

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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HIDE AND SEEK.

So far as we are able to judge from recent cablegrams, the American and Spanish fleets are very actively engaged in keeping out of each other's way.

HEADACHE

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

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CURED.

TOPICS WEEK.

A CHANCE FOR THE WOMEN REFORMERS.

I QUESTION very much whether all the solemn circumstance of the law, added to what we should regard as its pains and penalties, will impress on the Northern Maoris now in Mount Eden the full enormity of their offence. As a fact, the Maoris have rather enjoyed the whole thing up to the present, and unless the punishment meted out to them is exceptionally severe they will scarcely regret that they levied war against Her Majesty. The gloomy walls of gaol have no great terrors for them apparently. Indeed some of them told Constable Beazley that they liked Mount Eden, as they would get plenty of cakes and puddings there. One can fancy them singing in their cells Lovelace's well-known lines which that unhappy poet composed in prison—Stone walls do not a prison make

Nor iron bars a cage; And it is not altogether improbable that if any one of them is let off with a light sentence he will cherish a no good feeling towards the eminent judge. For, after all, in Mount Eden they can feel like the righteous man that their bread and water is sure, supposing that they are reduced to the most rigorous prison fare, while in the North they would probably have been much worse off. In addition they have had a free excursion to the town, have found themselves an object of interest in the public eye, while they have the assurance that when they go back to Hokianga they

Why not entrust the Maori prisoners to the methods of Mrs Daidy's friends?



"Tairua! You take me back Mount Eden. Too much the Korero you!"

will, morally speaking, tower head and shoulders above their fellows who played a less important part in the mimic rebellion or had no portion in it. Your savage nature feels on notoriety just as voraciously as your

modern lion, and when his capacious physical appetite is ministered to as well with cakes and pudding he is supremely happy. In view of the obvious difficulty of dealing with these dusky transgressors so as to make them more respectful to the law in future it would perhaps be well to try a slightly different treatment from that followed with European malefactors. What would the authorities say to giving the Women's National Council a chance to test their theories in this matter? Mrs Daidy said only the other evening that since she had returned from the meeting of the Council she was more than ever persuaded that woman is equally as fitted to reform society as man, if not more so, and she commended to the careful attention of the ladies the paper read before the Convention on "Criminals." It might not do to entrust the European prisoners to the methods of Mrs Daidy's friends, but what objection can be urged against them making their experiments in corpore Maori and reporting on the effect. I commend this suggestion in all seriousness to the ladies themselves. Let them induce the Government to hand over to their tender mercies these recalcitrant Maoris. Give the members of the Council a perfectly free hand in the matter, to make or to mar—or, indeed to marry if they please—these inconvenient aboriginals. Let the latter be given up without any reservation whatsoever, and let there be no stipulation as to the method or time of reform. Only let the ladies tell us when they are ready, and we shall be pleased to inspect results.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

THE agitation got up by certain Irishmen to celebrate with much hullabaloo the centenary of the revolution of 1798, was taken up in anything but an enthusiastic spirit by their compatriots in this part of the world. And quite right, too. It was altogether an insane idea to endeavour to revive the memory of ancient wrongs, the why and the wherefore of which is a forgotten tale. Not patriotism, but an unforgiving and malicious spirit foreign to the generous nature of Irishmen, prompted it; and I am glad that the ugly scheme has as yet come to nought or next to nought. In New Zealand no one seemingly has troubled his head about the matter—a tribute to the good common sense of the colonists—while the most remarkable occurrence in connection with the celebration throughout the length and breadth of Australasia has been the resurrecting of two bodies from one grave to deposit them in another. The corpses were those of Michael Dwyer, who was one of the leaders in the rebellion, and his wife. Dwyer died in Sydney some 73 years ago, and his wife followed 35 years later. The leaders of the celebration movement in Sydney, searching about for some circumstance that would give an interest and character to a function which they must have felt was terribly lacking in anything of the kind, hit upon this somewhat gruesome device. So far as I know, there was no special reason why the poor clay should have been disturbed except that theatrical properties were needed for the occasion, and a barbaric instinct suggested the exhuming of the long-dead couple. I cannot but regard the whole thing as a mere piece of clap-trap and nothing else—a disreputable bid for the support of the lovers of sensationalism. Of course, the people flocked to witness such an unusual occurrence, but because there was a big crowd do you suppose that it represented the sympathy felt in the celebration business? The promoters of the ghastly show may say so, but we know better. It was not sympathy, but curiosity, that attracted the people. If one were inclined, how easy would it be to ridicule the whole thing. Not being so inclined, I would merely remark on another aspect of it, how typical is this gruesome resurrection business of the whole movement. The feelings these agitators have been striving to awaken in the breasts of colonial Irishmen are as dead as the bodies they dig them up from the oblivion into which they have so mercifully disappeared, flung them in the eyes of men as if they were the relics of saints, orate over them and build monuments to them—all is of no avail; they are matters of no moment to living men. If

the leaders of the celebration thought to kindle the wild Hibernian rage and hate by such means, they have made a big miscalculation. The fact that the body of the woman was in a remarkable state of preservation—her features were perfectly recognisable—has been commented on with an evident amount of satisfaction. It would almost seem that the agitators regarded it as a good omen, or at least symbolical of the condition of the state of the cause itself. If they did, it only proves how very weak the cause is.

A NON-PAYING GAME.

MR REID, the Premier of New South Wales, declared the other day that the pursuit of politics was disastrous to financial solvency. As this remark was delivered at a banquet, we may be permitted to accept it with a little allowance for the jocularity that is common on such occasions. Yet the fact remains that both here and in Australia we have had such a surprising number of needy politicians as to make one doubt whether there may not be some truth in what Mr Reid said across the walnuts and the wine. If we are to accept the testimony of politicians themselves, there is no question about the matter. I do not remember ever having met a member of Parliament who did not say that it was at great personal inconvenience to himself and financial loss that he continued to serve his constituency. Even men who before they got into the House were on their uppers would convince you, if you will only permit them, that their entrance into politics was

Needy Politicians



*"I say Seddon, have you got the price of a pint on you?"
"Awfully sorry Reid old man, but I'm stone-brake like yourself."*

a piece of daring self-sacrifice for which they cannot expect and do not wish to be compensated. Mr Seddon has recently made a declaration on this subject which is very much at variance with the popular theory that the post of Premier is a lucrative one in these colonies. In reply to the familiar accusation that he had made some forty or fifty thousand pounds while in office, he assures the colony that so far is that from the actual case that were he stripped of his present positions he would not be called upon to pay either income or land tax. "Further," he remarks, "to-day I am not so well off as the day I took office." And if Mr Reid's theory is correct, Mr Seddon may congratulate himself on being so well off. If the pursuit of politics leads to financial insolvency, it naturally follows that the more persistently you pursue public affairs—and certainly Mr Seddon has been most faithful to them for many a year—the more inevitable is it that you will end your days in the bankruptcy court if not as a dependent on the charitable aid board. All things considered, politics is not here what is called a paying game. In America it is said that when a farmer gets into the legislature he always counts on paying off the mortgage on his farm in one term, while if he has the good luck to be returned several times he makes enough to keep him in comfort for the rest of his days. But that, alas! is not the way in Australasia. Either our politicians are too honest here or their constituents are too mean. Whichever it is, the result is the same, and the most that the luckiest politician can reckon on is to make his bread and butter when in the House and trust to Providence when he is thrown out.

THE MODERN MARTYRS.

SO strong a resentment was felt throughout the United States at the action of France in allowing the Spanish Cape Verde fleet to coal at Martinique that a great league of American ladies pledged themselves not to purchase goods of French manufacture. This method of retaliation, however effective it may be, appears singularly prosaic alongside those examples of patriotic self-abnegation on the part of the fair sex of which one reads in history. Have we not heard of grand dames sacrificing their flowing tresses—the chief glory of woman—to make ropes for their beleaguered fellow citizens, even if they did not, like La Pucelle, gird on their soft limbs the dread accoutrements of battle? But to go no further than a mere millinery sacrifice—which, if we are to believe them, our shopkeepers are constantly making—one can call to mind many instances that quite eclipse the devotion of the American ladies. There was Isabella, daughter of Philip II., who vowed not to change her linen until Ostend was taken. Unfortunately for the lady's personal comfort, the besieged held out for three years. She had her reward, however, in addition to the sense of satisfaction which the capture of the town gave her, for straightway a new colour—resembling the discarded linen, and known as l'Isabeau—became the rage. To most of us it would certainly seem that the American ladies are making a cheap sacrifice in discarding the products of the French manufactories or the many strange inventions of the Parisian costumiers. Cannot Great Britain and America supply the fashionable dames of the United States with finery enough and to spare? But I confess I speak with but a very imperfect knowledge of what the fashionable feminine mind covets or to what extent the ladies of the United States are dependent on France for their fine feathers. Probably if I knew more of these things I would talk differently. I wonder whether this self-denying ordinance includes not merely the rejection of all French-made goods, but the rejection of French fashions also. Are the ladies of the Four Hundred of New York to forswear the divine suggestions of the descendants of Worth? To be altogether consistent, they should, for their action, as I take it, is something more than a blow directed against French commerce; it is a protest against the perfidy of the nation generally. As imitation is the sincerest flattery, to copy the French modes even in goods of American or British manufacture would surely be a great mistake. But I doubt whether the league's patriotism will stand such a severe test. I would fear that, while the body as a whole might take a high stand, there would be very many individual lapses. There would surely be weak sisters who in a moment of temptation would succumb to the fascination of the latest bonnet or cloak from Paris, and even if the American looms supplied nothing better than blanketing and sackcloth, one would be able to detect an alien and Gallic cut even in these simple materials. I scarcely think that French commerce will suffer so very greatly by this latest American move.

WHAT IS COURAGE?

PEOPLE speak of the courage displayed by the Spaniards in the battle of Manila as if such a quality were not to be expected in such a quarter. Now, as a fact there is no virtue in the whole world so common as courage. All nations possess it, and while they may differ in point of physical endurance, discipline, and efficiency, the one thing which they all hold in common is this same courage. Lieutenant Churchill, in his most interesting book, "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," just published, discusses the curious question of why a quality that is so common should be accounted so precious. His explanation is as follows:—"The courage of the soldier is not really contempt for physical evils and indifference to danger. It is a more or less successful attempt to stimulate those habits of mind. Most men aspire to be good actors in the play. There are a few who are so perfect that they do not seem to be actors at all. This is the ideal after which the rest are striving. It is the one very rarely attained. Three principal influences," he continues, "combine to assist men

In their attempts: preparation, vanity, and sentiment.' After sketching the gradual preparation which most soldiers go through before they come into actual conflict with the foe—that moment so graphically described from the soldier's point of view by Kipling, when

The huge bullets come peckin' through the dust
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must.

—Lieut. Churchill goes on to speak of the second influence. At that awful moment when the soldier feels it may be his turn next, 'vanity, the vice which promotes so many virtues, asserts itself. He looks at his comrades, and they at him. So far he has shown no sign of weakness. He thinks they are thinking him brave. The



"Everyone clings to something which he thinks is high and noble."

dearly-longed-for reputation glitters before his eyes. He executes the orders he receives. But," concludes this writer, who is a soldier too, 'the thing that carries a man through at the end is sentiment. Everyone clings to something which he thinks is high and noble, or that raises him above the rest of the world, in the hour of need. Perhaps he remembers that he is sprung from an ancient stock, and of a race that has always known how to die; or more probably it is something smaller and more intimate—the regiment, whatever it is called—"The Gordons," "The Buffs," "The Queen's"—and so nursing the name, only the unofficial name of an infantry battalion, after all, he accomplishes great things and maintains the honour and empire of the British people.' And what is true of our soldiers is true of all soldiers, because vanity and sentiment are more or less the portion of all.

THE WOMAN-MAN AND THE MAN-WOMAN.

THERE is one gross inconsistency in the attitude of the progressive women in these days of which they themselves seem to be quite oblivious. While they claim to have a right to enter unquestioned into the sphere that has hitherto been regarded as especially man's, they resent the least suggestion that man can with credit discharge the duties of their sphere. As a rule this inconsistency does not trouble the male animal very much; he has no desire to pose as versed in the inner mysteries of domestic economy. The ability to eat a good dinner is to him matter for much greater self-congratulation than the ability to make one. Occasionally, however, you do come across a man who prides himself on a knowledge of the culinary art and the management of a household. Such a gentleman it would seem is Mr Jamieson, of the Auckland Charitable Aid Board, who came into somewhat violent conflict with a female critic of the Board last week, because the lady had called in question the domestic experience of that body. Our old friend Mrs Duddy had at a meeting of ladies some time previously spoken in a commiserating tone of the ignorance of the Board. Naturally the members felt hurt, and they took an early opportunity to ask an explanation from Mrs Duddy. This the lady freely gave, alleging that her remark had reference only to the ignorance of the Board in regard to domestic matters. Otherwise she graciously left it to be inferred they might be paragons of wisdom. The explanation satisfied the wounded feelings of the Board as

a whole, but Mr Jamieson was not to be appeased. He declared that 'he had had a large experience of house-keeping, and would make porridge and rice pudding with any woman present.' This revelation of unsuspected powers, however, did not evoke any admiration, and I have since heard him referred to in anything but complimentary terms by ladies generally. There is a tendency to scout such pretensions, or if they are admitted to ridicule them. Now, mark the unfairness of this logic. Surely what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the



The man-woman and the woman-man.

gander also. If women aspire to hold equality with men in all things manly on what grounds can they object to men emulating them in their particular sphere? I often ask myself the question, why should certain areas be fenced off for men only and certain others for women only? Why should the matter of sex decide everything? I for one am quite willing to set these barriers aside and let the question of mental and physical ability determine the position and work of all men and women. There may be some women who would make smarter men of business and legislators than the real men; and some men who would make more affectionate mothers of families than the real mothers. Why should not each be allowed to do the work he or she can do best? This is what the progressive ladies assert; but why do they deny in the case of the male sex the very thing they claim for their own?

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

'M.F.'—Kindly use ink, not pencil. 'Dobby.'—Write and apologise at once.

'Chill.'—Wear flannel instead of cotton, cork soles in your shoes, and thick stockings.

'C.M.W.'—Crimp or wave your side hair; bangs are not correct.

'Bessie.'—Ask your husband for a regular dress allowance, and on no account exceed that sum.

'Bee.'—Buy an Edison stove, or better still, a small kerosene lamp stove.

'A Mother.'—If your children are not perfectly well-behaved you have no business to inflict them on your friends when calling.

'A Writer.'—The stories are being carefully read. Can say nothing about yours yet.

'I ost.'—If you share a passage you and the sharer must take turns in cleaning it.

'Dolly.'—No; such a step would be in very bad taste.

'W.S.T.'—Will send address if you forward stamped addressed envelope.

'Essie.'—Quite correct and very nice.

'Nemo.'—Your contribution arrived too late.

'S.B.'—Have written through the post.

'Ruby.'—Surplus books will be welcomed at the Hospital or Asylum. Send a post-card to ask them to arrange.

'Ellie.'—Try electrolysis. Pulling out hairs makes them grow stronger—if they are not wanted.

'Gloves.'—Nothing looks worse than hands squeezed up in gloves two sizes too small. Have the courage to wear your proper size.

'Minnie.'—You must use black-edged envelope for condolences of that nature.

'Harry.'—Your letter is well-expressed, but spelling and writing are dreadful. Buy a good copy-book; also study an ordinary spelling-book. Wish you all success.

'Nervous.'—Never scold your child. Reason gently; he will grow out of it.

'A Flance.'—It is more usual to return the ring. It will do for your next attempt.

'A Dinner-giver.'—Yes; you must show no annoyance even when your best damask is ruined by a careless visitor.

'Bertha.'—Knowing so little of the circumstances I do not venture to advise you.

'B.R.T.'—Forget yourself and be natural. Then you will be liked and be at ease.

'Eita.'—It is not correct to write so affectionately on so brief an acquaintance.

'Hella.'—Rub well with emery powder and kerosene.

'A Lady.'—Your looking-glass can be cleaned with well-powdered whiting and methylated spirits.

'Gontie.'—I can hardly decipher your non-de-plume. Borax, well powdered, will keep away mths.

'Auntie.'—Gargle well every two hours with sweet milk.

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SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Newlands, Waituku, N.Z., Mar. 26th, 1898. Dear Sir,—I received Watch and Chain in good condition, and am obliged. The watch is working splendidly.—Yours truly, L. N. WARR. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z. March 19th, 1898.

Sir,—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 gives as much satisfaction as the silver one, I shall be very pleased to recommend your firm.—Yours respectfully, MARY H. BOOTH. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

A. Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.

'Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but 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 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. 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 it is of great service to those who suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation. Yours truly, A. GARRARD, M.D., F.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh, L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

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It is nearly 80 years ago since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and it is still so popular 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 AFFECTIONS, are sold in tins by all Chemists.

'OLD AGE PENSIONS.'

Many good people believed that it was their duty to give all our old folks 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 discovered in the path of this well-intentioned measure than there are persons qualified to draw pensions.

The well-being of our old people and needy is the recognised duty 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 Philanthropians 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 of drunken and immoral habits. This is very obscure, for it is just as easy to treatates have failed to define the exact meaning of 'drunken,' there are so many shades, beginning with 'sipping,' and through the condition of being 'three sheets in the wind,' and lighting one's pipe at an electric lamp globe.

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

WHEREAS it is equitable that all the deserving aged in the colony should receive 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 demonstrated that the general use of SUI-TURA TEA has had a beneficial effect on humanity in general;

BE it therefore enacted—That the Registrar shall issue pensions to all applicants who can produce proof of having habitually used SUI-TURA TEA for a period of two years and upwards. SUI-TURA TEA is the only and the only agent of the century. Its HUMANISING ATTRIBUTES are only excelled by its ECONOMY, PURITY, STRENGTH, and FREEDOM FROM ANY FOREIGN MATTER WHATSOEVER. GUARANTEED NOT BLENDED WITH CHINA OR INDIAN TEAS.

JERUSALEM AND MOUNT OLIVES UNDER SNOW.

Lovers of the Holy Land and its memorable history will be pleased to scan the very latest photo, taken of Jerusalem and Mount of Olives, wrapped in its beautiful mantle of snow. A gentleman writing to an Auckland friend, under date of March the 26th, says:— I am sending you an unique photo, of Jerusalem and Mount Olives under snow. We have not had snow for four years, and this winter we have had it on four occasions, but it never remained long. The photo, besides showing the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, and behind it the dome of the mosque of Omer and Aksa, which is built on the site of Solomon's Temple, shows also the tower and dome over the new German church, which the German Emperor is coming to open in September. I cannot say that the church is an ornament to the landscape, nor can it be called artistic. There has been a great number of travellers in Jerusalem this season, chiefly on account of the absence of war quarantine, etc. It seems that the rule now is for visitors to come in large parties of one or two hundreds. The smaller parties are now very much fewer. The shopkeepers complain as much as formerly. The Americans have the name of being very niggardly; even Vanderbilt, the millionaire, who was here not long ago, made a hard bargain worth only £5.

The high tower against the horizon is one of a number of large buildings erected ostensibly as a hospice by the Russian Government. It is situated on the top of the Mount of Olives, and commands a magnificent view of the country round about Jerusalem, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, some 20 miles distant. Between the city itself and the Mount of Olives lies the deep gorge known as the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Brook of Kedron, and to the right of a road that leads up the Mount can be seen a few buildings surrounding the ancient olive trees known as the Garden of Gethsemane. Another road still farther to the right leads to the ancient Village of Bethany, the ruins of which are situated on the brow of

the hill. The trees that dot the Mount of Olives are all olives, many of them centuries old, and in full fruit bearing. Immense sums of money are all the time being expended in Jerusalem and vicinity in the erection of schools, convents, and hospitals. Not only is this done by the Greeks and Romanists, between which two sects the struggle for precedence now seems to take an architectural turn, but Protestantism also is represented in the prevailing strife for high monumental position in the religious capital of the world. The Church of the Redeemer, now near completion, is built on the site of a group of buildings the ruins of which date back to the ninth century, in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne. In the year 1869, on the occasion of the visit of 'Unser Fritz,' then the Crown Prince of Prussia and afterwards for 99 days Emperor of Germany, the Sultan caused him to be received as his personal guest, and presented him with the site of the new church, some of the old ruins of which have been built into its walls.



HUNTER'S GARRISON BAND, AUCKLAND.

WOMEN WHO SEEK DIVORCE

A clerk in the Circuit Court has come to the conclusion that most of the women who sue or are sued for divorce have peculiar given names. To prove the correctness of his theory he went through the court dockets for the last six months and copied the names of every woman who was either a plaintiff or defendant in a suit for divorce in that time, and arranged the names in statistical order. The result was really surprising. There were 398 suits for divorce filed in the six months. Of the women in these suits 44 were Marys, 23 were Annies, 11 were named Florence, 8 were named Margaret, 6 were named Fannie, there were 5 Saras, 4 Sarahs, 4 Marthas, 4 Marias, 2 Maries and 2 Jennies.

Those eleven names were the only ones that appeared more than once on the docket. In the other 285 divorce suits all the women had different names, and many of them were very odd. It seems peculiar that out of 398

women appearing in divorce suits 305 should have different given names, but the dockets of the court prove the truth of the statement.

A few of the odd names copied by the clerk who made the investigation follow: Arelia, Marina, Lula, Hermania, Merrian, Lila, Juna, Kahrna, Andrina, Rena, Ona, Cleora, Dola, Leola, Urka, Vida, Capitola, Meatha, Byrdie, Ladybelle, Corenda, Virgil, Therdacia, Ora, Inez, Velma, Kadi, Cathalin, Rhera, Georgianna, Alma, Delia, Luella, Lola, Lauretta, Lorie, Mallie, Manie, Selifa.

The shawl of shawls belongs to the Duchess of Northumberland. It formerly belonged to Charles X. of France, and was manufactured entirely from the fur of Persian cats. Many thousands of cats' skins were utilised, and the weaving occupied some years. The shawl measures eight yards square, but is so fine that it can be compressed into the space of a large coffee cup.



JERUSALEM AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES IN A MANTLE OF SNOW.



THE PRINCIPALS.



SKIRT-DANCING.

TAIHARURU AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

PRESENTATION TO THE EX-MAYOR OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

SINCE New Plymouth has been a municipality the civic chair has been filled by several able gentlemen, but, perhaps, the most popular of those who have occupied that position of late years has been Mr John Barton Roy. He has been returned five times as mayor, and during his terms of office has carried out the duties pertaining to it in a manner that has met with general approval. It was during the last year of his mayoralty and towards its close that Lord and Lady Ranfurly made an official visit to New Plymouth, when Mr Roy entertained the Vice-Regal couple during their stay in the town. Mr Roy's relations with the Council during his long term of office were of a harmonious and friend-

Misses Mariel, Doris and Gladys Roy, and Master Ian Barton Roy, the infant child, were also present.

His Worship the Mayor, in making the presentation, first addressed Mrs Roy. He said the Borough of New Plymouth wished to present her with a silver cradle as a memento of the birth of a son and heir, and he hoped

then said, 'And to you, Sir, it is my pleasing duty to hand a gold watch and chain. It has been suitably inscribed, and the Councillors and myself hope you will look upon it as a memento of the pleasing and cordial relations which always existed, and still exist, between the members of the Council and

follows:—Presented by the Council of the Borough of New Plymouth to John Barton Roy, Esq., on the completion of the fifth year of his mayoralty, December, 1897.'

Mr Roy, in reply, said it gave him very great pleasure to see them all there that day, especially on such an occasion. On behalf of his wife and only son he heartily thanked them for their kind congratulations, and for the present made to Mrs Roy to commemorate their son's birth. Amongst the many congratulations he had received on that occasion was one expressing a hope that at a future time his son might be elected mayor. It was no doubt a shot at random, but at the same time he considered the boy might do worse. If he was ever so honoured he hoped that when leaving the position he would feel the same regret as he (Mr Roy) did, after being so closely connected with them for so many years. It was true all



Mr J. B. Roy, Ex-Mayor of New Plymouth.



Photos. by W. A. Collis, New Plymouth. MRS ROY AND MASTER IAN BARTON ROY.

that, when the boy reached man's estate he would not only be a comfort but a credit to them, and would enjoy long life, health and happiness. Mr Dockrill then requested the Town Clerk to read the inscription on the cradle, which was as follows:—Presented by the Council of the Borough of New Plymouth to Mrs Roy as a mark of esteem on the occasion of the birth of her son, Ian Barton, during her husband's mayoralty. December 11th, 1897.'

His Worship, turning to Mr Roy,

yourself.' He trusted, and he was sure he was echoing the wishes of those present, that Mr Roy would live long to wear it. His Worship then referred in eulogistic terms to the work done by Mr Roy during his mayoralty, and concluded by saying he hoped when he (Mr Dockrill) vacated the chair the same pleasant feelings would exist between him and the Council as were entertained by them towards Mr Roy.

The Town Clerk then read the inscription on the watch, which was as



THE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN PRESENTED TO MR J. B. ROY.

present were not in the Council during the whole of the period he was mayor, but those who were could speak of the harmony and good feeling which always marked their discussions—times he would always look back upon with pleasure. With regard to the present to himself, he thought it most suitable, as well as being a useful one, and when he ceased to require it it would be handed down to his son, who was really the indirect recipient of it.

Mr and Mrs Roy then entertained the gentlemen present, when the health of Master Ian Barton Roy was drunk in a bumper of champagne. The health of 'Mr and Mrs Roy' and 'The Borough Council' were also drunk and responded to, when the pleasant proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

Mr J. B. Roy, who is a well-known legal practitioner in New Plymouth, has been a member of the Board of Governors of the High School for many years, and of which he is the chairman, and although he has retired from active civic duties, he still continues to take a lively interest in all matters of local importance.

The cradle, which is of solid silver, is a beautiful piece of workmanship, and is a model of the Queen's own cradle; the scroll work being imitation of ferns. The gold watch is an English lever, and the chain is a very heavy, massive one. They were supplied to the order of Mr J. H. Parker, of New Plymouth, by Messrs Denver Brothers, silversmiths and jewellers, of Dunedin.



THE SILVER CRADLE PRESENTED TO MRS ROY.

ly character, so it is not surprising that on his retirement the Councillors should wish to present him with a souvenir which would remind him of the cordial feeling that had so long existed between them. It was decided, therefore, that Mr Roy should be presented with a gold watch and chain, and Mrs Roy with a silver cradle, the latter in commemoration of the birth of a son and heir during the term of her husband's mayoralty. The presentation took place on Friday, May 13, at Mr Roy's pretty villa residence, when the following gentlemen were present:—His Worship the Mayor (Mr E. Dockrill), Messrs F. P. Corkill, J. Bellringer, D. Teed, P. R. Carthew, W. Waiton, F. Stohr, M. Clow, T. Avery (members of the Council), Mr O. Samuel (Borough Solicitor), Mr T. K. Skinner (Borough Surveyor), Mr C. E. Bellringer (Town Clerk), Mr W. H. J. Seffer, Mr J. H. Parker and the representatives of the local press.

Mr Roy introduced those present to Mrs Roy, who was dressed in a gobelin blue cloth tea gown, trimmed and shaded with shot silk to match, shaded jet trimmings, and white chifton. The

THE MINING INDUSTRY.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DREDGING IN OTAGO.

It is no exaggeration to say that the advent of the dredge in its present comparative state of mechanical efficiency has completely revolutionised the mining industry in Otago. During the last half-dozen years the dredging industry in the Clutha River and, indeed, on the flats and river beds everywhere throughout the goldfields of Otago, has almost exclusively monopolised the attention of the investing public. Nor can it be said that the public confidence has not been generously rewarded and the highest expectations entertained of the industry fulfilled. Of course, no form of investment or speculative enterprise can possibly be so hedged round with saving influences and favouring certainties as to entirely disassociate it from loss or the temporary deprivation of profits. The limit of its possibilities is restricted or controlled only by the degree of efficiency which may be ultimately attained in the perfection of the present dredging appliances and dredging methods generally. There is no doubt that in these respects, and particularly with regard to the gold saving appliances in use, there is much room for improvement, as under present conditions I am satisfied that fully a third of the gold taken up out of the river bed is lost. It may, however, be said that if the

consisted of three canoes roughly fashioned and lashed together and steadied by lines from the banks of the river. The spoon for lifting the dirt consisted of a bag made of raw bullock hide, laced or riveted round an iron frame, and secured at the end by a long pole. So adjusted and heavily weighted, it was dragged along the bottom, and when filled or partly filled it was hauled up and the dirt washed in a cradle rocked by hand. This was what was known as the spoon dredge era. The evolution of the dredge went on for many years, slowly and with laborious advance, until, as I have just stated, it produced in 1880 the first steam dredge on the Clutha River.

I do not think I can do better in this letter than endeavour to convey to your readers a general, but yet a tolerably clear, understanding of the present mechanical equipment of the dredges employed on the Clutha River and contiguous to it, if the financial conditions attending the industry, and such information on a subject of the highest national concern, be of some practical value.

The dredging industry on the Clutha River is now represented by a fleet of 73 dredges, which have cost for their construction and equipment something like £300,000. In addition to these there must be at least 20 other dredges in course of construction at the present moment, as a result of the stimulus imparted to the industry during the past twelve

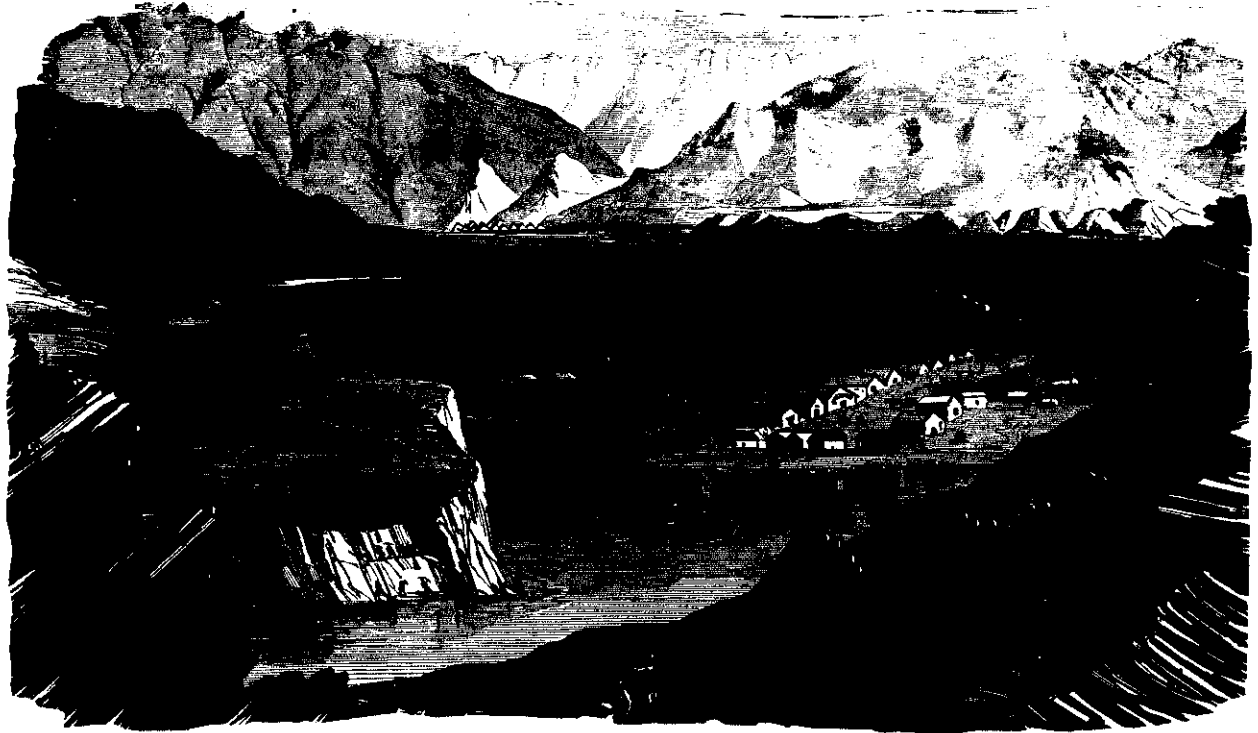
of £2,271 17s 4d, equivalent to £66 16s 4½d a day.

In March the company declared a first dividend of £3 per share, and £250 was placed to the reserve fund. In June another dividend of £7 10s was declared, and the reserve fund was increased to £300. Early in July the third dividend was declared, making in the brief space of four months a total reimbursement of £1,800, or 45 per cent. on the capital. The interval since then has been attended with even a larger measure of success, the returns for many months past giving dividends of upwards of £10 a week per share. And there is every probability that these satisfactory results may go on repeating themselves for many years. An important feature in connection with this claim is that, given dredges of sufficient power and capacity, it has been made clear that the river in the gorges may be profitably worked and the heavy drift overcome. Another point of interest is that, although a rock and boulder bounded claim, no large stones have yet been lifted by the Moa, proving that though the sides of a river may be rough it is no reason to conclude that the bottom or bed of a river will necessarily be unworkable. Certainly there is a limit to the working of the gorges by dredges, yet it may be confidently expected that at no distant date many suitable sites in the gorges still untouched may be dredged with satisfactory results. In the average dredge about 80z of gold a week will cover working expenses.

In order to convey some idea of the

the banks, is on deck. The consumption of coal on board this dredge is about 14 bags a shift of 24 hours, though there are dredges that do not average the half of this amount. As the dirt comes up in the buckets it falls into a revolving screen about 10 feet long. The stones and coarse shingle fall from the screen down a semi-circular iron shoot and go back into the river. The fine material from the screen falls on to tables about 10 feet in width, covered with cocoanut matting, with a small mesh wire screen on top. The main run in some of the dredges is 40 feet and even 50 feet in length, and over these the finer stuff runs and the gold is saved. There are also return boxes, and 'save alls' designed to catch such gold as may escape the boxes; but despite every effort the percentage of gold lost is very large. Water for sluicing purposes is supplied by a centrifugal pump, worked by a couple of sets of belting off the main shaft. Altogether the appliances are numerous and somewhat complicated, and do not readily lend themselves to brief description. Six men are usually employed on a dredge, and the lifting capacity averages about 70 tons an hour.

Among the dredges working between Beaumont and Miller's Flat, that is, on the lower reaches of the river, the Golden Treasure dredge, a company-owned property, may serve to illustrate how the industry fares on that part of the river. During the year 1896 the total quantity of gold



DUNSTAN, OTAGO, 1863.

advance made in the perfection of dredging equipment during the next twenty years should in any approximate degree correspond with that of the same period just passed, the borders of mechanical perfection in this industry would surely be reached, and as a consequence, results hitherto undreamt of accomplished.

What has been done will, perhaps, be understood when it is stated that the first steam dredge (the Eureka), with, of course, numerous mechanical imperfections, was only in 1880 launched on the Clutha River, near Alexandra. Seventeen years before that period the first attempt known to tradition was made at the Beaumont, in the Tuapeka district, to obtain gold from the Clutha River by dredging. This first primitive vessel took the form of a couple of barrels surmounted by a timber platform, into which the stuff was shovelled by a man standing in the water close inshore, the dirt being afterwards taken on shore and cradled.

The next advance represented what was known as the spoon dredge. This

months by the returns obtained on the upper reaches of the river.

One of the most successful dredges on the river during the last year is the Moa, owned by the Clyde Dredging Co. She is working a river claim known as the Grand Junction, 75 acres in extent, which is situated close to the township of Clyde, and includes the mouth of the Manuherikia River and Butcher's Point. The company was registered in May, 1895, with a capital of £4,000, divided into 80 shares at £50 each. Early in the following July they had risen more than 100 per cent., their market price being £95 to £100. This dredge, which had previously been working on another part of the river, commenced operations on her present ground early in June of last year. Four days afterwards she washed up for 460z of gold. The next week's work resulted in a return of 157oz, of which 80oz were won in three days. For the succeeding three weeks the returns aggregated 308oz. For the 34 days working from June 8 to July 17, the total yield was 590oz 3dwt 2gr, of the value

methods of gold saving, mechanical outfit, etc., of the dredges, I may take the Dunedin Gold Dredging Co.'s dredge as a specimen. This dredge has been for some years working on the Clutha River at Coal Creek, the chief fruit-growing district in Otago, situated at the southern end of Tuapeka. This dredge has taken as much as 1600z of gold a week out of the river, and has paid a very large amount of money away in dividends. This dredge is 80 feet in length, and consists of two pontoons, one 7 feet and the other 14 feet in beam and 7 feet deep. In the body of the larger pontoon are placed the boiler and engines. The ladder, on which the buckets work, is 60 feet long; and there are 32 buckets, the capacity of each being 3 cubic feet. These are worked by steam supplied by a dry back tubular boiler 5 feet 6 inches in diameter and 8 feet long, which works up to a pressure of 100lb to the square inch. The steam gear for moving the dredge by means of bow, stern, port and starboard wire ropes, secured on

returned by this dredge was 1,382oz 13 dwts, of the value of £5,323. From November 14 to Christmas, 1896, the dredge won 2960z of gold and paid in dividends 4/6 per £1 share. Since 1891, when she first commenced work, to the end of last year, she has paid in dividends £4,160, or £1 9/ per share, £1,384 only being paid-up out of a nominal capital of £3,000. This was equal to 145 per cent. on the capital paid up. The wages paid during the financial year 1896 amounted to £945 17/8, and for coal, which costs 13/ per ton carted to the river bank, £410 14/8.

The same company have another dredge (the Golden Run) on an adjoining river claim that took nearly £13,000 out of three acres of ground. A dredge close by, owned and worked by a party of six workmen has been during the last three or four years taking an enormous store of wealth out of the river. For a very long period during that time they were making £70 a man a week, and seldom go below £30 a man.



TEVIOT TOWNSHIP, ON THE CLUTHA, 1863.

The same story could be told of the rich harvest of gold garnered by the dredges from Clyde to Cromwell, where there the Clutha and Kawaru Rivers meet in their headlong rush to the sea. And even at Cromwell the evidences of wealth are equally as extraordinary in their richness. It was at Bannockburn, at a point on the Kawaru River known as Cornishman's Beach, that the Electric Company's dredge continued for many months of last year and the previous year scooping up gold at the rate of from 90oz to 100oz a week. On a few occasions she washed up for 80oz in a shift of eight hours, and 200oz have been won for 2 week's work. I have ly seen the gold in the buckets as they came up from the river bed and passed round the ladder to the boxes. This dredge is one of the largest on the river. Her hull is 90ft long, and her ladder 65ft from centre to centre. It carries 43 buckets of about 2½ cubic feet capacity, running at the rate of

12 a minute. In the early days the terraces and banks of the Kawaru River were sluiced away by men who did not comprehend that gold existed in layers throughout the wash. Their endeavour was to reach the bottom, and to do this they sluiced away millions of tons of wash dirt into the river. This is the stuff that supplied the gold, which was coarse and heavy, showing that, like most of the gold taken out of the river, it had not been subjected to the wear and tear of long travel.

On Wetherstone's Flat, in the neighbourhood of Laurence, the centre of the Tuapeka district, a dredge has been placed within the last few months. The whole of this flat was worked in the early days, Wetherstone's being then the temporary home of eight or ten thousand miners. Since those times it has suffered grievously. The ground has been fossicked over principally by Chinamen, and was at the disposal of anyone who cared to take it up and work it.

Some two or three years ago, however, a party of three miners applied for over thirty acres of the flat, put on a handy hydraulic plant at a cost of £600 or £700, secured a sufficient water supply, and set in to work on it. They are now in independent circumstances, their earnings during the period of their occupation averaging £15 a man per week. There being no more available water for hydraulic sluicing purposes, a dredge has been put on to work another area recently taken up. The bottom along here is of the same formation as the famous Blue Spur, at the head of Gabriel's Gully—a very hard cement—and I question much if it can be worked successfully by any but a dredge of the most powerful order.

Mr J. R. Gascoigne, acting on behalf of an Auckland syndicate, last year took up 64 acres at Wetherstone's Flat, which it is intended to work by hydraulic sluicing. This area adjoins what was formerly known as the Wetherstone's Cement claim, and out

of which nearly £40,000 was taken in 14 years. Mr Gascoigne, though engaged in mining pursuits in Auckland for some years past, is a very old Tuapeka identity, and was one of the original promoters of the Wetherstone's Cement Company. A good deal of the cement on the ground he has taken up was crushed by the old company, but there are practically many thousands of tons still left for treatment. It is generally believed that the lead of which the run was lost by the Cement Company will be picked up in this claim. A good deal of rich auriferous ground has also been surveyed out of the adjacent gullies. The requisite water supply has been secured. It will be brought from the Waipari River and the Deep Stream, a distance of 3½ miles, the main supply coming from the first-named river and a supplementary supply from Deep Stream. The work of race construction should not be expensive, as a good deal of the ground may be ploughed. In consequence of all the



GOLD-DIGGERS OUT PROSPECTING.



ELECTRIC DREDGE, No. 1.

available water having been diverted to other places, no water can be got any nearer than Waipori, and without a good water supply the ground is worthless. It is intended to use two hydraulic plants, with about 2000ft of piping, the total cost of which should be somewhere between £800 and £1000. As regards the resources of the claim, it is important to state that, in addition to the lost lead already referred to, there is what is known as a 'greasy seam' lying on top of the cement, varying from 15ft to 20ft in thickness, containing thousands of tons of stuff that will, I believe, give a prospect of from a strong colour to a couple of grains to the dish. There is a general belief in the district that the property will give a very good account of itself.

Those who remember Gabriel's Gully of the old days will be surprised to hear that the greater part of it, including the thousands of tons of tailings deposited there, has been taken up as a dredging area and will be soon subjected to that method of treatment.

In like manner the whole of the bed of the Tuapeka River from Lau-

rence to Evans' Flat, where Gabriel Reed washed his first prospect of gold in the district, is either already being worked by dredges or secured for that purpose. There are many large auriferous flats through Tuapeka and, indeed, throughout the whole of Otago, that cannot be worked by the hydraulic sluicing system because of the impossibility of obtaining an adequate water supply that will in the near future be worked by dredges. All that is required for that purpose is the presence of a few feet of water, and there are few old flats and river beds that do not supply that essential.

It is not easy to estimate the benefit of this industry has conferred on Otago. It is an industry beyond question that has come to stay. It is well known that ground on many parts of the Clutha and other rivers has been profitably worked three times over, and may again, with improved machinery and more perfect gold-saving appliances, be worked in the future with even greater profit.

Some of the pictures published with this article are representative of the districts referred to in the early days of gold discovery in Otago.

SPAIN'S GREATNESS AND DECAY.

The zenith of Spain's greatness was just about coincident with the Renaissance, and did not last long when it was once established. The foundations of Spain's 16th century supremacy were laid in the training which her population had in the centuries of struggle to conquer their own territory from the Moors.

During these ages every Spaniard became a trained and hardy soldier, and the great mass of them became ingrained not only with the traditional Spanish pride and fanaticism, but with a sublime belief not only that they were unconquerable, but that they could conquer anything. The greatest development of the national virility was secured at the almost contemporary completion of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and the discovery of America by Columbus in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The magnitude of the Spanish monarchy assumed more imposing proportions under the subsequent reign of Charles V., who combined by inheritance and election the sovereignty of the greater part of Europe, and, as a result of the conquests of Cortez, Pizarro and others, practically all of the new world. But that the seeds of decay were sown in that colossal reign was shown under Philip II., when the Netherlands revolted against him, and Great Britain checked his naval supremacy.

There is no doubt that the exercise of absolute power and the lust for wealth, and the demoralisation which sets in when a conqueror sits down to fatten on the fruits of his conquest were the main factors of Spain's decay. A remarkable feature of that age was the rapidity of the change from rising to decaying strength. When Columbus appeared before Ferdinand and Isabella to plead for vessels to sail to the westward they had not quite attained the complete control of Spanish territory. A quarter of a century later their grandson, Charles V., ruled one of the greatest empires in territorial extent that the world has ever seen. About 70 years after the accession and 32 years after his abdication, Great Britain and the Dutch destroyed the naval supremacy of Spain.

Three centuries of actual decay followed; but it would be unwise to conclude that Spain is now in the last process of dissolution. Her lowest ebb was apparently in the early part of the century, when the corruption of the monarchy and the lassitude of the people permitted Napoleon's armies to practically overrun the kingdom without a blow, until an ill-considered act sent the whole population into a flame of guerrilla warfare. Since then, and particularly during the last quarter of a century, Spain has made some progress; and, while bankrupt, prejudiced and isolated, she is several stages in advance of where she was under the last Isabella.

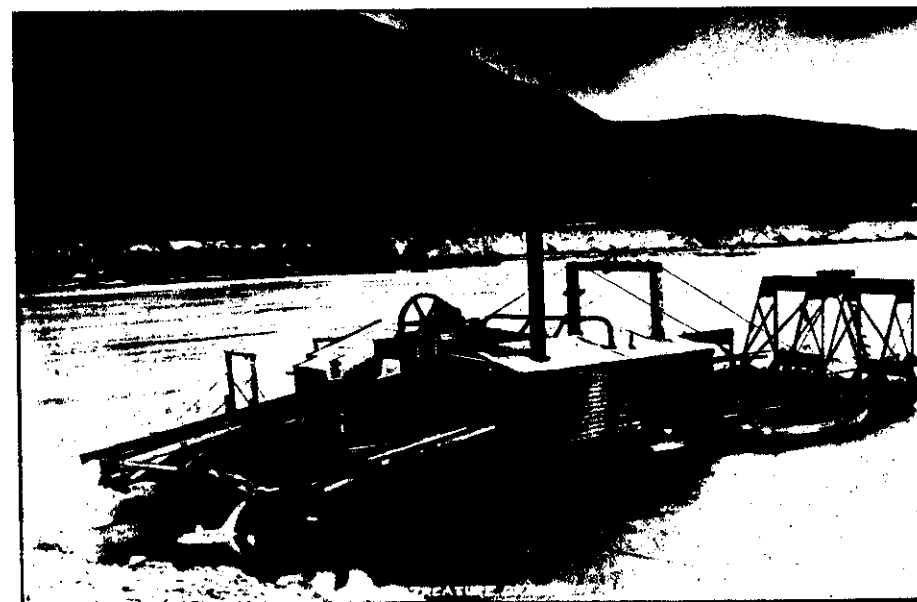
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A SCHOOLMASTER'S RECORD.

It is well to recall, remarks Pearson's Weekly, when schoolmasters are being terrorised by the law for inflicting corporal punishments, the doings of one Johann Jakob Haberle, a German master, who recently died. He kept a diary of the number of punishments he inflicted on his pupils.

Johann records that during fifty-one years he distributed 911,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 birch rod smites, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,986 blows with a ruler, 10,235 slaps on the face, 8,000 boxes on the ears, 115,800 on the head, and that he set some 13,000 tasks from the Bible, so that it was necessary to purchase a new copy, through wear and tear, every two years.

Seven hundred and seventy-seven times did Johann make his children kneel on dried peas, while 5,001 times he stood them in the corners with rulers over their heads. Here is food for parents to reflect upon before they summon schoolmasters for spanking their children.



Phot. by J. M. McEachen.

GOLDEN TREASURE DREDGE.

THE DIALECT NOVELIST.

He wachelt and bachelt,
He schugelt and sauchelt.
With many a hech and a hotch.
He scartit and rakit
His memory and scrapit
A story he said was 'braid Scotch.'
He rowled and he sowled,
In a style ould and bould.
With a lot of begorrah and wall;
He debajbered and gabbered
And paper he klabbered.
When he wrote his miscalled Irish tale,
He hum'd and begum'd,
He swow'd, and 'vum'd, and vum'd,
And begokhed about keows and the barn;
He chawed and he hawed
As his poor pen he pawed.
While writing a fake Yankee yarn,
He 'am'd and he hegged
As he 'ammered and dregged
His h's and i's in the strife,
Between 'alf and 'alf coster
And unabridged Webster
In a novel of English life.

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

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OPENING OF THE NEW BATH HOUSE AT TE AROHA.

SUCH a large amount of interest is taken by New Zealanders and tourists in the Northern health resorts that the opening of a new bath at Te Aroha, on the Queen's Birthday, was looked upon as a very important occasion. Special trains from Waikato and Paeroa brought crowds of visitors, and by the time all—including about 500 school-children, who took part in the procession—had reached the Domain, about 3,000 people were assembled.

The Hon. A. J. Cadman, member for the district, was asked to open the new bath house, as he has been instrumental in getting assistance from Parliament in carrying on the work. Mr Vickerman, engineer to the Public Works Department, was supervisor of the plans, engineering and building arrangements, etc.

The bath house is most beautifully situated on high ground facing the lawn in the Domain. A vivid touch of colour 'mid the more sombre tones of the pine trees and shrubberies is given by the bright scarlet roof of the building. The latter is fashioned after the manner of a Swiss chalet, gabled at each end, and is one storey in height. It is 98 feet long and 28 feet wide, whilst an 8 feet corridor runs all along the structure. The corridor

permits access to the nineteen bath-rooms. These are not unduly large, being 9 feet by 6 feet 6 inches. The baths are especially suited for invalids, four of them being sunk to the level of the floor; all are well enamelled and built of strong earthenware. A handsome centre-piece is over the front entrance, and the floors of the hall and the corridor are handsomely tiled. On each side of the entrance hall are situated waiting-rooms for ladies and for gentlemen, fitted up with every convenience and comfort. A very important point in connection with the new baths, viz., the drainage, has received special attention,

and an exceptionally good supply of water has been arranged.

But these particular baths are not the only improvements in the Domain. A hot-water swimming bath and two hot-water reservoirs have just been made, and these, with the new bath house, will cost about £3,500. When the work of laying pipes, etc., is completed, and a landscape gardener has improved the at present somewhat untidy grounds, the Te Aroha Domain should certainly be a thing of beauty, if not a joy for ever.

Mr Cadman, in his opening speech, declared that after travelling round the colony he felt sure that Te Aroha



PRISONERS LEAVING COURTHOUSE.

was the best bathing place in New Zealand, and that when railway communication was perfected between that place and the Thames a large influx of visitors would be the result. The Minister said that with care and judicious management invalids and pleasure-seekers could both enjoy the beauties and benefits of Te Aroha. It was a matter of history that Maoris, when wounded after their battles, repaired to Te Aroha and alleviated their sufferings in the muddy springs then existing. Europeans had seen and noted the effect of these waters and had now utilised them for themselves, both for pleasure and profit.

THE U.S. CRUISER BALTIMORE.

We give a picture of the United States protected cruiser Baltimore, which took a prominent part in the naval engagement at Manila. A cablegram received last week stated that the Baltimore had been injured through an explosion on board, but particulars were not given. The vessel is a steel cruiser of 4,600 tons with a speed of 30.6 knots, and complement 375 officers and men. Her guns are protected by 4½-in. and her decks by 4-in and 2½-in armour. Her armament consists of four 8-in, six 6-in, four 6-pounder quick-firing, two 3-pounders, two 1-pounders, and six muzzle-loading guns.

H.M.S. ROYAL ARTHUR.

H.M.s. Royal Arthur, the new flagship on the Australian station, is now in Auckland. She is a first-class twin-screw cruiser of 7,700 tons, and is a splendid type of the modern fighting ship. She was built at Portsmouth, being originally laid down as the Centaur. Her sister ships are the Edgar, Hawke, George, Grafton, Crescent, Endymion, Gibraltar, and Theseus. She is 360 feet in length and 60 feet in beam, with a draught of 23 feet 9 inches. Her indicated horsepower is 12,000 with forced draught, and 7,500 with natural draught, giving a speed of 20 and 18 knots respectively. Her coal accommodation is equal to 10,000 knots at 10 knots an hour, or 2,500 at 18 knots an hour. She carries no side armour, but her vitals are protected by a steel deck running from 5 inches to 1 inch in thickness. The guns' crews are protected by steel shields. The armament consists of one 9-inch 22-ton gun, twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns, twelve 6-pounders, five 3-pounders, and seven machine guns, besides four Whitehead torpedo tubes. The Royal Arthur was formerly flagship on the Pacific Station. As will be seen from the above description, the new flagship is a marked improvement on the Orlando, both in size and equipment. The Commander of Her Majesty's Australian Squadron, Rear-Admiral Pearson, is on board. He is making a tour of the different harbours of the colony to inspect their defensive capabilities. The Admiral, who visited New Zealand in 1870 with the flying squadron, joined the Royal Navy in December, 1853, towards the close of the Russian war. In 1862 he became sub-lieutenant, in 1863 lieutenant, in 1874 commander, and in 1879 captain, being posted to that rank from the Royal Yacht Club. He was promoted to flag rank in 1893, and first hoisted his flag in the naval manoeuvres of 1896 on the Warsprite cruiser as second in command, under Sir Edward Seymour. He was again second in command of the reserve squadron during the manoeuvres of last year, with his flag on the Sans Pareil. On November 1 he was appointed to his present post, and hoisted his flag at Portsmouth on the Royal Arthur, in which, in January of the present year, he relieved Admiral Bridge in Australian waters.

HOKIANGA VIEWS.

The pictures of Hokianga which appear in this issue conclude the series we have given in connection with the recent Maori disturbance in that part of the colony. The township of Kohukohu lies on the opposite side of the river to Rawene and higher up. As our pictures indicate, it is a pretty little place. A resident of the township, writing to the 'Graphic' of the late trouble, complains that this settlement and its people hardly came in for a fair share of recognition. Nothing apparently has been said of the trouble they took to help the Rawene people; and that trouble was not so small. The residents, we understand, denied themselves in many ways to assist their neighbours, sending volunteers to Rawene; and Mr



THE RETURN TO RAWENE.



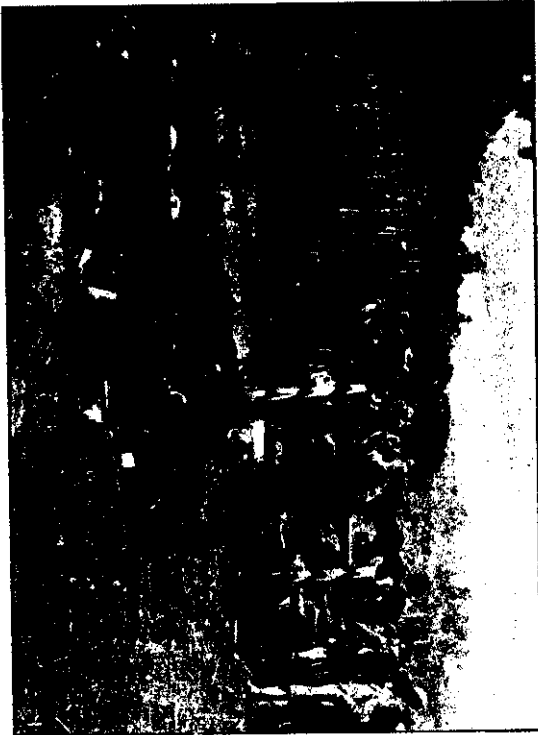
THE TROOPS AT DRILL.

THE NATIVE TROUBLE IN THE NORTH.

WTU. 18,755 1/2.
NEGATIVE

Cd, waf: C15, 741

BUGLEERS ASLEEP IN POHEKOCUND. OFFICERS READING THE ARRESTS.



ANOTHER PART OF KOHEKOHU, LOOKING SOUTH.



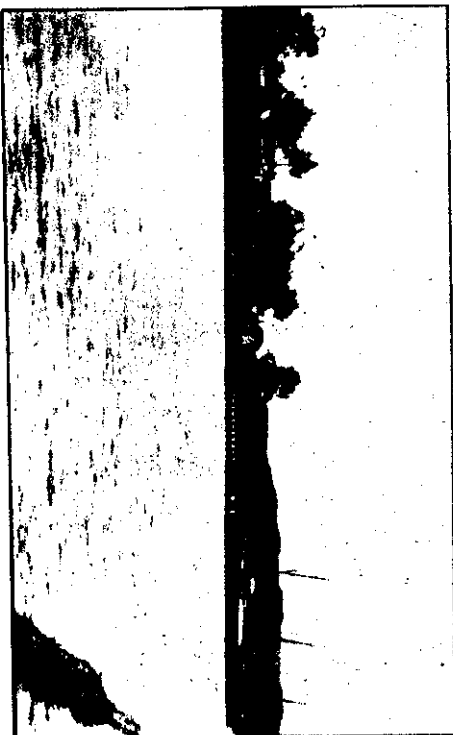
SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

THE SANATORIUM, TE AROHA, FROM THE HILL BEHIND THE GARDENS.

C. T. Edwards, Photo.

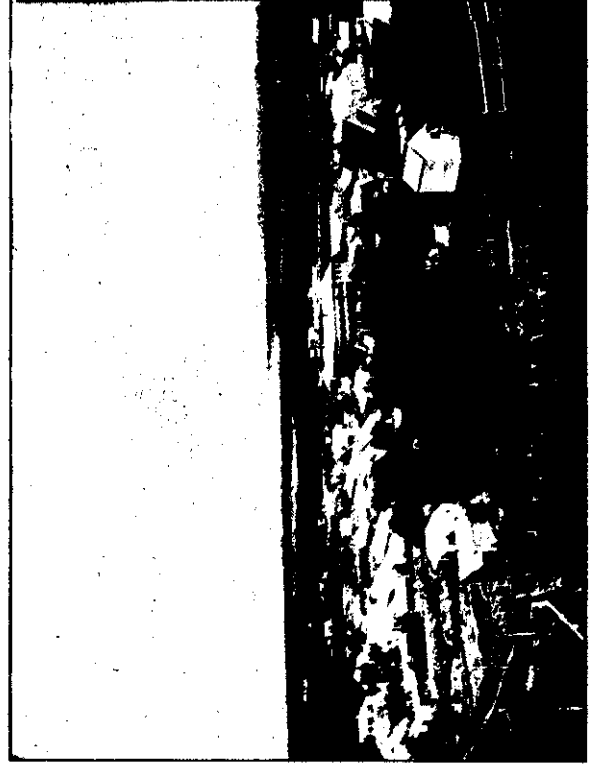


THE "HINEMOA" AT RAWENE WHARF.





THE NEW BATH HOUSE, TE AROHA.



TE AROHA, LOOKING WEST.



TE AROHA, LOOKING EAST.



TE AROHA, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE.

Photos. by C. T. Edwards, Te Aroha.

SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

Bindon and his engineer worked day and night in their steamer and gave great assistance. The picture of the bugler asleep is one of those interesting incidents of the march which a photographer can take full advantage of. The poor lad was completely worn out by his rough experience, and during the halt when the Maori prisoners were being arrested he fell fast asleep on the ground. In this attitude the photographer found him and fired him.

WHY DO WOMEN PREFER TO REMAIN UNWED?

OPINIONS OF WELL-KNOWN WOMEN.

Several prominent lady writers contribute brief articles on this subject to 'The Temple Magazine' for April. Adeline Sergeant says it 'sometimes happens nowadays that on her marriage day a woman exchanges freedom and variety for bondage and monotony, ambition and success for dulness and drudgery, a circle of congenial friends for the scant companionship of one man at breakfast and dinner, and for the rest of the day a loneliness only diversified by the chance of a caller or a conflict between housemaid and cook. For a clever capable woman there is not even "position" to be gained by marriage; she can make a position for herself.

'The economic independence of women is herein implied. When a woman can earn a good income, fill a place of responsibility, rise even to honour and renown, why should she marry for money or for a home?

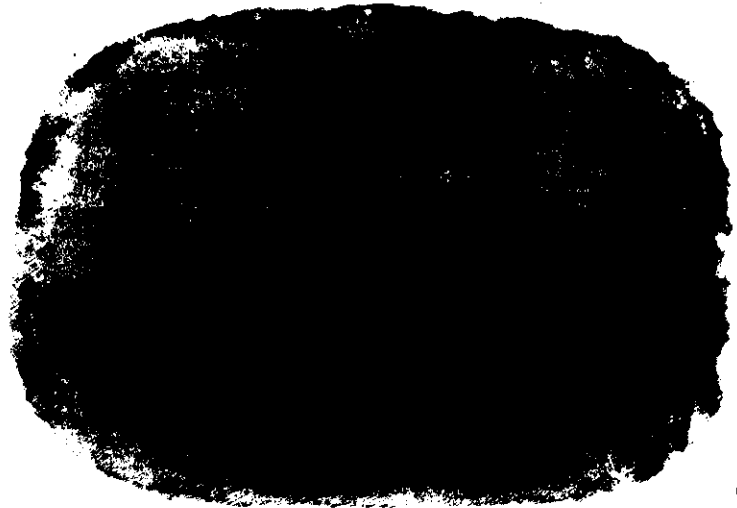
'The only good reason for a woman's marriage is a true and earnest love for the man who loves her in return. Then drudgery will be glorified for his sake; but it will be drudgery after all, though blessed with a blessing beyond happiness. The woman who wants to enjoy her life should certainly remain unwed.'

Hulda Friederichs says:—"Were un-

married women to answer honestly the question why they remain unwed, they would surprise you greatly, for their answer would have to be, "It is from sheer selfishness that I have remained alone." And this is the truth. That this is so will not seem so very strange to any man or woman who has the not altogether frequent capacity for a little independent and original thought. For what is it that we see all around us if we look into the lives of our married friends? Few of them are "unhappy," but nearly all of them are dull; hopelessly dull, looked at from the point of view of a person for whom life has rather a wider meaning than the cares of naughty children and naughtier servants, than the deadly dull and stupefying social rounds with which the enormous majority of married people are content, and the unnecessary petty anxieties and ambitions to be a little "smarter" in dress, a little more lavish in entertaining, than the dear friends and neighbours.

'To the unmarried woman of the class to which I am referring, life has none of these burdens. She is tied down by no social ropes; her mental powers do not die a lingering death for want of use; when she has done her duties she may turn to her own amusements; when her holidays come round she may spread her wings and turn where she likes for new strength and hope, and inspiration; and when misfortunes come, she has the privilege of bearing them alone, without being oppressed by the additional burden of saddening others with her sorrows.'

Mary F. Billington writes:—"To answer one question with another, I should be inclined to say, "Is there in the world any woman who does prefer to remain unwed?" And I think there is not. Women may not marry, I grant; but this is not from any deliberate choice that the unmarried is better than the married state. Rather is it, that no opportunity in keeping with either romantic ideals or practical common sense has presented itself. It has come to me, perhaps, more than to the majority of my sex, to know "the world as we found it; its women and cities and men," and I have yet to learn that



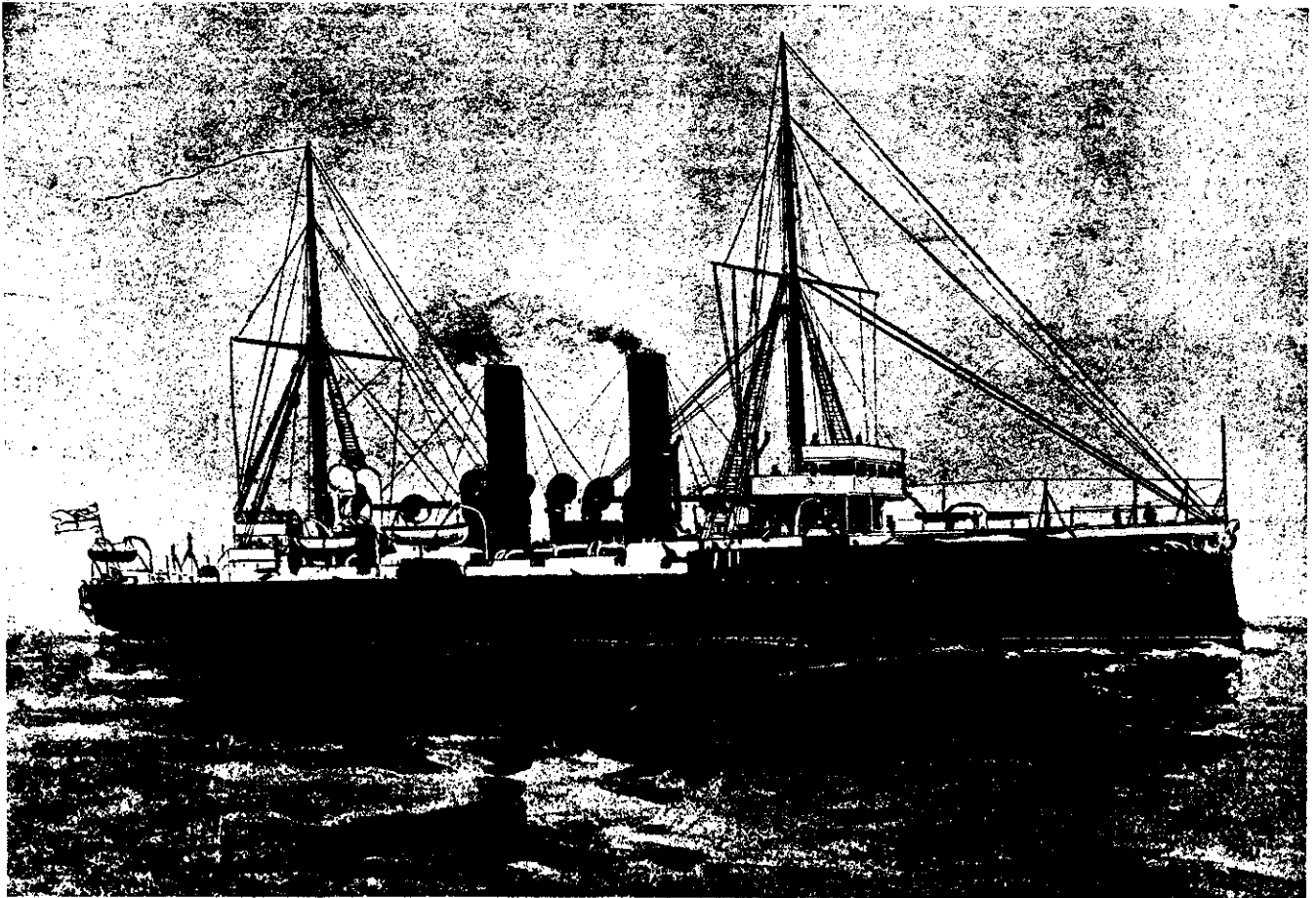
U.S. CRUISER "BALTIMORE."

modern conditions and artificial developments have so appreciably modified human nature as to wipe out the desire of womankind for love, for the protection of a strong man's arm, for little children at their knees, for the sweet happiness of home. Till these aspirations pass out of woman's mind—and it will be a sorry day for civilisation if they ever do—there can be no talk of "preference" for the single life.

'I fear that I shall be written down by most of my critics as a woefully old-fashioned survival of the dark ages of woman's oppression. But I cannot help thinking that the "glorified spinster" of the hour is only a very transient phase of social progress. As we know her now, she is still in the enjoyment of her energy and activity, but what about the lonely old age, the years unblessed

by family surroundings, the winter season of life? Even the most sneered at of "happy marriages" brings community of interests, friendships, and ties that are not to be set aside as nought.'

Sarah Doudney says:—"One of the reasons why the majority of women are not so anxious to be married as they were once is a very simple one. They know more about men than they ever did in the old times, and knowledge means disenchantment. Certain modern writers have given them an insight into the realities of married life; the daily papers have done their part in the ugly work of disillusion. The ancient halo which encircled the lover's head is gone; he is no longer the knight sans peur et sans reproche, who reigned supreme over a girl's dreams in our grandmother's days.'



H.M.S. "ROYAL ARTHUR," THE NEW FLAGSHIP FOR THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

THE most noteworthy feature of the market this week was the advance in the price of shares in the Waihi Company owing to the lode in the lowest level having further improved in average value. A few weeks ago these shares were offered at £4 10/7, but since last report sales occurred at £5 5/4 and £3 7/8, with steady buyers left at the former price and no sellers quoted. Waihi-Silvertons also advanced, being sold at 6/ to 6/3. Shares in the smaller companies adjacent to the Waihi also had steady enquiry during the week. Monowai shares also increased in value, buyers' rates rising from 5/2 to 5/7, the main demand being from the South. Recent heavy rains have renewed the water supply, and batteries are now able to run full power on the goldfields, so the returns should show increase for the next few months from the leading mines. At the Moanataiari Company 30 head of stampers are working on ore from all parts of the mine. The Puru Company's new mill is also in full swing. It is anticipated that 1,000 tons will be put through before cleaning up. The Royal Oak Company announces the distribution of £12,500 this month in the shape of a dividend, the result of about one year's operations. The return from the Hauraki mine this month is up to the usual average, more general ore being treated and less picked stone. A parcel of 30 tons of quartz crushed for the Kapanga Company yielded at the rate of £6 per ton, while one ton of ore and 38lb of picked stone won from the same mine by a tributer returned about £50. The Waitaia Company at Kuaotunu obtained a little over £4 per ton this week from a parcel of 107 tons. Nonpareil tributers obtained about £4 10/7 per ton from a 36-ton parcel treated for various parties.

Two peculiar meetings were held this week. In the case of the Kapai-Vermont local shareholders were asked to pay 3/ per share in order to buy back their mine, which was sold on the London market. The old company being in liquidation, it is proposed to buy its assets and thus secure the ground and the right to a mortgage of £40,000 given by Home purchasers. In the case of the Hauraki North Company the meeting was one of creditors. This had end should further enforce upon speculators the fallacy of putting any trust in assays as practical proof of the value of a mine. During the boom sensational assay results were obtained from this mine and prices of shares reached a high level. Crushing plant was erected and the result is a meeting of creditors. Yet many believe that this property is a valuable one, and its proximity to the Hauraki mine lends colour to that belief. Capital is, however, required to develop it, and, as half the shares are fully paid up, heavy calls require to be made which shareholders are not eager to pay when the scrip are only saleable at very low rates.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

The mine manager wired this week:—"Broke down leader. Obtained 23lb very good picked stone. Gold showing."

MOUNT DAVID.

A cable received from Sydney gives the returns of the Monnt David G.M. Co. from a four weeks' crushing, viz., 416 tons for 452 oz melted gold.

GRAND JUNCTION.

The shaft in the Waihi West section is now down 220 feet, and has cut through the reef, which proved to be 18 feet in width, and gave assays at the rate of £5 per ton.

CHICAGO.

The erection of a battery building is finished, and the placing of the machinery in position is nearing completion. The work in the mine is being pushed ahead, and prospects are good.

HAURAKI SOUTH.

Work in this English owned mine is confined to two winzes from the sea level tunnel. On the Auckland reef, which is from 2ft to 3ft wide, the winze has been put down some 15ft from collar set. The reef for this distance has maintained its size and continues gold-bearing.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Colours of gold continue to be seen in the quartz taken down in the drive on the cross leader, and the width of the lode is 12 inches. No. 1 reef showed no gold during the week, but at this point the cross leader exposed strong dabs of the precious metal.

NONPAREIL.

Chapman and party, tributers in this Thames mine, crushed twenty loads from the Liverpool reef for 2602a 10x12a gold, value £73. Coster and party crushed 4 loads for 10z 21wts, value £2 19s 5d. Addicot and party crushed 3 loads for 20oz 94wts, value £4 17s. O'Sullivan and party banked 340z 31wts gold valued at £85 8s, the result of a crushing of nine loads.

HAURAKI NORTH.

At a meeting of creditors in this Company it was agreed that four months time should be given to enable calls to be made and collected, wages claims to be treated as preferential, and general creditors to be paid in instalments pro rata. Messrs J. J. Craig, G. Krasser and C. Verran were appointed a committee to assist in the liquidation. The mine is closed down for the present.

KARAKA BLOCK.

The No. 3 reef south of the crosscut is 18 inches wide composed of rubby quartz, which gives splendid prospects by washing. The manager expects specimens any breaking down. The stone from No. 2 stope showed gold very freely, and the reef is still yielding crushing dirt. Another dab may be come upon at any breaking down. Colours of gold are still seen in the big reef.

ALPHA.

The following assays have been made of samples of ore taken from the main reef in the low level at this mine, £4 10s 3d per ton and £6 17s 9d per ton. About half a cwt of ore was taken from all parts of the reef at a point about 18 feet from the crosscut. A further large average sample has been taken from the reef. Two independent assays gave the following results: per ton.—No. 1, gold, 1oz 8dwts; silver, 2oz 4dwts. Value £8 0s 1d. No. 2, gold, 1oz 8dwts 5grs; silver, 2oz 0dwts 15grs. Value, £2 3s 6d.

WAIHI.

Shares in this Company had an upward movement on May 26th. A week ago Waihis were offered at 105s, but subsequently sales were reported up to £5 7s 6d. This is no doubt the outcome of the important developments in the low level referred to a week ago. The exact width of the lode has not yet been definitely ascertained, but sufficient work has been done to prove that it has widened out considerably at the low level, and also that the ore shows still further improvement in value.

MONTEZUMA.

The new plant, erected by the Rev. J. Campbell for this Te Aroha Company, is now in working order. At present a very low grade ore is being treated, the plant being run for the purpose of training the staff, and getting everything into smooth working order. Shortly put, the system of working is:—The ore has to be broken to the size of peas, and introduced into the furnace when its temperature is at 1500deg. F. Then the water gas is turned on, which carries away all the base material, leaving a free mill-iron ore, that is subsequently treated by well-known methods.

ROYAL OAK DIVIDEND.

The declaration of a dividend by this Company previously notified is an evidence of the richness of the ores worked in the Royal Oak of Hauraki mine at Coromandel. Although 3d may seem a small amount, the fact must not be lost sight of that these are 5s and not £1 shares, and as there are 1,000,000 shares since the amalgamation was effected with the Tokatea, this dividend will absorb £12,500. This may be looked upon as the outcome of twelve months' work, during which time 256 tons of ore, including picked stone, returned bullion worth about £27,874 8s 6d.

MONOWAI GOLD MINES.

In the Gem Mine No. 2 adit level, the reef is 3ft thick. Being continuous, the whole distance from No. 3 up to No. 2 adit, and of a payable nature. The north level has been driven a further distance of 14ft, making it 134ft from the No. 2 adit, with a reef from 3ft to 8ft in thickness, which is of fair quality. The tram line has been completed from the battery to the No. 3 adit and

works splendidly. At the Monowai Mine No. 3 B Tunnel has been driven 38ft, making it still 144ft in the reef, which is quite 40ft thick. The cyanide shed and the placing of the vats are in position and completed, and a tram-line laid down to it from the battery.

WAITAIA RETURN.

£434 FROM 107 TONS.

The treatment of 107 tons of stone from the Waitaia mine, Kuaotunu, belonging to the old Company, has now been completed at the Great Mercury battery. The returns were: From battery, 102oz, value £3 per ounce, £306; from cyanide treatment, 68oz, value £1 17s 8d per ounce, £128; total, £434.

The directors of the Waitaia G.M. Co. (Ltd.) met on May 26 and appointed Mr C. G. Gentil as chairman of directors in place of Mr Young, resigned. The 888 unallotted shares in the company are unallotted to be sold by tender. As shareholders in the present company will be entitled to one share in the new company for every three held in the old one, they will now be enabled to adjust these holding accordingly. The proceeds of the crushing and of the above shares will cover all liabilities of the old company.

KAPAI-VERMONT.

An extraordinary meeting of shareholders in the Kapai-Vermont Company was held on May 26th in the Chamber of mines. There was a good attendance. Mr James Russell, who presided, said the shareholders had been called together to consider the position of affairs. The No Liability Coy., of which they were shareholders, was in liquidation, Mr Giblein being liquidator. The position was a curious one. When the property was sold a mortgage was given over the property. The 40,000 shares had not been allotted, but the mortgage had been signed and three instalments of interest had been paid. The last instalment was not yet paid. The liquidator had received an offer for the purchase of the assets of the Company. The liquidator wanted to know the shareholders' ideas upon the matter. The meeting was called to see if local shareholders were prepared to pay 2/ per share down and another 1/ within 12 months, in order to purchase the assets from the liquidator. If they did not agree to this there was a danger of the property being sold to an outsider, when the shareholders might not get anything. After considerable discussion, it was agreed to allow a certain time for shareholders to decide, those willing to join in the agreement being asked to communicate with the New Zealand Mines Trust, a corporation owning about half the shares in the company.

NOTES.

Hauraki Associated.—Footwall Lead, No. 2 level: Ore of good quality continues to be won from both the No. 1 and 2 blocks. During the week the No. 2 block has shown a marked improvement.

New Whau.—The Sons of Freedom reef at the low level is about 4ft thick and is very heavily impregnated with black minerals.

WEEK'S GOLD RETURNS.

Companies.	Tons.	Pkt. stone.	£ s. d.
Hauraki	150	38	123 0 0
Kapanga	30	48	240 0 0
Kapanga tribu.	1	38	50 0 0
Waitaia	107	—	434 0 0
Nonpareil tribu.	36	—	118 0 0
Total			£2,085 0 0

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Distinguished everywhere for DELICACY OF FLAVOUR, SUPERIOR QUALITY, and NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 3-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

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AND AT
MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, AND PERTH.

CYCLING.

On the Sydney Cricket Ground on Wednesday last, Beauchamp, the Tasmanian cyclist, broke all Australian records from 20 to 100 miles. He covered 50 miles in 1hr 46min 56sec, and 100 miles in 3hr 40min 58sec.

As many cyclists underestimate longer rides than they are physically fit for, and often get cramp in the lower limbs, it may not be out of place to give them a hint as to the best thing to be done under such circumstances. They must dismount as speedily as possible, and resort to energetic friction of the painful part. If a companion is at hand, get him to pull the foot or toes back into their proper position, and so stretch the contracted fibres. To prevent attacks of cramp, the clothing should be warm, light, and loose. No tight straps or garters or waistbands should be worn. Regular systematic riding will much diminish the tendency to attacks of cramp, even in those who are most predisposed to this affection. Cramp generally comes on quite suddenly, and whatever the cause the symptoms are always the same. The fibres of the muscles attacked contract into a hard ball and the pain arising from it is acute and paralyzing.

A lotion of cologne and quinine is a most efficacious panacea for aching muscles, if well rubbed into the skin; it is an excellent tonic for strengthening weak members suddenly called upon to do unwonted duty. The proportions are sixteen grains of quinine dissolved in half a pint of cologne, to be rubbed in directly after the bath. This will serve as a preventive of cold, a pain alleviator and tonic.

One or two inventions have recently been brought out with a view to preventing the slipping of one's pedal, which is one of the most frequent causes of accident when cycling. My readers, says a cycling writer, are, of course, well acquainted with the familiar toe-clip, but this is an appendage I have never recommended, and I am glad to say it is less used than it used to be. I have once or twice referred lately to an idea for a patent 'pedal pad' which prevents slipping, and yet does not hold the foot on the pedal in any way. Another good thing has just been introduced. It is in the form of a clip attached to an ordinary pedal. It is not easy to explain without a diagram, but the clip fixes against the heel of the shoe, and the pedal supports the entire foot. It is one of the best things of the kind I have seen.

In reply to the oft repeated question, 'Is cycling dangerous?' a writer says too many who constantly ride long distances and stoop too much to it. The heart becomes affected after a time, and head and eyes are congested. What is called eye-worry is produced, and thus instead of being a blessing, cycling tends to shorten life. Riding in moderation is grand exercise, and, bringing a cyclist myself, I heartily recommend it.

'The glass slipper,' says a writer in the 'London Sketch,' may have been a myth of fairyland, but the glass bicycle is a reality. Judging by the destructiveness of my table glass, I have come to regard the substance as something peculiarly fragile and brittle, and yet I read that a New Zealander has constructed a glass bicycle, which he regularly rides through the streets of Wellington!

The distance is too great for me to go and verify the statement, so I can only give it for what it is worth; but I admit is about the last use for which I should expect glass to be employed. After this, one can readily believe that straw makes an excellent pavement for streets. This is the invention of a Polish engineer. Bundles of straw are saturated in a solution of tar, pitch, etc., and then subjected to great pressure and become solidified, when they are said to excel wood for street pavements. As to the glass bicycle it is but fair to say that no one has yet seen it in Wellington. The probability is that it is the invention not of a New Zealand mechanical genius but of Home perverters of the truth.



and Drama.

Miss Myra Kemble has recently opened a season of comedy at the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne, playing 'Dr. Bill.'

The Polinski Bros., who have just arrived from England, made their first appearance in Australia at the Melbourne Opera House last week.

The Australian press notices of M. Remenyi, the famous Hungarian violinist, who died suddenly the other day, are warmly eulogistic. The violinist will be remembered by many New Zealanders who had the pleasure of listening to him here. When quite a young man Remenyi was appointed solo violinist to Her Majesty.

Our old friend, George Leitch, is playing in the new comedietta, 'A Warm Member,' at Terry's Theatre, London.

Grattan Riggs has organised a company to tour the West Coast of Tasmania.

The following is what Wilson Barrett thinks of Australian dramatic critics: 'I am more than pleased with the Australian critic as a body, and with their work. My opinion of them is shared by my friend, Hall Caine, to whom I send the notices. He writes to me from Rome on the subject thus: "The press notices you send give me a very good impression of critical opinion in Australia. They are quite excellent in their knowledge and insight." Mr Barrett's visit to Australia terminates on the 3rd of next month.

Williamson and Musgrove intend to send us the 'Gay Parisienne' and 'The French Maid' Company after all, it seems, but the dates are not yet fixed.

It is said that Madame Albani realised £11,000 from her fourteen weeks in Australia.

'The Little Minister' will shortly be represented at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, under the management of Mr Williamson and Mr Rickards, the latter having engaged a company in England for the tour.

Mr Maughan Barnett, the well-known Wellington musician, is seriously indisposed; so much so that he has had to be relieved of his duties as conductor of the Wellington Orchestral Society for three months, and has resigned the conductorship of his own Musical Society.

The Entertainment Committee of the forthcoming Auckland Exhibition have already arranged a musical programme for half the duration of the Exhibition. This part of the attractions promises to be exceptionally good.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has about completed his new Savoy Comic Opera.

The Blenheim Operatic Society is rehearsing 'Les Cloches de Corneville.'

Miss Celia Dampier, Auckland's child violinist, has been visiting Nelson, Blenheim, and other towns on the West Coast of the South Island, where she has created an excellent impression. Miss Constance Hatherley accompanying her.

Miss Hennah, daughter of Captain Hennah, of Wellington, who is a violinist, and Master Amodeo, of the same city, who is a promising flautist, are going to Australia to study music.

Miss Lucy Cobb, familiar to Australian and New Zealand playgoers as a dancer, is going to the Old Country.

Harry Paulton is now playing at the Metropole Theatre, Camberwell, London.

It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than half of them are women.

The Guildhall School of Music, London, has now reached the eminence of being the most largely attended music school in the world. It was founded in 1880 and opened with sixty-two pupils, but at the end of that term there were 246 pupils. In 1882 the average number of pupils rose to 579 per term; in 1892 it had risen again to 1,349 per term, and four years later to 2,522. During the last fifteen years about 40,000 students have received instruction in the school. The average amount paid for tuition is only about £9 per year, or £3 per term. During the sixteen years that the school has been in existence the tuition fees have amounted to £350,000. The fees during the last academic year ending with December, 1896, amounted to about £32,000. In the report from which the above figures are taken it is stated that the corporation of the city has spent about £100,000 on the Guildhall School of Music.

A scandalous exhibition took place lately in the Victor Emmanuel Theatre of Palermo. The second representation of 'Norma' was to be given with the tenor, Dimitresco, the well-known Roman singer. Unfortunately, he was struck with apoplexy at the moment he left the hotel to go to the theatre and fell in the street quite unconscious. There was great consternation at the theatre when the fact became known. Doubtless the management was wrong in allowing the public to enter, but when the time came to begin the curtain slowly rose and the director came forward and announced that the role of Pollione would be taken by the tenor Oddo, but that any person who was not satisfied could receive his money back at the door. They could do no more. The public, however, took it in bad part and then began a demonstration, terrible, implacable such as Italians alone know how to produce. Instead of taking their money back, the greater part of the spectators remained in the hall. Several arrests were made, particularly among the students, who were the most remarkable for their violence. Many of them were brought before the police judges and condemned to three, four and even five days in prison. As to the tenor Dimitresco, the unfortunate and involuntary cause of the whole affair, his state is such that it will be a long time before he will be able to appear before the public.

WHAT TO SING AND HOW TO SING.

A FAMOUS VOCALIST'S INSTRUCTIONS.

Supposing that you have developed a good quality of tone, which you manage properly. Your technique is good. You sing, even with a voice of small compass and power, in a correct and acceptable manner.

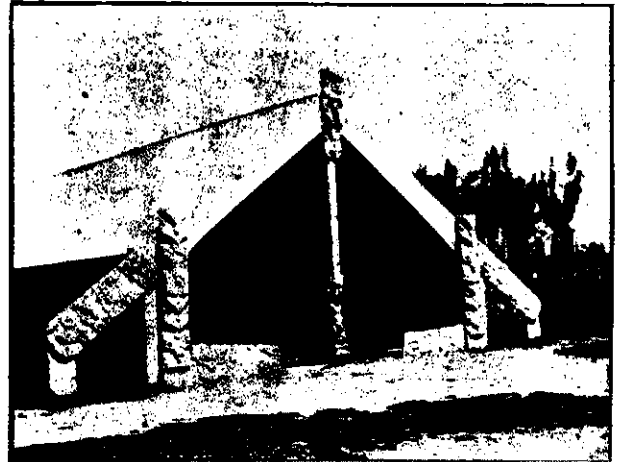
Your first care is to select songs suitable to your voice and within your limitations. Do not be too ambitious. A simple song beautifully rendered will be regarded as a far greater achievement than a florid bit of operatic work beyond your powers and indifferently given.

It is well to have faultless technique, but you will never be in perfect sympathy with your audience or be a truly dramatic singer unless you feel the emotions you desire to excite and know how to give expression to them.

Hear all the good singing that you can. If a singer has obtained public recognition, it is rare if there is not something to deserve that position. Go prepared to learn, not to find fault. Look for the good, not the bad. What we find and take to ourselves in this life depends largely upon what we look for.

After you have wisely and carefully selected your songs, study them carefully—both words and music. By this we do not mean merely to memorise them. That is a mechanical piece of work which is accomplished unconsciously while comprehending the meaning of text and melody. Try to discover the underlying motive. Get yourself in perfect sympathy with the composer. Understand him. Use your brain and your heart before you use the instrument of expression, the human voice. When you have thoroughly appreciated the sentiment, notice how that idea is expressed in the music. Sing it softly, trying to bring out every shade of meaning in every note.

From the first reading of a song, give it all the expression you can



WHARE RUNANGA AT THE LATE MAJOR KEMP'S PAH, PUTIKI, WANGANUI



CARVED STOREHOUSE, PATUKA, AT THE LATE MAJOR KEMP'S PAH, PUTIKI, WANGANUI.

find in it and of which you are capable. The longer you study it the more meaning you will find if the music is really good and the better you will be able to interpret it. After studying it thoughtfully and sympathetically in this way you will find that the words and music are your own—that they are in your heart and brain—and that the mechanical learning of a song is a thing unknown to you. This is the only way that you can learn to sing with feeling and expression. Think only of what music means to you and what you would have it mean to your listeners.

Study understandingly. Now, suppose that you are properly equipped with a number of songs which you can sing with credit to yourself and the composer. You are ready now to give others the benefit of your work.

But this is the time when many young singers are overwhelmed by a sense of their own inefficiency and of the awful and stupendous nature of an audience of critics.

Try to forget yourself entirely. Self-possession in its best sense is unconsciousness of self. Remember that your duty is simply to present a musical theme to some people who want to receive it. You are simply an interpreter. Think of that theme as you

understand and love it. Sing it as you can best express it. Never mind yourself. Never mind your audience. Try to feel happy and interested in your music. That will produce the best effect upon your audience.

SOME AMUSING HIBERNICISMS.

Sir Boyle Roche is best known to fame as the man who smelt a rat, saw him floating in the air and nipped him in the bud; but a writer in the current Cornhill has unearthed some less familiar bulls from the same eminent source. For example, discoursing on the relations between England and Ireland, Sir Boyle declared that 'he is an enemy to both kingdoms who wishes to diminish the brotherly affections of the two sister countries.' This is, however, no better than the benevolent wish of the Governor of Georgia, in his speech at the last Atlanta Exposition, that the occasion might be an entering wedge which would bring about a more perfect unity between North and South.

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Diarrhoea,
Dysentery,
Wounds,

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

'Out? Then he is staying here?'
'He has been here. I don't know if he is returning. You had better inquire at the office.'

Mr Franklyn inquired. At the office their acquaintance with Mr Paxton's movements did not appear to be much greater than the porter's. He was out. He might return. He probably would. When, they could not say.

'How long ago is it since he went out?'

'Something over an hour.'
'Did he say anything about where he was going to?'

'Not to me. I know nothing, it's only what I surmise, but he went hurrying out as if he had an appointment which he wanted to keep.'

'An appointment? Something over an hour ago? Yes, he had an appointment about that time, but he never kept it.' Franklyn looked at his watch. The thirty minutes of which he had spoken to Miss Strong were already nearly past. 'Can I have a bed here to-night?'

The clerk said that he could. Franklyn took a card out of his pocket-book, he scribbled on it in pencil: 'I shall be at Medina Villas till eleven. Come at once. They are very anxious to have news of you.'

Securing it in an envelope, he handed it to the clerk, instructing him, should Mr Paxton return before he did, to let him have it at once. Then Franklyn left the hotel, meaning to walk to the cab rank, which was distant only a few yards, and then drive straight back to Medina Villas.

As he walked along the broad pavement someone stopping him addressed him by name.

'Is that you, Mr Franklyn?'

The speaker was John Ireland. In his professional capacity as a solicitor Mr Franklyn had encountered the detective on more than one occasion. There was no necessity for him to admit that the reply to Ireland's inquiry was an affirmative one; Ireland was aware of it, without his admission. The detective's next question took Mr Franklyn a little by surprise.

'Where's Mr Paxton?'

Mr Franklyn looked at his questioner as attentively as the imperfect light would permit. To his trained ear there was something in the inquirer's tone which was peculiar.

'Mr Paxton! Why do you ask?'

Ireland seemed to hesitate. Then blurted out bluntly—

'Because I've a warrant for his arrest.'

Franklyn made a startled movement backwards.

'His arrest! Ireland, you're dreaming!'

'Am I? I'm not of a dreaming sort, as you ought to know by now. Look here, Mr Franklyn, you and I know each other. I know you're Mr Paxton's friend, but if you'll take my advice, you won't, for his sake, try to give him a lead away from us. You've just come out of Makell's hotel. Is he there?'

Mr Franklyn answered, without pausing a moment for reflection.

'He is not there. Nor did they seem to be able to tell me where he is. I'm quite as anxious to see him as you are.'

Ireland slapped his hand against his legs.

'Then I'll be hanged if I don't believe that he's given us the slip. I'll almost serve me right if he has. I ought to have had him without waiting for a warrant, but the responsibility was a bit bigger one than I cared to take. And now some of those pretty friends of his have given him the word, and he's away. If he's clean away, and all because I shirked, I shall almost feel like doing time myself.'

When he spoke again Franklyn's manner was caustic.

'Since, Ireland, you appear to wish me to be a little unprofessional, perhaps you won't mind being a little unprofessional, by way of a quid pro quo. Might I ask you to tell me what is the offence which is specified on the warrant which you say you hold?'

'I don't mind telling you, not the least. In the morning you'll see it for yourself in all the papers—as large as life and twice as natural. Mr Paxton is wanted for the robbery of the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds.'

If the other had struck him, Mr Franklyn could scarcely have seemed more startled.

'The Duchess of Datchet's diamond! Ireland, are you mad or drunk?'

'Both, if you like. It's as you choose, Mr Franklyn.'

Franklyn eyed the detective as if he

really thought that he might be mentally deranged.

'Seriously, Ireland, you don't mean to say that Mr Paxton—Mr Cyril Paxton—the Cyril Paxton whom I know—is charged with complicity in the affair of the robbery of the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds?'

'You have hit it, Mr Franklyn, to a T.'

Regardless of the falling drizzle, Mr Franklyn took off his hat, as if to allow the air a chance to clear his brain.

'But—the thing is too preposterous!—altogether too outrageous for credibility! You yourself must be aware that in the case of a man in Paxton's position, such a step as that which you propose to take is likely to be fraught, for yourself, with the very gravest consequences. And I, on my part, can assure you that you are on the verge of making another of those blunders for which you police are famous. Who is the author of this incredibly monstrous charge?'

'Don't you trouble yourself about that, Mr Franklyn. People who bring monstrous charges will have to bear the brunt of them. But I tell you what I'll do. You talk about being unprofessional. I'm willing to be a bit more unprofessional for the sake of a little flutter. I'll bet you any reasonable sum you like, at even, that when we do have him it's proved that at any rate Mr Paxton knows where the duchess's diamonds are.'

'You talk utter nonsense.'
'All right, put it so. Anyhow, I'm willing to back my talk. And I'm giving you a chance to back yours.'

'Let me understand you. Do you say that you are willing to back your ability to prove that Mr Paxton has a guilty knowledge of the Datchet diamonds?'

'A guilty knowledge—that's it; you keep on hitting it, and you've hit it again. I'm ready to lay an even hundred pounds—we may as well have something on worth having—that when we do get Mr Paxton it's proved that he has, as you put it, a guilty knowledge of the whereabouts of the Datchet diamonds.'

'Such a supposition is wholly beyond the bounds of reason.'

'Will you bet?'

'I will.'

'You understand that I'm betting on a certainty; but since you seem to think that you're betting on a certainty too, the thing's about even. It's a bet?'

'It is.'

'Good! Perhaps you'll make a note of it. I'll make one too.' As a matter of fact, Mr Ireland, taking out his pocket-book, made a note of it upon the spot. 'When I've proved my point I'll ask you for that hundred.'

'Say, rather, that when you've failed to prove it, I'll ask you.'

'All right. And you shall have it, never you fear.' Mr Ireland replaced his pocket-book. 'Now I'm going to Makell's to make a few inquiries on my own account. If those inquiries are not satisfactory, I'll at once wire round Mr Paxton's description. There'll be a reward offered for him in the morning, and if we don't have him within four-and-twenty hours, I'm a Dutchman.'

Franklyn, knowing his man, was more moved by Ireland's words than he cared to show.

'For goodness' sake, Ireland, be careful what you do. As you say, you know me, and you know that it is not my custom to express an opinion rashly. I assure you that it is my solemn conviction that if you take the steps which you speak of taking, you will be doing a possibly irreparable injury to a perfectly innocent man.'

The detective looked at the lawyer steadily for a second or two.

'Quite right. Mr Franklyn, I do know you, and it is because I know you that I am willing to strain a point, and, without prejudice to that little bet of ours, give you proof that in matters of this sort a man of my experience is not likely to move without good grounds. You see this?'

Mr Ireland took something out of his waistcoat pocket. It was a ring. Slipping it on to the tip of his little finger, he held it up for the other to see.

'I see that it's a ring. What of it?'

'As Mr Paxton was coming out of Makell's Hotel this morning he took his handkerchief out of his pocket. As he did so, unnoticed by him, something dropped out of his handkerchief on to the pavement. It was this ring.'

'Well?'

'Ill, I should call it, if I were you,

because this ring happens to be one of those which were stolen from the Duchess of Datchet. I had previously had reasons of my own for suspecting that he knew more than was good for him of that business; even you will grant that the discovery in his possession of one of the stolen articles was sufficient to turn suspicion into practical certainty.'

Mr Franklyn said nothing, perhaps because he had nothing to say which he felt was equal to the occasion. What Mr Ireland said astounded him. He perceived that, at any rate in Mr Paxton's absence, the position presented the appearance of an aggravating puzzle. That Mr Paxton could, if he chose, furnish a satisfactory solution, he did not doubt. But he wondered what it was.

The detective went on.
'Now, Mr Franklyn, since I have been, as you yourself would say, unprofessionally open with you, I must ask you, on your side, to be equally open with me. What are you going to do?'

Franklyn reflected before replying. I fall to see how you are entitled to ask me such a question; unless you suspect me also of being an accomplice in the crime. At any rate I decline to answer.'

'Very well. Mr Franklyn, I am sorry, but I must do my duty. I have reason to suspect that you may intend to aid and abet Mr Paxton in effecting his escape. To prevent your doing so is my obvious duty. Hollier!'

Mr Ireland beckoned to a man who had hitherto been loitering under the shadow of the houses. Mr Franklyn might or might not have noticed it, but during their conversation two or three other men had been hanging about within hailing distance in apparently similar purposeless fashion. The individual who had been signalled to approach.

'Mr Franklyn, this is George Hollier, an officer of police. Hollier, this gentleman's name is Franklyn. He's a friend of Mr Paxton. I think it's just possible that he will, if he can, give Mr Paxton a helping hand to get away. I order you to follow him, to observe his movements as closely as you may, and if he does anything which in your judgment looks like an attempt to place himself in communication with Mr Paxton, to arrest him on the spot. You understand?'

The man nodded. Mr Franklyn said nothing. He called a cab from the rank in front of them. As the vehicle drew up beside them Mr Ireland addressed the man upon the box.

'Cabman, what's your number?'

The cabman gave question for question.

'What do you want to know for?'

'I'm an officer of police. This gentleman wishes you to drive him somewhere. It is possible that I may require you to tell me where. You won't lose by it; you needn't be afraid.'

The driver gave his number. The detective noted it, as he had done his bet. He called a second cab, again addressing its Jehu.

'Cabman, this man is an officer of police. He's going to ride beside you on the box, and he wants you to keep the cab in which this gentleman is going to be a passenger well in sight. He'll see that you are properly paid for your trouble.'

As Mr Franklyn drove off he was almost ticked at the thought that he, a lawyer of blameless reputation, and of the highest standing, was being followed about the streets of Brighton by a policeman as if he had been a criminal.

But all disposition towards amusement was banished by the further instant reflection that he had promised Miss Strong to bring her news of her lover. And he was bringing her news—of what a character!

CHAPTER XII.

A WOMAN ROUSED.

Almost as soon as Mr Franklyn touched the knocker of the house in Medina Villas, the door was opened from within, and he found himself confronted by Miss Strong.

'Oh, Mr Franklyn, is it you at last?' She saw that someone was standing at Mr Franklyn's back. 'Cyril!' she cried. Then, perceiving her mistake, drew back. 'I beg your pardon, I thought it was Mr Paxton.'

The man in the rear advanced.

'Is Mr Paxton here?' He turned to Mr Franklyn. 'Unless you want trouble, if he is here, you had better tell me.'

Mr Franklyn answered.

'Mr Paxton is not here. If you like you may go in and look for yourself;

but if you are a wise man you will take my assurance as sufficient.'

Mr Hollier looked at Mr Franklyn, then at Miss Strong, then decided.

'Very well, sir. I don't wish to make myself more disagreeable than I can help. I'll take your word.'

Directly he was in the hall and the door was closed Miss Strong caught Mr Franklyn by the arm. He could feel that she was trembling, as she whispered, almost in his ear—

'Mr Franklyn, what does that man want with Cyril?'

He drew her with him into the sitting-room. Conscious that he was about to play a principal part in a very delicate situation, he desired to take advantage of still another moment or two to enable him to collect his thoughts. Miss Wentworth, having relinquished her reading, was sitting up in her arm-chair, awaiting his arrival with an air of evident expectancy. He looked at Miss Strong. Her hand was pressed against her side; her head was thrown a little back; you could see the muscles working in her beautiful, rounded throat almost as plainly as you may see them working in the throat of a bird. For the moment Mr Franklyn was inclined to wish that Cyril Paxton had never been his friend. He was not a man who was easily unnerved, but as he saw the something which was in the young girl's face, he found himself, for almost the first time in his life, at a loss for words.

Miss Strong had to put her question a second time.

'Mr Franklyn, what does that man want with Cyril?'

When he did speak the lawyer found, somewhat to his surprise, that his throat seemed dry, and that his voice was husky.

'Strictly speaking, I cannot say that the man wants Cyril at all. What he does want is to know if I am in communication with him.'

'Why should he want to know that?'

While he was seeking words, Miss Strong followed with another question. 'But, tell me, have you seen Cyril?'

'I have not. Though it seems he is in Brighton, or, rather, he was two hours ago.'

'Two hours ago? Then where is he now?'

'That at present I cannot tell you. He left his hotel two hours ago, as was thought, to keep an appointment; it would almost seem as if he had been starting to keep the appointment which he had with you.'

'Two hours ago? Yes. I was waiting for him then. But he never came. Why didn't he? You know why he didn't. Tell me!'

'The whole affair seems to be rather an odd one, though in all probability it amounts to nothing more than a case of cross-questions and crooked answers. What I have learned is little enough. If you will sit down I will tell you all there is to tell.'

Mr Franklyn advanced a chair towards Miss Strong with studied carelessness. She spurned the proffered support with something more than contempt.

'I won't sit down. How can I sit down when you have something to tell me? I can always listen best when I am standing.'

Putting his hands behind his back, Mr Franklyn assumed what he possibly intended to be an air of parental authority.

'See here, Miss Strong. You can, if you choose, be as sensible a young woman as I should care to see. If you so choose now, well and good. But I tell you plainly that on your showing the slightest symptom of hysterics my lips will be closed, and you will not get another word out of me.'

If by his attempting to play the part of heavy father he had supposed that Miss Strong would immediately be brought into a state of subjection, he had seldom made a greater error. So far from having cowed her, he seemed to have fired all the blood in her veins. She drew herself up until she had increased her stature by at least an inch, and she addressed the man of law in a strain in which he probably had never been addressed before.

'How dare you dictate how I am to receive any scraps of information which you may condescend to dole out to me! You forget yourself, Cyril is to be my husband; you pretend to be his friend. If it is anything but pretence, and you are a gentleman, and a man of honour, you will see that it is your duty to with-

hold no tidings of my promised husband from his future wife. How I choose to receive those tidings is my affair; not yours."

Certainly the lady's slightly illogical indignation made her look supremely lovely. Mr Franklyn recognised this fact with a sensation which was both novel and curious. Even in that moment of perturbation, he told himself that it would never be his fate to have such a beautiful creature breathing burning words for love of him. While he wondered what to answer, Miss Wentworth interposed, rising from her chair to do so.

"Daisy is quite right, Mr Franklyn. Don't play the game which the cat plays with the mouse by making lumbering attempts to, what is called, break it gently. If you have bad news, tell it out like a man! You will find that the feminine is not necessarily far behind the masculine animal in fibre."

Mr Franklyn looked from one young woman to the other, and felt himself ill-used. He had known them both for quite a tale of years; and yet he felt, somehow, as if he were becoming really acquainted with them for the first time now.

"You misjudge me, Miss Strong, and you, Miss Wentworth, too. The difficulty which I feel is how to tell you, as we lawyers say, without prejudice, exactly what there is to tell. As I said, the situation is such an odd one. I must begin by asking you a question: Has either of you heard of the affair of the robbery of the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds?"

"The affair of the robbery of the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds?"

Miss Strong repeated his words, passing her hand over her eyes, as if she did not understand. Miss Wentworth, however, made it quickly plain that she did.

"I have; and so of course has Daisy. What of it?"

"This. An apple-headed detective, named John Ireland, has got hold of a wild idea that Cyril knows something about it."

Miss Wentworth gave utterance to what sounded like a half-stifled exclamation.

"I guessed as much! What an extraordinary thing! I had been reading about it just before Mr Paxton came to last night, and when he began talking in a mysterious way about his having made a quarter of a million at a single coup—precisely the amount at which the diamonds were valued—it set me thinking. I suppose I was a fool."

For Miss Wentworth's quickness in guessing his meaning Mr Franklyn had been unprepared. If she, inspired solely by the evidence of her own intuitions, had suspected Mr Paxton, what sort of case might not Mr Ireland have against him? But Miss Strong's sense of perception was, apparently, not so keen. She looked at her companions as a person might look who is groping for the key of a riddle.

"I daresay I am stupid. I did read something about some diamonds being stolen. But—what has that to do with Cyril?"

Mr Franklyn glanced at Miss Wentworth as if he thought that she might answer. But she refrained. He had to speak.

"In all probability the whole affair is a blunder of Ireland's."

"Ireland? Who is Ireland?"

"John Ireland is a Scotland Yard detective, and, like all such gentry, quick to jump at erroneous conclusions."

"They say that Miss Strong made a little convulsive movement with her hands. She clenched her fists. She spoke in a low, clear, even tone of voice."

"I see. And does John Ireland think that Cyril Paxton stole the Datchet diamonds?"

"I fancy that he hardly goes so far as that. From what I was able to gather, he merely suspects him of being acquainted with their present whereabouts."

Although Miss Strong did not raise her voice, it rang with scorn.

"I see. He merely suspects him of that. What self-restraint he shows! And is that John Ireland on the doorstep?"

"That is a man named Hollier, whom John Ireland was good enough to commission to keep an eye on me."

"Why on you? Does he suspect you also?"

Mr Franklyn shrugged his shoulders.

"He knows that I am Cyril's friend."

"And all Cyril's friends are to be watched and spied upon? I see. And

is Cyril arrested? Is he in prison? Is that the meaning of his absence?"

"Not a bit of it. He seems, temporarily, to have disappeared."

"And when he reappears I suppose John Ireland will arrest him?"

"Candidly, Miss Strong, I fear he will."

"There is something else you fear. And which you fear, too?"

Miss Strong swung round towards Miss Wentworth with an imperious gesture. Her rage, despite it being tinged with melodrama, was in its way sublime. The young lady's astonishing intensity so carried away her hearers that they probably omitted to notice that there was any connection between her words and manner and the words and manner of, say, the transpire drama.

"You fear, both of you, that what John Ireland suspects is true. You feel that Cyril Paxton, the man I love, who would not suffer himself to come into contact with dishonour, whose shoestrings you are neither of you worthy to unloose—you fear that he may have soiled his hands with sordid crime. I see your fear branded on your faces—looking from your eyes. You cravens! You cowards! You unutterable things! To dare so to prejudice a man, who, as yet, has had no opportunity to know even what it is with which you charge him!"

Suddenly Miss Strong devoted her particular attention to Miss Wentworth. She pointed her words with a force and a directness which ensured their striking home.

"As for you, now I know what it was you meant last night; what it was which in your heart you accused him of, but which your tongue did not dare to quite bring itself to utter. And you have pretended to be my friend, and yet you are so swift to seek to kill that which you know is dearer than life to the man whom I love and hold in honour. Since your friendship is plainly more dangerous than your enmity, in the future we'll be enemies, openly, and avowedly, for never again I'll call you friend of mine!"

Miss Wentworth moved forward, exclaiming—

"Daisy!"

But Miss Strong moved back.

"Don't speak to me! Don't come near to me! If you touch me, woman though I am, and woman though you are, I will strike you!"

Since Miss Strong seemed to mean exactly what she said, Miss Wentworth, deeming, under certain given circumstances, discretion to be the better part of valour, held her peace. Miss Strong, having annihilated Miss Wentworth, one could but hope to her entire satisfaction, redirected her attention to the gentleman.

"And you pretended to be Cyril's friend! Heaven indeed preserve us from our friends, it is they who strike the bitterest blows! This only I will say to you. You have the courage of your opinions when there's no courage wanted, but were Cyril Paxton this moment to enter the room you would no more dare to hint to him what you have dared to hint to me, than you would dare to fly."

Then, recollecting herself, with exquisite sarcasm Miss Strong apologised for having confused her meaning.

"I beg your pardon, Mr Franklyn, a thousand times. I said exactly the contrary of what I wished to say. Of course, if Cyril did enter the room, there is only one thing which you would dare to do, dare to fly. I leave you alone together, in the complete assurance that I am leaving you to enjoy the perfect communion of two equal minds."

Miss Strong moved towards the door. Mr Franklyn interposed.

"One moment, Miss Strong. Where are you going?"

"To look for Cyril. Do you object? I will try to induce him not to hurt you, when I find him."

"You understand that you will have to endure the ignominy of having the man outside following you wherever you may go."

"Ignominy, you call it! Why, the man may actually be to me as a protection from my friends."

"You use hard words. I enter into your feelings sufficiently to understand that, from your own point of view, they may not seem to be unjustified. But at the same time I am sufficiently your friend, and Cyril's friend, to decline to allow you, if I can help it, to throw dust in your own eyes. That Cyril has been guilty of actual theft, I do not for a moment believe. That he may have perpetrated some egregious blunder, I fear is

possible. I know him probably as well as you do. I know John Ireland, too, and I am persuaded that he would not bring a charge of this kind without having good grounds to go upon. Indeed, I may tell you plainly—slurring over the truth will do no good to anyone—Cyril is known to have been in actual possession of one of the missing jewels."

"I don't believe it."

"Rest assured you will do good neither to Cyril's cause nor to your own by a refusal to give credence to actual facts. It is only facts which a judge and jury can be induced to act upon. Satisfactorily explain them if you can, but do not suppose that you will be able to impress other people with the merits of your cause by declining to believe in their existence. I do entreat you to be advised by me before, by some rash, if well-meaning act, you do incalculable mischief to Cyril and yourself."

"Thank you, Mr Franklyn, but one does not always wish to be advised even by one's legal adviser. Just now I should be obliged by your confining yourself to answering questions. Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me where I am most likely to find John Ireland, that immaculate policeman?"

"When I left him he was just going to Makell's Hotel to make inquiries as to Cyril's whereabouts upon his own account."

"Then I will go to Makell's Hotel to make inquiries of John Ireland upon my account."

"In that case you must excuse me if I come with you. I warn you again, that if you are not careful you may do Cyril more mischief than you have any notion of."

"I shall come too."

This was Miss Wentworth. Miss Strong bowed.

"If you will, you will. Evidently the man on the doorstep is not likely to serve me as an adequate protection against my friends."

Miss Strong put on her hat and mackintosh in what was probably one of the shortest times on record. Miss Wentworth generally dressed more quickly than her friend; on such an occasion she was not likely to be left behind. The curious procession of three passed through the door and down the steps in Indian file, Miss Strong first, Mr Franklyn last.

At the bottom of the steps stood Mr Hollier. The leader looked him up and down.

"Is your name Hollier?"

"The man touched his hat.

"That's my name, miss."

"I am Daisy Strong. Mr Cyril Paxton's promised wife. She seemed on a sudden to be fond of advertising the fact. I am going to look for Mr Paxton now. You may, if you choose, play the part of spy, and follow me; but let me tell you that if he comes to harm through you, or through any of your associates, there'll be trouble."

"I see, miss."

Mr Hollier grinned, hurting, as it seemed, the lady's sense of dignity.

"I don't know what you see to smile at. A woman has given a man sufficient cause for tears before to-day. You may find, in your own case, that she will again."

(To be Continued.)

CROSSING SWEEPERS.

The 'pitch' of a London crossing sweeper in a fashionable neighbourhood is advertised for sale. The owner has been (says the late James Payn, in the 'Illustrated London News') in possession for fourteen years, and only requires £100 for the goodwill. This seems a very moderate investment by which to secure a livelihood; nor is the nature of the occupation exacting. The much-desired 48 hours a week, if judiciously selected, would probably be ample. There is no preparatory 'exam,' nor any knowledge of the dead languages required. An acquaintance with Continental tongues might be of some advantage, though the chances of getting anything out of a French or a German

passenger would be exceedingly small. A slight command of slang would on the other hand be essential, if only for defensive purposes and repartee. The

CHIEF REQUISITES FOR THE SITUATION

(as we have gathered from observation) are a calm and gentlemanly deportment, a conciliatory but far from fulsome smile, a gracious acceptance of the smallest contribution (though with a slight facial expression of astonishment at its inappropriateness to the apparent rank of the donor), an acknowledgment in full of a more generous offering, perfect cleanliness, and (if the 'pitch' admits of it, as, for example, the immediate neighbourhood of a square garden) a couple of cats. Kindness to animals is very profitable in this profession, especially about 2.30, when benevolent passengers have just had their lunch. The hand should never be extended at the approach of a likely looking pedestrian; both hands should be so applied to business as to give the impression of unceasing toil, while the eye makes its respectful appeal. Even should nothing be given, no ejaculation, far less execration, should be uttered till the passer-by is well out of hearing; nothing is more common than the sudden awakening of conscience when an opportunity of benevolence has been neglected, and the monstrous reflection that one has 'nothing but silver' gives way to a nobler feeling.

In the city, no doubt, a very different course of conduct may be necessary, and these

DELICATE AND DIPLOMATIC OBSERVANCES

be out of place; but the case in question obviously appeals to persons who have failed in other professions and yet acquired their refinements. To men of letters it should offer peculiar attractions; for how often have we read in fiction of immense fortunes having been made in this humble calling! Thackeray describes a crossing sweeper—at the head, however, of his profession, for he had the crossing at the Bank—who was a country gentleman after office hours; and another novelist tells us of one who, after his daily task was done, exchanged one kind of broom for another and went home in his carriage. There is even a more or less well authenticated tale of a crossing sweeper who repaid a constant patron for his pennies by lending him £5000 to get him out of a commercial difficulty. A certain popular writer, moreover, absolutely recommended literary gentlemen to exchange their calling for this more profitable pursuit. 'If I had to begin life again,' he says, (though I think it must have been in a moment of irritation, publishers are so trying), 'I protest I would choose crossing sweeping rather than literature.'

A POET AND HIS PIPE.

TENNYSON GREW CAPTIOUS WHEN DEPRIVED OF IT.

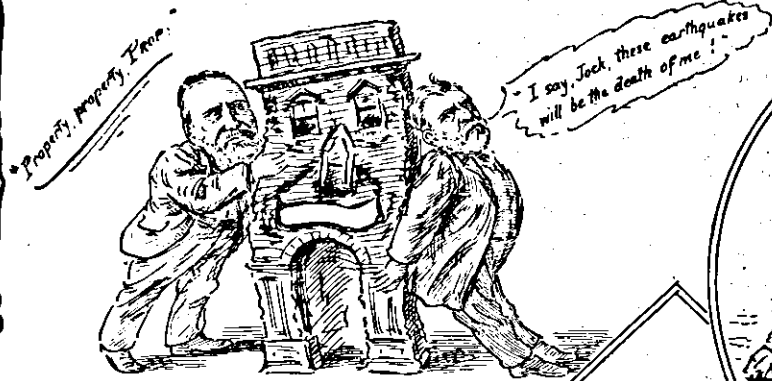
"Some of his friends taunted Tennyson that he could never give up tobacco. 'Anybody can do that,' he said, 'if he chooses to do it.' When his friends still continued to doubt and tease him, 'Well,' he said, 'I shall give up smoking from to-night.' The very same evening," writes Max Muller, 'I was told that he threw his pipes and tobacco out of the window of his bedroom. The next day he was most charming, though somewhat self-righteous. The second day he became very moody and capacious. The third day no one knew what to do with him. But after a disturbed night I was told that he got out of bed in the morning, went quietly into the garden, picked up one of his broken pipes, stuffed it with the remains of the tobacco scattered about, and then, having had a few puffs, came to breakfast all right again. Nothing was said any more about giving up tobacco.'

INDIGESTION

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CONDY & MITCHELL, of LONDON, ENGLAND, are the Sole Manufacturers.



Property property, 'Koro."

"I say, Jack, these earthquakes will be the death of me!"



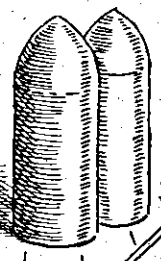
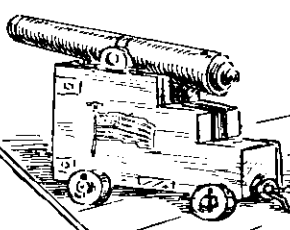
"Who says I'm a New Guinea-pig?"

The "fat man" in the shape of Sir Somers Vane and some of Sir Somers' vine friends, have just discovered that New Guinea as a field for Company promoting, has been hitherto neglected.

It is stated that plans have been completed for the new Bank of N.Z. building to be erected at Wellington. The structure, which is to cost £40,000, is to consist of four storeys and a basement. Considering the number of "stories" - not to say "condemned untruths" - and also the amount of abasement which this institution has already suffered from, it is to be hoped that the above is the "last word" we shall hear of the BNZ, and in future nothing short of a Wellington earthquake will ever affect the stability of the new building.

NOT A QUESTION OF SENTIMENT ONLY.
The British Ambassador at Washington has received letters from all parts of America strongly advocating an alliance with Great Britain.

"I say Mr Bull would it be real nice if we got you more to amalgamate our forces?"



Speaking of Ministerial appointments the Hon. Mr. Cadman said, "Appointments were now made from the working classes of the colony, rather than from the ruling classes."

Which statement, bearing in mind the general characteristics of the average billet-hunter, is not true; and also, considering that the working class is the ruling class, is the least-bit ambiguous.



"I hold," said Mr Crowther M.H.R., "that party government as known in N.Z. is extremely mischievous, . . . if it does not make men dishonest, then at any rate it makes them tricky, and not only tricky but unreliable."

"That's all very well, but where does the other road lead to?"

Ashley Hunter '98

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

SHREWSBURY.

Those who are acquainted with Mr Stanley Weyman's romances—and who is not?—will be certain to welcome with pleasure this new one from his pen. The scenes of 'Shrewsbury' are not laid, like those of so many of the author's other books, in France, that pleasant land of chivalry and romance, but in work-a-day England; and 'Shrewsbury' is not the mighty fighting Talbot, the first earl of the name, the almost invincible antagonist of the Maid of Orleans, but only a descendant of his whose destiny led him rather to shine in the Council Chamber than at the head of armies—the Duke of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State to William the Third. Though the Duke plays an important part in the story, the interest follows chiefly the misadventures of the very heroic hero, who himself tells the tale of them. Misfortunes great and small, terrible and ludicrous, consistently dog this poor individual's footsteps pretty well up to the end of the book, when, at last, fortune smiles out upon him and we are allowed to assume that he lived happy ever afterwards. But all this misery and disaster are in a large measure caused by his own blundering pusillanimity, moral and physical. There are times, indeed, when we grow very impatient with poor Richard Price, good, well-meaning intelligent fellow though he be, and think he deserves all the misery inflicted on him by that arch scoundrel, Robert Ferguson, the plottor. The self-delineation of Richard Price is one of the best things that Mr Stanley Weyman has ever done. It is capably done, and it is the sort of autobiography that few writers can handle well. The characters are well drawn throughout, though I fancy that for the character of William of Orange the author owes some debt to Macaulay. Mr Weyman seems to have very thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the time of which he writes, and he manages to make us quite realize the sense of political insecurity that must have prevailed throughout England when the chances were even that any day some plot might result in the good foreign king being ousted out of his seat on the English throne, while the bad native-born sovereign, recalled from his well-deserved exile, should again resume the crown. The interest of the book is well sustained throughout, and in more than one place the situation rises to a climax that may be warranted to thrill the pulse of the most phlegmatic reader.

NEW ZEALAND.

This is a contribution to 'The Story of the Empire Series,' by Mr Reeves, our Agent-General. He tells the story of New Zealand up to date clearly and concisely, and in a style that now and then bears distinct marks of literary merit, though he is prone, at times, to indulge in rather over-elaborated antitheses. Commencing with some account of the country itself and the Maoris, he goes on to recount the tale of New Zealand's birth and growth as a colony, its early vicissitudes, its war troubles, its money troubles, its gold fevers, its democratic developments, and so on up to the present day. In his very rapid sketch of the political events of the latest years, regarding which he might say 'quorum pars magna fui,' Mr Reeves is, on the whole, fair and discreet.

'SOLDIERING FIFTY YEARS AGO,' 'AUSTRALIA IN THE FORTIES.'

These reminiscences of Major de Winton, though recalled in a genial kindly spirit and written in a cheerful familiar style, are not of sufficient importance or of sufficient interest to recommend themselves to the general reader. Doubtless, however, there are many who, specially interested in time of which he writes, and in the places and people he describes and refers to, will be very glad to purchase and read this nicely bound and martial-looking volume.

'A STRANGE SIN.'

This is the story which gives its title to that collection of stories, 'The Book of Strange Sins,' now being republished separately, one by one, in pretty little booklets. Each story points a moral in vigorously realistic pictures. Though the particular sin denounced in the little volume before is too vaguely hinted at to be generally recognised, yet its effect on the sinner's conscience is described in

such a way as to make 'A Strange Sin' not the least effective story of the original collection.

THE STORY OF THE MALAKAND FIELD FORCE.

It is an interesting story, and especially interesting to all who, understanding the honorary value of India to the Empire, are eager to learn all they can in relation to those frontier defences of forts and forces which safeguard the brightest jewel in the British Crown. The story of the operations of the Malakand Field Force is well written, with a pen quick to describe to best advantage heroic incident and thrilling situation, and no work of fiction could be more abundantly supplied with such incidents and situations than this true history of facts. It would seem from Lieutenant Churchill's narrative that a British regiment on the war path is composed almost wholly of men who consider acts of heroism as much in their day's work as the looking after their accoutrements. They make pleasant reading—the doings of such men—and Lieutenant Churchill's crisp, soldierly style of relating them enhances the pleasure of the reading. The author discusses, with clearness and judgment, from the light of his own experience, the terribly complicated Frontier Question.

From G. Ricordi and Co., 265 Regent street, London, we have received one of Paolo Tosti's latest songs, which, in this case, is the musical setting of a sonnet. The words of the 'Sonnet' are melodiously and artistically translated from the French of Felix Arvers by Mowbray Marras. The song and its accompaniment offer no difficulties of execution to the voice and fingers, but the plaintive melody is not of the kind that is sure to be accepted at once with pleasure by the ear, as most of Tosti's songs are wont to be. But it gains on one the oftener it is heard. 'Sonnet' is published in the keys of A flat, of B flat and of F.

'Shrewsbury,' by Stanley Weyman: Longmans, Green & Co.
'New Zealand,' by William Pember Reeves: Horace Marshall & Co., 125 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
'Soldiering Fifty Years Ago: Australia in the Forties,' by Major de Winton: European Mail, Ltd., Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus.
'A Strange Sin,' by Coulson Kernahan: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. (Messrs Wildman & Lyell).
'The Story of the Malakand Field Force,' by Winston L. Spencer Churchill: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London and Bombay.



Mrs B. C. Lawrence, who came to New Plymouth in the Joseph Fletcher on September 17th, 1853, died at Waitara on May 21st, at the age of 88 years. Her husband died a few years since.

Mr Joseph Hepburn, who took an active part in the Maori war during the sixties, died at Hawera on May 23rd.

The news of the death of Mr W. Douglas, of Te Mahanga, who has resided in Hawke's Bay for very many years, was received in Napier with great regret. Mr Douglas arrived in New Zealand between forty and fifty years ago, and lived first in the Wellington province, and afterwards took up land in Hawke's Bay. The funeral, which was attended by numbers of people from all parts of the province, took place on May 21st. Beautiful wreaths of lovely white flowers were sent, and telegrams of sympathy came from different parts of Australia and New Zealand.

Sixty Years' Success.

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Sold at all Drug Stores Wholesale of

Sharland & Co., Auckland & Wellington.

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

NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME.

Mr Archibald Clark (Auckland), of the firm of Messrs Arch. Clark and Sons, is now in London. At present he is staying with his sister-in-law, Mrs McCosh Clark. Mr Matthew Clark is managing the firm's large New Zealand business.

Mr John Holmes has recovered from his severe attack of influenza. He is staying at 11, Montague Place, and is very busy with various New Zealand businesses, produce, etc.

Mr and Mrs Henry Reynolds are in their charming flat, 11, Ridgmount Gardens, London.

Mr J. H. Witheford has been honoured with a special invitation to visit the various Imperial dockyards. Of this invitation he will gladly avail himself.

The Rev. Thos. Spurgeon, formerly of Auckland, is doing his best to follow in his father's steps. He is said to be very popular with the London Tabernacle congregation.

Bishop Grimes, Roman Catholic Bishop of Christchurch, has returned to London from Ireland, but goes on at once to Rome.

Mr J. Tomson Garlick, of Auckland, attended and spoke at a large meeting of Christian Endeavourers held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, about 5,000 people being present, who represented 14 of its societies. Mr Garlick, who has nearly recovered from his severe cold (caught in the great blizzard at the end of March), spoke of the good work the Christian Endeavour Society was doing in the colonies.

Mr Thomas McMaster (Auckland) stayed for a short time in London on his way to visit Ireland. He was one of the unlucky passengers by the P. and O. s.s. China. He talks of returning to New Zealand in three months.

Sir George and Lady Bowen are on their way back to England from a Continental tour. Their headquarters were at Naples.

Mr C. Mandle, who has arrived in England, is going to study medicine at the Edinburgh University.

A few New Zealanders had a very enjoyable cycling tour in the south-west of England during the Easter holidays. They were Messrs T. Palliser, T. Mackenzie, M. Stuart, and Captain Moffat.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

On the Queen's Birthday His Excellency the Governor held a levee at Government House at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, which was very largely attended. During the levee the Garrison Band, under Bandmaster Herd, were stationed on the lawn, and played selections of music.

Mr R. McNab, Government candidate, has been returned at the Mataura election.

Miss M. Ewart, who has been visiting in Wellington, returned to Blenheim a few days ago.

Constable D. M. McLeod was on Friday last presented by the members of the Wellington police force with a very handsome Duchesse suite upon the occasion of his marriage.

Mr and Mrs Duncan Cameron, of Springfield, Methven, are in Christchurch, staying at Warner's, preparatory to embarking in the Gothic for England, taking their two daughters home to finish their education.

Mr F. W. Carey, Wellington, is spending a few weeks in Blenheim.

Miss Kathleen Fell left Nelson last week for Lyttelton, where she joins the Gothic for England. She is going with the intention of having her voice trained. She has for some years been a popular amateur singer in that town, so, though she will be greatly missed, we are all glad for her sake that she is able to go and further her studies, and wish her every success. Mr, Mrs and Miss G. Fell travel with her as far as Lyttelton.

The new Inspector of the Union S. S. Company, Mr C. Holdsworth, passed through Auckland last week on his way from Sydney to Dunedin.

Mr W. M. Ashton, now in the Telegraph Department at Rotorua, has received a beautifully-framed group of the officers of the Napier Telegraphic Department, presented as a mark of the esteem they had for him whilst in Napier.

As Mr J. P. O'Regan, M.H.R., is shortly to be married, the Westport Harbour Board have given him a beautiful marble clock as a wedding present.

Canon Harper, whilst preaching in the Cathedral at Christchurch recently, strongly deprecates the too-prevalent attachment of white New Zealanders to any and every form of gambling. Their black brethren are rapidly following suit.

Captain Whitney, of Auckland, has gone to Sydney.

The Mr Lingard in the firm of Groschier, Lingard and Spencer, of Dawson City, mining-brokers, etc., is a son of the Ven. Archbishop Lingard, of Christchurch.

The Hon. A. J. Cadman, speaking at the opening of the Te Aroha Baths, said that the railway between that place and the Thames would probably be completed by the end of the year.

Admiral Pearson (H.M.S. Royal Arthur) says that a magnetic observatory is extremely important for New Zealand. Other competent authorities have also pointed out the necessity for such an observatory.

Dr. Bedford, of the honorary medical staff of the Auckland Hospital, has been granted leave of absence through illness.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson returned to Auckland from Sydney last week.

The Hon. W. Rolleston is unwell in Christchurch. He had a severe fall from his horse.

Mr J. J. Freeth delivered an interesting lecture in New Plymouth on May 23 on 'Maori Mythology.'

Quite a large number of Wellington people have booked passages for the South Sea Islands excursion in the Waikare, which leaves Wellington in July. Some of them are Mr and Mrs E. J. Harrison, Mrs and the Misses Huddell, Mrs Tennant, Mr and Miss Westmacott, Mrs and Miss Kebbell, Messrs Haybittle, Hains, Cureton, Greenwood and Wilson.

Dr. Hudson left Nelson on Monday for England, via Fiji and America. It is a well-earned holiday he is taking, and it is to be hoped he will have a good time. He expects to be back in Nelson about January next. Mrs Hudson travelled with him as far as Wellington.

The Bishop of Wellington entertained the Governor and the Admiral at dinner at Bishops Court on Wednesday evening. Owing to indisposition, Lady Ranfurly, who was to have been present, was unable to attend the dinner.

Miss Hales, Wellington, is visiting Mrs C. C. Howard in Picton.

Lieut.-Colonel Pitt, of Nelson, is paying a visit to Napier.

Miss Belle Suisted, of Waeapoti, is staying with Mrs J. Bell, at Hillierden, Wairau Valley.

Mrs Thomas Morrin, of Wellington Park, Auckland, gave an afternoon tea last Friday, to meet Mrs J. Chambers, of Parnell, nee Miss Tangye.

Colonel Cavendish, England, is staying at Government House, Wellington, as the guest of Lord and Lady Ranfurly.

Mr Burnett, of Woodville, has been staying in Napier.

Mrs G. G. Stead, Christchurch, has gone out to Burnham to Mrs Palmer's for a few days.

Miss Turnbull, Wellington, is visiting Dunedin.

A pleasant little foregathering took place at the Telegraph Department, Wellington, on Monday afternoon, when Mr C. C. Robertson, Officer-in-Charge of the Telegraph Department, presented Mr C. S. Allen with a very handsome clock on behalf of the staff upon the occasion of his marriage.

Mrs L. Myers, of Symonds-street, Auckland, had a meeting at her house last Friday afternoon for those who were interested in arranging a new private Kindergarten for Auckland. If enough ladies promise to send their little ones a properly qualified teacher will be imported.

Mr Howard Greensill, who has been wooing fortune without any great success, has returned to Picton.

Mrs Rhind has returned to Wellington from Island Bay, where she has been staying with her children for some weeks, and has taken a house in Hill-street.

Mrs W. D. Meares, Christchurch, with Misses Nina, Muriel and Doris, sail to-day for England by the Gothic.

Mrs Colbeck, of Kaipara, is at present staying with her sister-in-law, Miss Colbeck, of Epsom, Auckland. She intends to go to Sydney by the Tarawera for a visit to her relatives in that city.

Mrs H. D. Bell, Wellington, accompanied by her two daughters, returned from England last week.

Mrs and Miss Nettie Beauchamp, Anikiwa, were in Picton for a day or two this week.

Mr M. Murphy, Secretary of the Canterbury A. and P. Association, has gone on a visit to Cheviot.

Miss Dorothy Catley, Nelson, also goes to England by the Gothic. She will stay with her sister, Mrs A. Watson, and study the Kindergarten system of teaching.

Mrs Sedgwick has returned home to Picton from Tyntesfield. Miss Allen is still there, staying with Mrs and Misses Seymour. The sad news of Miss K. Seymour's death was cabled to Mr George Seale, her intended husband, to Western Australia, and replies have been received from him.

H.M.s. Tauranga left Wellington for Lyttelton on Monday last, and H.M.s. Torch also proceeds North.

Miss Mildred Catley, who has been a teacher at the Nelson Girls' College for several years, left Nelson last week for Christchurch, where she intends taking up a different branch of study in nursing. There seems every probability of her being equally successful with nursing as with teaching. She will be much missed at College, as a teacher and one who greatly encouraged the girls in out door sports.

Mr Justice Pennefather has been formally welcomed in Dunedin on behalf of the Bar in that town. The President of the Law Society expressed on its behalf the pleasure felt at the arrival of so distinguished a member of the legal fraternity.

Captain Waller is now in command of the Eliangamite. He was formerly in charge of the s.s. Anglian.

The Rev. A. White's call to Havlock has been sustained by the Presbytery.

The Rev. J. G. Patterson has been duly called to the Gisborne Presbyterian Church.

Mr James Paul, of New Plymouth, has been nominated by the Taranaki Rugby Union for the Vice-Presidency of the New Zealand Rugby Union.

Mr Dobbie and Miss Agatha Dobbie bicycled to Blenheim last Tuesday, to attend the practice of 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' they having joined the orchestra, to which they are a welcome addition.

The new French Consul at Wellington, Comte de Courte, paid an official visit to the Admiral on the flagship on Saturday morning, the interview being most cordial. The nuptial salute of seven guns was fired as Comte de Courte left the flagship.

Mr Campbell, Valuer-General of the Assessment, has been on an official visit to New Plymouth.

Mr Levi Sarten has publicly announced his intention of contesting the Egmont seat at the next election.

Mr Wynyard Joas, of Auckland, is at New Plymouth on a short visit.

Mr and Mrs W. Barton are paying a flying visit to Wellington, where they are the guests of Mrs Rhodes at The Grange.

Miss Waddy has returned home to Blenheim, having enjoyed her trip to the Pelorus Sound very much.

Professor Brown has been nominated by the Auckland Institute to represent that body at the International Congress of Zoology to be held in London next August.

Mr James Anderson, of Hawke's Bay, elder of St. Paul's, Napier, left in his will several nice sums of money to be applied for various church work. They were divided as follows:—£500 to found a scholarship for students for the ministry; £500 towards a new church for St. Paul's congregation, and £150 for an organ. The reversionary interest in £3000, after the death of three ladies in Scotland, and the residue of his estate are left in equal parts for church extension in Hawke's Bay and the poor connected with St. Paul's.

The work of the Agent-General in the matter of conciliation and arbitration in New Zealand has been gracefully acknowledged from the Dunedin Political Committee and Trades and Labour Council, etc., by the presentation of a handsomely illuminated address.

Miss Kirby, who met her death recently in Victoria by being run over by a train was a daughter of the late Mr W. Kirby, Upper Queen-street, Auckland.

When attending the levee at Government House on the Queen's Birthday, the Premier, the Right Hon. Mr Seddon appeared for the first time in New Zealand in the drawing-room dress of a Privy Councillor.

Mr Inspector Pardy, of Dunedin, made a short visit to New Plymouth on May 24th. He was on his way to Auckland.

The many friends of Mr John Magninly, Wellington, will learn with pleasure that his health has much improved lately.

His Excellency the Governor attended an important Maori meeting at Papawai last Wednesday.

The Countess of Ranfurly, who accompanied the Earl of Ranfurly on his visit to Papawai, was unfortunately seized with indisposition, and was obliged to give up the trip and return to Wellington. Lady Ranfurly was much better the next day.

The Rev. A. M. Bradbury was taken ill on Wednesday whilst returning to Ngauruhia from a Sunday School entertainment in Hamilton. Heart disease was the trouble. He was taken to the Waikato Hospital, and it is hoped will be about again in a few days.

Mr Huddleston, formerly of the Mount Cook Hermitage, is going with the exploring expedition arranged by Miss Hastie, as naturalist and collector. The Sydney Belle, the schooner chartered, is now in Wellington.

The Napier Rifles and the Napier Gunns took part in a shooting match on the Queen's Birthday at the Tutakuri Range. The distances were 400, 500 and 600 yards, and the Rifles were victorious by 51 points. Another match, in which the distances were 200 and 300 yards, the Rifles also won. Captain Hughes of the Napier Gunns, made the high score of 50 in the latter match.

The Wairau Tennis Club intends to give a social in Blenheim in a fortnight.

Miss Perry, of Masterton, who has been visiting Napier, has returned home.

The Wellington branch of the New Zealand Native's Association are urging the necessity of establishing a training ship for young New Zealanders, and think it should be stationed at Picton.

At Te Mata, on the Queen's Birthday, the shooting match began for the Hastings Rifle Company's Bet, but owing to the high wind it could not be finished, and was postponed till the next public holiday.

Mr J. C. Martin, the Public Trustee, who has been on a visit to New Plymouth, has returned to Wellington.

Dr. Shirley Baker has returned to Auckland from Tonga.

Mr H. Goldwater, of New Plymouth, was entertained by his friends on May 19th. He left the same evening for Auckland, where he is to be married on June 1.

Mrs Chaytor, of Marshlands, Blenheim, who has been visiting in Nelson, returned home last Friday.

Dr. W. Scott, of Onehunga, had a narrow escape from a very serious accident last week. He was being driven by his man when a horseman collided with the trap, with the result that the doctor was thrown out through the sudden swerving of his horse. He was somewhat cut about the face and hands, and well shaken. But he was otherwise unhurt, and has made a rapid recovery. The coachman, who was also thrown out, escaped uninjured.

Miss May Whitelaw left by the Mararoa on Tuesday last, on a visit to her brother at Napier.

Mr George Croft, of Petone, is preparing some music for the Auckland Exhibition in the shape of a fine organ. It has twenty-two speaking stops, besides four couplers and six combination pistons.

That energetic churchman and citizen, Canon Walsh has given to the Auckland Institute a valuable mallet of Australian stringy bark. It is made from the timber which formed part of the cargo of the ship Boyd, whose crew were massacred by the Maoris at Whangaroa in 1809.

Mr, Mrs and Miss Moss Davis returned to Auckland from their Southern visit by the Rototoi on Saturday.

Sir Maurice O'Rorke made an excellent speech in the Auckland Opera House on Sunday afternoon, on the late Mr Gladstone. The large building was filled with a sympathetic audience. After the meeting it was resolved to collect subscriptions for a bust or portrait of the deceased statesman, to be placed in the Art Gallery. About £25 was promised in the room.

Sir H. Berkeley, Chief Justice of Fiji, has returned to his work in Suva, having found great improvement to his health in his New Zealand visit.

Major Mair is at present in Auckland.

Mr W. Dawson, who was at one time M.H.R. and Mayor of Dunedin, is visiting Auckland.

There is a good deal of sickness in various districts. Scarletina in Dunedin, German measles and diphtheria in Ashburton, the latter in a mild form being prevalent in the Wairarapa district.

Queen's weather prevailed in Auckland for the 24th, a holiday being duly observed. Whit Monday was also fine.

The Hon. A. J. Cadman will leave Auckland for the South on Thursday.

Some alarm was caused at Government House, Wellington, on Sunday night by an alarm of fire from the nursery. The hearthstone became hot and set fire to the woodwork. A good deal of damage was caused to the furniture and to the dining-room underneath the nursery.

Lord and Lady Ranfurly propose giving a plain and fancy dress ball in October.

The Most Rev. the Primate will open St. Sepulchre's (Auckland) Basket Fair on Tuesday afternoon.

Much sympathy is felt for Dr. and Mrs Chabrier's purchase in the loss of their only little girl by measles on board the steamer 'India' en route for England.

The Earl of Ranfurly, with two A.D.C.s, Captain Wenley and the Hon. Hill Trevor, went down to the South Island on Monday afternoon in the Rotomahana. His Excellency proposes to be away about three weeks, and to visit Invercargill.

Parliament opens on Friday, June 24, at 2.30 p.m.

Judge Barton has gone to Sydney.

Lord Ranfurly will probably visit Kaipoi officially on June 18th.

Mr Charles Bates, of Auckland, brother of the late Canon Bates, Devonport, has left for Queensland, on account of his health. The legal profession and personal friends presented him with a purse of nearly 100 sovereigns in token of sympathy and esteem.

Dr. and Mrs Kenny, of Beckenham, Kent, intend to leave England this month and settle in Auckland. The doctor is a son of the late Hon. Colonel Kenny, and was born in Auckland.

The Hon. George William James Lysaght, lately of New Zealand, is now the sixth Baron Lisle.

Mr and Miss Newton, of Wellington, are in London.

Mr and Mrs H. Woodward, of Auckland, have arrived in England.

Several Christchurch people are in the Old Country—Messrs Rochfort Snow, R. Palisret, etc. A Gisborne lady, Mrs A. H. Sunderland, is living in Sussex, where also are Mrs W. P. and Miss Tanner, of Christchurch.

Mr C. C. McMillan, of Auckland, has joined the well-known firm of Messrs Archibald Clark and Sons, Shortland-street.

Mrs A. Munroe (Auckland) and her little daughter are on a visit to Mrs Brevis, Jesmond, Hamilton.

Mrs Allen (Picton), who has been in Wellington for over a week, returned home on Saturday. Miss Nora Allen, who also went to Wellington, is remaining there for a short time longer to assist her brother, Mr Stuart Allen, and his bride, to fix up in their new house.

Mrs J. A. Tole (Ponsonby) and two of her daughters are spending some days with Mrs Sandes, Hamilton.

Mr Macassar, who has been in Hamilton for several months in the Loan and Mercantile office, has been ordered to Dunedin. He will be much missed by his many friends.

The concert and drama for St. Peter's Sunday School, Hamilton, was a great success.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE NORTH WARD.—Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the request of a number of Ratepayers, I have consented to place myself in nomination for the vacancy in the North Ward, where I am a large Ratepayer. I was a City Representative for four years previously, and if elected shall do my best to look after your interests and the interests of the City generally. Yours respectfully,
THOMAS T. MASFIELD.

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SOCIETY ON DITS.

That the paper which Miss E. Benjamin, barrister, of Dunedin, wrote for the National Council of Women recently held in Wellington, and refused by that body, is to be read at the next meeting of the Wellington Southern Cross Society.

That a member of the North Canterbury Education Board has the temerity to express his opinion that our modern system of Board School Education is not perfect. He thinks that if more physical education were given instead of so many pass subjects the children would be better physically, morally, and intellectually.

That a good dramatic society has been arranged in Hawera.

That Mr Wragge's 'Asat' visited Picton on the Queen's Birthday and put his veto on several projected amusements.

That the Tararangi Rifles Ball was held at the Drill Hall on the Queen's Birthday, and notwithstanding the stormy night it was well attended.

That the Marlborough Tennis Club is making arrangements to give a ball in Blenheim on the 10th of next month.

That in the event of a European war Picton is talked of as likely to be the headquarters of the New Zealand squadron.

That Judge and Mrs Denniston returned to Christchurch from Wellington on Monday in the Kaikoura.

That a football match between Clive and Napier was played at the Napier Recreation Ground on a recent Saturday afternoon, and that it was won by Clive by two points.

That last Thursday Mrs Baker, of New Plymouth, gave a very pleasant children's party.

That on a recent Friday evening an enjoyable little euchre party was given at the Napier Girls' High School, and that the dancing which took place afterwards formed a pleasant termination to a delightful evening.

That Mrs Westmacott, of New Plymouth, is giving an afternoon tea on June 3rd for Miss Young, so that she may have the opportunity of wishing her friends good-bye, as she is returning shortly to Kalgoorlie to be married to Mr Esdalle, who resides there.

That Dr and Mrs Elmslie met a large number of the congregation in St. Paul's schoolroom, Lichfield-street, Christchurch, one evening last week, to say good-bye, prior to their departure for England by the Gothic. Mrs Elmslie was the recipient of a handsome bouquet and lady's companion, and Dr Elmslie a purse of sovereigns, and many good wishes for their safe return after their holiday to the Old Country. Musical items were given during the evening by members of the choir.

That the bowling season is almost over, but there was a good attendance at the Napier Bowling Green on the Queen's Birthday, and some interesting games were played. Mrs Shirley gave an enjoyable afternoon tea, and there were many other ladies present. The game played between rinks chosen by Mr Hodgson, the Secretary of the Bowling Club, and Mr Shirley, the President, resulted in the latter winning by 134 to 124. Another exciting and closely contested game was that between sides chosen by Mr Evans and Mr Beatson. The latter won by 70 points to 65.

That the College boys from Wellington and Nelson, who are spending the vacation here, intend to give a ball in the Good Templars' Hall, Blenheim, next Thursday. They have issued cards in the name of the 'Young Bachelors' of Blenheim.

That Mrs Campbell, Papanui, Christchurch, with Miss Campbell, intends leaving for Sydney by the Monowai, to stay with friends there. Mrs Campbell has let her house to Captain and Mrs Davidson, recently from England.

That the prize offered by the Wellington Woolen Company for the best essay on 'Tree Planting for Shelter,' was awarded to Mr H. M. Stowell, of Hawera.

That prior to her marriage with Mr S. Allen, Miss Searson, Sydney, and her sister were guests of Mr and Mrs E. J. A. Stevenson, Murphy-street, Wellington.

That Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Christchurch, talk of going to the South Sea Islands.

That the ladies of the Auckland Golf Club met on Friday afternoon to have one of their usual practices.

Amongst those present were Mrs W. Bloomfield, Mrs Blair, Miss Ware, Miss Phillips, Miss Shuttleworth.

That in spite of the showery weather a number of people went out from town to see the Ladies' Golf Match played at the Napier Golf Club's Links. The match, which was won by Miss Hindmarsh, was watched with great interest, and a pleasant afternoon was spent. Mrs Lusk gave the afternoon tea.

That a military ball was held on the Queen's Birthday at Napier in the Garrison Hall, and that it was much enjoyed by those present. The music was all that could be desired, and dancing was kept up with great spirit. On Wednesday evening a plain and fancy dress ball was given for children in the same building, and everything went off very successfully.

That the Misses Ball have issued invitations to a dance in the Good Templars' Hall, Blenheim, which is to take place on Wednesday evening.

That the New Plymouth Bowling Club formally closed the Green on May 25, when the President congratulated the members upon the success which had attended their play during the season.

That the Auckland University Students' Association gave their second annual ball at the Choral Hall on Wednesday evening, June 8th. The following are the committee:—Misses Gorrie, E. Myers, A. E. McPherson, R. Ibert, R. Rees, H. Keane, Messrs R. W. Allen, F. E. Baume, H. D. Bamford, W. R. C. Walker, G. B. Wither, G. H. Plummer, S. Mays; Hon. Sec., Mr E. W. G. Bathbone.

That the Misses Jackson give an At Home on Thursday, June 9th, in the Remuera Hall, Auckland. Dancing commences at half past eight.

That the first Catholic Social of the season was to be held in the Victoria Hall, Blenheim, last week.

That the Mount Eden Public School, Auckland, is to be congratulated on the spirit of patriotism with which it is endeavouring to imbue that portion of young New Zealand entrusted to its care. On the eve of the Queen's Birthday, the higher standard scholars defiled past and saluted the flag, all afterwards singing 'God Save the Queen.'

That the township of Rawene has resumed its normal state of blessed tranquillity. The Tutaneaki last week conveyed the gallant seventy-six members of the Permanent Force back to Wellington under Colonel Newell, and the concerts and socials and other warlike enjoyments there indulged in by our brave defenders came to a regretted termination.

That the annual meeting of the Anglican Church Lay Readers took place at Bishopscourt, Auckland, on the Queen's Birthday. The visitors were kindly invited to luncheon by Mrs Cowie.

That the work of erecting the new Exhibition buildings for the Industrial and Mining Exhibition in Auckland has commenced.

That during the stay of the flagship in Wellington the papers mentioned that one of the midshipmen was the original 'Bubbles' in Millias' famous picture, and great amusement has been caused on board by the advent of several lady visitors intent upon seeing him, the life of the unfortunate middy having become a burden to him in consequence, owing to the unremitting chaff to which he is subjected, and now upon the advent of visitors he incontinently seeks the seclusion which his cabin grants.

That very many people in Auckland expressed great regret that the annual entertainment given by the Auckland Bards of Hope Union in the Choral Hall last week should have been desecrated by the representation of an intoxicated man, who was apparently suffering from D.T., on the stage, and who recited a piece entitled 'A Rum Mapiac.' There is surely no need to familiarise innocent children and young girls with such unpleasant phases of the drunkard's life.

That one lady, after attending some vivid teetotal addresses, remarked, 'I never knew drink cases were so interesting before. I always thought temperance was rather a dull and nasty subject.'

That Professor A. Talbot Tubbs thinks that in the new lecture hall, built in connection with the Auckland Institute, accommodation for the cases of Saturday has been more considered than the requirements of a popular lecturer.

That the elements rather damped the enthusiasm of the Maoris at the native meeting at Papawai on Wednesday, a heavy thunderstorm slightly marring the reception given to His Excellency the Governor, Admiral Pearson and a number of naval officers, the Premier, the Hon. T. Thompson, and a party of invited guests.

That the special train conveying the Vice-Regal party and others to the Papawai Maori meeting had a narrow escape from being derailed alongside a steep cutting, owing to a bent rail. This was misplaced by the fall of a large stone from the steep hillside. This is the same locality where the special Parliamentary train to Woodville last year had a marvellous escape from a bad accident.

That the Dunedin Savage Club has begun its season well, and that the Working Committee is a very good one this winter, as in fact, it always is. Mr Stilling is president.

That at Hastings the formation of a Camera Club is being discussed. As there are some clever amateur photographers there, the club, if formed, should prove successful.

That prior to the marriage, in Dunedin, of Miss Milly Jacobs to Mr B. T. Hudson, a concert was given by her in the Garrison Hall. The lady was well supported by many clever Dunedin musicians. The proceeds were divided amongst many charities.

That Mrs Kilgour (who had been a guest of Mrs Sandes, of Hamilton, for some days, and who contributed so charmingly to the concert on Tuesday evening) returned to Auckland on Wednesday.

That the Parnell (Auckland) Music Society hold its weekly meetings every Friday, and is at present practising the 'May Queen.'

That Lady Raufurly issued a limited number of invitations to an 'At Home' at Government House on Friday afternoon, from 4 till 6 o'clock, in honour of the Admiral who, with Flag-Lieutenant Stewart, Mr C. Ferguson (Secretary), and Captain Brown, of the Tauranga, have been staying at Government House since the arrival of the Squadron in Wellington.

That the Royal Arthur has arrived in Auckland harbour.

THE GAME OF 'POL'

One cold, rainy day three young people were loitering in my sitting-room (writes a lady). I was trying to write, and their restlessness and inability to amuse themselves became rather annoying. I suggested various games, but they declared they were tired of games.

I happened to be looking in the dictionary for a word beginning with P-o-l, and noticed several interesting words on the page.

So I said, giving to each one a sheet of foolscap paper and pencil, 'I will give a shilling to the person who writes the greatest number of words beginning with "Pol," spelling the words correctly and giving the definition.' The young people were between fourteen and sixteen years of age, and good students. Of course, I did not allow them to look in the dictionary.

I went on with my writing for more than an hour, looking occasionally at the busy group, who now seemed perfectly happy. When we were called to dinner, I said, 'Give me the papers; I will look them over after dinner.' They gave me the papers reluctantly, for they said there were so many words beginning with Pol that they were not through.

After dinner we looked the papers over, and found that the youngest girl had won the shilling, she being an enthusiastic student of zoology and familiar with the word polyp, with its several terminations.

From that day the game of 'Pol' has been a favourite in our family. It is no uncommon thing to find one of my young people diligently studying the dictionary. 'Looking up words, because we are going to play "Pol,"' they sometimes take different letters or syllables, but the name 'Pol' seems to cling to the game.

I find the fame of my little game has spread, and the children all over the city are playing the game of 'Pol.' Several of the teachers have told me that they notice a marked improvement in spelling and word analysis since the introduction of 'Pol.'

TEN PUDDINGS OF A PINT EACH CAN BE MADE OUT OF ONE POUND OF GOOD CORN FLOUR. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—BROWN & POLSON'S

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

TESTIMONIAL.

Dunedin, 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, Dunedin.

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.

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

In another part of this issue Mr Thomas F. Masfield announces himself a candidate for the vacancy in the North Ward of Auckland City, and solicits the support of the ratepayers.

10 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.—(Adv.)

BULBS.

FOR OUTDOOR & INDOOR CULTURE.
Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Daffodils, Irises, Etc.

BEST QUALITIES AT LOWEST RATES.

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WEAR SCARBOROUGH'S CELEBRATED

FEARNOUGHT TOWN, SEASIDE, COUNTRY.
SERGES
BEST FOR ALL WEATHERS.
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OF LEADING DRAPERS & STOREKEEPERS.
SCARBOROUGH, NEPHEW & Co., ELLEN ROYDE MILLS, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

BIRTHDAY BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

Thursday, May 26th, will ever be celebrated in the annals of Government House, Wellington, as the date of the most brilliant affair of the kind yet seen in the Empire city. The decorations were most beautiful and elegant, and the electric light displayed to advantage the very handsome new paper, paint, and carpet of the Vice-Regal residence. The ballroom and two drawing-rooms were fitted up for dancing. The verandah was covered in and arranged with flags, chairs, etc., also lit by electric light. The upstairs corridors were comfortably arranged and decorated for sitting out. Large tree ferns and palms were much in evidence. Two huge marquees opened off the dining-room for supper, which was very elaborate, champagne, etc., and every possible dainty. The arrangements were perfect. The mantelpieces in the ballrooms were one mass of maiden hair fern, and large scarlet flowers. The supper table was very pretty with large silver bowls of ferns. Minnie's string band supplied the music, and was stationed on a raised dais in the first drawing-room.

The Vice-Regal party entered the crowded rooms at 9.30 to the strains of the National Anthem. The first set of Lancers was danced by His Excellency the Governor, Mrs Wallis, Lady Ranfurly, Admiral Pearson, Colonel Cavendish, Mrs Seddon, Lady Berkeley, Mr Seddon, Sir Henry Berkeley, Mrs Walker, Count de Courte, Mrs Featon, Lady Douglas, Capt. Dicken, Col. Penton, and Countess de Courte. Lady Ranfurly wore an exquisite gown of a lovely shade of green satin, the bodice and front of the skirt were draped with fine white lace, and also trimmed with clusters of double violets. She wore violets in her hair, and a tiara of diamonds and emeralds, also diamonds on the bodice. Lady Constance Knox looked charming in a pretty pink and white figured silk, trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Wallis, rich white brocade, trimmed with pearls and lace; Mrs Seddon, beautiful mauve satin, brocaded with large white design, bodice trimmed with pale yellow lace; Mrs W. Barton (Featherston), fawn and salmon brocaded silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs Biss, pretty shot silk, chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Brandon, white brocade with chiffon; Mrs Butts, all black; Mrs E. Brandon, black silk, trimmed with white lace; Lady Buckley, rich black satin, trimmed with sparkling passementerie; Lady Berkeley, lovely white satin, brocaded with dark flowers, white lace on the corsage; Mrs Collins, thick yellow brocade, the bodice trimmed with chiffon to match; Mrs H. Crawford, pink satin, the high bodice trimmed with fine ecru lace; Mrs A. Crawford, white silk and lace; Mrs Crowther, black velvet, white sash; Countess de Courte, beautiful pink silk, trimmed with velvet to match, and violets; Lady Douglas, black satin, the bodice trimmed with scarlet chiffon; Miss Dyer, white corded silk, trained, and trimmed with lace; Mrs J. Duncan, white satin, the bodice trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Ewen, yellow brocade, white lace berthe; Mrs Elliott, black silk, white lace on the bodice; Mrs Edwin, black satin and lace; Mrs Fancourt, black satin, and white lace; Mrs Capt. Fitchett, black satin, trimmed with ruffles of pink satin; Mrs Firth, black velvet, trimmed with lace and red roses; Mrs Focke, pale green brocaded silk, trimmed with chiffon to match, and passementerie; Mrs Friend, black; Mrs Finlay, black gown; Lady Gibbs, black satin and white lace; Mrs Gore, black brocade, white lace on bodice; Mrs H. Gore, white satin and lace; Mrs Gill, black silk; Mrs Gunter, black satin and lace, pale green cap; Lady Hector, pearl grey silk, trained, the bodice trimmed with folds and white chiffon; Mrs Hutchison, black silk with jet embroidery; Mrs Henry, grey satin with chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Hickson, black, with rucked sleeves of chiffon; Mrs Hamer, pretty pink silk; Mrs Harding, black brocaded satin with lace; Mrs Hudson, red silk veiled in black lace; Mrs Izard, yellow satin; Mrs C. Johnston, handsome black and white gown; Mrs Hall Jones, black gown; Mrs Knight, white silk, trimmed with silver spangles; Mrs Langdon, white satin, and red popples, on the bodice; Mrs Mantell, black satin, trimmed with lace and green silk; Mrs Medley, black figured silk, and white lace cap; Mrs Menzies, white satin with red flowers and lace on the bodice; Mrs Morrison,

brown silk; Mrs Moleneux, black satin with rucked chiffon sleeves; Mrs McKellar, black silk; Mrs McPherson, cream satin with chiffon frills; Mrs Penton, lovely white brocade, trimmed with yellow chiffon ruches and white lace; Mrs Phazarzyn, black satin and lace, aigrette in hair; Mrs Powles, black silk, white lace cap; Mrs Purdy, black satin bodice, trimmed with moonlight sequins, green satin sash; Mrs A. Pearce, handsome grey satin, the bodice trimmed with cerise velvet and white chiffon; Mrs Rawson, rich yellow brocade, trimmed with white lace; Mrs H. Rawson, white silk, the bodice trimmed with jewelled net and green velvet; Mrs E. Richardson, black brocade, trimmed with white lace; Mrs N. Reid, black brocade, pink and white cap; Mrs L. Reid, black satin, the bodice trimmed with white chiffon; Mrs M. Ross, grey satin with ruches of pink silk; Mrs J. Ross, black velvet trained gown; Mrs Samuel, grey satin, trimmed with lace; Mrs A. Smith, blue satin, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs Stewart, black velvet, trimmed with white satin, under, black lace; Mrs Stowe, black silk; Lady Stout, white brocade, trimmed with handsome pearl embroidery; Mrs Travers, blue and black gown; Mrs Tripe, black silk with white lace; Mrs Trehear, black, trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Tolhurst, black brocade and chiffon; Mrs Tuckey, black figured silk, with white lace; Mrs Vaughan, black satin, trimmed with flowers; Mrs Waldegrave, white silk, trimmed with frills of pretty lace; Mrs Walker, black silk; Mrs Watkins, white satin, trimmed with silk embroidery; Mrs Wardell, black satin and lace; Mrs T. Wilford, blue silk, trimmed with chiffon to match; Mrs Wilson, black, trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Warren, pink silk, striped with black, and trimmed with black chiffon; Mrs Ward, white silk and jewelled net; Mrs Watson, black dress, the bodice of white chiffon and jet; Mrs Whittall, handsome white satin; Mrs Young, white satin; Miss Arkwright, cream satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Allan, black; Miss B. Allan, white figured silk; Miss Black, black, trimmed with white lace; Miss Beere, heliotrope silk, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Brandon, deep violet silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Butler, white satin, trimmed with chiffon and pearls; Miss Buros, pale green silk trimmed with chiffon; Miss Butts (debutante), white gauze, trimmed with flowers; Miss Brandon (debutante), white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Butterworth (Dunedin), pale blue silk; Misses Coleridge (two), white figured gowns; Miss Chatfield, pink moire and chiffon; Miss Cooper, black bodice, pink chiffon and jet trimmings; Miss Crowther, black lace; Miss Davy, black silk; Miss — Davy, white silk and chiffon; Miss D. Douglas (debutante), white figured silk, trimmed with pearls; Miss Dransfield, cream satin, trimmed with handsome pearl embroidery; Miss Duncan, black satin, the bodice trimmed with green chiffon; Misses Edwin (two), white silk and lace dresses; Miss Elliott, white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Fairchild, cream satin, trimmed with lace and pearls; Miss Fancourt, cream; Miss M. Fancourt, black silk and lace; Miss Fitzherbert, white silk, trimmed with chiffon frills; Miss Friend, white brocade, with chiffon; Miss O. Gore (debutante), white watered silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Greenfield, pale blue, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Griffiths, white silk and lace; Miss Gill, white silk and chiffon; Miss Halse, crimson silk; Miss Halse, crimson silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss — Halse, black and pink; Miss Harcourt, pale green silk, bodice veiled in sequined net; Miss Hamerton, white, silk, the bodice rucked and trimmed with chiffon; Miss Hector, pale blue silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Henry, white brocaded silk and chiffon; Miss G. Henry, pale green figured silk, trimmed with jewelled net; Misses Harding (two), cream silk gowns; Miss Holmes, black satin and lace; Miss Hislop, pale blue silk and chiffon; Miss Hickson, pink, trimmed with red Abbon and lace; Miss Hamilton, black satin, with white lace; Miss Hutchison, green brocade, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Hirschberg, yellow brocade and white lace; Miss Hardy, Johnston, black silk; Miss Izard, pink silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Johnston, white mervilleux gown; Miss Krull (Wanganui), black, spotted silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Lankley, pink; Miss Lee, black velvet, trimmed with white lace; Mrs Lingard, pink silk; Miss — Lingard,

white silk and lace; Miss Medley, yellow brocade, trimmed with white lace; Mrs Moleneux, soft white silk and lace; Miss McKellar, pale blue silk; Miss McGregor, yellow silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Pearce, rich white satin and lace; Miss Phazarzyn, white silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Powles, soft white gown; Miss Quick, pink silk, trimmed with handsome passementerie; Miss Richardson, black velvet and chiffon; Miss Reid, yellow mervilleux, trimmed with lace; Miss G. Reid (debutante), white satin, trimmed accordion chiffon; Miss Stavelly, white silk; Miss Stowe, pale blue satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Seddon, cream watered silk, trimmed with chiffon and flowers; Miss Stewart, blue crepe gown; Miss Skerrett, cream brocade, with flowers on bodice; Miss Stuart, soft white silk and lace; Miss Stafford, white satin, trimmed with jewelled net; Miss D. Tripe (debutante), white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Misses Tolhurst (two), white satin and chiffon gowns; Miss Walker, white silk; Miss Williams, white satin, in the bodice of white chiffon; Miss A. Williams (debutante), white satin, the bodice trimmed with pearls; Miss Wilson, white silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Young, pale blue silk and chiffon.

Amongst the gentlemen were Sir James Hector, Sir Walter Buller, Major Maddocks, Sir Robt. Stout, Sir Arthur Douglas, Bishop Wallis, Archdeacon Fancourt, Hon. W. C. Walker, etc.

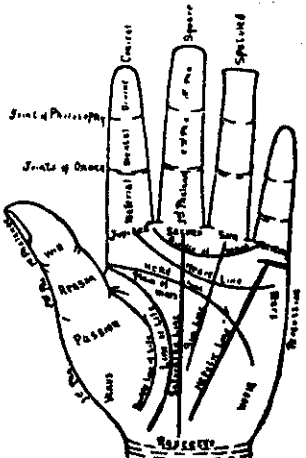
The following afternoon the Countess of Ranfurly gave a very large 'At Home' in honour of Admiral Pearson. About fifteen hundred people were present, and were courteously received by His Excellency the Governor, Lady Ranfurly, and Admiral Pearson. Minnie's band supplied some appreciated music, and there was a liberal supply of refreshments in the drawing-room. Lady Ranfurly looked very sweet in rose pink silk under beautifully embroidered muslin. Lady Constance Knox also wore the same shade of silk with lace insertion.

In the evening Admiral Pearson entertained the Vice-Regal party, Bishop and Mrs Wallis, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Colonel and Mrs Pole Penton, etc.

CHIROMANCY

Or the SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

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



Lay your hand, palm downwards, on

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

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

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

Any reader of the "New Zealand Graphic" can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature or "some 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.



The engagement is announced of Mr Collin Le Quesne to Miss Nellie Edmiston, of Ponsonby, Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR ALLEN TO MISS SEARSON.

A very quiet marriage was solemnized in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on Thursday, 19th of May, when Miss Mary (Minnie) A. Searson, second daughter of Mr John Searson, Clerk of the City District Court, Sydney, N.S.W., was united to Mr Stuart Cecil Allen, second son of Mr John Allen, S.M., Bleenheim, the officiating minister being the Rev. T. H. Spratt. The bride looked lovely in white silk with chiffon frills and bunches of beige ribbon, the bodice being of silk, and goffered chiffon with a spray of orange blossom. The train was of handsome white broche, trimmed with sprays of orange blossom and white heather. An embroidered tulle veil, held in place with a coronet of orange blossom, and a handsome bouquet of hot house flowers, completed a very chic bridal costume.

The bridesmaids were Miss Addie Searson, sister of the bride, Miss Nora Allen, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Birnie Stevenson, all in simple frocks, and floral ornaments. Mr E. J. A. Stevenson of the Government Audit Department, performed the duties of the bride's father, and Mr R. W. Percy attended the bridegroom.

After the ceremony the party adjourned to the residence of Mr and Mrs E. J. A. Stevenson of Murphy-street, where the orthodox speeches and toasts were indulged in, and afternoon tea served out.

The bride's going away dress was of dark green cloth trimmed with handsome fur, green hat to match, trimmed with white ostrich plumes and large bows of pale blue silk.

The bridegroom's presents were:— To the bride: A very valuable diamond ring, a gold brooch set with diamonds, and a beautifully chased silver card case. To the bridesmaids: Each a gold brooch, representing a pair of doves fastened together with a chain. The happy pair proceeded to the Hutt by train, where a brief honeymoon will be spent. After that

they will proceed to furnish their residence in Wellington.

MR MCKENZIE TO MISS HARDING.

On Wednesday afternoon last the wedding of Mr Duncan Alexander McKenzie, youngest son of the Minister for Lands, to Miss Priscilla May Harding, took place at Khandallah.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr M. P. Cameron, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, the Right Rev. Father Devoy, Vicar General, officiating.

The bride, who looked charming in her travelling gown, was given away by her brother, Mr R. L. Harding, and was attended by Miss Gerty Harding as bridesmaid, Mr Geo. Ross officiating as best man.

The Hon. Mr McKenzie provided a special train from Wellington to Khandallah, for the convenience of the Wellington wedding guests, amongst whom were the Right Hon. the Premier and Mrs Seddon, the Honourables J. McKenzie, W. Hall-Jones, T. Thompson, W. C. Walker, J. Carroll, J. G. Ward, Mrs and Miss Walker, and Messrs O. Macwhinney, W. Crow, M. Marks, Mr and Mrs A. E. Hislop, Messrs J. C. McKerrrow, and F. J. Moutl, Mr and Mrs Gray, Mr W. Williams, Mr and Mrs Paton, Mrs T. K. MacDonald, and many others. The train left the Government station at 10.30 p.m., returning during the afternoon.

After the wedding ceremony the guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast, the health of the bride and bridegroom, proposed in a felicitous speech by the Premier, and responded to by the bridegroom, being drunk in bumpers of champagne.

After doing honour to many other toasts, and spending a most enjoyable afternoon, a procession was formed, and headed by the piper, wended its way to the station, where the happy pair left by the 1.40 train to spend the honeymoon in the Manawatu.

Before the wedding party dispersed most successful photographic groups

were taken by Mr T. K. MacDonald, and Mr M. P. Cameron.

Mr and Mrs Duncan McKenzie were the recipients of many most beautiful presents from all parts of New Zealand.

MR MANNING TO MISS REES.

On May 25, at the residence of the bride's parents, Riverside, Shelly Beach, Auckland, a very bright and dainty wedding was solemnised by the Rev. T. F. Robertson—Mr Arthur Edward Manning, of Hamilton, to Miss Nesta Wynn Rees, second daughter of Mr William Joseph Rees.

The drawing-room was made festive for the occasion, and the ceremony took place under an arch of graceful palms and white flowers round the bay window, from the centre of which was suspended a floral horseshoe, the decoration making a worthy setting for the picturesque bridal group.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty and winsome in a soft white figured China silk trained gown, the bodice was designed with a shirred yoke, edged with a deep frill of Valenciennes lace and a pearl garniture across the yoke, the skirt was draped on front and sides in vandykes with lace. She wore a tulle veil, tiara fashion, on her hair, which fell in soft folds, and she carried an exquisite shower bouquet of choice white flowers. The bridegroom's gift was a handsome gold ring set in rubies and diamonds.

Miss Gwendia Rees was maid of honour, and looked graceful in a cream Sicilian cloth flecked with silk, the bodice was arranged with lace, and a bright yellow silk square tucked yoke and finished with silk butterfly bows and shoulders and points of yoke, and edged with rucked silk trimming. Her lovely bouquet was composed of yellow chrysanthemums and tiny sunflowers. The bridegroom's souvenir was a pretty gold bangle with large amethyst.

Mr Wilfred Manning acted as best man. The guests, who were limited

to relatives, were entertained at afternoon tea, after which they wended their way to the library, where good wishes were expressed in silver, gold, and other kinds of household and personal articles.

Mr and Mrs Manning left later on for their honeymoon, the bride looking charming in a costume of myrtle green with touches of pale blue.

Mrs Rees (bride's mother) wore a handsome peacock blue and black bengaline, bodice trimmed with rich black silk braiding; Mrs Manning, grey figured silk lustre gown with silver passementerie and lace; Mrs Chapman, black gown trimmed with brocade and jet; Miss May Rees looked charming in a brown velveteen dress with full vest and narrow frills on epaulettes of brown corded silk; Misses Jean and Gladys Rees wore grey shot with green dresses, with green silk shoulder straps and bands covered with ecru lace insertion; Miss Manning, myrtle green gown, Russian bodice with white silk revers; Miss Ivy Manning, navy blue trimmed with white; Mrs Self, pretty Gobelie blue corded silk blouse arranged with pearl passementerie and white silk lace, dark skirt; Mrs T. Robertson, black silk gown, white lace collar and cuffs; Miss Scott, black satin blouse, black crepon skirt; Miss Mabel Scott, stylish green cloth costume; Miss M. Scott, green cloth dress with pleated Russian blouse; Mrs W. Manning, black satin; Mrs Armstrong, brown cloth costume trimmed with brown silk and passementerie; Miss Johnson, violet velvet blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ivy Johnson, green costume trimmed with green silk; Miss Billington, brown velvet Russian velvet blouse edged with bronze passementerie, brown skirt; Miss Yates, navy costume, shirred cream silk full vest; Miss Evelyn Yates, red dress trimmed with black, etc.

He Wanted a Dog Biscuit.—(Scene: A public eating-house)—Pert youth addresses waitress: Bring me one of your dog biscuits, missa. 'Yea, sir, if you'll promise to eat it on the mat.'

WHERE WOMEN RULE.

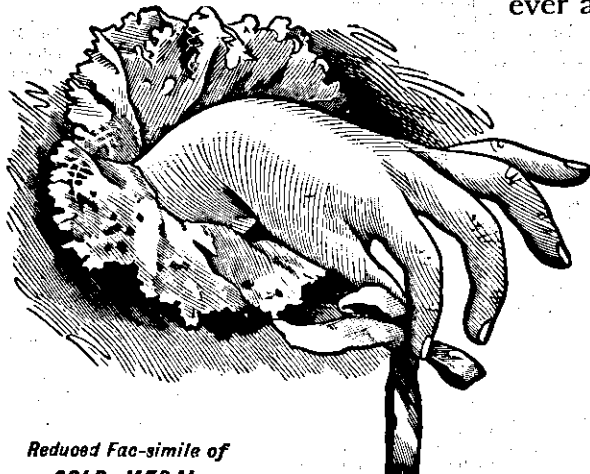
A type of civilisation utterly unknown elsewhere is found among the Naiars, on the Malabar coast of India. Here, according to a recent writer, the husband is only an incident in the social organisation. The Naiars are of Brahmin origin, and much above the average inhabitants of India in intelligence and in the administration of their native government. Better native schools are found here than elsewhere in India, and a surprising degree of domestic contentment, notwithstanding the removal of the usual domestic conditions. Woman's power is autocratic and absolute. She wins or divorces a husband at will. She frames and administers the law by which she lives, and through her is the descent of the property, which he may earn, but not own. The rice field is his native arena, and, if industrious and frugal—proving himself capable of maintaining a family—some Naiar maid invites him to become her husband.

The successful man of eligible years is wooed and won as is the fortunate and accomplished maiden of our country. The impropriety of manifesting affection for a woman before it is solicited is thoroughly instilled into the mind of the Naiar man, and, while the strife between natural tendencies and national custom may sometimes approach the nature of an irrepressible conflict, to yield in ruin and humiliation is irremediable. The eligible bachelor must await an avowal of love and choice, and suffer in silence if it be long withheld.

A Pessimist.—The Wife: 'This is the third night this week you've come home intoxicated!' The Husband: 'Don't always look on the darkish side of things, m'dear. Let's have a chat about the four nightish I came home sober.'

The ONLY GOLD MEDAL

ever awarded at any International Exhibition in the world for Toilet Soap was obtained by



Reduced Fac-simile of GOLD MEDAL awarded by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1889.



Pears

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

DR. WILLIAMS'



FOR ..

PINK PILLS

PALE PEOPLE.

Make Rich Blood. They enable Bloodless People to Resist the Wintry Cold.

HER HEAD ACHED AND SHE WAS SALLOW AND SLEEPY.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPHANT ANAEMIA CURE.

So many of the fair sex in Australasia suffer from the distressing symptoms of anaemia, induced in most cases undoubtedly by climatic conditions, that it is satisfactory to note a reliable remedy has at last been found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, to successfully combat this beauty destroying disease.

Mrs Lee, of 380, Sussex-street, Sydney, is one lady amongst many who amply verifies this latter statement.

'I was never very robust,' she explained to a reporter who recently visited her, 'although up to September last year I enjoyed fairly good health. From then, however, I gradually lost my good health and animation; I grew pallid in appearance, white about the gums, and I felt dull, sleepy and depressed. In fact, the alteration in my appearance was so marked that all my friends noticed it; nor could I disguise my decline from myself, for the looking glass assured me of it. I continually felt very depressed and despondent, and I lost my appetite completely. I also suffered greatly from headaches, with shortness of breath upon the slightest exertion. As my condition grew worse and worse, I became alarmed, and consulted a doctor. I obtained no permanent benefit, however. I then spent a good deal of money in tonics, at the suggestion of different chemists, but these also proved quite ineffectual. Becoming more despondent each day, because all hope of my recovery seemed futile, I read in an evening paper one of the cures of anaemia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The symptoms described were so similar to my own that I determined to try this remedy. I did so, and I can candidly say that the results exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I bought three boxes to start with, and I carefully followed the directions. After using the first box I felt a decided improvement, which daily increased as I continued taking them. I took in all five boxes of the Pills, and I was then as well as ever. Pink Pills have alone effected my cure, as with the exception of a laxative I took no other medicine.

SEVERE NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A FARMER'S VITALITY RESTORED.

'I hear, Mr Batchelor,' said a reporter recently to that gentleman at his farm, Horton River, N.S.W., 'that you have just experienced a remarkable recovery from a very long illness.'

'I have, indeed.'

'Would you mind narrating the particulars of your case to us for publication?'

'Certainly I will, for I think the case is one which should have all the publicity possible. I am sixty-five years of age, and have been resident in this district for about twelve years. Prior to my coming here, I had always enjoyed the best of health, and I had been accustomed to work very hard. About six years ago, however, all my energy seemed to gradually desert me. I suffered acutely and constantly from pains in my limbs, lost my appetite, and for months at a stretch I did not know what it was to get a good night's sleep. Work of the very lightest nature at last became beyond



the question with me, and I could do nothing but sit by the window and content myself by watching the others work the farm. I gave up all hope of ever being able to do any more work, and almost believed that every week which commenced would be my last. In my endeavours to stay the ravages of the ailment which had overtaken me, and was gradually drawing me into the grave, I tried innumerable so-called cures, and swallowed an unconscionable quantity of medical compounds, but beyond giving me temporary relief occasionally, they, none of them, did me any good; in fact, I honestly believe that the majority of them only aggravated my sufferings. I was just on the point of giving up in despair a few months back when I happened to read in a newspaper of

some wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I determined to give them a trial. After taking the first box I felt considerably relieved, and so marked was the improvement I noticed in my strength that I decided to continue their use. I did so, and up to the present time I have taken five boxes. My inability has all disappeared, and I am pleased to say that to-day I am as strong and hearty as I ever was in my life. It is no trouble to me to do a day's farm work now, and I feel quite equal to the task of walking at least thirty miles a day. Everyone who knows me can testify to the great cure these Pills have effected in me, and in recommending them for similar cases to mine I can honestly say that they are worth more than their weight in gold. If everybody knew their true value there would be no other medicines sold.'

FEVER AND INFLUENZA.

MISS IDA HOLBEIN'S EXPERIENCE.

Miss Ida Holden, whose private address is 3 Victoria Parade, Melbourne, is a talented young descriptive vocalist, who has won laurels at the Alhambra, Sydney, with the Coghill Brothers, with Messrs York and Jones, and with other companies. She has recently been fulfilling a seven months' engagement in West Australia, a place where the sanitary arrangements are such as to make visitors fearful, of, and consequently especially susceptible to, any epidemic. Miss Holbein writes:

'Whilst in West Australia I was attacked by influenza, and as I had heard so much about sickness in the West, I felt very bad.

'What with burning head and pains I felt like to die. I knew that I could not do justice to myself or to my work. The doctor could only give me the consolation that the attack must wear itself out, and that I must be patient. I could not be patient, and my friends, seeing that the feverish symptoms were growing worse, determined to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting under their advice I took several boxes. The effect has been marvellous. The fever and the influenza rapidly disappeared, and have left no trace behind, except my gratitude to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company for having placed their Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People before the public of Australia.'

AN EMINENT AUSTRALIAN ACTOR

MR DAN BARRY CURED OF GENERAL DEBILITY.

There is no man with whom the theatrical and theatre-going people of Australasia are better acquainted than Mr Dan Barry, the popular actor-

manager of the Alexandra Theatre, Melbourne. Recently one of our representatives paid a visit to him at his office, and he courteously granted a request for a few minutes' conversation.

'My life has been a varied one,' said Mr Barry. 'A theatrical manager has much to do mentally, and as a result, I commenced to feel the strain some two years ago. Frequently I felt, mentally and physically, quite exhausted. I was also affected with neuralgia in my head, which often seriously interfered with my duties. At night my sleep was restless and of no recuperative benefit, and my illness commenced to tell on me so seriously that I consulted a medical man. He told me that my system had run down, and that I wanted a tonic. It did me no good, however, and a second doctor's advice also proved futile. Noticing my indisposition, a fellow-professional suggested I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I followed his advice, and purchased a supply. After using these pills for six weeks I found myself free from all signs of debility and its attendant ills, and fully recovered in spirits and health; in short, Richard was himself again.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a perfect blood builder and a nerve restorer, curing such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, general debility, nervous prostration, the after effects of the grippe, influenza, and severe colds, dengue and typhoid fevers, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for all troubles peculiar to the female system, such as poor and watery blood, female irregularities, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). Experiencing any difficulty in obtaining the genuine Dr. Williams' send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., who will forward (post paid) on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for 3/ or half-a-dozen for 16/8.



A BOHEMIAN.

(By Walter E. Grogan.)

He was a Bohemian—a real Bohemian. There was nothing ideal about him. Bohemianism has had its face washed, its hair brushed, and its neckties ironed and tied in a neat manner underneath its transformed face. It has been transferred from Grub-street to Mayfair, and sips hot tea out of priceless china. All its pewter pots and briar-root pipes are taken away, and in their stead are exquisite glasses and excellent cigars. But all that is left of Bohemianism in this new idealised form is the name. All its vices have been elevated, and its one virtue, honesty, has been discarded.

He was a real Bohemian, and lived in Grub-street. He was a hack writer, and his friends were hack artists, men who sold their birthright, genius, talent, knack, what you will, to commercial men for a mess of pottage—that is beer and beefsteaks, and whisky and strong tobacco.

He was old—over forty, and unmarried. Bohemianism rarely marries—not from matters of prudence, but from inclination. Possibly Bohemianism, without a collar and a thick, unkempt beard, is not attractive to women, and therefore a lack of opportunity unites with a lack of inclination.

He did not know that he was old, for there is little account taken of age in Bohemia. From the boy who has still to pass through his schools to the old man who is almost past work, and is, pathetically enough, fullest of hope, they are all equal in age as they are in position. It is a Republic of Goodwill, and the president is often the laziest and the cleverest of them.

He was, by common consent, President of their own private Republic. He was certainly clever, he was undoubtedly lazy. His articles were too wild to meet with much success. Editors had fought shy of his work because of its lurid luminosity, and now, when he wanted money, he was 'ghost' to sundry kid-gloved journalists and authors, who carefully adapted his work, taking out the heart of it, clothing the nakedness of its truth, and calling it their own. At which sometimes he laughed, and sometimes swore, as the mood took him, doing all things largely, standing up before his fellows without collar, and with

ruffled hair all spotted with the ink drops from his pen.

At the New Year he often made good resolutions. Some years he would sweep his rooms of rubbish, burn some pipes, and then, disgusted and uneasy at the change, go out and buy enough whisky to make him drunk. Other years he wrote articles or tales such as timid editors might not fear to take, and then, reading them over, make a funeral pyre of them.

"It is not life," he would say. "I cannot write of what I do not know. I have seen life as a wolf. I have seen life raging, struggling, tormenting, fighting, but the life that comes with kid gloves and a passion for bric-a-brac—I know not."

He was not a drunkard, but often in his more reckless moods he drank too much. His language, too, was coarse—as language is apt to be in real Bohemia. Mayfair Bohemia does not understand that. When a real Bohemian is lured into the aesthetic drawing-rooms, and the daintily-garbed ladies lisp prettily of their Bohemianism, he struggles to hide a wild inclination to chuckle loudly. If they could only step into one of the haunts of the real Bohemian and see the mode of his life, they would draw their dainty skirts very tightly about them and step out again as quickly as they could.

He was a Bohemian. No one ever questioned it, no one, perhaps, took sufficient interest in him to question. He was wild, uncouth, a man of big aims and little results—as many are in that rough kingdom.

Once someone—the someone was a man who had sojourned in Bohemia in his salad days, who had drunk and cursed and worked with them when a student at the life school—made an effort at his reformation. In a weak moment he consented to go to the man's studio, to sit and talk and drink tea before a big picture. The man hinted at soap and water, and he, swearing volubly, had dashed recklessly at it, and had even broken a comb tearing at his beard. Then he went, rugged, queer, a huge man in shabby garments which somehow contrived to lend him some nameless, unfathomable dignity, and sat down among the inhabitants of make-believe Bohemia, and felt uncomfortable.

The man—he was christened John, an honest English name, and had changed it to Clarence since the critics had increased the price of his pictures—met him at the threshold, and, half ashamed, introduced him to a few of his friends. He had been kind in his rough, uncouth way to the lad when times were hard and the dealers were over-stocked, and Clarence had remembered—which was strange, as memory is unstable with the successful. It was in the nature of things that his remembrance should, in the sequel, prove the cruellest thing he could have fastened upon his former companion. Very often the best in us is the means of misery to others.

Among those to whom he was introduced was a young girl. She was young enough to have ideals. Having ideals, womanlike she looked about for a peg upon which to hang them. The peg did not matter, for the ideals clothed it. Unluckily, she chose the roughest peg she could find, and, sitting down, worshipped the ideal she hung before her, under the impression that it and the peg were one.

She was very fair to look upon. Even men who had been appraising women for years, with critical and fastidious taste, agreed upon that point. They also said she had no soul, for being soulless themselves, they allowed the possession to none but those who were like unto them. Unfortunately, she had, and in the society in which she moved it was a decided discomfort to her. It was therefore natural that she should long for a sphere beyond her own. Therefore she chose the first that touched her, as saving trouble.

She saw that he was different. He came into the studio and went straight up to the picture and looked. For some time he said nothing, while the crowd chattered volubly about breadth, and handling, and foreshortening, matters which they did not understand. The picture was one of Mary Magdalene. Clarence, in deference to public opinion, had suggested the features of a well-known lady who was the last sensational visitant to the Divorce Courts. The Mary was handsome, and sleek, and

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, coarseness, redness, freckles or pimples. Deliciously and extensively perfumed. ONE SHILLING PER TABLET. Doctor's certificate with each case, certifying to its harmlessness, purity, and beautifying qualities. Beware of injurious imitations. MADAME ADELINA PATTI writes: "I had Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap most excellent." This soap cures oily and greasy skin.

DR. MACKENZIE'S FACE LOTION is not greasy, does not contain Glycerin, and is absolutely harmless. By tightening the skin it quickly removes all wrinkles, lines, crowfeet, or puffiness under the eyes, it keeps the skin soft and rosy, and in summer will entirely prevent and quickly remove freckles; whilst for excessive perspiration, wrinkles or enlarged pores, it is matchless. Price 3s per bottle (large bottle, 6s). This Lotion prevents the growth of superfluous hairs on the face. Delicious in hot climates. S. HARVEY, LTD., 5, DENMAN STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, ENGLAND, or at all Chemists and Stores.

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ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF

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The Celebrated Author, **MRS. E. LYNN LINTON**, says—

"I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but have an extraordinary 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 test of your preparation."

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

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

The medicine that has cured others will cure you.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

AYER'S PILLS A GENTLE PURGATIVE.

contented, despite the theatrical tragedy depicted in her face.

'You have forgotten sorrow, John,' was all he said.

She asked him afterwards what he meant.

'Sorrow gets hold of the heart,' he answered. 'It pulls and pulls. The face becomes the index of the passion. Sorrow, such as hers, would burn—God, what does he mean by painting such trickery? It is cheap tragedy—the conventional sorrow which is as unreal as the world.'

'You know sorrow?' she asked.

'Know it?' he blurted in answer, his hands clenching as they always clenched in the great bursts of his opinions. 'I know it through and through. So did he when he saw it daily in the streets. Then he knew life: now they have given him success, and he paints conventional things, things which have no meaning, and which men cannot misunderstand. Know sorrow! I am over the edge of forty a long way, and since I was a lad—since I ran away to make a fortune, a mere boy—I have seen it every day. Gripping sorrow—sorrow which fills life and makes it black in front and behind. It's a hell, a writhing hell, and we sit and laugh lest the horror gets us by the heart!'

'Laugh?' she echoed.

'How could we live otherwise? Oh, yes, it's their fault. They trust and believe, and we are all damned cads, everyone of us. Some of us get through and wash our garments, and—look here, I knew a woman who believed, and she found sorrow, and I was the only one at her funeral. You don't know what that means. If you were to die—if he were to die—there would be a funeral with a string of people, who, out of common decency, would see you put under the ground. I stood by her grave alone—alone, mind you, and the gravedigger just clucked in the mould and jumped on it, grumbling that there was not enough made out of the job to get drunk on. I didn't know her much—I knew her story, but not her, and I went—God knows why I went—I don't. She drank herself to death, but before that—once she was a woman, and she found sorrow, and her face—if men painted such faces as hers was then, we could not bear it. It's best, I suppose, to paint this sort of thing—but it isn't true.'

She looked up at him narrowly. He was rough, badly dressed, unconven-

tional. He seemed as much out of place in the studio as a lion in a cage. In her heart she knew that he was honest. Honesty attracted her—it does some people. The ruggedness of his speech, the directness of his words, all struck her with the force of novelty. Then she began to worship.

'You do not paint?' she asked.

'He looked at her good humouredly. 'No, I don't paint, but I have the smell of turpentine in me. I scribble, no one prints it. Perhaps it is as well. Some of the sleek journalists sub-edit my work, and are good enough not to let me starve.'

'Sub-edit?' 'Yes. Cut out the heart of it and put in sawdust. Speak not of evil, they say, only suggest it. Oh, the world is a humorous ball. I could write a book of life that would make some of you well-dressed people shudder, and, mind you, it would be life, real, seething life. No over-cultivation, no forcing of sins in a hothouse. Just the pure essence of life.'

'You have seen much?' More and more was she fascinated with the strange, rough man.

'Ay, life and death. Death is pretty easy if it comes in a row in a drinking shop, or catches you by the lungs and chokes you; but life—life is so damned hard that you have just got to shut your eyes and grin. I remember being at an operation once.'

'You have been a medical student?' He ran his fingers through his wild hair, and lay back laughing in his chair. The chair creaked ominously, and the people stared at the full-throated laughter. He stopped ruefully at the creaking of the chair, but he was unconscious of the staring. She blushed hotly at it, and hated them—not him.

'I have been most things. I studied medicine because I wanted to find out how people died. I was at an operation once. They brought in a poor devil—he was a low ruffian—with a bullet in his side. The surgeon lectured to us, and then probed for the lead, and we crowded round to see. Not one of us thought of the poor devil on the table. They did not give him chloroform because—well, because he would have gone under as sure as fate. He was strapped down so that he could not move. The pain must have been worse than hell. Yet through it all he lay with shut eyes, grinning. When the bullet was found it was not of much use to him. He was as dead as a stone, and the grin had frozen on his face. That is what I mean by living one's life with shut eyes and a grin.'

She shuddered at the narrative, and he regarded her curiously.

'I ought not to have told you—I am not used to meeting people like you. It was a mistake coming here.'

'No, not a mistake.' She leaned towards him. He looked at her and her eyes fell. He continued looking at her. He saw that she was very fair. Her hair curled round pink shell-like ears. He suddenly became aware of the existence of many charms. Then he rose.

'Where are you going?' she demanded beseechingly.

'Out of here. I am not fit for it—it is not fit for me. It was a mistake.'

'Don't go,' she pleaded dreamily. 'I am interested in you—in your conversation. You go to the heart of things—these talk only of the fringe.'

So he stayed, and they talked. He told her much—he painted life in strong lurid pigments, he spoke of his wild experiences, he related many stories belonging to the driftwood of life. He was a man who could talk—he never made conversation. He had been in strange lands. He had seen death in strange guises. For the first time she had met someone of whom she could say, 'This is a man.'

Thus it was that she fell under the spell, and when he went out into the early evening air he felt a change in the atmosphere of life.

He was not a boy. Years ago he had grown out of that state which willfully abstains from thought. Day by day he resolved that he would not see her again. Day by day the resolution was broken. Not from want of firmness, but from over modesty. When the remembrance of her soft ways and the light of her eyes was strong upon him, he felt the need of absolute severance, for her sake. When the remembrance faded a little he called himself a conceited fool, and went back to her for his own sake. For himself he never thought, and

the friendship was very dear to him. When it was an end—well, then he could go back to the old life.

His companions in Bohemia noted that he never got drunk. Beyond that he was not changed—except that when he cleared them out of his rooms in his old abrupt way it did not seem that he was suffering from the blues. At which they wondered. Some held that he was courting the Philistines, and would in due course produce a novel, conventional in its portrayal of life. Those who were older and knew him better spurned the idea, yet wondered all the more. The kid-glove journalists to whom he was ghost-wondered at a new note in his work, which was not unlike a rough attempt at tenderness. They only smiled, however, for it saved them some labour in putting in conventional touches.

She grew more and more fascinated. They were many reasons why she should not love him, therefore she did.

She had been fashioned in that school which dwarfs all passions into emotions, and because of former repression her love was passionate. It is in the nature of love to be different to the life of its devotee. She loved him so intensely that she forgot herself in it, which was a curious thing for a young girl to do. She dressed well to please him, not to please herself, because of his admiration. If she had only known that he never took heed of what she wore it might have saved her trouble.

'She had lace at her throat, or a handkerchief, something white,' he said to himself one night when he was more than usually contemplative. 'Her dress was—what does it matter? I don't know—I can't remember. Something that did not wholly conceal her form, and after that, her eyes—I can remember only her eyes. I wonder what they would look like with the greys of pain in them.' God grant that I may never know.'

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Being a man he would shield her from what he was steadily building up.

Matters drifted easily for a few weeks. They met frequently—quite three times a week. At first he haunted the studio of his friend, to their mutual discomfort. His rough, true criticism disturbed the man who worked for the critics and his patrons, both equally ignorant of Art. For all that it woke some echo of incense-days, and his next picture was a little less conventional.

Then they met in the parks at unfashionable hours when no one remarked the roughness of his garb, or the beauty of hers. They even watched the growing blur of the evening around the trees and railings, and the twinkling lights dawn like living jewels bedecking a dead body. They spoke no word of love, but love was ever present. It whispered in the silence, it was an echo to his impassioned tirades against all things that be. She grew more and more to see with his eyes. His rough outbursts were not without power, and she recognised this and disregarded the waywardness of his moods.

One night he paced his shabby room with nervous energy. The room was small, and he brushed often against the few articles which were mostly congregated in inconvenient places. He seemed unconscious of the havoc of overturned furniture, and books, and pipes. His hair stood out stubbornly over his head, his shirt was unfastened at the throat, and his coat was ragged, and stained with burns, and the spilling of whisky. As he strode he muttered to himself in brief gasps, like the sharp gusts of a coming storm.

'It must end. It cannot go on like this. Life is too full of ends—ends which are hopelessly final. I thought myself strong. What a fool man is when he believes in his strength! There is nothing strong but passion and—what have I taught her? Truth, the world as it is, and—t may be more. Who knows? If she has come to—care for me! What a mockery of fate! What a tragedy! Oh, God! it would be the love of a child for a mangled toy, the love of a mother for a cripple! It must end. I must break it. I have no part in her life. We have walked a few yards together, she in the sunlight, I in the shadow of the edge of the wood, that is all. Now I must plunge back into the wood. It will be darker, but—there will be the sunshine for her. Perhaps. There is the sting. I, who have sworn by my honesty—who have called all men liars but myself—have cheated her.'

He stopped suddenly in his pacing and then laughed. It was not his usual full, ringing laugh. It was higher pitched and had a strange inconsistency. He threw himself into his arm-chair. It creaked, for it was growing old, and the springs were obtrusive.

He selected a pipe, filled and lit it, laughing queerly in spasmodic bursts.

'So I have come down to raving like the hero of a woman's novel! What is she but an over-dressed doll? Women are dolls—some are clever enough to deceive one—but they are all dolls—no soul, no heart, only sawdust. She is the same, soulless.' He did not believe himself, so he repeated the word 'soulless' with savage emphasis.

'It is an episode. I have strayed into the abominable temples of the

Philistines, and the cursed incense has made a fool of me. I have the smell of it in my nostrils. Gad! I must get back into the clearer, stronger air of Bohemia. I have been a fool, and the folly—' He paused, and watched the smoke from his pipe curling upward.

Presently he became aware of a low knocking at his door. He listened absently for a few moments. Then he swore.

'Get out!' he cried, roughly. 'I am wearing sackcloth and ashes, and am no decent society for any man. I cannot stand any of you to-night. Get drunk in some one else's rooms!'

The knocking went on persistently. He became curious, got up, growling and flung back the door.

'You!' he cried.

'Yes, I—I have come,' she answered, passing in.

He stared at her. She was in evening dress. She wore no hat, but a hooded opera cloak was slung round her. Her white shoes were muddied with the streets.

'God!' he cried. 'Get out! You can't come here.'

'I have come,' she answered, calmly, slipping off the cloak. He saw that her neck was white, and her arms round and soft.

'You don't know what you are doing.' He began to feel helpless and inert. He stood fronting her with his pipe in his hand, and his great brown throat swelling through the open collar of his shirt.

'Yes, I know. I have come to you, following my heart and my soul.'

She was very beautiful, and for a moment he wavered. Then he remembered, and grew rough.

'It is ruin for you.'

'No, it is life! I have come because there is no higher law than love. I love you. You know that. So I have come.'

She looked very out of place in the shabby room. She was as incongruous as an honest man in Society.

He took a deep breath and then spoke.

'You are doing a foolish thing. You think it is heroic. That is because you are ignorant. You are throwing away all your chances of happiness in life, and the chances for the best of us are very small. You are doing just what a foolish romantic girl would do. Get out into the streets and home. You come to me. Why? To please yourself. Because there is novelty in it. Because you are sick of security. I don't want you. Go!'

She started, and gazed at him earnestly.

'You don't want me?' she said, slowly.

'No,' he answered. It cost him much to utter the lie, even though he felt that it was honest.

'It is false—you love me,' she said, but there was an uncertainty in her accent.

'I love no woman. All women are fools—and worse. You amuse me. Go!'

She looked at him appealingly, and he laughed. Then she gathered up her cloak mechanically and went out with bowed head and a strangled sob.

For some minutes he remained standing, looking at the empty framework of the door. Then, putting his pipe into his mouth absent-mindedly, he found that it had gone out. He crossed to the fireplace and relit it. He looked at the fire with a wrinkled brow, then kicked the fender savagely.

Later that evening he burst in on McPherson, who did stray articles in the evening papers, and played the violin execrably in the small hours of the morning. McPherson was spending the results of a week's hard work in a royal supper to his section of Bohemia.

The advent was hailed with riotous satisfaction.

'Where have you been?' cried McPherson.

'Hovering between Hell and Paradise—places equally bad to live in. Give me strong waters to wash out the taste.'

'Was it a woman?' asked a younger man, who knew him but of late.

'A woman!' growled the rest, incredulously.

He laughed hugely at the joke—and his laughter silenced the others, for it had in it a new and a strange note.

That night two of his friends carried him home dead drunk. She went throughout the long hours, more from self-pity than from disappointed love.

Let her remember, and she forgot—West End Review.

RESPECT WON BY SPECTACLES.

In Spain during the seventeenth century the wearing of spectacles by both sexes was a mark of social eminence. Although they were not necessary, many wore them while eating or attending public functions—such as theatres, concerts and bull fights—so that the owners might demand respect

from those with whom they might be compelled to come in contact. The size of the spectacles was a matter of important consideration, just as carriages and men servants are nowadays. As people's fortunes increased so did the dimensions of their spectacles. The Countess d'Aulnoy assures us that some of the spectacles she has seen worn by the grandes were as large as her head.

AN INVALID FOR FIVE YEARS.
Pale, Emaciated, No Appetite,
COULD NOT WORK.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cured Him.

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



"In 1890 I had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and for nearly five years after the fever left me was a confirmed invalid. I had no appetite; became pale and emaciated, and was unable to work. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I began taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This medicine greatly improved my appetite, restored my liver and stomach to a healthy condition, and now my food digests perfectly and I am better than ever I was in my life. For this I am deeply grateful, and take pleasure in making known to others the value of your Sarsaparilla."

The wonderful success of the great blood purifier

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

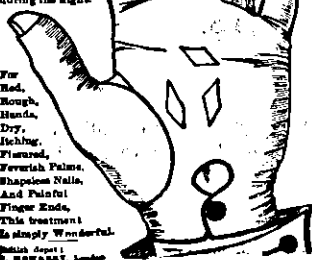
Highest Awards at the World's Great Expositions.

SINCE I WEANED BABY,
I HAVE FED HER UPON

Robinson's
Patent Groat's
twice daily. She is hard as
nails. Of course I used good
milk.

SOFT WHITE HANDS
IN A
SINGLE
NIGHT

Baths on retiring to a warm, hot "soak" of CURTIS'S SOAP. Dry thoroughly and anoint freely with CURTIS'S, and wear old, loose kid gloves (as per cut), during the night.



For Red, Rough, Hand, Dry, Itching, Flannel, Fervent Palm, Shapeless Nails, And Painful Finger Ends. This treatment is simply wonderful. Retail Depot: G. BEVAN & CO., London.

A LESSON FOR THE WEAK.

Do you see that locomotive engine standing on the side-track? Something has broken down about it. There is not a hiss of steam from its valves; it is still and cold as a dead whale on a beach; it can't draw a train; it can't even move itself. Now, tell me, do you believe that any amount of tinkering and hammering at it would make it go? Not a bit. Nothing on earth will make it go except steam in the boiler, and even that won't unless the engine is in order. Everybody knows that, says you. Do they? Then why don't they act on this principle in every case where it applies?

Here is such a case. Writing concerning his wife, a gentleman says:—'In the autumn of 1880 my wife fell into a low, desponding state through family bereavement. Her appetite was poor, and no food, however light, agreed with her. After eating she had pain and tightness at the chest, and a sense of fulness as if swollen around the waist. She was much troubled with flatulence, and had pain at the heart and palpitation. At times she was so prostrated that she was confined to her room for days together and had barely strength to move.'

'At first she consulted a doctor at Ferry Hill, but getting worse, she went to see a physician at Newcastle. The latter gave her some relief, but still she did not get her strength up; and after being under his treatment for six months she discontinued going to him. Better and worse, she continued to suffer for over a year, when she heard of Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup. She began taking it, and soon her appetite revived and her food gave her strength. In a short time she was quite a new woman. Since that time (now nearly 12 years ago) I have always kept this medicine in the house, and if any of my family ail anything a few doses put us right.—Yours truly, (Signed) George Walker, Grocer, etc., Ferry Hill, near Durham, October 25th, 1893.'

We call attention especially to those

words in Mr Walker's letter which are underlined. You can pick them out at a glance. They show how fully he understands where human strength comes from—that it comes from digested food and not from any medicines the doctor or any one else can give us. Let us have no mistake or confusion of mind on this important point.

For example, Mrs Walker was ill with indigestion and dyspepsia. Her symptoms, and how she suffered, her husband tells us. The disease destroyed her power to obtain any strength from food, and Nature suspended her appetite in order that she might not make bad worse by eating what could only ferment in the stomach and fill her blood with the resulting poisons. The only outcome of such a state of things must be pain and weakness—weakness which, continued long enough, must end in absolute prostration and certain death.

Well, then, she failed to get up her strength under the treatment of either doctor. Why? Simply because the medicines they gave her—whatever they may have been—did not cure the torpid and inflamed stomach. If they had cured it then she would have got up her strength exactly as she afterwards did when she took Siegel's Syrup. But the trouble is this: Medicines that will do this are rare. If the doctors possess them they would use them, and cure people with them, of course. Mother Siegel's is one of these rare and effective medicines. If there is another as good the public has not yet been made acquainted with the fact. But even the Syrup does not impart strength; it is not a so-called 'tonic'; there is no such thing. It (the Syrup) cures the disease, drives out the poison, repairs the machine.

Then comes the appetite (all of itself) and digestion and strength. You see the order—the sequence. Yes, Well, please bear it in mind. The mechanics set the engine in order; then the stoker gets up the steam.

And of the human body—the noblest of all machines—Mother Siegel's Syrup is the skilled mechanic.

SPAIN'S CROWN JEWELS.

'In 1817 Joseph Bonaparte's secretary, Maillard, left Philadelphia armed with letters which represented him to be a travelling agent for Girard's commercial house and visiting Girard's correspondents in Holland and Switzerland.' William Perrine writes in the April Ladies' Home Journal. 'His real destination was the Swiss chateau at Prangins, from which the King had fled two years before, and his real object to secure the treasure which had been buried in the ground of the estate on the eve of his flight. Maillard found the buried packets, and with them he would also have brought to Philadelphia Queen Julie if her physicians had not compelled her to renounce the project of joining her husband.'

'The jewels, which were valued at £200,000, were stuffed into a belt, which Maillard wore on his person when returning across the Atlantic, and with which he was gladly received by his master in the Lansdowne house, near Philadelphia. It was about this time that wild rumours began to circulate in Philadelphia concerning the ex-King's riches and of the hoards of specie which he had deposited in the vault of Stephen Girard's Philadelphia bank. Mysterious heavy boxes, sealed with wax, were believed by Girard's clerks to contain the crown jewels of Spain and Naples. One or two old men in recent years, who were then among those clerks, have told how Joseph would sit in the bank talking with them affably while waiting for the great banker.'

HER HOLLOWNESS.

The lights shone o'er fair women and brave men, just as the poet says; for the women who were not fair were very careful not to get under the lights.

'How hollow is this world!' she exclaimed bitterly.

For nobody had come to take her down to supper.

And we are all of us prone to judge the world by ourselves.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, and Incipient Consumption, no remedy approaches Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has long been the most popular and successful anodyne expectorant in Pharmacy, and is everywhere approved and recommended by the Faculty. It soothes the inflamed membrane, breaks up irritating mucus, allays coughing, and induces repose. As a family emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes the lead. For the relief and cure of croup, whooping-cough, sore throat, and all the pulmonary troubles to which the young are so liable, it is invaluable. No household is quite secure without

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
Gold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.

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

JAMES SMITH & CO.

THE ARO HOUSE, Wellington.

Beg to announce the arrival of very extensive consignments of their

NEW FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

—FOR THE—

Autumn and Winter Seasons.

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

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

(LATEST DESIGNS.)

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

THE ARO HOUSE, Wellington.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

The Countess of Ranfurly says:—'I like very much the dresses you have made for me.'
 The Countess of Glasgow, Auckland, writes:—'The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, 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 Empson, Wanganui:—'My dress is a great success.'
 Mrs D. G. Riddford, 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, Kilmuirie:—'My dress is a great success.'
 Mrs Shields, Dunedin:—'Mrs Shields received her gown to-day and is pleased with it.'
 Mrs Y. T. Hitchings, Levin:—'The habit came to hand and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly.'
 Miss Tanner, Napier:—'I received the habit and it fits perfectly.'
 Miss McMaster, Martynboro:—'The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction.'
 Mrs Wilkie, 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. Riddford, Hawera:—'My dress came in time, and fits very nicely. I am very pleased with it.'
 Mrs Sargiant, Wanganui:—'I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it.'
 Mrs MacRae, Masterton:—'My dress and habit are very nice.'
 Mrs H. N. Watson, Patutahi:—'My dress is very satisfactory.'
 Miss Ormond, Wallingford, H.B.:—'I am very pleased with the dress you have just sent me.'
 Mrs C. J. 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. WOOLLAM & 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. WOOLLAM & CO.,

LADIES' TAILORS,
 QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.



HEREAS at the beginning of the season it was rather difficult to know what would be the real keynote of this winter's millinery; now that several modes have been issued, and smart women have given them a fair trial, there is no doubt that drapery, in every form, may claim the first place as a hat and toque trimming. Numberless charming effects can be obtained by well draped velvet or antique satin, and the milliner



A SMART VISITING HAT.

may use her own discretion as to what form the drapery should assume. For instance, one model I noticed the other day at one of the many fashionable native concerts was a small tan felt shape, with the sloping crown arranged all round with

periwinkle blue velvet, pinned in here and puffed out there, so as to rather suggest no forethought at all on the part of the modiste. It was indeed the carelessness of the draping which constituted the main charm of the hat, the model being completed by a handful of fawn wings emerging at the side from the clasp of a bright paste medallion. Another design, which struck me as even daintier and more versatile—as it could be worn with various kinds of gowns—is the charming little velvet hat here illustrated. Black velvet is employed to cover the actual shape in buckram, but the material is drawn very tightly over the crown, so as not to spoil the effect of the over-drapery of antique satin in the most exquisite shade of rose-pink imaginable. This trimming is brought up in folds to the left side, where some black ostrich tips and a pretty buckle complete the very chic and very French model.

Cashmere, velvet, or some soft material is used for the style of frock shown in the second sketch, suitable for a child of ten. The waist is finished with a sash of velvet, and additional warmth given to the



FROCK OF CASHMERE AND VELVET.

shoulders, and style to the frock by a short bolero of velvet, edged with narrow fur. In the model the frock is of grey cashmere, velvet and fur; but as many would prefer colour for children, the same design could be carried out in various shades according to the complexion and hair of the child. Green with grey fur; red and black fur; blue with brown fur; or, rose-colour with brown fur, and so on. The great amount of fur to be used this winter for all sorts and conditions of gowns and coats will not be limited to 'grown-ups' by any means; children's frocks, wraps, hats and hoods being quite as much befurred, though of course, in less massive proportions, or the little figures would look overweighted. Nearly all furs—excepting the very long haired ones, for the foregoing reason—are used for the juvenile modes as for adults. A specially dainty little robe for the best

wear of a suite of three summers was shown me lately by one of our leading juvenile modistes. It was of white surah, smooth fastinin, with cascades of white lace, and finger widths of ermine fur round yoke, cuffs and throat.

The present tendency of Lady Fashion seems to be to make us as slim and willowy as possible. Hence the complete suppression of the inflated sleeves and narrowing of the skirts round the hips. While silks and all soft dressing materials



A SMART PARIS COSTUME.

are made up in the loose blouse form, cloth gowns show an inclination to show off the lines of the bust and waist. Thick hainques certainly lend themselves excellently to the tailor-built or cuirasse style of bodice. The sketch reproduces a smart tight-fitting walking costume, such as is worn by the very best-dressed woman. The dress is carried out in 'gentleman' blue habiting, with a close corsage terminating above the hips. In this very latest Paris design we find quite a novel mode of ornamentation. To almost as high as the knees is introduced a band of thick satin matching the cloth, and over this kind of broad false hem are laid a series of cloth strappings stretched down the centre. The same style of trimming is repeated on the bodice and round the collar, and on the upper portion of the sleeves. Thanks to such a novel treatment, a plain woollen frock may be converted into something attractive at a moderate expenditure.

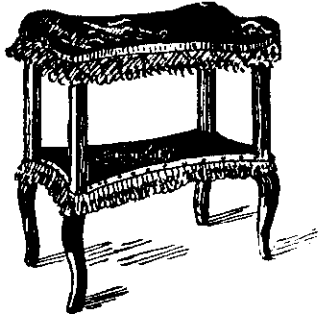
This handsome winter wrap is made in velvet and fur, the velvet having a pretty jet and braid design. The back is drawn in at the centre seam. HELOISE.



NEW WINTER CAPE.

WORK COLUMN.

What an admirable addition a small and dainty table is to any room. But such tables are terribly expensive things to buy, and so very soon get scratched at the top, or marked in some way or another, that one is afraid to have in constant use the beautiful little Chippendales or Sheratons one may possess. Still a number of small tables are necessary, and with a little ingenuity those of white wood that are very cheap, and easily obtained, can be converted into things of beauty and use. In my illustration you will see such an article of furniture, which I manufactured myself without a great deal of trouble or expenditure. The foundation is of ordinary white wood. The legs I gilded, and then stretched two pieces of fine embroidery over the top and lower shelf, finishing them off to make all quite neat with a pretty bit of furniture fringe. 'But, maybe you will say, "it is not such an easy matter to upholster a table as it seems," so let me give you one or two hints on the subject. Perhaps you will have a table of this description, the covering of which has become shabby and ought to be renewed. Well, in that case, the first thing to be done is to rip off the old material, carefully taking out all the tacks as you come to them. For this part I advise you to wear an old pair of gloves, as you are otherwise very likely to hurt your hands. The work must be carefully done. If the rough covering of the stuffing is at all worn it is better to renew that also, and the old stuffing should be pulled out and evenly relaid in order to make it much softer and smoother. Of course, it will be very thin even if there is any at all. The tools that you use should be light, but of a good make, for very often a woman's want of success in this branch of work is owing to her having taken the first or any tools she came across. The tiny black tacks, which are sold by the ounce, are those used for



A USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL TABLE.

furniture covering, and the choice of fancy brass nails is almost unlimited. It must be remembered that these nails can never be driven into the wood unless a hole has first been bored with a gimlet. The ornamental nail should then be slipped in with a slight tap on its head. For the little table in my sketch, furniture brocade would be very pretty if you have not any embroidery suitable for it, or plain plush to match the rest of your furniture would look nice. If you attempt to re-upholster chairs you must allow a good margin of material on all sides, then with an upholsterer's needle and strong thread, catch down every depression that is intended to hold a button afterwards, bringing the thread through the chair and tying it firmly. The buttons are threaded through once and then the string is tied as before. Fancy nails are only used as a finish to the more severe style of library, dining-room, or hall chairs, and the smaller ones to heal the gimp or fringe that may make a border.



PLAIN RULES FOR TAKING FOOD.

If I were to specify any general maxims as to food preferably to others for distinctiveness and easy application, said the late Sir Henry Holland, M.D., they would be the following:—First, that the stomach should never be filled to a sense of uneasy repletion; secondly, that the rate of eating should always be slow enough to allow thorough mastication, and to obviate that uneasiness which follows the hasty swallowing of food; thirdly, that there should be no active exercise, either of body or mind, immediately after a full meal. The simplicity and familiarity of these rules may lessen their seeming value; but in practice they will be found to include directly or indirectly a great proportion of

the dyspeptic cases and questions concerning food which come before us. And many such questions—as, for example, those which relate to different quantities of food—would lose a great part of their difficulty were these maxims successfully enforced. When the quantity taken does not exceed the just limit, when it comes to the stomach rightly prepared by mastication and by admixture with secretion of the glands which aid the first stage of digestion, and when no extraneous interruption exists to the proper functions of the stomach in this stage, the capacity of digestion is really extended as regards varieties of food. It is certain that different temperaments require, whatever may be the causes of this diversity, different proportions of aliment, and the same constitution alters its requirements at different times, both in health and sickness. No rules of diet, therefore, can be made positive as to quantity.

HEART DISEASE.

A great many people believe they have heart disease whose constitutions are strong and sound. Many there be, on the other hand, who never suspect there is anything wrong with them, nor do their friends until some day, during some probably pleasant excitement, the dark curtain of death is suddenly lowered. Well, after all, this is no doubt the easiest death of any. Yet none of us can think of the 'great change' without momentary depression of spirits. But heart disease is getting more and more common every year, because the struggle for existence and the hurry to get rich is ever on the increase. In fatty degeneration of the heart I am with those who believe in exercise versus rest. Every one knows that exercise tends to decrease fat and strengthen muscular tissue, while rest has the very opposite effects. The heart, as I have said before, is a huge muscle of very great strength, as well it needs to be, working on as it does from birth till death, and only resting between each beat. Without being very large, this muscle, the heart, should be as strong as a fowl's gizzard. But in fatty disease it may not only be girt partially round with fat, but have this fatty tissue infiltrated through its substance. I am glad to be able to say that fatty heart may often be cured by regulation of diet and well-appointed exercise in the open air.

A PREVENTIBLE ACCIDENT.

I wonder how the world of Britain would feel if the printers were all to go on strike and newspapers became a thing of the past. We are really a nation of readers. We read morn, noon and night, in the railway carriage, at the breakfast table, on the 'bus, and in bed. And quite right, too. But I rede you, reader, beware of fire! I happen to know that many terrible accidents have happened not only from reading newspapers too near the fire, but from the careless habit of throwing them down anyhow or anywhere at bedtime and going off, leaving a fire burning in the grate, with no guard in front; a spark flies out, especially if wood is burned, and in a few minutes the house is ablaze. I have never been in a burning house, but three times in fire at sea, once off the Cape during a gale of wind, in which no boat could have lived, and once in an estuary while almost a hurricane raged, and with tons of gunpowder beneath the deck where the fire was raging. So I may be nervous. But nevertheless a fire-guard would save many and many an accident. There is room for an ornamental one, too, most of those in use being far from beautiful.

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 the reply to 'The Lady Editor, "New Zealand Graphic," Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. 'Answers' or 'Queries' 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. 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.

Eels.—A la Broche: Clean and cut a large eel; let the pieces be about four inches in length; lard them finely, and pickle them for at least three hours in oil seasoned with salt, a bay leaf, some onions, and a few sprigs of parsley. After they have thoroughly well soaked, put the fish on skewers, being careful to separate

the pieces with strips of bread about the same diameter and half an inch thick. Put them to roast before the fire; baste with butter, and serve with a sauce poivrade or with a remoulade, sent up separately in a sauce boat. Marinade Grilles: Prepare an eel as above, only the pieces need not be so large; brown them, or merely toast them for two minutes in a saucpan with a lump of butter. Put the fish into a basin; add salt, pepper, nutmeg, parsley, fines herbes, champagne, shallots, and chives all chopped, and a tablespoonful of oil. Let this stand for two or three hours; take the fish out, roll them in breadcrumb, and grill them. Serve with a sauce piquante or anchovy sauce.

Ice-d. Marshchino Souffles.—Take the yolks of sixteen eggs, a pint of stiff syrup, and a gill and a half of marshchino. Warm a copper whisking-bowl with water, dry it well, and put in the syrup, marshchino, and lastly the yolks into it. Whisk this mixture over a very gentle fire until nearly cold. Get ready some little paper souffle cases, and fasten round each a band of paper an inch high. Freeze in the cases. Before serving, remove the bands of paper, and strew brown biscuit powder on the surface of the souffles.

Afternoon Tea-cakes.—Take three-quarters of a pound of Vienna flour and pass it through a sieve, then rub into it until smooth a quarter of a pound of butter; then add an ounce and a half of cornflour, two and a-quarter ounces of castor sugar, and two ounces of finely-chopped almonds, also a quarter of an ounce of caraway seeds and an ounce and a-half of baking powder. Mix the raw yolks of two eggs with rather more than half-a-pint of milk and pour the custard into the basin with the flour and other ingredients, and mix altogether into a stiff dough; then roll it out to about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and cut it out in rounds with a plain pastry-cutter about two inches in diameter, ornament the little cakes with candied peel and dried cherries, and round the edge stick some blanched and shreded almonds. Place the little cakes on lightly floured tins and bake them in a moderate oven for about twenty to twenty-five minutes. While the little cakes are baking they must be watched from time to time as the almonds burn so very quickly, and if they begin to discolor they should have a sheet of paper placed over them.

Chicken Patties.—Mince cold chicken, and stir it into a white sauce, made of milk thickened with cornflour and flavoured with pepper, salt, and butter; line small patty pans with puff paste, bake first, then fill with the mixture, and set in a hot oven for a few minutes to brown.

THE BEAUTIFYING BATH.

It is not infrequently said that a daily bath is weakening. This is such a great mistake that it is difficult to understand how it is ever made. A daily bath is just as necessary to bodily purity as daily prayers are to soul purity and it should be as conscientiously taken. In some place, and at some time that cannot be recalled, this observation has come to my notice, and its truth made its impression a lasting one: 'A lady bathes not to get clean, but to stay clean.'

It is true that remaining too long in the bath may be weakening, but a quick bath in either very warm or even hot water, followed by a cold dash, has only good effects.

A refreshing and practical bath is one in moderately hot water with a little sea salt in it—sea salt is practical and cheap—pure white soap, a sponge and a cheesecloth washrag. Cheesecloth is both practical and cheap, and at the same time sufficiently rough to remove all dirt and not rough enough to scratch. The sponge must serve as the shower bath, and after the body is thoroughly dry rubbing corn meal or bran over it makes the skin soft and velvety.

The use of a bag of bran instead of a washrag is much favoured by the French women for the softening effect it has upon the water and its tendency to make the skin delicately white and smooth. But no bath is perfect in its results unless followed by a brisk and vigorous friction of the hands or rubbing with a coarse towel.—Katherine Eggleston Junker, woman in March 'Woman's Home Companion.'

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

PRETTY COMPLIMENTS.

There are natures so delicately constructed that compliments must be given by subtle-implication; there are others who will only relish the sweet when it is given with the most disarming frankness, as though drawn from the giver by deep conviction—a compliment delivered in a manner free from sentiment, and as though speaking of an obvious fact of universal recognition.

There are those who shrink from flattery and see in it insincerity. These can be reached by the more insidious ways of action. Nothing is more pleasing than to encounter one who listens with absorbed and eager attention, or one who remembers with unvarying accuracy one's preferences in small affairs. The smaller they are, the more charming is the remembrance.

In short, there is scarcely anyone who does not enjoy compliments if tact is used in the giving. When it is between those who might be supposed to have had sentiment rubbed away by the attrition of time and daily intercourse, it is especially appealing.

On one of the crowded tramcars which run from a large city into the suburbs was a middle-aged couple. The wife was seated, the man was swayed from a strap to which he clung uncomfortably. She turned her plain, unhandsome face toward him, saying: 'I am sorry you have to stand.' For reply, he smiled and said: 'I would always rather stand by you than sit down away from you.' It was a bit of sentiment all the prettier for being among commonplace people in a commonplace situation.

In the drawing-room of a summer hotel sat an old Quaker and his wife. They had been married over fifty years.

'Thee looks like a peach this evening,' he said. 'Walk out on the verandah with me and show thyself,' and he tucked the sweet-looking lady's hand within his own and promenade'd up and down among the couples of gay young folk who were airing their fresh beauty; but to him nothing was so lovely as his dainty little companion, and none among the girls felt more content than she after her husband's pretty compliment.

On the paraisle a young woman meets an elderly man.

'Ah, good morning! Where are you going?' is his greeting.

'Why, I was looking for you,' was the response, with the most charming smile, both knowing it to be an untruth.

'How delightful!' exclaimed the man. 'Now that is what I am always beseeching Florence about. If she would only turn a compliment as readily as you!'

'Florence' was probably quite too sincere, and found it difficult work to get along in the ultra-fashionable world without the small coin of insincere compliment from which her truthful soul revolted. She was probably one of the literal kind, with Puritan ancestry, and scorned the light touch-and-go of the easy exchange of the bright though meaningless compliment which, nevertheless, has its uses in certain circles and is tolerable among those schooled in the same sort of peritage.

Those are happiest who take their compliments like all other sweets, as something light and unnecessary, but pleasant to the palate, although contributing nothing to growth; pleasant but superfluous, and creating a mental dyspepsia if partaken of too freely.

Advertisement for 'OKTIS' CORSET SHIELDS. The ad features a woman in a corset and text including 'TAE "OKTIS"', 'CORSET SHIELDS', 'DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET', and 'BE SURE YOU GET THE "OKTIS"'. It also includes the name 'Katherine Eggleston Junker' and 'woman in March "Woman's Home Companion."'.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz 14; not exceeding 4oz 15 for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS COT FUND.

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

Dear Cousin Kate,—I feel quite ashamed of myself for not having written to you for such a long time. It was my birthday on Saturday, and I am twelve years old now. My father gave me a violin. We have a library at our school. To form it each child was asked to bring a book. We have a trial examination every Friday, and the scholar who gets the most marks goes to the top of the class. We are having very cold weather and rain just now. Do you keep fowls? We have a good many and I have to look after them. I think they are such nice little things when they are chicks. My father has a camera and he sometimes takes my photo. I learn music from the sisters of the Convent School. I don't send so many letters in the 'Graphic' now. Have you ever been to Waipawa? It is not a nice place at all. Can you ride a bicycle? There was a young lady staying at our place who had one. I was going to learn but she had to go home before I had half done so. I cannot think of anything more to say to you so will close with love to yourself and all the cousins.—Your loving cousin, Ethel.

[Your nice, interesting letter gave me much pleasure, dear Cousin Ethel. I cannot think why the cousins do not write. I suppose they are all too busy. Please send me your photograph for the 'Graphic.' It is very nice to have a father who can take photographs. Yes, I keep fowls, and they will get out into the garden, though there is a good wire netting round, and I cut their wings. What kind are yours? Mine are, at present, a mixture. If I could get some brown Leghorns I would only keep them. I have not been to Waipawa. I do not ride a bicycle, but I hope to get a pair of road skates when they are perfected. Many happy returns of your birthday. I suppose you can play the violin nicely. Our dog hates music, and sits and howls dismally whenever he hears any. He listens for the piano, though his kennel is a long way from the drawing-room.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—My last letter to you was about our Confirmation and I thank you for your kind words. I shall not forget them. I am taking a holiday at present and enjoying it immensely. Do you remember the letter I wrote to you and told you of that holiday trip I and my sisters had

on Christmas Day? Well, I am staying at one of the places we called at (Rahotu); it is a very small settlement, consisting of one hotel and about a dozen shops and cottages. I have been for several drives, but I went for one yesterday and drove as far as a nice little township, Opuake, and on the way we passed one big farm, a very wild place, of felled bush and burnt stumps of trees, etc. The roads are very good, because the mail coach has to traverse them daily. I see lots of tourists passing here, and I have met some that I am acquainted with. I had an offer to drive up to New Plymouth in a buggy but I preferred to stay for at least a fortnight longer. I hope you and all the cousins are enjoying the best of health. We had a severe earthquake here last night and it is raining today after a fortnight of the loveliest weather imaginable. Au revoir.—Cousin Maud.

[Many thanks for your nice letter, dear Cousin Maud. I am so glad you have had such a pleasant time. Do you sketch at all? because you must have a good opportunity for making some pretty little pictures where you are. I got two or three nice little sketches in water-colours when I was at Rotorua at Easter. One was of a Maori meeting-house, and an old Maori, after talking with the others, came up and drove me away. However, I stole back next day and finished my sketch. How many sisters have you? The rain has indeed come in earnest, though we had real Queen's weather on the 24th. What sort of a day had you? Please send me your photograph for this page.—Cousin Kate.]

A RAPIDLY MADE COAT.

Manufacturers are always pleased to turn out the product of their establishments in less than the average time, and many have made records to which they point with pride. Recently a short article was published on making a coat in thirteen and a half hours, from shearing the sheep to putting the finished garment on a man's back. This was done at Greenham Mills, in England, in 1811. Mrs James Lyon, of Bath, New York, writes that a similar feat took place in that town in 1816, and was accomplished in less than nine hours by one George McClure, who asserted that it could be done in ten hours. The record of each step of the work still exists, with the exception of the shearing. The wool was coloured in thirty-five minutes; carded, spun, and woven in two hours and twenty-five minutes; fulled, warped, and dyed in one hour and fifty-one minutes; carried to the tailor in four minutes; and was turned into the finished coat by him and his journeymen in three hours and forty-nine minutes. The shears used in the work are still preserved, and can be seen at the Steuben Agricultural Society's Fair Grounds, at Bath. This feat, at the time, doubtless attracted as much attention as a record-breaking railroad train or steamship does to-day. It is probable that many of our present manufacturers make such trials for their own edification, which, if described, would prove interesting.

INTELLIGENCE OF SCOTCH TERRIERS.

A writer says: 'Some years ago a friend gave me a Scotch terrier puppy of an old and well known strain, famous alike for their beauty, intelligence, and sagacity. Mysie has kept up the credit of her progenitors and does everything but speak, she is so clever; in fact, she does speak in her own way. Not long ago another friend sent me a terrier puppy. I was afraid that Mysie would not like the little stranger, but I was wrong. She took her under her charge at once, and educated her in hunting rats. Mysie was a great favourite with the gardener, and paid him frequent visits. One day she was heard whining and scraping at the door of the lodge.

It was of course opened at once, but she would not go in. She sat up and bugged, she whined and barked, then ran back and forward. The gardener's wife felt curious and followed her. Bounding in front, Mysie led her to the stables where there was a sunk barrel well for surplus water, and there she sat up again, begging and whining. The gardener's wife thought it was a rat she was after, but on looking down she saw the poor little puppy struggling in the water, almost dead. Fortunately the well was not deep, and the little creature was easily rescued. A good rubbing, some hot milk, and a warm bath put it all right. Mysie superintending with great attention. Now, I appeal to all thinking people, was not this a wonderful example of "terrier intelligence?"

OF THE RIGHT STUFF.

Cases of individual bravery amounting to recklessness are related of men of both armies in the Civil War. In the 'Red Book of Michigan' there is a history of the doings of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry during the Civil War. To this history Colonel Trowbridge contributes an incident connected with the repulse of the Confederates under General Wheeler at Strawberry Plains, August 24, 1864. Eight men, it appears, had been detailed to guard McMillan's Ford, on the Holston. One of them 'went off on his own hook,' as Colonel Trowbridge expresses it, so that only seven were left. One of them, who bore the heroic name of Griggs, was a large and powerful fellow the farrier of Company B.

These seven men actually kept a Confederate brigade from crossing the ford for three hours and a half. The fighting was severe. Finally the big farrier was badly wounded, and the Confederates, by swimming the river above and below, succeeded in capturing the whole party.

General Wheeler was filled with admiration at their valour, and at once paroled a man to stay and take care of Griggs. Then he said to the wounded farrier:

'Well, my man, how many men had you at the ford?'

'Seven, sir,' answered Griggs.

'My poor fellow, don't you know you are badly wounded? You had better tell me the truth; you may not live long.'

'I am telling the truth, sir,' said the indignant soldier. 'We had only seven men.'

'Well, what did you expect to do?' asked the general, with a laugh.

'To keep you from crossing, sir.'

The general was still more amused. 'Why didn't you do it?' he asked.

'Well, you see, sir, we did until you hit me, and that weakened our forces so much that you were too many for us.'

General Wheeler, more amused than ever, inquired of another prisoner—who happened to be a horse farrier too—'Are all the Tenth Michigan like you fellows?'

'Oh, no!' said the man, 'we are the poorest of the lot. We are mostly horse farriers and blacksmiths, and not much accustomed to fighting.'

WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?

'O, Elsie, do you know Mr Marshall doesn't know anything hardly? He's just as ignorant!' said Paul to his cousin.

'Why, Paul Durant! and he's a minister,' said Elsie, with a shocked face. 'Papa says he writes fine sermons.'

'Yes, but maybe he reads them out of a book,' said Paul. 'Anyway, I think he never went to school, for just now when I came out he was lying in the hammock, and he asked me, "Who discovered America?" and I said, "Christopher Columbus did, of course," and he said, "Did he?"'

'O my!' said Elsie. 'The Stone Church people wouldn't have him if they knew it. Do you think we ought to tell Dean Baxter?'

'Perhaps we'd better wait a while,' said Paul, 'cause he's only just got his things moved, and mamma says he's the nicest man to board the ever knew. Let's go and sit down near him, and maybe he'll ask us something about it and we'll tell him all we know, 'cause I feel so sorry for him.'

The cousins seated themselves near the minister, with the kindest intentions, and he greeted them with a pleasant smile.

'Do you believe Columbus discovered America, Elsie?' he asked. 'Paul says he did.'

'Why, yes, sir. I s'posed everybody knew that,' said Elsie. 'Queen Isabella sold all her jewels to build him three ships, and when he got here he was so happy he kissed the ground.'

'Did he find any one here before him?' asked the minister.

'Oh, yes,' said Paul, 'Indians—lots of 'em.'

'Well, then, it looks as if America was discovered before Columbus arrived,' said the minister. 'Then there were those other strange people who lived, perhaps, hundreds of years before and left high mounds and fortifications, beautiful vases, ornaments, and weapons. They died and left no history. I have thought sometimes that they may have discovered America. I've puzzled over it a good deal, so I'm glad to know.'

The minister, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, took up his book, while Paul and Elsie went silently away. When they were out of hearing, Paul said:

'I think we won't have to tell Dean Baxter about it. He knows enough.'

'It's we that don't know everything,' said Elsie.

EXPLAINED.

Willie: I think I know why Ponto wags that stump of a tail so very hard.

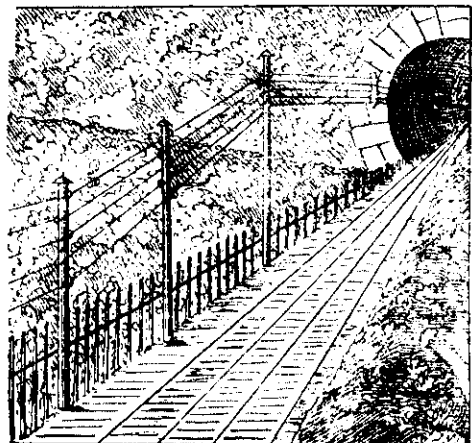
Aunt Jane: Why does he do it, Willie?

Willie: Because it is only half a tail, and he wants to enjoy a sense of wagging a whole one.

A CALCULATOR.

'Herry, do you love your little baby brother?'

'What's the use? He wouldn't know if I did?'



THE TELEGRAPH POSTS.

Say, without measuring, which of the posts is the longest.

The GRAPHIC'S GUNNY LEAF



TO A JILT.

When first we corresponded, you
Wrote 'Sir' and I wrote 'Madam,'
But that was when you knew not me.
Nor I knew you from Adam.

You signed yourself 'Most faithfully,'
I thought it inexpedient
To answer you more warmly then,
And ended 'Your obedient.'

But soon you found you knew my aunt's
Half-brother's German sister,
And so we struck the golden mean
With 'Dear' and 'Miss' and 'Mr.'

One day I wrote in terms that seemed
To you too lillet doux-ly;
You straightway took me down a peg
By signing 'Sir,' yours truly.

Next day you feigned compunction, and
Used phrases almost fervent,
I paid you back and wrote, 'Your most
Obedient, humble servant.'

'Yours always,' once I tried; but you
Proved more unkind than clever,
By riling roughshod o'er my heart
With 'Pardon me, yours never.'

This outrage broke my soul and drove
Me almost from my senses;
My answer was typewritten by
My girl amanuensis.

Once more you grew 'affectionate,'
And I replied, 'Sincerely,'
You pocketed your pride and signed
Your next one 'Alice' merely.

And then I gave myself away
With 'Angel,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Goddess,'
And little dreamed the heart was false
That beat beneath your bodice.

But when at last I sign myself
'Your destined one's spouse,'
You calmly write and say you nev-
Er led me to suppose so.

I ask you what did 'Alice' mean?
Why when I called you Venus
A month ago, you did not say
That there was naught between us.

Yes, e'en the worm will turn, and
His limbs from silken fetters,
I sign myself 'Et cetera,'
P.S.—Herewith your letters.

HER NOT HIS LUCK.

He: Every time I have called on Miss
Daisy she has been out. She must have
known I was coming, don't you think?
She: Not necessarily. It may have been
just her luck.

A PRECOCTOUS WELLINGTON GIRL.

The subject of dolls or play or some
trivial matter of that sort had been introduced
for her benefit, and she said:
'Oh, no matter about that, gran-ma.
Let us talk politics. I am seven years old
now.'



'Hello, Charlie! Is your head cold?'
'No, Why?'
'I see you have a stove in your hat.'

A CUBAN CUT.

'Poor Cuba,' sighed Mrs Callahan, 'its
sad fate is strikingly similar to the fate of
many poor women—starved an' down-
trodden by their lordly husbands.'
'I don't see why you should have any
complaint to make,' replied Callahan, 'for
I recognized you as a belligerent twenty
years ago.'

HIGH ENOUGH.

Miriam: Don't you think my new hat
a poem, Ned?
Ned (critically): From its height, dear,
I should instead compare it to a short
story.



He (angrily): 'Was there any fool sweet
on you before I married you.'
She: 'Yes; one.'
'I'm sorry you rejected him.'
'But I didn't reject him; I married him.'

ALWAYS AROUND.

First Friend: 'Do you have good police
protection out your way?'
Second Friend: 'Do we? Well, I should
say so. We have the prettiest servant girl
in the town.'

DISPERSED.

'Did you disperse the enemy?' inquired
the General.
'We did,' replied the Spanish officer,
firmly; 'they couldn't follow us without
scattering in all directions.'

SURE CURE.

'What's the matter with Gullington,
anyway?'
'He has insomnia.'
'That's too bad. Why doesn't he try
getting on the police force?'

PARADOXICAL.

Husband—There's something paradoxi-
cal about the bill for those pillows you
bought.
Wife—What do you mean?
Husband—Why it proves that down is
going up.

LOVE AND RESPECT.

Hicks: 'There is a difference between
love and respect.'
Wicks: 'A wide difference. For in-
stance, there's Hawkspur. He says he
loves his wife because she believes every
word he says; but, of course, it is impos-
sible for him to respect a person who
would believe even half what he said.'

THERE'S THE DIFFICULTY.

'I'm willing,' said the author, 'to ad-
mit that I borrowed a few of the ideas that
I use in that work. It's legitimate to
borrow.'
'Yes,' replied the cynical acquaintance;
'but the difficulty is that in this loan the
wrong man gets the benefit of the interest.'

REFINED INSULT.

'I thought,' said Dawkins, 'that you
said you didn't think much of Bradford as
a pianist, and here you have taken a box
for his recital.'
'I didn't know,' answered Morley, 'a
better way to show my contempt for him
as a musician than by taking a box and
leaving it empty on the evening of his re-
tial.'

SEEING'S BELIEVING.

'No, I don't believe there is an old maid
in the world who has lost all hope of mar-
riage.'
'We've got one on our street. She says
she'll never marry.'
'Do you believe her?'
'I believed her as soon as I saw her.'

THERE'S THE RUB.

'Fwedly, why don't you let your must-
ache grow?'
'Why don't I let it? Good heavens,
dear boy, I do, but it won't.'

TOO TRUE.

'Did you ever notice the expression of
the face of the Venus de Milo?'
'Oh, yes; she looks all broke up.'

HE WAS A BEGINNER.

'Do you ride a wheel?' she asked
'Well, I don't know that I would be
exactly justified in claiming that,' he re-
plied, 'but now and then I have a wrest-
ling-match with one of them.'

EASILY DONE.

Higgles: How in the world did you
manage to keep your cook a whole month?
Wiggles: We pay monthly.

WHAT VANITY.

'Reggie Littleton is such a conceited
thing,' said Molly. 'He called me a man-
hater just because he heard I said I didn't
like him.'

A LESSER AMBITION.

'That theatrical manager acts as if he
wanted the earth.'
'But he doesn't. He merely wants a
few stars.'

HE HAD A NERVE.

The Elder: 'So you want to marry my
daughter, eh? I like your nerve.'
The Younger: 'You ought to, sir. I've
been three months working it up.'

THE SAME YET NOT THE SAME.

'What made you go on so about the
moon last night? It is the same old moon.'
'I know; but I was with a new girl.'



"WANTED," A MAN.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

'Why, Mr Brown,' said Miss Ethel, in-
nocently, 'how sober you are to-night.'
The Rev. Mr Brown (in some alarm, ab-
sentmindedly): 'To-night, yes; but—'
reconsidering himself and with much digni-
ty, 'have you ever seen me otherwise, Miss
Ethel?'

A RELIC OF THE BOOM.

'Yes, sir,' said the promoter, who had
entered into a bragging match with the
other promoter, 'we broke ground on the
1st of March, and by the 15th of the next
month—'
'You broke the stockholders,' the other
promoter chipped in.

THE ONE OR THE OTHER.

Mrs Chugwater: Josiah, it seems to me
you are very stingy in taking that new
novel yourself before anybody else in the
family has had a chance even to look at it.
Mr Chugwater: What are you kicking
about? There's the second volume. Can't
you read that while I am going through the
first?

UTTERLY INDIFFERENT.

'You mean to tell me that you don't
think football ought to be suppressed?
Just look how many get maimed and
killed in the game.'
'It doesn't maim and kill anybody ex-
cept football players.'



NOT AS OF OLD.

Captain (to young cadet just arrived on
board): 'Well, youngster, the old story, I
suppose—the fool of the family sent to
sea.'
Young Cadet: 'Oh, no, sir. That's all
been altered since your day.'

THE CLUB WOMAN'S HUSBAND.

My wife belongs to all the clubs
That ever vexed a nation;
Such clubs as women organize
To stir up all creation.
And if I venture just a word,
She says with acritation,
'Peter, put off your dull remarks
Till after my ovation.
I'm gaining prestige every day,
My name is in the "paper,"
I shall be president ere long,
If you don't act the ape, sir.'

Reforms outside so take her time

She can't sew on a button,
Nor teach poor Bridget how to cook
A leg of ancient mutton.
And if I ask her if she won't
At least give up Sorosis,
'Keep out of my affairs,' she says,
'Your troublesome pro-boscos.
I'm gaining laurels every day,
So rapid my advance, sir,
I shall be president ere long,
If you don't spoil my chance, sir.'

'But, love,' said I, 'the baby's cross,

And George's socks need darning';
'Rock her!' she cried, 'and darn the
socks
With yarn, while you are yarning!'
I sometimes think I'll take my babe,
And George, her little brother,
And leave my wife to club it out,
While I go home to mother.
For I am sure my wife will win,
And be a living wonder;
The president of all the clubs—
And I shall be snowed under!

INSINUATIVE.

She: I have had my picture taken once
a year every year of my life.
He: How did you manage before pho-
tography was invented?

MASCULINE POLITENESS.

Man wants but little here below
Because he's too polite
To interfere when woman strives
For everything in sight.

SETTLED.

Nod: My wife told me if I wanted peace
with her I would have to resign from my
club.
Todd: And you are getting along all
right now?
'Oh, yes. I'm living at the club.'

FOND MOTHER.

Wonderful how ideas have changed since
our grandparents' days. Scarcely any one
now believes in infant damnation.
Bachelor Brother: Ungh! Your hus-
band doesn't talk that way.

A SCREW LOOSE.

Mrs Somer: What delicately constructed
things these big steamships are!
Mr Somer: Why do you say that?
Mrs Somer: Just think of the breaking
of a screw disabling the whole ship.

THANKS.

She: 'I didn't have time to make a pie
for dinner, dear, so I had to get a baker's
pie.'
He: 'Well, let us give thanks for that.'

MR DURWARD LELY.

The verdict of Auckland on this celebrated Scottish tenor, who made his first appearance in the Opera House on Monday last, corroborates the enthusiastic encomiums which Mr Lely has won in the South and in the Old Country. As a singer he possesses one of the most melodious, capable, and sympathetic voices it has ever been our lot to hear; but it is as a singer of Scotch songs that he makes his claim to celebrity. And very justly may he do so, for he interprets the inimitable melodies of Scotland with an appreciation of all their most subtle elements of form and character that is rarely met with. Only Scotchmen who have lived a large part of their lives in Scotland, and in the remotest districts of the country, can be expected to be imbued to the full with the spirit and flavour which breathe in the words and music of Caledonia's songs. To them Mr Lely's voice must be as rich in deathless associations as the sound of the Alp horn is to the Switzer far from his native mountains. One can understand, therefore, the intensity of the enthusiasm which the people of Dunedin displayed in connection with Mr Lely's concerts. And though this part of the colony cannot furnish entire audiences so quick to be moved at the very heart by the Old World songs which Mr Lely sings, still it is astonishing how unexpectedly appreciative of the delicacies of Scottish pathos and humour an assemblage chiefly composed of Englishmen can be when appealed to by a master. Sung as we usually hear them sung, on a concert platform, the numbers with which Mr Lely scores his biggest successes fall on the audience like the good seed on the rocky soil. The outlandish vocabularies convey no meaning. But in the case of Mr Lely, though the actual words of his songs may occasionally surpass the comprehension of his hearers, he manages none the less to convey to them the sentiment, so that while the brain may miss the letter the heart understands the spirit. The prefatory remarks with which he introduces each song also does a great deal to aid his audience to the fullest enjoyment of them. He takes us into an atmosphere redolent of all that is Scotch, into the very atmosphere of the song, so to speak, before he opens his lips to sing. We are already half Scotchmen before he sounds his initial note. Even the Cockney who was never out of the sound of Bow Bells before he came to the colony falls under the spell, and for the moment seems to feel the fresh air blowing from the heather hills, or the pleasant odour of the peat fire through the door of the thatched cottage. And before the song is finished, so absolutely Caledonian does he feel in every fibre that he may well suspect it all a trick of atavism—an inheritance from some long-forgotten ancestor who crossed the border into England and never went back to his own country. Certainly to hear Mr Lely sing 'Annie Laurie,' or 'Come Under My Plaidie,' or 'Alister McAlister,' or 'O' a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw,' is a revelation to most people; even to a great many Scotch people; and the most circumscribed Sassenach cannot fail to carry away with him some inkling of the rich humour and deep tenderness characteristic of Scottish song.

Mr Lely is accompanied on the piano by his wife, who does ample justice to the music, and her husband's vocal powers. Fraulein Ely Fuchs, the young violinist who has been in Auckland before, takes part in the present series of concerts, and adds in no small degree to the variety of the entertainment. At Monday's concert she played Sauret's 'Mazurka,' Raff's 'Cavatina,' and a 'Barcarolle.' She was accompanied on the occasion by Miss Reeve.

Mr Lely's season will last all this week.

A TRANSFORMATION.

He has ceased to call her 'Darling,'
She has ceased to call him 'Dear,'
He has ceased composing sonnets
To her 'little shell-like ear.'

She has ceased to hurry madly
To the mirror, when he calls;
He has ceased to buy her chocolates
And ice cream at concert balls!

This is not because these lovers
Have been mixed up in a row—
No, the simple truth is that they
Are a married couple now.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, May 30.

The weather has turned very cold and we are quite inclined to enjoy our dances. A delightful one is coming off next week in the Choral Hall—the University dance, under the auspices of the University College Council and Professorial Board. The supper will be a special feature of this dance, being provided by a very competent committee.

ANNUAL MEETING

of the St. John Ambulance Society took place in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms on Friday night. Mr Boulton kindly provided some very good music; the singers being Miss Black (who wore a charming pink silk evening dress, very long white gloves), Messrs Boulton, Wright and Rathbone. Mr J. J. Holland presided, and Mrs Holland presented the certificates. An interesting feature was the various doctor's diplomas from the London Head Centre, presented to the following medical men for their gratuitous services in lecturing and examining:—Drs. Dawson, Knight, Lewis, Girdler, Robertson and Sharman. A large attendance of pupils, friends, and the general public testified to the interest taken in this excellent society. The chairman said the success and freedom from debt of the Auckland centre was due to the exertions of the secretary, Mr W. Rattray. Mr A. G. Pilkington read the report of the Ambulance Corps, and stated that a Volunteer Medical

Staff Corps has now been formed. A small

IN BETWEEN SOCIAL

was held in All Saints' Sunday School on Tuesday, the 24th May, the duties of which fell on Messrs Basil Calder, Fred Booth and E. B. Davis. The stage was devoted to the piano and chaperones. The body of the hall was beautifully decorated with flags. A very nice supper was provided by all the girls and tastefully arranged. The music was supplied by Mr F. Finer, and the duties of M.C. were faithfully carried out by the abovementioned committee. Amongst those present were Mrs Calder, black, relieved with cream lace; Mrs Hudson, dark skirt, pink silk bodice; Mrs Booth, black silk; Mrs Crawford, black; Mrs Bedford, green velvet, with pink lace; Mrs Osmond, black; Mrs Connolly, black silk; Mrs Rainey, black; Mrs Douglas, black; Miss Bell, black velvet; Miss Aubin, black skirt, pink bodice; Miss J. Yates, grey skirt, pink bodice; Miss Stephenson, white; Miss O. Odlum looked nice in white; Miss P. Hanna, blue satin; Miss Muriel Thompson, white; Miss A. Brigham, white; Miss Connolly, white; Miss Rosie Stibburey looked very nice in yellow silk; Miss Florrie Dixon, cream lace; Miss Douglas, white; Miss F. Hudson, black skirt, pink bodice; Miss M. Hudson, white; Miss S. Campbell, black velvet; Miss Campbell, pink; Miss A. Gillett, white; Miss Muriel Blades, coloured muslin, trimmed with red ribbon; Miss Short, yellow; Miss Lucy Bell, white; Miss Osmond, pink; Miss A. Gittos looked nice in white silk; Miss E. Johnson, white; Miss I. Johnson, white; Miss B. Bell, black velvet, with cream lace; Miss K. Rainey, white; Miss A. Mackenzie, white; Miss E. Short, white, with yellow sash; Miss Crawford, white; Miss May McLeod, black, with cream lace; Miss A. Gregory, grey; Miss Mabel Leighton, blue. The evening was brought to a close at a quarter past eleven by all singing 'God Save the Queen.'

Mrs Pearson, of 'Elderslie,' Mt. Eden, gave a very enjoyable dance in Mrs Sowerby's Hall last Wednesday, May 25th. The hostess, looking very nice in a black silk skirt, with pale

pink bodice, covered with black chiffon, and her daughter, Miss Fanny Pearson, pretty grey dress, with pink silk sleeves, stood at the top of the stairs to receive their numerous guests. Amongst some of the dresses I noticed Mrs Rigby, black silk; Mrs Charters, white silk; Miss Dawson, white; Miss Mabel Dawson, cream; Miss Sophie Cruickshank, pink; Miss M. Frater, yellow; Miss Ross, yellow; Miss H. Ross, pink; Miss Stella Rice, white crepon, with white satin sleeves; Miss Madge Rice, pretty white spotted muslin; Miss Ethel Dixon, cream silk; Miss Wilson, white; Miss M. Reid, pink; Miss Nora Brown, white silk, Miss Kitty Brown, yellow; Miss Brown, white; Miss May Dawson, pink; Miss Buttle, pink; Miss Mitchell, black lace, pink roses; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white, with tartan sash; Miss A. Goodwin, white; Miss I. Harper, white, yellow sash; Miss Price, yellow silk; Miss M. Price, pink silk; Miss Stella Alexander, blue silk; Miss Haucock, pink silk; Miss I. Thompson, yellow; Miss I. Atkinson, blue; Miss M. Atkinson, cream; Miss J. Reid, white silk; Miss M. Cameron, pink, trimmed with green; the Misses Whitson, light blouses, dark skirts; Miss M. Whitson, red; Miss Stevenson, white, trimmed with blue; Miss Stevenson, pink; Miss Power, black silk skirt, pink velvet bodice; Miss E. Smith, white; Miss M. Haslett, blue; Miss A. Haslett, white; Miss J. Ireland, white. A number of others were present but I could not get their names. Mr Burke supplied the music, and the supper was all that could be desired. Everyone voted it a thoroughly enjoyable dance.

PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at Penrose Station, when the weather was cold and showery—not a good scenting day. We turned into the scoria land of Dr. Logan Campbell; here we drew from paddock to paddock, but no find, though plenty of stiff stone wall jumping, which tried the metal of our steeds. About three o'clock in the afternoon we were rewarded. When the 'signal,' the 'cast,' made with consummate craft, the waving of the white sterna among the gorse, the throwing away of cigars, the tightening of girths, and the view-halloo, 'She is gone away,' sent the field headlong down the course after a fine hare. Away she went in a rattling spin towards One Tree Hill, the hounds on the scent in full cry. With a tally-ho that thundered through the cloudless, crisp, cold-getting day, the field dashed pell-mell over walls of the stiffest character that only the most fearless of riders dared follow. Over the double into One Tree Hill property, where the villainous fences, with barbed wire running along the top, had to be negotiated, these soon scattered the field, who, straying off far and wide, came to grief with lots of 'downers,' grew select and few. Only the crack riders could keep the hounds in view. This is the riding that graces the Auckland hunting field. It is the same riding that sent the Six Hundred down with the blaze of the Muscovite guns. The two ladies on the grey and the bay were seen to the fore fighting for premier place in this run. Away pussie led them back again over the double into the same field where she had started, followed still by the select and gallant few, who held together superbly. A check; the hounds are at fault. A timely check, too, for riders are getting a bit blown, as well as the steeds. Every one has a flushed face and excited manner. There is no exhilaration like that of a run to hounds. It was now getting late and we turned for home, leaving Mr Selby, our huntsman, still patiently working his hounds. Amongst those present were Mrs Kelly, mounted on her favourite hunter, Playboy; Mrs W. Bloomfield (Blue Peter); Miss Nora Gorrie (Forella); Miss Cornelia-Taylor (Tim); Miss McLaughlin (Cattlan); Miss Percival (Tommy); Miss Kerr-Taylor (Nimrod); Miss Maud Buckland (Villiers); Miss Burns (Kalo); Miss (Sagar) Buckland, a pretty little girl, rider, was mounted on a roan; Miss Phoebe Buckland; Miss Beatrice Bull; Miss Ware; Miss Morrin; Mr McLaughlin (our master) was mounted on his Dad, who cleverly negotiated the stiffest of walls; Mr Holdgate bestrode a fine upstanding black charger, son of the renowned Paddy's Land; Mr E. Kinloch (our secretary) was riding his clever little cob; Mr Kinloch (Lonely); Mr Harrison (Robin Adair); Mr J. Phillips (on Oceola, which was looking its best); Mr Ellett (Archie); Mr Elliot, on Sax-

GRAPHIC FANCY PORTRAITS.

Professor Carl Gustave Schmitt R.C.C.I.

"Stay, awhile, and you shall be conducted."
(Shakespeare. Mac. for Mac. I. 3.)

on, who was seen amongst the foremost during this run; Mr T. Morrin; Mr Daveney; Mr W. McLaughlin (Psyche); Mr Burns, Mr Noakes, Mr Ireland, Mr Seccombe, Mr Segar Buckland, Kerr-Taylor, etc. Driving were Mr and Mrs Henry Nolan, Misses Currie, Capt. Noakes and son, etc. On foot were Mr Fenwick and friend, etc.

WEST END TENNIS CLUB

(which recently gave up their ground in Jervois Road) have secured a new site near Bishop Lenihan's Palace, Mount St. Mary. The land, which comprises about an acre, will make a splendid tennis ground, and its central position is likely to attract members from the west side of the city as well as providing an excellent club ground for the country players. Subscriptions towards the preparation of the ground for next season have come forward very freely, and no time will be lost in proceeding with the work.

PONSONBY 'AT-HOME.'

The success which attended the opening dance in connection with the Ponsonby 'At-Homes' on Friday night augurs well for the attractiveness of these pleasant gatherings during the ensuing season. The Committee, consisting of Mr and Mrs Devore, Mr and Mrs W. J. Dufaur, Mr and Mrs J. R. Hanna, Mr and Mrs Littler, and Mr Norman Baker as Secretary, have been most assiduous in exciting an interest among supporters of these sociable reunions, and the attendance is likely to be quite equal to that of any previous year. On Friday the gentlemen exceeded the ladies present, which is always a good sign. The supper arrangements were, as usual, excellent. Dancing was kept up with spirit. Burke's band played popular dance music. Amongst the pretty dresses were:—Mrs Hanna, handsome black satin gown finished with jet passementerie; Mrs Edgar, rich gold brocade satin gown trimmed with soft white lace, Medici collar; Mrs Littler looked daintily in a pale green brocade satin, the bodice arranged with lace and pearl ornaments; Mrs Gulliver, black lace, the bodice finished with white chiffon; Mrs B. Baker wore a lovely yellow satin gown, low-cut corsage adorned with chiffon and sparkling ornaments; Miss Dunnett looked distingue in black lace, with clinging black tulle; Mrs Tucker, pale pink lustre skirt, pink striped bodice, sleeves made of pink frilled chiffon, white satin corselet belt; Miss Holland, pink silk gown, bodice and sleeves draped with gold spangled net; Miss Essie Holland, white silk and tinsel net, with clusters of red roses nestling on bodice; Miss Laughsford, pale blue silk trimmed with chiffon, white satin epaulettes; Miss Kennedy, soft white China silk with ruffled long sleeves, low bodice edged with lace; Miss Florrie Hart, effective yellow silk under white muslin skirt, yellow bodice relieved with white silk lace; Miss Atkinson, yellow silk, soft pleating of lace round low corsage; Miss Aubin looked pretty in pale pink silk, white silk sash; Miss Preece, azure blue dress, bertha of white lace; Miss Williams was much admired in cream satin with real lace; Miss Jourdain, blue gown, blue satin corselet belt; Miss George, ivory brocade silk, pink pearl trimmings; Miss Haven, pink veiling, with rows of black velvet ribbon; Miss Caldwell looked charming in lemon-coloured lace, the bodice ornamented with jet; Miss Martin, white silk, finished with white chiffon; Miss Hooper, brown velvet gown relieved with lace and pink ribbons; Miss Haynes, rich cream striped satin, the low bodice softened with full frill of the chiffon; Miss Harper, dainty white gown; Miss Campbell, cream lustre, long sleeves of crinkled chiffon, the bodice livened with scarlet flowers; Miss C. Bell wore an effective white silk, square-cut bodice with crystal trimmings; Messrs Baker (2), Hanna, Littler, Holland, Caldwell, Jackson Palmer, Hatton, Jourdain, Valle (2), Carmina, Winks, Hooper, James (2), Davis, Laurie, Black, Masefield, Abbott, Russell, Owen, Williams, Thompson, Hodgson, Dr. Aubin, etc.

The Ponsonby Enchre Club held their second meeting for the season on the Queen's Birthday, in the Donsonby Hall. The hostesses for the evening were Mrs A. B. Reynolds and Miss Ada Owen. Amongst those taking part were:—Mrs C. H. Jones, pale blue veiling, trimmings of white lace over satin; Mrs Littler, combination of pink silk and crepon; Miss Owen, heliotrope and white striped silk, with white guipure lace; Mrs A. B. Reynolds, black silk blouse, jet trimmings; Mrs Gulliver, black

and mauve silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Ada Owen, pale green silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Henderson, king-fisher blue dress, white lace; Misses Hastard, cream blouse, orange silk frills; Mrs Webb, yellow veiling dress, with narrow black ribbon trimmings; Mrs Newell, pink and white striped dress; Miss Oldham, cream blouse, spray of poppies; Mrs Phillips, purple costume; Mrs Hodgson, black silk dress, handsome jet; Miss Edean, black velvet Russian blouse, with revers of white satin under cream lace; Miss Ifwersen, lavender silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Gentles, pale pink dress, black velvet bands. The first prizes were awarded to Miss Edean and Mr D. Stewart, and the second to Miss Webb and Mr Davis. Some of the gentlemen were: Messrs Littler, Jones, Reynolds, Gentles, Edean, Gulliver, Davis, Stewart, Webb, Newell, Roth, Stephenson, Hood and Dr. Aubin.

GOWNS I HAVE NOTED WHILE CALLING AND SHOPPING:

Mrs De Montalk, grey check tweed tailor-made costume, sailor hat; Miss Carter, Sultan red fancy cloth, figured with black, black straw hat, with ruby trimmings; Mrs Lucky, black cashmere, with braided jacket; Mrs E. Buchanan, lettuce green silk, striped with emerald green; Miss Elliot, moss green tailor-made cloth costume; Mrs R. Blair, black; Mrs Wilfred Rathbone, grey tailor-made costume, with pink let in the neck, black hat, trimmed with pink; Mrs Dufaur, slate grey, with pink collarette, grey tulle toque, with pink roses; Mrs Alfred White, sage green tailor-made costume, black hat, with old gold trimming; Mrs Hamlin, black costume, Sultan red cape; Miss Mason, black tailor-made gown, with blue vest, black hat, with feathers; Miss Nora Carr, black tailor-made gown, pink vest; Miss Flora Thorpe, dark green tailor-made costume, sailor hat, with red band; Miss Mildred Purchas, navy natterge, fawn cape, black sailor hat, with red band and upstanding bow; Mrs Holgate, navy blue serge, fox fur collarette, red velvet toque; Mrs (Rev.) Beatty, mode grey cashmere, girted in the waist with a black Empire band, black collar, black hat, relieved with spring green; Miss Moss-Davis, sage green costume; Mrs Gamble, black lustre, handsome black brocade velvet cape, black bonnet, trimmed with emerald green; Mrs Charles Haines, dark green tailor-made gown, felt hat en suite; Mrs Elliott, black costume; Miss Pearl Little, brown gown, green cape; Miss Myers, black; Miss Ettie Myers, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs H. Walker, brown; Miss W. Goodwin, black serge, trimmed with black military braid, white sailor hat, with black band; Miss Thomas, dark skirt, plaid blouse, black sailor hat.

Miss Brett, stylish fawn cloth tailor-made dress, light vest, white gem, bear bon; Mrs Brett, black gown, black silk seaweed crepon mantle, black velvet bonnet.

My Paeroa correspondent says:—Last Tuesday Mrs Norman Haszard had a

SMALL CARD PARTY

in honour of Miss McArthur, who is on a visit to her from Coromandel. On Friday the

EUCHRE CLUB

met at Mrs (Dr.) Forbes'. It was a most fearful night, blowing a hurricane. However, fortune as usual favoured the brave, and the members managed to get there without being blown away. Play began punctually at 8.30, and continued until 11, which hour arrived all too quickly. There were as usual seven tables. Mrs Clare won first ladies' prize, Mrs Knowles second, Mr Knowles first gentlemen's prize, and Mr Newman second. Mrs (Dr.) Forbes looked very stylish in a gown of white Chinese crape silk, the low bodice being filled in with chiffon; Mrs Clare, white satin, in the décolletage was draped with chiffon; Mrs Chapman, heliotrope Liberty silk; Miss Anderson, pink nun's veiling; her sister, blue; Mrs Sullivan, white silk lustre, bertha of point lace; Mrs Brunskill, white satin evening blouse profusely trimmed with chiffon, black velvet skirt; Mrs Knowles, cream mervilleux silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs Edwards, black velvet, cream satin sleeves, veiled with black Spanish lace; Mrs Gooch, black velvet; Miss Cramer-Roberts, black velvet with frills of chiffon round the décolletage; Mrs Haszard, black velvet; Miss McArthur, black velvet, band of Trilly insertion on the corsage; Miss Wight, heliotrope lustre, bolero

jacket of shot silk; Miss Forester, cream crepon; Dr. Forbes, Messrs Browne, Jackson (2), Clara, Gooch, Chapman, Anderson, Bloomfield, Purchas, Knowles, Haszard, Mair, Mueller, O'Meara, Edwards, Brodie, Sullivan. The Mutual Improvement and Debating Society met on Monday night at the Masonic Hall, when the Rev. W. H. Wilson gave a very able and instructive lecture on Samoa, which was listened to most attentively by the large number present. I think the Society is likely to prove a boon to the young men this winter, being both a profitable and a pleasant way of spending an evening.

The Thornton Company have paid us a visit this week. They opened their season on May 25 with 'Charley's Aunt,' and the peals of laughter which rang through the theatre was eloquent testimony of the enjoyment derived by the large audience present. On the second night, which was also the last, 'The Private Secretary' was staged, and proved even more (if it were possible) mirth-provoking. The theatre was packed. The dresses worn by the ladies present have been described by me before, so I will merely give the names of some I noticed:—Messdames Pratt, Hastings, Osborne, Syme, Edwards, Forbes, Clara, Gooch, Hassard, Brunskill, Bush, Brennan, Cook, Porritt, Misses Wight (2), Cramer-Roberts, Williams, Walker (2), Gimes, McArthur, Cooke, Messrs Bush (3), Burton, Clendon, Mueller, Kenrick, O'Meara, McVeagh, Jackson, Purchas, Haszard, Brennan, Browne, Moss, Clara, Johnson, etc.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, May 26.

There was a fairly large audience at Mr Durward Lely's third

CONCERT

in the Opera House on Friday last. The Earl and Countess of Ranfurly were present, accompanied by Admiral Pearson and suite. Mr Lely again charmed his hearers and was called upon for encores several times. Fraulein Fuchs opened each part of the programme with a performance, being recalled on both occasions. Mrs Lely, who played her husband's accompaniments in a graceful and spirited manner, wore a lovely gown of cream satin, the bodice veiled with pretty sequined net and finished with a band of turquoise blue velvet round the corsage. Fraulein Fuchs wore pale yellow silk. Lady Ranfurly looked nice in a black brocade skirt and pretty theatre bodice of bright cerise pink silk, trimmed with frills of lace, and a black satin cloak, with a red velvet cape, edged with fur. Others I noticed in the audience were Sir Henry and Lady Berkeley, the latter in a black satin gown, trimmed with lace; Mr and Mrs Somerville, the latter wearing a black satin gown, the bodice softened with pink chiffon; Mrs (Dr.) Newman, who wore a black gown, with a white bodice, veiled with jetted chiffon and brightened with a bow of cerise pink satin at one side; Hon. W. C. and Mrs Walker, the latter wearing a handsome black gown; Miss Walker, in a dark brown figured evening gown; Mrs Menzies, black gown and long pale grey cloak, with fur; Mrs Hislop, black; Miss Hislop, pale green silk, with chiffon frills on the bodice; Mrs Watson (Dunedin), black silk, trimmed with jet, and a white cloak, bound with swansdown; Mr and Mrs Quick, the latter in a black and red gown, and grey brocade cloak with fur tails; Miss Johnston, black gown and pale grey cloak; Miss A. Johnston wore black satin, trimmed with scarlet satin ribbons; Mrs Mantell, black gown and white cloak, with feather trimmings; Miss Brandon, black, pink cloak, trimmed with white fur; Mrs Watson, black skirt and deep red silk blouse; Miss Ashcroft, black, and white cloak, with fur; Mrs Marchbanks, black gown and brown cape, trimmed with jet; Mrs Judge Kenny, a dark gown and bright red cape, trimmed with white lace; Miss Henry, dark skirt and pretty evening blouse of yellow silk, with white lace frills; Miss G. Henry looked nice in black; Miss McGregor, black velvet, trimmed with broad white lace; Miss M. McGregor wore pink; Miss Hardy, a pretty white cloak over a dark gown; Mrs and the Misses Blundell, Mrs and Miss Gilmer, and many more. There was one very pretty gown worn by a lady whose name I did not know. It was of very pale green, the bodice being a closely-fitting one of gathered chiffon, covered with a cross-bar pat-

tern of narrow black velvet ribbon, and the long rucked sleeves were also trimmed in the same style with the black velvet. With this was worn a pale green brocade opera cape, made with a high collar, edged with white fur.

On Saturday last a large dinner party was given at Government House in honour of Admiral Pearson and his fleet. Those present besides the Admiral, Flag-Lieutenant Stewart, R.N., Captain Dicken, R.N., and Mr Ferguson (private secretary), were the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis, Hon. Mr Seddon and Mrs Seddon, Hon. Mr Hall-Jones and Mrs Jones, Sir James Prendergast, Lady Buckley, Mr Justice Pennefather, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs A. Smith, and the Misses Williams. Later on in the evening a very enjoyable dance was given by Lady Ranfurly, a few present being the Misses Seddon, Miss Izard, Miss Cooper, the Misses Johnston, Miss Buller, Miss Fitzherbert, Miss Hislop, Miss Gibson (Dunedin), Miss Douglas, etc.

On Tuesday afternoon (Queen's Birthday) His Excellency the Governor held a levee, which was very largely attended. In the evening a full-dress dinner was held in honour of Her Majesty's seventy-ninth birthday. The following were present:—His Excellency the Admiral, Flag-Lieutenant Stewart, R.N., Mr C. Ferguson, Colonel Cavendish, Capt. Brown, R.N. (all guests at Government House), the Bishop of Wellington, Sir James Prendergast, Archbishop Redwood, the Premier, Sir James Hector, Count de Courte, the Mayor (Mr J. R. Blair), Sir Henry Berkeley, Colonel Pole-Penton, Commander Freedy, R. N., Lieutenant Colonel Newell, Major Madocks, T. Hons. J. McKenzie, A. J. Cadman, T. Thomson, J. Carroll, W. Hall-Jones, and W. C. Walker, Captain Dicken, R.N., Mr W. E. Reid, Mr Justice Edwards, the Acting Consul for Germany (Mr Focke), Denmark (Mr H. D. Bell), Belgium and the Netherlands (Mr C. J. Johnston), Italy (Mr G. Fisher), Portugal (Mr J. Duneau), Norway and Sweden (Mr Ed. Pearce), and the United States (Dr. Cahill), and the Commissioner of Police. The table decorations were unusually beautiful, consisting of pots of maidenhair ferns, interwoven by crimson satin ribbons, fronds of the maidenhair fern being also placed among the silver plate and bows of ribbon; and the menu and wine list are said to have been all that the most exacting gourmet could have desired.

The Wellington Club entertained His Excellency the Governor and the Admiral, with their respective suites, at dinner on Monday night, the menu being most appetizing.

GOLF.

There was a very large foregathering at Miramar Golf Links on Wednesday, a golf tournament being held by the ladies of the Wellington Golf Club, to which the ladies of the Hutt Club were invited. Very handsome prizes were presented by Mrs H. D. Crawford and Mrs Adams, and Miss Duncan and the Misses Williams. The Scratch Tournament was won by Mrs Seales, of the Hutt Club, with the score of 114, the Handicap falling to Miss Una Williams, with the score of 121; handicap 30; net 91. Mrs Lees won the driving prize with three splendid drives of 124, 114, and 117 yards. In the Putting Match Miss R. Williams tied with Mrs Climie, of the Hutt Club, and upon the match being played off again Mrs Climie finally secured the prize. The best scores were made by—

	Gross.	Net.	Total.
Miss Una Williams	121	30	91
Miss Dransfield	122	12	110
Mrs Climie	123	15	110
Miss T. Izard	130	30	100
Miss Brunet	121	7	114
Miss Seales	114	Scr.	114
Miss Turnbull	134	20	114

Despite the fact that the wind blew with almost hurricane force, there was a very good attendance at the Links at Miramar on the Queen's Birthday, but the high wind rendered good scoring almost an impossibility, and the matches had to be postponed in some instances. Mr Martin Chapman's prize was competed for during the afternoon, Mr O. S. Watkins winning it with the score of 123, minus handicap, 15, 108, Mr Tripp being second with 120, minus handicap, 11, 109, and Mr G. Todd, 111, minus handicap, 2, 109. Owing to the gale great fun was caused by the efforts of those who had bicycled out endeavouring to return by the same method, but most riders ended by having to carry their machines as best they could, a somewhat ignominious proceeding. I quite envied the prize-winners on

Wednesday in the ladies tournament, as the prizes were unusually sweet, two being silver-topped scent bottles, and the other consisting of a most covetable silver-backed hand mirror and a dainty little gold swallow brooch.

CLARISSE-OPHELIA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, May 27.
The TARANAKI RIFLE VOLUNTEER'S GRAND MILITARY BALL,

which a great many people had been looking forward to with much pleasure, came off on May 24; but, owing to the bad and stormy weather we had ere the Queen's Birthday, there was a poor attendance, but those who did brave the elements thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The hall was nicely decorated with ferns and rushes, and in the centre was a large flag with the portrait of the Queen on it. At the far end of the room was placed a painting of the Lion and the Unicorn, painted and presented by Mr Clark, of the Survey Department. The Committee—Mesdames E. M. Smith, G. Cook, Bennett, Parker, Hooker, and S. Hill—deserve great credit and praise for the way in which they worked to make everything a success. The supper table was prettily decorated, and the floor for dancing and the music, which was rendered by Mr G. Garry's orchestra, was excellent. Mr A. E. Clark and Sergeant Lister acted as Masters of Ceremonies. Among those present were:—Mrs Bramley, handsome black brocade, pink cap; Mrs Hursthouse, rich black silk, cream lace; Mrs Skeet, black, with black lace trimmings; Mrs Pritchard (Nelson), black, cream lace cap; Mrs J. Paul, yellow silk, with black lace and chiffon trimmings; Mrs Hall, black and jet, with cosmes; Mrs F. Smith, black and pink; Miss Tuke looked handsome in white silk trimmed with white net and violets; Mrs Godfrey (Nelson), electric blue silk, with pearl trimmings; Miss Dalziel looked distingue in black satin trimmed with gold; Miss Skeet, black net over pink; Mrs Valentine, black lace over pink; Miss O. Tuke looked handsome in white satin trimmed with brocade and pink flowers; Miss Collis looked dainty in black net over amber; Misses Cook, white; Miss Batten, pale blue; Miss Glynnes, white silk with heliotrope trimmings; Miss Cameron (Waitara) looked charming in red silk with yellow flowers; Mrs Davies, pink cashmere and black lace; Miss C. McKellar, white, crimson and gold chrysanthemums; Miss Leech looked very pretty in cream, with chiffon trimmings and yellow daisies; Miss B. Kirkby, white, and petunia trimmings; Miss Tuck, white spotted muslin with velvet trimmings; Miss Neary looked dainty in white muslin and lace; Miss Jury, white, with pink sleeves and sack; Miss M. Wood, green silk, trimmed with pink velvet and flowers; Miss B. Bayly, white silk; Miss Davy, white muslin, scarlet trimmings; Miss C. Bayly, white with white satin trimmings; and Messrs Smith, Raynes (2), Patterson, T. Shaw, Clarke, Spencer, Tuke, Cook, Ainsworth, Sealand, Lister, Kirkby, Tabor, Hales (Wellington), Taylor, Noble, Shaw, Forte, McDiarmid (2).

Mrs Skinner gave a PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY last week, which was very enjoyable. The hostess received her guests in black silk, assisted by her two daughters, Miss Irene Skinner, who wore a pale blue muslin blouse, black velvet skirt, and Miss Lucy in white; Miss B. Thomson, pale blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. MacDiarmid, black skirt and shot silk blouse, trimmed with lace; Miss E. Cornwall, white muslin blouse, black skirt; Miss M. Roy, pink with white roses; Miss W. George, white; Miss O. Stanford, rose pink; Miss E. Standish, white; Miss M. Skinner, brown and white; Miss G. Shaw, pale pink; Miss G. Paul, yellow silk; Miss E. Fookes, pale blue; Miss E. Hursthouse, pale blue blouse, dark skirt; and Messrs Skinner, Shaw, Stanford, MacDiarmid (3), Dent, Standish, Fookes, Bewley, S. Paul, Bayly, N. Halse, George, and Mr Stanford won the first prizes, and Miss B. Thomson and Mr Peckes the booby. After they had finished playing cards, the guests adjourned to the next room, where they partook of a dainty supper.

Mrs Courtney's DANCE, which took place last week, was greatly enjoyed by a large number of

guests. The floor of the dancing-room was in splendid condition, and the supper table, as well as other parts of the house, was prettily decorated with flowers and greenery. Mrs Courtney, black; Miss G. Shaw, pale pink nun's veiling; Miss McDiarmid, white; Miss M. Roy, white trimmed with chiffon; Miss Cornwall, yellow silk; Miss E. Cornwall white; Miss I. Skinner, white trimmed with red; Miss L. Skinner, white; Miss J. McKellar, white; Miss C. Bayly, white and green; Miss M. Govett, pale pink and green; Miss Marian Govett, white; Miss M. Skeet, pink and black; Miss Baker, white; Miss N. Skeet, green and white; Miss B. Tuke, pink nun's veiling; Miss B. Webster, white blouse, black skirt; Miss L. Webster, white; Miss Rout, pale blue; Miss A. Hursthouse, green and white; Miss E. Hursthouse, blue; Miss Halse, Miss E. Fookes, white; Miss E. Standish, white muslin; Miss O. Stanford, white; Miss M. Deacon, yellow blouse, black skirt; Miss M. Brown, blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Messrs Courtney, F. Shaw, G. Shaw, Cornwall, Halse, T. Shaw, L. Tuke, A. Tuke, Hursthouse, Standish, Bewley (2), Holdsworth, Brown (2), Woodhouse, Beckett (2), Webster, Bayly, Ironmonger, Fookes, McDiarmid (2), etc.

NANCY LEE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, May 18.
We seem to have passed into a new era, the days of little sociabilities have fled. There is golf, but we cannot all play golf; there is cycling, but that only includes a very limited number; but week after week goes by and is among the buried past and scarcely as small a thing as an afternoon tea to vary the daily round. Perhaps when we really settle into winter, and we have had a little taste of it this week, we shall once more hear that Mrs or Miss Blank will be glad of our company. The Mayor and Mrs Louison are looking upon us as the only people worth knowing this week, and their Birthday Ball at the Art Gallery is sure to be a brilliant success, every one lucky enough to be invited is sure to go, and moreover go with the intention of enjoying themselves, and not in a captious, satiated frame of mind.

Our worthy Mayor and the Chairman of the Harbour Board, Mr Frank Graham, are in

DIRE DISGRACE

with His Excellency the Admiral of the Royal Arthur (and of our fleet) for not paying him proper respect and due etiquette; but we are very much inclined to take our Chief Magistrate's part, and think a want of respect was shown him in his official capacity in not notifying the movements of the Royal Arthur, so that he might have been able with all etiquette and no waste of time, to have paid his respects to His Excellency as soon as they dropped anchor, even so far as Camp Bay. It is all one of those misunderstandings so often met with in life and causes no end of soreness. We had hoped great things from the visit of so celebrated a warship. Being so large she was obliged to lie such a very long way out that not many were able to visit her, and her stay was so very short that no civilities were interchanged in any way.

The DURWARD LELY SEASON closed on Saturday, and all who attended the concerts were more than surprised that one man could please and amuse without wearying his audience for two hours night after night. Mr Lely still has the power to charm with his voice, and is very clever with his humorous songs. His stories, too, are told in the most piquant and racy manner, always giving the point with great effect. Mrs Lely accompanies her husband very skillfully, and also is a pleasing soloist.

On Wednesday Mrs George Gould had an AFTERNOON TEA for girls in honour of Miss Florence Mills (Dunedin), who is at present her guest, and who, with others, gave some charming music during the afternoon. Mrs Gould wore a handsome gown of rich black brocade, the Mills a covered with sequin net; Miss Mills a dull green with blue sash, the bodice finished with the same silk and white lace; Miss Cowlishaw, coat and skirt of green and black stripe; Miss G. Cowlishaw, navy skirt and red blouse; Miss Todhunter, who sang very sweetly, was in grey brad-

ed with silver; Misses Reeves (two), Misses Turnbull, Thomson, Hill, Ronalds, Murray-Aynsley, Harper, Nedwill, Beswick, Wynn-Williams, Wilson, etc.

WORKING 'BEE.'

This time for gentlemen, I am told, took place at New Brighton on Saturday afternoon, in order to beautify the church grounds, a most laudable undertaking in any parish. This hive of bees was headed by the Vicar and his churchwardens, and a lady parishioner provided afternoon tea, which needless to say was much appreciated. Almost any day

AT HAGLEY PARK

on the Links a number of golf players are to be seen, the most regular in attendance are Mrs Ogle, Mrs G. Gould, Mrs Stead, Mrs Scott, Misses Palmer, Cowlishaw, Ainger, Reeves, and a few others. The formal opening of this season of the Hunt Club takes place next Saturday, and now we have had some rain, the sportsmen are looking forward with great pleasure to that event. A preliminary run was held last week at Hornsby, but only a few were out.

Dear Bee, May 25.
This week has brought us the news of the close of a beautiful life. It was not unexpected, but we all deplore the death of so great and grand a man as Mr Gladstone. His whole life may be reviewed as a life with a purpose, and how much there is to profit us if we would but follow his principles. Of course we have not all got his wonderful talents, for by many persons he is considered the greatest statesman that ever lived; but we can all have his steadfastness, uprightness and charity. In the pulpits on Sunday reference to Mr Gladstone's life was almost universal, and in many churches the 'Dead March' was played at the close of the service, the congregation standing.

I find from my friends we are not alone in the matter of small gaieties. There is faunine in other places of amusements. Indeed, this week, my own 'cross' seems the lightest, for there is quite a long list to tell you.

THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

on Saturday was not enjoyable for the onlookers, being cold and wet, though several ladies were amongst those who drove out to the meet at Islington. Among the riders I noticed the Master (Mr Lyon), the Hon. E. W. Parker, Messrs Rhodes, Murray-Aynsley, Haydon, Bassett, Cotterill, Neave, Reid and others.

On Tuesday a gay party of about twenty-five guests left Christchurch at the invitation of Mr and Mrs Rutherford, Mendip Hills, to a

BALL

and other festivities to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest daughter. They travelled to Culverden, staying there the night, and on to Waiata, the following morning, where they lunched, and arrived at the homestead on Wednesday afternoon in time for a rest before the ball taking place at night. Everything was done for the comfort of the numerous guests, a large number, of course, coming from the surrounding district. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until five o'clock the next morning, when after a few hours rest a ramble was started over the hills and then home to lunch. A large marquee had been erected, which was used as a dining-room during the stay of the visitors. A cricket match occupied Thursday afternoon, and a progressive euchre party at night, finishing up with a dance, and a start was made for home early on Friday morning, all having spent a very jolly time. Miss Rutherford was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents, her father's being a beautiful diamond bracelet. Among the guests from Christchurch were Mrs C. Cook, Misses Cook, E. Davis, Donald, Berkeley (2), N. Martin, Gibson, O. Rutherford, Murray (2), Messrs M. Meares, Rutherford, Newson, Northcote, etc.

Mrs W. B. Common gave a SMALL EUCHRE PARTY on Friday, as a farewell for the Misses Meares, and was much enjoyed by all present, amongst whom were Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, Misses Meares (2), Cunningham, Graham, Kinsey, Garrick, Messrs Lennox, G. Cunningham and others. Miss

Kinsey was the lucky winner of the first prize, while Miss Garrick claimed the booby.

On Tuesday Miss Kinsey gave a GIRLS' AFTERNOON TEA for the Misses Meares, and a pleasant time of chat and music was spent. Among those present were Misses Meares (2), Cunningham, Brigham (2, of Auckland), Brett (Auckland), Garrick, J. Martin, G. Rutherford, and a few men.

A very pleasant AFTERNOON TEA was given on Wednesday by Mrs S. Veetman, Papanui Road, to a few friends, amongst whom were Mesdames W. K. Macdonald, Wynn-Williams, Blakiston, H. Airey-Watson, F. Watson, Kinsey, Adams, senr., Misses Tripp (2), Kinsey, G. Rutherford, Cooper, Brigham (Auckland), etc.

A small card party was given by Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Gloucester-st., on Thursday evening. Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs W. D. Meares, Drs. Fenwick and Campbell, and Miss Davison were some of those present.

The Hon. J. T. and Mrs Peacock gave a card party on Friday evening, and last week a very enjoyable evening was spent by about fifty guests at Hawkesbury over some

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

a medley of acting and music, got up by Messrs McRae (2), K. Cunningham and Babington. The hall was converted into the theatre, with stage at one end, with footlights and all complete. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Meares, Mr and Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mr. Mrs and Miss Graham, Mr G. and Miss Cunningham, Mr and Mrs and Miss Webb, Mr and Mrs R. McDougall, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, Captain Kidley of s.s. Gothic, Mr and Mrs P. Cunningham, Misses Newton, McClatchie, Louison and others.

This week another shooting party are enjoying themselves and the hospitality of Mr and Mrs Ensor, at Mount Grey. This time the members are juvenile ones, but if there is a real love of sport I do not think age dulls the taste for it.

At the Addington Show Grounds on Thursday there was an unusually large attendance of the public, including a great number of ladies, at the Canterbury Trotting Club's Winter Meeting, the attraction being the Australian horse Fritz, owned by Mrs J. A. Buckland and driven by her husband, with the result that Fritz has taken all the conceit out of our local owners, and has been the most discussed thing for some days past.

DOLLY VALE.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee, May 23.
The HATHERLY-DAMPIER CONCERTS were not very well attended here, why I do not know, for really both the harpist and the violinist should have formed a sufficient attraction in themselves without the additional allurements of local singers. The first concert was fairly well attended, and though the two ladies must have felt discouraged at the paucity of numbers at the second, it was not visible in their demeanour, and they responded to the marks of appreciation which were accorded to every piece played by them with pleasing readiness. The harp and violin solos were delightful, but the two combined were still more so. Miss Celia Dampier is without doubt a most talented child, and plays beautifully already, and I hope that she will not meet, as here, in Nelson, with such scanty audiences, or she may fail to amass sufficient to enable her to go to Europe to study, which is, I believe, her present hope and attention. Mr M. Cheek was pianist and manager. The ladies and gentlemen who assisted Miss Hatherly and Miss Dampier were Mesdames McIntosh and Lucas, Miss Simson, and Messrs Sturrock and L. Giriths as vocalists, and the Misses N. and M. Rogers, who played the overture each evening. Among the audience I noticed Mesdames McIntire, McCallum, MacShane, Rogers, Simson, Sturbeck, Carter, Mead, Furness, Cheek, Carey, Shaw, Petre (Wellington), Misses Rees and Ferguson, and Messrs Mead, Bunting, Trevor, Maule (Peiorus Sound), Carter, Father Fahey, etc.

Immediately following the Hatherly-Dampier concerts

TWO BOROUGH SCHOOL CONCERTS took place, and on the first night no

complaint could be made about the attendance, for the hall was packed, fresh seats were put in every available space, and yet many had to stand. The first part of the programme was filled by the infant school children, who under the direction of Miss Browne, sang a number of action songs. It was a gay and pretty sight when the curtain was raised to see the little ones on seats graduated in height, in white frocks and blue and pink ribbons, with the boys forming a background. The precision and smartness of their singing and actions were wonderfully good. After an interval the infants came into the hall, and Grievie's 'Kinderspiel' was given by the older children, under the conductorship of Mr Sturrock, in which we met such old friends as Jack Sprat (though we missed his wife), Tom Tucker, John Gilpin, Robin Hood, Tom Thumb, Black-eyed Susan, the Lady of Banbury Cross, and a host of others. This 'Kinderspiel' comprised solos and choruses and one duet which was sung by two very little girls, Miss O. Armstrong and Miss C. Hadfield, as Black-eyed Susan and the Lass of Richmond Hill respectively. The action songs were accompanied on the piano by Miss Clara Farmer, and the 'Kinderspiel' by Miss Elbeck.

We are experiencing another period of unseasonably warm weather. Even in a room without a fire it is difficult to persuade oneself that this is the winter, for the thermometer is about 60. A change seems to be impending, which I hope will not take the form of an earthquake or cyclone.

FRIDA.

NELSON

Dear Bee, May 17.
Last week Miss Hatherley and Miss Celia Dampier gave two

CONCERTS

in the Theatre Royal. Miss Hatherley was not altogether a stranger to us, but the child violinist we had not had the pleasure of hearing before. Miss Hatherley wore a white dress, with soft white silk trimmings. Little Celia looked lovely in a simple ivory white satin frock, daintily trimmed with chiffon; Miss Kathleen Fell looked well in emerald green, with profusion of cream banksia roses on bodice; Miss Pratt wore cream; Miss Moore, white. Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs Mules, black silk; Miss Mules, evening blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Houliker, black; Mrs Prouse (Wellington), sea-coloured silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Houliker, cream; Mrs Gibbs, black and white; silk, dainty lace cap; Miss Gibbs, black silk and lace, with maize silk trimmings; Miss N. Gibbs, blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Bow wore cream; Mrs Fell, black; Miss G. Fell, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Hudson, blue; Miss Cook, black; Miss M. Cook; Mrs Duff, black, pretty, white and yellow cap; Miss Duff, black; Miss Harris, stylish plaid blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ledger, pretty evening blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Ledger, pale blue blouse, black skirt; her sister wore pink; Miss Atkinson (Christchurch), brown; Miss Trix Atkinson, fawn; Miss Jagger, bluey grey tweed, with crimson silk vest; Mesdames Moore, Hanby, Richardson, Misses Webb-Brown, Rockfort, Sealy, Bell, Prouse, (Wellington), Kempthorne, Evans, Hanby, Treut, Brabant, and others.

THE POLICE COMMISSION

has at last held its inquiry at Nelson. But the Commissioners were so much delayed by bad weather coming from Westport that we really began to doubt when the inquiry would be held at Nelson. They left Westport by a special coach on Sunday, expecting to reach Belgrave on Monday, but they were doomed to be disappointed. They were stopped on Monday by an extensive wash-away in the Buller Road at Gruity Creek; by Wednesday they made a successful effort to get the coach thus the creek in the road. Further on they were again stopped by the creek, in Norris' Gully being in heavy flood. Nothing daunted, however, Mr Pointon, Colonel Pitt, together with Mr Tunbridge, Mr Gray, and Inspector Cullen, determined, if possible, to reach Belgrave. They climbed across the framework of the railway bridge, which spans the creek, walked through the tunnel, and, procuring a trolley, worked their way thus to Belgrave, where they arrived late the same evening wet, but feeling satisfied that they had triumphed over the elements. The Commissioners

who waited for the coach did not arrive in town until the next day. They were not long over their business in Nelson, as they left again on Friday for Picton.

Dear Bee, May 24.
The Nelson 'Town' and the Brook Tennis Clubs gave a

LARGE DANCE

in the Provincial Hall last Wednesday. As it was the first dance of the season, there were a great many people present. The committee did not spare themselves in their efforts to make the dance a success, and it must have been gratifying to them after their trouble to hear everyone on all sides pronouncing it as 'lovely.' The room was tastefully decorated with the Club's colours, tennis nets and rackets, and a profusion of lovely flowers and ferns. The supper room looked equally pretty, yellow and white chrysanthemums forming the floral decorations. The supper itself was much the same as the usual ball suppers, everything being as nice as possible. Dancing began at 8.30 p.m., and was kept up most energetically until the small hours of the morning. Martin's string band supplied the music. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs P. Adams in a handsome gown of brilliant rose pink moire, the bodice being finished with an Empire belt of crimson velvet; Mrs Pitt grey silk; Mrs Fell, black satin; Mrs Burns looked lovely in a handsome dress of black satin, rucked sleeves of white chiffon, and bands of deep red velvet coming from the shoulders to the waist; Mrs Sweet, buttercup satin; Mrs Houliker, black silk; Mrs Prouse (Wellington), green silk; Mrs Harris, black; Mrs Mackay; Mrs Bunny; Miss Brabant looked well in a pretty dress of rich yellow satin; Miss Robertson was much admired in hyacinth blue silk, the bodice being relieved with real white lace; Miss Nora Dunn looked very pretty in a daintily made white debutante silk dress; Miss Dunn; Miss Browning, deep yellow satin with bands of white and black; Miss Jo Pitt looked well in pink silk; Miss Fowler (Masterton), pale pink evening dress; Miss Houliker (debutante), white silk, finished with simple white daisies and white satin sash; Miss Prouse (Wellington), becoming white silk; Miss Wood was much admired in black, relieved with pink roses; Miss Leggett was wearing a pretty dress of eau de nil; Miss G. Fell, white, and her sister in shot heliotrope and pink silk; Miss Watson (England), black silk relieved with black and white lace; Miss Tomlinson, white with touch of green on bodice; Miss Trix Atkinson, black silk, with eau de nil trimmings; Miss Bunny was admired in scarlet; Miss Pike, black silk; Miss Raynor, white and gold; Miss Harris, white satin; Miss Webb Brown, white with scarlet poppies to her hair; Miss Tully (Wairarapa), handsome white ivory satin; Miss Robinson (Foxton) looked pretty in a simple white dress; Miss Hursthouse, peacock blue velvet, with pink silk trimmings; Miss Wright, pink silk, and her sister in white silk; Miss Mackay, pink; Misses Heaps, Richmond, Ledger, Hursthouse, Gannaway, Catley, Roberts, Preshaw (2), Messrs Duncan, King, Green, Bonar, Adams, Atkinson, Hursthouse (2), Hunter Brown, Fell, Burns, Leggett, Ellis, Tomlinson, Mackay, Colt, Washbourne, Moore (2), Roberts, Gray, Drs. Andrew and Talbot, and others.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, May 25.
The Hatherley-Dampier combination must have been disappointed in Picton by the very small attendance that greeted their appearance last week. Many events had occurred which kept people away, otherwise I am sure they would have lent their assistance to encourage those clever lady artists, on whom devolved the whole onus of entertaining the small audience. Even the local talent asked for was not available on this occasion.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

was not ushered in with Queen's weather, and several little outings agreed upon had perforce to be abandoned.

THE 'RIVALS'

Nelson football team arrived on Monday evening and notwithstanding the downpour of rain, and a whole gale of wind, they played the 'Waitohis' on the latter's ground. The Waitohis were quite over matched, though the Rivals had a hard struggle to secure

their points. It was a case of real mud marking, the field being in such a condition that only the most enthusiastic lovers of the game could have endured it.

A SOCIAL

was given to entertain the visitors. The bad weather of course was against it, preventing all but the most enthusiastic going. The committee had worked very hard to ensure the success of the affair, and received no end of kudos for their enterprising arrangement. The hall was lined with immense nikau palms, and the Club's colours in yellow and black were quite a feature of the decorations. The Nelson (Rivals) banner, in blue and white, hung over a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, at the lower end of the hall, surrounded by loyal legends in black on yellow, of 'God Save the Queen.' The ladies' committee had also done their share, and

THE SUPPER TABLE

was also arrayed in yellow and black, yellow chrysanthemums being the only flowers used. The arrangements were all excellent, and the whole affair was a great success. The committee—ladies and gentlemen—wore the Club's colours. Songs, etc., were rendered as below: 'On the Ball,' Mr H. Wilmott; 'Queen of the Earth,' Mr W. Jeffries (Blenheim); 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' Miss McCormick; Marguerite, Miss Instone; 'I wink at the girls on the sly,' Mr H. Wilmott. There was also a recitation by Mr Ashley, and a speech from Mr Baner, manager of the 'Rivals.' Several of the Nelson men were to have sung but the mud of the field so affected their vocal chords that they could not sing, and would not croak.

Some of those present were:—Mrs Allen, Misses Fuller (3), Webster (2), Lloyd (2), McCormick (2), Biddle (2), Clemmens, Bartlett (3), Sutherland, France (2), Nash, etc., etc., Messrs France (2), Nash (2), Jeffries (Blenheim), Fuller (2), Wilmott, Webster, Bartlett, Jeffries, Greenell, McCormick, Captain Maclean, the Nelson footballers, and all together about 150, the ladies being in the minority.

JEAN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, May 19.

A MEET OF THE HAWKE'S BAY HOUNDS

was held last week at Longlands, and a delightful luncheon was given to the members of the Hunt Club by Mr E. Watt, on the lawn in front of his residence. His mother, Mrs Coleman, of Napier, acted as hostess, and an enjoyable time was spent by all present. On the return of the huntsmen in the afternoon, after a good run, which lasted till about 4 o'clock, they were entertained again by Mr Watt. Amongst those present when the hounds threw off were Mesdames Donnelly, Coleman, Caulton, Smith, the Misses Donnelly, Watt, Ormond, St. Hill, Luckie, Douglas, Nelson, Nairn, Messrs Lowry, A'Deane, Groome, Hyde, Donnelly, Carr, Jackson, Cottle, Bennett, Lewis, Russell, Harley, Coleman, Watt, Smith, O'Neill, Donnelly, Elliott, etc.

On Wednesday evening a CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL, to which the young people of Napier have long been looking forward, was given by Mrs Coleman at her residence in the Barrack Hill. Between 70 and 80 guests were present, in every variety of costume. There were the usual goddesses, sailors, soldiers, peasants, princesses, Indians, Irishmen, etc., and as all the dresses were effectively and prettily carried out, the scene in the ball-room was an extremely gay one. Miss Watt represented the Queen of Hearts, and wore a pretty white silk dress adorned with large red hearts; Miss Coleman as a sea nymph wore a sea-green dress and numbers of pretty shells; Mr Watt as a Japanese wore a handsome embroidered costume of various coloured silks; Miss McLean as a Wat-teau shepherdess was in an extremely pretty dress of pink and blue satin; her sister, who represented a butterfly, also wore a very effective dress; Miss Florence Carr was much admired in a Roman dress of white and silver, and in her character of Flora wore garlands of beautiful flowers; Miss Erica Lines made a dear little Cherry Ripe; and her brother, Master Keith Lines, looked very well as a sailor; Miss Campbell represented the God-

ess of Flowers; Miss Louise Kettle wore an effective costume of black and white, as Pierette; Miss Howell as Autumn was in a pretty dress of green gauze and silver adorned with autumn flowers and ivy leaves; Master Rollo Howell was in a quaint-looking Kate Greenaway costume; Master Coleman was a cook, and his brother, a Turk; Miss Gladys Jardine looked very quaint as Margery Daw; Miss Hoadley was a hospital nurse; and her sister, in a dress of bright scarlet, represented a poppy; Miss Justine Anthill was a witch, and wore a hat with a very high crown, and a pretty little frock, round which was entwined a fierce-looking snake; her sister represented a palette; Miss Lyndon was a Grecian girl; Miss May McCormick was a Powder and Patches; Miss Brown in a pretty white silk dress with lilies of the valley, represented a flower girl; Miss V. Twigg in a green gauze dress and sprays of lilies of the valley represented those flowers; Master Logan was a Turk; Master Moore a Chinaman; Master Troutbeck a huntsman; Miss Rutherford a Grecian girl; her sister wore a quaint dress with a big cap and a wide sash, and represented Lady Betty; Miss Kitty Wood was effectively dressed in blue and red and white as Stars and Stripes; Miss Kate Von Dadelzen looked exceedingly well as a gipsy; Miss Mary McLean was Australia; and her sister Grace Darling; Miss Nelson was in powder and patches; Master Alan Balfour was an Indian; so also was Mr J. Spencer; Miss Tanner was in powder and patches; Master Jardine wore an effective dress as Pierrot. In ordinary evening dress were Mesdames Ormond, Troutbeck, Anthill, Carr, Russell, Tanner, and others.

MARJORIE.

KICKING THE FUTURE KING.

When Don Jaime, the Carlist pretender to the throne of Spain, was a schoolboy at Beaumont College, in England, he had to submit to ill usage from his fellows, after the manner of the English princes and all properly educated royal personages. One day a master saw a large boy kicking his royal highness. 'What has he done?' asked the master. 'Nothing,' replied the culprit; 'but you see, sir, he may be the King of Spain by and by and I should like to be able to say that I once kicked the King of Spain.'

A MYSTERY TO HISTORY.

The great mystery about Indo-China and one which must be insoluble, is the story of the lost race and the vanished civilisation of that strange country. The mighty walls of Angkor-Wat, rising in the midst of sparsely populated jungles, remain as the memorial of a great empire which has utterly disappeared and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple, or what tyrant hounded on his myriads of people to build up those immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures. Angkor-Wat is one of the most astonishing monuments in the world, and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as earth itself, were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise. Only a highly civilised and very wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Wat—a very different race to the Annamite of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as utterly as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes and solitudes of Memphis.

Lands and Survey Department,
Auckland, May 30, 1898.

CROWN LANDS FOR SETTLEMENT.

The attention of persons interested is directed to the RANGIATEA SETTLEMENT, to be thrown open for application at the Crown Lands Office, Auckland, on June 22 next.

The Estate comprises 314 acres of cultivated Land, and is situated within 4 miles of Te Aroha, on the Auckland Paeroa Railway Line. Areas range from 38 acres to 400 acres, and rentals per annum from £2 to £5 at the various Post Offices, and pamphlets and full information can be obtained at the Land Office, Auckland.

BERNHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.