

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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WAR TO THE KNIFE.

HEADACHE

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

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CURED.

TOPICS WEEK.

THE ONE TOPIC.

PROPERLY there can be but one topic in these days—the war, to wit—and I am quite conscious that in introducing the usual half-dozen according to my custom, I am giving an undue prominence to matters which are altogether of very minor importance in the public eye. The gentlest of gentle readers scents the battle afar off, and is not to be entertained with trivial fond records of peace. To suit the temper of the public, every line of this page, and, better still, of this issue should breathe forth battle. For the Anglo-Saxon war spirit is abroad, and a very truculent spirit he is. He calls aloud from the housetops, in the highways and the byways. He inflames the inflammable soul of youth, and the most cindery heart glows again. From the newsboy who cheerfully yells himself hoarse over 'the latest,' to the little miss who hides away her dolls from the possible incursion of a rude, unprincipled soldiery, we are all under the spell. We might just as well be at war ourselves for the little peace we

tram, or 'bus the conversation is always the same—a continuous discharge of small arms, varied by a booming cannon shot or broadside from some authoritative individual who assumes to know. At lunch you get it all over again, and when you take up the evening paper it is only to be bombarded once more. You cannot hope to escape the war spirit: it is omnipresent. In fact, there is peace nowhere. I have sought it at the altar and found the priest with a sword. I have plunged into the vortex of pleasure, and heard the girl who had just danced with me tell her next partner that I was an awful bore, simply because I did not talk war. To judge by that talk, what bushels of Caesars and Napoleons and Wellingtons and Drakes and Nelsons, in the piece, and only waiting to be made up, we have among us. No one knows the potential field marshals, the major-generals, the admirals, and the strategists, inglorious though not mute, which this young country contains. Nor is it all mere talk by any means. Men are volunteering to go to the war, and women too. What an enthusiasm! Did you ever meet the like manifestations of the peace spirit? No, certes! One cannot but feel with Ruskin that after all the world owes much that is noblest and best in it to that very war spirit. Ah, but, say some, that was in the past, when we were lower than we are now. Dear sir or madam, look round you, and what do you see in the present? This same war spirit has been aroused by no quarrel of ours, no business of ours; but in a way we have made it ours as we never did in any similar case before. Those old bonds of race between America and the Old Country had been lying so loose that some believed they were snapped, and the ends lost in mid-Atlantic; but see how they have tightened all round, so that we even in this remote quarter feel them tugging at our hearts and more taut than they ever were. When did you ever feel them tugging like that in the time of peace? Nay, they were sagging and sagging; these commercial relationships, often little better than a game of beggar-my-neighbour, never pulled them like that, and never would. All honour to the war spirit, say I, that has called out the better man in us. Heroism and generosity and chivalry flourish but indifferently in halcyon weather, like pot plants in a conservatory. They want a more bracing atmosphere and rocky soil to blossom and yield the best fruits. A new doctrine this, you say. Not a bit of it; and if it is new on my lips, that only proves what I have been saying, that there is no one proof against the war spirit.

SOCIAL LAWGIVERS.

WHAT a fearlessness and intrepidity characterise the proceedings of that mimic parliament which the ladies have just been holding in Wellington! The doings in our House of Representatives and Legislative Council are tame and commonplace beside them. Man is but a timorous kind of creature, after all. He meekly bows his neck to the yoke of convention; he trembles to lay a finger on established customs or sentiments lest he should bring the whole fabric of society in ruin about his head; he is a slave to the existing order of thought and things. But behold with what audacity the disenfranchised woman, happy in the thought of her new liberty, proposes and disposes. I own I have been not a little charmed with the freedom from prejudice, from calculation, and, shall I say, from reason sometimes, that the members of the National Council of Women display. What delightful intuitionists they are! what irresistible heretics! The sex has always been an enigma to man, but these leagues and councils are enlightening us daily, even while in some respects they increase our wonder. Yet, all things considered, I can scarcely wish the sphere of the ladies' absolute power much enlarged. It may be that when they get those seats in Parliament which they covet, or their more ambitious sisters do, the position will carry with it a deeper sense of responsibility, and they will learn to make haste slowly; but I am afraid that the character of the deliberations of such a body as the Council does not increase the chances for would-be female legislators. Women fail to see the wide gulf which separates theory from practice, and it is

more than likely that in a parliament directly influenced to any great extent by the sex, too much of the time would be consumed in attempts to bridge that gulf—to give legislative sanction to impracticable ideas. Fancy



"Man is but a timorous kind of creature after all."

now, if Mrs Daldy were one of our representatives, what security would we have against her bringing in a bill to empower parents to choose husbands and wives for their daughters and sons. Yet it is just what she might do, for she holds very strongly the opinion that mothers are much better able to judge in these matters than their inexperienced youngsters. So she distinctly told the Council. No doubt she is actuated by the best motives, but her veiled suggestions are calculated to incite revolt. Much as we may trust a mother's judgment, in the choice of a husband or wife we are much more likely to prefer our own. Probably we often make great mistakes in the latter case, but who knows that the disadvantages of the first arrangement, which is, after all, not the natural one, would not be still greater? Your mother might indeed get you an industrious, domesticated wife, as Mrs Daldy says; but there are other qualities which the generous young wooer looks for which his mother might overlook—qualities quite as necessary for married happiness as these first. There is a good deal of excellent truth in Mrs Daldy's remarks on this and kindred subjects. We must all share her regret that 'many girls make marriage the only object of life, and until it is accomplished practise hypocritical amiability and dress for the sole object of making themselves attractive.' But all the same she and those associated with her will find it a hopeless task to dragoon the young generation in the way they contemplate. The curfew bell that is to ring all the youngsters indoors at eight o'clock, the marriage choice suggestions, and all reforms of that character, are hard to inaugurate, especially when the ladies cannot count on the support of half of their own sex in the struggle.

ANOTHER PROMISING CAREER CLOSED.

IT was perhaps just as well that Mr Chamberlain communicated with the colonies instructing them to maintain a strict neutrality in regard to the war, otherwise there is no telling what blunder we might have been guilty of. Some misapprehension, I am afraid, prevails as to the considerations which prompted the message. I cannot conceive, as some colonials appear to do, that the Secretary for the Colonies was haunted by a vision of some of the younger bull pups of the Empire slipping their leashes, flying at the throat of Spain, and having to be called if not beaten off by the Mother Country. Nor, to drop metaphor, did he picture our fitting out expeditions to harass Spanish commerce and annex Spanish islands. His only fear, I take it, was that we should allow ourselves to be a party to the war by commercial transactions in contraband. But it flatters our sense of self-importance to think that he gravely assumed the possibility of any one of us taking independent action of a more warlike character. Of course, we never contemplated national action of any kind, though I do believe that if privateering had

been permissible there are not a few merry lads knocking around these coasts who would have gladly enough had a hand in it, if only for the fun. There is an undoubted charm in the role of a pirate, which one might play with a kind of immunity when so many others were at the same thing. Certainly there is the yardarm at the end of that pleasant vista of plundered vessels, but you might retire on your booty long before the end was reached. What a picturesque career to look back on when grown rich on Spanish and American dollars!—you could fly the two flags and plunder the two countries alternately and impartially—you retired to enjoy your hard-won leisure on your New Zealand estate. It was my early ambition to be a pirate, or, in default of that, a highwayman, and I used to think, like Mark Twain, that if I were good and obeyed my parents, God might perhaps permit me to be one or other some day. Providence assigned



"There is an undoubted charm in the role of a pirate."

for me a lowlier lot, but—this is for your most secret ear, dear reader—I would even now have entertained an offer from any enterprising privateer at this juncture had not the Powers, very foolishly as I think, interdicted that profitable and adventuresome career.

SPIRITUAL STIMULANTS.

THE pastoral issued by the Archbishop of Madrid to the Spanish army and navy is said to have almost promised the soldiers and sailors of Spain that they would be invulnerable to the American bullets, and the half promise seems to have given comfort in the direction intended. If I were a Spaniard I should like something a little more definite. In the old days partial invulnerability might have been worth having, but in these days of arms of precision it does not amount to much. The bullet from a Lebel rifle does not come to terms with a man when it visits him, but passes on, and not all the archbishops and prelates in creation can turn it one hair's breadth from the road it is



Spiritual Stimulants. Pastoral issued by the Archbishop of Madrid.

travelling, though the pathway lies through the centre of the man's heart. There is a ludicrous audacity in administering spiritual stimulants of this kind, as little admirable as the proverbial Dutch method. And one questions the wisdom of it, too. Ma-



"The newsboy who cheerfully yells himself hoarse over the latest."

enjoy. Go where you please, there is the flavour and atmosphere of battle. You get up in the morning from nightmare dreams of cutting foreign throats of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades, and such like entertainment—you wake from these things to be confronted by a morning paper in full jeopardy. You eat your breakfast by snatches—now a mouthful of toast, now a swig of Spanish pore. You use your knife like a bayonet, savagely attacking your bacon. As you go to business, sure enough you will be engaged in warlike argument by some person or persons. In train,

homet's way was infinitely preferable and more politic. He promised no immunity from the swords of the infidel, no charm to keep death at bay; but he promised an immediate place in Paradise to those who fell in the battle; and as dead men tell no tales, there was no evidence that his promise was not literally fulfilled. The Archbishop would have stood 'on velvet,' as we used to say in the mining boom, if he had followed Mahomet's astute lead. But perhaps he had reasons for taking the other course. Probably your modern Spaniard is suspicious of these after-rewards, and would rather have a bird in the hand than two in the bush. We shall see, when the guns begin to play, the worth of the Archbishop's promise. I can fancy him feeling a bit nervous for his reputation for some time to come. Poor Uncle Sam has no such stimulants to give his boys; it is not the Anglo-Saxon way; that breed requires no pick-me-ups, spiritual or other. It can do or die without either nervines or anaesthetics.

OUR SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

AN Anglo-Israel Association, one hundred strong, has just been formed in Auckland. Outside of the little circle itself, I wonder how many people in the Northern city have a shadow of an interest in the common idea that has bound these hundred souls together. Who, besides them, cares to prosecute a bootless inquiry; for what matters it after all whether the British race is descended from one of the lost tribes of Israel or not? So far as I know, there is no historical or ethnological evidence to speak of that warrants this faith. It is embraced by its devotees on the mere ground of sentiment. There is something no doubt interesting in tracing one's lineage back so far and to such a people; and the mystery attending their entire disappearance from the stage of history seems to stimulate the desire to be identified with them. Then of course there are the prospects of sharing in benefits of the fulfilment of those ancient prophecies, supposing that we are indeed of the chosen seed. But the genesis of the Anglo-Israelite idea is deeper than that. There is a

seemed to see in the marvellous advance of the British Empire the guidance and benediction of the same divine arm that brought the chosen people out of the Land of Egypt and out of the House of Bondage; and what easier method of accounting for this favour in the past and anticipating its continuance in the future than to suppose that we too were of the chosen people? The Anglo-Israelites are a little sect, and they are the object of a good deal of ridicule, but after all some ninety-nine per cent. of the feelings and sentiments and ideas that go to make up their theory will be found current throughout the Empire. It has been the failing or the strength of all nations ancient and modern to assume that the Almighty arm was bared on their side exclusively, but perhaps no people in later times have cherished the idea so strongly or made it do service on so many contradictory occasions as Great Britain. It is the grand keynote of Kipling's 'Recessional':—

God of our fathers, known of old
Lord of our far-flung battle-line
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.

and when he struck it, from every British heart came the responsive note as the string of one instrument of itself answers to its corresponding string in another instrument in the same room. You may laugh at this, or argue against it like another poet, Mr Watson. In reply to Kipling, he says:—

Best by remembering God say some
We keep our high Imperial lot
Fortune methinks has oftener come
When we forgot—when we forgot.

But, hold what view you please, there it remains.

VERBUM SAP.

THAT is not merely an entertaining matrimonial story which is going the rounds of the colony, but one containing a very fine moral. Let me commend the perusal of it to all young men and maidens for the sake of the latter, which requires no pointing out. A young man in the Wairarapa having won the girl of his heart, proceeded to take her from the altar direct to the house he had prepared for her reception, thus saving the cost of the usual honeymoon trip, which he was ill able to afford. The lady, however, who had apparently conceived the idea that honeymoon trips were as indispensable to a proper marriage as the certificate itself, absolutely refused to forego the pleasure jaunt or to enter the little nest till she had tasted the delights of Christchurch City. No man is adamant at such a time, and the bridegroom consented to the trip, though he had to mortgage his furniture for the wherewithal to make it. Bitterly did he pay for his good nature. In Christchurch a spieeler relieved him of his cash, then the mortgage descended on the furnishings of the little nest and left it bare, and now this poor Jack is rabbiting for a living, while the equally disillusioned Jill has perforce taken to charring. This may be an extreme, but it is by no means a solitary instance of the honeymoon fiasco. I can remember more than one case where much the same thing has taken place in another fashion. I distinctly remember one young man who, when he got married, thinking no doubt he and his wife could live on love, threw up his situation and went on a tour that consumed the savings of six years. Such conduct reminds one of those Eastern chieftains who make it a point of honour to almost ruin themselves in order to celebrate the nuptials of their daughters. But there is this important difference, that there it is the father-in-law who suffers. No right-minded young man could object to the introduction of the Eastern custom here, but many I know of have had cause to deplore the Western honeymoon one. How many a young woman looks forward to celebrating her deliverance from the paternal house of bondage and transition into the glorious Canaan of matrimony by a prolonged trip to Sydney or Melbourne? And he must be but a scurvy lover that can say nay without compunction. Prudent and economic warnings are neglected at such a time, for the fact is that he and the fair one have entered on a new world, an enchanted land. Of course, we know it is the same old world, and that they will find that out; but all in good time.

For the nonce they are in a fairy country, where the only currency is kisses, and gold is mere dross; where your swain feels so imperiously wealthy in the possession of that one little heart, and sweet petitioning lips and eyes, that it seems to him he could never be poor again. I don't blame the poor deluded mortal. I envy him. I would not waste words preaching prudence to him, for I know it would be useless. But I do appeal to the lady to exercise a little discrimination and thought for his sake and for her own. Whatever she may be in after-life, she is master of the situation then.

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.

'John'.—Legally you can marry your deceased wife's sister, but the Anglican and other churches do not sanction such a marriage. Also in England she would not be your legal wife.

'Would-be Nurse'.—You recognise that 'sentimentalism' is not what is wanted in a nurse; is it not equally true that what is wanted is honest devotion to duty? Is the ideal of a nurse to be a 'ministering angel' bent on self-sacrifice here and reward hereafter? or is it to be a thoroughly trained member of a profession as necessary and as well worthy of payment as army, law, or medicine?

'Ruby'.—I should advise you to return your engagement ring. You will feel more self-respect if you do. Yes, he has undoubtedly behaved very badly.

'Andree'.—I am sorry you find 'proposing such hard work.' Have you often essayed it then? and do you always receive 'no' for an answer? I think if you keep on asking you may come across an affirmative girl presently.

'R.H.T.'. Christchurch.—Kindly call at the address you mentioned for your M.S.

'King Leo'.—Buy your wife a thimble, a reel of cotton, pair of scissors, and a packet of needles for her birthday, or better still, a daintily furnished work-basket, and try the effect of that. Add buttons to the stock.

'Lady Help'.—Were I in your place I should greatly prefer being a 'general' for then you would have certain hours and days to yourself. As it is, you evidently do all the work of a maid servant, and get none of her privileges. In reply to your p.s., I would suggest that, after thoroughly cleaning the waxcloth, and allowing it to become perfectly dry, you should give it one or two coats of white varnish; this will give it a 'surface,' which will greatly facilitate the task of keeping it clean.

'Hostess'.—The following may answer your purpose. Powdered wax for ball room floors; Spermaceti, one part; powdered talc, three parts. Powder the spermaceti with methylated spirit, and mix with the talc.

'Mother'.—I am sorry I am compelled to differ from you, but I think you were distinctly wrong. Once your little girl discovers that by her pretty, coaxing ways, she can induce you to forego a promised punishment, she will never respect nor obey you. Say at once you mean to be obeyed, and see that she immediately does what you have told her to do.

'Aun.'.—You cannot be too careful in weighing matters thoroughly before contracting such an alliance. Remember that when you are thirty your husband will be sixty-five, and as you are not even certain whether you care for him now, it would perhaps be wiser to pause ere it be too late.

'Swick'.—Could not possibly insert your request. Pray condense your wishes.

'Maggie'.—Yes, send a courteous note accepting the invitation. You need not use the third person as you have been introduced.

'A.M.B.'.—Will try and find out for you. Your stamped envelope was quite the proper thing. Thanks for kind remarks.

A Hopeless Mother.—I do not think your rooms would 'look like hayfields' even in holiday time if you would train up your children to tidy habits, always insisting that they should put away every toy they use, also, of course, books and clothes.

'M.M.'.—Ether-drinking is a most dangerous habit. I entreat you to give it up at once.

'Mrs R.'.—Make a cholera belt for your son, and insist upon his always wearing it. He will soon lose his lumbago.

'Leck'.—No, you would have to pass a stiff examination.

'L.L.'.—In applying the sweet oil for the development of any part of the body, simply put a few drops in the palm of the hand and when that is absorbed use a little more. Too much oil is sometimes as bad as not enough.

'Constance'.—An afternoon wedding usually takes place between half-past two and half-past three o'clock; an evening wedding between half-past seven and half-past eight, and a morning wedding at twelve o'clock (high noon).

'Eva J.'.—Invitations to dinner parties should be issued in the united names of host and hostess. (2) A dinner invitation should be acknowledged, and either accepted or declined, as soon after its receipt as possible.

'Rheumatism'.—Have you ever tried the Chelsea Pensioner? Here it is at your service, and in English:—

One ounce of powdered galuaum.
Two drams of powdered rhubarb.
A dram of bitartrate potash.
A dram of sublimed sulphur.
Half a dram of powdered nutmeg.
One pound of genuine honey.
Mix well. Take two large table-spoonsful at night, and in the morning before breakfast. Lime juice, if pure, is a good anti-rheumatic drink, mixed with soda water.

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NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

STORY COMPETITION PRIZES—
N.M.A.S. 1898.

FIRST PRIZE	£ 10 0
SECOND PRIZE	£ 5 0 0
THIRD PRIZE	£ 3 0 0
FURTHER PRIZE	£ 1 0 0
FIFTH PRIZE	£ 1 0 0

The stories must not be less than 1,000 or more than 3,000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. It will be sent by express, and 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 motto 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 also be placed in the MS packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.

2. Every MS. must be typed, and left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed 'Editor, New Zealand Graphic, Shortland Street,' and outside the wrapper, above the title, must be clearly inscribed the motto mentioned in Rule 1.

3. Any Competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned if it is not successful, must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a writer is not successful, the MS. will become the property of the Graphic.

4. All contributions must reach the office before May 18th, 1898.

5. Choice of subject rests with the writer, but the SCENE MUST BE LAID IN NEW ZEALAND AND BE OF SPECIAL 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.

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SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Newlands, Waikato, N.Z., Mar. 29th, 1898.
Dear Sir, I received your Watch and Chain in good condition and am obliged to you for working splendidly. Yours truly, L. N. Wisler. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z., Mar. 29th, 1898.

Sirs, I received the Gent's Silver Watch and Chain quite safe. My son is delighted with it. I enclose remittance for Lady's Gold Watch and Chain; if it is not suitable, please return the silver one, we shall be very pleased to recommend your firm.—Yours respectfully, MARY H. BEATTIE. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.



great deal in common between the two races. We are a stubborn, energetic people, like the Israelites of old; in us is reproduced much of that exclusiveness and national narrowness which characterised them; and, perhaps more than any other nation, we assume a larger participation in the divine favour and protection than any of our neighbours. We invest the Almighty with our national prejudices in a way; we appropriate Providence to ourselves, and cannot allow that He is at all so interested in any other part of his universe as in that possessed by the Anglo-Saxon race. If you read your Bible aright, you will find that this is just what the Israelites were always after; and if we do it in a more subdued manner than they did, we do it all the same. Long ago we transferred the divine aegis from Palestine to Poplar, and took possession of the Ark of the Covenant. Is it surprising, then, that with such sentiments spread abroad, these similitudes should suggest an actual identity of race to a certain class of minds nourished on the Old Testament? They

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AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

The conversation in the Auckland Choral Hall on Wednesday evening last, which marked the opening of this season's exhibition of the Society of Arts, was a well-attended function. The hall wore a very warm and hospitable aspect with its walls covered with pictures and the fountain playing in the centre; and up to the time of closing, the visitors lingered in number inspecting the paintings, chatting and listening to the music. Inspection of the pictures on these occasions is often more or less of a pretence; one may be excused in such surroundings from attempting to examine the work very critically. At the most it is but a superficial impression of the collection that one carries



By Mrs. De Montalk.

EVENING ON LAKE KANIERI.



By J. L. Steele.

LADY ISABELLA BRYGDES. From a Miniature lent by F. Peacocke, Esq.

the first the 'white horses' have a vigour and life, and at the same time a transparency and liquidity that is admirable. The colouring is good, and the background of clouds sufficiently bears out the title of the picture. As full of repose as the last is full of motion is the canvas representing the half-charred trunks of kahikatea. The trees themselves are clearly recognisable as kahikatea, though stripped of all their verdant glory, and the whole surroundings and atmosphere of the picture are very true. That it is a bit of New Zealand the most casual observer must see.

Mrs Maud de Montalk, whose work is well known to visitors at former exhibitions of the Society, is a painter of pretty and pleasing pictures, but her work has one failing, which we believe we have before pointed out in these pages. There is an absence of character in her details, both in respect of colour and form; we had almost said an unfair avoidance of details. Where that failing is carried to extreme the result must inevitably be a characterless picture. One of the essentials of a good artist is, as we take it, that he has the eye to perceive and the skill to depict those infinite differentia—to borrow a term from logic—which are present everywhere in nature. It always appears to us Mrs de Montalk is most successful in her moonlight pictures simply because detail is less required there.

In the inanimate world these differentia are more easily perceived than in the animate, and especially in the higher manifestations of the same. That is no doubt one reason why portrait painters are so much more rare than landscape painters. How few, for instance, of the former can we reckon in New Zealand. One artist who has always taken a deservedly high place in this branch of art, as well as in figure painting generally, is Mr L. J. Steele. Mr Steele has one large canvas, a portrait of the late P. Dawson (No. 80), on view, which exhibits the same fine sense of form and tone which we are accustomed to in all his work. The pastel of Lady Isabella Brygdes (after a miniature), which is also by Mr Steele, is a beau-

away. Judging from the remarks that were current at the conversation, the impression formed by those present on the opening evening was a very favourable one; and the patronage that has been accorded to the exhibition during the week it has been open shows that the opinion then formed of the collection has been endorsed by the general public.

The exhibition was opened by Sir Maurice O'Rorke, who in the course of an appropriate speech made reference to the long period during which the Society had cultivated art in the Northern city. In his opinion sufficient publicity was not given to the merits of the institution; and he asked whether, in these days of surpluses, more financial encouragement should not be given to the study of the fine arts. The speech was warmly received.

ART NOTES.

One of the most constant and valued contributors to the exhibitions of the Society is Mr T. L. Drummond, who has three pictures on view this year. Of these, No. 5, 'After the Storm,' and No. 30, 'The Remnants of a Kahikatea Bush,' are the best, and excellent specimens of his work. In



By T. L. Drummond.

THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

tifully brilliant and frank picture, while the small oil painting next to it of 'A Little Waif' is full of human sentiment. We are only sorry that Mr Steele does not contribute more largely to these exhibitions. The public have had ample proof of what his brush is capable, and are conscious of no little deprivation at an exhibition of this kind when they do not find him more in evidence. We can ill spare him and Mr Kenneth Watkins, whose exquisite water-colour sketches and larger works in oil were—we are sorry to have to use the past tense—among the chief attractions in former exhibitions.

Mr Charles Blomfield, another well-known Auckland artist, is represented this year by two pictures, one of which we reproduce. His work has an unfortunate tendency to be hard and oleographic. This fault is most apparent in the picture of 'The Christ Church and Hokitika Road,' the one of George Sound is much the better of the two, if only for the reason that it is less assertive in tone.

Among the new names that catch one's eye in the catalogue are Mr Ralston-Bourdot, Mr H. M. L. Ateherley, Miss Frederick Peacocke, Miss Charlotte Youmans, and Mr Woodward. The first has a large portrait on exhibition showing good work, while Mr Ateherley has four pictures, and Miss Youmans three.

Space will not allow me to do more than enumerate the old exhibitors that are again to the fore this year. These are Mr Gregory, Mr Ryan, Mr



By M. Trenwith.

NARROW NECK BEACH.



By C. Blomfield.

GEORGE SOUND.

Pilcher, Mr Phenev, Mr Stickley—already familiar by his black and white work in this journal—Mr Wildeblood, Mr Yearbury, Mr Carter, Mr McKerras, Mr Trevor Lloyd, Mr Young, Mr Wickham, Mr Foster, Mr Schmidt, Mr Wilkie, and Mr Cooper; Miss Horne, Miss Clara Firth, Miss Page, Miss Edmiston, Miss Jane Eyre, Miss Hemus, Miss Fallwell, Miss Wiseman, Miss Roche, Miss Buchanan, Miss Anderson, Mrs Carl Seegner, Miss McLellan, Miss Richardson, Miss Rhodes, Miss Baker, Miss Bullantyne, Mrs Arch. Clark, Miss Wilson, Miss Johnston, and Mrs Corbett. All these ladies and gentlemen may be congratulated on their aggregate efforts during the past year in the domain of art, and encouraged to prosecute their delightful labours. To them and our artists generally we must look to minister to and increase that public interest in and appreciation of fine art which in young communities like this are generally in a rudimentary state.

The position occupied by the photographic exhibits and the excellence of the work show how very artistic photography may become in the hands of artistic men. The photos by Messrs Hannu, Sarony, Edwards, Walrond, Leedham, Arthur, Hemus, Fripp and Goldsboro', and Dr. Campbell, and the coloured photos, by Miss H. Stuart, Miss A. M. Woods, Mrs de Montalk, and Mr C. Hemus, have attracted so much attention as almost to make our artists a trifle jealous of our photographers. The attractiveness of the

exhibition has also been very much increased by the miscellaneous exhibits on the walls and tables. These comprise rough sketches by Mr E. W. Payton, Mr T. Ryan, Miss Hartwell, Mr F. Wright, Mr T. D. Leedham, Mr G. Gregory, Miss Horne; wood carving by Miss A. H. Baker, Miss J. Hill, Miss E. Fenton, Miss M. J. Williams, Miss M. Harrison, Miss M. C. Breton, and others; poker work by Mr and Miss Towsey; paintings on opal by Miss F. Denby and Mr G. Gregory; design for show certificate (water colour) by Rev. Canon Walsh; and silk work by Mrs Fennar, exhibited by Mr Currie.

The Rev. John Paton, who is stationed in the New Hebrides islands, claims that in 1897 he induced 1,120 native cannibals to forsake their favourite article of food.

Eight of the most remarkable marriages on record took place within a few weeks in the parish of St. Marie, Quebec. Two neighbours, named Morin and Rheume, have each eight children, four sons and four daughters. Rheume's four sons have married Morin's four daughters, and Morin's four sons have married the daughters of Rheume.



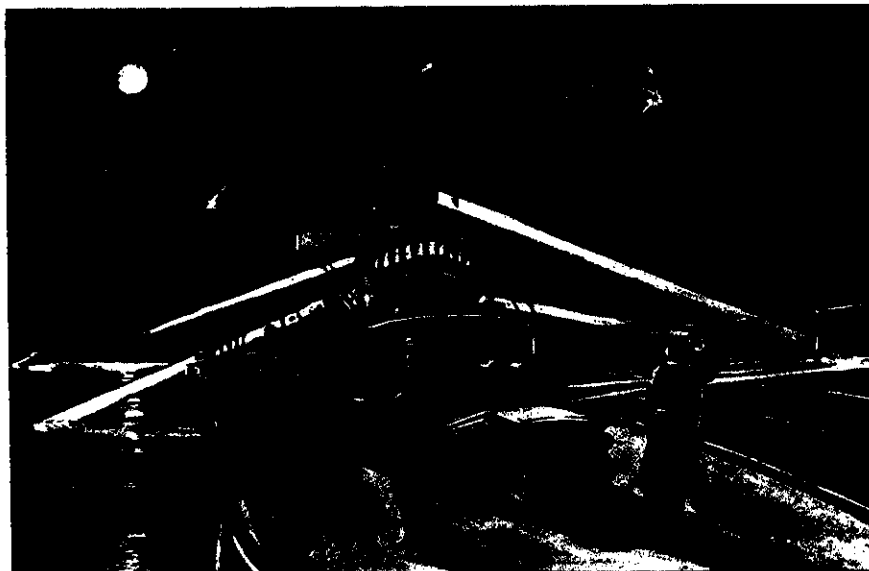
By T. L. Drummond.

REMNANTS OF A KAHIKATEA BUSH.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT.

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

Our illustration presents a spirited representation of the celebrated sea fight between the Federal war vessel the Monitor and the Confederate ram the Merrimac, which took place during the American Civil war. The Monitor was one of these experiments in the way of naval architecture which have culminated in the modern war vessel. She was commanded by late Rear Admiral Worden. When she set out from New York for the Hampton Roads, Virginia, it was found that in many respects the queer craft was likely to prove a trying habitation. She did not float upon the water, but was almost entirely submerged, the waves beating over the deck under which the crew lived. Air was furnished by mechanical appliances in this floating dungeon, which might at any time become a coffin through failure of its untried machinery. Finally the water forced its way into the vessel through the hawse pipes, under the turret, and in several other places, and then, rushing over the blower pipes, dampened the blower bands so that they slipped and finally broke. The blowers being inoperative, there was no draft for the furnaces: the vessel began to fill with gas, and the engineers fell insensible to the floor of their room. They were dragged out of this death hole by other mem-



THE BLOCKADE OF HAVANA.

U.S. FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK" USING SEARCHLIGHTS TO DISCOVER BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.



THE BATTLE OF THE "MONITOR AND "MERRIMAC," HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, MARCH 9, 1862

bers of the crew, and carried to the top of the Monitor, where they were revived by the bracing air and the wild, rushing water. The gas was at length confined to the engine room, and the lives of the crew were saved. But the vessel had no power of propulsion, and it yawed terribly in the raging sea.

To continue the narrative in the Rear-Admiral's own words:—

"There were seventeen vessels in all, mounting 222 guns, still at the mercy of the Merrimac when the Monitor reached the Monitor on the night of March 8. As we neared on the night we could see the flames from the Congress, and soon a pilot came on board the Merrimac and of the dim way of the Union forces; whereupon we pushed ahead with all possible speed, and reached the Minnesota, commanded

by Captain Marston, about nine o'clock in the evening.

"I at once reported our arrival to Captain Marston, who suggested that we should go to the assistance of the Minnesota, then aground off Newport News. Accordingly, we proceeded on our way, our path illumined by the blaze from the Congress, which blew up a few hours later, and about midnight cast anchor near the stranded Minnesota. During the night we made all possible preparation for the impending conflict. Daylight disclosed the Merrimac and her consorts at anchor near Sewall's Point. At about 7.30 they got under way and steered in the direction of the Minnesota. At the same time the Monitor raised anchor, and officers and crew took their stations for battle.

"I went into the battle with a feeling of confidence. I was sure that

the Monitor could do good work in quiet waters. My chief fear was that the revolving turret would get out of order in the fight and refuse to go round. The opinion had been expressed by naval officers that the first shot which struck the turret would put it out of kilter, and that it would not revolve. But when the first shot struck her, and others began to pour in, and she still worked like a charm, I had no more anxiety about the result.

"When I saw the Merrimac making for us I felt confident that we were a match for her. I put "bows on" and fired straight up on the monster. Shots were exchanged pretty fast. Sometimes we were no further apart than across the street. I remember once trying to cut off her propeller by running our vessel into it, but missed it probably not over six inches.

Once she attempted to run us down with her ram, but by a quick turn we received the blow at such an angle that it did us no material injury, while every shot from our guns took effect upon the huge sides of the Merrimac.

"Towards the close of the fight a shell from the enemy struck the pilot house just over the peep-hole, out of which I was looking. I was knocked down and completely blinded. The blow was right in my eyes, but from the flood of light which followed, and of which I was conscious, as one is conscious of light when his eyes are closed. I knew that the roof had been torn off the pilot house, and I did not know what other damage had been done. So I gave orders as I lay there to bear off.

"As soon as Lieutenant Greene could be brought from the turret, where he

and Engineer Stimers were stationed. I placed him in command and was taken below. Within twenty minutes he had the damages repaired and turned back to renew the fight with the Merrimac, but before we could get at close quarters she retired in the direction of Norfolk.

The battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac lasted nearly four hours. It began at eight in the morning and continued with but about fifteen minutes' interruption—while the Monitor was hoisting shot to her tower—until nearly noon. Lieut. Dana Greene, who was in command of the guns in the turret during the fight, and who was placed in command of the vessel when Captain Worden was wounded, in a letter to his mother, said:

'At 11.30 the captain sent for me. I went forward, and there stood as noble a man as ever lived. I asked him what was the matter, and he said a shot had struck the pilot house directly opposite his eyes, blinding them.' Continuing the story of the remaining portion of the battle, he says: 'When the fight was over and we were victorious, my men and myself were perfectly black with smoke and powder. All my underclothes were perfectly black and my person was in

sel to come down that stream, arriving at Newport News on August 21. She foundered off Cape Hatteras on December 30, 1862, taking down with her half of the officers and crew.

No ship fills a more imperishable place in naval annals than does the Monitor. Not only did her timely arrival assure the safety of Hampton Roads, but the ideas which she embodied compelled the re-building of the navies of the world. The turret which was her distinguishing feature is to-day the central idea of the most powerful armoured vessels.

A club of the jilted is a social organisation in the city of New York which after an existence of seven years has applied to the Supreme Court for articles of incorporation. One of the rules of the club requires that each applicant shall give the name and address of the lady who jilted him, the reason for the jilt, as well as the length of the engagement. These particulars are turned over to an investigating committee, and if they find the facts are as stated, the candidate is admitted.

BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE LONG HISTORY OF SPAIN.

SPLENDID MOORISH CIVILIZATION, THE PERIOD OF COLONIAL WEALTH AND LATER DECLINE.

Spain, the country whose actions have become of such vital interest to the United States in the last few weeks, has a history strikingly dissimilar to that of the free-born Republic.

During the years in which the United States has been progressing towards greater material and commercial prosperity, and has been spreading the doctrine of individual freedom throughout a vast territory, Spain has been living on the decaying fruit of her past grandeur, maintaining the institutions that were in their prime three hundred years ago and falling far behind the rearguard of progress.

The past of Spain is not enough for her present prestige, and cannot hold for her a place among the first powers of the world, but it is splendid enough to illumine the pages of history for ever. In the dark ages, when the rest of Europe was sunk in a disgraceful barbarism, the Spanish peninsula was occupied by one of the most magnificent civilizations that ever graced the world. To the Spanish Arabs the modern world owes many of its best achievements in science and in the art of living. Everything that was elegant and graceful in life was part of their daily routine. They lived amid a most princely luxury, yet always maintained the highest ideals of learning. Their beautiful cities and splendid palaces were as the outward temple to the spirit of knowledge and culture which flourished within.

Again, when the Moors had been driven from Spain and had left only their heritage of architecture and a streak of dark blood in some Spanish veins, was Spain glorious, the mother of a vast empire teeming with almost fabulous riches. At the beginning of the sixteenth century Spain owned more than half the world. She claimed nearly the whole of the Western Hemisphere and had possessions in Africa and Asia. She was one of the great powers of Europe.

Her history since that time has been a history of decline. She has fallen into the hands of one incapable and vicious sovereign after another. Absolute monarchy has stultified her people. Factions, plots, conspiracies, and insurrections have torn her in pieces. The material welfare of the country has suffered through the maladministration of rulers intent on gratifying only their own personal ends.

In the last two generations constitutional government has made a gallant effort to conquer Spain, and optimistic students of Spanish conditions say that the reformers must win in the end, although the way is bound to be long and hard.

Scipio entered Spain in the year 210 B.C., beginning the first great epoch of Spanish history, that of the Roman occupation. He was followed by Cato the elder and Camillus Scipio, who, with the Roman hosts at their command, began to Romanize the whole Spanish people. After the third Punic war, 146 B.C., and the horrible siege of Numantia, Spain was formally annexed as a province of the Roman empire. Augustus did much to strengthen the hold of the empire on this province, which was long inclined to be rebellious to her authority. He built new cities in Spain and made military colonies for his soldiers there. No provinces of the empire produced so many historians, poets, and philosophers as Baetica. The domination of Spain by Rome lasted four centuries without a ripple. Spain has never since that period for more than a generation or two been entirely withdrawn from military history.

With the Gothic conquest of Southern Europe Spain came under the sway of a dynasty of Goths. From the beginning of the fifth century to the beginning of the eighth they ruled the peninsula. Roderick, the last of the line, was defeated by the Mohammedans. These people had overrun the whole of Arabia, Egypt, and Northern Africa, and in less than a hundred years after their religion had been established had gained a foothold in Spain.

Moved by a personal wrong, a powerful subset of Roderick had invited the Emir Musa, a chief of the Arabs, to attempt the conquest of Spain. The Emir's forces entered the peninsula in 711, and after a few decisive, swiftly

victorious encounters, the Moslems were firmly settled in the country. They began at once to lay the foundation of the brilliant civilisation which has made their occupation of Spain a glory. The Khalifs of Cordova distinguished themselves as patrons of learning, offering as strong contrast to the barbarian princes who ruled in other parts of Europe. Their city administration was superior to that of London and Paris hundreds of years later. The streets were solidly paved and lighted for miles. Their palaces were marvels of luxury and magnificence. Decorations in marble, mother-of-pearl, ivory, gold, silver, priceless jewels and mosaic made their apartments like gardens of Paradise, while nothing that could contribute to comfort and cleanliness—they had even hot and cold water in metal pipes—was lacking. Their libraries were bounteously supplied. The catalogue alone of Khalif's Abullem's books filled forty volumes. Their pleasure gardens surpassed all others of history.

The architecture of the Spanish Moors was one of the greatest achievements of their brilliant civilization. In their own time it made their country one of the most artistic and beautiful spots of the world, and it has passed down into modern times as one of the handsomest monuments of a dead civilization now in existence.

The Alhambra, the royal abode of the Moorish kings, forms part of a fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, wind around the crest of a hill overlooking the city. It could hold 40,000 men with in its precincts. The great vestibule or porch of the gate is formed by an immense Arabian arch. The interior court is laid out in flower beds, and on its four sides are eight Arabian arcades of filigree work.

The interior decorations are peculiarly beautiful. The walls are covered with light relief and fancy arabesques. The vaults and cupolas are wrought like honeycombs or frost-work. The lower part of the walls is encrusted with glazed tiles on which are emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moslem kings. Much gilding and sapphire colouring are used in the decorations.

The Giralda, the famous Moorish tower of Seville, is another monument of this wonderful architecture which travellers journeyed far to see.

Some of the best habits of domestic life, especially that of clothing insuring personal cleanliness, the civilised world owes to them, and these habits they practised at a time when the people of the rest of Europe were loathsome, untidy and dirty in their personal habits.

Music, literature and mathematics flourished among the Khalifs. Their culture in poetry, philosophy and military adventures passed rapidly across the Pyrenees, and the nobles of the South of France learned from them much of their chivalrous gallantry. Their skill with the horse, their tilts and tournaments became the fashion, and their worship of feminine fascination in the form of love-songs spreading through Italy and Sicily was the foundation for the polite literature of modern Europe. As early as the tenth century any one having a taste for learning and the elegant amenities of life sought the civilisation of Moorish Spain.

A public school in which the children of the poor were taught to read and write was attached to every mosque. There were numerous academies for those in easier circumstances, and colleges where the greatest liberality in the pursuit of the sciences was allowed. Many of the customs of our modern universities are derived from them. Great attention was paid to the subject of languages, the Arabs holding theirs to be the most perfect language in the world. They produced satires, odes and elegies, but no epics. They were the authors and introducers of rhyme. Their creative ability went largely to oral narration and pulpit oratory.

Every Khalif had his own historian. The greatest attention was given to every branch of history, including even statistics. Science in every form was cultivated. Their learned men travelled from country to country assimilating and diffusing knowledge. While contemporaneous Europe was still relying on the miracle as the cure of all physical ills, the Moorish doctors had a remarkable skill in surgery. Their improvement in arithmetic are among the most valuable additions that have been made to the science of mathematics. Ben



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.

Commander-in-Chief of the Army. From the painting by Charles Ayer Whipple.

the same condition. When our noble captain heard that the Merrimac had retreated he said that he was perfectly happy and ready to die.'

But Worden did not die. Instead, he was able in time to assume active duty. Meanwhile, he was promoted to be commander, and received many tokens of popular and official appreciation of his great victory.

And what of the Monitor's after career? Her life was as short as it was eventful. From the time of her first engagement with the Merrimac until the final destruction of that vessel on May 11, 1862, she lay at Hampton Roads to guard and defend the manifold interests there. On May 12 she led the vessels that went to Norfolk on the evacuation of that city by the Confederates. Later she went up the James River as one of the flotilla under the command of Commodore Rodgers. She was also in the engagements of Fort Darling, seven miles below Richmond. From this time until the retreat of the army from the peninsula she was employed in patrolling the James River, and was the last ves-

The question of the production of a pure non-alcoholic wine has been often tried but not, so far, with any great amount of success. The latest competitors for public favour, with a wine which teetotalers could use, is the First Swiss Wine (Sans Alcohol) Co., Ltd., whose head-quarters are at Berne. What we have seen of the wine is of good colour and of pleasant taste, and the company guarantee that it is made from selected grapes, and is destitute of alcohol. The latter point is effected by a special patent sterilisation process, invented by Prof. Muller-Thurgau, by which fermentation is arrested. Their 'Juliet' brand of champagne has a sparkle like ordinary champagne, and tastes not unlike some of the brands of the finest champagne drunk in France, there being in the wine a considerable quantity of saccharine of a nutritive value.

Not so bad.—Ethel: 'So poor Tom Slap-bank had four ribs broken in the game yesterday. Wasn't that awful?' College Half-back (cheerfully): 'Oh, no; there was only three minutes left to play, so it did not materially affect the score.'

Musa was one of the earliest authors of algebra.

In astronomy they made distinguished discoveries. Alhaimon discovered the obliquity of the ecliptic and the true size of the earth. The Arabs taught geography by globes, while the rest of the world laboured under the old delusion of flatness.

In the practical arts of life the civilised world owes much to the Arabs. They introduced scientific and skilful agriculture, and they maintained an immense commerce with the other nations of the civilised world. With Constantinople alone they carried on a great trade; their commerce extended from the Black Sea and East Mediterranean into the interior of Asia; it reached India and China and extended along the coast of Africa to Madagascar.

The Spanish Arabs reached the height of their importance in the reign of Alhakem the Second. Weak rulers and internal dissension followed. From A.D. 1031 onward the Arabian unity was broken and Moslem Spain was governed by petty kings.

The Mohammedan hosts having been routed by the army of Christian Crusaders, the Moslems gave up Andalusia, and Mohammed ben Alhamar, their ablest ruler, fixed his court in Grenada and established there the only state which survived the wreck of the African Empire. Here for more than two centuries and a half the Moslems defended themselves against the attacks of their Christians neighbours.

But when Ferdinand of Arragon married Isabella of Castile, and the

New World. Columbus, travelling under the patronage of Queen Isabella, discovered America on October 12, 1492. Spain acquired all lands west and south of a line drawn from the Arctic to the Antarctic pole, 100 leagues west of the Azores. Spanish travellers and adventurers flooded the new country. Spain was omnipotent on the Western Hemisphere. New discoveries by her voyagers added to her glory and her wealth. The native

captains who spread the military fame of their country all over Christendom in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The discovery of America brought immense wealth into the coffers of the King. The royal house of Spain became one of the great powers of Europe, and the subjects at home were well governed and happy. Everything was done with great executive regularity and ability. The adminis-

tration of Spain was the worst governed country in the world. Charles' absence from Spain, his duty as Emperor of Germany and arbiter of the destinies of Europe, were the beginning of the long tale of wretchedness. While he reigned, the constant wars he waged in Europe, Africa, Asia, and America drained the treasury of all the gold which poured in from the New World.

The one pride of Charles' ignoble reign was the vast empire in Asia and



THE ALHAMBRA.

kingdom of Spain was formed, the royal pair determined to root the enemies out of their country. All the chivalry of Spain was aroused to the effort, and the time was propitious, as Grenada was more than usually divided by quarrelling factions. In the spring of 1491 Ferdinand and Isabella invested the city of Grenada. It was impossible for the Moslems to hold out, and on the 2nd of January, 1492, the last act in the drama was performed. This ended the Arabian empire in the Peninsula, after nearly seven hundred and fifty years. The magnificent palace of the Alhambra and all the other great achievements of their civilisation were left as a heritage to Christian Spain.

At the very time that the Moorish civilisation was being crushed out of Spain, the rapidly ascending country was acquiring vast territories in the

Indians in America were hunted down and exterminated with appalling atrocity. From Mexico and Peru a civilisation that might have instructed Europe was crushed out. Almost at the same time Spain crushed two civilisations, Oriental and Occidental, and in the end was ruined herself.

The reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, however, was the pinnacle of Spanish glory. Dominant in the New World, the nation held one of the first places in Europe and was prosperous at home.

Isabella, a woman of wonderful ability and strength of character, attended the meetings of the Council herself and saw that all suits were equitably adjusted. She took pains to avail herself of foreign resources for the improvement of the army. In the military training school of her time were formed those celebrated

tration of home affairs was a tribute to the sagacity and goodness of the sovereigns, and equalled in its way the splendour of the empire abroad.

Ferdinand and Isabella were succeeded by their grandson, Charles I. He and the country were unequal to the prosperity which they inherited. Charles was away from home most of the time. As Charles V. of Germany, a throne he inherited through his father, the Spanish crown coming from his mother, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, he was continually embroiled in the politics of Europe. He had no time for the administration of Spanish affairs.

Spain had reached her summit in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. From the moment of their death she declined. From the end of the reign of Charles to the constitutional government of this century, it is mid

America which his viceroys won and held for him. They established a regular line of communication from ocean to ocean across the Isthmus of Panama. Spain regarded the Pacific Ocean as her own closed sea. The West Indies became her provinces. The Spanish flag floated over Florida, New Mexico, Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Chile, Paraguay, and Buenos Ayres, and every island of the Caribbean Sea.

Spain still owned half the world, although her fortunes at home were declining and her government turning to rottenness.

For a century after Charles V., Spain was governed by his three successors, Philip II., III., and IV. This century is known as the century of decline in Spain. Philip II. was titular King of England, France and Jerusalem, absolute Dominator in Asia, Africa and America, Duke of Milan and both the Burgundies, and hereditary sovereign of the seventeen Netherlands. He added to these the crown of Portugal.

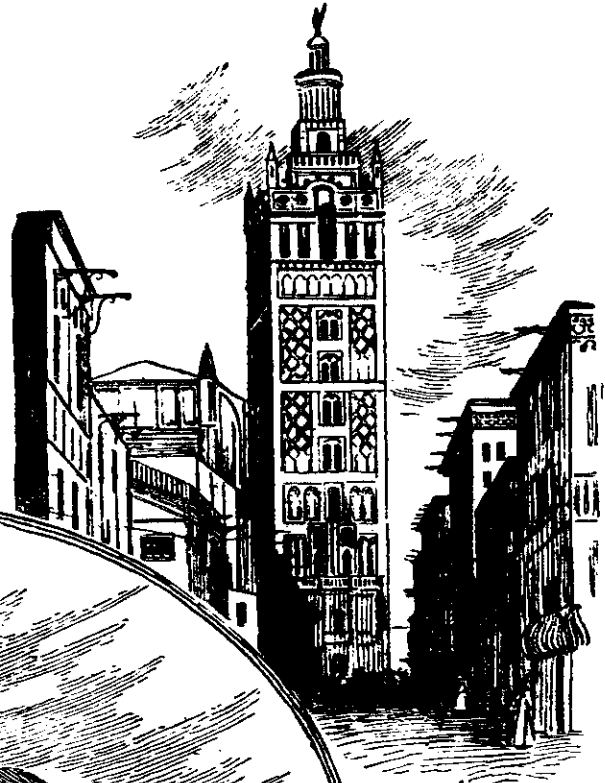
The century of the Philips was one of many devastating wars and petty intrigues at home.

Charles II. came to the throne in 1665. He is remembered in history chiefly as the king who engaged in the wretched, disgraceful intrigues which led to the war of the Spanish succession.

The next century is filled up with a line of petty kings, engaged for the most part in the general European wars and in vile intrigues at home. The history of the quarrels of Spain in the New World and the various treaties by which she surrendered much of her vast territory there are well-known chapters of American history.

The intrigues of the miserable Spanish court became more and more disgraceful and more weakening to the Spanish nation. An adventurer and trickster called Manuel Godoy got possession of the King and Queen at the end of the eighteenth century and left the unhappy country too weak and spiritless to resist the coming of Napoleon.

Napoleon playing on the weakness



of the Spanish sovereign and his son entered into the negotiations and assumptions which ended in his keeping them in captivity while he placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain.

The people rose in rebellion in every province of Spain when Joseph Bonaparte entered Madrid. The English came to the rescue finally and completely routed the French out of the Peninsula. King Joseph fled the country. Then came the fall of Napoleon.

Ferdinand VII. returned to his throne, made his monarchy more absolute and despotic than ever. Conspiracies and insurrections at home added to the rebellion of the American colonies drowned the country in blood and emptied her treasury.

A group of patriots gathered together and proclaimed the constitutional government which they had endeavoured in vain to get Ferdinand to accept on his return to Spain in 1812. The King was compelled to accept it in 1820, and a French army entered Madrid, established a regency, and declared the absolute monarchy again. All credit was destroyed at home and abroad.

On the death of Ferdinand his little daughter, Donna Isabella, a child of two years, was proclaimed Queen. The brother of the King, Carlos, declared that according to the Salic law he should have had the succession. In spite of many insurrections, plots and counterplots, the little Queen was generally supported, as she was held to represent the cause of liberalism. From that day to this, however, the country has been devastated by Carlist plots and insurrections, led by the representatives of Carlos, the brother of Ferdinand, and his descendants.

Guided for a time by Espartero, a military officer of great ability, the reign of Isabella was for a time prosperous. Espartero saved the capital when it was imperilled by the Carlists, and during the Queen's minority, when he acted as regent, he administered the affairs of the monarchy with dignity and ability. Isabella herself proved a wretched Queen. In the changes of party, the swing from absolute despotism to constitutional freedom and back again, she was guided only by personal intrigue and personal passion. In 1868 the nation could bear no more. A revolution broke out against her. She fled to France, and in 1870 the Cortes, finding no one in the reigning family, chose Amadeus, the second son of King Humbert of Italy, as King of Spain.

The problem proved too hard for him to solve, and he abdicated in 1873. Alfonso XII., the son of Isabella, was proclaimed King by the friends of constitutional government. He showed courage and discretion and maintained at least the forms of constitutional government. His death in 1885 was considered a great misfortune for Spain. His son is the present boy-king, Alfonso XIII.

Henry Coppe, in his 'Conquest of Spain by the Moors,' traces the decline and present weakness of Spain to the crushing weight of her past history and the great mistake in her form of government.

He sums up the present character of the Spanish people as follows:

'With weakness came intrigues and conspiracies and assassinations. Thus shut up within themselves, they became suspicious. They hated strangers: they assumed a haughtiness of sentiment and demeanour. They ceased to work, because labour brought no security. And so the manufactures and public works have fallen into foreign hands, which has made them unpopular. There has never been a nation so abused and injured as the Spanish nation.'

'The Spanish people present to-day in all parts of the peninsula excellent types of manhood and womanhood, who require only time to unlearn the lessons of centuries and to live a new life under a liberal rule, and with incentives to exertion. Even in this generation much has been done. The deposition of Isabella II., provisional regency of Serrano, the great mistake of crowning Amadeus, the rage of the Red Republicans, have all been steps to a constitutional government under a liberal and young Spanish monarch, whose happy fortune it may be to inaugurate the new era, and make the Spanish cities once more what they were in the palmy days of the Moslem dominion, the centres of light, learning, and energy. The great secret is work for the masses, for the worst thing among the Casas de Espana is an indolence, so ingrained in the Spanish nature that it has become an

organic disease, which time and the pressure of a progressive world only can cure.'

J. L. M. Curry, in his 'Constitutional Government of Spain,' gives a vivid picture of the degeneracy and sloth of the Spanish people. He says that bull-fights are the most distinctive characteristic of the nation. When Joseph Bonaparte was installed in Madrid, the question that agitated the people was not one as to his probable policy, but whether he would allow bull-fights or not. The good of Spain, he says, demands the abolition of this disgraceful and cruel pastime.

The government lotteries are another cause of Spanish feebleness of character. The State legalises monopolies, manages and controls lotteries as a source of revenue. The budget received £5,400,000 in one year from this source alone.

All card-playing is for money. The people live in a condition of feverish excitement and enervating idleness. Instead of working, they depend on chance for a living. Honest labour is absolutely discouraged by these government lotteries.

The condition of the Spanish schools is shocking. A very large percentage of the people are absolutely illiterate. Fully 75 per cent. of the women have not even a rudimentary education.

The people have lost confidence in their public men. Their improvement should be along moral rather than political lines, however. They talk in a boastful way about the immortal deeds of their glorious ancestry, and take no lesson from the active civilisation about them.

The administration is, at the same time, very corrupt. It is a system of bureaucracy and centralisation, eaten up with official corruption. Almost every one in the capital lives in some way off the government.

The country is harrowed continually by Cuban and Carlist wars and Federal insurrections. Still the progressive Spaniards have given exhibitions of an effort to secure national independence against fatal odds. The lesson of constitutional freedom is hard for people trained for centuries under an absolute monarchy to learn, and must be a matter of slow development reaching the intelligence and conscience of the people.

Mr Curry concludes by paying a high tribute to the character of the Queen Regent. She is intelligent and popular, an ideal mother, and spotless as a woman.

The Duchess of Datchet's Diamonds

By RICHARD MARSH.

Author of "The Crime and the Criminal," etc.

CHAPTER I.

TWO MEN AND A MAID.

The band struck up a waltz. It chanced to be the one which they had last danced together at the Dome. How well he had danced, and how guilty she had felt! Conscious of what almost amounted to a sense of improbity, Charlie had taken her; it was Charlie who had made her go—but then, in some eyes, Miss Wentworth might not have been regarded as the most unimpeachable of chaperons. That Cyril, for instance, would have had strong opinions of his own upon that point, Miss Strong was well aware.

While Miss Strong listened, thinking of the last time she had heard that waltz, the man with whom she had danced it stood, all at once, in front of her. She had half expected that it would be so—half had feared it. It was not the first time they had encountered each other on the pier; Miss Strong had already begun to more than suspect that the chance of encountering her was the magnet which drew Mr Lawrence through the turnstiles. She did not wish to meet him; she assured herself that she did not wish to meet him. But, on the other hand, she did not wish to go out of her way so as to seem to run away from him.

The acquaintance had been begun on the top of the Devil's Dyke in the middle of a shower of rain. Miss Strong, feeling in want of occupation, and, to speak the truth, a little in the blues, had gone, on an unpromising afternoon in April, on the spur of the moment, and in something like a temper, on a solitary excursion to the Devil's Dyke. On the Downs the wind blew great guns. She could hardly stand against it. Yet it did her good, for it suited her mood. She struggled on over the slopes, past Poyning's when, suddenly—she, in her abstraction, having paid no heed to the weather, and expecting nothing of the kind—it came down a perfect deluge of rain. She had a walking-stick, but neither mackintosh nor umbrella. There seemed every likelihood of her having to return like a drowned rat to Brighton, when, with the appropriateness of a fairy tale, some one came rushing to her with an umbrella in his hand. She could hardly refuse the proffered shelter, and the consequence was that the owner of the umbrella escorted her first to the hotel, then to the station, and afterwards to Brighton. Nor, after such services had been rendered, when they parted at the station did she think it necessary to inform him that, not under any circumstances, was he to notice her again; besides from what she had seen of him, she rather liked the man. So, when, two days afterwards, he stopped her on the pier to ask if she had suffered any ill-effects from her exposure, it took her some five-and-twenty minutes to explain that she had not. There were other meetings mostly on the pier; and then, as a climax, that Masonic ball at the Dome. She danced with him five times! She felt all the time that she ought not; she knew that she would not have done it if Cyril had been there. Miss Wentworth, introduced by Miss Strong, danced with him twice, and when asked by Miss Strong if she thought that she—Miss Strong—ought to have three dances with him Miss Wentworth declared that she did not see why, if she liked, she should not have thirty. So Miss Strong had five—which shows that Miss Wentworth's notions of the duties of a chaperon were vague.

And now the band was striking up that identical waltz; and there was Mr Lawrence standing in front of the lady with whom he had danced it.

'I believe that that was ours, Miss Strong,' he said.

'I think it was.'

He was holding her hand in his, and looking with something in his eyes which there and then she told herself would never do. They threaded their way through the crowd of people towards the head of the pier, saying

little, which was worse than saying much. Although Charlie had been working, Miss Strong wished she had stayed at home with her; it would have been better than this. A sense of pending peril made her positively nervous; she wanted to get away from her companion, and yet for the moment she did not see her way to do it.

Beyond doubt Mr Lawrence was not a man in whose favour nothing could be said. He was of medium height, had a good figure, and held himself well. He was very fair, with a slight moustache, and a mouth which was firm and resolute. His eyes were blue—a light, bright blue—beautiful eyes they were, but scarcely of the kind which could correctly be described as sympathetic. His complexion was almost like a girl's, it was so pink and white; he seemed the picture of health. His manners were peculiarly gentle. He moved noiselessly, without any appearance of exertion. His voice, though soft, was of so penetrating a quality and so completely under control that, without betraying by any movement of his lips the fact that he was speaking, he could make his faintest whisper audible in a way which was quite uncanny. Whatever his dress might be, on him it always seemed unobtrusive; indeed, the strangest thing about the man was that, while he always seemed to be the most retiring of human beings, in reality he was one of the most difficult to be rid of, as Miss Strong was finding now. More than once, just as she was about to give him his dismissal, he managed to prevent her doing so in a manner which, while she found it impossible to resent it, was not by any means to her taste. Finally, finding it difficult to be rid of him in any other way, and being, for some reason which she would herself have found it difficult to put into words, unusually anxious to be freed from his companionship, she resolved, in desperation, to leave the pier. She acquainted him with her determination to be off, and then, immediately afterwards, not a little to her surprise and a good deal to her disgust, she found herself walking towards the pier-gates with him at her side. Miss Strong's wish had been to part from him there and then; but again he had managed to prevent the actual expression of her wish, and it seemed plain that she was still to be saddled with his society, at any rate, as far as the gates.

Before they had gone half-way down the pier Miss Strong had cause to regret that she had not shown a trifle more firmness, for she saw advancing towards her a figure which, at the instant, she almost felt that she knew too well. It was Cyril Paxton. The worst of it was that she was not clear in her own mind as to what it would be best for her to do—the relations between herself and Mr Paxton were of so curious a character. She saw that Mr Paxton's recognition of her had not been so rapid as hers had been of him; at first she thought that she was going to pass him unperceived. In that case she would go a few yards farther with Mr Lawrence, dismiss him, return, and discover herself to Cyril at her leisure. But it was not to be. Mr Paxton, glancing about him from side to side of the pier, observed her on a sudden—and he observed Mr Lawrence too; on which trivial accident hinges the whole of this strange history.

Miss Strong knew that she was seen. She saw that Mr Paxton was coming to her. Her heart began to beat. In another second or two he was standing in front of her with uplifted hat, wearing a not very promising expression of countenance.

'Where's Charlie?', was his greeting. The lady was aware that the question in itself conveyed a reproach, though she endeavoured to feign innocence.

'Charlie's at home; I couldn't induce her to come out. Her 'copy' for 'Fashion' has to be ready by the morning; she says she's behind, so she stayed at home to finish it.'



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"Oh!"

"That was all that Mr Paxton said, but the look with which he favoured Mr Lawrence conveyed a very vivid note of interrogation.

"Cyril," explained Miss Strong, "this is Mr Lawrence. Mr Lawrence this is Mr Paxton; and I am afraid you must excuse me."

Mr Lawrence did excuse her. She and Mr Paxton returned together up the pier; he, directly Mr Lawrence was out of hearing, putting to her the question which, though she dreaded, she knew was inevitable.

"Who's that?"

"That is Mr Lawrence."

"Yes, you told me so much already; who is Mr Lawrence?"

As she walked Miss Strong, looking down, tapped with the ferrule of her umbrella on the boards.

"Oh! he's a sort of acquaintance."

"You have not been long in Brighton, then, without making acquaintance?"

"Cyril! I have been here more than a month. Surely a girl can make an acquaintance in that time?"

"It depends, I fancy, on the girl, and on the circumstances in which she is placed. What is Mr Lawrence?"

"I have not the faintest notion. I have a sort of general idea that, like yourself, he is something in the city. It seems to me that nowadays most men are."

"Who introduced him?"

"A shower of rain."

"An excellent guarantor of the man's eligibility, though, even for the average girl, one would scarcely have supposed that that would have been a sufficient introduction."

Miss Strong flushed.

"You have no right to talk to me like that. I did not know that you were coming to Brighton, or I would have met you at the station."

"I knew that I should meet you on the pier."

The lady stood still.

"What do you mean by that?"

The gentleman confronting her returned her glance for glance.

"I mean what I say. I knew that I should meet you on the pier, and I have."

The lady walked on again. Whatever she might think of Mr Paxton's inference, his actual statement was undeniable.

"You don't seem in the best of tempers, Cyril. How is Mr Franklyn?"

"He was all right when I saw him last, a good deal better than I was, or than I am."

"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"Matter!" Mr Paxton's tone was bitter. "What is likely to be the matter with the man who, after having had the luck which I have been having lately, to crown it all finds the woman he loves philandering with a stranger—the acquaintance of a shower of rain—on Brighton pier?"

"You have no right to speak to me like that—not the slightest! I am perfectly free to do as I please, as you are. And, without condescending to dispute your inferences—though, as you very well know, they are quite unjust—any attempt at criticism on your part will be resented by me in a manner which you may find unpleasant."

A pause followed the lady's words, which the gentleman did not seem to altogether relish.

"Still the fact remains that I do love you better than anything else in the world."

"Surely if that were so, Cyril, at this time of day you and I would not be situated as we are."

"By which you mean?"

"If you felt for me what you are always protesting that you feel, surely sometimes you would have done as I wished."

"Which being interpreted is equivalent to saying that I should have put my money into Goschens, and entered an office at a salary of a pound a week."

"If you had done so you would at any rate still have your money, and also, possibly, the prospect of a career."

They had reached the end of the pier, and were leaning over the side, looking towards the Worthing lights. Miss Strong's words were followed by an interval of silence. When the gentleman spoke again, in his voice there was a suspicion of a tremor.

"Daisy, don't be hard on me."

"I don't wish to be hard. It was you who began by being hard on me."

He seemed to pay no heed to her speech, continuing on a line of his own:

"Especially just now?"

She glanced at him.

"Why especially just now?"

"Well—" He stopped. The tremor in his voice became more pronounced.

"Because I'm going for the gloves."

If the light had been clearer he might have seen that her face assumed a sudden tinge of pallor.

"What do you mean by you're going for the gloves?"

"I mean that probably by this time to-morrow I shall have either won you or lost you for ever."

"Cyril! There was a catching in her breath. 'I hope you are going to do nothing—wild.'"

"It depends upon the point of view."

He turned to her with sudden passion.

"I'm sick of things as they are—sick to death! I've made up my mind to know either the best or the worst."

"How do you propose to arrive at that state of knowledge?"

"I've gone a bull on Eries—a big bull. So big a bull that if they fall one I'm done."

"How done?"

"I shall be done, because it will be for reasons, good, strong, solid reasons, the last deal I shall ever make on the London Stock Exchange."

There was silence. Then she spoke again.

"You will lose. You always do lose."

made. Think, Cyril, of the Trumpit Gold Mine—what great things were to come of that."

"I am quite aware that I did invest every penny I could beg, borrow or steal in the Trumpit Gold Mine, and that at present I am the fortunate possessor of a trunkful of shares which are not worth a shilling a-piece. The reminder is a pleasant one. Proceed. You seem wound up to go."

Her voice assumed a new touch of sharpness.

"The long and the short of it is, Cyril—it is better that we should understand each other—if your present speculation turns out as disastrously as all your others have done, and it leaves you worse off than ever the relations, such as they are, which exist between us must cease. We must be as strangers."

"Which means that you don't care for me the value of a brass-headed pin."

"It means nothing of the kind, as you are well aware. It simply means that I decline to link my life with a man who appears incapable of keeping his own head above water. Because he insists on drowning himself, why should I allow him to drown me too?"

"I observe that you take the commercial up-to-date view of marriage."

"Wont you come and see Charlie?"

"Thank you, I don't think I will. Miss Wentworth has not a sufficiently good opinion of me to care if I do or don't. Make her my excuses."

Another pause. Then she said in a tone which was hardly above a whisper:

"Cyril, I do hope you'll win."

He stood and turned and faced her.

"Do you really mean that, Daisy?"

"You know that I do."

"Then if you really hope that I shall win—the double event. As an earnest of your hopes—there is no one looking—kiss me."

She did as he bade her.

CHAPTER II.

OVERHEARD IN THE TRAIN.

It was with a feeling of grim amusement that Mr Paxton bought himself a first-class ticket. It was probably the last occasion on which he would ride first class for some considerable time to come. The die had fallen—the game was lost. Eries had dropped more than one. Not only had he lost all he had to lose, he was a defaulter. It was out of his power to settle; he was going to emigrate instead. He had with him a Gladstone bag; it contained all his worldly possessions that he proposed to take with him on his travels. His intention was, having told Miss Strong the news, and having bidden a last farewell, to go straight from Brighton to Southampton, and thence, by the American line, to the continent on whose shores Europe dumps so many of its failures.

The train was later than are the trains which are popular with City men. It seemed almost empty at London Bridge. Mr Paxton had a compartment to himself. He had an evening paper with him. He turned to the money article. Eries had closed a point lower even than he had supposed. It did not matter. A point lower, more or less, would make no difference to him—the difference would be to the brokers who had trusted him. Wishing to do anything but think, he looked to see what other news the paper might contain. Some sensational headlines caught his eye.

'ROBBERY OF THE DUCHESS OF DACHET'S DIAMONDS.'

'AN EXTRAORDINARY TALE.'

The announcement amused him.

"After all that is the sort of line which I ought to have made my own—robbery pure and simple. It's more profitable than what Daisy says that I call "punting."

He read on. The tale was told in the usual sensational style, though the telling could scarcely have been more sensational than the tale which was told. That afternoon, it appeared, an amazing robbery had taken place—amazing, first, because of the almost incredible value of what had been stolen; and, second, because of the daring fashion in which the deed had been done. In spite of the desperate nature of his own position—or, perhaps, because of it—Mr Paxton drank in the story with avidity.

The Duchess of Datchet, the young, and, if report was true, the beautiful wife of one of England's greatest and richest noblemen, had been on a visit to the Queen at Windsor—the honoured guest of the Sovereign. As a fitting mark of the occasion, and in order to appear before Her Majesty in the splendour which so well became her, the Duchess had taken with her the famous Datchet diamonds. As all the world knows, the Dukes of Datchet have been collectors of diamonds during, at any rate, the last two centuries. The value of their collection is fabulous—the intrinsic value of the stones which the Duchess had taken with her on that memorable journey, according to the paper, was at least £250,000—a quarter of a million of money! This was the net value—indeed, it seemed that one might almost say it was the trade value, and was quite apart from any adventitious value which they might possess from, for instance, the point of view of historical association.

Mr Paxton drew a long breath as he read:

"Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds—a quarter of a million! I am not at all sure that I should not have liked to have had a finger in such a pie as that. It would be better than punting at Eries."

The diamonds, it seemed, arrived all right at Windsor, and the Duchess too. The visit passed off with due éclat. It was as Her Grace was returning that the deed was done.



SENSATIONAL HEADLINES CAUGHT HIS EYE. "ROBBERY OF THE DUCHESS OF DACHET'S DIAMONDS."

"Thanks."

"I will be almost better for you that you should lose. I am beginning to believe, Cyril, that you never will do any good till you have touched bottom, till you have lost all that you possibly can lose."

"Thank you again."

She drew herself up, drawing herself away from the railing against which she had been leaning. She gave a gesture which was suggestive of weariness.

"I too am tired. This uncertainty is more than I can stand. You are so unstable, Cyril. Your ideas and mine on some points are wide apart. It seems to me that if a girl is worth winning she is worth working for. As a profession for a man, I don't think that what you call "punting" on the Stock Exchange is much better than pitch-and-toss."

"Well?"

The word was an interrogation. She had paused.

"It appears to me that the girl who marries a man who does nothing else but "punt" is preparing for herself a long line of disappointments. Think how many times you have disappointed me. Think of the fortunes you were to have

"What view do you take? Are you nearer to being able to marry me than ever you were? Are you not further off? You have no regular income—and how many entanglements? What do you propose that we should live on—the hundred and twenty pounds a year which mother left me?"

There came a considerable silence. He had not moved from the position he had taken up against the railing, and still looked across the waveless sea towards the glimmering lights of Worthing. When he did speak his tones were cold and clear and measured. Perhaps the coldness was assumed to hide a warmer something underneath.

"Your methods are a little rough, but perhaps they are none the worse on that account. As you say so shall it be. Win or lose, to-morrow evening I will meet you again upon the pier—that is, if you will come."

"You know I will come!"

"If I lose it will be to say goodbye. Next week I emigrate."

She was still, so he went on—

"Now, if you don't mind, I'll see you to the end of the pier, and say goodbye until to-morrow, I'll get something to eat and hurry back to town."

though how it was done was, as yet, a profound mystery.

"Of course," commented Mr Paxton to himself, "all criminal London knew what she had taken with her. The betting is that they never lost sight of those diamonds from first to last; to adequately safeguard them she ought to have taken with her a regiment of soldiers."

Although she had not gone so far as a regiment of soldiers, that precaution had been taken—and precautions, moreover, which had been found to be adequate, over and over again, on previous occasions—was sufficiently plain. The Duchess had travelled in a reserved saloon carriage by the five minutes past four train from Windsor to Paddington. She had been accompanied by two servants, her maid, and a man-servant named Stephen Eversleigh. Eversleigh was one of a family of servants the members of which had been in the employment of the Dukes of Datchet for generations.

It was he who was in charge of the diamonds. They were in a leather despatch-box. The Duchess placed them in it with her own hand, locked the box, and retained the key in her own possession. Eversleigh carried the box from the Duchess's apartment in the Castle to the carriage which conveyed her to the railway station. He placed it on the seat in front of her.

He himself sat outside with the maid. When the carriage reached the station he carried it to the Duchess's saloon. The Duchess was the sole occupant of the saloon. She travelled with the despatch-box in front of her all the way to London. The Duke met her at Paddington. Eversleigh again placed the box on the front seat of the carriage, the Duke and Duchess, sitting side by side, having it in full view as the brougham passed through the London streets. The diamonds, when not in actual use, were always kept, for safe custody, at Bartlett's Bank. The confidential agent of the bank was awaiting their arrival when the brougham reached the ducal mansions in Grosvenor Square. The despatch-box was taken straight to him, and, more for form's sake than anything else, was opened by the Duchess in his presence, so that he might see that it really did contain the diamonds before he gave the usual receipt.

It was as well for the bank's sake that on that occasion the form was observed. When the box was opened, it was empty! There was nothing of any sort to show that the diamonds had ever been in it—they had vanished into air!

When he had reached this point Mr Paxton put the paper down. He laughed.

"That's a teaser. The position seems to promise a pleasing problem for one of those masters of the art of detection who have been cutting such antics lately in popular fiction. If I were appointed to ferret out the mystery I fancy that I should begin by wanting to know a few things about her Grace the Duchess. I wonder what happened to that despatch-box while she and it were tete-a-tete? It is to be hoped she possesses her husband's entire confidence, otherwise it is just possible that she is in for a rare old time of it."

The newspaper had little more to tell. There were the usual attempts to fill a column with a paragraph; the stereotyped statements about the clues which the police were supposed to be following up, but all that they amounted to was this: that the Duchess asserted that she had placed the diamonds in the despatch-box at Windsor Castle, and that, as a matter of plain fact, they were not in it when the box reached Grosvenor Square.

Mr Paxton was possessed by a feeh-trust his hands into his trouser pockets, and mused.

"What lucky beggars those thieves must be! What wouldn't any one do for a quarter of a million—what wouldn't I? Even supposing that the value of the stones is over-stated, and that they are only worth half as much, there is some spending in £125,000. It would set me up for life, with a little over. What prospect is there in front of me—don't I know that there is none? Existence in a country which I have not the faintest desire to go to; a life which I hate; a continual struggling and striving for the barest daily bread, with, in all human probability, failure, and a nameless grave at the end. What use is there in living out such a life as that? But if I could only lay my hands on even an appreciable fraction of that quarter of a million, with Daisy at my side

—(God bless the girl! how ill I have treated her!—how different it all would be!"

Mr Paxton was possessed of a feeling of restlessness; his thoughts prickled him in his most secret places. For him, the train was moving much too slowly; had it flown on the wings of the wind it could scarcely have kept pace with the whirlwind in his brain. Rising to his feet, he began to move backwards and forwards in the space between the seats—anything was better than complete inaction.

The compartment in which he was travelling was not a new one; indeed, so far as it from being a new one, that it belonged to a type which, if not actually obsolete, at any rate nowadays is rarely seen. An oblong sheet of plate-glass was let into the partition on either side, within a few inches in the roof. This sheet of plate-glass was set in a brass frame, the frame itself being swung on a pivot.

Desirous of doing anything which would enable him, even temporarily, to escape from his thoughts, Mr Paxton gave way to his idle and, one might almost add, impertinent curiosity. He stood, first on one seat, and peered through the glass into the adjoining compartment. So far as he was able to see, from the post of vantage which he occupied, it was vacant. He swung the glass round on its pivot. He listened. There was not a sound. Satisfied—if, that is, the knowledge gave him any satisfaction!—that there was no one there, he prepared to repeat the process of espial on the other seat.

But in this case the result was different. No sooner had he brought his eyes on a level with the sheet of glass, than he dropped down off the seat again with the rapidity of a jack-in-the-box.

"By George! I've seen that man before! It would hardly do to be caught playing the part of Peeping Tom."

Conscious of so much, he was also conscious at the same time of an increase of curiosity. Among Mr Paxton's attributes was that one which is supposed to be the peculiar requisite of royalty—a memory for faces. If, for any cause, a face had once been brought to his notice, he never afterwards forgot it. He had seen through that sheet of glass a countenance which he had seen before, and that quite recently.

"The chances are that I sha'n't be noticed if I am careful; and if I am caught I'll make a joke of it. I'll peep again."

He peeped again. As he did so audible words all but escaped his lips.

"The deuce! it's the beggar who was last night with Daisy on the pier."

There could be no doubt about it; in the carriage next to his sat the individual whose companionship with Miss Strong had so annoyed him. Mr Paxton, peering warily through the further end of the glass, treated Mr. Lawrence to a prolonged critical inspection, which was not likely to be prejudiced in that gentleman's favour.

Mr Lawrence sat facing his observer, on Mr Paxton's right, in the corner of the carriage. That he was not alone was plain. Mr Paxton saw that he smiled, and that his lips were moving. Unfortunately, from Mr Paxton's point of view, it was not easy to see who was his associate; whoever it was sat just in front of him, and therefore out of Mr Paxton's line of vision. This was the more annoying in that Mr Lawrence took such evident interest in the conversation he was carrying on. An idea occurred to Mr Paxton.

"The fellow doesn't seem to see me. When I turned that other thing upon its pivot it didn't make any sound. I wonder, if I were to open this affair half an inch or so, if I could hear what the fellow's saying?"

Mr Paxton was not in a mood to be particular. On the contrary, he was in one of those moods which come to all of us, in some dark hour of our lives, when we do the things which, being done, we never cease regretting. Mr Paxton knelt on the cushions and he opened the frame, as he had said, just half an inch, and he put his ear as close to the opening as he conveniently could, without running the risk of being seen, and he listened. At first he heard nothing for his pains. He had not got his ear just right, and the roar of the train drowned all other sounds. Slightly shifting his position Mr Paxton suddenly found, however, that he could hear quite well.

The speakers, to make themselves

audible to each other, had to shout loudly at the top of their voices, and this, secure in their privacy, they did, the result being that Mr Paxton could hear just as well what was being said as the person who, to all intents and purposes, was seated close beside him.

The first voice he heard was Mr Lawrence's.

It should be noted that here and there he lost a word, as probably also did the person who was actually addressed; but the general sense of the conversation he caught quite well.

"I told you I could do it. You only want patience and resolution to take advantage of your opportunities, and a big coup is as easily carried off as a small one."

Mr Lawrence's voice ceased. The rejoinder came from a voice which struck Mr Paxton as being a very curious one indeed. The speaker spoke not only with a strong nasal twang, but also occasionally, with an odd idiom. The unseen listener told himself that the speaker was probably the newest thing in races—a German-American.

"With the assistance of a friend—eh?"

Mr Lawrence's voice again; in it more than a suggestion of scorn. "The assistance of a friend! When it comes to the scratch, it is on himself that a man must rely. What a friend principally does is to take the lion's share of the spoil."

"Well—why not? A man will not be able to be much of a friend to another, if, first of all, he is not a friend to himself—eh?"

Mr Lawrence appeared to make no answer—possibly he did not relish the other's reasoning. Presently the same voice came again, as if the speaker intended to be apologetic—

"Understand me, my good friend. I do not say that what you did was not clever. No, it was damn clever!—that I do say. And I always have said that there was no one in the profession who can come near you. In your line of business, or out of it, how many are there who can touch for a quarter of a million, I want to know? Now, tell me, how just did you do it—is it a secret, eh?"

If Mr Lawrence had been piqued, the other's words seemed to have appeased him.

"Not from you—the thing was as plain as walking! The bigger the thing you have to do the more simply you do it the better it will be done."

"It does not seem as though it were simple when you read it in the papers—eh? What do you think?"

"The papers be damned! Directly you gave me the office that she was going to take them with her to Windsor, I saw how I was going to get them, and who I was going to get them from."

"Who—eh?"

"Eversleigh. Stow it—the train is stopping!"

The train was stopping. It had reached a station. The voices ceased. Mr Paxton withdrew from his listening place with his brain in a greater whirl than ever. What had the two men been talking about? What did they mean by touching for a quarter of a million, by the reference to Windsor? The name which Mr Lawrence had just mentioned, Eversleigh—where, quite recently, had he made its acquaintance? Mr Paxton's glance fell on the evening paper which he had thrown on the seat. He snatched it up. "Something like a key to the riddle came to him in a flash!"

He opened the paper with feverish hands, turning to the account of the robbery of the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds. It was as he thought; his memory had not played him false—the person who had been in charge of the gems had been a man named Stephen Eversleigh.

Mr Paxton's hands fell nervously on to his knees. He stared into vacancy. What did it mean?

The train was off again. Having heard so much, Mr Paxton felt that he must hear more. He returned to the place of listening. For some moments, while the train was drawing clear of the station, the voices continued silent—probably before exchanging further confidences they were desirous of being certain that their privacy would remain uninterupted. When they were heard again it seemed that the conversation was being carried on exactly at the point at which Mr Paxton had heard it cease.

The German-American was speaking.

"Eversleigh?—that is His Grace's confidential servant—eh?"

"That's the man. I studied Mr

Eversleigh by proxy, and I found out just two things about him."

"And they were—what were they?"

"One was that he was short-sighted, and the other was that he had a pair of spectacles which the duke had given him for a birthday present, and which he thought no end of."

"That wasn't much to find out—eh?"

"You think so? Then that's where you're wrong. It's perhaps just as well for you that you don't have to play first lead."

"The treasury is more in my line—eh? However, what was the use which you made of that little find of yours?"

"If it hadn't been for that little find of mine, the possibility is that the sparklers wouldn't be where they are just now. A friend of mine had a detective camera. These spectacles were kept in something very gorgeous in cases. My friend snatched that spectacle case with his camera. I had an almost exact duplicate made of the case from the print he got—purposely not quite exact, you know, but devilish near."

"I found myself at Windsor station just as Her Grace was about to start for town. There were a good many people in the booking office through which you have to pass to reach the platform. As I expected, the duchess came in front, with the maid, old Eversleigh bringing up the rear. Just as Eversleigh came into the booking office some one touched him on the shoulder, and held out the duplicate spectacle case, saying, 'I beg your pardon, sir! Have you lost your glasses?'"

Of old Eversleigh's fidelity I say nothing, I don't call me straight-nosed anything; but he certainly was not up to the kind of job he had in hand—not when he was properly handled. He has been heard to say that he would sooner lose an arm than those precious spectacles—because the duke gave him them, you know. Perhaps he would; anyhow, he lost something worth a trifle more than his arm. When he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and saw that looked like that almighty goggle box in the stranger's hand, he got all of a flurry, jabbed his fist into the inside pocket of his coat, and to enable him to do so popped the despatch box down on the seat beside him—as I expected that he would do. I happened to be sitting on that seat with a rug, very nicely screened too by old Eversleigh himself, and by the stranger with the goggle box. I nipped my rug over his box, leaving another one—own brother to the duchess's—exposed. Old Eversleigh found that the stranger's goggle box was not his—that his own was safe in his pocket!—picked up my despatch box, and marched off with it, while I travelled with his by the South Western line to town; and I can only hope that he was as pleased with the exchange as I was."

The German-American's voice was heard.

"As you say, in the simplicity of your method, my good friend, was its beauty. And indeed, after all, simplicity is the very essence, the very soul, of all true art—eh?"

(To be Continued.)



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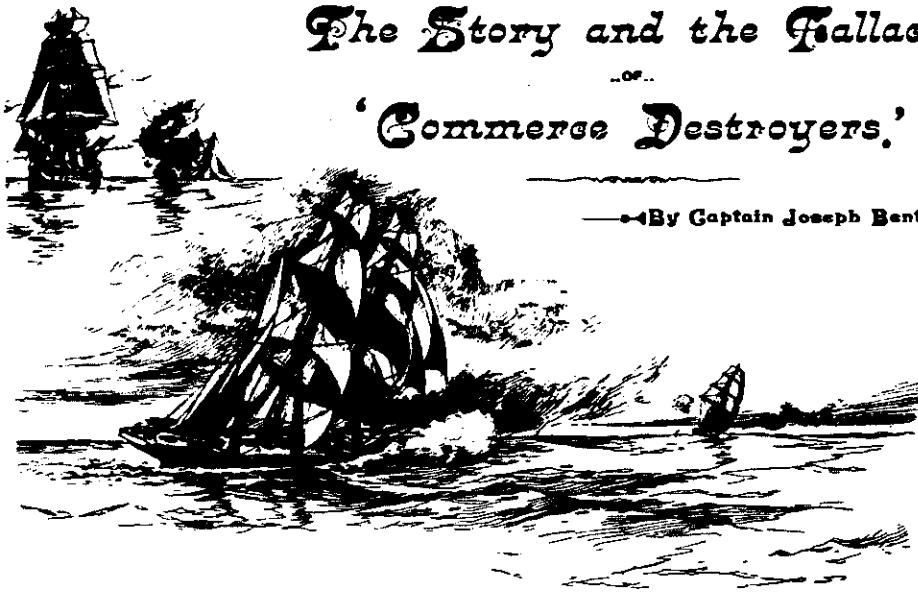
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The Story and the Fallacy of 'Commerce Destroyers.'

—By Captain Joseph Bentley.



THE 'ALABAMA' AS A COMMERCE DESTROYER.

According to the popular notion in the United States, commerce destroying is the true weapon for attack and for defence which they should employ. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain in that kind of warfare (says Captain Joseph Bentley, of the American navy). We are safe within our own borders. We have no mercantile marine to protect. Commerce destroying costs but little, for it does not require a large permanent establishment; and reliance can be placed on private enterprise, animated by hope of prize money, to supplement the operations of the regular fleet of commerce destroyers.

So when the question of our sea power is considered at all the demand generally is for fast cruisers rather than for battleships.

But the nation which relies for attack on defence on commerce destroying alone is leaning upon a broken reed, and pursuing a policy which will inevitably lead to disaster. She may irritate her enemy, but she cannot thus permanently weaken her. She may win glittering spoils, but these easy victories will not really affect the result.

There are conditions in which commerce destroying might be an effective weapon for a nation. These conditions are that her coasts should be contiguous to the great trade routes along which her enemy's commerce is conveyed; and that she should have as large a fleet of her own as practically to engage the whole attention of her enemy's fleet, and thus leave the seas open to the commerce destroyers.

But the United States is not in these circumstances. Her fleet is not large enough to meet the fleet of any of the first-class Powers. Her ships of war would be destroyed or penned in their harbours, and the commerce destroyers that issued from her ports would one by one be captured, and American seamen would languish in foreign prisons.

Nor do our coasts lie contiguous to any of the great commercial routes, except those leading to our own ports, and to these in time of war no enemy's ship would think to come.

The case might be altered were the Nicaragua Canal opened. Then our position would be as good as the position of France for harassing English commerce. But in that event foreign complications would necessitate the construction of an adequate fleet. Our splendid isolation would have ceased. Commerce destroying will no longer be even a plausible policy when we have anything to lose that is open to attack. Commerce destroying as the main object of a navy has been condemned by the experience of centuries. Every power that has adopted the policy has hurt herself more than she has hurt her enemy.

The English King Charles II. reversed the splendid naval policy of Cromwell. He decided in 1666 that commerce destroying 'would less exhaust England than fitting out such mighty fleets as had hitherto been

kept at sea.' Within a twelvemonth the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter sailed up the Thames and burned the shipping within sight of London.

In the Seven Years' war the French took many prizes, but one by one the privateers were captured till 25,000 French seamen lay in English prisons, and the French power was broken. They had captured 2,500 ships for the 1,000 that the English captured; but they held only 1,500 English seamen in prison. The French flag in 1760 was hardly to be seen at sea, while the English mercantile navy numbered 6,000 ships, and the annual captures were not more than 10 per cent. of the whole.

Commerce destroying has ever been the recourse of conscious weakness and the source of ultimate ruin. It was the knowledge of the preponderant strength of the British sea power which drove the Republican convention and, later, the great Napoleon himself into the course which led straight to destruction. When the strength and watchfulness of the ever-present British fleet foiled his plans of invasion and the disaster at Trafalgar demonstrated, what he as well as others knew, the supremacy of the English sea power, he turned his whole energies to the destruction of English commerce. England's prosperity depended on her commerce, and England was the carrier of the world. Her ships must pass to London within sight of French harbours, and French privateers captured in the long twenty years' conflict thousands of English ships and won a booty of twenty or thirty millions sterling.

Yet the total loss to England was never more than 21 per cent. of her mercantile fleet afloat. This could not and did not affect the result of the great conflict. English trade expanded in spite of the losses. Her losses by capture were not much more numerous than her losses by ordinary sea risks. The loss was ruinous to the individual and irritating to the nation. But it could not bring down the strength of the conqueror.

French shipping disappeared from the seas and France eventually succumbed to the tremendous pressure to which she could offer no resistance save one which irritated but could not subdue her opponent.

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the War of Independence there was a great opportunity for commerce destroyers. The fleets of the opposing combatants, comprising those of France and Spain with our infantile navy, were nearly equal.

In the years of peace and consolidation of the conquered territories England had allowed her navy to decline. After 1760 the French had come to realise the fatal influence of her naval policy; and then they began to build vessels in every dockyard and arsenal.

The French activity was too late to influence the result of the Seven Years' War, for France was even then beaten. But the ship-building, wisely directed by clear-sighted Ministers,

continued during the peace, while England rested complacently on her laurels.

England's navy declined in strength, and when France came gallantly to succour the cause of American freedom the fleets were nearly equal in strength. With the addition of the fleet of Spain the opponents of England were greatly superior.

England was therefore forced to act on the defensive by sea as well as by land. Had it not been for the daring and the cleverness of the English admiral, the English fleet would have been swept from the sea. The English hardly dared to accept an open combat; but the traditional policy of the allies to avoid wasting their fleets in battle—the policy of subordinating the naval operations to military and political considerations—gave the English time.

Had the allies at the start forced the English fleet to fight it would have been destroyed. Then her commerce could have been annihilated. Then they might have struck at her heart by invading the 'inviolate isle.'

But they lost their opportunity, and the English naval struggle increased as the years of the war went on.

Great damage was done during the early years of the war to English mercantile shipping. The Channel swarmed with privateers. England could spare no ship to guard her commerce, and the privateers preyed unmolested.

As the years passed the greater naval resources of England began to tell. Her ships of war were more numerous, and some protection was afforded to the merchantmen.

During the whole war English privateers were equally active. The attention of the French and Spanish fleets was fully engaged watching the English fleet. French and Spanish commerce were the prey of the English commerce destroyers; and in the end the balance of destruction was nearly even.

The result of that war showed that commerce destroying is a valuable weapon of offence when the fleets engaged are nearly equal—an invaluable weapon when the commerce destroyers are backed by an invincible fleet.

The first condition of successful commerce destroying is the command of the seas. To the mistress of the seas all things are possible; to the inferior naval power an occasional depredation is all that is probable.

THE WAR OF 1812.

The war of 1812 is sometimes quoted in illustration of the advantages of commerce destroying and as a precedent to be followed. But the success in the early months of the war is an illustration only of the advantages of commerce destroying as a secondary operation or when the seas are not held by a superior force.

The declaration of war was delayed too long by the pacific policy of Jefferson. Napoleon was in his last extremities. The British fleet had

choked France and the end was in sight. Had war been declared earlier the consequences to England would have been very serious and her commerce on which her strength depended would have been ruined. But when she was freed from the contest with France it was only a question of time till her tremendous superiority at sea began to tell.

When the war broke out England had 230 ships of the line and 600 frigates and smaller vessels to our 18 vessels. It is true that ship for ship our vessels were better, were more heavily armed, were better sailed and better manned, but in a straight contest there was no doubt of the issue. Commerce destroying seemed to be the national policy, and it was the policy adopted. And at first at least it was a successful policy. Two hundred and nineteen English ships were captured in the first few weeks of the war, and rich prizes were brought into port.

But the success was due first to the fact that the declaration of war was unexpected, and second to the fact that notwithstanding the enormous superiority of the English fleet as a whole, our fleet, small as it was, was superior to the English fleet in American waters.

The great English fleet was tied up in the blockade of the ports in which the French fleets lay. In every harbour, from Antwerp to Venice, French ships of war or ships belonging to the allies of France lay ready to break out. The policy of England was to prevent them breaking out and thus to protect her commerce. It was a policy which was ultimately successful, although it tied up nearly every ship of war which England possessed. Great fleets cruised off the arsenals at Brest and Toulon, and small squadrons and single ships watched the lesser ports.

England had, so far as we are concerned, no fleet at her disposal. Had the authorities followed the desires of the officers of the navy, the English fleet in American waters would have been destroyed or driven away. But the ships were locked up in harbour, and despite their brilliant individual victories did little more than hold the English in check. Yet for the time being they were able to give an opportunity to the privateers and commerce destroyers.

Had the European war lasted longer and our naval policy been sounder they might have worked unheard-of depredations.

But when the English fleet was released our ships were no longer a match for the whole navy of England, and our commerce destroyers ran a short and precarious existence. Our ports were blockaded, our coasts were ravaged, and our cities burned. The Chesapeake was entered and the country ravaged. The Potomac was ascended and Washington was burned. The Mississippi was forced and New Orleans saved only by a miracle.

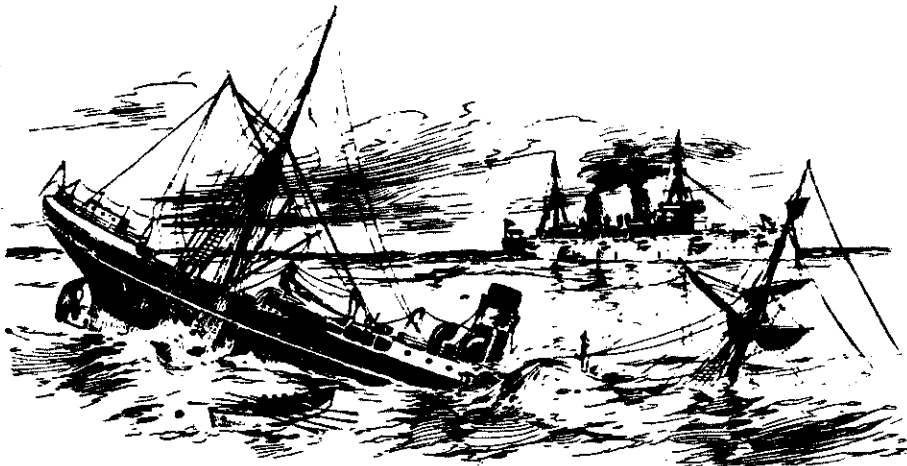
Our commerce destroyers continued their work. Single ships escaped to sea under cover of tempest or of darkness, and to the end continued to inflict damage on the enemy.

But with what result? The English were not beaten. They did not hold themselves as vanquished when the peace was signed, nor even as men who had been threatened with serious danger. They had lost a number of ships and had suffered in prestige, but they were not brought to their knees. They were not vanquished, and the end of war is victory, not annoyance.

The sum of the damage done was not even in total very great. We had 251 privateers at sea during the war, and the ships of the navy also captured many prizes. Yet in the end the balance of captures was not much in our favour. Not more than 2,500 ships were captured during the war, and of these 750 were re-taken before they reached our ports. The value of the captures and the cargoes was more than \$30,000,000.

But against our successes we must place the captures made by the English, which amounted to 1,323, leaving a balance of three or four hundred in our favour. We had more prisoners than the English took—but ours were largely merchant sailors; theirs were taken from privateers who were really our men-of-war.

This was the whole result of the policy of commerce destroying. We did not even achieve as much as the French had done—perhaps because our situation was not so good. Yet the conditions were favourable for



THE 'MINNEAPOLIS' AS A DESTROYER OF COMMERCE IN THE EVENT OF WAR.

this mode of warfare. At the beginning of the war our fleet was really superior, and a free course was offered for our privateers against the unprepared merchantmen. Our ships were better sailed, and our men were ready to take any risks. The privateers sailed in all seas and captured prizes it seemed almost with impunity. Yet one by one in the end these brave ships were garnered in by the enemy.

The Essex sailed the Pacific and practically destroyed the English whaling industry. She took so many prizes that she organised a fleet out of them. But in the end she was forced to yield to superior force off Valparaiso.

The Wasp carried the war into the enemy's own home waters and played havoc with the merchantmen in the Channel. Her prizes were sent home and then she disappeared.

It was magnificent, but it was not war. Nations wage war for victory, not for annoyance. England could not be brought down by the loss of two or three hundred merchantmen a year.

Yet if our navy had been strong enough to hold the seas, or if the naval authorities had been wise enough to seize the opportunity which the European war afforded, the result might have been different.

THE ALABAMA.

The startling success of the Alabama revived the tradition of commerce destroying. The Alabama was entirely unsupported and yet she ran a long and a victorious career.

Yet it must be remembered that though the Confederate States had no fleet, neither had the North at sea. The Northern fleet rendered an incalculable service in the war, but it was all employed in the blockade. For a long time the Alabama preyed unmolested.

Moreover, the success of the Alabama had no effect on the issue of the war. It caused loss to individuals and national irritation. It was magnificent but it was not war.

On the other hand commerce destroying when pursued as a subsidiary and secondary operation has always been successful.

The hey-day of French commerce destroyers was in the wars at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Then France was able to meet England at sea on almost equal terms. Her fleet was strong enough to hold the English fleet in check. The sea was open for the privateer. The English could spare none of their vessels to act as convoys.

And England was nearly ruined by the contest.

Commerce destroying as a means of securing the object of the war—the submission of the enemy—is effective only when the opposing naval forces are nearly equal. Then the commerce destroyer has a free course, and then

it was in the days of sailing ships. The steam cruiser is more dependent on the home ports and naval bases than the sailing ship. She cannot keep so long at sea, and her striking distance is less.

If then the object of a war is to win, not merely to harass an enemy, we cannot rely on commerce destroying. If we had a strong navy and many naval bases, such as Honolulu will become, we might do much damage to an enemy's commerce. Without these we will hurt ourselves at least as much as we will hurt him.

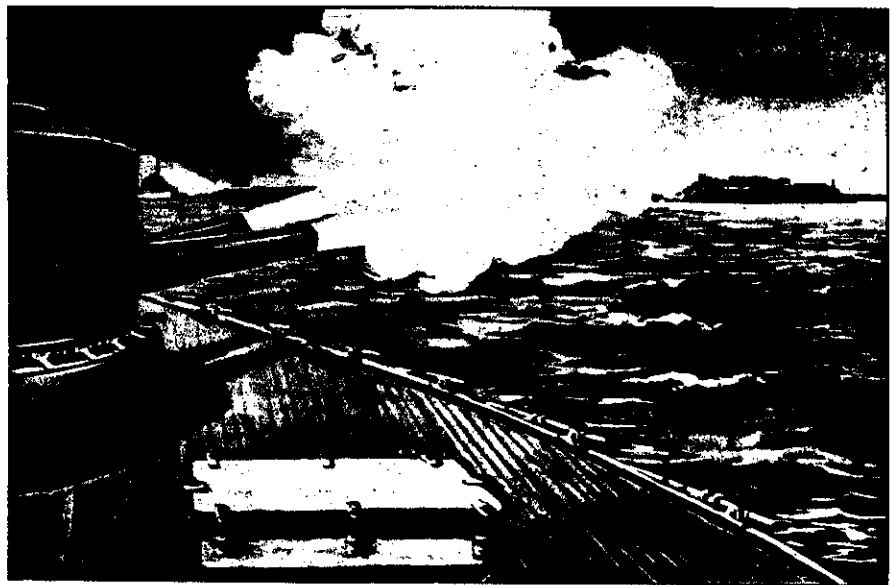
The necessity then, both for attack and defence, is to build a strong navy, and to give up our reliance on mere commerce destroying.

Commerce destroyers may be improvised in a week, but a navy is more slowly built up. Commerce destroyers without a navy of battleships and armoured cruisers are a delusion and a snare.

Therefore let us adopt a steady policy of naval construction in time of peace.



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, of the United States Army.



THE BLOCKADE OF HAVANA.—'A Beautiful Shot.' Fired from an 9-inch Gun on the Flagship 'New York.'

only. As a resort of the weaker it is suicidal. It leads to the loss of trained military seamen.

As a policy by itself, commerce destroying is less possible to-day than



VIEW OF A CUBAN SUGAR PLANTATION.



TYPES OF THE U.S. SAILORS—CADETS DRILLING ON DECK.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

MOST attention was paid to Thames stocks on the Exchange during the past week, but transactions all round were not numerous, as more time was devoted to discussing the war news than anything else. Alburnia shares had an upward movement from 3s 3d to 3s 7d, and at the moment more could still be sold at the advanced rate. The cause of the rise has not so far been explained. It appears to be taken for granted that local shareholders in English companies are not entitled to any news as to the development of the properties in which they are jointly interested. The cause of the advance in the price of Tararua Creek shares is also unexplained so far. After advancing from 1s to 3s 3d, the demand for these shares suddenly ceased, and now there are sellers at 2s 8d, with no quoted buyers. Bunker's Hill shares had steady inquiry during the week, but few sales resulted at the prices offered. Still there is a feeling abroad that this stock is more likely to move upwards than down. Moanataiari shares firmed a little during the week, and May Queens had steady demand each day at 6s 2d, but no shares were offered under 6s 6d. Another stock that had regular demand was Monowai, shares changing hands at 4s 6d, with steady buyers left at 4s 4d. Transactions took place in Puru Consolidated shares at 2s 3d, due no doubt to the fact that crushing will shortly commence. The long-looked-for return from the Royal Standard mine, Wharekapanunga, which under the supervision of Mr Ralph was so highly thought of, has been indefinitely postponed, the new manager, Mr Pascoe, having shut down all works for the present. Experiments are still proceeding with a view to discovering a cheaper method of treating the refractory ore found in the Woodstock mine at Karangahake. Meanwhile, those shares meet with little inquiry. Crown and Waitekauri shares were offered at a slight concession this week, the severe slump in Westralians having apparently affected other stocks. Waihi shares, however, had steady inquiry throughout the week at 9s, with no sellers under 10s. The Mahara Royal mine, Tapu, cleaned up for the month and obtained bullion worth £550. At Coromandel the Hauraki mine yielded £1277 worth of bullion for the month, although 100 tons less of ore was treated this time. Tributaries in the Kapanga mine, Coromandel, still continue to get satisfactory returns. Messrs Horne and Johnson crushed three tons of ore this week and 40lb of picked stone, for a yield of bullion worth about £250. The Waitekauri Jubilee Company's new battery is now approaching completion, and crushing is expected to commence very soon. At Te Aroha the Rev. Joseph Campbell has completed the plant erected to treat ore by his new process. The preliminary trial proved satisfactory, and Mr Campbell expects now to start permanent work. Should this process prove successful, it will mean a great deal for the Te Aroha section of our goldfields. During the past week meetings of a number of what may be termed local prospecting companies were held, and as the credit balance in nearly every instance was very small, no doubt a number will pass out of existence.

EAGLEHAWK.

Work has been resumed and prospecting is proceeding at the northern portion, which has not been worked before.

REV. J. CAMPBELL'S PROCESS.

The Rev. J. Campbell has already had a preliminary trial of the plant erected for the Monowai Company at Te Aroha, to treat ore by his new process. Everything worked satisfactorily, and Mr Campbell hopes within a few days to get steadily to work.

ROYAL STANDARD.

Mr Pascoe, the manager of the Royal Standard, has closed down the mine for the present. A large number of men have therefore been thrown out of employment. Mr Pascoe is in communication with the London directors as to further work on the property.

KAPAI-VERMONT.
MACHINERY SOLD.

The new Krupp mill with engine and boiler recently purchased by the Kapaivermont Company were yesterday sold by order of the Court, under a judgment obtained previously. Mr J. J. Craig bought the whole plant for £700.

WAITEKAURI JUBILEE COMPANY.

This company is at present employing a large number of men making extensive alterations to the battery, which will now shortly be completed, when it is intended to commence crushing operations, as it is estimated the Company possesses sufficient dirt of payable quality already to padlock to keep the battery going constantly for the next 12 months.

HAURAKI ASSOCIATED MINES.

During the past week the ore won from the stopes on footwall lead at No. 2 level has been of average quality. In the eastern drive the country has shown an improved appearance, being better for working and also for gold. Ore of fairly good quality continues to be won from the Rainbow end lead. Crushing was resumed on the 2nd of May.

KAPANGA TRIBUTERS.

Payable returns continue to be obtained by tributaries working the upper levels in the Kapanga mine. Messrs Horne and Johnson secured 87oz 12 dwts of retorted gold from three tons of ore and 40 lbs of picked stone, value £250. Messrs Delamors and McKay obtained 31lb of good picked stone at the 420 feet level.

WENTWORTH.

The Hauraki Peninsula Exploration Company, which holds an option over the Wentworth mine at Whangamata, has notified the directors that three tons of ore taken from the property and treated at the Thames School of Mines returned at the rate of £17 10s 3d per ton. The assay value of the ore prior to treatment was £19 11s per ton. The assay value of the tailings per ton is £1 4s.

HAURAKI RETURN.

£1,277 FOR THE MONTH.

The Hauraki Company, Coromandel, crushed 130 tons of general quartz and 117lbs of picked stone for a yield of 424ozs 18dwts of melted bullion estimated approximately to be worth £1,277. The quantity of ore treated is 100 tons less than the previous month, and as the return is not correspondingly smaller in proportion it is evident ore of better grade is being won from the mine.

WAITEKAURI.

This Company's operations both at the Golden Cross and old Waitekauri mine continue of a satisfactory nature. At the former section of the Company's property driving on the reef at No. 2 level north of the main crosscut shows the lode to be large and of a highly remunerative character, whilst in the rises from this level to meet No. 1 level, the same high grade ore is found. In the drive south and also in the drive on the lode from No. 2 shaft crosscut no change of importance has occurred. At the old Waitekauri mine sinking on the reef is being continued below the Queen level, and the lode, which had pinched small, has, during the present week, widened out again to about 2ft 3in and is of splendid quality.

CHAMBER OF MINES.

A meeting of the Council of the Chamber of Mines was held this week, when there were present, Messrs John Chambers, Alfred Nathan, R. R. Hunt, C. Rose, Colonel Burton (who presided), J. Macfarlane, James Russell, A. P. Griffiths, and W. Gorrie. A letter was read from Mr Graves Aicken resigning his position as vice-president of the Chamber. The Chairman suggested that as they could not elect a president till the annual meeting it would be well to elect a chairman in the interim. He moved that Mr James Russell be appointed to the position. This was agreed to, and the resignation of Mr Aicken was received with regret. The secretary submitted an account showing a balance of £185 8s 7d, out of which £38 13s required to be paid.

NOTES.

Mahara Royal.—Cleaning up took place at this mine. Returned bullion worth about £550.

Mount David.—Information was forwarded this week to the New Zealand shareholders in this New South Wales mine that the return for the month from 420 tons was 539 oz gold.

May Queen Extended.—Colours of gold continue to be seen in the quartz coming to hand from the stopes on the Hague Smith cross lode in the Onehunga section.

Golden Lead.—Scotty's reef in the main level south is a fine body of ore 18in thick, which when broken down showed strong blotches of gold. The reef seems to be improving. Northwards the reef which was cut off by a break has been picked up again. It is three inches thick at present, but will no doubt make again.

COMPANIES' MEETINGS.

The following meetings of shareholders were convened this week:—

KARANGAHAKE.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The accounts showed receipts £209 13s 2d. The expenditure left a credit balance of £35 2s 6d.

SOVEREIGN.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The statement of accounts showed a balance on March 31st of £63 3s. The mine is under protection, but the directors propose resuming work in July next and further exploiting the property.

OCCIDENTAL.

The annual meeting of shareholders in this company was held at Mr S. C. Macky's office. The accounts showed receipts £749 10s, and expenditure £734 14s 7d, leaving a credit balance of £14 6s 3d. Messrs A. Noble and J. J. Macky were elected directors.

FLOSSIE.

The half-yearly meeting of this Company lapsed. The accounts showed receipts £191 17s 3d, of which £113 18s 9d was cash from the syndicate, and £77 18s 6d gold won from the mine. The expenditure showed a credit balance of £28 10s 8d. The expenditure on wages was £120 14s.

QUEEN OF WAIHI.

The half-yearly meeting lapsed. The balance-sheet to 31st March showed receipts £159 18s 1d (being the balance from last half-year), and expenditure £93 is 5s, leaving a credit balance of £66 14s 8d. The directors' report stated that negotiations were still proceeding through a reliable agent for raising the necessary capital in Great Britain for developing and working the property.

BAY VIEW.

The annual meeting lapsed. The directors' report stated that the mine had been let on tribute for the past three months. The tributaries' reports as to results had been very satisfactory, and the directors had every confidence in the value of the property. The statement of accounts showed receipts £241 5s 1d, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £33 8s 5d.

JUPITER.

The half-yearly meeting of shareholders lapsed. The directors' report referred to the sale of the mine for 10,000 shares in the Kapaivermont mine. It stated these shares would be allotted and the liquidation of the company would be finished. The balance sheet showed receipts £565 4s 11d (balance in hand and £250 for sale of the property). The expenditure left a credit balance in hand of £313 5s 7d.

COROMANDEL FREEHOLD PROPRIETARY.

The annual meeting of shareholders in this Company was held to-day at Mr H. Gillilan's office, when Mr W. Gorrie presided. The directors' report referred to the arrangement made for the flotation of the Company on terms giving £5,000 cash, and 5,000 fully paid-up shares in the new Company to be floated. The statement of accounts showed receipts £3 18s 4d, and the expenditure left a cash balance of £3 8s 10d. The report and balance-sheet was adopted.

ALPHA.

The half-yearly meeting of shareholders took place in Mr H. Gillilan's office, when Mr A. Barnes presided. The statement of accounts showed receipts £1,812 8s 2d, including £182 17s from reserved shares, £981 8s 3d from calls, and £384 13s 10d from the Bank of New Zealand. The amount spent on wages was £1,002 3s 5d, on supplies £64 1s 5d, road to battery £200, refund on account of reserved shares £182 17s, sundry creditors £133 17s, cash in hand £31 3s 4d. The report and balance sheet were adopted. Messrs A. Barnes P. J. L. Smith were re-elected directors, and Mr W. D. Buttle auditor. Mr D. Clerk stated that the battery should be erected by the end of August.

WELCOME FIND.

The annual meeting of shareholders was held last week in Mr H. Gillilan's office. Mr B. Kent presided. The directors' report stated that the shaft was down 236 feet, and a considerable amount

of development work carried out at the various levels. The manager also forwarded a lengthy report upon the work done during the past year. Mention was made of the fact that 58 tons of quartz had yielded bullion worth £882 15s. The mine started on the southern lode should be down by the time the drive is up to it. The manager considers this a most important work. He anticipates much success from developments in this section. The statement of accounts showed receipts £3,230 2s 9d, of which £272 10s 7d was balance on hand last March; gold won, £882 15s; sundries, £7 10s 11d; calls, £2,266 10s 3d. The expenditure left a credit balance of £35 1s 4d. The amount expended on wages was £2,278 0s 5d, and supplies £416 13s 6d. The report and balance-sheet were adopted and the retiring directors re-elected.

LAPSED MEETINGS.

The half-yearly general meetings of the following companies, lapsed for want of the necessary quorum. The balance-sheets show credits as follows: Iona, £80 11s 6d; Hauraki, £38 2s 8d; Pigny, £333 18s 4d; Adelaide, £36 18s 11d; Temple Bar, £70 2s 43d; Aotea, £14 12s 83d; Mount Argentin, £41 0s 4d; Original Great Britain, £35 3s 2d; Prospect, £34 10s 2d; Wynyardton, £33 8s 6d—part of this mine is let on tribute.

WEEK'S GOLD RETURNS.

Companies.	Tons.	Picked Stone.	g s d.
Mahara Royal	130	117 lb.	56 0 0
Hauraki	130	117 lb.	1 27 0 0
Kapanga Tribes	3	40 lb.	250 0 0
Total			£2,077 0 0

WOMEN'S SHOES.

People often ask the meaning of the apparently crazy hieroglyphs and figures that are stamped on the inner side of the uppers of ready-made shoes nowadays. As every shoe manufacturer has a secret stamp code of his own, and there is, therefore, no possibility of the general public learning more than that such codes exist, I may as well tell you that the rarity of modern mortals, and especially women, is at the bottom of these peculiar stamped characters and figures. You'd be surprised to know, for instance, how many women there are who imagine that they wear a No. 3 shoe when in reality their size is a couple of figures larger. A shoe salesman who understands his business can tell precisely the number of the shoe a woman customer wears at a glance. But as often as not a woman whose foot is a No. 5 calls for a shoe a couple of sizes smaller, and the mysterious stamped hieroglyph scheme was devised for the purpose of encouraging her in the belief that her foot is a couple of sizes smaller than it really measures in shoe leather.

'When a woman calls for a No. 3 to fit a No. 5 foot, no shoe salesman of this era who cares anything for his job is going to say, 'Madam, your foot requires a No. 5.' He simply breaks out a shoe of the style she requests that he feels confident will fit her comfortably and lets it go at that.

'A woman rarely thinks to inquire if the shoe is really of the size she asked for, for she takes it for granted that the salesman has given her what she demanded. But when a woman does ask, for instance, 'This is a No. 3. Is it?' it's the salesman's business to unblushingly reply, 'Yes'm, it's a No. 3.' The woman customer might examine the hieroglyphs inside the uppers for a week without finding out any different, and even if she had the key to the puzzle it would only make her feel bad, so what would be the use?'

HEAVY BRAINS AND INTELLECT.

It is a popular idea that the heavier the brain the higher are the intellectual possibilities of its possessor. A heavy brain is no indication of an intellectual eminence.

The average weight of the European brain is from forty-nine ounces to fifty ounces, yet five out of thirty-one lunatics, taken without selection from the post-mortem records, had brains ranging from fifty ounces to fifty-six ounces. The brains of three female lunatics out of twenty-two exceeded fifty ounces.

It is, moreover, a fact that epileptics have usually large brains.—'Science Sitings.'



and Drama.

A son of Madame Antoinette Sterling will shortly enter the musical profession under his own name of Mr Malcolm MacKinlay; Madame Sterling, it is well known, being the widow of Mr MacKinlay. The young man, who is said to have an excellent voice, is studying under the veteran Senor Manuel Garcia, who, despite his ninety-two years, is still a busy teacher.

The Fuller's Myriorama Company played in Picton on Wednesday and Thursday to crowded houses, the subjects being 'Through Ireland on a Jaunting Car' and 'through America.' Mr Fuller's songs, and also Mr Howard Chambers' items, were rapturously applauded, and their delightful good humour in giving encores quite captured Picton's affections. A third night would have taken equally well had the subject been 'Ye Banks and Braes,' but unfortunately in that respect the hall was not available. Mr John Fuller and his company will always be welcome in Picton.

After an absence of five years, Frank Thornton makes his appearance in the Auckland Opera House on Monday next with a first-class comedy company. Mr Thornton brings with him some of the most modern comedies, and in addition will play some of the good old ones such as 'Charley's Aunt,' 'The Private Secretary,' which he has helped to make famous over the world. The season opens on Monday next with 'The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown,' a piece that, to use Mr Thornton's own words, is 'now making three continents laugh uproariously.' It will only be staged for three nights. Another production new to Aucklanders with which Mr Thornton will entertain his audiences is J. W. Pigott's comedy, 'The Bookmaker.' The box plan for the season will be open tomorrow (Thursday) at Wildman's.

The Auckland Opera House continues to be filled nightly during the Pollard's term of occupancy. By a frequent change of programme the company succeed in attracting not only new patrons, but the old ones, over and over again, and there is no telling how long they might go on entertaining the Auckland public with their infinite variety. Last week 'In Town,' 'Boccaccio,' and 'Paul Jones' were staged, each of the pieces drawing capitally. The last mentioned was always considered one of the best things in the Pollards' repertoire in

the old days, and although the company has greatly increased that repertoire of late, Planquette's most amusing and tuneful production is still a certain laughter-raiser in their hands. On Saturday and Monday, when the opera was produced, it kept the audience in roars of laughter. True to their policy of change, 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' another old favourite, came on the boards yesterday evening, and will be played to-night (Wednesday). Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are reserved for a revival of 'Djin-Djin,' the spectacular triumph of the season. On Saturday afternoon there will be a grand matinee for the benefit of schools and families and country residents.

I hear that Madame Amy Sherwin, the Tasmanian Nightingale, has had a very successful tour in the towns north of Wellington since her visit to the latter city. She is expected in Auckland next week, though at the time of writing the exact date of her season had not been arranged. Madame Sherwin's company includes Mr Arthur Deane, the celebrated baritone; Miss Kitty Grindlay, the popular contralto; Mr Alberto Zelman, the famous violinist (specially engaged for the New Zealand tour); Herbert Stoneham, the well-known flautist; Mr S. Szczepanowski, pianist. From the press notices of the company's appearances in the South, the entertainment provided by them is of a character that lovers of music will very much enjoy.

Arthur W. Pinero, who is considered by many to be the foremost English dramatist and whose claims to that distinction might be successfully defended, is writing the words for a comic opera and Sir Arthur Sullivan is to compose the music.

Every visitor at the performance of 'Much Ado About Nothing' at the St. James' Theatre, London, received one night with his playbill a printed slip bearing the following despairing appeal for mercy:—'St. James' Theatre. Mr George Alexander earnestly begs those ladies whose hats are likely to obstruct the view of others in the audience to remove or leave the same in the cloak-room—for which there is no charge.' The ladies, however—in the words of Dalila, 'implacable, more deaf to prayers than winds and seas'—took little notice of this pathetic document. From first to last—with a few exceptions—these 'guilty creatures sitting at the play' clung to their more or less monstrous headgear, and the unhappy spectators in the back rows of the stalls saw nothing but what the young Prince of Denmark called 'a forest of feathers.'

Mascagni's new Japanese opera, 'Iris,' will, it is to be presumed, not be long in appearing in London after its production in Rome.



THE death of Mrs Amelia Matson, of 'Brookside,' Parnell, Auckland, removes the first Auckland lady councillor. Twice she was elected for Parnell at the top of the poll, though she was compelled through ill health to resign in her resignation last August, only a fortnight after her second success. Besides her interest in the welfare of the borough, Mrs Matson was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Diocesan Synod. Her severe illness was caused by a complication of diseases, resulting in her death on Saturday morning. Mrs Matson will be very much missed. She leaves one daughter, unmarried, and was a sister of Mr Alfred Buckland, and aunt of Messrs J. C. and W. F. Buckland, late M.H.B.'s. Mrs Matson was the widow of Colonel H. Matson, late 58th Regt.

The news of the death of Mr John Anderson, one of the oldest settlers in Hawke's Bay, was received with great regret all over the province. His death took place at his residence, at Napier, on Monday afternoon, and the funeral was on Thursday. Some beautiful wreaths were sent, and many of his old friends joined in the funeral procession to pay a last tribute to the memory of the deceased. Mr Anderson was much respected throughout Hawke's Bay. He took part in the war against the Maoris, and for some time was an officer in the Hawke's Bay Militia. At a later period he was Chief Magistrate at Napier, and for some time owned a sheep run at Redcliffe. Before coming to Hawke's Bay he lived for a time at Petone, where he settled, when he first came out of New Zealand by one of the ships of the old New Zealand Company. He was the first person to bring out a carriage from England to this colony.

The death of another old and very respected settler, Brother Bazile Montchalin, took place on Saturday evening at the Mission Station, Meanee, near Napier. He came out to New Zealand in 1841, to the Bay of Islands, with some missionary priests, and was there for nearly five years. He did a great deal of work amongst the Maoris, and spent part of his life at Opetiki, Ohinemutu and Rotorua, and helped the Marist Brothers in their missionary work. He went to Pake-whai in 1851, and in 1858 settled at Meanee with Father Reignier, where he lived the rest of his life.

The news of the death of Mr Arthur Perry, of Timaru, was received with much regret by his numerous Christchurch friends, many of whom went down on Saturday to his funeral. His only daughter, Mrs G. Rhodes (Ellesmere), has been with her father constantly during his last illness, a very painful one, cancer of the throat; he also leaves four sons.

Mr Gerard, of Snowdon Station, died last week at the station, the news coming somewhat as a shock to many in Christchurch. The greatest sympathy is felt for the family, especially Mrs Gerard, who has been very ill lately, and is still an invalid.

Another old and much respected resident of New Plymouth has passed peacefully to her last resting place in the person of Mrs Julia Pellew, who died on April 21st, at the age of 78 years. The deceased lady was married to the late Mr Israel Pellew on August 7th, 1841, at Gulval Church, Chyandore, Perzance, Cornwall, and the then young couple deciding to emigrate, left England in the barque Timendra for New Zealand, arriving at New Plymouth on February 23rd, 1843. Like the other pioneers, Mr and Mrs Pellew passed through the vicissitudes of the early days of the settlement of Taranaki, and reared a family of five sons and five daughters, who are all married and settled, and who number amongst them twenty-six children. Mr Pellew died a few years ago, and the deceased lady was much respected.

The death of Mr William Miles Maskell, Registrar of the University Senate, is a distinct loss to the New Zealand agriculturist as well as to others in the colony. Mr Maskell had for years closely studied entomology,

and did good service to the farmers in practical tests of those insects which specially afflict the various crops. The death of Mr Maskell occurred at Wellington on Sunday night, and was not wholly unexpected, as he had been unwell for some time. He was a native of Hampshire, and educated at the Roman Catholic College of St. Mary, Oscott, completing his studies in Paris. He served for three years in the 11th Infantry (Devonshire Regiment). Mr Maskell emigrated to this colony in 1840, and took up a sheep run in the Marlborough district. After this he farmed in North Canterbury. He held a seat on the Canterbury Provincial Council, then became secretary and treasurer of the Canterbury province, afterwards accepting the position of Registrar of the University.

THE PRINCE AND THE GAMBLER.

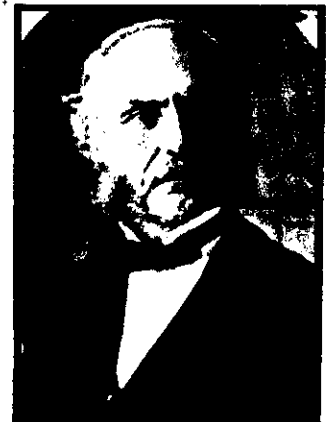
A contemporary tells a story of the Prince of Wales, which admirably illustrates the Prince's goodness of heart. A short time ago he was dining with the officers of a Danish regiment, of which he is colonel. After dinner it was proposed to play bacourat, a game of which the Prince is well known to be fond.

During the game a youthful officer lost heavily, and finally walked out of the room into an adjacent gallery. The Prince, who had observed the young man's losses and his obvious distress, followed him, and finding him in the gallery, delicately asked him why he was so distressed. The officer answered that he had lost more money than he could possibly pay, and that he should be obliged to resign his commission and leave the army.

'You shall do nothing of the kind,' the Prince decidedly answered. 'The game was proposed out of compliment to me, and I cannot allow you to be sacrificed in this way.' He forthwith wrote a cheque for £500, the amount of the young officer's losses, and insisted on his accepting it.



FRANK THORNTON IN HIS VARIOUS CHARACTERS.



THE LATE JUDGE FENTON.



THE LATE MR. W. G. RHIND, Inspector Bank of N.S.W., Wellington

Mesmerism in Politics



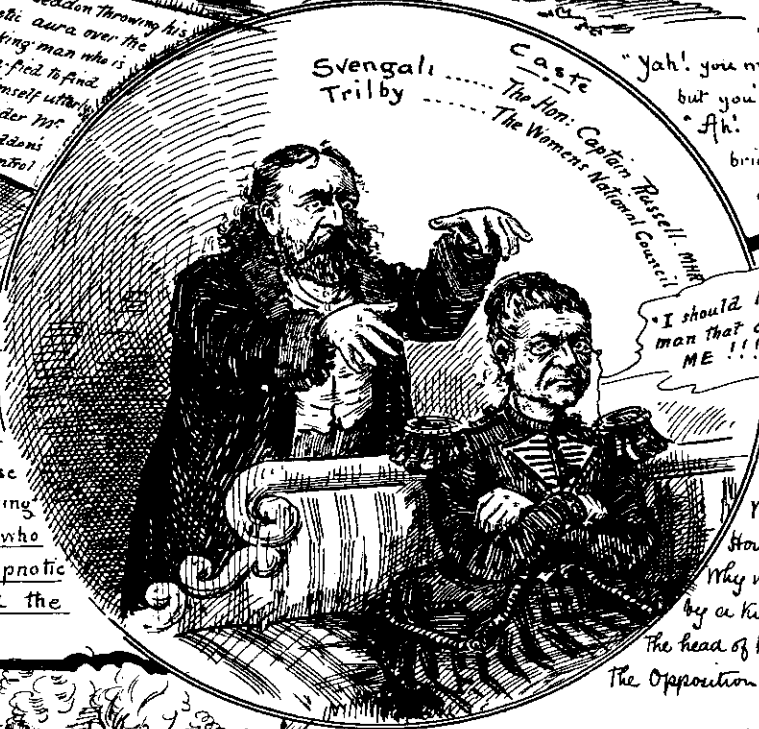
The Hon. Mr. Seddon throwing his magnetic aura over the working man who is aura-fied to find himself utterly under Mr. Seddon's control!

At the Womens National Council of N.Z. in a discussion on the evils of party government Mrs Daldy said it was impossible to divide the House into two sets of men thinking exactly alike. The leader who possesses the greatest Hypnotic power would command the majority.

The Baffled Bricklayer and the Parsimonious Premier (Scene near the new Parliamentary Library Building)



"Yah! you may be a Master Mason but you're no bricklayer!"
 "Ah! and you may be a boss bricklayer but you're no gentleman!!"



Svengali
Trilby

Caste
The Hon. Captain Russell, M.H.C.
The Womens National Council!

"I should like to see the man that could hypnotise ME !!!"

The new factor in Politics

Why should the leaders of the House have any following at all? Why not settle every party question by a kind of Mesmeric duel between the head of the Govt and the leader of the Opposition. (The 'eyes' have it)



Great Fire in Glasgow. Cabled That:- At the request of priests people knelt in the streets and prayed.
 This is a new method of dealing with fires and we commend the idea to our own and only City Council as being probably quite as effective as our present system, and infinitely cheaper than any of those other proposed new-fangled ideas of importing improved fire extinguishing appliances.



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CYCLING.

The injuries sustained by bicycles when conveyed on railways are very annoying, even if the railway can be held responsible, for it is not the cost of repairs, but the delay and inconvenience involved that disturbs the equanimity of the traveller. An American inventor has devised a protection for his own use, and it has proved so successful that it will probably supersede all other similar appliances. It is made of light strips or lattens of wood, so enlarged in the centre that the pedals are free to revolve. This enables the bicycle to be wheeled along—an important consideration—instead of being dragged and tossed about in the efforts to carry it. There is a block of wood fixed under the frame on either side, so that the machine can be left anywhere, resting in a nearly vertical position. The frame is hinged at one end, and is thus readily removed, and is supported on the bicycle by a couple of straps. For protection from the weather a waterproof cover can also be used.

All we men folks like to see a good lady figure on a well-built cycle, says Dr. Gordon Stables. To ladies, then the following par. may be of interest. But let me first say that the wasp-waist not only looks bad but is positively dangerous to the health and life of the rider. Nature resents displacement of the liver, pancreas, and lungs, and if the heart space be intruded on, the very worst results may follow, and even the brain itself may suffer. Most women ride a cycle gracefully, but few women can dismount in any but an awkward manner. They generally tumble rather than step from their wheels. A woman's wheel is an awkward machine for the most graceful to dismount from. There is a right and a wrong way to dismount, so far as grace is concerned. The awkward way, though the one usually taught, is to slow down, and as the left pedal reaches the lowest point to slip to the ground with the right foot.

The graceful way, sometimes called the "French dismount," is to stand on the left pedal, after the wheel has slowed up, and then step to the ground on the left side of the wheel with the right foot. All women should adopt this method.

The first feeling of the Bombay cyclist on hearing of the proposal to tax his wheel is naturally one of resentment, says the "Times of India," and he proceeds to count up the reasons why he should not be taxed. The damage of a rubber tyre to the road (he says) is practically nil; his locomotion through the streets costs nothing to the city. It is true that a reduction of the use of wheeled carriages has resulted from the use of the bike, but a proportionate reduction of wear of roads has accompanied it; there is, therefore, he says, nothing to complain of. The cycle has added considerably to the trade of Bombay, and has provided a number of training schools for artificers of the better kind that are much needed in this country. If the question were inquired into, it would be found that on macadamised roads the two most destructive agencies are the shoes of horses, whose every step is a blow with an iron instrument, and the iron tyres of wheels. Motives of economy have prompted Bombay people to have the narrowest possible tyres to all their vehicles,

from the bullock-cart to the landau. Many of the lighter vehicles have tyres which are rounded on the outer side to save metal, so that the contact of the tyre with the road is only a point which acts as a wedge in wet weather. Rubber-tyred carriages have all a large surface contact with the road, and the blow being practically eliminated, the protesting cyclists would say that these should all enjoy a reduced rate of carriage-tax.

Speaking of cycle racing in England a writer says: "Wheel racing is to be done on a more limited scale this year than ever before. The reasons for this have been frequently pointed out in this column, so it is not necessary to refer to them again. The most important event of the year—the World's Championships—are to be held in Vienna—the English championships will be at Leeds and Norwich. England is not to be visited by any notable foreign champions. Zimmerman, Banker and Bald, the American flyers, who intended to come over have cried off."

Apropos of the Queen's visit to the Riviera a number of bicycles were taken to Cimiez for the use of the Court, and Princess Beatrice, who learnt to ride last year, was accompanied by her machine. The Riviera just now is swarming with Royal and aristocratic cyclists, and perhaps the most enthusiastic of them all is the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin. The south of France is a perfect paradise for cyclists.

A deal of interest has lately centred in the paragraphs that have lately appeared in the English cycling press about the Humber people's latest patent—the braziless joint. A machine so fitted up arrived in Melbourne last week, and after a close inspection of it the writer has no hesitation in saying that this style of detachable frame will be utilised in a few years to the same extent as the pneumatic tyre is at the present day.

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TESTIMONIAL.

Dennistown, Oct. 18th, 1897.

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

WILTON'S HAND EMOLIENT.

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

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WOMEN AND WOMEN ONLY are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of GIBBONS' SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily. To cleanse, purify, and beautify the skin, to allay itching and irritation, and to prevent rashes, excoriations, and skin eruptions, wash with GIBBONS' SOAP, followed, when necessary, by gentle applications of CURCUMA. (ointment), greatest of emollients and skin cures. Sold throughout the world by Messrs. F. W. NAWY & SONS, London, Faversham & City, Chirnside, and Liverpool. Boston, U.S.A. See "All About the Soap" post free.

EGZEMA Worst of Skin Diseases speedily cured by CURCUMA REMEDY.

GRAPHOLOGY

PEN PORTRAITS.

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

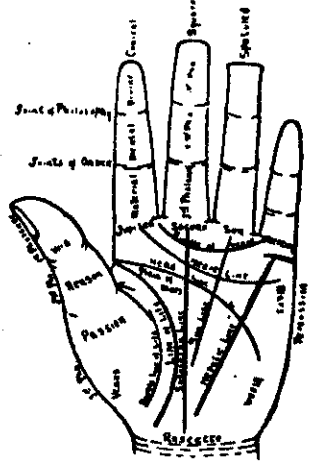
MADAME MARCELLA,

"Graphic" Office, Auckland.

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

'GRAP.'—A decided individuality is indicated by your specimen of handwriting if it be in your habitual style of calligraphy, yet in contradiction to your evident tendency to think for yourself the crosses to your 's' give proof of little strength of will and an acutely sensitive organisation. You possess good abilities and much mental activity; but I do not detect signs of perseverance. You are very truthful and say exactly what you mean if your opinion be solicited; but you are much too reserved to proclaim it unless requested to do so. There are indications of imaginative power; but you are not observant, at present, and in consequence your conclusions are occasionally mistaken, especially when they have reference to yourself. Your temper is slightly quick and uncertain, although you never allow it to gain a victory. Intuition is apparently so strongly developed that you should be a good judge of character; but you are guided rather by involuntary presentiment than discernment. You have a love of literature and study, and one of your favourite occupations is to follow out a train of thought. Your disposition is affectionate rather than warmly demonstrative and you make no professions of vehement regard, although you would be a friend indeed in time of need. Self-consciousness, which arises from insufficient self-esteem, is the weak point in your character.—MARCELLA.

their hands to be read. No one has all the lines indicated on the specimen hand, but some few of them will be found on each hand. The following suggestions will help in drawing the hand:—



Lay your hand, palm downwards, on a piece of clean white paper, the fingers as far apart as they will comfortably go. Then with a pencil trace all round it. Next hold it up against the window, and reverse it so that it will appear with the palm uppermost, as in the sketch. Then ink it carefully all round, taking pains to have the fingers the exact length. In the first sketch indicate the joints as you come to them by dots; this makes it much easier to get the correct distances when filling in the lines. Draw all the lines you see, as far as possible at correct distances from each other. Put no names in. Then send your hand with 24 penny stamps, to

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

DIANA.—Prudence and discretion are very distinctly indicated in your handwriting. Your mind is clear and you are so observant that while your attention is not devoted to detail little escapes your notice. Mental activity is strongly accentuated. Your opinions on general subjects are liberal, yet in contradiction to this your cautious temperament renders you personally suspicious of anything which has not been weighed in the balance with common sense, and you never commit yourself to making a rash promise or a hasty decision. Many of your capital letters betoken imaginative power, but your practical knowledge controls the flights of fancy. You have a determined will, a sufficiency of self-reliance, and a rooted objection to uncertainty. Your own opinions, notwithstanding the remarkable prudence, are formed with rapid firmness and without reference to those of other people. You are not usually susceptible of influence, nor are you acutely sensitive, as your own individuality is strong. Your abilities are good. You have a taste for literature and art, a high sense of honour and duty, and the gift of arranging your surroundings with an air of comfort and beauty. Your temper usually is impatient but not passionate. When angry you are severe, but even then your words are well chosen and you say nothing more than you consider to be just.—MARCELLA.

CHIROMANCY

Or the SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

THERE has been so much interest taken in the Graphology Column, under the able guidance of Madame Vero. This lady has devoted a great deal of time and thought to this very interesting subject, and has thoroughly studied it in all its branches. Her 'readings' have been extraordinarily successful, and 'The Graphic' is fortunate in securing her services. A sketch of a hand with all its lines is given, as a guide to those wishing

HONESTY.—I think your strong and successful hand is of the type of Mars, and that the mount, which gives courage, presence of mind, resolution, fortitude, strength of resistance, and impetuosity, is paramount. The fingers confirm this opinion, as while they denote impulse, activity, independence, unconventionality, and good reasoning power, the thumb gives determination, so great as to verge on obstinacy. The lines are singularly fortunate, and were it not that I can give you my reasons, all derived from good authors on the subject, you might pronounce me unworthy to bear my nom de plume. The life line is not only long but clear and good. This indicates length of days and intelligence. One solitary illness is marked before 20. The lines ascending from the life line to the Mount of Jupiter denote gratified ambition and success, as they are uncrossed; while the line rising from the wrist shows a change of position late in life. On the heart line alone is there any sign of trouble. The bar crossing the fork on Jupiter betokens some great grief or trouble early in youth, and as it cuts through the girdle of Venus, or Uranus, I think it must have reference to some love affair. There is not a single attachment line marked on the Mount of Mercury, but the heart line is double from beneath the Mount of Saturn, which indicates not only intensely strong affection but a most powerful influence from about the age of 29 until the end of your life. There are no crosses on this influence line; therefore, I hope we need not connect it with the significant bar so much earlier. The head line denotes perseverance, intellect, decision, and constancy. The fate line rises admirably and has not a break or cross throughout its length; but the line of Apollo shows that the chief success of your career commences at 35. The single vertical line on Mercury's mount often signifies some great and unexpected stroke of good fortune. No actual voyage lines are marked, but general travelling by land and water is indicated. The angles and quadrangle leave nothing to be desired in point of character and ability.—VERO.

COO-FE.—The Mount of Apollo beneath the third finger appears to predominate in your hand. The subjects of

Apollo love painting, poetry, artistic work, and possess admiration for beauty in shape and form, and grace of mind and thought. Your fingers, especially in the impression, confirm these artistic tastes, and also show reason, calmness, and resignation; but the thumb, in the drawing, does not display much strength of will, although its low setting indicates talent or great ability for acquiring knowledge. In passing on to the lines, I must preface my remarks by telling you, with regret, that your left hand is not at present a fortunate one in many respects; but let me remind you that the lines are always changing, and your right hand may be quite different; therefore, pray consider my interpretation of the lines to be only a warning of possible events, if they be in the future. The life line shows length of days, but delicacy or trouble is indicated between 10 and 20, a severe illness about 40, and two more of less severity between 50 and 60. The heart line is typical of the best and truest love; but the heavy bar across it, at the commencement, is a sign of some deep heart trouble, so early in youth that I think it must be in the past. There is another, still more severe, between 25 and 28. The attachment lines are puzzling. I can recognise only one of lasting duration. It is before 23, and appears to end in an early marriage from the position of the cross on Jupiter's Mount, which is generally considered to betoken a happy marriage; but you are the longest liver, and some member of the opposite sex appears to cause you much unhappiness. There is nothing to tell me what relationship he or she bears to you, and I of course cannot tell your own sex from the diagram. The head line displays an insufficiency of self-confidence, and shows that you suffer from headache. There are also two accidents marked, both before 30; but these require confirmation in the other hand to be serious. The fate line indicates a change in your prospects and position about 21 or between 21 and 25, and there is warning of trouble between 32 and 35, after which the line improves, and from 35 to 50 the line appears to give promise of tranquillity and happiness. Only one voyage is marked, and the x at the end of the line seems to give warning of some trouble or danger connected with water.

VERO.

'A DREAM ANGEL.'—The Mounts of Jupiter and Mercury appear to be the most fully developed in your hand. This combination gives love of science and philosophy, in addition to the cheerfulness, energy, honourable pride, and ambition of the mounts respectively. The fingers indicate much activity, quick impulsiveness, and no love of detail. Your actions are decisive; you care little for conventionality, but are independent and practical, fond of travelling and outdoor pursuits, as well as scientific studies. The tips of your first and fourth fingers show intuition, and the length of the latter gives you talent and influence. The thumb, in your drawing, is large for the size of your hand, and strong also. It fully confirms my opinion that you possess self-reliance, decision, and power of will over others. The life line is better in the right hand than the left, although two illnesses of some severity are marked between 15 and 25; but from the line, as it is now, you will have no lingering sickness in your old age. There is a tendency to rheumatism shown in both hands. The heart line starts too abruptly to be quite fortunate; but that also is better in the right diagram. Your affection is strong, and you are capable of jealousy; but you would require good cause for it. Two attachments are marked, but only one ends in marriage. I think this does not commence before 23, as I date your marriage at about 25, although I am anything but sure of the accuracy of the latter time, which is always difficult to ascertain. I have known the cleverest palmists to be mistaken. The head line betokens excellent abilities, a fertile imagination, combined with good business capacities and a keen sense of humour. The fate line in the left hand leaves nothing to be desired, and shows success to be the result of personal merits; but in the right it is arrested by the head line, and you must guard against some grave error of judgment between the ages of 30 and 35. There is an important change of position about 22. No less than four long voyages are marked, one, according to my read-

ing, to be of the greatest significance to you. The line rising from the wrist and cutting the triangle I consider to mean some tribulation or adversity, or rather a warning of either the one or the other, as the sign is not confirmed. The trouble may be connected with the sea. You have one enemy, and the lines on the Mount of Jupiter indicate some obstacles or interference in your path of success. The vertical lines on the third phalange of the first finger are said to betoken legacies; those on the second finger give the number of your family. I do not, as a rule, pay much attention to the wrist lines, but in your hands they are remarkably good, and would be considered to foretell health, wealth, and happiness.

VERO.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor of New Zealand was to leave Mid-dura on May 2, and travel to Sydney via Swan Hill and Melbourne. He is due there on May 8. Lord and Lady Ranfurly are expected in New Zealand about the middle of May.

The Countess of Ranfurly attended a large dinner when she was in Sydney, given by Lord and Lady Hampden; also she was present at a large race ball at Government House, when she wore rich black satin with emerald and diamond ornaments. Lady Hampden was dressed in brocade, white lace, diamond tiara; Lady Clarke, rose pink satin under white spangled net. The Countess of Ranfurly also attended the A.J.C. races wearing a black satin dress and cerise hat.

Mrs Oakley and her niece are both looking better for their well-earned rest and change down South. They are now in Nelson, where they are to be the guests of Mrs E. Moore, and also of Mrs R. S. Lucas, Mrs Onkley's daughter.

The installation of the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, as Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of New Zealand, was a very smart affair, and took place last Thursday in Christchurch.

The American Consul, Mr Frank Dillingham, requests us to state for the benefit of those who address correspondence to his private residence, that he has now removed to the dwelling at the corner of Cleveland and Balfour Roads, Parnell.

Mr A. H. Adams, late of the Wellington 'Evening Post,' leaves that city almost immediately to become literary secretary to Mr J. C. Williamson, of 'The Firm.' The duties connected with the appointment will, we understand (says the 'Post') be chiefly the construction and revision of dramatic work, in which Mr Adams has already given to the New Zealand public proofs of his ability. It is flattering to Mr Adams to know that the offer was made to him unsolicited as the result of Mr Williamson's personal knowledge of some of his work. The opening is one which any budding dramatist might covet, seeing that it ensures him the production of his creations by the first companies in Australia, and Mr Adams is to be congratulated upon the prospect before him, while Mr Williamson is likewise fortunate in securing the services of a gentleman of scholarship, originality, and energy.

Sir G. M. O'Rorke opened the Auckland Society of Arts Exhibition on Wednesday night.

Dr. T. M. Hocken, of Dunedin, has returned from his trip to the Islands. The Mataura seat will probably be contested by Mr R. McNab, who will stand as an independent candidate.

The National Association proposes to support Mr W. F. Ward as a candidate for the Mataura seat in the opposition interest. Mr Ward is a farmer on the Waimea Plains, and a member of the County Council, of which he has been Chairman.

The following changes have been made amongst the Union Company's officers, owing to the laying up of the Manapouri and Rakonoo:—Captain Abram to be master of the Hawke; Mr Collins (chief officer of the Ova-

lau), Mr Jamieson (second officer of the Rakonoo), and Mr Spence (third officer of the Manapouri) to change over to the Hawke in similar capacities.

Mr George Truscott, mine manager, formerly employed in the Golden Anchor mine at Kuaotunu, and latterly at Dunedin, has gone to Westralia.

Mrs Daldy, the Auckland delegate to the Women's National League Convention held last week in Wellington, suggests that in all punishments reform of the criminal should be the chief aim, that gaols should be schools rather than prisons. The object of gaol discipline should be to discharge men as respectable citizens. Many prisoners who served first sentences came out worse than when they went in. Gaolers ought to be selected from men who had made a scientific study of criminal characteristics.

The Rev. G. Burgess, of Auckland, is leaving that city in order to take charge of the Timaru Congregational Church.

Mr Scobie MacKenzie, M.H.R., who arrived in Auckland last Saturday by the Penguin, has gone to Rotorua for the purpose of taking the baths. Should his health allow of it, he will probably give a political address in Auckland on his way home again.

The success of Mr H. J. McKenzie (Auckland) in obtaining a battery superintendent's certificate at the recent examination is a matter of congratulation by his many friends. This gentleman has now the honour of being the first in New Zealand to obtain this certificate and the prior one of first-class mine manager by examination.

Miss Ethel Benjamin, the Dunedin lady lawyer, was present at the last sitting of the Warden's Court at Livingstone, Otago. The lady conducted her case extremely well.

Mrs Sievwright read a forcible paper on 'The Economic Independence of Married Women' at Thursday's meeting of the Women's National Council in Wellington. The speaker claimed dual recognition of economic rights solely as a matter of simple justice. The motion was carried.

Canon Haselden, of Onehunga, so long known and revered as Anglican Diocesan Missioner, has been nominated Chaplain to the Onehunga Volunteer Rifle Corps.

Dr. Laishley, of Auckland, lately made some very apposite remarks upon the great necessity for insisting upon proper discipline in the training of children. He also objected to interference between the head master of a school and any pupil attending that school in the matter of corporal punishment.

At the Women's National Council last week the principle of old age pensions was approved of, but almost all thrifty women are in favour of some system by which everyone should contribute towards it.

Mr and Mrs Harry Nelson (Hawke's Bay) have been on a visit to Wellington, where they have been the guests of General Schaw, Mr and Mrs Rutherford and Mrs Stowe.

General Kitchener, whose recent campaign in the Soudan against the Dervishes earned him much kudos, is a son of Colonel Kitchener, who was a large station holder in Shag Valley, Otago.

Mr and Mrs Fred Williams have returned to Napier from their trip South.

Mr A. G. Holland, after a three weeks' stay in Auckland, left on Monday for Hastings, to rejoin Judge Butler, of the Native Lands Court.

Mrs and the Misses Grant have left Christchurch, and have gone to live in the North Island.

Miss Mirrie Philpotts (Picton) has gone to Wellington to study painting.

The Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox have left Elmwood, Christchurch, for a visit farther South. They left by express on Tuesday, accompanied by the governess and servants, bound for Warrington, Dunedin, the estate of the Hon. Geo. McLean, where they purpose spending a few weeks.

Captain Russell, M.H.R., for Hawke's Bay, who is now paying a visit to England, intends leaving in time to be back for the opening of the Session.

Mr Ronayne, General Manager of Railways, has paid an official visit to Nelson during the week.

Archbishop Redwood preached at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Nelson, last Sunday, both morning and evening, there being large congregations at each service. During his short visit to Nelson the Archbishop was the guest of the Very Rev. Father Mahoney.

Mrs Kinross White returned from Christchurch, where she has been visiting her sisters, to her home in Napier last week.

Mr A. Watkins, of New Plymouth, has gone to Wellington on account of his brother's wedding.

Mrs H. A. Watt, widow of the late general manager of the Bank of New Zealand, is visiting Mrs Sam Jackson, of Remuera, Auckland. Mrs Watt has returned to New Zealand for the benefit of her health, which is now fully established, thanks to the trip out, and a stay of some weeks in Rotorua. She proposes returning to England by the Kaikoura, via Wellington, the first week in June. It is nine years since Mrs Watt was in Auckland.

Mrs Sutton, of France Road, Napier, has gone for a visit to Wellington.

Miss Fanny Cotterell, Gisborne, has been spending a few days with Mrs Thompson in Blenheim.

Mr and the Misses Dobbie, of Picton, came to Blenheim by train on Saturday, and bicycled from there to Avondale, to spend a couple of days with Mr and Mrs Teschemaker.

An engraving of the late Sir William Martin, first Chief Justice of New Zealand, has been presented by Mr Douglas M'Lean, M.H.R. for Napier, to the Wellington Law Society.

General Sir J. B. Fraser-Tyler, Miss Fraser-Tyler and Mr Fraser-Tyler, have left Christchurch for England, travelling via Vancouver.

Mr and Mrs O. Samuel, of New Plymouth, are paying Wellington a visit.

Mrs Allen (Picton) is spending a few days in Blenheim this week, acting at one of the judges at the chrysanthemum show.

Mrs Ah Chang, of Hawera, is one of those to whom the poll tax has been remitted.

The Rev. E. Allanson, who lately visited Napier and preached to large congregations at the Cathedral, has been holding a mission at Woodville, and the services were greatly appreciated by the people there. The church was much too small to accommodate the numbers who crowded to hear Mr Allanson, and he held several meetings in the open air.

The Rev. L. FitzGerald, of St. Matthew's, Auckland, is to go to Patea in July, in order to relieve the Rev. C. C. Harper. The latter will take charge of St. Paul's Church, Wellington, for three weeks, during the absence of the Rev. T. Sprutt.

INDIGESTION

SPEEDILY CURED BY **Condy's Fluid.**

Book of Directions and Physicians' Reports on every bottle.
Sole Everywhere. Insist on buying "CONDY'S FLUID."
CONDY & MITCHELL, of LONDON, ENGLAND, are the Sole Manufacturers.

Mr J. Gould (Christchurch) starts for England this week via Vancouver, and is anticipating a good time among the pheasants again at Home. He has many pleasant recollections of his last visit.

Mr J. M. Lennox is President of the Auckland Chess Club for the ensuing season; Vice-Presidents, Mr A. Millar and Dr. Coates; Secretary, M. A. LeJevre.

Lady Atkinson, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs Clement Govett, in New Plymouth, has returned to her house in Wellington.

Miss Heath, of Sea View Terrace, Napier, is paying a visit to Wellington.

Mr John Ross (of Sargood, Son and Ewen) has been visiting Rotorua, but is again in Auckland.

Mrs Carte, who has been staying with Mrs Smith, of Bleak House, Blenheim, has gone back to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs A. P. Stewart (the latter being the delegate of Mr Percy Bayley, of the 'Laurels,' Normanby), after their honeymoon trip in the South, leave for Scotland, their future home.

Mrs Carey (Blenheim) has been staying in Picton with Mrs Fell for a change.

Dr. Walker has been elected captain of the Ngamotu Golf Club in New Plymouth.

The President of the Women's National Council, Mrs Shepherd, is visiting Auckland, where she proposes to stay for a fortnight.

Mr Howard Greensill, who left Picton for South Africa about three years ago, is on his way home again, having had enough of the land of fevers and plagues.

Miss K. Hammerton, of New Plymouth, is staying with Mr C. Hammerton, in Wellington.

The Rev. Mr Parsonson, President of the Wesleyan Conference of New Zealand, has been appointed at Trinity Church, Napier, in place of Mr Beck, who has lately left that town.

Mr and Mrs Griffiths, of Blenheim, are visiting Christchurch. Mr Griffiths has gone to attend some Masonic function, and Mrs Griffiths will, most probably, after spending a week or two in Christchurch, go on to Ashburton to stay with Mr and Mrs Snodgrass.

Miss Scobie Mackenzie has accompanied her father in his Northern trip. They left Auckland for Rotorua on Monday.

Dr. Erson, of Onehunga, left that town on Sunday in order to accompany the military expedition to Hokianga as surgeon to the force which has been dispatched to overawe the native fanatics at Rawene.

Miss V. Bayley, of New Plymouth, has gone for a trip to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Sydney Johnston, of Hawke's Bay, have left for a visit to England. During their absence from home many alterations are to be made to their pretty residence at Oruwharo.

The general manager of the New Zealand Insurance Company, Mr Craig, is now in Auckland.

Mr and Mrs George Watts, of Blenheim, are staying with Mrs Watts, Nelson.

Mr A. H. Holmes, Sheriff of New Plymouth, informed Enoka (who murdered his wife at Parihaka) that the Executive had decided the law should take its course. Enoka only replied that he wished Judge Butler, of the Native Land Court, should be informed of the decision, and would not be sad.

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

Mr J. B. Roy, of New Plymouth, is visiting Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Stoney, who have been spending a month in Auckland, have returned to Blenheim.

Dr. Hocken, of Dunedin, made a short visit to New Plymouth on April 28th, on his way South.

Miss Jackson, who has been visiting Mrs. Monro in Blenheim, has returned to the Hutt.

Miss Alice Corrick, of Christchurch, has been singing at concerts in Hobart and Melbourne, and her friends will be very pleased indeed to hear she was most favourably received.

Mr W. H. Skinner, of New Plymouth, has received from England a copy of the colours of the 37th Regiment, from which another memorial hatchment is to be painted by Rev. Canon Walsh, for placing in St. Mary's Church.

Mr Banks, Mr Stoney's locum tenens in Blenheim, has returned to Wellington.

Mr Seed, of Wellington, is staying with his sister, Mrs Bowen, of Sea View Terrace, Napier.

Mr W. L. Newman has been elected President of the Taranaki Acclimatisation Society.

Mr and Mrs G. Watts, of Lansdowne, Marlborough, are paying a visit to Nelson.

Mr Ronayne, General Manager of Railways, visited Picton and Blenheim this week on business connected with the local line. A party of Picton residents accompanied Mr Ronayne to Blenheim, to attend the conference held there.

Mrs Skeet, Miss Dalziel, and Miss North Skeet, have returned to New Plymouth after their long visit down South.

Mr P. R. Carthew, ex-president of the Star Football Club, New Plymouth, and Mr S. Humphries, ex-captain, have had presentations made to them, the former being presented with a massive gold ring, and the latter with a smoker's companion and a handsome gold ring.

Miss McBae is making a short visit to Mrs Greenfield, Blenheim, before returning to Nelson.

Among the intending passengers by the Gothic are the Rev. and Mrs Elmshie and their little invalid daughter, whose trip before was so sadly interrupted by the death of Mrs Milton, Mrs W. D. Meares and three daughters of Christchurch, are also booked to sail for England by the Gothic.

Mrs Baillie (Para) spent a day this week visiting friends at the Grove, returning to Picton in time to catch the out-going train for Para.

Mr and Mrs Stow (Bank of New Zealand, Picton) spent Saturday and Sunday at Mahakipawa this week, visiting Mrs T. Cawte and Mrs Gregg.

Miss Speed and Miss Marion Speed (Picton) spent last week at Okukuri, Tory Channel, visiting Mrs Godfrey.

There is a movement in Chicago for the enrolment of women as police. "Two hundred uniformed women as policemen in Chicago," we are told, "would do more towards the elimination of crime than many times that number of men." Yet it might introduce a new offence into our charge sheets. "Prisoner was very disorderly on the way to the station, and repeatedly kissed the officers who had charge of him."

Pears' Soap.

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

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Erasmus Wilson

Prof. Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

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



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

Willie Partridge

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BROWN & POLSON'S
 PATENT BRAND—
 Is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. Browns & Polson have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS.
 THE
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
 Is now open daily, from 12.30 to 5, and 7.30 to 10 p.m. Admission, One Shilling. Members free. Music every evening.
 S. STUART, Secretary.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That a large surprise dance is being arranged to take place in Blenheim at the end of this week.
 That a new musical society is being formed in New Plymouth under the conductorship of Mr McGill.
 That only nine householders attended the annual meeting to elect a school committee in Picton. Seven of them were the old committee (re-elected by themselves), the Rev. Allsworth, householders' chairman, and one lady.
 That at a general meeting of the Star Football Club in New Plymouth, presentations were made to Messrs P. K. Carthew (ex-president) and S. Humphries (ex-captain) in the shape of a gold ring, which was presented to the former, and the latter receiving a handsome smoker's companion and a gold ring, the presentations being made by Captain Capel (president). The recipients suitably replied, expressing their heartiest thanks for the very handsome presents.
 That a tennis ball will be given in Blenheim some time in June.
 That Mr Rennett, from Dunedin, who is the possessor of a fine baritone voice, sang a solo in the Church of England, Blenheim, last Sunday, 'Consider the Lilies.'
 That Mrs Newell, of Mount Albert, had a fortunate escape from a serious accident last Saturday. She was on her way to Onehunga, travelling by one of the open trams. Fancying she had lost her reticule in changing from the Mount Albert omnibus, she leaned out to look for it, over-balanced, and fell on to the road. With great presence of mind she rolled herself clear of the wheels, and escaped with a cut on one of her fingers.
 That Miss Greenfield held the first of her winter dances in Nelson last Friday, but owing to the original date being changed there were not many present. However, those who were there spent a very pleasant time. Miss Norah Dunn (a debutante) looked very pretty in a becoming white dress. Others present were Mrs Greenfield, Miss Greenfield, Ledger (2), Gannaway, Tully and others.
 That a want of knowledge of the weights and measures table by the employees of the railway department, has caused much confusion in the accounts of exporters in the district of Marlborough. The Government will refund several over charges through mistakes of that kind.
 That Tukapu Football Club, of New Plymouth, has been presented by a lady admirer with a very handsome silk umpire flag, the lettering on it being prettily worked.
 That a series of accidents befel Picton people last week. Mrs Dobbie sprained her ankle in getting off her bicycle. Mrs Phyllis Godfrey fell down a bank and broke a rib, and otherwise bruised herself; and a work man named Aunear fell off the viaduct and strange to say, that except a few bruises and a shaking, he was unhurt.
 That the Council of the Auckland University College are doing all in their power to assist in the due educational development of the youth of this colony. They now state that they are prepared to facilitate the studies of students in Auckland who wish to secure the degree of B.Sc. in Engineering.

That the Chrysanthemum Show, which is to take place in Blenheim this week, is expected to be unusually good.
 That the question of sanctioning a new Presbyterian Church in Parnell (Auckland) is greatly agitating the Presbytery of that city. The meeting to consider this point has been adjourned till next week.
 That the beet industry which Mr Seddon is anxious to see progressing in New Zealand has received some encouragement from the fact that Mr N. Lewenberg, chairman of the New Zealand Beet Syndicate, received a cable last week to the effect that the 'Beet sugar factory at Maffra, Victoria, has started and is working splendidly.'
 That some lively scenes were witnessed last week at the annual election of school committees. In various towns anything but a good example of obeying law and keeping order was submitted to the children for whose guidance and management the committees are, in a measure, elected.

That a pleasant farewell social was given to Mr J. Russel, manager of the Patumahoe Creamery, by the young ladies of Mauku, prior to his departure from the district.
 That a curious case of conscience money cropped up recently. The The Minister of Railways has received £40 10/ in a registered letter, accompanied by a letter stating that the amount is forwarded as conscience money, the child of the sender having been in the habit of travelling 'at half-price, being over age many years ago.'
 That the last words of a recently departed native chief are well worth of note. Major Kemp to Rangihiniui, of Wanganui, told his tribe to 'sell no more land. Keep what you now have to support the native people.'
 That the Women's National League advocate the teaching of Scientific Temperance in our public schools, on the ground that it is an urgent necessity in order that the injurious effects of alcohol upon physical and moral development and the deterioration of the individual and the race may be clearly understood by our children.

That many sportsmen sought the various places where good bags might be obtained on the opening of the shooting season last Monday.
 That the recital of Dickens' Christmas Carol in the Y.M.C.A. Lecture Hall, Auckland, by the Rev. J. Parker, of Beresford-street Congregational Church, was very well attended. Mr Thos. Peacock took the chair.
 That the Auckland Liedertafel have sent a letter of condolence to Mrs Fenton and family on the occasion of the death of Judge Fenton, the late President of the Society.

That there will be some very excellent entertaining at Government House, Wellington, this winter. Aucklanders have only themselves to thank that they have not got their share of the lavish hospitality of the present Queen's representative.
 That efficient steps are to be taken to put the forts at the chief ports of this colony in a state of perfect preparedness for any sudden attack. In Auckland a brooch-loading 8-inch rifled gun (13 tons) is to be erected on the top of Mount Victoria. This gun is at present in store at the North Shore. It is as well to make all these details as public as possible so that our enemies may all know just what to expect when they come to call on us in an unfriendly spirit.

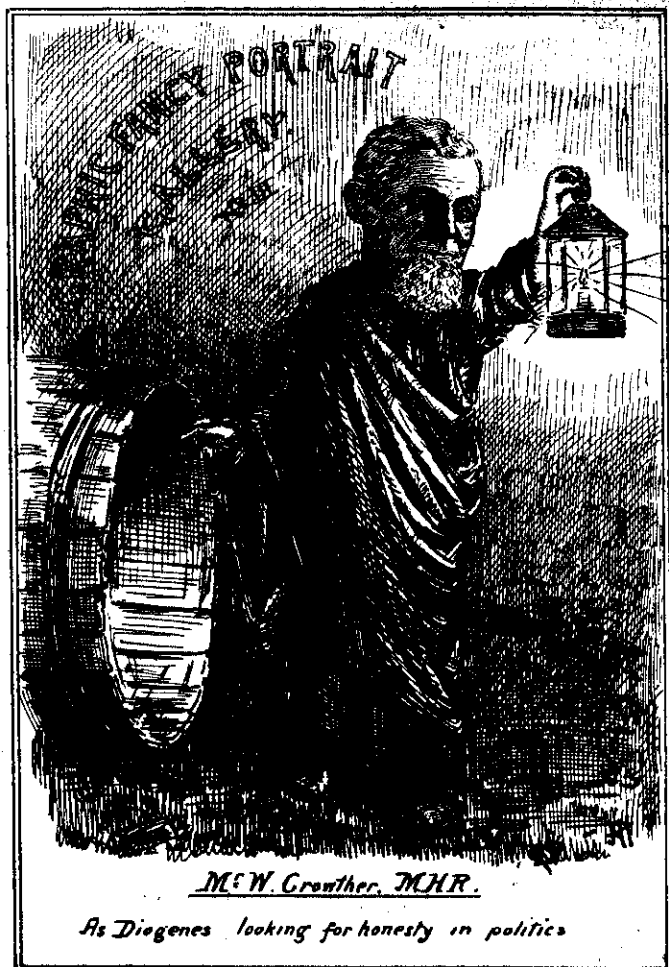
A funny little story of Sir Henry Irving is told by Mr Alfred Darbyshire, the Manchester theatrical architect. 'Hamlet' was being played, and Mr Darbyshire was Polonius. 'I remember,' says Mr Darbyshire, 'the weather was very hot, and after being consigned to oblivion I was sitting on a table behind the tapestry fanning myself, when, to my astonishment, Hamlet drew aside the tapestry, and, repeating the well-known words, "Thou rash, intruding fool, I took thee for thy betters," he gave an agonised look, and sotto voce, exclaimed, "For goodness sake get me a pint of stout. I'm as dry as a limekiln." This from the Prince of Denmark startled me, and for some little time I failed to take in the situation.'



The engagement of Miss Minnie Sinclair to Mr Grierson has lately been announced.
 The engagement is announced in Canterbury of Miss Freda Beswick and Mr Maurice Turrell, younger son of the Rev. C. Turrell.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR AND MRS ROBERT BARTLEY.
 The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage day (April 24th, 1848) of Mr and Mrs Robert Bartley, of Devonport, Auckland, formerly of Jersey Island, well-known and respected citizens, was celebrated on Monday, April 25, in the form of a tea and banquet. The whole family was represented, viz., four sons, four daughters, thirty-two grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, all the sons and daughters being married, except one son, who is now in Christchurch; also Mr and Mrs Bartley's relatives, Mr and Mrs Edw. Bartley, Mr and Mrs Queere (a niece of Mr Bartley) and Mrs Swinnerton (niece of Mrs Bartley). The only outsider was Mr Fred. Jeune, a Jersey man, who welcomed the pair on their arrival in Auckland in the Joseph Fletcher, October, 1854. The decorations on this happy occasion were in keeping with the golden wedding, white and gold on the table, the mantelpiece and on the piano, whilst Mrs Bartley was presented with a lovely bouquet of golden chrysanthemums. There were two tables, one for adults and one for the children, laden with good things, a handsome wedding cake occupying the place of honour. The toast of the bride and bridegroom of fifty years ago (Mr and Mrs Bartley), having been duly honoured, their eldest son, Mr W. Bartley, presented his parents with a pleasant memorial of the day, a beautifully executed shield of photographs of the whole family, children and grand-children surrounding pictures of Mr and Mrs R. Bartley. This handsome gift was carried out by Sarony, Karangahape Road. The toasts of 'Sons and Daughters,' 'Sons-in-law,' 'Daughters-in-law,' 'Grand-children,' 'Island of Jersey,' and 'The Press' followed, being carefully sandwiched with songs and musical selections. The mutually agreeable evening was ended by the refrain, 'God be with you till we meet again.' Mr Bartley, who was married in Jersey Island, was a carpenter by trade, and, on his arrival in Auckland, carried on the business of builder and contractor. He had also a timber yard, and Mr George Holdship, the founder of the Kauri Timber Company, was one of his apprentices. When Mr Bartley retired from business he was appointed manager of the Auckland Timber Company, only resigning when the company was changed to the Kauri Timber Company. He was much esteemed while holding this position. After enduring bravely the burden and heat of early colonial days, Mr and Mrs Bartley are now enjoying a happy old age at their pleasant residence, Clarence-street, Devonport. Many congratulatory telegrams reached them last week from all parts.



M. W. Granther, M.H.R.

As Diogenes looking for honesty in politics

MR STUBBS TO MISS ROBERTSON.
 A pretty and fashionable wedding took place on Easter Wednesday at St. John's Church, Feilding, the contracting parties being Mr Francis Charles Stubbs, of Gisborne, and Miss Violet Emmeline Robertson, of Feilding.
 The bride, one of the loveliest ever seen, wore a very beautiful white silk dress, trimmed with chiffon, and the orthodox veil and orange blossom, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Mary Seymour, of Tyntesfield, Marlborough. Miss Elsie Stubbs, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of Mr J. Stevens, M.H.R., of Bulls.
 At the bridesmaids wore white silk frocks trimmed with yellow silk, and floral toques of Marguerite daisies.

Mr A. C. Stubbs was best man, the other groomsmen being Messrs S. Griffiths and Didbury.

The church was crowded with guests and well wishers of the young couple. The vicar, the Rev. A. S. Innes-Jones, performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by Mr H. L. Sherwill, J.P.

A reception was afterwards held in the Foresters' Hall. Mrs Robertson, in black satin, relieved with yellow, and bonnet to match, received the numerous guests. Mrs Stubbs, the bridegroom's mother, wore black satin and a very pretty bonnet of green satin, trimmed with autumn leaves and roses; Miss Stubbs, pale heliotrope silk frock, hat en suite. The very handsome cake was made and presented by Mrs F. A. Moncton. Mr F. G. Lethbridge, M.H.R., proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, which the latter replied to, and also proposed the health of the bridesmaids. After the reception the happy couple left for Palmerston North, where they spent a brief honeymoon previous to going to Gisborne, where they will reside.

The bride's going-away dress was of green cloth, with velvet hat to match. In the evening a dance was held in the Foresters' Hall, Mrs Stubbs, mother of the bridegroom, acting as chaperone to the young people.

Over a hundred beautiful and valuable presents will assist largely in furnishing the young people's new home, and testify to their popularity.

MR CREAGH TO MISS WILLIAMS.

On Monday, April 25th, at Napier Cathedral, the marriage took place of Mr B. Creagh, son of Captain Creagh, and Miss Lizzie Williams, youngest daughter of Mr I. Williams. The bride wore a pretty cream gown, a tulle veil, and sprays of orange blossom. Her sister, Miss Clara Williams, and Miss Creagh, sister of the bridegroom, attended her as bridesmaids, and wore becoming cream frocks and cream hats, trimmed with white flowers and violet velvet. The Dean of Waiapu performed the marriage ceremony. The groomsmen were Mr C. Williams and Mr A. Creagh. The bride and bridegroom left for Wellington late on Monday afternoon by the Te Anau, and there was quite a display of flags flying at the Spit in honour of their wedding.

MR SCHOLLUM TO MISS FITZPATRICK.

At St. Benedict's Church, Auckland, on April 13th, the wedding of Mr W. Schollum, of Morrinsville, to Miss Katie Fitzpatrick, one of Auckland's favourite sopranos, was celebrated by Father Egan.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in a silk mohair gown relieved with white silk, gartered chiffon and pearl passementerie, white velvet hat, with ostrich tips. She wore a gold chain with brooch of two lover's knots set in diamonds and rubies, the gift of the bridegroom. A lovely bouquet of white hyacinths and maiden hair ferns completed her toilet.

Two bridesmaids were in attendance, Miss Quinlan, a friend of the bride, and Miss Flossie Fitzpatrick, sister of the bride. They were dressed in striped pink silk lustré trimmed with moss green velvet ribbon and chiffon, black velvet picture hats, relieved with blush roses.

Mr Schollum (brother of the bridegroom) acted as best man. After the ceremony the bridal party adjourned to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of.

A number of toasts were honoured, after which Mr and Mrs Schollum left amid the congratulations of all assembled, for the Pohoi; from there they return to their future home at Morrinsville. The bride was the recipient of many telegrams from all parts of the colony.

The presents, including several cheques, were numerous and costly.

MR ROSE TO MISS DIXON.

At Hawera, on April 27th, a pretty wedding took place at the bride's parents' residence, when Mr William Rose, of the Customs Department, Wanganui, was married to Miss Clarice Jane Dixon, fifth daughter of Mr Sam Dixon, of Wilson-street.

The room had been prettily decorated for the occasion.

The bride was dressed in a ruby coloured Russian costume, trimmed with velvet, and a gold and white silk vest. She also wore a spray of orange

blossom, which was fastened by a handsome gold brooch with a heart set in pearls and rubies, a gift of the bridegroom. She also carried a beautiful shower bouquet.

Miss Bertha Dixon acted as bridesmaid, and was attired in a dark electric blue dress, with gold shot silk and lace. The groomsmen was Mr Alf. A. Willis, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Bond.

An excellent lunch had been provided for the guests, some of whom came from Hienheim, Stratford, Wanganui, and Pihama, after which the young married couple left by the train for New Plymouth en route for the Hot Lakes, where they spend their honeymoon.

The presents were handsome and numerous.

MR HOLMES TO MISS REID.

The marriage of Mr M. S. Holmes, son of the Hon. M. Holmes, M.L.C., to Miss F. E. Reid, daughter of Mr F. Reid, of Elderslie, was celebrated in the Enfield Church (North Otago) on April 14th by the Rev. J. Standing. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage.

The bride was attired in a white satin Princess robe, with train from the shoulders, the front being draped with lace, fastened at the side with orange blossom and myrtle. The sleeves were of lace, and an embroidered tulle veil, with the usual orange blossom, completed the costume, together with a lovely shower bouquet, a pearl and sapphire brooch, and an opal and diamond bracelet.

The four bridesmaids, Miss Reid and Miss C. Reid (sisters of the bride), Miss L. Holmes and Miss E. MacLean (nieces of the bride) wore dresses of

white Surah, with white chiffon sleeves and bodices, trimmed with lace and pearl passementerie, apple green chiffon sashes, Leghorn hats, with ostrich plumes, topaz bangles, the gift of the bridegroom, and they carried beautiful shower bouquets.

Mr J. B. Reid was the best man, and the groomsmen were Mr F. MacLean, Messrs J. F. Reid and D. H. Reid.

After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Elderslie, where breakfast was laid for over 100 guests in a marquee on the tennis lawn. On the menu cards were engraved pictures of Elderslie and the Enfield Church.

After the toasts were honoured the guests viewed the beautiful presents, which included, from bridegroom to bride, diamond and sapphire ring and gold watch and chain; Mr Reid, piano and cheque; Mrs Reid, sewing machine, house linen, and teaset; Hon. M. Holmes, diamond ring; Miss Holmes, breakfast set; Mr MacMaster, diamond and opal bangle; Mrs MacMaster, silver cake tray; Mr J. F. Reid, saddle and bridle; J. B. Reid, pearl necklace; E. H. Reid, silver fruit knives and forks; Mr Burnhill, hand-painted dessert service; Mrs and Misses MacLean, cheque; Elderslie employees, handsome clock; Mr and Mrs Holmes (Anamoa), dinner service; Mr J. Connel (London), silver tray and tea service; Mr Brydson, silver sugar bowl and tongs; Mrs R. Anderson (Scotland), cheque; Mr and Mrs Oliver, pearl and sapphire pendant; Mrs Miller, silver tea kettle; Dr. and Mrs Garland, silver tea kettle; Mr and Mrs Sargood, silver-mounted carvers; and over 150 other valuable presents.

The following are a few of the dresses. The bride's travelling dress was of electric blue cloth, skirt and coat, with vest of embroidered white

sat in, white felt hat, electric blue velvet and white wing; Mrs Reid (mother of the bride), royal blue velvet, Duchesse lace collar and cuffs, blue velvet bonnet, white plumes, blue and yellow brocade cloak, trimmed with sable, shower bouquet; Mrs G. MacLean (Dunedin), sister of the bridegroom, black satin, white satin front, veiled in jewelled net, bonnet to match; Mrs T. C. Dennison (Oamaru), sister of the bride, black and red brocade, picture hat, tartan crown, black plumes and red ospreys; Mrs MacMaster (sister of the bride), pale grey cloth costume, revers and collar of yellow silk, veiled with guipure lace, grey chip hat, with yellow feathers; Mrs C. W. Reid (sister-in-law to the bride), skirt of pale grey, white chiffon blouse, with zouave of white satin, trimmed with silver, white felt hat, black feathers and pink roses; Miss Holmes (sister of the bridegroom), black dress, trimmed with violet, bonnet, with violets; Mrs Allan Holmes (sister-in-law to bridegroom), black dress, trimmed with heliotrope chiffon, bonnet to match; Mrs J. Holmes (sister-in-law to the bridegroom), black satin dress, with shaded blue embroidery, bonnet to match; Mrs F. White (Dunedin), sister of the bridegroom, sage green costume, trimmed a darker shade; Mrs Menlove, black brocade lace mantle, floral bonnet; Mrs Garland, blue cloth braided in black, toque to match; Mrs Wait, black and white satin, bonnet to match; Mrs H. J. Miller, black satin, floral bonnet; Mrs Oliver (Dunedin), yellow and white silk, with Oriental embroidery and Venetian lace, black velvet hat, with feathers.

It would require too much space to describe in detail many more handsome and effective costumes with all the pretty accessories that give such completeness to a really harmonious toilette. Elderslie is an ideal place for a wedding, with its beautiful grounds, picturesque lakelet and islands, and the white swans, tame enough to be fed from the pretty boat-house.

DUTIES OF ENGAGED PERSONS.

The first action expected from the man on attaining his new position is to procure the engagement ring, which is supposed to set its seal upon the compact. The girl should be consulted as to what she would prefer.

Then the man should arrange little expeditions in honour of his betrothed—should take her to the theatre, or concert, or any place which would give her enjoyment.

The girl's spare hours are generally taken up with writing letters; for first there comes a whole batch of congratulations, and then the wedding presents begin to arrive, and these last should be acknowledged at once. It makes matters much worse if the number of letters to be written is allowed to accumulate, besides appearing very ungrateful to the donor.

It is the duty of both man and girl to ingratiate and try to please their relations-in-law elect. How often a son's choice is disapproved because his fiancée is inclined to treat the members of his family too lightly and will not take the trouble to find out their tastes or give way to their views, or try to humour their wishes in the slightest degree.

Lastly we implore engaged couples to make no demonstrations of affection in public. Besides being the worst possible form, it is a nuisance to their friends, and only serves to make themselves ridiculous.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Some of the British troops in the Irish rebellion did not fight particularly well. A certain general, at a Lord-Lieutenant's party in Dublin, was admonishing a begging woman to leave the place when she said:

"It is I that am proud to see your honour here in the red coat you wore the very day when you saved the life of my boy, little Mickie."

"Indeed!" replied the general, not sorry to hear anything to his credit on such a distinguished occasion, "I had forgotten all about it. How did I save his life?"

"Well, your honour, when the battle was at its hottest your honour was the first to run, and when my little Mickie saw the general run he ran too, the Lord be praised!"

A WELL-KNOWN CYCLIST

Regains Health and Strength by the Use of the Great Blood-Purifier and Tonic, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He Sends his Portrait, and Writes as Follows:



GENTLEMEN: Being a racing cyclist and consequently having to go through a severe bodily test in way of training I was, after a long term of constant practice, entirely run down, and had decided to abandon the track for awhile, but having heard a great deal as to the blood-purifying and strengthening qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I determined to give it a trial. I am glad to say that I have been greatly benefited by the medicine, so much so that I am again able to go on the bicycle track, and can recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to anyone suffering from loss of strength and weakness of the system.

Yours respectfully,
FRANK WATTS, Sydney, New So. Wales, Dec. 29, 1896.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

The Strength-Giver and Blood-Purifier.

See that the name—AYER'S SARSAPARILLA—is on the wrapper, and blown in the glass of each bottle. Accept no other.

OPERA HOUSE MONDAY NEXT, 9th MAY.

FRANK THORNTON'S COMEDY COY.

Now terminating a phenomenally successful tour of New Zealand, will commence a brief season on the above mentioned date. For the first time in Auckland, Four Nights only the latest London play, "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." Absolutely the Funniest Farce! (Only seen in New Zealand for years. Now making the continental tour approximately. It is funny enough to drive the blues out of a bag of indigo. During the season Mr. Thornton will introduce to local playgoers, "The Bookmaker," and will also revive those world-famous comedies, "The Private Secretary," "Charley's Aunt," "Sweet Lavender," "How Many opens on Thursday Morning at Wildman's." Prices: 4s, 2s 6d, and 1s. Manager, L. J. LOHIE.

Y. M. C. A. HALL MONDAY NEXT, MAY 9th.

FOLLOWING EVENINGS. AMY SHERWIN, THE 'AUSTRALIAN NIGHTINGALE.'

- Assisted by her Talented Company, viz:-- ARTHUR DEANE... Baritone. KITTY GRINDLAY... Contralto. ALBERTO ZELMAN... Violinist. HERBERT STONEHAM... Flautist. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI... At the Piano.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING.

Tickets: Reserved Seats, 4s; Unreserved, 2s. Box Plan at Wildman's, Victoria Arcade. Doors open, 7.30. Concert at 8. Carriages, 10.

L. G. SHARPE, Manager. JAS. TAIT, Representative.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, May 2, 1898.

The war has had no appreciable result--as yet--upon our social dispositions. Rather, indeed, would it seem to be a case of 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Sorry as we are for the brave fellows dying for the cause they think right, so far away, yet we can do them no good by moping in our own houses, so merry men and maidens, on with the dance! Mrs Cotter's dance, which takes place on Thursday evening in the Hibernia Hall, is given in honor of that Miss Winnie Cotter should make her debut. There will be a great many other debutantes, Miss Sophy Cruickshank and one of the Misses Lennox.

The first dance of the Auckland season took place on Wednesday evening last, when the Auckland Croquet Club gave an

AT HOME

at Mrs Sowerby's Hall, Symonds-st. As a description of this charming little ball has been given on prior occasions, it will not be necessary for me to give another. The floor and music were all that could be desired, and the decorations were capital. Many flags, especially the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, were arranged in all sorts of conspicuous places, which added greatly to the appearance of the hall. Supper was laid on the back part of the stage, and a sumptuous repast it was, all provided by the ladies. The front portion of the stage was furnished and carpeted as a drawing room, where the chaperones were able to rest on easy cushioned chairs and lounges, etc. The decorations here were large pots of variegated chrysanthemum and autumn leaves. The walls were adorned with pampas grass and laurel leaves. The supper table looked unique, draped with canary and green Japanese paper, relieved with vases of chrysanthemum. The ladies were a little in the majority, but as the committee were so attentive in introducing one to the other, the want of the sterner sex was not very much. Mrs Sowerby, who you know is a very energetic and most perfect dancer, with commendable

tact, took compassion upon a few wallflowers and gave them a turn. Many a hostess might take a lesson by doing likewise, when at her functions she finds she has far too many girls. Each member of the Croquet Club wore a rosette of blue and pink ribbons--the colours of their club. The two debutantes of the evening were Miss Reid and Miss M. Ledingham. Everyone speaks in glowing terms of the dance, and judging from the flattering remarks on all sides, the committee have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the pleasing results.

Amongst those present were:-- Messrs A. B. Donald, very handsome black silk, veiled in lace, relieved with bands of ruby and black passementerie, ornament in hair; Miss Donald wore a pretty coral pink silk, the décolletage was finished with ruby; Mrs W. Coleman was much admired in a shell pink silk with satin bodice, handsomely trimmed with Oriental lace and silver sequin, and finished with diamond ornaments; Mrs P. A. Edmiston, stylish black costume of silk and lace, trimmed with black jet and passamenterie, grey opera cloak braided with white, white agrette in hair; Mrs Isidore Alexander, very effective costume of white striped moire veiled in net of moonlight sequin and diamond ornaments in hair and on corsage; Miss Stella Alexander, brown and white striped silk with pink empire silk sash; Miss Edmiston, black skirt, dome blue blouse and empire sash; Mrs Leo Myers, very striking combination of grey silk skirt, white silk blouse, and diamond ornaments; Mrs Sowerby, black velvet; Mrs J. Thornes, black; Mrs T. Reid, black lace costume, with red vest; Mrs Ledingham, black silk; Miss Ledingham, white debutante satin, agrette in hair; Mrs Myers, black silk; Miss Myers, very pretty white crinkley silk, made with Russian bodice, silver belt, and finished with rucked chiffon, white flower in hair; Miss E. Myers, chrysanthemum yellow silk, finished with white lace; Miss Coleman, white nun's veiling finished with lace and pink flowers; Mrs Baume, black silk with bead trimming; Mrs Holland, black moire en traine; Miss Holland, lemon colored silk; Miss Essie Holland, white silk with chiffon and red roses on corsage; Mrs (Dr.) King, black lace; Mrs Charles Phillips, lovely white brocade satin, with ostrich tips in hair; Mrs Williams, grey silk finished with black; Miss Williams was much admired in a cream satin; Mrs John Roach, a beautiful royal blue velvet, finished with silver passementerie and pink flowers; Mrs Aubrey, pink Liberty silk; Miss Gudgeons, blue satin brocade, finished with white lace and pink flowers; Mrs Wignuore, black silk skirt, pink evening bodice, veiled in black net; Mrs Napier looked distinguee in a moss green silk; Miss Fanny Hewin, black skirt, blue silk blouse; Mrs (Dr.) Dawson, mauve brocade with glittering ornaments; Miss Mennie, English costume of blue satin, with bodice of blue figured in pink flowers, finished with chiffon; Mrs Moritzon, pale lavender silk, with dark shaded velvet trimmings; Mrs Pittar, black; Miss Pittar, white book muslin, with white roses in hair and on corsage; the Misses Coates were similarly attired in white; Miss Oberlin-Brown, white silk, finished with tulle, and her sister, a dark skirt, old gold satin bodice; Mrs Harper looked sweet in a Italian silk; Miss Courtney, sky blue lustre; Miss Kerr-Taylor, white book muslin; Miss M. Kerr-Taylor, canary grenadine; Miss Kempthorne, rich forget-me-not blue silk; Miss Gertrude Kempthorne, canary silk; Mrs Cooper, electric green crepon; the Misses Keating were similarly gowned in white; Miss Reid looked pretty in a white debutante silk, with bebe sash; Miss Roberts, black velvet, with decollete of white silk; Mrs Mahoney, very billowy costume of white crinkley silk, with silvery serpentine sleeves, the gown was handsomely trimmed with silver passementerie, pink roses in hair; Miss Andrews, handsome combination of grey and white; Miss Revitt, pink; Misses Choyle, white. Amongst the men were: Messrs Mahoney, Styche, Baume, Keating, Harrie, Holland (two), Myers (three), Coleman (two), Mackay, Donald (two), Colson, Darby, Carr, Ledingham, Roach, Sealy, C. Phillips, J. Phillips, Haskett, Andrew, Partridge (two), Roth, James, etc.

received us in their large drawing room, which was tastefully decorated with vases of yellow chrysanthemums and ferns. The tea table was a poem, with its exquisite decorations of vases of various shades of yellow chrysanthemum, intermingled with the rare Hymenophyllum fern (from Mrs Cheeseman's conservatory), and each corner of the table was relieved with the American Schumack or Russ crimson leaf, which had a wonderful effect of adding to the beauty of the table. The grapes were artistically decorated with the autumn leaves of the vine, and the table was literally weighed down with all the dainties of the season, such as trifles, jellies, sweets, Japanese persimmons, etc. Amongst those who contributed towards the music part of the afternoon were the following of Auckland's best vocalists--Mrs Kilgour, Mrs Isidore Alexander, Mrs Roberts and Miss Thomas, rendered solos, while a duet by Mrs and Miss Keogh was much appreciated. Mr Keating (a brave man who faced this room full of the gentler sex) sang a love song with great expression, his strong bass voice being heard to much advantage as he clearly articulated every word. Miss Stella Alexander played a pianoforte solo. Two rooms were thrown open for the many guests, and a dish of pink Bouvardias and pink jasmine was very much admired. I must not forget the quaint little Fijian boy who handed the guests in and waited at the tea table. He was dressed in white clothes, worn by the natives in that part, with bare feet. He did not understand a word of English. He really looked so strange, that the guests could not help remarking upon his quaintness, as he fitted here and there attending to the visitors. Our colonial maids could have well taken a lesson from him.

AFTERNOON TEA

last Friday. Our hostess, who was ably assisted by her two daughters,

received us in their large drawing room, which was tastefully decorated with vases of yellow chrysanthemums and ferns. The tea table was a poem, with its exquisite decorations of vases of various shades of yellow chrysanthemum, intermingled with the rare Hymenophyllum fern (from Mrs Cheeseman's conservatory), and each corner of the table was relieved with the American Schumack or Russ crimson leaf, which had a wonderful effect of adding to the beauty of the table. The grapes were artistically decorated with the autumn leaves of the vine, and the table was literally weighed down with all the dainties of the season, such as trifles, jellies, sweets, Japanese persimmons, etc. Amongst those who contributed towards the music part of the afternoon were the following of Auckland's best vocalists--Mrs Kilgour, Mrs Isidore Alexander, Mrs Roberts and Miss Thomas, rendered solos, while a duet by Mrs and Miss Keogh was much appreciated. Mr Keating (a brave man who faced this room full of the gentler sex) sang a love song with great expression, his strong bass voice being heard to much advantage as he clearly articulated every word. Miss Stella Alexander played a pianoforte solo. Two rooms were thrown open for the many guests, and a dish of pink Bouvardias and pink jasmine was very much admired. I must not forget the quaint little Fijian boy who handed the guests in and waited at the tea table. He was dressed in white clothes, worn by the natives in that part, with bare feet. He did not understand a word of English. He really looked so strange, that the guests could not help remarking upon his quaintness, as he fitted here and there attending to the visitors. Our colonial maids could have well taken a lesson from him.

Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs Keating, who wore a very handsome black fancy lustre, with V shaped black silk figured in white, let down the back as well as front; Miss Keating, small black costume, rose pink Liberty silk vest; and her sister a striking shot coquelicot red, with grey shimmering alpaca; with revers of the same, the bodice and sleeves was of grey silk veiled in chiffon; Mrs Keating wore a rich black silk, bonnet with floral decoration; Miss Keating, ruby fleeced fancy cloth, and her sister wore pine green cashmere; Mrs Dawes, brown costume, old gold silk blouse; Mrs Roberts, very stylish bronze green silk, veiled in black net; Miss Lewis, pink Oriental figured silk trimmed with green chiffon, hat with rose pink silk and flowers; Miss Kerr-Taylor, blue; and her sister, grey; Mrs Whitney, dark skirt, old gold Oriental silk blouse, richly trimmed with passementerie; Miss Aubrey, navy serge; Mrs Hay, black silk relieved with white; Miss Kate Hay, effective violet costume, hat en suite; Mrs Barrington Keating, sage green tailor-made gown, with silk vest, large black hat with plaid ribbons; Mrs Masfield looked distinguee, and was much admired in electric blue silk, veiled in shot blue and black net, bonnet en suite; Mrs Haulin, black; Mrs Alfred White, celery green tailor-made gown, green vest; Mrs Colegrove, black skirt, slate gray, figured silk blouse; Miss Thomas, brown tailor-made gown; Mrs Myers, black silk, black bonnet with white agrette; Mrs William Coleman, black silk, relieved with canary, toque to match; Mrs Keogh, electric blue fleeced fancy cloth, bonnet with flowers; Miss Keogh looked very pretty in a dark skirt, ruby fleeced fancy cloth blouse, black shawl hat; Mrs (Dr.) Shurman, stylish combination of navy and white with blue let in round the neck; Mrs Armistead, black silk, pink vest; Miss Dolly Davis, green tailor-made gown, large hat with feathers; Mrs Gabriel Lewis, black lace costume over pink silk, black bonnet with flowers; Mrs Budd, lavender grey tailor-made cloth; Mrs A. P. Friend, black costume with ruby epaulettes veiled in black, floral toque; and her little daughter wore white; Mrs Cheeseman, black silk edged with frills of white tulle; Mrs Isidore Alexander wore a costly and becoming green silk, veiled in navy canvas, with bands of green velvet round the sleeves and bodice, the yoke was one mass of passementerie, blouse made in Russian style, royal blue velvet toque; Miss Stella Alexander, dark skirt, red silk, tartan blouse, large black hat with grey ostrich feathers; Mr (Capt.) Worsp, black silk, pink vest, green toque; Miss Daisy Worsp, beige pink cashmere; Miss Little brown tailor-made gown; Mrs Haulin, slate grey tailor-made gown; Mrs Bas-

welt, black silk, with heliotrope let in the neck; Mrs Kilgour, black mourning costume.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS CONVERSAZIONE.

The annual exhibition of the Auckland Society of Arts is an event which possesses personal interest for a great many people, because of late years the cultivation of the talent for drawing and painting among the young people of both sexes has become more thorough than it was when the ability to paint a little and to strum a few airs on a piano was considered essential to a young lady's education. The excellent teachers we have now are to be credited with a good share of the praise which is due for the forward movement in art, and their rewards are smaller than those which accrue in any other profession, because of the very limited market, which exists in a colony for the products of their labour.

Several circumstances contribute to give a piquancy to an Art Exhibition that belongs to no other display. Not only is there a delightful curiosity about the possible novelties that may emerge from local studios, but for those who take an interest in art there is to be measured the progress made by teachers and students. But these things I must leave the art critic to discourse upon. My business is rather to consider the exhibition as a social function, and in that respect it holds a deservedly high place.

The conversation on Wednesday night was not so well attended as in some former years; nevertheless there was a representative gathering. The chief topic one heard discussed related to the merits of Mr W. Wright's picture which is entered on the catalogue as 'The Portrait of a Lady,' and which, by unanimous vote, was declared to be the 'picture of the year.' Neither could there be any sort of doubt about the identity of the lady whose face and figure were thus cleverly delineated. I caught a glimpse of her in the person of a popular Remuera belle several times during the evening, keeping very far away from the tall-tale portrait, and looking, I thought, a little self-conscious, for after all it is just a wee bit trying to have one's self held up for criticism in this public fashion. However, the lady, as well as the portrait, came well through the ordeal. It does not occur to one quite so directly that we are all more or less under inspection at gatherings of this kind, although I suppose no woman is altogether unconscious that the eyes of her own sex, if not those of less observant men, are upon her. My personal observations in this way were rather incomplete, but I give them so far as they go.

Mrs Payton, mourning costume; Mrs James Russell, handsome white and grey brocade silk gown; her daughters looked pretty in pale blue and white striped cashmere, with blue corded silk sleeves; Mrs Brett, rich black silk gown, pale pink silk jabot, floral bonnet; Mrs Cotter looked handsome in black brocade, trained gown trimmed profusely with steel passementerie; Mrs (Dr.) Knight wore a rich English gown of black moire with terra cotta silk bodice finished with black chiffon; Mrs Younghusband, pink striped silk; Miss Winnie Leys, stylish black dress with braided bodice and epaulettes; Mrs Upton, black silk; Miss Ferguson, yellow silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hardie, white costume; Mrs Watt, Tussock silk trimmed with ecru insertion and touches of black; Miss Kennedy, white silk with frills edged with lace; Mrs Lusher, black; Miss Gorrie, black velvet skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss Cotter, rose pink silk gown, cream lace square collar; Mrs Ching, black merveilleux; Miss Ching, white silk, pink silk sash; Misses Firth, black evening dresses; Miss Peacock, pink and black silk blouse trimmed with black chiffon, dark skirt; Miss Peacock, pale blue; Mrs Hanna, black silk trimmed with passementerie; Miss Hanna wore a combination of pale grey and pink; Miss Hewin, stylish cream satin trained dress, pale blue silk bodice; Miss Leighton, pale green silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs C. Hemus, grey silk gown; Miss Hemus, black evening dress trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Markham, black silk crepon with trimmings of jet; etc., etc.

A VERY ENJOYABLE

AFTERNOON TEA was given last Thursday by Miss Ross (Farnell) to her numerous girl friends. The guests were received by Mrs Ross, who wore a pretty black silk costume,

and Miss Bena Ross, who looked charming in a stylish black and white silk blouse, with black chiffon trimmings, black sash and skirt. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, and the table was most beautifully and artistically decorated with autumn leaves and dahlias. Amongst the girls present were Miss Brody, who was helping Miss Ross to entertain; Miss D. Worsp, stylish fawn tailor-made costume, sailor hat; Miss Ching, pretty blue cloth, with cream lace collar, blue velvet hat to match; Miss Kitty Lennox, light green dress, trimmed with white lace revers; Miss Donald, stylish grey coat and skirt, with silk front to match, white sailor hat; Miss Whitson; Miss Ireland, fawn tailor-made costume, with pretty cerise hat; Miss Peacock, navy serge jacket and skirt, pink blouse and sailor hat; Miss M. Peacock, pretty dark olive green costume, black sailor hat; Miss M. Whitelaw, stylish tartan costume, with Russian blouse, black velvet hat, trimmed with cerise ribbon; Miss Mueller and Miss Milly Mueller, pretty grey blouses, trimmed with black ribbons, black skirts and hats; Miss Power, navy serge, with red silk front, navy felt hat to match; Miss Runciman, black serge tailor-made costume, black velvet hat; Misses Kempthorne, stylish brown dresses; Miss Thompson, black; Miss Basley, navy; Miss Dawson, black serge coat and skirt, yellow blouse, white sailor hat; Miss J. Main, very pretty tartan blouse, dark skirt; Miss Atkins, pretty electric blue dress, black hat, with pink roses.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, April 27.
This is a disturbed and disturbing age in which we live; there is always some all-absorbing question or event before us; this week it is the war. We have had rumours of wars many times, but never to such an alarming extent. One cannot at first realise what that little word means, and no one can measure the tremendous complications or results of such a catastrophe. Intending passengers for England are very much exercised in mind about going, as they have no wish to add to the ordinary perils of the deep by meeting a Spanish cruiser. To-day some of the citizens make a start and we shall watch for their arrival with redoubled interest.

On Tuesday, at her new residence, Avonside, Mrs Denniston gave a LARGE AFTERNOON TEA, which passed off most pleasantly, her sister-in-law, Mrs Geo. Denniston, from Dunedin, being the honoured guest. Mrs Denniston wore a pretty brown crepon skirt and floral silk blouse to match. Among the guests were: Mrs G. G. Stead, wearing a deep blue cloth gown, with Russian blouse, trimmed with silver braid and buttons; Mrs W. D. Meares, black silk skirt and light blouse; Mrs R. D. Thomas, dark green cloth coat and skirt, with cream vest and lace cravat; Mrs H. H. Cook, a becoming dark green cloth gown; Miss Lee, a rather bright blue cloth costume; others

there were Mesdames Ogle, Vernon, Wood, Macdonald, Secretan, Wilding, Ronalds, H. Burns, Neave, H. Cotterill, Reeves, Hoyd (Dunedin), Fereday, G. M. Buckley, the Misses Denniston, Palmer, Mille (Dunedin), Neave, Tabart, Meares, Wynn-Williams, etc.

It was most provoking that Thursday should be the first and only wet night for so many months as it was the

GEMISCHTER ABEND OF THE LIEBERTAFEL, and being held in the Choral Hall made an uncomfortable wet walk for all who journeyed thither by tram—that is to say, as near as the tram goes. There was not nearly such a gathering as usual at these functions, but at half-time the crowd seemed suddenly to develop, for every one was glad of the hot cup of tea or coffee. The programme was a little unorthodox as all the numbers were from the same composer (Hatton) with the exception of Mr F. M. Wallace's violin solo, which latter was a great treat. What stores of wonderful pieces Mr Wallace still seems to have to give us! The decorations, always a feature on a ladies' evening, were exceptionally pretty. Before beginning the programme a beautiful ode was sung to the memory of Mr W. G. Rhind, their first President, the audience standing. Among those present were Judge Denniston and Mrs Denniston, in a brown silk crepon, the bodice trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Geo. Denniston (Dunedin), black brocade, trimmed with jet; Miss Denniston, black evening gown, with garland of pink roses; Miss Reeves, black satin, finished with jet; Mrs W. D. Meares, black satin and seal cape; the Misses Meares, Mrs R. D. and Miss Thomas, General and Miss Fulton, Mrs Louission, in a handsome black silk, the bodice of pale pink chiffon and jet; Mr A. Carrick and Miss Martin; Miss J. West, black silk and blue plush cloak, with white feather trimming; Mesdames F. Barkas, F. M. Wallace, Ogle, H. Rose, Mrs and Miss Neave, Mrs and Miss Walker, Mrs Wardrop, Mr and Miss Acton-Adams, Mrs Fereday, Mrs Appleby and Miss Young, Mr and Mrs G. Kettlewell, Mrs P. Laurie, Miss Connal, Mr and Mrs G. Merton, Misses Hicks, Ainger, Palmer, Lee, Wilding, etc.

On Friday the MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE held a sale of work in the afternoon, and in the evening had a most successful concert and play in the Choral Hall. Of course they were assisted by adult friends, Mr Maitland Gardner being the prime mover, and it is very gratifying to say he was rewarded with an immense audience, the Choral Hall being crowded in every part. The Extravaganza 'Sleeping Beauty' (up-to-date) was written by Mr Gardner himself, a pretty chorus being introduced, composed by his sister, Miss Nora Gardner, and the play was acted by nearly all children, some quite little mites. The various dances were most prettily and quaintly done, some being encored. The object of the entertainment is to provide a children's convalescent cottage at New Brighton, and they already have a

good sum towards it, one donation being the very handsome sum of £50 from Mr C. Hurst, of Southbridge, and I believe a site has already been secured.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON

Dear Bee, April 26.
On Wednesday and Thursday the Nelson Jockey Club held their

ANNUAL RACE MEETING, at Richmond Park. The weather was perfect on the first day, so a fairly large number of spectators were present, but on the Thursday it was dull and cloudy, and slight rain fell in the afternoon. In consequence the attendance was not nearly so large. The races on the whole were good, some of the finishes being most exciting, especially on the first day. The Stoke Orphanage band supplied very good music. I am afraid the ladies of Nelson do not take a very keen interest in races, for there were not many present. Mrs Percy Adams wore a stylish gown of grey, with wide belt and finishings of blue, becoming hat to match; Mrs George Watts (Blenheim) was admired in a handsome black costume, the whole of the front of which was embroidered with gold pissementerie, toque en suite; Mrs A. Mackay, smart green costume, bonnet to match; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, becoming blue dress, large hat; Miss Mackay looked well in nut brown, large brown velvet hat; Mrs Sharp wore black, bonnet effectively trimmed with Nil green; Mrs Salmon (Auckland), black, relieved with white (slight mourning costume); Mrs Roger Kingdon, smart tailor-made costume, hat en suite; Mrs Pitt, rich black silk and lace, bonnet relieved with coloured flowers; Miss Pitt; Mrs Blackett wore black, bonnet with mauve flowers; Mrs Renwick; Mrs and Miss Robertson (Blenheim); Mrs and Miss McRae.

On Wednesday afternoon there was quite a large gathering at the Boys' College to witness the senior and junior

CHAMPION TENNIS MATCHES, which were eventually won by W. Tomlinson and C. Heaps respectively. Delicious afternoon tea and cakes were provided by Miss Olivier, who, with Mr Joynt, was most assiduous in her efforts to make all the visitors enjoy themselves. Miss Olivier wore black, black lace and tulle hat, relieved with white; Mrs Selanders also wore black, with stylish bonnet; Mrs Robinson, Mrs Preshaw, Mrs Perrin, Mrs Tomlinson; Miss Tomlinson, white muslin blouse, black skirt and hat; Miss Mules, dark gown, pretty red cloak with black fur, black sailor hat; Miss Lawrel, fawn costume, chip hat; Miss Webb-Bowen, smart plaid blouse, black skirt, chic hat to match; Miss Leggratt, black serge coat and skirt, large white hat with heliotrope flowers; Miss G. Fell, effective bicycle costume of light brown cloth, sailor hat with red band; Miss Pearce, stone grey costume with lace trimmings, small black hat; Miss Talbot, fawn costume; Miss Boor; Mrs Perrin wore grey, large chip hat with pink flowers; the Misses Preshaw (2), Miss M. Glasgow, etc.

During the week the St. John and Hayman Dramatic Company have given several performances in the

THEATRE.

which have been fairly well patronised. Some of those present on different nights were Mrs Renwick, Mr T. Renwick, Mrs and Miss Robertson, Mr and Mrs Percy Adams, Mrs Sweet, Mr and Mrs G. Watts (Blenheim), Mr and Miss Webb-Bowen, Mr and Mrs Hanby, the Misses Sealy, Miss Leggratt, Dr. and Mrs Hudson, Mr E. Cooke, and others.

PHYLLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, April 29.
One of the PLEASANTEST DANCES of the season was given by Mrs Standish in her charming house, 'Wetona', last week, the evening being just delightful for amusements of this kind. The floor of the dancing room and the music was perfect. Our admirable hostess had so arranged that ladies and gentlemen were about equal, if anything the gentlemen were in the majority, which saves the useless adornment of wallflowers, too often the formal decorations of a ballroom. Mr and Mrs Standish both made ideal

host and hostess, introducing the guests, etc., and attending to their comfort in a charming manner that was much appreciated. The balcony and verandah, which were closed in, had seats arranged for sitters out. This 'happy thought' was much in request. There was a card room for those gentlemen who did not dance, and also a room where claret cup and other light refreshments were dispensed during the whole evening. I am afraid the former room was not much appreciated by those young men whom it was for, because they preferred either watching the dancing or sitting out with some delightful young maiden up on the balcony or any cosy corner they could find, and talking about the 'War'. The supper table was simply and sweetly decorated with pink and white cosmos and ferns, surrounded with the usual dainty and tasty things one receives at a good house. I do not think I shall be able to give you a brilliant description of gowns, as I was having such a good time myself that I had not any spare moments to notice my neighbour's frocks.

The hostess received her guests in the drawing room, and was gowned in a handsome black dress, trimmed with white; Miss Standish, cream; Miss O'Callaghan, a very pretty pink; Miss Meyerang (Awatuna), cream; Miss McKellar looked very pretty in white silk, trimmed with lace and roses; Miss Holdsworth, white and cardinal; Miss Stanford, pink and violets; Miss M. Stanford, white; Miss Carthew, blue; Miss Jacob, a charming costume of white silk, with white satin bodice, trimmed with tulle and roses; Miss Bedford, white crepon, trimmed with pink satin and chiffon; Miss Thomson, white; Miss Bayly, handsome white satin; Miss C. Bayly, canary silk; Miss Saddler, white; Miss Ross (Christchurch), black and cream; Miss B. Bayly, yellow; Miss M. Saddler, black; Miss Cornwall looked handsome in white silk; Miss G. Stanford, pink; Miss Olive Stanford, white, with terra cotta sash; Miss Kyngdon, dove grey; Miss Newell (Wellington), a very pretty dress of fish net over blue; Miss Fookes, cream, with sequin trimmings; Miss A. Hursthouse, a dainty costume of white book muslin, trimmed with lace; Miss Browne (Inglewood), white; Miss Rochford, white; Misses Tuke, pink and black; Miss Glynnes, blue; Miss Webster looked pretty in pink; Miss Renwick, a charming combination of cream and heliotrope. Among the gentlemen were: Dr. Walker, Messrs Robertson (2), Standish (3), Enderby, Strouts, McKellar, Rennell, Clarke (2), Bayly, Carthew, Weston, Noble, Forte, Didsbury, Bedford, Webster, Dingle (2), Thomson (2), Spencer, Salter, Ryan, Cornwall, Humphries, Fookes, Watkins, Stocker, Wright, McDiarmid (2).

NANCY LEE.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee, April 25.
Last Friday evening a CHRISTY MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT

in aid of the Wairau Cricket Club was given in Ewart's Hall, and fortunately for the object in view, the attendance was good. The singers were supported by an excellent orchestra, which was conducted by Miss Rose, Miss Eibeck officiating as pianist, and Mr Sturrock as conductor for the choruses. Messrs L. Griffiths and G. Otter-somly were corner men, and Mr S. Connolly interlocutor, creating a much amusement with their jokes and local hits. Other singers were: Messrs Orr, Abrams, Barlow, Sturrock, Green, Jefferies and Master Roy Simson. Songs and choruses formed the first part of the programme, and for the second a nigger absurdity entitled, 'Lodgings to Let' was performed, in which the following gentlemen took part: Messrs L. Griffiths, Geoffrey Horton, G. Simson, G. Otterson, and Barlow. Among the audience were Mesdames McIntosh, Orr, A. P. Green, McCallum, Moore, Hubbard, Sturtevant, Jackson, Thompson, MacShane, Green, Field, and the Misses Ella Burden (Woodville), Waddy, Adams, Mabin, Ethel Carey, Bull (2), J. Horton, Mc-Lauren, Browne (2), Cotterill (Gisborne), Bell, McRae, Johnston, Turner, and Messrs Bunting, Stubbs, MacShane (2), Burden, Chuytor, C. Carey, Stow, Dunn, Moore (2), McIntire, etc.

The last meeting for the season took place at the

MARLBOROUGH TENNIS COURTS on Saturday, when 'Scrap Ten' was again the order of the afternoon. Ten-

My GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS must have used

Keen's D.S.F. Mustard And SO WILL I.

FIRST MANUFACTURED A.D. 1742.

nis will not be given up altogether for some play all the winter on the asphalt court, but spectators cannot be expected.

GOLF

has now taken the place of tennis, and no doubt many will join the Golf Club now that the links are in a more central position. Among those who were present on Saturday afternoon were: Mrs Black, Mr and Mrs Bright, Mrs Lucas, Miss Waddy, Mr Hunting, etc.

Mr Birch, manager of the Wellington Gas Works, is at present in Blenheim for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of our white elephant, the Blenheim Gas Works. His report was to be submitted to the Enquiry Committee on Saturday evening, when we hope that he will be able to indicate a means of making the works pay.

FRIDA.

DUNEDIN.

Dear Bee, April 15.
'Quite a number of 'At Homes' have been given lately in honour of Judge and Mrs Williams.

On Monday evening Mrs James Mills gave a

MUSICAL 'AT HOME'

at her residence, Mount Lodge. Every arrangement was made for the comfort of the guests, of whom over 200 were present. The verandahs were covered in and seated, the morning room supplied with refreshments, and supper was served in the dining-room. The floral decorations were beautiful and effective, and the viands left nothing to be desired, while a string band performed at intervals during the evening.

The performances of the Wentworth Company were much appreciated, Miss Wentworth contributing a musical sketch, and impersonations of an up-to-date 'At Home.' Mrs Mills and Miss Williams sang a duet; Miss F. Mills played with her usual skill and charm; Miss Gwenda Williams and other guests completing an enjoyable programme. Amongst those present, as well as Mr and Mrs Mills, and the Misses Mills, were Judge and Mrs Williams and the Misses Williams. Mr and Mrs J. Roberts, Mr and Miss Cargill, Mrs W. H. and the Misses Reynolds; Mr and the Misses Shand, Mr and Mrs Valentine, Mr and Mrs H. Williams, Dr. and Miss Riley, Mr and Miss Bell, Mrs Napier Bell, Mr and Mrs Chapman, Mr and the Misses Batchelor, Mr W. A. Morris, the Misses Morris, Mr and Mrs Galloway, Mr F. MacLean, Misses MacLean, Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mr and Mrs Edmond, Mr and the Misses Gibson, Dr. and Mrs Ogston, Miss Gillies, Mrs R. Turnbull, Mr and Mrs Graham, Miss Graham, Mr and Mrs Theomin, Mrs Cutten, Captain, Mrs and Miss Boyd, Mrs Neill, Miss Neill, Mr H. Kettle, Mr and Miss Cutten, Mr and Mrs Denniston, Miss Denniston, Mrs Harvey, Mr Moore, Mr Hunter, Mr Wright, Miss Blakeney, Misses Gilkison, Miss Bathgate, Mrs W. E. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs George MacLean, Mr and Mrs Sinclair Thomson, Mrs and the Misses Rattray, Mr and Mrs Bridgman, Miss Holmes, Mr and Mrs A. Fisher, Mrs Stevwright, Miss Bartleman, Mr Tapley, Mr Baldwin, Mr, Mrs and Miss Graham, Mr and Mrs Tetre, the Misses Webster, Mr and Mrs McLeod, etc.

Mrs Mills wore pale blue moire, bodice pouched and veiled in spangled net, white chiffon sleeves and sash ends; Miss Mills, rose pink brocade; Miss F. Mills, white silk, pink roses; Miss G. Mills, white silk; Mrs Williams, black satin, white chiffon bodice; Miss Williams, black silk, covered black net; Mrs Roberts, black silk, white lace and feathers; Mrs Morris, black satin brocade with blue; Mrs G. MacLean, black velvet, white lace; Mrs Napier Bell, black satin; Miss Bell, yellow brocade and pansies; Mrs Batchelor, black satin, trimmed pale blue; Mrs Denniston, black brocade and lace; Miss D. Williams, white satin and chiffon; Mrs R. Turnbull, black satin, chiffon and pearl trimming; Mrs Graham, black silk, open over a front of red brocade; Mrs Ritchie, yellow brocade; Miss Boyd, white satin, with heliotrope ribbon; Miss Gibson, Nil green moire, trimmed pampasmerie; Miss N. Gibson, pink silk, frills of white chiffon; Mrs Chauman, cream silk dress with sage-green velvet; Mrs Sinclair Thomson, Nil green and pink satin; Miss MacLaren, pale grey silk, steel trimmings; Mrs Edmond, black satin; Mrs C. Rattray, pale blue satin skirt, bodice white chiffon; Mrs Fox, black satin, steel trimmings; Miss Ronalds, white satin; Mrs Fisher, white satin; Mrs Bell, white satin; Mrs Ogston, shoe green silk; Miss G. Rattray, chine silk dress, panels of green velvet and lace, etc.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs John Roberts gave an

'AT HOME'

at her residence, 'Littlebourne House,' in honour of Judge and Mrs Williams. A large number of visitors were received on arrival by Mr and Mrs Roberts in the hall, and then passed on to the dining-room, where refreshments were served, including some fine grapes. The Misses Roberts and their brothers were most attentive to the guests, who were seated in groups round the various little tables—a lappy arrangement which admits of easy access to one's friends. The day was fine enough to permit outdoor rambles in the grounds, while those who elected to remain within were regaled with music from a string band stationed in the upper corridor, as well as select items performed in the drawing-room.

Amongst the guests present were Judge and Mrs Williams, Misses Williams, Mrs Macassey, Mr and Miss Macassey, Mrs and Miss Mills, Mrs C. Rattray, Misses Rattray, Mrs Fenwick, Mrs Scott, Mrs LeCren, Miss Bartleman, Mr and Mrs Theomin, Mrs and Miss Cargill, Mrs G. Turnbull, Mrs Galloway, Misses MacLaren, Mrs and Miss Denniston, Misses Ramsay, Mrs Fraser, Mrs Ronalds, Mrs Seivwright, Mrs and Miss Boyd, Mrs and the Misses Gibson, Mrs Butterworth, Mrs Chapman, Mrs Michie, Mrs Bell, Lady Stout, Mrs and Misses Graham, Mrs and the Misses Ulrich, Miss Blakeney, Mrs G. Moodie, Mrs and Misses McKerras, Mrs L. Reynolds, Mrs and Misses Batchelor, Mrs Bridgman, Mr and Mrs Cheeseman, Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mrs Carew, Mrs Sargood, Mrs A. C. Begg, Mrs MacNeil, Miss Allan, Mrs Turton, Mrs Fulton, Mrs and Miss Brent, Mrs and Miss Bathgate, Mrs McGowan, Miss Molyneux, Mrs Greenwood, Mrs Hedman, Dr. and Mrs Bennett, Mrs Garland, Mrs Jones, Mrs Petre, Mrs Perston, Mr Hunter, Mr Wright, Mr and Mrs Finch, Mr Sargood, Mrs and Miss Joachim, Mr MacKenzie, etc.

Mrs Roberts wore a black cloth gown, trimmed with jet; Miss Roberts, white muslin blouse, with green cloth skirt; Miss L. Roberts, green and white foulard; Mrs Mills, rosea green cashmere, trimmed with pale blue silk and sequin embroidery, black chiffon hat, with plumes; Mrs Sargood, sapphire blue silk, veiled in transparent canvas cloth; Mrs Carew, braided purple cloth dress; Mrs Macassey, shot silk blouse, over black skirt; Miss Gibson, fawn cashmere, velvet hat, with pink roses; Mrs Williams, cloth tailor-made costume, jacket opening over lace vest; Mrs Grierson, grey and blue costume; Mrs Michie, green cloth costume; Mrs R. Turnbull, fawn cashmere, with heliotrope silk; Mrs A. Turnbull, black costume, toque, with scarlet; etc.

On Wednesday, 13th, Mrs Fergus gave an

AFTERNOON TEA

to a large number of her friends in the Exhibition Building. The whole of the excellent refreshments were prepared by Mrs Miller and her staff of capable assistants.

ISOBEL.

Dear Bee, April 23
Though the 'Jubilee' excitement is somewhat on the wane, other pleasures and excitements follow fast upon its train, and the marriage of Miss Florence E. Reid, a frequent visitor to Dunedin, will doubtless interest many Northern friends.

Mrs Ulrich gave a

EUCHRE PARTY

in honour of her son, who is on a visit to Dunedin, at which a number of guests were present. The dining and drawing rooms were arranged with small tables for playing, which ceased after ten, when it was found that the greatest number of games had been won by Miss M. Reynolds and Mr Bell, and the fewest by Miss L. Rattray and Mr Law, prizes being awarded to both winners and losers. Amongst those present besides the Misses Ulrich, Messrs Ulrich, were Mr and Miss Royse, Mr and Miss Gibson, Mr Turton, Miss Shand, Miss E. Neill, Mr and Miss MacLean, Mr and Miss Bell, Mr Law, Miss Webster, Miss M. Reynolds, Miss L. Rattray, Mr Moore, etc.

Mr Ogston is the winner of the Ladies' Golf Club Trophy, presented by Mr Theomin.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, April 28.
Last Friday Mrs Moore gave an

ENJOYABLE LITTLE DANCE

for young people at her residence, Wyuna. The hostess wore a gown of black brocade trimmed with cream lace. Some of the guests were: Miss Williams, in black and green silk; Miss Lamb, in cream and maize colour; Miss Wood, in blue and silver; Miss Hoadley wore a pretty dress of white and mauve, and her sister was in heliotrope; Miss Baillie looked well in black; Miss V. Twigg wore a pretty frock of white muslin; Miss Stowe was in pale amber silk; Miss Henn wore black and pink; Miss E. Spencer was in a pretty black dress; Miss Locking wore pink and biscuit colour; Miss Donnelly looked well in black; and Miss Hovel wore a becoming cream dress. Messrs. Fannin, Smith, Ashcroft, Hoadley, Sainsbury, Wood, Barron, Margoliouth, Cooper, and Williams were amongst those present. Saturday was the last day of the

HAWKE'S BAY TENNIS CLUB'S SEASON.

and on that account there were quite a large number of people at the courts. Some of those present were: Miss Kennedy, in a plaid silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Balfour, in fawn; Mrs Duncan, in navy blue; Mrs Lusk, in a fawn coat and skirt; Miss Donnelly, in black and heliotrope; Miss Macfarlane, in a blue blouse and dark skirt; Miss McGowan, in navy blue; and the Misses Spencer, Lyndon, Locking, Sutton, Reece, Hindmarsh, Tanner, and Messrs. Hartley, Pavitt, Brabazon, Macfarlane, Dinwiddie, Dakin, Barron, Bowen, etc.

SPORTS.

The Heretaunga School Sports, at Hastings, took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, and were watched with keen interest by a large number of the boys' parents and friends. Perhaps the most exciting race was the 500 yards steeplechase over fences, hurdles, and water; but the most amusing one was the officials' race, in which the competitors were of all ages. After the sports were over on Wednesday afternoon, the prizes were distributed to the winners by Mrs E. A. Fraser. The three silver cups were presented to R. G. Hunt for the mile run; to A. Quartly for the steeplechase; and to E. Merewether, who received the junior cup. J. N. Heslop is the holder for the year of the senior cup. Mr Robert Brathwaite, the winner of the officials' race, was presented with a prize given by Mr J. H. Williams. Some others who kindly gave prizes were: Mr C. A. Fitzroy, Mr Quartly, Mr J. A. Fraser (Principal of the school, and many friends of the boys who were pupils in 1896. At the conclusion of the proceedings cheers were given for Mr and Mrs Fraser, the ladies and the officials. The afternoon tea given by Mrs Fraser and other ladies was much appreciated by all.

The

WANDERERS' BICYCLE CLUB.

held some successful sports at the Napier Recreation Ground on Wednesday afternoon, and a great many on-lookers were attracted to the ground. The Garrison Band, which played at intervals during the afternoon, was a cheerful addition to the day's entertainment. Champion riders were present from almost all parts of the colony. In the mile interprovincial scratch race, Christchurch, Dunedin, Hastings, Wanganui, Wellington, Manawatu, and Clive were represented, and the victory fell to G. Sutherland, of Christchurch. The Wanderers' wheel race was won by Stackwood, the Palmerston North cyclist, and McDowell won all the six-lap prizes (half-a-mile each).

At a

SOCIAL

given for the visiting cyclists on Wednesday evening at the Masonic Hotel, the prizes were distributed to the successful competitors at the Wanderers' Bicycle Club Sports. A pleasant evening was spent, and Mr Jordan, the captain of the club, occupied the chair. Some of those who contributed songs were Messrs. Johnson, Banks, Wall, Newton, Allen, Hill, etc. The visitors said that they hoped to be present again in Napier next year, and that their visit this time had been very pleasant. Before the meeting commenced a close Mr Fountain, as representative of the local club,

was presented by Mr Nordon, on behalf of the visitors, with a pair of gold sleeve links as an acknowledgment of the courtesy with which they had been treated during their stay in Napier.

MAELJORIE.

SUMNER.

Dear Bee, I had the pleasure of spending a few days in Sumner at Easter time, and must really remark that the Sumner people are very talented. The Taiharuru Amateur Dramatic Club gave another entertainment on Saturday evening for the pleasure of the volunteers who were camping at Sumner. The entertainment was got up in a hurry, but was all that could be desired. The overture was played by Miss Katie Young (piano) and Mr J. S. Monck (cornet). The next item on the programme was a song by Mr A. E. Cooper, 'Red, White, and Blue,' a thoroughly popular and well known song, to which Mr Cooper did full justice. This gentleman also sang 'The Dashing Militaire,' which was well received, and for which he accepted an encore. 'The Spanish Fan Dance,' by Misses Dowding (2) and K. Monck was very gracefully performed. The tableau 'Luna' should be placed amongst our glimpses of the beautiful, Miss Gertie Partridge, a handsome young lady, dressed in a sparkling costume and seated on a moon, being the representative, well deserved the applause she received. 'The Judgment of Paris' was another beautiful tableau. The characters were: 'Venus,' Miss Partridge (beautiful silk evening costume); 'Hero,' Miss Bridge; 'King Paris,' Mr Gerard Vandervelden (who is an excellent impersonator, and imitated to a nicety the stern face of King Paris); 'Juno' was taken by Mrs E. C. Young, whose tall graceful figure showed off to perfection her beautiful dress of red velvet and cream satin, trimmed with rich gold cord and lace (her costume was spoken of as the most beautiful in the room). A banjo duet, by Messrs Post and Dereaux, a luxury we do not get every day, was well appreciated. The costume song and dance, 'O Ma Babbie,' by Misses Foster, Monck, Bridge, Dowding, E. Dowding, and two others whom I do not know, was repeated. This is an extremely pretty dance, the handsome dresses and graceful movements of the ladies make one imagine one's self for a time in fairyland. Misses Foster and Dowding danced the 'Cachucha' (a Spanish dance) beautifully. This is a rather difficult dance, and requires very graceful movements, but I have rarely seen it performed as gracefully as these young ladies did it on Saturday evening. The dances and tableaux were enlivened by coloured lights, flashed on the performers from time to time, which gave an excellent effect to the whole. The entertainment ended with a farcical comedy, 'The Area Belle.' The characters were taken by Miss Dowding (Penelope), Miss E. Smith (Mrs Croaker), Mr E. Wood (Pitchey), Mr E. Dowding (Tosser), Mr Partridge (Walker Chalks). It would be hard to tell which of the characters deserved the most praise, as Misses Dowding and Smith were thoroughly at ease. The acting of the gentlemen was so good that one might imagine Mr Wood to have been a member of the police force all his life. Mr F. Dowding, who seems to be a born actor, might easily persuade the audience that he had spent most of his time as a member of the Grenadiers, and Mr Partridge called 'Milk' so naturally that many of the audience wondered if that functionary (the milkman) had not really called. Miss Young took the place of pianist throughout the evening, and whenever the performers were not quite ready. This young lady played selections from the great operas, which made the time all too short. After the entertainment the hall was cleared and all joined in a jolly dance, which lasted until midnight. Many regretted the approach of Sunday morning, as it ended their joyous evening. The inhabitants of Sumner should be very thankful to Miss Foster, who is the principal mover in these little entertainments, and who does much for the development of natural talent. The room was crowded to overflowing, most of the audience being volunteers. No more at present from

A BOLLING STONE.

LIFE IN THE HAREM.

A lady who acted as governess to the family of an Egyptian Pasha contributes to the current number of the 'Humanitarian' an interesting article on the women of the Harem.

During a residence of two winters in Egypt, under exceptional opportunities for observation, she says, never saw the 'harem' violated. The veiled female may pursue her avocations; fuel collecting, vending her merchandise, purchasing her family supplies, cooking in the market place, washing clothing in the river or canal, unmolested by the stare, the sneer, the gibe, that too often greets the working woman in other countries; even the female beggar is sacred when shrouded in her torn and tattered veil, clasping her babe to her breast.

The independence of the female is recognised in many respects, in particular by her retaining her own name after marriage. One never hears of 'Mrs Ahmed,' or 'Mrs Murad.' Neither does custom attach the title of the man to the cognomen of the wife. Women are usually entitled 'Hanoum.'

Our family consisted of the princess, her husband's sister, a sister of the sister-in-law's husband, the four children and myself. This number was frequently augmented by female guests, who passed days, sometimes weeks, with us. The table at dinner was tastefully decked, in conformity with European custom with silver, glass, china, linen, and fresh flowers; the viands being served through a small sliding panel to the maids who attended the princess and her suite, the butler never seeing the family nor being seen by us. If by chance the panel was left open and the man appeared within range of any lady's face she interposed her napkin between her face and his view until the panel was closed, even the maids stood invisible at one side of the window when necessary to speak to the men who served in the pantry.

The after ablutions include cleansing the mouth. This is done by thrice filling the right hand with fresh (flowing) water and throwing it into the mouth. The index finger is then introduced on the left side, the upper and lower teeth vigorously rubbed, the thumb then introduced on the opposite side, and the teeth likewise treated, the hands being again thoroughly washed with a liberal allowance of soap and water abundantly poured over them. I never

learned to douche my mouth, but retired to my room, where maids and children frequently witnessed my use of the tooth-brush, but insisted that their method surpassed mine in thoroughness and antiquity.

A spacious marble court, connected the two wings of the palace, the larger being reserved to the harem and the smaller being occupied by the pasha, his brothers-in-law (the 'bey'), and several secretaries and professors, a large schoolroom being situated in this wing. Whenever occasion obliged a female to visit this wing she veiled herself with as much precision as if going abroad. The little princess and myself had to obey this rule when attending school. The pasha and the bey had their private apartments on the second floor of this wing, where were also located several other suites of bed chambers and dressing rooms, occupied by the children and their mother and aunt. Whenever the husband intends to visit his wife he sends an eunuch or maid to notify her. He does not intrude upon her unannounced or unexpectedly. Should his wife be engaged in making her toilet (or otherwise) he waits her pleasure to admit him. I have known the pasha attend thus half an hour while his wife's maids completed her toilet.

The reputed indolence of the women of the harem is quite as mythical as are many of the other legends with which we are familiar. It was not unusual for the princess to supervise and assist her maids in the early dawn whilst they swept and dusted the immense halls and drawingrooms, she herself rearranging the furniture and draperies, especially the adjustment of numberless Cashmere shawls with which her favourite boudoir was adorned. The morning work accomplished, mistress and maids reposed and refreshed themselves with a calmness foreign to the bustling housewife of colder climes. The sewing women applied themselves diligently, but when the hours of relaxation arrived they played among and with the children in all the abandon of innocent girlhood. Hide-and-seek was their favourite pastime, in which I occasionally joined, even the stately sister of the pasha sometimes deigned to quicken her pace in this quest of her hidden niece and nephews when a frolicsome chase would send her to cover in more secluded paths in the lovely gardens and orange groves where we played.

WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

The Woman's Parliament of Southern California will meet in Redlands next month. It will be the first session of the parliament since the election of Major Belle Reynolds, of Santa Barbara, the only woman major in the United States, to the office of president.

The Woman's Parliament of Southern California was organised in 1892. A number of Los Angeles residents had long discussed the necessity for reform in woman's work, and, knowing the value of close relationship, a call was issued to the women of the six southern counties—Los Angeles, San Diego, Orange, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Bernardino—to meet in convention in Los Angeles on November 15 and 16, 1892. The response was most encouraging. The parliament was organised, and since that time it has increased in membership until now there are almost 1000 women's names on the rolls. The sessions are held semi-annually in the different towns of the south. Papers are presented touching the subject of home, education, philanthropic work, dress, suffrage, municipal reforms, economic questions, music, training of children, legislation, etc. An animated and free discussion follows the presentation of each paper, and one evening session is held, when the audience is as representative of men as of women. The central idea of the parliament is progress and culture. Apparently the members do not trouble themselves very much about political questions as the ladies here do.

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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, pimples, redness, freckles or pimples. Deliciously and agreeably perfumed. ONE SHILLING PER TUB. Dose: a cordial dose with each cake, continuing to its harmlessness, purity, and beautifying qualities. Beware of injurious imitations. MADAME ADELINA PATRI writes: "I and Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap most excellent." This soap cures itchy and greasy skin.

DR. MACKENZIE'S FACE LOTION is not greasy, does not contain Glycerine and is absolutely harmless. By tightening the skin it quickly removes all wrinkles, lines, cross-veins, or puffiness under the eye, it keeps the skin soft and velvety, and in summer will entirely prevent and quickly remove freckles; whilst for excessive perspiration, or bristles of an angry nose, it is marvellous. Price 5s per bottle, large bottles 8s. This Lotion prevents the growth of superfluous hairs on the face. Delicious in hot climates. S. HARVEY, LTD., 5, DEANMAN STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, ENGLAND, or at all Chemists and Stores.

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ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF
PREVENTS HAIR FALLING
PROMOTES GROWTH,
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"I have used your 'KOKO' hair dressing for some time, and I have not only got rid of the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing proof of your preparation."

1/2, 2/6 & 4/6
OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.
KOKO MARICOPAS COY., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

NERVE, BLOOD & SKIN DISEASES CURED BY TAKING HERR RASSMUSSEN'S
(The Celebrated Danish Herbalist)

ALFALINE HERBAL REMEDIES
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A PERMANENT CURE FOR NERVE, SKIN, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

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The Celebrated Danish Herbalist and Gold Medalist, of 22, Lambton Quay, Wellington, and 547 GORONG BRASSY, STREET, is world-renowned for the

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

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sent for themselves as to the immense virtues of these Herbal Remedies.

ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS
Are a Certain Cure for Weak Nerves, Depressed Spirit, Debility, and Weakness of the Spine, Brain, and Nervous System. Powerful Course, 6s. 6d.; Ordinary Course, 3s. 6d.; Smaller Doses, 1s. and 6d. per box. Send for Free Pamphlet.

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

His Alfaline Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat Reducers, Various Female, Child, Bowels, Fish, Pruritus, Powders, Worm Cakes, Bath Tablets, Necessaries Oil and Jujube, Hair Restorer and Complexion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all simply wonderful.

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Pure Blood

is the source of good health.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Makes pure blood, strengthens the nerves, sharpens the appetite, removes that tired feeling, and makes life worth living. Thousands of people have testified to the healing virtue of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Their letters come in every post. There's no attempt at theory. They all assert the great fact, "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me."

Weak, Weary Women

who have been bed ridden, vexed with a scrofulous taint, emaciated, afflicted with diseases common to their sex, write gratefully of a perfect cure. If you wish to profit by their experience, and become healthy and strong, take the great strength giver and blood-purifier

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

AYER'S PILLS, SUGAR-COATED, EASY TO TAKE

A TERRIBLE COUGH

34, Commercial Road, Peckham, 12

Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at July expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucous, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL.

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY

Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 23, 1893.

I have, indeed, great pleasure, in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenge is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. I certainly, and I can strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary irritation of your truly,

A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh.

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

It is nearly 80 years ago since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in this by all Chemists.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserve, strengthens, 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.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

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 21, Hulton Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.

THE USE OF CORSETS.

WHAT CONSTITUTES REASONABLY TIGHT LACING?

At a meeting of the British Association at Bath, a paper was recently read in the Physiological Section upon the use of stays. The joint authors, the late Professor Roy and one of his colleagues in the University of Cambridge, were enthusiastic in the praise of corsets, alleging that, worn in the daytime, during the principal hours of exertion, these 'strange disguisements,' as an old writer once called them, are beneficial, and that 'reasonably tight lacing' increases mental and physical activity by causing a more liberal supply of blood to the brain, muscles, and nerves. At the same time they condemned the extreme practice of tight lacing. The theory of the Professor and his colleague sounds logical at first (says a writer in 'Health News'), but upon closer investigation it will be seen that they assumed much more than they proved. Admitting for argument's sake, that Nature has been so remiss in her arrangements that it is necessary for women (how are the men to manage, by the way?) to resort to some means of increasing the flow of blood to the head, etc., by robbing the abdominal viscera, is the practice of compression the most sensible? Blood is forced from the abdominal and thoracic viscera to the head, and to the surface of the body by firm pressure; but is this an unimproved benefit to the wearer of tight stays? On the contrary, the gradually reddening nose, the headache, and frequent peevish irritability (increased mental activity (?), the laborious respiration, and inability either to assume an easy position or to move about with grace and freedom (how about 'increased physical activity?') too plainly demonstrate that 'reasonably tight lacing' is fraught with discomfort and danger. So long as women are to be found who, to gratify personal vanity, or to conform with fashionable notions, will submit cheerfully to any inconvenience, it is little short of folly to advocate 'reasonably tight lacing.' Who shall decide, too, what constitutes this condition? Besides, if a woman, through physical weakness, needs some kind of support for the back, it should be supplied by the use of some sort of soft material, and not of unyielding corsets, rendered hard by metallic or other inelastic substances. As regards the numerous ailments to which the votaries of tight lacing voluntarily subject themselves, these are generally recognised, though the full extent of injury to health and even danger to life, owing to serious physiological derangements, are known only to the unfortunate victims of the habit, and to their medical attendants. English women ridicule—and naturally, too—the absurd custom which causes ladies in China (the practice, we may observe, does not prevail amongst the lower classes) to cramp their feet till walking becomes almost impossible; yet they do not give a thought, apparently, to the absurdity and folly of compressing their lungs till they can scarcely breathe, their hearts till palpitation and fainting are produced, and other internal organs to such an extent that the displacement and distortion must result in present suffering and future illness.

SONNET.

Though I have met Adversity's sharp sting
By mine own fault: yet do not me despise
For I have suffered. Yes, my heart doth
 sting
With grief and anguish, and my thoughts
uprise
Reproaching me with shame so dearly
bought.
But all things change, as well as all one's
fears,
And I will hope the future may be fraught
With those desires that bring forth joy—
not tears.
But for the while my sorrows still do live,
And make me wish oftentimes that life
would end.
True sympathy is rare, and this you give,
Yet in return I do but thee offend.
If by actions I have wounded thee
I ask forgiveness; then my cares will
flee.

ATHOS.

WEAR SCARBOROUGH'S CELEBRATED

FEARNOUGHT SERGES

BEST FOR ALL WEATHERS. SEE TRADE MARK EVERY YARD. USED EXTENSIVELY IN LONDON AND PARIS. OF LEADING DRAPERS & STOREKEEPERS. SCARBOROUGH, NEPHEW & Co. ELLEN ROYDE MILLS, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

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

THE FRUIT SEASON and BIRD'S CUSTARD. BIRD'S CUSTARD advantageously takes the place of cream with Fresh, Stewed or Tinned Fruits. So rich yet will not disagree; enhances the flavour. So cooling, agreeable and wholesome.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is THE ONE THING NEEDED with all Stewed or Tinned Fruits.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard & Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blane-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

HUDSON'S SOAP

"LAWN WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW."



HUDSON'S SOAP FOR YOUR LINEN

CLOTHES WASHED WITH HUDSON'S are thoroughly washed, therefore remain MUCH LONGER CLEAN. Linen when regularly washed with HUDSON'S is Delightfully Sweet, Wholesome, Lily-white, and Fresh as Sea Breezes, and will keep a Good Colour. SOAK YOUR CLOTHES WITH HUDSON'S And the dirt will slip out with about half the usual labour.

Ask for HUDSON'S A FINE POWDER. QUARTER POUND PACKETS.

For WASHING-UP after Meals, HUDSON'S has no equal—it dissolves immediately—enters every crevice—makes Grease Fly. HUDSON'S leaves no Taint or Smell.

HUDSON'S is used in all the "Happy Homes of England."

CHILDREN'S IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

In one of the lectures given at the winter meeting of the College of Preceptors, in London, a strange light was cast upon the æsthetic ideas of the small child (says the Westminster Gazette.) The lecturer, Miss Isabel Hux, of the Manchester High School, contributed incidentally an account of an experiment of her own. She gave her class of about thirty very young children five minutes to think of the most beautiful thing they ever saw, and at the end of that time recorded their answers. The human element was entirely ignored, not one of them referring to any beautiful face. Five children mentioned the moon and stars (one stipulating that it must be the full moon), two the sun, and one the setting sun. Two chose flowers, two certain scenery, two birds, and two (both of them lazy) fell back upon the last object lesson, namely, star-fish and sponge. The following joys for ever received one vote each: The snow, the rain, a butterfly, the union jack, a tiger's skin, salt, silver and gold, barracks, and brooches and pink silk.

In some cases a revision was desired the next day. The girl who at first approved the rain wished afterwards to change it for a house with snow dropping from it, a little street in front and a post office at the end. The boy who admired barracks next day preferred Haddon Hall. Another boy, who at first suggested a ship with sails, withdrew this in favour of a steamer, which he thought was nicer because of the smoke. Second thoughts were an improvement in the case of another, whose first choice of a steam engine (with the qualifications, however, that it was running along in the sunshine) was withdrawn for a country scene he remembered, where there was a stream with golden bracken and the sun shining upon it. The children who were thus interrogated were not city arabs, but came from well-to-do homes. Yet one of them actually said that the most beautiful thing she had ever seen was a little toy house 'where a woman was sitting by the window and a man coming up to the door; the woman wouldn't let the man in because he was drunk.' A little boy who had been taken to many beautiful places most preferred a glass ball, which, when shaken, produced the appearance of a snow storm inside it; and a girl who had lived for three years under the shadows of one of our noblest cathedrals set in the first place a monkey at the Zoo.

'OLD AGE PENSIONS.'

Many good people believed that it was quite a simple matter for Parliament to give to our old folk a pension after reaching 65 years of age; but law-making, like any other science, is not as easy as it looks. And there have been more obstacles interposed in the path of this well-intentioned measure than there are persons qualified to draw pensions. The well-being of the aged poor and the respectability of those better able to battle with life, and what Tom Hood wrote fifty years ago does not apply to-day—

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
The sticking-point which the Parliamen-
tarians have found so difficult is
where to draw the line between deserving
and undeserving claimants to pensions.
The distinction at present is decidedly
vague; it is 'that he is not notoriously
drunken and immoral habits.' This is
very obscure, for even Judges and Magis-
trates have failed in defining the exact
meaning of 'drunken,' there are so many
grades, beginning with 'sampling,' and
through the condition of being 'three
sheets in the wind' to the lighting one's
pipe at an electric lamp globe.

Now, a very simple clause would have
made the Act so clear that even a China-
man would have made no mistake about
it. Something of this sort:—

WHEREAS it is equitable that all the
deserving aged in the colony should re-
ceive pensions; and

WHEREAS it has been established, by
the experience of ages, that drunkenness
and immorality are the prime causes of
poverty; and

WHEREAS it has further been demon-
strated that the general use of SURA-
TUR TEA has had a beneficent effect
on humanity in general;

BE it therefore enacted—That the Re-
gistrar shall issue pension certificates to
all eligible persons in the colony who
having habitually used SURATUR TEA
for a period of two years and upwards.

SURATUR TEA is the great reforming
agent of the age. Its HUMANI-
ZING ATTRIBUTES are only excelled by
its ECONOMY, PURITY, STRENGTH,
and FREEDOM from any FOREIGN
MATTER WHATSOEVER.

GUARANTEED NOT BLENDED WITH
CHINA OR INDIAN TEA.

THE WORLD STRUCK STONE-DEAF.

WILL THIS HAPPEN IN 1899?

The wonderful spots on the sun have
been chief objects of interest to
astronomers for some time past, and
very puzzling phenomena have they
proved.

Professor Corrigan, of Minnesota,
has at length solved the mystery to
his own satisfaction. He declares
that the spots are due to the evolu-
tion of a new planet which will break
off from the sun in November, 1899,
and will cause such a convulsion in the
solar system as will destroy the earth
and all living things thereon.

An English astronomer whom a
'Stories' man consulted regarding the
matter, whilst supporting the view as
to the formation of another planet,
poo-hooed the idea of it destroying
the world, but gave it as his opinion
that the force of the concussion when
the new planet would swing off into
space would be such as to strike every-
body on this globe stone deaf.

This would be appalling; a calamity
which would paralyse commerce,
government, art, industries and all
social organisation. Only for a time,
however. Gradually, from the chaos,
a new condition of things would
evolve, entirely novel systems would
spring up, and these would continue
at least for a generation, longer, per-
haps, if children were born deaf, or
through being born into a deaf world,
failed to learn our sounds of speech.

If we all were suddenly struck deaf
a terrible quietude would settle upon
the earth. The calamity would affect
men and animals alike, and with deaf-
ness would come dumbness, for the
gift of speech would soon be lost if
there were nothing animate that could
comprehend the sounds you uttered.

There would be no further use for
telephones, and inventors would busy
themselves with a new series of inven-
tions, whose object would be to make
sign-speaking and interpretation easy
at long distances.

Telegraphy would be simplified, and
would also become universal, taking
the place of the telephone. Where
this latter instrument now is would be
installed a telegraphic instrument, and
clerks who could work them would
gain an increase to their ordinary
salaries.

In cases where it was necessary to
communicate with a great crowd of
people electric semaphores would be
used. Indeed the whole tendency of
the age would be to the development
of sign speaking.

What an impetus there would be in
the newspaper and book trades. Now
in civilised countries newspapers are
only read regularly by about one out
of every ten individuals, but if this
were the only way of learning the
smallest item of news, except by being
informed through the cumbersome deaf
and dumb alphabet, there would be a
terrific increase in literature of every
kind.

It would be all over with play
houses as they at present exist, and if
actors, elocutionists and musicians
have any faith in astronomical fore-
casts they will be very busy the next
two years making dollars whilst the
world hears; for if everyone is struck
deaf there will be no more use for
sounds, whether musical, humorous
or tragic. What the playgoer will
ask for then will be pantomime plays
of the order of 'Pierrot's Life!' and
spectacular ballads without the music.
Living pictures, animatographs, and
dioramas will be in the height of
popularity.

Shorthand would receive an impetus,
but it would not be phonography.
Pitman's system would be used for all
it was worth for a time, but would
shortly die out with the present users,
and some other system not based upon
sounds, would come into repute.
Clerks, employers, public men would
all use it as being the quickest means
of communicating thought.

In Parliament each member would
be provided with a black-board, upon
which he would write his thoughts in
shorthand for the House to read. De-
bates would be conducted in this way,
and there would be no 'hear, hear!'
It would be more difficult than ever to
catch the Speaker's eye, as if the
would-be orator called never so loudly,
'Mr Speaker,' his call would go un-
heeded. Not smartness in oratory but
ability to write speeches in shorthand
would be the influence that would im-
press electors.

Churches would become houses of
prayer almost solely. The most gifted

preacher would be dull if he had to
write his sermon on the blackboard.
Of course music would fail to attract,
but picture representations of gospel
truths would become popular, and the
qualification for admission into the
theological institutions would be ability
to draw any scene from Scripture
off hand. Artist-preachers would be
needed to save the churches from
desertion. In every sphere of life art
would receive an impetus. Our gal-
eries would always be crammed with
people, and picture magazines would
send up their circulations by leaps and
bounds.

Accidents would, of course, be multi-
plied ad lib., and the dangers of the
street, railway station, in fact, all
places where sound has to be the
warning, would be terrible. In time
sight warnings would be devised; for
instance, an electric flash would indi-
cate the approach of an engine. But
still the death roll from accidents
would be enormous.

We should, of course, grow accus-
tomed to being deaf, just as insects

which have spent their lives in some
dark cave and have their eye nerves
atrophied in consequence grow used
to blindness, but it would be a
terrible experience, from which we all
may well hope to be delivered.

From an advance copy of the new
'Debrett' it is possible to get a full
record of the honours bestowed dur-
ing this remarkable year. To this
valuable work the names of 530 new
peers, privy councillors, baronets,
knights, and companions or members
of the various orders have been added.
The number exceeds by over 100 that
gazetted in the Jubilee year of 1887,
and this in spite of the fact that the
usual birthday list of honours was dis-
pensated with in view of the June ce-
lebrations. As an instance of the labour
involved in preparing 'Debrett' it may
be mentioned that 40,000 proofs have
been submitted to correspondents all
over the world.

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

MOTHER'S MILK

And this Does NOT contain Starch.

YOUNG INFANTS
CANNOT DIGEST STARCHY FOODS
A perfect Artificial Food for Infants must, therefore,
NOT CONTAIN STARCH.

MELLIN'S FOOD

CONTAINS NO STARCH

But makes a PERFECT FOOD for the YOUNGEST CHILD.

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

MELLIN'S Food Works, Peekham, London.

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK

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

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



THE LAW AS TO SELF DEFENCE.

The right of self defence is by some old writers declared to be inherent in all men by the law of nature. Now these 'natural rights' are all very well, but they are not recognised by the law of Great Britain, simply because they are natural rights.

I do not (says 'The Family Lawyer') advise any of my readers to act upon any 'natural right' that he may think he has. In this particular case, the 'natural' and the civil law happen to agree; for it is the law that a man may defend himself, his wife, child, or servant, from physical aggression. He may also repel by force a forcible attack upon his property. Having stated these propositions broadly, I will proceed, after the manner of lawyers, to narrow them down to their safe and proper limits.

When you, or your wife, child, or servant is attacked, or threatened with violence in such a manner as reasonably to lead you to believe that violence is about to be used, you may resist the aggressor. And as the best mode of resistance is, very often, to attack, you may lawfully follow the advice given by an old prize-fighter to a pupil. The pupil had been taking boxing lessons, and one day he said to his instructor, 'I think I shall be able to take care of myself in a row now.' 'Right you are, sir,' said the pugilist, 'but take my advice and always get in the first whack.' But self-defence must be moderate. It must not be totally disproportioned to the attack.

For instance, if a hulking ruffian runs at me with a knife, I may shoot him. But if he runs at me merely with fists clenched, and I shoot him dead with a revolver I shall probably be hanged by the neck. I do not intend you to understand that the law expects a man to be calm and cool and collected in all circumstances. By no means. For instance, if the said hulking ruffian rushes at me with clenched fists, evidently meaning mischief, and I hit him with a heavy stick on the back of the ear, I may kill

him. But I shall not be hanged for that. I had a right to use the stick, and in the circumstances I am not supposed to be cool enough to aim for a spot not likely to be fatal.

Again, self-defence must not develop into revenge. Thus, if I am threatened with a knife, and by the timely display of a pistol I frighten my assailant so that he runs away, I must not shoot after him. If I do I am just as liable as though he had never threatened me, because I shot at him not in self-defence, but by way of punishment or revenge.

TWO BUCKETS AND A PIPE.

Take two common water buckets; connect them at the bottom with a small pipe. Now undertake to fill one of them with water; you perceive at once that the water tends to fill the other pail also.

'What's the use of saying that?' you ask me. 'Every fool knows that water in connected reservoirs will assume the same level.' Quite so. Yet the wisest men on earth didn't know it once. If the ancient Romans had known it they wouldn't have gone to the trouble and expense of building their great aqueducts. Oh, dear! oh, dear! After a thing is pointed out what a lot of people are able to see it.

But to see it the first time? Ah! that takes eyes. To explain it the first time? Ah! that takes brains. The blood circulated through pipes in the human body thousands of years before anybody even suspected it. Isn't that queer? Now, there is a matter— But let's have an example or two first, and the theory afterwards.

A father writes thus about his daughter:—'During the summer of 1890 my daughter, Rebecca, got into a weak, languid way. Her appetite was poor, and after eating she had so much pain at the chest and sides that she didn't know where to put herself. She also complained of pain in the pit of the stomach, in the throat, and

at the back of her neck. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over her. Her breathing became short and laboured, and at times she could not even lie in bed on account of it. She consulted two physicians, who prescribed for her without avail.

This was her general condition until January, 1893, when she began taking Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. This preparation certainly had a remarkable effect. One bottle alone greatly relieved her. She relished her food, and grew stronger. By simply continuing to use this medicine in three months she was completely cured. Since then she has been as well as ever she was. My married daughter, who has suffered from indigestion for a long time, seeing what this remedy had done for Rebecca, took it also, with the same good results.—Yours truly (Signed), Bartholomew Bell, Grocer, etc., Brompton, Northallerton, October 25th, 1893.'

'All my life,' writes a woman, 'I have suffered more or less from sickness and spasms. I always felt weak, tired and languid, and had no desire for company. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and frequently felt sick and prostrate. I had no relish for food, and after eating had pain at the chest and side. Such was my manner of life for years. Two years ago my sister told me of Seigel's Syrup. I tried it, and even a few doses relieved me. I continued taking it, and soon my appetite improved and my food digested. Since that time I have felt quite a new being—so light-hearted and strong. What a pity for me that I didn't know of Seigel's Syrup years before. But better late than never.—Yours truly (Signed), Mrs Annie Goodger, 20, Bardolph-street, Leicester, May 10th, 1893.'

'From childhood,' says another, 'I have suffered from indigestion and sick headaches. I never felt as if I wanted food, and after eating I experienced the usual pains and distresses of the confirmed dyspeptic. The attacks of sickness and headache were often no less than dreadful. So-called medicines and remedies were, at the best, only temporarily useful. In January, 1892, a friend, living at Hack-

ney, told me of Seigel's Syrup. I used it and it cured me. I never felt so well in my life as I do now.—(Signed) Miss L. White, 92, Harnsbury Road, Islington, London, April 20th, 1893.'

Now, see. Evidence like the above (though much more impressive) proves that Mother Seigel's Syrup either cures or relieves almost every known complaint. Yet it never was (nor is it now) recommended for any disease except indigestion and dyspepsia. What is the inference? That nearly every known complaint is caused by indigestion and dyspepsia—in, indeed, a symptom of it.

'But everybody believes that nowadays,' you say. 'Not everybody, but very many. The rest will bye-and-bye. Although the fact is as old as Adam, the discovery of it is new. Yet the principle will presently be as obvious to all as it now is to a few.'

Pioneers in bicycling were subject to an annoyance which has died a natural death through the universal adoption of the wheel. The first few riders, who were sprinkled around upon country roads, seemed to feel an enthusiastic and active sympathy with all other riders, and this prompted them to accost any other traveller along the way. The mere fact of another man or woman being mounted was by some regarded as sufficient reason for mutual exchange of greetings as a preface to further conversation if desired. To women especially this easy freedom of manners along the road was a source of annoyance. No sensible woman objects to obliteration of drawing-room conventionalities under certain sporting conditions, but if a woman break through the wall of custom which protects her, although it sometimes injuriously, never knows whether a stranger's advances are made in the common interest of sport or whether they are unwarrantable familiarities. It is almost impossible to even the most experienced woman to distinguish between the stranger whose interest in her is entirely impersonal and the one whose sole object is a low satisfying of his own vanity. As a matter of fact there is no more reason why bicyclers should accost one another along the road than for persons driving in carriages or walking along the streets to do the same.

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 Stanbury says:—'I like very much the dresses you have made for me.'
 The Countess of Glasgow, Auckland, writes:—'The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, wonderful considering they were not tried on. Make me a rough black serge same as green one sent, as soon as possible.'

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

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

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

Mrs Empeon, 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. Hitchens, 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 W. H. Otakohu:—'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 Sargent, Wanganui:—'I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

NODINE & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,
 WELLINGTON, N.Z.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

THE STYLES OF THE SEASON
 "NOW" READY.



THE ABOVE DESIGN

IN SERGE FROM 5 GUINEAS.
 IN TWEED AND CLOTH " " " " " "
 IN COVERT COATING " " " " " "

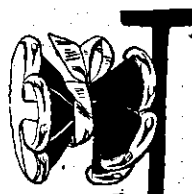
RIDING HABITS FROM 5 GUINEAS.

Ladies can furnish their own designs, which will be reproduced exact and perfect.
 Pattern pictures and Self-Measurement forms forwarded by return of post.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,
 QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



THE immortal sailor-hat, which has been our millinery mainstay and comfort of our holiday expeditions during the past summer and autumn is, now that we are entering the year and yellow leaf of the year's seasons, with us in felt. Hitherto, for some of those mysterious reasons which we cannot explain, the felt sailor-hat has never been reproduced in cheap editions for the million, and has, therefore, always had a certain cachet and style about it which its ubiquitous straw sister has, of course, not the remotest claim to; but whether, on the strength of the increased popularity of the shape this year, the felt variety will become more general and so lose this distinction, another month or two will show, for it must needs be a rash and unwary soul who would predict anything for certain in matters of fashion; Will-o'-the-Wisp being in comparison a steady and solidly reliable institution.

My first sketch shows a felt sailor-hat in black, with a somewhat novel method of trimming—for the felt sailor shape is more



A FELT SAILOR-HAT.

frequently trimmed, in the full sense of the word, than the straw—though a simple band and small tied bow of velvet the same shade as the felt is frequently again the only decoration of the felt sailor chapeau, which accompanies the tailor-made gown and coat. In this immediate instance bouquets of violets—of the 'penny bunch' description we are all familiar with in size and arrangement—are fastened at close intervals to the edge of the crown, the stems coming straight down below to the base; while on the left side an egrette is formed by several bunches one above the other, tied by black ribbon velvet.

Truly Madam Fashion's ways are kaleidoscopic: the day before yesterday the chief milliners' windows and showrooms were filled with red hats, yesterday they sported in rainbow variety, and hey, presto! to-day every nook and corner is dominated by the violet hat, toque, and



A CHILD'S VELVETEEN COAT.

bonnet. Violet velvet and violet feathers, violet straw, and violet silk and flowers—but violet velvet in the main—is the chapeau of the moment, and every shade and hue of violet from mauve to purple is employed. Violets themselves (or their millinery counterparts) are being used again, though not, so far, so much as last year. It seems likely to be a great velvet winter, for which let us rejoice, especially as there are now such excellent makes of velveteen that we may all achieve the becoming effect of this always beautiful material.

A modish pelisse for a little maid is sketched in my second illustration, made of smoke-grey velveteen, and trimmed with a narrow edging of Celestial fox fur. The make of this cosy winter wrap will be easily seen from the sketch as of the snook family, falling from the neck and shoulders straight, and in a double box pleat back and front; the fastenings coming under the second fold of the pleat in front. Accompanying this is a cap of smoke-grey velveteen, with a scarlet rosette and Hazzur tuft on the left side.

In the third sketch my readers are introduced to a very smart indoor gown shown by one of our very exclusive modistes yes-



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

terday. This is built of grenat-red cloth. It fastened on the left side, and was cut on 'Princess' lines. The bottom of the

skirt was bordered with black sable, headed by an applique of cream guipure lace, which latter terminated in apron-bib form on the bodice; the fur continues right up the side and is brought round the neck beyond the fastening—and falls in a loose tail round the other shoulder. The sleeves are of grenat-red velvet, and are tucked at the shoulders.

Another skating palace opened. The skating gown will soon become as much an item of the up-to-date woman's wardrobe as the cycling, with this difference: that where the cycling suit for good style must be as tailorish and workmanlike as possible, the skating costume—provided there be no troublesome drapery—may be as fanciful or picturesque as fur and velvet can make it.

Muffs will be a picturesque feature of this winter. They will be worn large, and built fancifully and in various forms. The principal furriers are mixing very dainty mixtures of sealskin and ermine, sable and ermine, chinchilla and velvet, with big ties of satin and velvet. There is always a feminine fascination about the muff, as with the fan, and there are many possibilities of variety in both. Toques and muffs en suite are very modish.

HELIOISE.

TO THE GIRL WHO GOES A-VISITING.

AT THE VERY BEGINNING.

By a little tact you can soon find out what pleasures have been arranged for you, and you must adapt yourself to them; join in everything gladly, and then you may be very certain that pleasure will come to you. Don't conclude, because you are thrown with girls, whose gowns are not quite like yours, or who haven't the same easy way of talking about what is going on, that these girls are less intelligent than you because very often in the small village people give more thought to what they read and to what they hear talked about than do the women of the cities, and consequently their opinions on certain questions are of worth because they have been well thought up.

I once heard a street boy use a slang word that struck me as very expressive, and I asked him what it meant. The word was 'snifty.' And his explanation was that it meant being inclined to think that you knew more, and were more than anyone else, and that you showed it in your manner. Now, will you let me use that same word to you? Don't, because dinner is served at one o'clock, announce in a disagreeable way that you are in the habit of having yours at six, but just stop and think how delicious a country supper is. Don't say when, because of their hospitality, it becomes necessary for two or three girls to sleep in a room, that you think it is more healthy for people to sleep by themselves, and, above all things, don't be disagreeable and refuse to tell the girls of things they like to hear about. They could tell you of a thousand things that you don't know, but they like to hear how a great singer looks, how a well known woman dresses, and they enjoy the full account of a fashionable wedding. It is so easy to make one's self agreeable when so little is asked, and yet I am sorry to say, I have known of girls who visited in the country and who made themselves extremely disagreeable by refusing to be chatty and pleasant, except to the special people to whom they had taken a fancy.

And then, too, I want you to be neat. It is true that in the hall bedroom, which is too often your home in the city, you go away leaving everything in disorder, and the maid attends to it. In the country even money sometimes will not get service, and so, before you go down to breakfast, arrange your bed so that it may air, straighten up your washstand, and, when you have discovered how the household machinery moves, offer to help the daughters of the house in arranging the bedrooms, go direct to yours and put it in order, or, if you think it advisable, and if you feel that they prefer to attend to these things without your help, amuse yourself until their return. BELLA.

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.—Advt.

Sixty Years' Success.

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

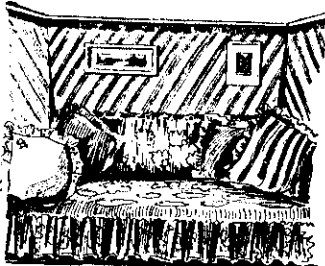
Sold at
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 Wholesale of
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FOR—
 Indigestion,
 Headache,
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Invaluable for Ladies.

WORK COLUMN.

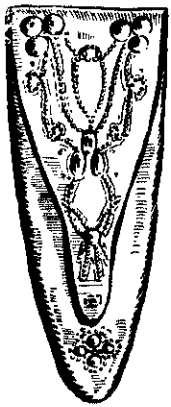
Whether people have made up their minds to be less comfortable, or to be comfortable in some other way, has not yet transpired, but the fact remains that there is no longer quite the craze for the conventional cosy corner that there was. I suppose it ceased to please when the novelty of white-painted pillars and balustrades, enclosing a part of the room furnished somewhat differently to the rest of the apartment, wore off. For my own part, I think one of the most practical cosy corners (if this word is still to be retained in our vocabulary) is a place where one can recline at full length in absolute comfort; such a place is of unspeakable use to the busy woman. To attempt to rest on that curved and twisted couch, commonly known as a drawing-room sofa, is simply to prolong the hours of restless torture before the weary one can seek her bed. Now and then, one comes across deep old-fashioned Chesterfield couches upon which one can recline untramped and untripped, but these are few and far between and cost much if they are not already household possessions. Now, this lounge in my sketch is one of the most comfortable and, at the



A COMFORTABLE LOUNGE.

same time, economical that can possibly be arranged. It consists of a covered-in spring mattress placed on the floor, and draped with one of the Oriental printed cotton coverlets which can be obtained for a few shillings. The back need not be valdied or upholstered in any way, but it certainly looks prettier with a background also of Indian cotton which can be bought quite cheaply; but against this back must be placed quite a multiplicity of big, soft cushions. These are an expensive item certainly, but if you wait and pick them up here and there at sales, cover them with tapestry or pieces of silk, surrounding them with frills of deep cheap Indian silk, you will have a delightful nook and one where you can take your ease and read, or dream those happy hours away that you may have at your disposal. The printed Indian cotton is usually obtainable in dark red. It wears well, and does not easily get dirty.

Readers may find useful this drawing of a very charming scissors case which was presented to me the other day. It would make a pretty gift, suitable for almost anyone, for who could object to having



A PRETTY SCISSORS CASE.

so useful and delightful an object on their dressing-table! The case was cut out of cardboard and then covered with very fine flannel. Over this was tightly stretched a pale shade of mauve chiffon studded with blue turquoise arranged in the form of diamonds, and lightly connected the one with the other by strands of fine crystal beads, the case being lined throughout with pale blue silk matching the turquoise. The same idea could, of course, be carried out in a variety of ways. Tan-coloured peau de seue, embroidered in gold, would have a charming effect. Plain silk could be used, and the monogram of the owner worked in satin stitch; in fact, only the idea needs to be given for a host of different suggestions to arise in one's mind.

ETHEL.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor,' 'New Zealand Graphic,' Auckland, and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the 'New Zealand Graphic' are requested to comply with them. Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—Ed.

RULES.

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

RECIPES.

NICE LUNCHEON MENUS.

- Macaroni au Gratin.
- Cold Tongue. French Bean Salad.
- Plum Tart. Cheese and Salad.
- Coffee Cake.
- or
- Eggs a la Coquette.
- Veal and Ham Pie. Tomato Salad.
- Banana Charlotte. Canadian Fried Cakes.

Eggs a la Coquette.—Butter enough china soufflé cases for the number of eggs, put a tablespoonful of fresh cream and break an egg in each, seasoning with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. Put the cases in a little boiling water in the oven and bake. The eggs require only setting. Serve in the cups.

Coffee Cake.—These take about a quarter of an hour to bake, but are generally eaten cold, so they may be made the day before, if more convenient, and can be baked in small tins, or made into one large cake, in which case allow much longer for baking. One cup of treacle and one cup of brown sugar are mixed with four cups of flour, into which well stir previously two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a small spoonful of allspice, half a cup of butter melted, and one cup of cold coffee, very strong; mix thoroughly, pour into a well-greased tin, or tins, and bake at once.

Canadian Fried Cakes.—These are merely what are called pan cakes in this country, but are made with great care, plenty of boiling lard being used when frying them. Mix a teaspoonful of baking powder with two breakfast cups of flour; add a pinch of salt, a little powdered cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Stir in enough water to form a thin batter, and drop, a large spoonful at a time, into your pan of boiling lard. They will brown at once; take them up when done, and serve with castor sugar.



EXPENSIVENESS OF THE ADVANCED WOMAN.

I firmly believe that the advanced woman, or she who is truly *fin-de-siecle*, is one of the most costly wives ever known.

The man who takes one to himself must make allowances for many expenses no woman used to have.

This advanced woman who tries to keep up to the age has as many club dues as most men, and a great many more than the average one. She outdoes him on his old exclusive territory. She has to pay for club and society suppers to distinguished women, and now and then to a man.

She subscribes to all sorts of entertainments, courses, and classes, that her feminine predecessors never dreamed of and that are quite as expensive as anything men do in the same line.

She is continually taking up new charities of whose invention her grandmother never dreamed and most of them come high.

Radical movements and those for the amelioration of sociological evils have to be followed up.

Every movement and most of the clubs that are worth anything have to have conventions which cost good money.

The 'woman with modern improvements' insists she must have all these things. Therefore, when she weds, man must add her club dues to his club dues.

Women used to think men were the only spendthrifts, but they have caught up bravely themselves. Meantime matrimony doesn't become any cheaper.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED GAMES.

For those children who simply love games the old-fashioned party is revived. Two older persons are needed to successfully manage such an affair, both being persons who can sing, and one able to play the piano. "Going to Jerusalem" is a great favourite. A row of chairs numbering one less than the number of participants in the game is arranged with the backs alternating. The children are then seated, the extra child standing at one end as leader. The pianist plays a gay tune, to which the children march around the chairs. The pianist then stops suddenly in the middle of a phrase, and every one, including the leader, scrambles for a chair, the person left over being out of the game. A chair is then removed and the march continues, a person and a chair being removed with each tune. When there are but two contestants and one chair the struggle is very exciting and amusing. The person who gains the chair has succeeded in getting to 'Jerusalem.'

Another well-known game is 'Stage Coach,' which may be varied by 'Mother Goose' story, in which the children are given the names of various characters in 'Mother Goose,' the narrative concerning them requiring the same recognition of characters as in 'Stage Coach'—'Mother Goose flew away' being the synonym for 'the stage coach broke down.' 'Oats, Peas, Beans' is an old-fashioned but very enjoyable game. 'Miss Jennie Jones' and 'Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush' are much alike, but sufficiently different to prove very entertaining. The old game of 'Can You Dance Lobi?' is very much in vogue. 'Drop the Handkerchief,' 'Pass in the Corner,' 'Pass the Slipper,' and 'Who's Got the Button?' are great fun. 'Pillows and Keys' is a famous old game. 'Clap-in Clap-out' is another enjoyable one.

FOR LITTLE ONES OVER TEN YEARS.

Where the guests are all over ten years of age a progressive party is much appreciated. Tables seating six should be provided, also tally cards, which should be similarly decorated in groups of three with ribbon. Pink, blue, red, yellow, purple and white are good colours to use in each case, the three persons who play together being designated by having the same colours. 'Loto' and 'Authors,' or other like games, may be played at alternating tables, the points being counted according to a system carefully explained to the children. The winner should progress from table to table, the three children progressing the greatest number of times, and the three progressing the least, securing prizes. This amusement must not be attempted with children younger than ten, as, in the first place, it does not furnish entertainment to minds younger than that, and further, great dispute and dispute will follow the prize awarding. For children younger than that the 'Caucus Race' principle must be observed—'everybody must win and all must have prizes.'

THE FIRST SHORT FROCKS.

The baby wears white dresses until it is at least eighteen months of age, and some mothers do not use colours until the baby is fully two years old, but the fashion of clinging to all white gowns and wraps after that age is not the custom as it was a few years ago. Up to two years of age boys and girls are dressed alike, but then a few changes are made. From two to three and four years, for the spring and summer frocks, checked and plaid gingham, white dimity and organza, white or coloured plique, linen, white and blue serge, small-figured organza and dotted Swiss and light-weight cashmere are used. The skirts are to the waist for a child of two years, and at four are worn over the bend of the knees, with a three-inch hem in either case; they are composed of two widths of cashmere, or three of yard-wide goods in straight breadths slightly gathered all around, with the mass of fullness at the back. The petticoat beneath should have a deep gored top, with a wide (Spanish) flounce gathered on to make the dress set out. Gored dress skirts are worn by girls of three years, but unless the child is very stout they are to be avoided. Guimpes are worn up to ten years with cotton and woollen frocks. Sleeves follow the fashion, and are smaller, with the puff at the top, or epaulettes ruffles. The bishop sleeve is somewhat used on cotton dresses, but the other is preferred. A crush collar having tabs of lace over it, one of embroidery edging, or a plain one of the dress fabric trimmed with braid or velvet ribbon, is the neck finish.

SLEEP IS NOT ESSENTIAL TO LONGEVITY.

Much has been written lately concerning the phenomena of sleep. Many persons have aired their views on the subject. Some assert, says the 'Medical Record,' that people as a rule sleep too long, while others are of the opposite opinion. Dr. Andrew Wilson has recently made some apropos remarks on the matter. He first cites instances of celebrated men who needed a small amount of sleep, and says:—'Humboldt, who lived to be 89, is said to have declared that when he was young two hours' sleep was enough for him, and that the regulation seven or eight hours of repose represented an unnecessary prolongation of the time of somnolence. It is also said that Sir George Elliott, who commanded at the siege of Gibraltar, never indulged in more than four hours' sleep while the siege lasted, and that little affair occupied at least four years. Sir George died at the age of 84. Dr. Legge, professor of Chinese at Oxford, who died recently at the age of eighty-two, was declared to be satisfied with five hours of sleep only, and rose regularly at three a.m. What do such cases prove? Assuming the correctness of the details, they prove only that certain men (and very few men, I should say) are able to recuperate their brain cells more quickly than the bulk of their fellows. They are the exceptions which, by their very opposition to the common run, prove the rule that a good sound sleep of seven or eight hours' duration represents the amount of repose necessary for the average man or woman. It would be a highly dangerous experiment for the ordinary individual to attempt to curtail his hours of repose, and it must not be forgotten that in this matter of sleep we have to take into account the question of the daily labour and the nature of the work in which the individual engages. In the case of Dr. Legge we have a picture of the student whose labour is solely of the intellectual kind, involving little drain on the muscular system. In the case of Sir G. Elliott we have an active commander, who, in addition to the mental anxieties involved in the conduct of a long siege, had no doubt a fair amount of physical exertion to undergo. But, while the case of the professor may be explicable on the ground that his five hours' sleep compensated him for any wear and tear his quiet life presented, we may fall back in the instance of the general on the theory of a special organisation, set, as it were, so as to satisfy itself with a limited amount of sleep. The personal equation, in short, plus the kind or character of a man's work, determines the duration of his repose; and that the average period required by the ordinary individual in health is from seven to eight hours is the one opinion confirmed by the collective experience of the civilised race.'



**CHILDREN'S
CORRESPONDENCE
COLUMN.**

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

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelopes ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 1oz. 1/2; not exceeding 1oz. 1/4 for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof. 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 1d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

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

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

Dear Cousin Kate,—I feel so ashamed of myself for not having written you long before this, but better late than never. I am a boarder at Mrs Bowen's school in Christchurch. I like Christchurch ever so much better than Wellington. I have my bicycle down here and often go for rides. We always have a teacher with us when we go out. We went to Hinemoa last Thursday night; I enjoyed it very much. Yesterday afternoon we all went down to Sumner and had afternoon tea at the Cottage Tea Rooms. Has Elsie written to you lately? I feel very angry with her.

I have only had one letter from her since I have been away. I never see the GRAPHIC down here, so I don't suppose I shall see my letter and your answer to it. There is only a little over a fortnight's more school, then I go back to Wellington. We will have a month's holiday. Every three weeks we have what is called an exeat, i.e., we are allowed to go to stay with friends from Saturday till Monday. We had from Thursday night till Wednesday morning for Easter. I went out to Opawa and had a very good time. On Easter Monday I was taken to the races at Riccarton, and on Tuesday I went down to Sumner. We had perfect weather for the holidays. What sort of weather did you have? I have a very good time down here. I like it very much. Now I have begun to write to you, I can't think of anything to say, and yet I ought to have plenty of news for you. Do you know I have a full set of the new New Zealand stamps. Father sent them down to me a week ago. Wasn't that nice? Next Friday there is to be a sale of work and a musical and theatrical entertainment at the Choral Hall. We are all busy making things for the sale of work. It is in aid of the Children's Convalescent Home at New Brighton. The ground has been bought, and the home is to be built and maintained by the members of the Ministering Children's League. The Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox have been asked to attend. They are very anxious to come both in the afternoon and evening. I believe it will be a great success. We went to hear Madame Amy Sherwin twice when she was here. I must now conclude, as the gong for tea has just gone.—With love from Cousin Laura, Christchurch.

[I was delighted to hear from you again. I think Christchurch so flat, I always feel when there that I must climb to the Cathedral roof to get some air. Curiously enough I stayed in the same street in which you are for a fortnight's change of air at a nice boarding-house. I forget the number. The level roads are grand for bicycles. We had lovely weather for the holidays. I spent them at Roturua. You are lucky to have all those new stamps. There was a

new one on one of my letters to-day, and I see the office boy has removed it. I must run downstairs and interview that young man. You are working for a good object making things for the Convalescent Home for Children. I hope you had a good sale. As Lady Constance and Lady Eileen Knox were interested in it, the success would be assured. They seem very good about anything of that kind. Do write again.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—For many years I have been a lover of the 'Graphic,' and especially the children's page. Some of the cousins used to write such long, interesting letters, but I am sorry to see that those cousins have one by one ceased writing, though I do not doubt that they will take the same interest in the 'Graphic,' and only think they are getting too big. I am writing to ask you to enroll me in your long list of cousins. I have often been going to write before, but had nothing to say, and am still in the same plight, for the only topics we rusties have for conversation are 'The Crops' and 'The War,' and I doubt my capability of saying or writing anything interesting on either subject. But I must describe myself a little before I close, so that you will know me if we chance to meet some day. I am 18 years of age, am of medium height and have a slight tendency to embonpoint. My hair and eyes are brown, and I'm not ugly. People think I'm clever, but I'm not a bit. I will try and write a more interesting letter next time. Cousin Kate, if you'll accept me as a cousin. Till then, Believe me yours affectionately, Rose Budd, Manuk.

[I am glad to hear you take such a kindly interest in our Cousins' page, and am very pleased to add you to the number of cousins on the roll. I think that the reason they do not write is because they fear they have nothing to say. But that is no reason at all, and if they said it as nicely as you do, why, a capital little letter is the result. Please send your photograph, also would you like a collecting card and a badge? The latter is sixpence. Have you any brothers and sisters? Do you ride much?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—We have just had our Easter holidays, and I enjoyed them very much. They seemed very short to me. There is going to be a large exhibition for all the schools. It is going to be held in the Government Grounds. I suppose there will be a number of people there to see the exhibits. I have three tiny wee dolls all the same, with long fair hair, and I dressed them each in different coloured silk—pink, green, and white—with little Dutch bonnets to match. I went to the opera, 'Djin Djin,' yesterday afternoon, and enjoyed myself very much. I hope you and all the cousins are well.—I am, Your loving Cousin Ella, Ponsonby.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINHOOD.

PHOTOGRAPH No. 16.



COUSIN ELLA AND COUSIN ALBERT.

[I am so glad you and your brother thought of writing with your photographs. Please remember to write on one side of the paper only next time. How pretty your dolls must be! Are you going to send anything to the Exhibition? Perhaps I shall see you there.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—About a week ago I had my Easter holidays. During the holidays the weather was very fine, and I enjoyed myself nicely. We will soon have our examination at school. Our little dog does not run away with so many things now. I went to many places during the Easter holidays. About a week ago I and some friends went to see the volunteers in camp, and it was very interesting to watch the volunteer drill. We enjoyed ourselves very nicely. I hope that we got some rain, because the Western Springs are very low.—Cousin Albert.

[I think everyone wants rain, but the City Council should have had water brought to the city before the supply got so low. There seem to have been many visitors and many volunteers at the Easter camp. I was away at Roturua and enjoyed my few days there very much. The little Maoris were such fun! But the smell of sulphur was not nice. I am glad the dog behaves better? What is his name?—Cousin Kate.]

OUR PHOTOGRAPH.

The photograph this week represents two cousins who, though they have not been very long members of our pleasant society, yet have taken a great interest in it, and worked well for it. Their names are Cousin Ella and Cousin Albert. Both brother and sister are fond of music.

SUGAR-PLUM TOWN.

Oh, Sugar-Plum Town is a wonderful place!

Of Taffy its roads are made;
And every pavement on every street
Is with Caramels neatly laid.

You enter the town by Cream-Soda Lake.
On a bridge made of Chocolate-Block,
And the Maple-Cream Street, from the
bridge leads you straight
To the Palace on Peppermint Rock.

'Tis a beautiful palace, with Marsh-Mallow
walls,
And columns of Lemon and Rose,
And a garden of Crystallized Cherries and
Pears
Where a Fountain of Lemonade flows.

There's a Chocolate Guard with a Liqueur
Stick,
But the poor little fellow can't fight;
There's a Pink Sugar Kitten that can't
even scratch,
And a Doggie that really can't bite.

But the Toll-Keeper stands at the bridge,
and he says,
You will please hand me over my due
Before you can enter; then you may come
mence
At the bridge and just eat your way
through!

CLAUDIA THRAIN.

DIOGENES IN PARIS.

Diogenes, looking in the street with a lantern for a honest man, had a sort of imitator in a wealthy citizen of Paris who died recently. Having a fortune of £22,000 and no heirs, this man resolved to bequeath his money to some person who had proved to be perfectly honest without any motive of policy. He had retired from business, and spent his time in riding up and down Paris in omnibuses. He always stationed himself near the front part of the interior of the omnibus, where he would have an opportunity to pass up to the driver the fares of passengers, and hand back the change.

Frequently, when the change was of a character to admit it, he quietly slipped into it, after the driver had put it into his hand, a fifty centime piece, and awaited the result.

A Parisian newspaper asserts that the old man rode up and down the streets for eight years, during all of which time not a single passenger upon whom he had bestowed the coin saw fit to restore it to the driver, from whom it was to be supposed it had come.

But at last, one day when the elderly cynic had slipped his usual small silver piece into the change for a five franc piece, and passed it to a young working-girl who had entered the omnibus, he was delighted to hear her say in a clear voice to the driver: 'But, driver, you've given me fifty centimes too much!'

The old man said nothing, but made inquiries about the young lady; and having ascertained her name, family and circumstances, he made a will, entirely unknown to her, bequeathing her all his property.

Lately he died, and the young woman came into possession of her benefactor's fortune of £22,000, a large return, surely, for a restitution of 5d.

The story is told as a true one, but if it is really true, honesty is a virtue much more rare in Paris than it is in this country.

TOO PUNCTUAL.

The Hindu places a clock in his show-rooms, not because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead, therefore, of contenting himself with one good clock, he will perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs of his wealth, but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo-lengths the sun has travelled above the horizon.

In the country police stations, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell-like gong. If he is smoking or dozing, the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact—but the hour is when he strikes the gong.

A writer in 'Temple Bar,' from whose article we have gleaned, tells an amusing story to illustrate the Hindu's indifference in this regard.

When the railway was first opened in a new part of India, it took a long time and many bitter experiences to convince the natives that a train always started on time. Shortly after the opening of the new line, a Deputy Commissioner sent his native servant with his letter-bag to put on board the mail-car. Presently the man returned with the bag, having missed the train.

'You had not half a mile to go, and you knew that the train left the station at three o'clock,' said the angry commissioner.

'Yes, truly,' answered the native, in an aggrieved tone; 'but, sahib, when it strikes three here, the train goes from there!'

Such sharp practice the native had never known before, and he did not think it creditable to the company.

**THE OLD MAN'S WHEEL-
BARROW.**

An old ragged man left his wheelbarrow on the footpath which he went into a store.

'Let's wheel the old barrow off where he can't find it,' proposed Gillie.

'No; let's tie the wheel so he can't make the old thing go,' said Eugene.

'That would be mean,' began Ernest. 'I say, let's each give him something out of our lunch-baskets. We won't miss it at lunch.'

Each boy did so. When the old man came out of the store, he found an apple, a cake, and a biscuit in his wheelbarrow. He ate them, for he was poor and hungry.

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



A GAY YOUTH.
 'Poor Waggs! He was a most genial soul.'
 'Yes, indeed he was. The only thing he ever took seriously was the cold that carried him off.'

HE HAS GOOD POINTS.
 'Wagner is not so bad, after all.'
 'Why?'
 'They say he has never written anything that can be whistled.'

A FEARFUL TEST.
 'That was a terrible test of sincerity,' said Dawson. 'Mrs Barber showed her daughter's graduation essay to the editor of the "Clarion" at the seaside. He said it was wonderfully clever, and then, when he'd gone back to work, she sent it to the "Clarion" for publication.'

RETRIBUTION.
 Daughter: Our ice-man is dead, papa.
 Father: What an awful change it will be for him.

BETTER DAYS.
 Cawker: Barlow made a rash prediction just now.
 Canso: What did he say?
 Cawker: He said that the time would come when it would be respectable to be honest.'

IN BUSINESS.
 Family Man: 'You will pardon me for mentioning it, but it appears to me you put rather too much salt in your butter.'
 Dealer: 'Oh, you are entirely excusable; you don't understand the butter business. Salt is cheap, and it weighs.'

BROKE THE RULE.
 'This coffee, my dear,' said Kickles, 'reminds me of what mother used to make.'
 'Does it really?' exclaimed his wife, a pensive look coming into her face.
 'Yes; and she used to make about the worse coffee I ever drank.'

LINGERING DELIGHT.
 'Stickenlooper gets his money's worth whenever he buys a newspaper.'
 'In what way?'
 'He can read any joke four times before he sees the point.'

SHE'D STAND IT.
 Do you think a woman could stand the wear and tear of being Premier of the colony?
 Of course; if she had all she wanted to wear she wouldn't care anything about the tear.

DONE BROWN.
 A certain Dr. Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, and drank her health every day. On being observed to omit the custom, a gentleman said: 'Come, doctor, your old toast.'
 'Excuse me,' he replied: 'as I can't make her Brown, I'll toast her no longer.'

RATHER.
 First Friend: 'Do you have a good police protection out your way?'
 Second Friend: 'Do we? Well, I should say so. We have the prettiest servant girl in the town.'

AN AWFUL MOMENT.
 'The mask is torn off thy face?' she cried with all the vehemence of the woman scorned, 'and the cloven hoof is revealed!' The unworthy lover covered back. 'That,' he muttered, 'for he was not unconscious of his deficiencies,' doubtless arising from the fact that I cannot open my mouth without putting my foot in it.'

PROOF POSITIVE.
 'Do you really think the young fellow who wants to marry Janie is a bona fide Klondiker?'
 'I guess he is. He's short an ear and three toes, and has a frost-bitten chin.'

A NEW READING.
 Boys, said the schoolteacher, 'who can tell me George Washington's motto?' Several lads went up.
 Phillip Perkasie, you may tell.
 'When in doubt, tell the truth.'



"A BICYCLE MEET."

A FEARFUL TEST.
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"A GAY OLD DOG."

LUCKY MAN.
 Trivvet: 'The jury in Miss Keswick's breach of promise case against Hilow gave two thousand pounds damages.'
 Dicer—'That's money in Hilow's pocket. If he had married her she would have cost him more than that in three years.'

AN IRRESISTIBLE INDUCEMENT.
 Customer: 'What is the price of this goods?'
 Clerk: 'That is three and elevenpence halfpenny a yard, madam.'
 Customer: 'Oh, that is much too dear.'
 Clerk: 'But it is reduced from four shillings.'
 Customer: 'Is that so? I'll take ten yards.'

MORE SATISFACTORY.
 Guest: 'Waiter, bring two boiled eggs.'
 Waiter: 'Sir, couldn't you take these eggs poached? His been found no satisfactory all roun' to open them eggs in the kitchen.'

GOING TOO FAR.
 'And so you are married?' said Mrs Keswick to her niece from the west.
 'Yes, nuntie.'
 'Joined for life, eh?'
 'Oh, it's hardly that bad. I'm a Chicago girl, you know.'

SAFE FROM FORTUNE-HUNTERS.
 Prima: 'Of one thing I am sure. No man will ever marry me for my fortune.'
 Secunda: 'No. In your case your face is your fortune.'

A DEFINITION.
 Little Bluer: Pa, what is an optimist?
 Professor Broadhead: A person who is constantly expecting the unexpected to happen.

IN DAKOTA.
 Visitor: Are there many Eastern people here to procure divorcees?
 Resident: Oh, yes! The bonds of matrimony are away below par.

EVERYTHING BUT THAT.
 Shop Walker: She complains that you didn't show her common civility.
 Shop Girl: I showed her everything in my department, sir.

AN INDICATION.
 'I guess Pennington is going to quit being an author.'
 'Why?'
 'I heard him praise another writer yesterday.'

A NEW ORDER.
 Uncle Frank.—Well, Willie, what did you see at the circus to-day?
 Willie (who was especially pleased with the Shetland ponies).—Lots and lots of things; but the best were the condensed horses.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.
 'Tell me,' pleaded the artless maid 'wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation?'
 The sage assumed the attitude he was wont to assume when in the act of imparting wisdom, and said, 'My child, listen!'
 'I am listening,' breathlessly she answered.
 'Well, my child,' he rejoined, 'that is all there is of the art of conversing agreeably.'

HEART DELUSIONS.
 'How can a man tell when he is really in love?'
 'Well—a man is really in love when he thinks he doesn't eat or sleep.'

WHICH?
 Mr Youngbud: 'Why so pensive, dear?'
 Mrs Youngbud: 'I was just trying to decide, lovey, which I would like you to rescue first in a shipwreck, me or my dear little Fido.'

COMMON ENOUGH.
 First Friend: 'So he married in haste! Did he repent at leisure?'
 Second Friend: 'No; he repented in haste, too'



item from the latest society novel—
 'And Gustavus Adolphus diligently pressed his suit'

HE RAVED OVER IT.
 The Milliner: 'What did your husband think of that '6 hat I made for you last week?'
 Mrs Heighly: 'Oh, he just raved over it—when I told him the price.'

THE MIDDLE CLASS.
 Society is just like a pie.
 And clearly the likeness can be seen—
 There's the upper crust and the lower crust,
 While the real substance lies between.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.
 A: 'I'm thinking of dabbling a little in stocks. What's a good thing to put your money in?'
 B: 'Your inside pocket.'

A DELICATE SITUATION.
 When we speak of a delicate situation we usually mean indelicate.

AN AGGRIEVED CLASS.
 'I suppose,' said Mr Franktown, as he handed a sixpence to a tramp, 'that you find people more willing to give now than they were a year ago, when times were much harder?'
 'Well, sir,' replied the tramp, 'you will scarcely believe it, but the return of prosperity is very hard on us.'
 'How can that be?'
 'They offer us work now. A year ago they didn't.'



"NEW WRINKLE."

SINCE MAN TURNED COOK.
 'Who knows,' New Woman cries to-day,
 'But I was somewhat hasty
 When I foreswore the married state?
 Some men can turn out tasty
 And tempting dishes when they try;
 And matrimony's looking
 Less prismatic, I must confess,
 Since men have turned to cooking.'

'Should we for single blessedness,
 Beloved sisters, thus band
 Against the solid comfort and
 Convenience of a husband
 Who'd minister to each with cups
 Of timely tea? Nay! Frates.
 Come bake and broil for us, and watch
 Our lures and penates!'

'When from the pulpit or the bar,
 Or busy mart or bucket
 Shop, weary woman comes at night,
 What most uncommon luck it
 Would seem to find a man around
 Who'd keep the kettle boiling,
 And incidentally could keep
 Her temper, too, from spoiling!'

'Oh, Man's improving, there's no doubt,
 And soon he'll put a stitch in
 Decadent stockings now and then,
 As well as mind the kitchen!
 To-day, I'm more than half inclined
 Toward Love who's gayly crooking
 His finger, beck'ning me to turn
 To Man who turns to cooking.'

TRUTH INDEED.
 'Truth,' remarked the observer of men and things, 'would not be stranger than fiction if the newspapers would print as much of it.'

HIS SERENE DARKNESS.
 A Washington mother who has forbidden her children to mention the name of the evil one was not able to attend church a few Sundays ago, and when her little boy, eight years old, came home after the service she asked him the subject of the sermon. He answered promptly: 'It was about Jesus being taken up into the mountains by the—the—by the gentleman who keeps hell.'

A BIG DIFFERENCE.
 Ethel: I just left Miss Elderly. She says she can't see any difference between walking with a man and letting a man hug you.
 Bessie: She would if she had ever been hugged.

THE ROMANCE OF IT.
 'Tell me, George, was it my beauty or goodness that won your love?'
 'Well, to be honest, it was that currant jelly you sent mother.'

SILENT BUSINESS.
 Tommy: Can we play at keeping store in here, mamma?
 Mamma (who has a headache): Yes, but you must be very, very quiet.
 Tommy: All right; we'll pretend we don't advertise.

HE WAS LUCKY.
 Mr Hunker: I have a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmorton.
 Mr Spatts: You are very lucky. All her other acquaintances are listening acquaintances.