpose returning there after the departure of Sir James Fraser-Tyler and his daughter for England, which takes place shortly now.

That Mr T. P. Lister has been appointed Truant Inspector for the Opuake and New Plymouth district schools.

That the Primate of Auckland invited many leading citizens to meet Mr W. H. Sollman, M.A., Travelling Secretary of the Australasian Students' Christian Union, in the library, Bishop's Court, Parnell, on Monday afternoon. The meeting, which was arranged for four o'clock, was a very pleasant and instructive affair, though some of the business men found it impossible to get away at that hour. That in order to finish the new wing of the Parliamentary Buildings at Wellington in time for the opening of Parliament in June it has been decided to enable the work to be carried on day and night, and the somewhat unusual spectacle of labourers working during the night, by the aid of large arc lights, attracts nightly crowds of curious onlookers.

That from the Tamahere Church few of honey has been removed. The bees have for years made their home in the sacred building, but at length have been removed, to the great comfort of the congregation.

That the use of electric light in the Christchurch hospital is expected to save the ratepayers £300 per annum.

That some hospitable people in Dunedin during Jubilee week had two or three visitors sleeping in their drawing-rooms.

That two old residents of Blenheim, Mr D. Draper, of the Club Hotel, and Mr F. Adams, head of the firm of Adams and Son, are very seriously ill, and the condition of both is critical.

That a picnic on the Mount Eden and Epsom lawns was arranged for Tuesday. Aucklanders are very partial to this extremely pleasant form of entertainment.

That the Maori korero held at Huntly last week is the largest assemblage of natives which has gathered since the famous Tawhiao tangi at Taupiri in 1894. Two thousand Maoris encamped at Wahi.

AUCKLAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND CYCLE CLUB'S CARNIVAL.

The above carnival, which took place in the Auckland Domain on Saturday last was one of the most successful meetings ever held under the auspices of this popular society. There was a large attendance of the public and the keenest interest was shown in all the events. The two of these which attracted the greatest amount of attention were the 100yds and 250yds scratch races, in which Rowley, of Sydney, Patrick, of Wellington, and Smith, of Auckland, competed. Photographures of the meeting appear elsewhere in this issue.



The engagement of Miss A. Lockie to Mr Kenneth Hume, son of Colonel Hume, is announced in Wellington. Mr Ernest Bloomfield, of Auckland, engagement to Miss Rose, of Sydney, has lately been announced.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR LATTEY TO MISS HURST-
HOUSE.

A VERY pretty but quiet wedding took place in St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, when Miss Margaret Hursthouse, eldest daughter of Mr Wilson Hursthouse, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr H. Lattey, of Auckland.

The bride was given away by her father, and wore a handsome figured silk gown, trimmed with orange blossoms, with a white felt hat, trimmed with white feathers and ribbons. A very pretty shower bouquet completed her elegant toilet.

Archdeacon Govett officiated, and the bridegroom was supported by Mr H. Fookes.

The bridesmaids were Misses N. A. and E. Hursthouse, who wore very pretty white crepon dresses, trimmed with white satin, and black hats, with pink and yellow roses, and carried bouquets of red and yellow dahlias.

After the ceremony a number of friends were entertained at the residence of the bride's parents.

SIGNOR PECCINERLI TO MISS
BARRON.

On March 5th a quiet wedding took place at the office of the Registrar, Christchurch, when Signor G. P. Peccinelli, the well-known artist and fourth son of the late Marchese Peccinelli, Sienna, Italy, was married to Miss Mary Katherine Cecelia Josephine (Cis) Barron, eldest daughter of Mr J. J. Barron, of Anglesea-street Ponsby, Auckland.

The bride looked charming in a pretty travelling costume of fawn cloth and hat to match.

She was attended by Miss Minna Phillips, of Sydney, and the bridegroom by Mr T. M. Tighman.

After the ceremony the happy couple left for Dunedin, en route for Melbourne, where the honeymoon is to be spent, they having taken the charming villa 'Studlands,' St. John's Road, Toorak, after which the principal places of Australia will be visited, returning to New Zealand en route for Europe and America.

MR ADAMS TO MISS PURSER.

A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday at Blenheim when Miss Purser, eldest daughter of the Mayor, was married to Mr George Adams, of the firm of Adams and Sons.

The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, and was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace.

MR HILL TO MISS BOOTH.

Mr Alfred Hill, the well-known musician, was married a short time since to Miss Booth, formerly of Wellington.

MR E. T. GOULD TO MISS
WHEWELL.

The Remuera Mission Hall was well filled with Aucklanders and suburban residents on the occasion of the marriage of Mr Ernest Trevor Gould, youngest son of the Rev. Canon Gould, Vicar of Trinity Church, Otahuhu, and Miss Alice Whewell, second daughter of the Rev. J. Whewell, of Auckland.

The hall was prettily decorated to receive the bride, who wore her tailor-made travelling costume. She was given away by her uncle, Mr James Russell, Dr. Maitland being best man.

The niece of the bride, Miss Tayler, from Waikato, was bridesmaid, wearing a simple pretty dress.

Miss Tilly rendered the usual Wedding March on the departure from the hall of the bridal party.

The happy pair left the following day for their future home in Dunedin, where Mr Gould is general manager of the Scottish Metropolitan Accident Insurance Company.

There were very many handsome and useful presents.

MR JOHN WATSON TO MISS
RITCHIE.

The marriage of Mr John Watson, Khyber Pass, Auckland, to Miss Nellie Ritchie, of Auckland, was celebrated at the Tabernacle on Wednesday afternoon by Pastor J. Clark.

The bride, who was given away by Mr T. E. Carter, looked very well indeed dressed in cream cashmere, finished prettily with silk and chiffon, veil, and orange blossoms.

Mr E. Watson, brother of the bridegroom was the best man, and Mr Wells played the Wedding March at the conclusion of the ceremony.

The wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mr T. E. Carter.

MR MOUNTFORT TO MISS
FIDDLER.

Last Saturday, at the Napier Cathedral, the marriage took place of Mr Edward Mountfort, of Wellington, and Miss Fiddler, also of Wellington.

Mr Mountfort, who used to reside in Napier, is now accountant in the Wellington branch of the Bank of New South Wales.

The bride, who was given away by Mrs Mountfort, wore a pretty dress of white cashmere, with soft trimmings of lace, and her tulle veil was arranged with sprays of orange blossom.

Miss Mountfort and Miss Retemeyer, sister and niece of the bridegroom, acted as bridesmaids. They were in dresses of cream cashmere, and wore large black picture hats. They carried baskets of flowers and autumn tinted leaves, and wore some pretty opal pins, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr Hogg acted as best man.

Owing to a recent family bereavement Mr Mountfort senior was prevented from being present at the wedding. After the ceremony the guests were entertained by Mr and Mrs Mountfort at their house in Havelock Road.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, March 27.

Though we cannot claim to as interesting a tale of gaieties as your Dunedin correspondent, yet we have had our small share this week. To begin with, we are having very delightful weather, and this makes the wind-up of our out-door functions particularly pleasant.

On Thursday last the ladies of the West End Lawn Tennis Club held a

LARGE AT-HOME

on the Club's lawns. A great number of lady players and friends were invited from the various other lawns, and during the afternoon matches were played, the winners in the final round being Miss A. Nicholson, lady champion of Auckland, from Mount Eden lawn, and Miss Duder, from the Shore. During the afternoon's play Miss Frost had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, having almost reached the final round. The weather was all that could be desired, and on the whole an extremely pleasant afternoon was spent. Amongst those present were Mrs Chapman, wearing a pretty pale blue and white striped dress; Mrs (Dr.) Baldwin, dark skirt and light blouse, sailor hat; Miss B. Atkinson, white pique costume, with pretty tartan belt and tie, white sailor hat; her sister looked well in a pale blue striped dress with large white picture hat; Miss Gorrie, blue and white striped dress; Miss Harvey, navy skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss M. Harvey, dainty white spotted muslin, white hat with heliotrope flowers; Mrs J. Gray (Wellington), stylish light green tailor-made gown, with small white sailor hat; Miss M. Whitelaw, white pique skirt, electric blue and white striped blouse; Miss E. Whitelaw, white skirt, red and white striped blouse, sailor hat; Miss Rosa Bull, pale blue dress, sailor hat; Miss Duder, black skirt, light blouse; Miss Peacock, navy blue and white striped dress; Miss M. Peacock, white skirt, red and white striped blouse; Miss Nicholson, white pique; Miss — Nicholson, white; Miss Hull, pale blue; Miss Davy, white pique costume; her sister wore a pretty pink dress with black satin belt, sailor hat; Miss Stevenson, white muslin, pretty black straw hat; Mrs S. Hanna, black dress trimmed with heliotrope; Miss Owen, stylish fawn-coloured dress; Miss Ada Owen, white pique jacket and skirt,

stylish white hat trimmed with pale pink and pale blue ribbon; Mrs Smith, white costume, large picture hat; Miss L. Lewis, light blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Fred Taylor, very pretty white silk dress trimmed with lace, pale green straw hat profusely trimmed with green chiffon and pink roses; Miss Ring, navy skirt, pink and white striped blouse; Miss Possenskie, cream serge costume, stylish cream Leghorn hat with apple green and scarlet ribbon trimmings; Miss M. George, black crepon, sailor hat; Mrs W. Morpeth, fawn tailor-made gown, cream and gold hat; Mrs Parkinson, dark grey jacket and skirt, black silk front, and black bonnet to match; Miss Preece, white spotted muslin; Miss Emmie Preece, pretty white and blue dress, large hat with cornflowers; Miss Frost, navy skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Spiers, pale pink striped dress, green straw hat with flowers; Mrs Gentles, white and blue striped dress, sailor hat; Miss Ledingham, pale green and white costume; her sister, navy skirt, pale blue blouse, sailor hat.

GARDEN PARTY

was given on Thursday afternoon last by Mrs Ludlow Rich at her pretty residence, Rose Hall, Parnell. Though the house is on the main road it is perfectly shut in from the gaze of the public by a belt of fir trees, clipped into shape. A band of six musicians were stationed beneath a magnolia tree and sweetly discoursed well-known airs. From the verandah and garden walks a perfect view of the Auckland Harbour was seen, which caused quite a murmur of approbation as each of the guests on arrival caught a glimpse of this lovely scene. Mrs Ludlow Rich graciously received her many guests on the wide-spreading verandah, where we found comfortable chairs placed, which were soon taken possession of. Our hostess was ably assisted to entertain her many guests by her mother and two sisters, and by their united efforts a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by the visitors. We admired very much the row of stately fern trees near the verandah; two of them were picturesquely leaning over the steps. A fish-pond attracted much attention, where swam lively gold-fish amongst the waterlilies. The afternoon refreshments, served in the dining-room, were of an excellent quality, trifles, jellies, fruits, and cakes of every description. The table decoration was very extensive; from the gas chandelier was attached yellow crinkly paper ribbons, which extended to the four corners of the table; the top of this was tastefully finished with pale blue horse shoes. The centre of the table was a tall vase of yellow daisies, with two smaller ones with the same flowers. The guests wandered through the orchard or paced the garden walks admiring the flowers, while some sat down to listen to the music. For those who found it cold outside the reception-room was thrown open. The day was a perfect autumn one, and the sun glistened on the sea, making it look like glass.

Amongst those present were Mrs Ludlow Rich, cream lustre, with grey flower, made with skirt and bolero, green vest, floral hat; her mother, Mrs Rich, black silk, and bonnet of old gold flowers; Miss Winnie Rich looked as pretty as ever in a dark skirt, shimmering bluey-grey alpaca blouse; her sister wore a dark skirt, emerald blouse; Mrs Leslie Hunt, dark skirt, mignonette green silk blouse; Mrs A. V. McDonald, biscuit-coloured costume; Mrs Arnold, dark skirt, lettuce green blouse; Mrs Chatfield, handsome black costume; Miss Chatfield, Mrs Mahoney; Mrs Walker, black silk; Mrs A. P. Friend, blue muslin; her little girl wore white; Mrs Thomson, black; Miss Thomson, pink; Mrs Harrison, grey, relieved with fawn and green; Mrs Holmes, green plaid costume; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs Colegrove; Mrs Whitney, dark skirt, Nil green blouse; Mrs Kigour, black; Mrs Ernest Beale, dark skirt, petunia blouse; Mrs Pollan; Mrs Kuck, grey striped silk; Mrs Leatham; Miss Busley, white; Mrs (Capt.) Thomas, black fancy cloth, with gold stripe, and trimmed with bouton d'or; Miss Thomas, white cambrie, with gold sash; Mrs and Misses Kerr-Taylor; Miss White, grey; Miss Kinsling, dark skirt, plaid silk blouse; her sister, who has just returned from the South, looked very well, but I forgot what she wore; Miss Shepperd, black costume, relieved with bouton d'or; Mrs Fraser, dark

skirt, green blouse; Mrs Atkinson, black silk; Miss Atkinson, flowered silk; Mrs Youngusband; Miss Towsey, white pique, hat en suite; Mrs White, black; Miss White, black costume, relieved with white; Mrs Munroe, dark skirt, silk blouse; Miss Stubbins, black; Miss Horne, dark sat in skirt, white silk blouse, edged with purple; Miss C. Horne, dark skirt, Oriental silk blouse; Mrs Alloway, butcher blue costume, relieved with gold vest; Mrs Thorne George, black silk, relieved with yellow; Miss Thorne George, white pique, pink straw hat; Mrs Dignam, handsome combination of grey and pink silk; Misses Haber (two), batiste muslins; Miss Worsp, moss green figured muslin, green straw hat, with black ostrich feathers; Miss Alexander, beige grey; Mrs Annesse, brown tailor-made gown; Mrs Hugh Campbell; Mrs Cheeseman, black; Miss Cheeseman, Miss Mabel Churton; Miss Herold, grey; her sister, green; Mrs Heywood, black; Miss Millie Heywood, cream; Mrs Ashley Hunter; Mrs Hunt, white silk, finished with green; Mrs Updell, white silk, finished with pink; Mrs Bamford, black costume, let in the neck with green; Mrs Pritt, black; Mrs Williams, black silk, fur boa, black bonnet; Miss Whitson, blue and white striped cambrie; her sister wore a red striped batiste; Mrs Thorpe, black; Miss Flora Thorpe, was looking very pretty in her picturesque costume of white China silk and black velvet hat; Mrs Bold, black fancy cloth, with lilac stripe, bonnet with flowers; Misses Bold (two), pretty pink cambrics, finished with ecru lace; Mrs Reid-Bloomfield, black; Miss Raey, black; Mrs J. Reed (Remuera), absinthe green silk; Mrs W. H. Churton, canary muslin; Mrs Reed (Kohinaramara), fawn striped silk; Miss Reed, blue muslin, edged with white lace; Misses Kensington (two), dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Von Sturmer, white muslin; Mrs Gordon, grey; Mrs Sealy, Mrs O'Brian, Miss O'Reilly; Mrs Kinder, black; Mrs Theo Kissing, dark costume, goblin blue vest; and many others whom I am sorry to say I cannot recall at this present moment, while others were strangers to me.

LAWN TENNIS.

The final match for the Tate racket, presented by Mr J. R. Gray for competition by the ladies of the Eden and Epsom Club, was played last week. Mrs Baldwin proved the winner, Miss Nicholson, her opponent, losing the two first sets.

GOLF.

Last Saturday afternoon the opening of the

AUCKLAND GOLF CLUB'S SEASON

took place at Green Lane, when a ladies' and gentlemen's handicap foursome was played. The match was medal play over 9 holes, viz., holes 1, 2, 3, 4, Remuera, Forest, Bull's Run, Long Walk, Home hole over the pond. Partners were drawn for, and the list with handicaps was posted at the Club House. Mr Walker kindly presented a putter to the winning lady, and Mr Gillies gave a patent scorer to the second lady. The following is the list of entries:—Misses Thompson, Burstow (2), Ware, Shuttleworth, Wilkins, Burns, Rees, Blenzard, Mendames K. A. Carr, W. Bloomfield, Blair, Reid, Gray, and Wilson, Messrs Arnold, Cochrane, Kidd, Carr, Walker, Gillies, Burness, Wilson, Sykes, Rees, Caldwell D. Baldwin, Winslow, Hunt. Afternoon tea was provided by the ladies at the Club House. There was a large attendance of visitors. The day, though fine overhead, was rather cold and wintrified, and especially was the wind felt by the players over the bleak hills. I think the visitors had the best of it sitting in the comfortable chairs on that cosy and wide verandah, sipping the refreshing cups of tea. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Browning, black; Mrs James Russell, black costume; Misses Russell were similarly attired in stylish combinations of cream and blue cashmeres, hats en suite; Mrs Ware, navy; Miss Ware, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Torrance, navy; Miss Barstow, dark skirt, red blouse; Miss Amy Barstow, striped heliotrope zephyr; Miss Shuttleworth, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Dignam, fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Wilkins, dark skirt, light blouse, very large garden hat trimmed with flowers; Miss Rees, dark skirt, pluk blouse; Miss Blenzard, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs R. A. Carr, grey skirt, white blouse; Mrs W. Bloomfield, fawn skirt, light blouse; Mrs Blair, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Reid, Mrs

Archie Clark and Mrs Matthew Clark were similarly gowned in black mourning costumes; Mrs Stanley-Wilson, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse; Mrs Hunt, black silk skirt, green and black plaid blouse; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby), dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Geraldine Ching, pink flowered alpaca, white hat; Miss Gray, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse; Miss Fenton, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Leatham, navy serge; Mrs Hope Lewis, fawn skirt, light blouse; Miss Thompson, Miss Churton, navy tailor-made gown; Miss Thorne George, dark grey; Mrs Duthie, fawn tailor-made costume; Miss Flora McDonald, dark skirt, pink blouse; (Lieut.) Rume, grey tailor-made gown, white chiffon vest; Miss Colburn, black and white striped gown, half mourning costume; Mrs Reed, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss Murray, white muslin, with narrow black strip, black hat; Miss Owen, fawn; and her sister, navy, etc. Dr. Hope Lewis, Dr. Maurice Purchas, Messrs Leatham, Hunt, Gillies, Arnold, R. A. Carr, Walker, Stanley-Wilson, Sykes, etc.

The sheltered Grafton Green was on Saturday afternoon the scene of a large assemblage of people to witness the great event of the season in bowling circles, viz., the match

SCOTLAND V. THE WORLD.

The largest number yet engaged in a local match, 104 men, played, there being thirteen rinks aside. The Scottish team was marked by Stuart tartan rosettes, due to Mr Thos. Finlayson, to whose efforts was also due the appropriate appearance of the Highland piper of the Remuera Bowling Club, Mr Mitchell. The World was distinguished by a brilliant combination of red, white and blue, flavoured with green. There were many smartly costumed ladies present, the stylish plaid being in evidence in some of the dresses. Afternoon tea was delicious, the cool wind rendering it specially acceptable. Messdames W. A. Thomson, J. J. Holland, J. Reid, W. Gorrie, T. McK. Geddes, and D. Ross provided this refreshment.

STREET DRESSES.

Miss Moss Davis, white China silk blouse, black skirt, cerise hat with black plumes; Miss —, Moss Davis, silk blouse, dark skirt, floral hat; Miss Eva Leighton, electric blue beige, trimmed sequin passementerie, white gem hat; Mrs Alfred Shalders, black figured grenadine, bonnet trimmed with autumn leaves; Mrs Joseph Aasenne (Takapuna), stylish green coat and skirt, floral toque; Mrs John Hanna, black gown relieved with gold silk V., black velvet hat with pink roses, Mrs Windsor, soft white China silk trimmed with frills of lace, white hat with feathers; Mrs (Rev.) Milne, grey check tweed skirt, white silk blouse trimmed with straps of gold, white straw Alpine hat; Mrs Devereux, green and black plaid costume, black hat with roses.

My Paeroa correspondent writes:— 'In spite of the rain everyone rolled up to our first day's races on the anniversary of St. Patrick. The

RACING

was very good, in spite of the course being a bit heavy. There were some close finishes. That clever little horse Porangi Potae as usual winning several races. The jockeys looked like so many blacks at the finish of the different races. I am sure their own mothers would not have known them, they being simply smothered in mud. The grandstand did not present a particularly gay appearance as most of the ladies had donned Mackintoshes. However, on the second day the weather was all that could be desired, and they blossomed out in all the colours of the rainbow, and the little lawn in front of the stand had quite a festive look. Mrs Norman Hazzard looked well in a grey silk lustre, with black velvet empire belt and collar, black velvet hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs Purchas (Waitekauri), black dress, dainty little bonnet; Miss Williams (Waihou), navy serge, white sailor hat; Mrs Hay-Chapman, grey tweed, white sailor hat; Miss Anderson (Te Awamutu), maroon Melton cloth, black hat; Miss Grace Anderson, stylish blue, white sailor hat; Miss Mowatt (Wellington), fawn tailor-made costume, black tulle hat, shot silk ribbon bow on the left side; Mrs De Castro, stylish black costume, very becoming toque; Mrs Sullivan, black serge, bolero jacket with black watered silk revers, black felt hat with white wings; Mrs Edwards, black silk,

white hat; Mrs Gooch, light blouse, black skirt; Miss Cramer-Roberts wore half-mourning; Mrs Clare, white striped muslin, black hat with a profusion of pink roses; Miss Wight, heliotrope lustre, shot silk bolero, white Leghorn hat; Miss Mary Wight, pale green muslin, black silk collar and sash, white sailor hat with black band; Mrs Palmer, white muslin, spotted with blue, small white hat; Mrs John Edwards, the Misses Forster, pretty blouses, navy blue skirts, sailor hats; Mrs Brunskill, navy blue, sailor hat; Mrs Moresby, navy serge jacket and skirt, crushed strawberry silk vest, veiled with lace, insertion; Miss Banks (Cambridge), grey costume; Miss Bagnall (Turua), fawn covert, coating costume, sailor hat to match; and many others.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, March 24.

We have had quite a GAY WEEK in Napier. There were concerts at the Theatre Royal on both Tuesday and Wednesday, and on the same evenings Pollard's Opera Company performed 'Djin-Djin' at the Gaiety Theatre. Then, too, there have been the Napier Park races, so that altogether the town has been quite en fête.

The days of the races were bright and fine, and on the Grand Stand some pretty dresses were to be seen. Mrs Thomson wore a black coat and skirt, with a white blouse, and a Panama straw hat trimmed with purple violets and black ribbon; Mrs Vigor Brown was in grey, and wore a black bonnet trimmed with white roses; Miss Donnelly was in a well-fitting coat and skirt, and a white sailor hat; Mrs Coleman was in black; Mrs Nairn was also in black, and wore a handsome mantle and a black bonnet relieved with purple; Miss Shaw's dress was white pique; the Misses Watt wore navy blue coats and skirts, blouses, and sailor hats; Mrs Wenley was in a stylish green costume, trimmed with scarlet cloth and black braid, and wore a black toque in which was a touch of red; Miss Ormond was in white, with a white straw hat; Miss Donnelly's dress on the second day was of a pretty shade of red trimmed with black; Miss Hindmarsh was in dark green, and Miss Nelson in navy blue.

Owing to other attractions there was not a very large audience at Miss Hatherly's concert on Tuesday night, but those who were present spent an enjoyable evening. Miss Celia Dampier, the youthful violinist, was listened to with marked pleasure, and Miss Hatherly, who played some particularly pretty selections on the harp, and Miss Large, who contributed several vocal solos, delighted the audience. Miss Hatherly wore a cream dress; Miss Large was also in cream; and Miss Dampier in white; Miss Henn, who played a pianoforte solo and some of the accompaniments, wore white with petunia-coloured sleeves; Mrs Nairn, who also acted as accompanist during part of the evening, was in a handsome black silk gown, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Nelson wore cream; Miss Spencer was in black; Miss M. Balfour, pink silk and white chiffon; Mrs Canning, black silk; Mrs Lusk, pretty heliotrope blouse with ruchings of pale green chiffon, and a dark skirt; Mrs Coleman wore a gown of black silk; Mrs Tanner was also in black; Miss Sidney wore a pretty white dress; Mrs Cornford, black and yellow; and Miss Cornford, pale green.

On Wednesday evening a

BANJO CONCERT

was held at the Theatre Royal, and a large audience assembled to hear the performance. Those who took part in it were:—Mrs Mason Chambers, Mrs Kettle, Mrs East, Miss Edwards, Miss E. Edwards, Miss Henn and Messrs Scott, Barron, Parker, Brabazon, Wood, Warren, Hoadley, Bullock and M'Farlane. Miss Clara Mongredien gave several vocal solos which were much appreciated, and Mr Swan gave two amusing recitations. There were some stylish dresses worn on this occasion. Mrs Fenwick looked well in white satin; Mrs Tanner was in black silk; Mrs Hoadley wore a pretty old-gold brocade blouse and a dark skirt; Mrs Goldsmith was in black relieved with white; Mrs Lines in a pretty blue satin blouse and dark skirt; Mrs McLean in black and sil-

ver; Mrs Kettle in white; Mrs Wenley wore black silk trimmed with biscuit coloured lace and green ribbon; Mrs Twigg black satin; and Miss Twigg white silk, trimmed with bright blue; Mrs Canning was in black and white; Miss Wood in pink; Mrs Bullock in black velvet; and Miss Donnelly in red and black; Mrs East wore a pretty cashmere dress; Miss Hatherly was in cream relieved with maize colour; Miss Hulings wore a pretty pink blouse with frills of chiffon, and a dark skirt; Mrs Mason Chambers, a cream dress with touches of canary colour; Mrs Carr, a black dress relieved with red; Mrs Von Dadezen was in a becoming black dress; Mrs Ronald also looked well in black; Mrs C. Canning wore a blue silk blouse and dark skirt; Mrs George Moore was in black silk trimmed with white lace; and Miss Edwards was in cream.

MARJORIE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, March 24.
The weather was not all that could be desired on Friday for the

MEDICAL CONGRESS PICNIC

at Day's Bay. There was a very strong northerly blowing, and this rather marred the enjoyment of the trip across the harbour, which otherwise was so pleasant. However, it was bright and sunny, and the s.s. Duches made a quick passage across. Soon after arriving lunch was served in the large new pavilion, and at one time there must have been fully 200 people seated at the luncheon tables. What with clatter of knives, forks and crockery, and the waiters rushing about in all directions, the huge room presented a very busy scene. One could not help noticing how energetic all the doctors were and how indefatigable in their efforts to make all happy and contented.

Too much praise cannot be given to the hard-working secretary (Dr. Fyffe), who seemed to leave no stone unturned to make the function the success it undoubtedly was.

I really must begin now and tell you who was there, or, at least, as many as I can remember. Mrs (Dr.) Anson was wearing a stone grey jacket and skirt, light blouse, and a black straw hat, with a beef-eater crown of white, trimmed with ribbon loops; Mrs (Dr.) Adams, brown coat and skirt, and boat-shaped straw hat to match, with brown velvet; Lady Buckley, black cloth costume, and black straw hat; Mrs William Barton (Wairarapa) looked well in a navy blue cloth Eton suit, the lapels being white, braided with black, white embroidered vest and black velvet toque, with black tips and finished with a bow of bluey green ribbon at the back, against the hair; Mrs Butt, green gown and black hat, with tips; Mrs Butts, black and white costume; her daughter wore a dark skirt and a red silk blouse, black hat; Mrs Alf. Brandon, dark green tailor-made suit, lovely sealskin cape and sailor hat; Miss Brandon, blue Eton costume, light blouse and sailor hat; Miss A. Brandon, brown coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs H. D. Crawford looked very nice in a pale fawn jacket and skirt and a becoming red straw toque, with black wings; Mrs Chatfield, bright brown coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Cooper and Miss Coleridge both wore dark tailor-made suits and sailor hats; Lady Douglas, black serge costume, black straw hat, trimmed with white lace and violets; Mrs Edwards, grey tailor-made suit and a green velvet toque, trimmed with fur and violets; Miss Edwards, pretty white muslin gown, effectively trimmed with lace insertion, white straw hat, with cornflowers and red poppies; Mrs (Dr.) Fell, black cloth tailor-made suit and large white sailor hat; Mrs Fitzherbert, dark grey gown and cape with fur, black straw hat, with lace and white flowers; Mrs Firth, blue and white print gown, with a broad black sash, large white straw hat; Mrs Gore, dark skirt and grey silk blouse, black velvet bonnet, with tips; Mrs H. M. Gore, dark green coat and skirt, sailor hat; Lady Hector, black tailor-made costume, black bonnet, with velvet and violets; Miss Hector, white duck costume, sailor hat; Mrs Hopkins (England), black cloth suit, black and white hat; Miss Harcourt, blue tailor-made coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs (Dr.) Henry, dark skirt, pink blouse and sailor hat; Mrs Hislop, brown gown, trimmed with silk to match, black bonnet trimmed with

blue; Miss Hislop, blue coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Hutchison, black tailor-made suit, white straw boat-shaped hat with quills; Miss Holmes was all in black; Miss Harding, white pique, with collar and belt of heliotrope silk, sailor hat; Mrs Charles Izard, pale blue cotton gown and sailor hat; Miss L. Izard, navy blue coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Z. Johnston also wore a blue suit and broad hat; Mrs Joseph, dark skirt and grass lawn blouse trimmed with insertion, sailor hat with green band; Miss Joseph, pink cotton gown and sailor hat; Miss Jervois (England), black rustre mourning costume; Mrs Charles Knight, Holland blouse and skirt and sailor hat; Mrs Luckie, black and red figured cloth gown and cape, floral bonnet; Mrs Lingard, dark blue costume, black and red bonnet; Mrs MacPherson, pale grey jacket and skirt, broad hat to match; Mrs Mantell, pink cotton gown, sailor hat; Mrs J. C. Martin, dark blue braided suit and sailor hat; Mrs Moreaux, brown gown trimmed with green velvet, floral bonnet; Mrs McCarthy, fawn jacket and skirt and sailor hat; Miss Hilda Moorehouse, white cotton gown and white straw befeater hat, trimmed with tips; Miss Medley, dark sailor-made costume; Mrs Nathan, pale fawn gown and floral toque; Mrs William Pharyzyn, a handsome black jettied costume; Miss Pharyzyn, pale grey jacket and skirt, sailor hat with grey band; Miss Pearce, black tailor-made suit, black straw hat, brightened with white flowers; Mrs Pole Penton, fawn coat and skirt, and bright pink and green toque; Mrs Parker, pale heliotrope muslin, trimmed with frills of the same, sailor hat; Mrs Purdy, dark blue cloth costume, white hat; Mrs Quick, black silk gown and cape, trimmed with lace, bonnet with yellow roses; the Misses Quick wore white duck costumes and sailor hats; Mrs Riddiford, black tailor-made suit, green silk vest with white insertion bands across, and pretty white straw befeater hat with tips; Mrs Rawson, blue coat and skirt and straw hat; the Misses Richmond wore cloth mourning costumes; Mrs Riley, mauve cotton gown and sailor hat; the Misses A. and N. Rose, dark blue coats and skirts and sailor hats; Miss G. Reid, stylish blue braided gown with Russian bodice, yellow straw hat with red ribbons; Miss Ross, pale grey gown with brocaded bodice, white chiffon hat with tips and pink ribbon; Lady Stout, dark blue Eton suit, floral toque with grey ribbon loops; Mrs Stowe, pale grey figured gown with ecur lace, black bonnet; Miss Stowe, white duck costume; Mrs Simpson, grey and mauve figured gown, with mauve silk vest, fawn felt hat; Mrs Tolhurst, black; Miss Tolhurst, soft white silk, trimmed with yellow lace, pretty pink toque with ribbon loops; Miss L. Tolhurst wore white serge and a pale green silk blouse, floral toque; Miss Turnbull, white pique and sailor hat; Mrs Wardell, blue cloth gown trimmed with white silk and fur, large black hat with tips; Mrs Williams, black braided costume, and gold and green bonnet; Miss Williams, dark skirt, light blouse, and sailor hat; Mrs Whittall, white duck jacket and skirt, red straw hat trimmed with black tips; Mrs (Dr.) Young, brown tweed gown, trimmed with dull blue velvet, sailor hat; Miss Young, in pale blue muslin; also Mrs Martin, Mrs Tringham, Mrs and Miss Stuart, Mrs Dean, Miss G. Rose, Mrs Miles, Mrs Stafford, and a number more.

On Friday evening Dr. and Mrs Grace held a

LARGE RECEPTION AT THEIR RESIDENCE.

Hawkestone-street. The house was most beautifully decorated with flowers and cut plants, and a most elaborated champagne supper was laid out in one of the large rooms. Some of those present were Dr. and Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs Ian Duncan, Dr. and Mrs Adams, Mrs Brandon, the Misses Brandon, Mrs H. D. Crawford, the Misses Williams, Mr and Mrs C. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Mr and Mrs Pearce, Mr and Mrs Baldwin, Mr and Mrs A. Crawford, Mr and Mrs Turnbull, Mrs Pynsent, Mrs and Miss O'Connor, Mrs and Miss Fitzherbert, Lady Douglas, Miss L. Izard, Miss Rose, Mrs and Miss Hutchison, Mr and Mrs John Duncan, Miss Duncan, etc., etc.

Dr. Fell, president of the New Zealand branch of the Medical Association, entertained the doctors at dinner last week at the Wellington Club.

On Saturday last a Silver Competition took place in the Miramar Golf

Links, the winner, Mr Arthur Duncan, making the record score of 86 from scratch for the 18-hole round. The other principal scores handed in were:—J. G. Duncan, 102, minus 13 handicap, 89; F. S. Hodson, 105, minus 13 handicap, 92; W. B. Lees, 102, minus 6 handicap, 96; J. Webster, 106, minus 9 handicap, 97; E. F. Hadfield, 111, minus 13 handicap, 98; K. D. Duncan, 108, minus 7 handicap, 101.

The Boyle Medal will be played for on Saturday next, and an American Tournament will be played at the links during April, May, and June.

OPHELIA—CLARISSA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, March 23.

I think I have once before made the remark that we are a church-going community in Christchurch, and now during this time of Lent social functions are not, and a large contingent of our citizens have betaken themselves to Dunedin to share the festivities of the Otago Jubilee. The train leaving on Saturday, the first of the excursion ones, was crowded (many have since left by boat), and I hear that the main street of Dunedin might easily be confused with our own Colombo-street so numerous are the Christchurch people. In the meantime our shops are very enticing, and the weather quite sharp enough to make one study the desirability of inspecting the new and the state of the old winter garments in our wardrobes. Boat-shape felt hats, and a touch of plaid on the costume will, I imagine, be almost like a uniform this winter; a little plaid can be used with excellent effect on most dark gowns, while for the longer pockets velvet and fur are so rich and comfortable, or even velveteen, which is most admirable for wear.

The appearance of the meeting house of our City Fathers was completely changed on Wednesday last, when His Worship the Mayor and Mrs Louisson held an

'AT HOME'

in the Council Chambers. Mrs Louisson, wearing a handsome gown of shot silk in heliotrope and grey, with hat to match, received the numerous guests in the library, which was much beautified and adorned with pot plants and flowers for the occasion. The visitors then passed on into the Council Chamber, where afternoon tea was served, this handsome room looking its very best with the addition of floral decorations. A string band played a few selections, and there was much chatter to enliven the proceedings, as about 300 people were there during the afternoon. Some of those present were Colonel and Mrs Gordon, Mr and Mrs C. Louisson, Judge and Mrs Denniston, Mr and Mrs W. D. Meares and the Misses Meares, Mr and Mrs F. Waymouth, Dr. and Mrs Manning, Dr. and Miss Irving, Mr and Mrs Embling, Mr and Miss Connal, Mrs and Miss Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs G. Humphreys, Mr and Mrs Appleby, Mr and Mrs Barkas, Mr and Mrs T. D. Barker, Mrs Chas. Cook, Mrs F. Trent, Mr and Mrs E. W. Roper, Mr and Mrs Feraday and Miss Macpherson, Mr and Mrs O. Archer, Mr and Mrs Kettlewell, Mr and Mrs P. Laurie, and many more.

Mr and Mrs Cranstone Wigley have taken a house in Onslow-street, off Papunui Road, and have returned to it after their honeymoon trip, and are now settling down to the commonalities of everyday life.

Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves are living in Hewitt's Road, off Merivale Lane, and are now quite prosaic old housekeepers.

The Thornton Comedy Company open at the Theatre Royal on Friday night with the 'Strange Adventures of Miss Brown'; it is said to be the funniest thing ever written, but if it is more diverting than 'Charley's Aunt' those who see the humorous side quickly had better take some one to hold them while they laugh. Of course, for those who wake up in the middle of the night and see the joke, they are safe enough.

Madame Sherwin has promised to make a return trip to Christchurch in about a month, and any who neglected to hear this charming singer will, I hope, make up their loss.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

Dear Bee, March 25.
We have been exceedingly gay this week, owing to the celebration of the Otago Jubilee. I have much to tell you, but will try and be as brief as possible, so as not to weary you.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs D. H. Reynolds gave an

AT HOME

at her residence, Montecillo, in honour of her guests, Mrs Preedy and Miss Yenken (Melbourne). The day being fine the guests were able to spend some time out of doors, croquet being the popular game. About seventy visitors were present. Mrs and the Misses Reynolds received their guests in the drawing-room. Tea and refreshments were laid out in the dining-room. Among the guests were Mrs Preedy, Miss Yenken (Melbourne), Mr and Mrs E. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs W. Reynolds, Mrs Ritchie, Miss Driver, Mr and Mrs Finch, Mr E. B. Cargill, Mr D. MacLean, the Misses Williams, Mrs and Miss Cutten, Mrs and Miss Denniston, Mrs and Miss Macansey, Mrs and the Misses Roberts, Miss MacNeil, the Misses Neill, Mrs Bridgeman, Mrs A. Fenwick, Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mr H. Turton, Mr Fisher, Mr Clowes, Mr Law, Miss Blakeney, Miss Bathgate, Miss Gibson, the Misses Gilkinson, Mr and Mrs Grierson, Miss Mills, the Misses MacLaren, Mrs Butterworth, Mrs and Miss Boyd, Mr and Mrs Perston, the Misses Rattray, the Misses Williams, Mr Oldham, Mr Bell, and several officers of the French man-of-war. Mrs Reynolds wore a gown of black moire, the bodice finished with lace, vest bordered with steel passementerie; Miss Reynolds dress of black and blue canvas cloth, black velvet hat; Miss R. Reynolds, dress of blue canvas cloth, bolero over a vest of white silk, blue and pink hat; Miss Yenken, white silk dress, trimmed with heliotrope satin, black hat; Mrs Preedy, grey lustre dress, pouched bodice with lace insertion, and white hat; Mrs J. Roberts, black brocade, black lace and chiffon mantle; Miss Roberts, fawn cloth, white vest, floral hat; Miss Denniston, green cloth, vest of white chiffon, green hat with violets; Mrs Sanderson, green shot silk, covered black canvas cloth, cape of green velvet and black lace; Miss Sanderson, blue cloth with braided Russian blouse, pink straw hat; Mrs Ritchie, fawn coloured coat and skirt, black and pink bonnet; Mrs W. Reynolds, green cloth, trimmed with white silk and cream lace, white hat; Mrs Oliver, brown and fawn striped silk dress, vest of white lace, brown velvet hat with yellow roses; Miss Cutten, cornflower blue cloth, braided, blue straw hat, white quills; Miss V. Reynolds, blue and black dress, velvet picture hat; Miss E. Bell, grey canvas cloth over canary silk, grey feather hat with yellow roses; Miss L. Roberts, green costume, tailor-made; Mrs Barnes (Neison), purple cloth, floral toque; Mrs Edmond, eau de Nil, brocade bodice, black satin skirt, trimmed with cream, brown hat; Miss G. Roberts, green cloth tailor-made gown, yellow straw hat, trimmed with pink and black feathers; Miss Boyd, lustre dress, trimmed with white satin, fawn velvet hat with heliotrope ribbons; Mrs Aufreire Fenwick, black with vest of white satin veiled in black chiffon, black and white hat; Miss MacNeil, shot green silk, black chiffon hat with yellow roses; Miss G. Rattray, brown cloth, tailor-made, blue vest, brown straw hat, pale blue chine ribbons and pink roses; Miss K. Neil, green cloth, tailor-made skirt and coat, green hat with violets; Miss C. Neil, a tailor-made grey tweed, faced sapphire blue velvet; Miss Robinson, purple cloth, Russian bodice, etc., etc.

ISOBEL.

DIFFERENT NOW.

Sinkins: 'I thought you said Breezy was wedded to the truth.'
Timkins: 'So I always thought.'
Sinkins: 'Well, if he ever was he's a widower now.'

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED.

He: Nearly all the miners reported in the papers, I notice, are single men.
She: Oh, yes, of course. Married miners are too common to be worth mentioning.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, March 23.
TEA AND TENNIS

were greatly enjoyed at Brooklyn this week, and a happy little party was entertained by Mr and the Misses Greensill. Everybody makes the most of these out door gatherings just now, as it looks like winter setting in, when there will be no more tennis, as the few courts here are grass courts. Some of those present were Misses Greensill (2), Mrs Howard, Mrs Allen, Mrs J. Greensill, Mrs Hayward, Misses Western (2), Hay, Philpotts (2), etc.; Messrs Greensill (2), Dr. Anderson, who is an acquisition to Picton and its society; etc.

A CONFIRMATION

service was held in Holy Trinity Church on Sunday, the Bishop (Mules) of the diocese officiating. The Bishop also held a confirmation service at Koromiko, where there were seven candidates, that, with eighteen in Picton, made up quite a large number for so small a place.

THE CHANGEABLE WEATHER

which is really more like spring than autumn, is accountable for the amount of illness about. The new medico (Dr. Anderson) was quite disappointed with the place when he saw everybody looking so healthy and well. Possibly his advent on the scene has had some effect, for just now he has quite enough to do. Even his partner (Dr. Scott) has been ill ever since the arrival of Dr. Anderson.

I fancy that we are going to have rather a

JOLLY EASTER,

even though we are not having the big regatta here. A conversation, to open the new Institute, picnics on Easter Monday, and a ball in the Public Hall, are already settled, and the several committees are very busy making their arrangements.

A CHOIR MEETING

was held in the Anglican Sunday Schoolroom on Tuesday evening for the purpose of raising fresh interest in the choir, who of late have been very remiss in their attendance at practice. Several new members have been proposed, and the old choir have promised to attend more regularly for the future.

The agitation by Blenheim residents for the removal of the

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT

to Blenheim has resulted in disappointment to them. The Government have declined to entertain the idea, and matters remain in statu quo, with this exception, that the Government will endeavour to get a daily service from Wellington to Picton. The Union Company are to be approached on the subject.

JEAN.

BLENHIM.

Dear Bee, March 21.
ST. PATRICK'S DAY

was ushered in with high wind and lowering sky, and was not by any means as cheerful as should befit the Patron Saint of such a light-hearted race as the Irish. This national characteristic, however, enabled those who hailed from the Emerald Isle to endure the discomforts of the weather with equanimity and cheerfulness, and not with the grumbling of less happily constituted mortals. Fortunately, although there were several showers to the forenoon, they were so light and lasted so short a time, that the grass at the Show Grounds, where the Hibernian Sports were held, did not become really wet. However, in other parts not far distant, the squalls of rain were very heavy. The attendance at the sports was good, and great interest was taken in the bicycle races, of which there were three—one mile, two miles, and three miles. The two first were won by H. F. Redwood and the last by Ernest Freeth. St. Patrick's Grand Handicap was won by Cyril Carey, and the mile and half-mile races by John Wells, of Havelock. A great proportion of the spectators were country people, and among them were few that I recognised. The Hibernian Band discoursed lively and pleasing music, and the punctuality with which the different events were got off was worthy of notice. As the afternoon was chilly, those who provided tea—the Sisters of Mary and J. Rothwell—were

kept busily employed in attending to the many who sought that cheering refreshment. To properly conclude the day, there was a

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT

in Ewart Hall in the evening, which was so largely attended that the hall could hold no more. Limerick views were exhibited by Father Goggan, which served to illustrate some of the songs. Miss A. Morrison sang 'Erlin, My Country' very sweetly; Miss M. Mullen was equally successful in 'Kathleen Aroon'; and in singing 'Dublin Bay' Mrs Shaw was in fine voice; Mr Orr's song was an extract from the 'Lily of Killarney'—'Eily Mavourneen'—which he sang very tastefully; 'Barney O'Hea,' sung by Mrs Lucas, was encored, as, indeed, were all that partook of a comic nature. Though Mrs McIntosh was not quite steady in the first verse of 'Killarney' her voice was beautifully clear in the last, and Miss Simson sang the 'Kerry Dance' very pleasingly. Mr S. Connolly sang 'I Did It,' and in response to an encore, 'Why Can't Paddy be a Gentleman'; the latter is a poor song with a commonplace tune, and why such a question should be asked I am sure I do not know, for according to my experience Paddy always is a gentleman. Mr Gerald was most successful in his song 'The Waiter,' though he taxed the resources of his accompanist, Mr Mervyn Horton, to the utmost, as, after a bit of a dialogue, he would always start in a fresh key. Mr Pascoe's dramatic recital of the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' fell flat, as only comic things pleased those in the back seats, and as they talked, it spoiled the enjoyment of those who appreciated. The treatment accorded to Miss E. Ball when singing 'Steer My Bark to Erin's Isle' was anything but polite. It was the last song on the programme, and received the respect usually given to the National Anthem by the audience marching out. The same evening a

CHARMING LITTLE DANCE

was given by Mrs Arthur Green at the Bank of New Zealand. The floor was in fine order and the music inspiring. The supper was daintily set out in the dining-room, the decorations being very artistic. Mrs Green received her guests in a handsome black satin, the corsage brightened with red flowers; Miss Reid (Wellington) wore white mervilleux skirt and sleeves, bodice of Trilby silk, finished with chiffon and green ribbon; Mrs W. E. Clouston, black skirt, black and white blouse, trimmed with black; Mrs Black, heliotrope, veiled with black; Mrs Anderson, white silk dress, trimmed with silver; Mrs Lucas, black dress, transparent rucked sleeves; Miss M. Seymour, bright heliotrope silk, chiffon trimmings; Miss Beatrice Horton, black velvet, white lace fichu; Mrs McIntosh, black; Mrs Howard, fawn velvet; Mrs J. Conolly, black; Miss Waddy, white silk, and fannelled gauze; Miss Ethel Carey, yellow silk; Miss Mabina, pale blue, white lace trimmings; Mrs McCallum, pale green dress, prettily trimmed. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Green, P. Doulsen, Black, Dymock, Mirams, Stow, Jefferies, Stubbs, McIntosh, Fullione, Conolly, McCallum, Bourne, Hamish, Baillie, Mabin, G. Seymour.

Many persons hurried to the

MARLBOROUGH TENNIS COURTS

to witness the formal presentation of the racquet given by Miss A. Johnston for competition to Miss E. Bull last Saturday, and when there found that it was postponed to next Saturday, when the President's trophy—a racquet—will be presented to Mr Mabin. Mrs McIntosh gave the tea, and was assisted by her young daughters, Violet and Mabel, who, as the afternoon was chilly, were kept busy supplying the demand for hot tea, accompanied by delicious cakes.

FRIDA.

IT MAY BE ONE REASON.

'Do you know why it is that so many explorers seek the arctic and so few the antarctic regions?'
'Well, I think I could make a pretty good guess.'
'Why?'
'The arctic regions are not quite so far away from the headquarters of the managers of the lecture bureau.'
Ever and anon a great truth is spoken in jest.

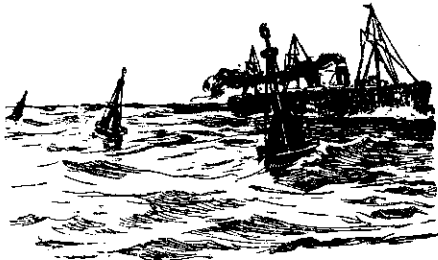
He:—It makes me a letter man every time I kiss you, darling. She:—Oh, Harold, how good you must be now!

A LINE OF STATIONS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Our illustrations represent a novel suggestion for the establishment of floating stations at regular intervals across the Atlantic. Ship-wrecked crews could take refuge in these stations, which would be supplied with provisions and a light to attract the passing steamer. If these stations could be built sufficiently strong to withstand the shock of the storms the idea commends itself to common sense and humanity.



MAMMOTH GLOBE IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION



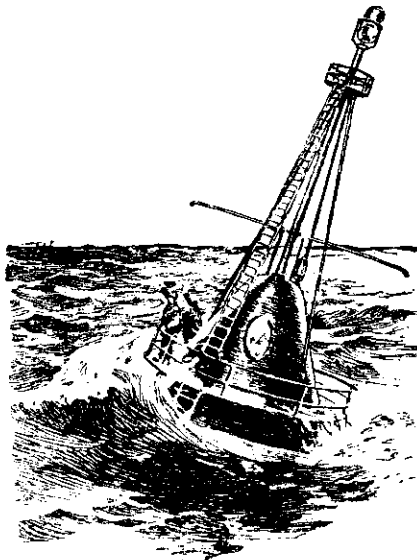
A PARIS EXPOSITION FEATURE.

The chief feature of the last Paris Exposition was the Eiffel Tower, which is to be spared for the Exposition of 1900, although at one time its removal from the Exposition grounds was seriously considered to make way for something else. Among the many novel features to be introduced in the Exposition of 1900 will be a world in miniature, which will stand on a foundation very much resembling that on which the Eiffel Tower stands, on which will appear mountains, seas, rivers, and valleys as they exist on the earth's surface, described on a mathematically correct, only materially reduced scale. A miniature railway will encircle the globe. This miniature earth will be about three-fourths the height of the Eiffel Tower, and will be a more conspicuous object on the exhibition grounds than even that marvellous structure.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT DINNER.

In the 'Life of the Prince of Wales,' just published, the following account of the dining arrangements at Marlborough House is given for the benefit of persons who like that sort of information:—

The dining-room in which great dinners are served at Marlborough House is a very fine apartment, containing a considerable number of their Royal Highnesses' wedding presents. The Prince does not sit at the end of the table, as is usual in most houses, but in the middle seat opposite the buffet, his guests being on the right and left and opposite to him. Good taste reigns over all the arrangements. Thus the tablecloths are severely plain, though of the finest quality, and simply worked with the Royal arms, the rose, the thistle and the shamrock; while the table napkins are invariably folded into a small square to hold the bread, and never in the fancy shapes in vogue elsewhere. To each guest two forks, and no more, are provided, and these are placed prongs downwards. In addition, there are one large table-spoon and one large knife, for in no circumstances are two knives together given to any guest. A great many reasons have been assigned for this rule, but apparently no one has summoned up the courage to ask their Royal host and hostess. It has been asserted that His Royal Highness has the old-fashioned dislike to seeing knives inadvertently crossed. Small



A LINE OF STATIONS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

water bottles are used, but the Princess holds to the Hanoverian habit of never having finger-bowls.

The table decorations are quite old-fashioned, for their Royal Highnesses have remained very conservative in all their arrangements, but the flowers placed in the heavy old-world centrepiece are very beautiful, consisting often of roses and the rarest orchids. The menu cards are absolutely plain, with a narrow gold border, and the Prince of Wales' crest. The menu is always printed in French, the courses being divided into a first and second service.

The Prince of Wales has never concealed his great dislike to the immensely long, fatiguing banquets which were in his youth the rule rather than the exception; indeed, he may be said to have revolutionised the British dinner party. At Marlborough House dinner begins at a quarter to nine, and is never allowed to last much over an hour. Occasionally during the dinner soft music is played. The menu is always served à la Russe, that is to say, nothing is carved in the dining-room. Certain dishes are constantly met with in the menu, notably genuine turtle soup, venison when in season, champagne sorbet (a kind of French ice of which both the Prince and the Princess are exceedingly fond) and various sorts of salads. The wines are all decanted, and the Prince's favourite champagne is an 1889 vintage. The dessert service generally used is Royal blue Sevres.

THE S.S. CHINA.

We give a reproduction of a photo of the s.s. China, which struck in the Strait of Bab-el Mandeb last week. All the passengers were saved, and also the mails and specie, while latest advices gave some hope of saving the vessel. The China was a steel steamer of 7,899 gross and 6,423 registered tons. She was built in 1896 for the P. and O. Company by Harland and Wolff, of Glasgow. Her dimensions were: length, 500.5 feet; breadth of beam, 54.2 feet; and depth of hold, 25.1 feet.

She is one of the four 8,000 ton steamers contracted for by the Company some three years ago, the other three being the India, Egypt and Arabia. They are all exceedingly handsomely modelled boats, both above and below the water line, and with their two masts and imposing funnels have a very smart appearance. A special feature is the spacious hurricane or upper promenade deck, which, with the main deck, is so extensive that it would afford accommodation for nearly 3,000 persons. This deck is nearly 400ft long and is quite unencumbered with boats, being carried on a flying deck. The cabin accommodation is arranged on a most lavish scale for the 320 first and 160 second saloon passengers who can be carried. Including the ship's officers something like a thousand persons can be located on these vessels. Although the decoration in the saloons and music-halls is not very striking, these four eight-thousand tonners were expensive to build, costing just under £1,000,000. This is due partly to the powerful triple expansion engines which developing 11,000 horse power are capable of driving the screw at 75 revolutions per minute. Under favourable conditions a speed of 18 knots is attained.

Captain M. de Horne, who is in charge of the China, is one of the best known captains in the P. and O. fleet, although he is not such a familiar figure in the Australian as the Eastern trade.

A Shakesperian Soliloquy.—Scene: Melbourne. A backyard, secluded. In the foreground a pump. Enter milkman, with milk pails. Milkman:

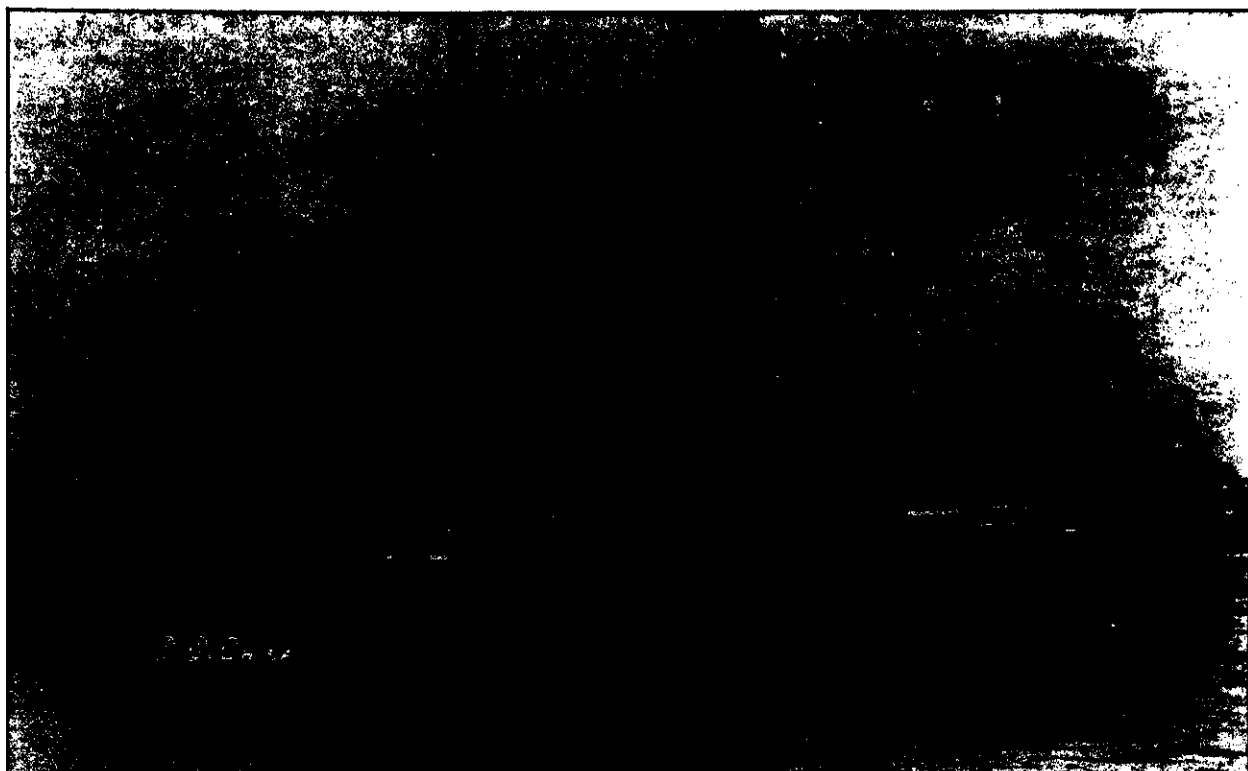
The quantity of cow's milk is not strained, It streameth from the udder of the cow Into the pail beneath: it is twice skimmed, Once by the wholesale, second by the retail;

'Tis thinnest when 'tis carried to the door Of the consumer; and it incubates A typhoid microbe better than the air. This pump does show how good hydraulic power.

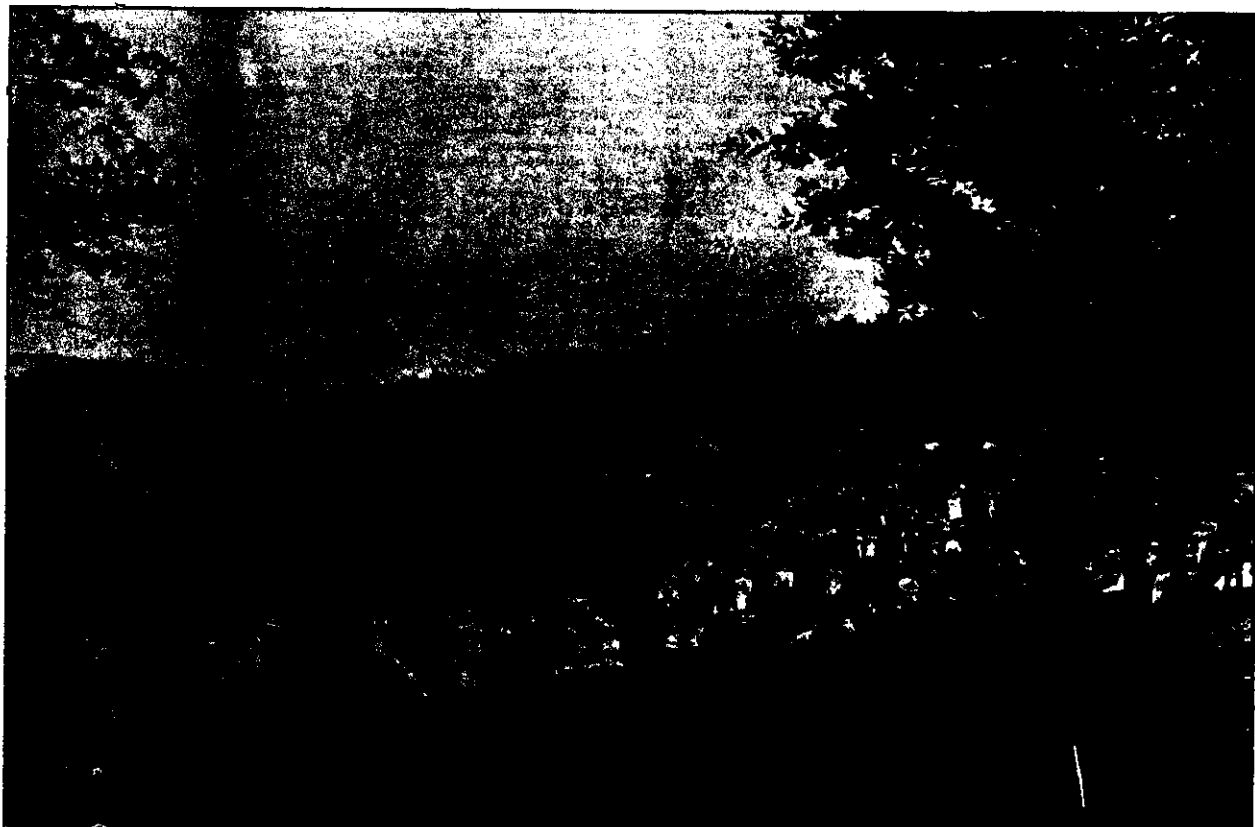
The attribute of profit in the trade, Can be applied despite law of queens. But milkmen are above the dread of laws. It is enthroned upon the judge's bench, And concrete stalks in guise constabular; But legal power doth then seem less majestic.

Where there is no authority. Therefore I, Though evil be my deed, pump thus—and thus. (Pumps).

Though I observe a nice discrimination In course of pumping, lest it chance that some Anxious consumer with a test tube pry For foreign bodies in the virgin milk. (Ceases pumping).



THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENT COMPANY'S S.S. "CHINA."



Black Photo.

AUCKLAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB'S CARNIVAL IN THE DOMAIN.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1898.

ROSE'S REVENGE.

(By AMELIA E. BARR.)

Quiet as a grave in the moonlight was the Aslin mansion in the sultry summer afternoon. The siesta there absolved every one from the present, and, in the land of dreams, mistresses and slaves found a temporary equality. In her own vast, dusky room, closely jalousied from every sunbeam, madam was fast asleep. She was at all times a beautiful woman, but more so now in her snowy deshabille, calm and still behind rose-tinted mosquito screens.

I have said all were asleep and dreaming, but I must make one exception. Frank Aslin, aged twenty, was dreaming without sleeping. He had in his pocket a letter which was quite sufficient to banish sleep from such an enthusiastic, romantic nature; and yet the letter was only from his father, the gravest gentleman you would meet in a year's journeying. It was short and simple enough, as all Judge Aslin's letters were, and merely said:

'Dear Boy, — I shall be home on Wednesday night. Come to meet me at Neale's Station and bring the carriage, as there will be a young lady with me. Give Queen orders to make all arrangements for her comfort. If your mother feels able to give any directions I shall feel obliged to her.'

But Mrs Aslin had not felt able. She heard the news just as she was preparing for her siesta and was satisfied to delegate full power to the negress Queen. Who the young lady was she did not know—and she really had little care. The house was large enough to give a room to a good client of the judge's without causing her any annoyance, and she was quite sure that Judge Aslin would not offer his hospitalities to anyone who was not likely, in some way or other, to be an equivalent.

Felippa and Joanna Aslin, being themselves young ladies, speculated a little about the stranger, but with no lively interest. They had seen several of their father's lady clients, and they had generally been women of a sorrowful spirit, struggling through the intricacies of Spanish land-titles and government claims. The word 'young' lady was, indeed, the promise of something different; but they inherited, with the Mexican beauty of their mother, her lazy, inert disposition, and they knew no medium between indifference and enthusiasm. Frank, on the contrary, with the Scotch physiognomy of his father, had also inherited his speculative, energetic temperament.

'None are so pretty as my little mamma,' said Frank, stooping to kiss the lovely face lifting itself out of floating lace and gleaming gems. Then he drove rapidly to Neale's Station, and was just in time to see his father lift a young girl out of the stage—a girl quite unlike any he had ever seen, a fair, rosy, golden-haired divinity, who lifted eyes, blue and clear as heaven, to meet him.

The judge said her father had been his earliest friend, and that Rose and her fortune were left to his care. He demanded for her the coolest rooms, the best maid, the most scrupulous attentions. Her dresses were rich, her allowance ample, and there seemed no earthly reason for madam to interfere with Frank's worship of his new divinity. So the sweet old drama was lived over again; it was delicious enough to live it over in that dreamy, passionate clime, where no rude element jarred its perfect beauty. But though Judge Aslin seemed well content that Frank and Rose should love each other, he persistently opposed all talk of marriage. By and by this opposition, where opposition seemed so unnecessary, roused all the dormant curiosity and jealousy of madam's Southern nature.

She began to question Rose carefully about her former life; but the child had nothing to conceal, and told all with a frankness which madam considered of itself proof positive of a preconcerted tale. Her mother she denied all knowledge of; her father she described as a sad, lonely gentleman, writing much, and seeing very few strangers. When madam asked about the 'establishment,' Rose described a little cottage standing in a cocoon and tamarind grove, and an old negro woman, who she said was still living in Key West—all of which in-

creased suspicion against her, as Mr Aslin had told a very different story.

He had spoken of great obligations to this evidently poor, uninfluential gentleman, 'who wrote much and saw few strangers,' and had intimated that Rose was connected with a wealthy and powerful family and was heiress to large estates.

With all her inexperience and simplicity of character, Rose was at length sensible of being watched and not pleasantly commented on. Her rambles with Frank became matters of espionage, and every kind word and action from her guardian raised an angry frown on all the ladies' brows. Then Frank was suddenly, and with scarcely any preparation, sent to Europe, and her life settled down into a dull, unhappy monotony, which was now unbroken by any efforts on the part of madam or the young ladies to lighten. They received and paid visits, and went occasionally to New Orleans for a week's holiday, but never on any occasion requested her society.

Rose could not be ignorant that this change had not been accomplished without much angry disputing in the house, but there are situations in which a man is powerless to defend a woman, however anxious he may be to do so, and Mr Aslin felt this fact painfully.

Just what were his wife's suspicions, she never told any one. It is likely she had not even decided on them in her own heart, but they had a very decided effect. Miss Rose Van Ransauler's name began to be omitted from all invitations and calls of ceremony, and the very servants dropped the element of respect out of their attentions, unless Mr Aslin was present.

Poor little Rose! This was not her only trouble. Frank never wrote to her. His mother indeed read some pleasant message or apology in the first letters, with always a promise of a long letter for herself, but it never came; and gradually even the message grew colder, until it, too, was forgotten.

Nothing can change the nature of a woman like the indulgence of one overmastering passion. In her insane jealousy, madam forgot her inherent laziness. She learned to follow Rose into the loneliest and most distant parts of the plantation, and to watch her at hours once absolutely devoted to slumber and privacy. From this terrible persecution Rose began slowly to perceive she must fly somewhere.

One day, when the madam and her pretty, ungenerous daughters had gone for a holiday to New Orleans, Rose, defying her negro guards, went boldly to Mr Aslin's office and poured forth, with passionate tears and complaints, all her wrongs, entreating that her real position might be explained to her. Mr Aslin seemed to suffer in her recital more keenly than Rose herself. A spasm of intense agony contracted his face, but he would not suffer her to move.

'It will be over soon, child,' he said, 'and it is well that you have brought me to this point. You shall know all that I can tell you. Rose, your father and I were sworn friends even in early boyhood. We were both at the same school. I was strong and he was sickly and weak. I fought his battles and talked to him through many a night when he was suffering too much to sleep.

'Then, dear, we both went to Europe, and I, while he was studying hard, gave myself up to every species of sin and dissipation. Yet his love never grew cold; his patience never wearied. At last, Rose, I committed a crime which would have sent me to prison for the best years of my life, had not your father, by absolutely impoverishing himself, placed me in safety. He did this without a word of reproach. He clasped my stained hand and wept as bitterly at parting with me as if I had been worthy of his love.

'I buried myself in this wilderness, then a Mexican town, and commenced the practice of law. After some years, I married, and wealth and honours followed me; but I never had another friend. I kept my own counsel even from my wife. About five years after my settlement here, your father wrote and told me that a lovely girl whom he had married in defiance of his father and friends' wish was apparently dying. He had hopes of delaying death, however, in a southern climate if I could find a nice home for him. Just at that time a little Florida place was lying in my hands for exchange for Texas sugar lands, and I bought it and went myself to meet my friend to see

him comfortably accommodated to circumstances.

'Your mother lingered about a year, and after her death his Florida home became very dear to your father. The climate suited his health. It was far removed from all his estranged family. He could live economically there. And as I was now able to pay back gradually my debt there was no need for any exertion on his part. He devoted himself to literature and became a noted writer on the subjects he investigated.

'But the quarrel with his family was never healed. He was, in general, forgiving and forbearing to a fault; but the opposition and cruelty which his young wife had met with he considered unpardonable. When he found himself dying he sent for me and committed you and your interests to my care. Knowing that you must (however poor you are now) eventually inherit your grandfather's immense wealth, how could I let you, in the foolish tenderness of a first passion, marry Frank? My duty to you demands that you must see more of the world before deciding so important a matter.

'It is time you went now to those more able to protect you than I am. For your welfare I would lay my life down against anything I could fight; but women have a subtle method of annoyance before which I am powerless. This is the more necessary as my own life is very uncertain and I may die in any such attack as you have witnessed. Besides, in my opinion, there is going to be a long and bitter war, and, before it is over, God only knows how I shall be situated, even if alive. Will you go North at once or will you wait until I communicate with your grandfather?'

'I will go at once.'

'To-morrow, then, we start. To-night I will put in order all your father's letters and papers; they will go with us, and I will at the same time make all necessary explanations.'

'But madam? She will be so angry at you.'

'I can brave madam's anger for the child of one who braved infamy and poverty for me. Make as few preparations as possible; we will take the house by surprise in spite of their vigilance.'

Next morning the judge made no secret of his intentions. He left slander nothing to speculate about. The Senor Gonzales, madam's brother, was perfectly satisfied and agreeable, and no one in the village ever cared to dissent from a gentleman at once so ready to take offence and to exact apologies as the Mexican don was. The journey, begun without a single 'God-speed,' nevertheless prospered. In about eight days Rose found herself within the shadow of a splendid old brick mansion, the petted and beloved child of a doting old man. Mr Aslin lingered a few days. He set the memory of his dead friend in noblest sentences before the regretful father; he saw Rose fully acknowledged in all her rights, and bright and happy in recovered love and confidence. With a noble self-denial he never named Frank, but at the last hour Rose's own heart spoke for both.

'Before you say good-bye,' she whispered, 'tell me truly: 'Do you think Frank has forgotten me?'

'I am sure he has not, Rose. You will find out one day that his truth and honour are unstained. But never forget, child, one thing: Have no engagement without your grandfather's knowledge. I never knew a blessing on a sinful, wilful marriage. The blessing of friends asks God's blessing, too, my child.'

The war prophesied came with the rapidity of a thunder-storm. Hardly had Mr Aslin got home when the country was sealed to social intercourse, and local information became very uncertain and infrequent. In the earliest phase of the excitement Mr Aslin died of heart-disease, and Senor Gonzales went with a troop of lawless men to the Mexican frontier. Frank was in Constantinople, and how the reckless, improvident family, with a troop of lazy, unmanageable servants, was to live without the judge's income and the senator's overseeing seemed a doubtful problem.

But time to Rose flew in those days of excitement. One great event trod on the heels of another. About three years after Rose had 'come to her own' and been received by them had passed away; and Rose was still Rose Van Ransauler. There had been no lack of lovers, but none of them suited Rose for a husband, and the old gentleman

smiled grimly as one after another stopped visiting at the old Brick Mansion.

Getting toward Christmas in the fourth year of the War Rose went one morning with her grandfather to call on a friend staying in one of the fashionable hotels. The clerk who answered her grandfather's inquiries was Frank Aslin. Rose looked gladly, steadily at him; there was no doubt of his identity. In eager, tearful tones she drew her grandfather aside and told him all the truth. It was rather a bitter pill for the old gentleman to swallow, but he did not hesitate before so manifest a courtesy and duty. Still he could not quite control himself.

'These Aslins seem our evil genius, Rose,' he said; 'their friendship in one generation is enough.'

'Nay, grandfather, this generation reaps what the last one sowed.'

He shook his head doubtfully, but after putting her in the carriage went frankly up to the young man and said:

'Mr Frank Aslin?'

For one moment Frank hesitated, and then answered:

'I know no reason for denying my name. Necessity has no law, sir.'

'I am an old friend of your dead father, and I purpose in the present unpleasant circumstances to take his place toward you. Will you dine with me to-night at seven o'clock?'

The offer so frankly made was as frankly accepted, and the meeting between guest and granddaughter was such as to render all explanations unnecessary.

Frank's story was a very common one: He had found his money barely sufficient to bring him back to New York, and had arrived too late to return home with safety. His efforts to obtain employment had been limited by the fact that he had been brought up to do nothing; and, without a trade or profession, he had been thankful enough to drift into a hotel clerkship until the evil days were over.

I do not pretend that he was a hero, but Rose glorified him in her imagination into one. It is a way women have; and without it I am afraid the world would not get carried on at all.

When the War closed at last, the Aslin mansion and estate were advertised for sale at a mere nominal value. Old Mr Van Ransauler bought it quietly and gave it to Rose for her wedding present. Frank soon after carried the title-deeds down South, and a proud, dark woman took them with tears of passionate joy out of his hands. That was Rose's revenge. It might have been coins of fire to some people, but it was not to madam. She had still the idea that in some unexplained way she was the injured party.

However, as the years rolled on and the beautiful Southern sisters got a habit of coming every summer to Frank and Rose, a more generous feeling grew up in hearts little used to acknowledge the rights of others.

Rose one morning came radiant into her husband's room, saying:

'Frank! Frank! Guess whom my letter is from?'

'It looks like my mother's writing.'

'It is. She says she has quite forgiven us, and is coming to be god-mother to the new baby. We must certainly call it Papeta, after her.'

Recipe for Good Soap Bubbles.—A common soap bubble illustrates in a most beautiful manner many important scientific principles, and even now all the phenomena presented by these films of soap and water are not clearly understood; perhaps least of all why a solution of soap should possess this property of forming bubbles to such a high degree. The ordinary solutions of soap and water are of very little use for these purposes, as the bubbles last only a few minutes and break at the slightest touch. The best liquid is a solution in water of pure oleate of soda, to which has been added to it one-third its bulk of cerine. Oleate of soda can usually be obtained through a druggist, but, if not, the following recipe will give a fairly good substitute.—Cut some white castile soap into fine shavings and dissolve in hot water, with constant shaking. Allow the mixture to stand over night, and in the morning pour off the clear portion at the top, and add to it one-third its bulk of glycerine. With this solution fine large bubbles may be blown, which will remain a long time without breaking, and can be handled quite freely.

ACTORS WHO FORGET THEIR PARTS.

AMUSING EFFORTS TO SAVE THE SITUATION.

One of the first essentials of the actor's art is that he must be a 'good study'—by which is meant that he must be able to quickly and thoroughly learn his lines, so that there may be no awkward pauses when he comes to repeat them on the stage. Failure by an actor to remember his part has many times been the occasion of unheeded effects, that, were it not for the performer's mother wit, would have spoilt the most promising show.

Old playgoers will remember John Reeves, the Adelphi favourite, who was notorious, in the profession, for never being perfect in his parts. He relied very greatly on the prompter, and though he had very many close shaves, he was never quite cured of his bad habit.

A piece, now forgotten, was once produced in which Reeves' dialogue, in the opening scene with a fellow-actor, contained the whole key to the plot. Without this explanation it was scarcely intelligible. On came John, and spoke his soliloquy pretty correctly. He was joined by the second character, who had to say:

"Tell me how this occurred."
"I will," said John. But John didn't; for to save his life he couldn't remember a single word. He stumbled and stammered. In vain the prompter gave him the proper word. At length he advanced and caught hold of his companion's arm in a friendly way, exclaiming:

"Hold! There are listeners! Walk through the garden and I will explain all," and he forced him off the stage, to the great amusement of the audience. However, they returned in a moment, and by a clever piece of gagging gave the audience the necessary explanation.

Sir Henry Irving's piercing eyes and intense expression once had the effect of making a fellow-actor altogether forget that he was on the stage at all. It occurred in Manchester during a performance of 'Macbeth,' and in the scene where Macbeth says to one of the murderers, 'There's blood upon thy face,' Irving put so much earnestness into his words that the murderer forgot his proper answer (''Tis Banquo's, then') and replied, in a startled voice, 'Is there; great Scott!'

He fancied, as he afterwards confessed, that he had broken a blood-vessel.

Osmund Tearle's naturalness of manner was responsible for a similar but even more ludicrous forgetfulness on the part of a subordinate actor. Tearle was playing Hamlet in a small country town, and the part of Guildenstern was enacted by a local gentleman who prided himself on his musical capabilities. Hamlet asks him:

"Will you play upon this life?" He replies: 'My lord, I cannot.' 'I pray you.' 'Believe me, I cannot.'

Hamlet persists: 'I do beseech you,' and the amateur replies: 'Well, if your lordship insists on it, I will do my best'; and, to the confusion of Hamlet and the great amusement of the audience, he played 'God Save the Queen.'

Arthur Roberts, in his most entertaining reminiscences, tells a capital story of a scratch company with which he was connected in his early days. The scene was a hall in the West of London, and as the programme was a very loosely-arranged affair, Roberts to fill up a gap, induced a well-known comic song writer to go on the stage and give a song.

This gentleman was a good writer but a poor singer, though he meant well. He was not going to be tied down to any particular key, and in the course of his efforts essayed every note from A to Z, and judging by the records, he must have succeeded in getting as far as K. He started 'The Wolf' in falsetto, but it was not exactly an inspiring success. When he reached 'Looks, bolts and bars shall fly amain,' he came to a finish as regards his song.

But he made a speech: 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I've forgotten the next line, but with your permission I'll do a hornpipe.' The audience scented a novelty in half of 'The Wolf' followed by a hornpipe, and it put them in good spirits for the rest of the evening.

One of our most popular touring managers tells a good story against himself of how an Irish super once brought his production of 'Macbeth'

to an untimely end through his besetting sin of forgetting his part. This super was playing one of the murderer's parts in the banquet scene, and during rehearsals would persist in walking down to the footlights and taking up a position in which he totally eclipsed Macbeth from the view of the audience.

The manager wore out his patience trying to teach the man his proper place, till at length, on the evening preceding the first production, Macbeth took the erring super and told him to stand by whilst he drove a brass-headed nail at the exact spot where the murderer was to stand during the scene.

"See that nail?" he said. Well, you just walk on and come right down to that spot, and not a step further until I enter."

"I understand, sir," the super replied, and apparently the difficulty was eased.

The first night gave every promise of success. The banquet scene arrived, and the murderers entered and proceeded to walk to their appointed places. Our friend boldly marches half-way across the stage, then he pauses, stops, turns round and stoops as if looking for something he had dropped. The audience began to titter, and Macbeth, who just entered, became purple with rage. He stalked up to the super's side:

"In heaven's name, what are you about?"

"Sure, sir," replied the murderer, quite loudly, "I'm looking for that blessed brass-headed nail of yours."

FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND A BULL.

By the agency of the Paris letter of the 'Morning Post' one gleaned details of an extraordinary entertainment given at the Plaza de Madrid recently in the presence of 1,300 spectators. This was a combat between a royal Bengal tiger and an Andalusian fighting bull. The tiger, Cesar, was a full-grown brute, belonging to Spessardi, the trainer, who had never been able to do anything with it, and had, indeed, once nearly fallen a victim to its ferocity. He sold it for 6000fr to the director of the Plaza. A cage, seventeen yards square, by four in height, had been erected in the middle of the arena, and the animals were brought on in vans, the bull being the first to be released into the enclosure. The brute immediately began to run round and round his prison, bellowing and throwing up sand and gravel with his hoofs. The instant the tiger entered the cage he gave a roar, and bounded on the bull, avoiding the horns, and fixed on his flanks and belly with both teeth and claws. The bull remained still for a few seconds, and then seemed to be sinking backwards to the ground. The spectators thought that all was over; but the tiger let go for a second to take another hold, and in the brief interval was kicked over by the wild plunges of the bull. Before the tiger had time to recover, the bull was on him, and sinking his horns into the striped hide, it tossed the tiger into the air. This was repeated four or five times, the bull varying his tactics occasionally by banging his adversary against the bars. When the bull stopped the tiger lay limp on the ground, and the crowd, thinking he was dead, cried 'Bravo, toro.' The bull stood stamping for a moment in the middle of the cage, and then, seeing the tiger did not move, approached and smelt him. But Cesar was only shamming death, and seized the bull's muzzles in his powerful jaws so the animal could not move. Eventually, however, he was released, and, after stamping furiously on the tiger, again caught him on his horns. This time the toasting, stamping and banging apparently ended in Cesar's death. The cage was then opened, and the bull rushed out, and back to his stable. For precaution's sake, the tiger's van was brought up, and to the general surprise, Cesar rose to his feet, glanced round as if afraid the bull was still there, and then bounded into the van. The tiger was found to have five ribs broken, besides having a number of wounds from the bull's horns. He is expected, nevertheless, to survive. It is said that all wild animals—bears, lions, panthers, and tigers—fare badly in combat with the Spanish fighting bull. Man and elephant are the only sure victors over these active and ferocious beasts.

MATRIMONIAL BALDNESS.

Mr H. Thurber Richardson is a free American citizen who has little or no hair on his head. He is involved, the New York papers tell us, in a divorce suit, a side issue of which is whether his baldness is the outcome of matrimony. He is the respondent in the case, and part of his defence consists in the production of two photographs, one before matrimony with long, flowing hair, the other after some years of married life, without any hair whatever. He says his wife pulled his hair all out. She replies that it fell out, and that she wasn't even there when the baldness occurred. The case will come up for trial.

An interesting feature of the matter is that since Mr Richardson's claim was filed he has been much annoyed by representations of baldness cures, who offer to make a contract with him to restore his hair to the condition it was in before his marriage.

"We make a speciality of married men," said one agent who called at his office. "Our lotion will produce hair upon the summit of the most confirmed married man in New York. When a man moults his hair on account of matrimony, it is much easier to cure him than if the baldness is due to disease, because even the most grasping wife usually leaves some of the hair roots, and, with proper cultivation, they may be made to sprout again."

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LIST OF SUCCESSORS FOR THE YEAR 1898-7.

Four Boys passed the Matriculation Examination.

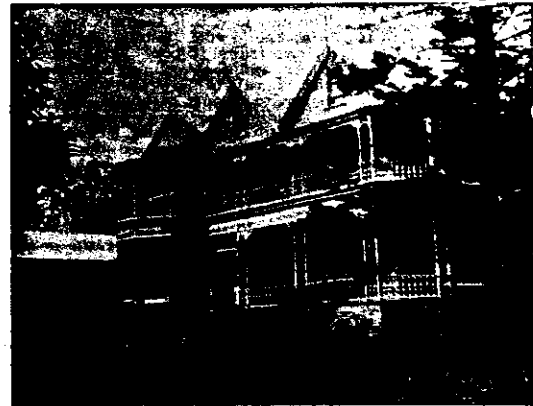
Four Boys passed the Senior Civil Service Examination.

Nine Boys passed the Junior Civil Service Examination, two of whom gained the 18th and 19th places in New Zealand on a List of 238 successful candidates.

Special Bus Arrangements for Day Boys.

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

Last Term began



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SOME WONDERFUL FAMILIES.

Families of a dozen and one or two more are so common in this land of ours as to excite very little comment when additions are made to them; but when the total number tops the score the parents are usually regarded as celebrities. Only recently a country lady presented her lord and master with a twenty-second; and not long ago the prize in a large family competition, organised in London, had to be divided between two worthy matrons who each boasted offspring to the number of twenty-five.

Remarkable as are these cases, however, they pale into insignificance when compared with the record families of our forefathers.

In 1698, a surgeon of the name of Greenhill presented a petition to the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, in which he stated that he was the seventh son and the thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, and begged that so uncommon a thing should be signalled by an addition to the petitioner's coat of arms, and the gift of some particular motto which would be transmitted to posterity. It is understood that Greenhill's desire was granted.

A tomb in Conway churchyard has the following inscription upon it:—'Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hocker, of Conway, gentleman, who was the forty-first child of his father, William Hocker, by Alice, his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children; 1637.' Evidently Hocker, junior, had in some measure kept up the traditions of the family.

A local history of the county of Cumberland tells us that 100 years ago at a place called Kirton-le-Moor, a man and his wife, accompanied by their thirty children, might have been seen proceeding to church to the christening of the thirty-first. If this procession had been made a custom at each birth, the elder sons and daughters must have been getting rather tired of it by this time.

Probably the most remarkable case ever heard of, however, is that which is recorded in what are known as the Harleian manuscripts which lie in the British Museum. An entry has been discovered there indicating that a Scottish weaver had no fewer than sixty-two children given to him by one wife, who was also a native of the land of cakes. Only four of the girls attained maturity; but forty-six of the sons became men; and it was stated that most of them were living at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the year 1670.

Really big families are far more common in Germany nowadays than here and a recent report issued by the Statistical Society of Berlin, concerning one year's births in that city, should have been enough to have made the Parisians, with their alarmingly low birth rate, turn green with envy.

One wife presented her husband with her twenty-third child, two with their twenty-first, one with her twentieth, two with their nineteenth, six with their eighteenth, and seven with their seventeenth. A large number of more youthful mothers are bidding fair to rival these achievements of their elders, for it appears that one young wife, only twenty-three years old, has become a mother for the ninth time, one aged twenty-one for the seventh, and one aged nineteen for the fifth, whilst five wives who have only seen eighteen summers have been so blessed three times, and one who is but yet sixteen is twice a mother.

ORIGIN OF LACE.

Hand-made lace has a fascinating history, says the 'Woman's Home Companion.' Some have supposed that it originated in Egypt, the land that gave birth to nearly all the arts; but search diligently as you may, and you will never discover in mummy's tomb, on sculptured or painted wall, or in any archaeological find whatever, the pictorial or actual remains of this poetic tissue; neither is there documentary evidence of its presence there. Gauzes and nets, fine muslins and exquisite embroideries, fringes, knotted and plaited, you may meet with frequently, but this fabric without a foundation, this ethereal textile, named by the Italians 'punto in aria' (stitch in air), you will never chance upon. Why? Because it did not exist

before the 15th century; because it was invented by

THE EUROPEAN WOMAN.

forming her contribution to the Renaissance, and was unknown to the Orientals, who have even now no love for its pale perfection, and do not use it in their costumes nor in household decoration. Its lack of colour makes it unlovely in their eyes.

Fanciful stories have been woven to account for the invention of the art, and the honour has been claimed by both Venice and Flanders. Yet it did not at once spring into being in full perfection, but was rather an evolution, and came by degrees. In 'punto tagliato' (cut point) we first perceive a grouping in its direction, for with the piercings of white embroidery we have a lighter effect. In drawn work ('punto tirato') another step was gained, and in reticulated grounds or network we have a decided advantage. Upon this net the pattern was darned in, and in France it was called 'lacs,' the nearest word we have to lace. After these efforts came a total emancipation from all foundations, and the 'punto in aria' was

AN ASSURED FACT.

The first lace, it is thought, was made with the needle (point), the pattern being traced upon parchment or paper, and the outlines marked by a thread, caught now and then to the paper, to keep it in place. Upon this scaffolding the slight superstructure was built, and the method is still the same. Soon afterward the bobbins came in as a factor, and the needles and the bobbins remain to this day the only means employed to produce hand made lace. So that all of it resolves itself into the two generic kinds—point, which is made by the needle, and pillow, by the bobbins; or there may be a composite article made by both.

A GOLD MINE IN THE SEA.

The sea has at last been made to give up her gold under the magical wand of the Rev. Prescott Jernigan, a Baptist minister in Florida, who has deserted the Church to hunt for gold.

It was while Mr Jernigan was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever that his attention was arrested by an article on the 'Gold in the Sea.' He dwelt long on the idea, and as his strength returned, resolved to discover a method by which the gold could be extracted from its liquid mine.

After many months of research and experiment the secret was mastered, and in company with Mr Ryan, a Baptist Sunday-school superintendent, the reverend inventor was successful in raising a capital of \$10,000 with which to commence operations. Working with very inadequate appliances, he had already found gold in paying quantities, and shows quite a small fortune in nuggets and dust, the fruits of his solitary experiments.

He now proposes to build his apparatus across some of the narrow creeks in Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine, where the work can be conducted in secrecy. In these creeks the tide rises and falls 20ft. This gives a speed of six miles an hour; and thus, with each rise and fall of the tide, thirty-six miles of water pass through the apparatus, depositing their gold as they pass. The managers expect thus to deal with 4,000 tons of water a day, and to realise a profit, from the working, of £2,000 a week, with which for a time they will be content.

The process, which is a profound secret, is said to be electrical; and of its genuineness there can be no question. The company's capital of \$100,000 is already subscribed; and as the mine is, humanly speaking, inexhaustible, the followers of the ever-reverend pioneer should realise a fortune.

When a lady is sitting to a Parisian photographer for a portrait the operator does not, in a perfunctory manner, coldly request her to look pleasant now, if you please. He says to her in the most natural and graceful manner in the world: 'It is quite unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise.' The lady, of course, acknowledges the compliment with her most gracious and high-bred smile. 'Click!' goes the camera, and the picture is obtained, revealing the sitter to the greatest possible advantage.

TERRORS OF A TUNNEL.

'No, mine ain't what one might call a cheerful job,' remarked an old railway employee, whose duty it is to periodically test the lines in one of the longest and busiest tunnels on his company's system. 'In fact,' he continued, 'although I've been at the work for a good many years, the darkness and the loneliness sometimes give me a bad fit o' the creeps; and if I was offered fifty pounds to stay in a tunnel for 12 hours, with plenty to eat and drink, but no light, I wouldn't take the job on. Why? Because when the time was up I should be about fit for a lunatic asylum. The sensation's simply awful.'

'I shan't forget in a hurry my first journey through a tunnel. I hadn't cause to be frightened, neither, for an old platelayer was pilotin' me, and we each had a powerful lantern. But the silence and the blackness ahead and behind got on my nerves, and whenever a train passed the thunderin' rattle and roar almost made me scream wi' fright.'

'I've only gone through a tunnel once without a light, and that was for a sovereign wager which one o' my mates made wi' me. I won the pound all right, but the doin' that journey gave me was awful. I was shaky and out o' sorts for a month after, but it served me right.'—'The Sketch.'

The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.—Shakespeare.

YES, ITS A FACT, Robinson's Patent Barley

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

AN APRIL FOOL.

By Mary Wilson.

'I feel like doing something outrageous, Jack.'

'Worse than usual, Jill?'

'Very far above and beyond anything I've ever done.'

'May the saints preserve me!' and then silence fell between them.

Jill drew the vase of flowers over to her, side of the table, and began tearing the pretty yellow blossoms to pieces.

Jack caught the fair, destructive fingers in his own.

'You are bent on mischief, Jill; I fear we shall both come to grief, as did our namesakes before us, unless you leave off your bad habits.'

'When we are sober, married people, Jack, living out at Elmwood, I shall be a model of sedate propriety, but now I'm hungering and thirsting for fun.'

'Which, being interpreted, means that you are going to get into another scrape.'

'No; I shall lay deep plans this time.'

'Then somebody will suffer. I fear me, that you are a bloodthirsty little vixen.'

'I'm afraid so, Jack. Do you know what I'm thinking of now?'

'No, Jill, they say there is honour among thieves. Perhaps if I join you in carrying out your deep and dark plans I may escape the misery that I fear you are hoping to bring upon me.'

'And you'll really help me? Jack, you are the joy of my life!' Jill pushed the lilies away, and turned a bright face up to her sweetheart's. 'Uncle Bert is away now, she went on, 'and it's just the time for our fun. Only two days before April first! Come, Jack, we must settle on something.'

It was nearly sundown when Jack went home. He met little Miss Basset on her way from school. She was a dainty little body, well into the thirties, but fair and pretty still.

'I am so surprised,' she said. 'I've just had a note asking me to play the wedding march at your uncle's wedding.'

'Then it is true?'

'Why, yes. The note is signed "Committee of Arrangements." That is queer, but then, your uncle is queer.'

'Very. You will play?'

'To be sure. There—the note is gone.'

A whiff of wind snatched it from her hand, and away it went across streets and gardens, to flutter down at the door of the village gossip, and to help very materially in carrying out the plans of Jack and Jill.

Little Miss Basset trudged on. She lived with her sister in the country, and taught music in the village. She was smiling as she passed Elmwood its master was no longer a young man, and his aversion to marriage was well known.

'I would as soon have thought of being asked to play at the wedding of the man in the moon,' Miss Basset said aloud.

'Did you speak to me, ma'am?'

'Mr Grimes! Why, sir, I thought you were in the city. Oh, I beg your pardon. Can you forgive that thoughtless remark?'

'I don't see how it concerns me, ma'am, if some man is fool enough to marry.'

'But you are the man, sir,' honest little Miss Basset exclaimed.

'I! Uncle Bert's red face grew redder.

'Certainly, sir. Have I not just been asked to play the wedding march at your wedding?'

'And when, pray, am I to be married?'

'On Wednesday night, sir.'

'I think you are a fool, ma'am.'

'I am indeed, else why do I stop here?'

She lifted her little head and started on.

'Pray, don't take offence where none is intended. Wait and tell me what you know about this matter.'

Miss Basset turned back.

'Will you come in and help me to find out who has done this?'

Mrs Betsy had cut her finger while slicing the tongue, Miss Basset consented to pour out the tea.

Uncle Bert felt unusually happy. It had been long since any woman had taken part in his plans, and Miss Basset had been so interested in trying to help him. It was cosy and pleasant to have her sit there in Mrs Betsy's place, and chat and drink tea. He felt very lonely when she was gone.

On the table he found a queer little object. It was made of morocco, and 'musique' was stamped on it. He touched it with one finger; then he took it up. A faint, sweet odour arose from it, and a cluster of withered violets fell out on the floor. Uncle Bert poked them all up, stooping stiffly, and then puffing like an engine when he straightened again.

It had been long since he had held a flower in his hand. The violets carried him back over a road that he was not used to travelling. He went back to his boyhood, and he thought of the mother who had died before he had learned to know her worth. He remembered that she held violets in her hand the last time he saw her.

Tears came to eyes that were strangers to them, and Uncle Bert put the novers down to blow his nose. Mrs Betsy heard the blast, and said to the stable boy that she believed 'that pore lone man was settin' out for a right coat.'

Uncle Bert had strange dreams that night; very strange dreams for an old man who had never loved a woman even in his youth, and who hated what he called the 'whole capoodle' of them now; very strange dreams for a man who meant to die and leave his wealth and his home to his nephew and niece.

When he awoke, the sun was shining in his face. After breakfast he saw a trim little figure coming up the walk, and his very strange old heart stirred about in a peculiar way.

'I left my music, or I lost it. Thank you; I'm so glad to get it.'

Little Miss Basset almost hugged the roll in her joy.

'I'll find out all I can to-day, and tell you. I think some one has been planning a very big April fool for the whole town. Just think of the girls decorating the church, and the congregation and preacher waiting!' and, in spite of her duty to Uncle Bert, little Miss Basset's brown eyes twinkled and her cheeks dimpled.

Uncle Bert cleared his throat. It's a whaling joke, he said.

'Yes, and a cruel one.'

'Spoke it wasn't a joke,' he said, nervously.

'But it is.'

'But it needn't be. I'd be ready enough to fall into their plans if you could get someone else to play the march!'

'What for?' she asked, stupidly.

'I should want you to keep me in countenance. Let me tell you, Polly Basset, I'm in earnest. If you think you could be happy with a rough old fellow like me, let's turn the joke on 'em.'

Miss Basset was a little late, and her lessons were all failures, that day. She saw the young people working away in the church, and she noticed Jack and Jill among the others. Somehow they seemed to enjoy it more than the others. After school she met Jack.

'I find I cannot play at the wedding,' she said, 'but one of my pupils will do so.'

Jack thanked her and went on.

'I'm afraid I shall die, Jack.'

'Wait until it's over, Jill. I want you to see them waiting, and then I want you to hear what Uncle Bert has to say when he comes home. We must sympathise with him of course. We must keep on the good side of Uncle Bert, you know.'

Wednesday afternoon came, and the church was ready, and the village began to cram itself within the festooned walls.

Jill came in leaning on Jack's arm. She was lovely in her light dress, and looked modest and demure as is becoming to the young wedding guest. Jack chewed his moustache, and refrained from looking at her. Curiosity was the prevailing sentiment.

'Who is the bride?' whispered one fat old lady to the other.

'No one knows.'

'Is she coming with him from the city?' asked a third. No one knew. The whispers were all questions.

The tall, stately minister walked sedately up the aisle and seated himself with slow dignity inside the altar railing. He looked out over his assembled guests with what he evident-

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP AND FACE LOTION. DR. MACKENZIE'S SOAP is prepared with special beautifying ingredients and will produce the most lovely complexion, free from blotch, blemish, comedones, redness, freckles, or pimples. Delicately and speedily perfumed ONE SHILLING PER TABLET. Doctor's certificate with each sale, certifying in its harmonious, purity, and beautifying qualities. Beware of injurious imitations. MADAME ALEXANDRA PATTI writes: "I find Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap most excellent." This soap is very shiny and greasy. DR. MACKENZIE'S FACE LOTION is not greasy, does not contain Glycerine, and is absolutely harmless. By lightening the skin it quickly removes all wrinkles, lines, crow-feet, or puffiness under the eye, it keeps the skin soft and velvety, and in summer will entirely prevent and quickly remove freckles. Sufferers from excessive perspiration, wrinkles or enlarged pores, it is matchless. Price 3d per bottle; large bottles, 6s. This Lotion prevents the growth of superfluous hairs on the face. Delicious in hot climates. S. HARVEY, LTD., 5, DEANES STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, ENGLAND, or at all Chemists and Stores.

A DISH FOR PRINCES. Custard with the luscious Fruits of New Zealand, and all Imported Fruits. BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER. Produces the Richest Custard, without Eggs. The best resource for every housekeeper—affording a constant variation in the daily menu. TINNED FRUIT is Delicious with BIRD'S CUSTARD. The Fruit with Syrup should be emptied into one glass dish and the Custard poured into another. A portion of the Fruit and Custard when served upon each plate forms a most attractive dish. BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER can be obtained wherever Tinned Fruit is sold. Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard and Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

FAC-SIMILE OF ROYAL TESTIMONIAL FOR THE HAIR. ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I ROYAL TESTIMONIAL II. Berles Alsenstrasse. Feb 25th 1896. "Koko" for the hair, is the best dressing I know it keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in every way excellent. Princess Holenbohe. KOKO FOR THE HAIR. Endicates Scurf and Dandrif, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, and its unique Testimonial prove it to be undoubtedly the best Preparation for the Hair. Perfectly Harmless, Clean, Cool, & Invigorating. 1, 2 & 4/6 sizes, of all Chemists, Stores &c. THE KONO MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 16, Bevis Marks, LONDON, ENG.

ly hoped to be a joyous smile, well suited to the happy occasion. Over his head swung the enormous lily arrangement that was supposed to suggest the "marriage bell."

Jill covered her face with both hands. Jack coughed. Even the organist was waiting with her eyes on the church door.

And now the organist turned her eyes quickly from the door to her notes, and her fingers fell upon the keys with a nervous crash that brought Jack almost to his feet. Then he and Jill looked at each other. But the music struggled on, and a very fine ear and a very good memory might have recognised the great master's wedding march.

Uncle Bert was coming slowly, but surely, up the aisle, and little Miss Basset was beside him, her small, gloved hand on his arm, and the plumes of her pretty, grey hat touching his shoulder. The minister met them, and the ceremony began. And Jack and Jill gazed with big, horror-stricken eyes.

Smiles grew on the faces of the people as they realised that little Miss Basset was the bride. But despair claimed Jack and Jill for its own. Neither spoke until they were safe in Jill's sitting-room.

"What have we done?" wailed poor Jill.

"We've got atumble, Jill; just as I predicted."

"It's your fault, Jack. I do wish you had never thought of such a foolish thing. I daresay your clumsy bungling did it all. I never will trust you again as long as I live."

"I'm awfully sorry, but don't you remember—"

"No, I don't remember a single thing. We've lost Elmwood, just by your folly."

"And have I lost you also, Jill?" very gravely.

Jill turned to him, smiling through her tears.

"No, Jack. "Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob." I'll try to make up for it somehow. It was my fault after all, and, Jack, it has cured me. I shall never get you into mischief again. But we won't let anybody know."

WHAT MAKES THEM CRY?

You have a very sore finger, let us say. It may be a hurt, a boil, or, worse still, that fearfully painful thing, a felon. Oh, my! oh, my! What a time you have been trying to protect that poor finger. It is all the time getting hit or knocking against something. Simply to keep it out of harm's way worries you more than doing a day's work; and you don't succeed, and wouldn't even with a dozen policemen to help you. You are scared of a fly threatening to light on it.

That is the principle on which Mrs Elizabeth Allen couldn't bear the least noise. She had no sore finger, but she had what was still more sensitive—a body full of sore nerves; weak, starved unstrung nerves. So the prattle of children, the closing of a door, the momentary roar of a waggon in the street, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, the thousand and one sounds and noises that are in the air constantly—why, the smallest of them struck her like a blow from a club. Noises which are not regarded by a well person are like volleys of musketry to one in this condition. Millions of women know all about it, and plenty of men too—crowds of them. You recognise them on sight—those who are subject to this affliction. Their lined foreheads, their bright, suspicious eyes, their self-protecting gestures and manner—you've seen them. Perhaps you are one of them yourself. If so, you'd give all your money and mortgage your future to have a stronger set of nerves, wouldn't you? Let's us talk about it two minutes, first quoting the lady's letter, which is dated May 11th, 1893, and written from her home, 263, Syston-street, Leicester.

"For many years," she says, "I suffered from indigestion and weakness. After meals I had a great pain at my chest. Every few days I had an attack of sick headache, and had to be constantly lying down on the couch. I strained and heaved a good deal, and spat up a sour nauseous fluid. As time went on I got very weak and nervous, and couldn't bear the least noise."

"I took all sorts of medicines and consulted doctors, but nothing did me much good. Later on I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and after taking it a short time the disease left me, and I was able to relish and digest my food. Owing to the virtue of this remedy I now keep in good health. (Signed) Elizabeth Allen."

And here is Mr W. Nash, who says: "For fully ten years I suffered from periodic attacks of biliousness. At times a severe headache, preceded by excessive drowsiness; at other times vomiting and retching for a whole day; at other times sleeplessness, pain in the chest, side, and stomach, coated tongue and bad breath—that was the way it acted with me. I grew very melancholy and was not able to follow my business. I consulted doctors and used tonics, etc., but they only made me worse."

"I had constantly heard of your wonderful remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, but didn't believe in it. Then I read in "Wit and Wisdom" of a case like mine that the Syrup had cured; so I tried it, and the first bottle acted like magic. The pains left me the first week. I repeated my food no more, and in a month all my ills were gone. Bless Mother Seigel for ever, I say.—Yours gratefully (signed), W. Nash, 331, Goswell Road, E.C., London, October 2nd, 1893."

Now, where is there room enough on paper to sufficiently praise a medicine that will do what this one did for these two good friends of ours? All pain, remember, is nervous pain, and in the above case it was the foul and inflamed stomach which, by stopping digestion, starved the nerves, and made them cry out. What won't cry out when it is starved? Babies will, men will, women will, nerves will.

Mother Seigel's medicine set the stomach in order and gave the nerves some food. Then what? Why, quiet, comfort, strength, rest, enjoyment. "Bless Mother Seigel," indeed.

Jack: "Helen has teeth like pearls." Mattie: "I suppose that accounts for her being as dumb as an oyster."



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim
As the swift years steal away.
Beautiful, willowy forms so slim
Lose fairness with every day.
But she still is queen and hath charms to spare
Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

will preserve your hair, and thus preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

GOLD MEDALS At the World's Chief Expositions.

JAMES SMITH & CO.

THE ARO HOUSE, Wellington.

Beg to announce the arrival of very extensive consignments of their

NEW FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

—FOR THE—

Autumn and Winter Seasons.

The Stock has been selected from the most famous millinery houses of London and Paris, and presents the most Original, Stylish, and Effective Display ever made in New Zealand. Visitors to Wellington should make a point of calling to see the new

PARISIAN TRIMMED BONNETS, SPECIAL MODEL HATS, AUTUMN SAILOR STRAWS, LATEST WINTER FELTS, TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS.

(LATEST DESIGNS.)

CHILDREN'S HATS AND BONNETS have also been largely imported, and the assortment includes Novelties of Every Description. The whole stock is marked at prices that are unapproachable elsewhere, so decidedly the best place to purchase Millinery of any kind is

THE 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, 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, Buloh:—'I am very much pleased with my dress and habit, just received.'

Mrs Empeoa, Wanganui:—'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, Kilbirnie:—'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, Wanganui:—'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 Sargiant, Wanganui:—'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. Moore, 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 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 clientele shall look better dressed than others.

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

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



HERE are many pretty costumes on view just now. But we must deal first with head-quarters, and discuss the hat and bonnet of the moment. The toque is much in evidence, and is a moderate and very inoffensive head-gear

which joins the borderline of hat and bonnet in a most convenient manner for unshure wearers, who object to the bonnet pure and simple, but think a hat too youthful.

There are some very pretty velvet models showing now, of which I give an example. This is of gray mink velvet undulated entirely over a moderate-sized oval set shape, and trimmed simply by a grey, black, and white bird, and white osprey on the left side. It is to be a feather, and I am sorry to add, from a humane point of view, bird winter in millinery this year. Ostrich, and many other feathers may be worn with a calm conscience, but whole



A VELVET TOQUE.

birds must of necessity have been slain for this inadequate purpose only. Seawallows and other varieties of white and grey, and white and black birds are the demand. Imitation white birds are being shewn; but not being so handsome or showy as the real birds, are but little bought. Pheasants' feathers are being a good deal used for hats, and these may be indulged in without a pang, as the long-tails are slaughtered whether we make scalps of their feathers or no.

But good, conscientious women should eschew the poor wee innocent birds, slaughtered to make a holiday hat for thoughtless females.

Apropos, we have recently entered on halcyon days for those women who have passed their youth. But a short time ago, a woman no longer young was expected to add to the pangs of this departure of youth by assuming headgear and garments which would detract from even youth and beauty; or, if she assumed anything more attractive, she called down an avalanche of ridicule and contempt on her diminished head, and was pleasantly referred to as "mutton in lamb's clothing." For a mature or elderly woman to ape the girl, of course, a sorry sight, besides making



THE MOUJIK JACKET.

herself look older rather than younger by such folly; but there are so many things she may wear out of the restricted catalogue of the wardrobe of the middle-aged and elderly with such distinct advantage in making her pleasant to look upon, that this new era may be generally hailed with delight. Provided it be strictly suitable, she may wear a hat now without comment or ridicule. This is a rational concession. A hat is warmer, more furnishing and comfortable, and far and away more becoming than a bonnet, which must be worn farther back on the head. Also, if she has retained a slight youthful figure, she is no longer doomed to a nondescript mantle which would gully Hela herself; and in all respects she is now allowed a reasonable "look-in."

Referring to mantles brings me to my second sketch. A smart model of the new and now all-prevailing Moujik jacket or blouse. This example is of olive-green cloth, lined with pink silk. It is trimmed with black caracul fur and black braid, and gathered into the waist by an oxidised silver belt. A chic little toque bonnet of green mink velvet, pink chrysanthemums, and black ostrich tips accompanies this jacket.

Plaids are asserting themselves a good deal—perhaps the only pronounced or assertive introduction we have this season; but, where the garments in general are very plain, they are far from offensive as facings, linings to coats and capes or skirts, as these latter are being lined half-way up, at least most respectfully for showing when held up, and harmonising with the dainty silk petticoats beneath.



A SMART PLAID COSTUME.

A plaid gown, in shades of green, is the subject of my third illustration. It is made with quite plain skirt, lined with green satin, and a Moujik, or Russian blouse bodice, which is the bodice of the hour. The revers, cuffs, waistband and button are of dark green velvet. A jabot of cream mousseline-de-soie, and a green velvet bound Toreador hat with green feathers, chiffon, and pale pink poppies complete this smart toilette.

It is time to discuss peltry, and we shall soon be getting practical on the subject; and it is never to be left till the eleventh hour by the economical, as prices will be rapidly advancing now. In a word, it will be a great fur season, and almost every variety will be used.

HELLOISE.

TESTIMONIAL

Dunedin, Oct. 18th, 1897.
MR GEO. W. WILTON,
Chemist, Wellington.
DEAR SIR:—Kindly send me by return post three pots of your Hand Mollient. 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, Dunedin.

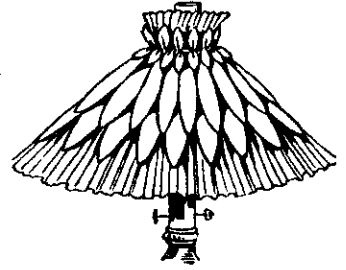
WILTON'S HAND MOLLIENT
It is also the most Soothing and Healing Preparation obtainable for any abrasion or roughness of the Skin. Price is. Sold by all Chemists. One Pot will be sent by post on receipt of is in Stamps.
G. W. WILTON, CHEMIST,
Adelaide Road and Willis Street, Wellington.

WORK COLUMN.



HE rapidly waning daylight makes us begin to think how to shade the artificial light necessary to our convenience in the best possible way. In all towns it is better that the lamp-shade should be of the most ephemeral nature, the more labour and money that is expended on it the less willing are we to undertake the trouble and expense of renewing it

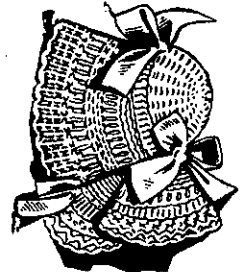
from time to time as it fades and becomes dirty, consequently designs that can be carried out in paper are to be especially recommended, and the other day I came across an exceedingly pretty kind which I have copied here for my readers' benefit. The lower part of the shade was of green crinkled paper, above which fell in two rows long white petals cut out in cartridge or very thin cardboard, or, still better, tracing paper wired to the proper shape; the frill standing up above it was of bright yellow, thus introducing all the colours of the large field daisy with a very happy effect. Green being one of the



THE MARGUERITE LAMP SHADE.

most restful colours for the eyes, its not too becoming shade was mitigated by the white petals and yellow top.

A knitted baby's bonnet may not be as smart a construction as that of a stiff muslin shape covered with silk or satin, but it is infinitely more comfortable for baby, and at the same time its warmth and ventilation is far superior to the wadding and lack of ventilation of its more expen-



KNITTED BABY BONNET.

sive prototype. So in the hope of converting others to my belief I give the following very accurate and excellent recipe for the knitting of a baby's bonnet. As some people prefer colours I have given this in pink and white so as to show where the colour should be introduced. Double Berlin wool. White and pale pink, if the largest skeins, two of white and one of colour; for a plain white hood three skeins of wool. Two wood pins No. 5, and two smaller ones No. 8. With white cast on the large pins 36 stitches. This is for the crown. Knit and purl alternately 4 rows, then make a stitch twice during the row by knitting one at the back and front. Purl back, knit a row, purl a row, then make 4 more stitches. Purl back, 1st pattern row (do not break off the wool) with pink. Knit the first stitch, then knit 2 together to the end, knit the last. 2nd row, + knit 1, pick up the stitch between and knit 1, knit 1, pick up 1, repeat from 4. 3rd row, knit. 4th row, purl. 5th row, take white and repeat these 4 rows. 6th row, pink. Repeat again. 13th row, white, knit plain. 14th row, purl. 15th row, + knit 1, wool twice round the pin, knit 2 together. Repeat from 4. This is for holes for ribbon. 16th row, purl. 17th row, pink, knit plain. 18th row, purl. 19th row, knit plain; make a stitch at each end of this row. 20th row, purl. + 21st row, white, knit 1, knit 2 together. 22nd row, knit and pick up. 23rd row, knit, make a stitch at each end of the row. 24th row, purl. 25th row, pink. Repeat from 4 with three times, changing the wool every 5th row;

the last pink stripe is not increased. After the purl row of pink, knit the lining of the hood with white, alternate rows of plain and purl. When 10 rows are done, knit 2 together 3 times during the row, but not at the edge. In the 10th row, take the smaller pins, knit 4 rows, decrease again three times. Continue this lining till it reaches to the raised stitches at the edge of the crown; then knit 14, turn, slip the first stitch, purl back. Knit the next row. Pur 14, turn, knit back. Knit the last row upon the large pins, and run a narrow ribbon through all the stitches to draw up the lining at the crown. The curtain. With white wool and the large pins cast on 61 stitches, knit and purl alternately 8 rows (knit the last row and the next 4 loosely for the edge of the curtain). 7th row, knit the 1st stitch, then knit 2 together to the end. 8th row, knit 1, pick up 1 to the end. 9th row, knit plain. 10th row, purl. 11th row, pink, knit 1, then knit 2 together to the end. 12th row, knit 1, pick up 1. Repeat 13th row, white, knit plain. 14th row, purl. 15th row, knit 1, knit 2 together. Repeat. 16th row, knit 1 and pick up 1. Repeat. With another pin take up all the 61 stitches cast on, put the two pins together and knit together 1 stitch from each pin, then knit 2 together from both pins to the end. In the next row knit 1 and pick up 1 to the end; then with pink knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Take the smaller pins and white wool, knit 1, then knit 2 together to the end. The next row, knit 1, pick up 1 to the end. Repeat these two rows three times more, then knit 1 row, purl 1 row, cast off. Finish the hood by making it up neatly. With finer wool draw up the stitches cast on for the crown and sew the two edges together, continuing the join to include the first row of raised stitches at the back of the neck. Next, slightly fasten the edge of the lining to the edge of the hood, then sew on the curtain. Run ribbon through the holes across the head, and tie a double-looped bow. Make a little bow for the back where the crown joins the curtain, and add strings of the ribbon.

ETHEL.

HOTEL MEMORY.

Some one who has occasion to travel much says that he has been making a special study of hotel clerks' memory for names and faces, two things which people in general find it peculiarly easy to forget. No doubt it is true that most travelling men feel their personal vanity pleasantly excited when they enter a big hotel after an absence of months, or even of years, and are at once welcomed by name by the smiling man behind the counter. Clerks who can greet guests in this flattering manner must be of great value to their employers. As illustrating how wonderful their power is, our "special student" relates one of his own experiences.

When the Knights Templar conclave was held in San Francisco in 1893, I landed in that city early one afternoon with a party of Eastern Knights who had made the journey across the continent in a special train. More than four hundred of us went to the Palace Hotel. As rapidly as possible we filed up to the register, inscribed our names, and were sent to our respective rooms under the guidance of bell-boys.

I took a bath, changed my linen, and in the course of an hour or two strolled down to the office to see if there was any mail for me. I approached the desk, but before I had time to utter a word Mr Clerk nodded to me, and with apparent solicitude inquired:

"How do you like your room, Mr Burton? Does 306 suit you?"

I was dumfounded. This man had never seen me before in his life, except for the half-minute I had stood before him while writing my name in the register. Fully four hundred and twenty-five persons had passed him within two hours, and yet he was able without the slightest hesitation to remember my name and the number of my room.

There is nothing out of the ordinary in my appearance, and I could not imagine how he could recollect me.

To satisfy myself that my own case was not an exception, I lounged about the office for an hour or so; and I hope to be deprived of all my rights as a citizen of the United States if I didn't hear that wonderful clerk call by name fifty of my acquaintances—not one of whom had ever been in San Francisco before—and ask them the same question he had asked me.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. In bottles. Made in London.—Adv.

QUERIES.

Any queries domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents applying 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, 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 the columns, it may be a week or two before they appear.—Ed.

RECIPES.

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.

Apple Float.—Pare two good-sized tart apples. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add four tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, and beat until fine and dry. Grate the apples into this mixture a little at a time, beating all the while. Have ready a good-sized glass dish partly filled with whipped cream; heap the float by tablespoonsful over the surface, and dot here and there with candied cherries.

Apple Snow.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; then add slowly five or six tablespoonsful of stewed apples, and float on either custard or whipped cream.

Apple Custard.—Grate sufficient apples to make one pint of pulp. Separate four eggs; add to the yolks half a cupful of sugar; beat; add one pint of hot milk; cook for a moment, take from the fire; add the apple gradually or the milk may curdle. Turn this into the dish in which it is to be served. Beat the whites of the eggs rather stiff; add to them three tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, beat again and heap over the apple.

German Compote.—Peel and core the apples so that they will remain whole, throwing each as it is finished into a bowl of cold water to prevent discoloration. Place them in a baking-dish, fill the cavities with orange marmalade; pour over sufficient water to almost cover the apples, and sufficient sugar to make a palatable sweetness, and a little grated lemon rind. Cover, and cook until the apples are tender. Remove each carefully to a flat glass dish. Moisten a teaspoonful of arrowroot; add it to the liquor, assuming there is half a pint; if more, add a second teaspoonful; bring to boiling point, then stir in a little orange marmalade. Pour over the apples, garnish the dish with squares of toasted bread and serve warm.

Apple Cup Custards.—Pare and core four good-sized apples, steam them until tender, press through a colander; add while hot a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonsful of sugar and one cup of milk. Turn this into baking-cups, and bake for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff; add sugar, beat again; heap over the top of the cups; dust thickly with powdered sugar, and brown a moment in the oven. Serve cold.

Poached and Shirred Eggs.—New-laid eggs only should be used for poaching. The white of the egg is held in a thin membrane, outside of which there is a watery substance containing a little albumen. In two or three days this membrane will become very tender, frequently rupturing as soon as you drop it into the hot water. The yolk of the egg then stands out prominently, and the white spreads over the bottom of the pan so that you cannot keep the egg at all in shape. The beauty of a poached egg is the yolk almost covered in this thin film, the white sufficiently hardened to form a sort of veil for the yolk. Fill a saucepan with boiling water, break the eggs, one at a time, into a saucer; draw the pan where the water will not boil and slip the eggs down into it. Break another, and another, until the bottom of the pan is covered. Then draw the pan over a moderate fire, but still where the water cannot boil, and baste carefully the tops of the yolks until they are a bluish white colour. Have ready your platter covered with neatly-toasted squares of bread, take each egg up on an egg-slice, trim off the ragged edges and slide it carefully on to the toast. Dust lightly with salt and pepper, and send immediately to the table. Shirred eggs are made by covering the bottom of a shirring cup with about two tablespoonsful of breadcrumbs; break an egg on top of this and stand the cups in a baking-pan, then into a quick oven for about three minutes, or until the whites are of a creamy consistency. Serve at once in the cups in which they were cooked.

The Same with a Difference.—Miss Belmont says: Yes, Mr. Mason, I was very clever. She is a B.A., you know. Mr. Fitz-Toe: Ah, I see—a Big Attraction, of course

ALL WITHOUT EYES.

A lady recently attended an exhibition of sketches and studies of Lord Leighton's works in a London picture-gallery. After making the rounds of the rooms she seated herself near a white-haired gentleman with a benevolent face, who seemed to be enjoying the afternoon so much as she was herself. His beaming smile encouraged her to make some simple remark, which opened the way for an interesting conversation about the pictures, Lord Leighton's art, and some critical comments which had been passed upon the exhibition in one of the morning journals.

The old gentleman said that he had not read the critical article, and then proceeded to explain in detail his own views of the merits and defects of the pictures. His talk was animated and intelligent. He spoke of the most important works on exhibition, and revealed an intimate acquaintance with the strong and weak points of the painter's art.

"Perhaps I ought not to speak so confidently," he said, quietly, "for these pictures I have not seen. I have been blind for thirty years or more, and have only been able to see works of art through my wife's eyes."

The lady gave an exclamation of surprise. Although she had been talking with the stranger for a quarter-hour, she had not suspected that he was blind.

"Yet you enjoy coming to an art gallery like this," she said, "where you can see nothing?"

"Oh! yes, indeed," he replied. "My wife brings me to all the private views when the galleries are not crowded; and she tells me about every picture, describing the subject or the scene so vividly that I seem to be able to see it with my own eyes; and in the evenings she reads the critical articles to me. I am not so badly off, even if I cannot see the pictures with my own eyes. I enjoy coming here, and sometimes fancy that I feel more intensely the influence of the art on the walls than those who have eyes."

The blind man smiled brightly as he spoke, for he had heard the rustle of a dress behind him, and he knew that his faithful wife had joined them. In a moment he introduced his American acquaintance, and expressed the pleasure which he had derived from an interesting talk with her.

The galleries were filled with art-lovers, who had assembled to enjoy a first view of a notable collection. They were gossiping together in groups, and talking in a critical tone of what was before their eyes. But the most radiant face among them all was that of the blind man, who was condemned to look at the pictures through the eyes of his wife. As she led him in front of a large canvas and whispered into his ear a minute description of what he could not see, a happy smile of contentment and peace illumined his face.

"Yes, it is indeed beautiful!" exclaimed the blind man. "What a bright, glorious world there is all around us!"

WELL-MEANT

All languages seem to have a way of adapting themselves to error. Given an impulsive mind and a too hasty tongue, and speech becomes precisely the reverse of thought. An English workman once applied to a country clergyman for a letter of introduction to a duke, of whom he wished to ask aid.

"What don't you say in person and see my lord," asked the clergyman. "Well, you see," was the nervous answer. "I don't like to speak to Lord—. He may be too proud to listen to the likes of me. I can talk to you well enough, sir, for there's nothing of the gentleman about you!"

"Cassell's Journal" says that during a holiday excursion in Switzerland, Sir Paul Hunter was lost. Guides were sent in search of him, and the excitement became extreme. Lady Hunter, safe in the hotel, began to tremble for her husband, but at dusk he entered the Alpine chalet alone as if nothing had happened.

Wishing to avoid notice and curious questionings, he had sent his guides to their own launts. As he passed through the little English crowd assembled to meet him, Lady Hunter, nervous from the sudden relief of seeing him again, rushed to meet him.

"O Paul!" she cried, "where have you been? I am so glad to see you back. Some silly man has lost himself on the mountain, and I was afraid it might be you!"

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GENERAL DEBILITY and Indigestion Made Her Life Miserable, but She is Cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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



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

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**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 id are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10s. id.; not exceeding 40s. id.; for every additional 10s. or fractional part thereof, id. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

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

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

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is a long time since I last wrote to you, but please excuse me as I have been away spending my Christmas holidays. I went to Lake Takapuna to stay with some friends for a

month, and enjoyed myself very much. We lived on Hurstmere Beach, in the most comical house you ever saw. When it rained the rain came in, and the bees built their nests in the walls. There were a lot of girls (my friends, I mean) and we used to have such fun. We went blackberrying some days, and picnics others. One day we went and got a lot of crabs. I also went to Avondale to stay with my cousins, and spent a nice time there. I got a nice lot of presents at Christmas, dolls and other things, and a nice tea set which I liked very much, but one night my sister's pussy cat jumped up on the small table which they were on and upset the table, smashing all the dishes. It made me feel quite sick when mother told me, but mother has bought me another set to make up for the loss. I was very sorry I could not come to the cousins' picnic, but I was not at home at the time. I sent you my brother's and my photo to put in the 'Graphic.' Hoping you are well and that you enjoyed your holidays as well as I did mine.—I remain, your loving Cousin Ella.

[Many thanks, dear Cousin Ella, for the photograph of yourself and your brother. I will put it in the 'Graphic,' and will return the photo as your mother wishes. You seem to have had great fun in your holidays. I did not get any this year, but hope to have some later on. What a pity about that pretty tea-set, and how lucky for you to have a mother who could replace it. What did your brother do in his holidays?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is a long time since I answered your letter, but now I am going to begin. I was away for a month during the holidays. I did not go out while I was there, except to the Ruakaka races, where I enjoyed myself very nicely. I did not see your last letter to me. The 'Graphic' came while I was away, and the paper was given away. We had a show not far from here at Manukaramea. We all went up to it. My brother got seven prizes and I got two. There was an excursion from here to

Erqnarua Bay on Thursday, but there was so much wind and so few people came on account of the rain that they went to Parua Bay instead. The steamer was rolling and the waves sometimes came over the boat. Some of the people were seasick; we didn't enjoy ourselves very much because it came on to rain soon after we landed. Last Sunday one of our horses got in the creek. They managed to get her out about midnight, but she is still very stiff in the legs. I have got a young rooster to nurse now. It got its leg hurt by a horse, and they wanted it to be killed, but I got them to leave it alone, and I am looking after it, it is nearly better now and can walk about. It is about three weeks now since it happened. This rain we are having will do the vegetables, flowers, and the grass good and make them green and fresh again. I must stop now, hoping that Cousin Ada and the other cousins are well, not forgetting yourself.—Cousin Dora.

P.S.—How is Cousin Ada at present, if I may ask?

[Please write on one side of the paper only, dear Cousin Dora. I am glad you were so kind to the poor injured fowl. I hope the horse that got in the creek will soon be well again. You seem to have been quite a traveller lately. Cousin Ada is going on well, and all the cousins I have seen lately looked the picture of health. Vegetables seem rather scarce; have you many?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope this letter will be more interesting than any former ones, as it is about 'Confirmation' I am going to tell you. On Tuesday night, 15th inst., at St. Mary's Church, about 120 were confirmed by the Primate of New Zealand—85 girls and 35 boys. Some of the girls wore veils and some caps; all of them looked very pretty. At a quarter to seven we all assembled in the schoolhouse opposite the church and prepared ourselves to take our places, and I am pleased to say my sister and I took the lead. We marched across the road and through the main entrance, down the aisle to the front pews, which were reserved for us, then sang a hymn, after which Bishop Cowie preached a most interesting sermon and proceeded to confirm us. We all marched up eight at a time and knelt at the altar rail, and he placed his hands on our heads and prayed, and so on till all were finished. Then after the service we all filed out of church and thence to our respective homes. On Sunday we all attended Holy Communion for the first time. I do not own a bike, that was only a hired one. I think I prefer the horse to the bike. I am sorry I cannot send you our photos, but hope to do so soon. Hoping you, all the cousins, and Cousin Ada are quite well as we are now.—I remain, your affectionate Cousin Maud.

[You had a large number at your confirmation; I hope they all realise what a very solemn thing it is to undertake for themselves all that their godfathers and godmothers promised for them. What a good girl you will have to be now! Being 'good' does not mean not being bright and merry and happy, but it means always remembering 'Thou, God, seeest me.' To turn to other things. I shall be glad of your photographs; and I hope other cousins will also send me theirs. Very many people now seem to prefer a horse. Have you one, or a pony?—Cousin Kate.]

GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

A SIMPLE PATTY-PAN PARTY.

One little girl of nine did so want to have a real birthday party, but when people live in the country it is not always easy to plan and prepare for company. Nannie's mamma, however, finally hit on a plan, and down she went to the village store and bought a dozen and a half bright tin patty-pans, nine tin cups and some tiny notepaper and envelopes. And that same day Nannie wrote eight invitations as follows:

'My Dearest Friend,—Next Tuesday is my birthday. I am nine. Come over and play with me at my party at three o'clock in the afternoon. Be sure and come early.—Your Friend,
NANNIE.

P.S.—Wear your everyday dress and apron.'

Promptly at three o'clock the next Tuesday eight little girls in clean aprons arrived and sat solemnly down in the parlor. Then Nannie's mamma told them that the party was to be in the kitchen, and some one suggested 'Candy Pull.'

That magic word hurried them out to the kitchen. And there on the table were nine groups of things, each one consisting of a bowl, a tin cup, a soup-plate, a crumpled patty-pan, a tablespoon, a teaspoon and doll spoon and fork. On a smaller table near by stood sugar, eggs and other ingredients, while a briak fire burned in the range.

'Now,' said Nannie's mamma, 'we will all go to work and make our own cakes and custards for tea, and see how well we can do it. I want each little girl to have something nice to take home to show her mother what a good housekeeper she can be. No one knows, until she tries, how much fun it is to cook.'

The children were delighted at the prospect, and examined their groups of dishes. Then each child was given half a cup of sugar in the bowl, and a lump of butter, and was taught how to beat them together well; then the yolk of an egg was added, the white being put in the soup plate to be whipped light with a fork later. Then a little flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, and two doll spoonfuls of baking powder after the rest of a teaspoonful of flour had been stirred in. When it came to heating the whites the little arms grew tired, and it seemed as if those whites never would stand alone, but at last they were added to the batter, which was whisked with a tablespoon until it bubbled. In order to have each cake different a tablespoonful of grated cocoanut for one, the same of chocolate for another, some currants, poundcake crumbs, chopped raisins and citron and lemon peel, spices, lemon juice, and pink colouring and vanilla were arranged.

When all was ready a teaspoonful of batter was put in each buttered patty-pan, all set in a large pan and put in the oven. Mamma attended to the baking, and very soon each little girl had two pretty, crinkled cakes for her very own.

Then came the boiled custard, with a cup of milk put on to heat in the tin cup, an egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten together, meanwhile the boiling milk poured on the mixture and well stirred before putting back in the tin cup to thicken. While the custard and cakes were cooling the children ran out to the garden and gathered jonquils and violets for the table, which they helped Nannie's mamma to arrange with her pretty china dishes.

When the flowers were all arranged and everything looked lovely, a surprise came in the shape of a beautiful birthday cake with nine candles around the edge and one to grow on in the middle. Also several dishes of candies, nuts, preserves and sandwiches appeared. By that time the custard was cool enough to flavour, and all sat down to enjoy themselves, which they did most heartily.

After tea, when the candles had been blown out, the big cake cut and tasted, and going home time had come, each little girl's own private opinion was that the dear little cake, which she was about to carry home to her mother in a new patty-pan, was the best part of the party.

IN THE SOUTH.

O good green grass, the gardens here
Are gay with roses all the year;
And hedged with green whiere'er we pass;
But still we miss your modest grace,
And find there's nought to fill your place,
O good green grass!

The heliotropes and fuchsias, too,
Thrive out of doors the winter through,
And other wonders come to pass;
And yet we'd sometimes like to see
A meadow, rippling to the knee,
O good green grass!

December days forget to sting;
They gild the oranges they bring;
The berries redder while they pass;
The wind is kind; the sun is warm;
How can you choose the cold and storm,
O good green grass!

New friends in every land we find;
But dear are those we leave behind,
And from our hearts they ne'er shall pass;
Not all these wonders, rich and new,
Can keep our loving thoughts from you,
O good green grass!

E. S. B.

SIMPLE EXPEDIENT.

Among the more recent stories of feminine banking is one of a young lady who in a fit of abstraction signed a cheque, 'Your loving Susie.' A still later anecdote is this, from one of our exchanges:

A fund was being raised for the benefit of sufferers by a great disaster, and a certain rich but illiterate woman was approached upon the subject.

'Oh, I shouldn't mind lending the money,' she said, 'but I do hate to have my name in all the papers.'

'But that could be easily arranged,' said the gentleman who had opened the subject.

'Why, yes, of course,' remarked the woman, 'I could send a anonymous cheque. Why didn't I think of that before?'

THE GRAPHIC COUSINHOOD.

PHOTOGRAPH No. 15.



FOUR CAPITAL COUSINS.

The photograph in to-day's page is a very interesting one, being that of four brothers, Paerau, Kia, Whiti and Piri, who all rejoice in an English as well as a pretty Maori name. As each one was old enough, he joined our cousinhood, the last being Piri, who wrote a charming little letter asking to be admitted into our

pleasant society. He was, of course, gladly welcomed for his brothers' sakes, and will be soon, I feel sure, loved for his own. His loving smile seems to promise that he, too, will be a warm supporter of our cot and a great help to Cousin Kate. I had a nice separate photograph of each but the group was so good I thought it best to use that.



The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

IT PRODUCED AN EFFECT.

'You really ought to have heard the sermon to-day, Henry,' she said, when she got home from church. 'It was one of the finest Dr. Thirdly ever preached.'

'What was it about?' he asked.

'The pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' she answered, promptly. 'And do you know, Henry, there wasn't a woman in church who was dressed any better than I. I tell you, my new gown made a sensation.'

JUST AS USUAL.

'What we need in football,' said the athlete, 'is more gentlemanliness—more courtesy, and I don't mind saying that, so far as I am concerned, I intend to have it, even if I have to lick the tar out of every man who gets in my way.'



AN UNANSWERABLE REASON.

Cross-Examining Counsel: Now, what is your reason for believing that the prisoner willfully set fire to his shop?

Stupid Witness: 'Cos he wouldn't ha' got anything off the insurance company if he'd a set fire to anybody else's.'

TO GET A LOW RATE.

'I think I'll get my life insured,' said the thoughtful youth.

'Good scheme,' returned the confirmed bachelor.

'I expect to be married in a month, you know,' went on the thoughtful youth.

'Oh, well,' said the confirmed bachelor, 'you needn't mention that, and you'll get a pretty low rate just the same.'

REMARKABLE FOR THESE TIMES.

'What eccentric people the Haggings are!'

'Eccentric?'

'Yes. They have a full record of two generations of their family, and there isn't a divorce case in the whole business.'

A RECENT SUBJECT.

Teacher: 'Bobbie, who made you?'

Bobbie: 'I dunno.'

Teacher: 'The idea! Why, little Willie here could tell me that.'

Bobbie: 'Well, he oughter; 'tain't only a little while ago since he was made.'

CASEY ON A BAT.

'Did ye hear what Casey got fer his tin wedding?'

'No; vot did he got?'

'He got tin days.'

THE DANCING SEASON.

He (after a waltz): 'Do you know, I could die waltzing.'

She (out of breath): 'Perhaps you could, Mr Hypnot; but that's no reason why you should expect others to die with you.'

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Mrs Faddie, Faith 'urist: 'How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?'

Bridget: 'He still has the rheumatics mighty bad, mum.'

'You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism, num?'

'Yes, num?'

A few days later: 'And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?'

'No, num. The poor man thinks now that he is dead. We buried un yesterday.'

WHY MEN WORK.

Some men work for wealth and fame,
Some men strive for women's praises;
Some men just enjoy the game
And work away like blazes.
Some men strive because that they
Seem to think they ought to;
But most poor mortals work away,
Just because they've got to.

HANDICAPPED.

'Who is your favourite author?'

'Pardon me, sir, but I am an author myself.'

THE TRULY INNOCENT.

No evil thought had ever found
A lodgment in his mind
For he was but a fool, and ne'er
Had there crept in beneath his hair
A thought of any kind.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Love and reason are seldom on speaking terms.
It's a wise woman that knows her husband at a masquerade ball.
Many a man who imagines he is a wrestler can't even throw dice.
The average fish bone is easier to swallow than the average fish story.
Of two evils some men choose the less—unless there is more money in the other one.
It must be a great consolation to the widow when the insurance more than covers the loss.

DISASTROUS EXPERIMENT.

'These doctors are frauds. They all say that a good laugh is healthful. I know better.'

'Been experimenting?'

'Yes. The governor fell downstairs this morning and I had a good laugh. Now I cannot sit down without pain.'

THAT'S WHY.

'He is not self-possessed.' 'Of course not. How could he be? He gave himself away.'



Doctor: 'I've had my brass plate out two weeks, stopped inloors every day, and not a case yet; so I'm off for a stroll and see if that will change my luck. I've been waiting like Patience on a monument.'

Friend: 'Never mind; you will eventually get a chance to put the monuments on the patients.'

OUTRAGEOUS.

Clara: 'Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr Snappeshotte's?'

Miss Maydeval (angrily): 'Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence.'

'Gracious, what was it?'

'Why, on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'

INDIGNANT CITIZEN.

'Say! Your boy threw a stone at me just now and barely missed me.'

Mr Grogan: 'Yez say he missed ye?'

'That's what I understood myself to remark.'

'It was not my bye.'

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAID SO.

'I remember your wife as such a dainty and pretty little thing, Humly, and yet they tell me she has turned out a fine cook.'

'Turned out a fine cook? She has turned out half a dozen of them within the last three weeks.'

NEVER AGAIN.

'Mother, do you like stories?'

'I like true ones, my child.'

'Shall I tell you a true one?'

'Yes.'

'But you might not like it.'

'Oh, yes, I should, if you told it.'

'But it is quite short. Well, once upon a time there was a water bottle—'

'Yes; go on.'

'And yesterday I broke it; but I'll never—oh! oh!—never do it again.'



'Gentleman (to waiter who comes at last to take his order): 'Are you the waiter here?'

Waiter: 'Yes, sir.'

Gentleman: 'I'm glad to hear you say so. I had begun to think I was.'

'Appearances are very deceptive,' remarked the tenor. 'Yes,' replied the prima donna, 'especially farewell appearances.'

REAL JOY.

Of all the joys that fate can fix,
This makes the heart elate;
To hear the bell at half-past six
And not get up till eight.

GETTING AT THE FACTS.

Dixon: 'I understand that you said I didn't know as much as your yellow dog.'

Hixon: 'I never said anything of the kind.'

Dixon: 'Then what did you say?'

Hixon: 'I said my yellow dog knew more than you did.'

MANDATORY.

'You must be crazy.'

'Must?'

'That is the word. If you won't be insane,' continued the lawyer for the defence, 'I see no way of saving your neck.'

BIBLIOMANIA.

'Could I sell you a Bible?' asked the agent.

'I guess not,' replied the real estate dealer. 'You might try Hebbardsbee in the next office. He has a sort of mania for rare books.'

MENIAL WORK.

'Did you hear how young Cadlets made love to Miss Duckets?'

'No. How did he?'

'He sent his valet to intercede for him.'

'Goodness! I never heard of such a thing!'

'Nor I; but I suppose he thought it was beneath him to press his own suit.'

A SURE CURE.

'Yes, Stubbs was goin' into a decline an' the doctor said th' best thing for him was to get an easy Government job and lie around doing nothing.'

'A sinecure, eh?'

'I don't know what kind o' cure you call it, but anyway he's cured.'

OUR ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

He: 'You have had a week now to think of my proposal of marriage.'

She: 'Yes, and the more I think of it the less I think of it.'

PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE.

The English Dowager: 'So your husband, the duke, doesn't love you? What are you going to do about it?'

Chicago Heiress: 'She him for obtaining money under false pretences.'

VAN WITHER.

'How cheap things are getting to be. I see you can buy a talking machine now for \$10.'

Van Miner: 'Yes; but I got one for nothing. It was a wedding present from my wife's parents.'

A HYGIENIC HOME.

My wife and I are trying hard to live on healthful diet;
We read the food chart by the yard,
And run our kitchen by it;
We've banished from our bills of fare
All that such guides condemn;
True hygiene is all our care,
As planned and taught by them.

For breakfast, coffee is tabooed,
Hot cakes and eggs forbidden,
And milk, since it is oft imbued
With germs profuse, though hidden;
Bread is unwholesome, so is steak;
Submissive to our lot,
Oatmeal and graham gems we take;
And drink boiled water hot.

For dinner, soup will never do,
And oysters typhoid nourish;
Salads, entrees, and ices, too,
Are mere dyspeptic flourish;
Potatoes (by the last advice)
Are poisonous, we're told;
We eat rare meat, chopped fine, with rice,
And drink boiled water cold.

For supper—some professors teach
'Tis best to go without it,
But since discretion's left to each,
We take our choice about it;
On chicken, waffles, tea and cake,
We are forbid to feed;
But gluten wafers, cocoa (weak),
And prunes, are all we need.

It grieves us much our friends to view
So reckless in their diet;
Our wholesome menu we pursue
And beg of them to try it;
But appetites ungodly sway
Their nature so enthral,
We cannot get a guest to stay
Within our healthful walls.

CAUSE FOR THANKS.

The Spartan mother was pale and resolute. Her hand trembled as it rested upon the armoured shoulder of her only son about to go forth to battle, her red lips were set sternly and her eyes were dry.

'My boy,' she said solemnly, 'come back with your shield or upon it, and thank your lucky stars it's only war and not football. With her benison then he departed.'

BOBBIE KNEW.

Teacher: 'Boys, what's a napkin?'

Bobbie: 'Something we use when we have company.'



CONNURIAL COOINGS.

Husband: 'Before I married you I thought there was no other woman in the world like you.'

Wife: 'Well—and now?'

Husband: 'Now, my dear, I hope there isn't.'