

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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"THE RED RAG,"

OR, "THE TOREADOR AND THE TORY-ADO."

GOUT

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

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CURED.

TOPICS WEEK.

OUR HIDDEN TREASURES.

WHAT a satisfaction it would be to millions of people if the Bill dealing with unclaimed moneys, which our Legislative Council has been worrying lately, were the law of all lands. The measure provides that all financial institutions, as well as every person, or firm, carrying on business as traders within the colony and acting as agents or private bankers for individuals or companies, shall furnish periodically full particulars of any unclaimed moneys that may be lying in their possession. The enormous advantage of such a law is obvious. So long as they are not compelled to divulge the information, few holders of unclaimed money, I fancy, will be in a hurry to announce to the world at large that they hold it; and, indeed, such conduct would probably be judged quixotic under the modern business moral code. The result of this concealment must, of course, be that hundreds and thousands of people are deprived of what is theirs by right. For instance, take yourself and myself. We may both have earnestly and hopefully perused that particularly fascinating publication, "List of Heirs in Chancery," and found that our names were not written in that volume, which to many has proved a veritable book of life. But that by no means proves that we are not heirs to wealth untold. In the coffers of some bank in the Old Country, or some obscure business house, or on the credit-balance of some individual who has no right to it there may be lying tens of thousands of golden sovereigns which some forgotten ancestor of ours deposited there and which his descendants have never claimed. I am perfectly certain that there are several such sums, really my property, distributed in different parts of the world, for my ancestors were far-faring men, with a faculty for accumulating gear, but with no faculty for making proper arrangements for its disposal after they left this earthly sphere for another. There is, I admit, a certain satisfaction in cherishing this conviction that I am really a wealthy man if all were known; but still I am not philosopher enough to believe it would not be greater if I could put my fingers on the coin itself. I cannot hope, however, to do this under the present condition of affairs. I have no notion even in which hemisphere these unscrupulous deposits of mine lie concealed, let alone the name of the city, the firm or individual in whose keeping they are. And it is very certain I have neither the time nor the wealth to go hunting after my treasure. But if this bill were the law of all lands the position would be quite altered. Then by investing a few shillings on the published information I could at once discover the whereabouts of my treasure and take steps to secure it.

There is only one thing about this proposed law that I take objection to, and that is the provision inserted by the Council in Committee by which the Public Trust Office, the Government Life Insurance and the Post-office Savings Bank are exempt from the necessity of divulging particulars of the unclaimed moneys in their possession. Why, one would like to know, is such an institution as the Savings Bank, for instance, to have the right to keep us in the dark in a matter like this? Such a proceeding is suspicious and might certainly be construed to have been done with felonious intent. Does it mean that if I should suffer a sudden loss of my bank book and my memory at the same time the Savings Bank would take care never to remind me of that little nest-egg I have deposited in its keeping but would lie low and say nothing? Surely such conduct, however much it might augment the possibilities of a surplus, should be beneath the honour and dignity of a Government like ours.

GLORY.

ONE of the most prominent features of the war has been the insatiable thirst for glory displayed by the Americans. Not Spanish wars, or Spanish territory, or Spanish gold, or Spanish blood have the sons and daughters of the Western Republic greatly coveted. These were after all but secondary things in their eyes, as I take it. But what they have coveted and still covet with an avidity which will entirely satisfy, is glory. Tacitus or some equally knowing ancient has observed that even among the wise the desire for glory is the last of all human passions to be laid aside; and all history justifies the observation. But one would rather have anticipated that in these modern days among a practical people like the Americans, a more utilitarian view of war would have prevailed. If we are to believe some reports it has prevailed in some quarters; unscrupulous and unpatriotic individuals have, it is to be suspected, used the war as a means to line their own pockets. But among the great mass of the people there have been no such mercenary motives. Glory has been what they have been feeding on, and they find the stuff so ambrosial, not to say intoxicating, that, like Oliver, they cannot get enough of it. This being their frame of mind, would it be wonderful if our cousins looked forward to the close of the war with a certain degree of dissatisfaction; that must especially be the feeling in that section of the army which has not yet had the chance of smelling powder at the front. It must be aggravating to these gentlemen to think in what a subordinate position they will be when the lucky fellows who have been in Cuba or Manila, or chasing Spanish ships on the high seas, come home with victorious banners flying and the band playing. They may well ask "Where will they come in?" It is quite certain they will be compelled to take a very back seat while on their comrades are showered laudation and thanks and kisses and all things nice. Secretary Alger was said to have foreseen this little difficulty, and it is alleged that regardless of peace prospects he hurried American troops to Puerto Rico in order that as many as possible should share in the glory of the American conquests. Such a



"When these thousands of heroes lay down their swords and take up their pens to write their memoirs."

proceeding may appear to you to savour a little of comic opera, but you can't deny the advantages of it. One obvious effect of it will be to produce as plentiful a crop of colonels and majors and generals as the Civil War did. When the war is over and done, war medals and promotion will, I fancy, be dealt out with no niggard hand—silver is cheap and it costs nothing to give a man an honorary colonelcy and military heroes and generals will be as common as Dickens found them thirty years ago. I had a notion that I would go by the States when I took my trip to the Paris Exhibition the year after next, but I don't think I could face the military element that the war will have brought into existence. I shall even be afraid of American magazines now. It is pretty bad already, but when these thousands of heroes lay down their swords and take up their pens to write their memoirs—good heavens! what may we not expect. It may be Spain's turn to complain now, but it will be Europe's turn a little later on. Alas, how we shall curse that Spanish war in years to come!

A CUB PROTESTS.

IN a recent issue I took occasion to comment regretfully on the conspicuous absence at most of our dances—public and private—of the adult male specimen and the far too conspicuous presence of the immature specimen—the boy, in fact, and the boy in that rather offensive stage of his development which begins about the 17th year and does not always end at the 21st. I ventured to say that this sort of arrangement was a bad thing for the girls, who would naturally prefer the grown-up animal to the mere cub, and a worse thing for the boys—a worse thing for many reasons. We all know how at that particular stage the young masculine mind is apt to be overwhelmed and devoured by a sense of its own importance, and a corresponding vanity and conceit; and all know, too, that if the young creature is not to become a nuisance and a bore this mania of his must be repressed by every known species of ridicule and snub.



"and though I am very young I manage to make myself perfectly at home wherever I go."

But to place him as the prominent figure in a ball-room, to surround him with young ladies who make believe he is not a mere cub, but a full-grown animal—who listen to his inane talk with apparent enthusiasm and ignore with a beautiful hypocrisy his not infrequent violations of good breeding—why that, I say, is not the way to cure a cub of his mania, but to stomp him as a cub for ever. I am sorry that these observations of mine have not commended themselves to the class for which they were intended. It appears that some in that class are seriously offended, and one of them, who I suppose may be taken as a fair representative of the breed, has written me a long letter in which he gives indignant vent to what he calls his outraged feelings. I cannot give his letter in full, for it is long and somewhat confused, but I will give two or three nice quotations from it, which will serve to explain sufficiently his attitude and his argument. "I suppose," he says at the outset, "that I am one of those cubs you refer to in your paper, for I attend most of the dances that are a-going, and though I am very young I manage to make myself perfectly at home wherever I go." Precisely so, my dear young friend; but

do you not know that one of the strongest objections I have to you is that you make yourself too much at home wherever you go? Has it never occurred to you that those free and easy ways of yours and that too frequent repetition of newly-coined words might be invariably resented by many who did not show it, and set it down to the account of native ignorance and vulgarity? I beseech you to meditate on this fact, and to believe that superabundance of 'cheek' or 'side,' or whatever else you may call it in your vernacular, is not the best or the most fitting thing for a youth of your tender years. My young correspondent goes on to say: "You are all wrong about us and the girls when you say that they don't like our ways and manners. They do like them, and as to slang of which you don't approve, they have quite as much of it as we have—yes, and can swear like troopers too when they have a mind to." I scarcely like quoting the end of that sentence; is it not libellous? Not that I believe there is an atom of truth in it. Nor can I believe the first part of the sentence either; or if there is any foundation for it, then I have indeed been deceived by Fortia and her friends. They never gave me to understand that their tastes lay in that quarter. I fear that with respect to this matter and with respect to many others, the immature judgment of the cub is at fault. It is just possible, however, that some of the fair sex may be partly responsible for his mistake. Fortunately, or unfortunately—perhaps by reason of her sympathy and tender-heartedness—the young girl has a strong tendency to adapt herself to the company she meets, and when necessity arises can enter into the feelings of the cub community and occasionally, alas! affect their way of thinking and their mode of speech. Failing the ripe gooseberry, she will smilingly accept the unripe and even go the length of protesting that it is not at all sour, but the sweetest thing she has tasted. Who would venture to find fault with such amiable hypocrisy? But it is hypocrisy for all that, and I trust my young friends may so understand it; for it is good for them to know that if they are made much of by the girls it is simply because the girls can find nothing better to hand.

THE CLUB AS AN AID TO ROMANCE.

A recent writer on the subject claims that marriages of convenience show a decided tendency to become things of the past, and he leads it to be inferred that one of the chief factors in bringing about this beneficial state of things is the club—the man's club, and the woman's club, and the man and woman's club combined. There was a time when the word 'club' sounded hateful in a woman's ear. I do not refer to the woman of savagism, or to the woman of the savage circles of civilised society, for both of whom the club represents a



"There was a time when the word 'Club' sounded hateful in a woman's ear."

hard-hitting instrument in the hands of tyrant man to keep them in that fitting state of subjection into which they were born. No, the woman to whom I refer is the woman of the middle and upper classes of society. She has been wont to look upon the club—a different species of club from

the club of the savage—as a dangerous rival, irresistibly luring her men-folk away from their natural duty of looking after her comfort and pleasure; or, as an impenetrable screen behind which these same men-folk of hers retreated when they had done, or were doing, or were going to do, things which they knew she would disapprove of. On these counts, and a few others, woman hated the club and thought she did well to hate the club. But now this is all changed. Woman has now a club of her own, has discovered for herself its irresistible attractions and no longer grudges man his club. She can, indeed, dispense with his society much more easily than she was wont to do, for the woman of to-day has learned in a remarkable degree to look after her own comfort and entertainment, and she is rather apt now, instead of regarding the man's club as a dangerous rival, to look upon it as a friendly coadjutor that helps to keep man from wasting his time and hers by her side. To the bachelor woman especially is the club a wonderful boon. The bachelor woman used to be formerly known as the lone spinster, whose spinsterhood was almost invariably assumed not to be a matter of choice, since its conditions seemed so very unattractive, whether the lone spinster worked for her living or had had that living secured to her by the kindly providence of relatives, and lived in solitary affluence and ennui. But it is just as easy to conceive that the bachelor woman is a bachelor woman by choice as it is to conceive the same thing of the bachelor man. She, like him, has comfortable chambers of her own, from which, unharassed by household cares, she sallies forth on her business or pleasure, or when she feels lonely, adjourns to her club close by for chatty or silent company. It has become a matter of almost proverbial difficulty to lure the bachelor man inside the gates of matrimony, away from his chambers and his clubs and the unchallenged freedom of his goings out and comings in; and the same difficulty, in regard to the similarly-circumstanced bachelor woman, is now beginning to be clearly recognised. In both cases the lure has to be very strong to be successful. What kind of lure then is likely to succeed with those masculine and feminine bachelors? They won't marry for a home—their chambers supply that without the attendant worries of household management. They won't marry for company, their respective clubs supply that in much richer variety than the society of one man or woman can do. Therefore, the only thing, in my opinion, that can induce them to give up their more or less careless freedom and put mutual restrictions upon themselves, can be nothing less than love, real, strong, old-fashioned love of the kind warranted to wear as long as their hearts. And, coming to this sensible and sentimental conclusion, I would like to point out to the reader the moral of my foregoing desultory remarks, which is that the much misunderstood club, by lessening for both sexes the spurious attractions to matrimony, really does valuable service in making true and strong mutual affection the only basis of marriage.

THE GENTLE ART OF WINNING VOTES.

MANY a politician has found success in the exercise of his social rather than his political talents. A well paid compliment has secured a vote when the most elaborate exposition of a political point has utterly failed. Politicians as a class understand this perfectly, and though a candidate for Parliament may take great pains to explain his policy on the platform to the body of electors, he knows right well that a word skillfully placed in the private ear of the elector, a more than usually conciliatory smile, or an extra warmth in the hand shake, is of infinitely greater value in a political campaign. We have all heard many amusing stories of the wiles practised by candidates for parliamentary honours in commending themselves to the good graces of the constituents. Nothing is more common, for instance, than for the would-be member to discover in the lady of the house a beauty and grace and youthfulness no eye had ever before detected; or in the son and heir or youngest olive branch the most unmistakable signs of pre-eminent genius; and to display in the family

as a whole a depth of disinterested affection and regard that is simply incredible. It has remained for a New South Wales man, however, to develop the social side of electioneering tactics to an extent few would venture on. This gentleman, it is said, in canvassing his constituency has been careful to attend every funeral, and to be the first to congratulate every happy father. I presume this means that one hour of the day he is to be found following with downcast head and streaming eyes the remains of the dustman's widow's second cousin's grandmother to her long last home, while a little later he may be discovered shaking hands with the proud parent whose latest born is vociferously announcing its entry into the world in the next room. Such zeal in



A word skillfully placed in the private ear of the elector.... or an extra warmth in the shake of the hand.

carrying out the Christian injunction to weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that rejoice, may under certain circumstances be commendable enough, but in an instance like the one we are quoting it is open to grave suspicion. Can we suppose for one instant that the most exemplary and perfect candidate that ever lived could honestly feel such a sympathy with the sorrows and joys of each member of his constituency as this gentleman displayed? It is not credible, especially in a politician. These tears for the dead must have been crocodile tears, and that absorbing interest in the newly born feigned. And I can scarcely believe that in most constituencies they would effect their object. However, it is equally unlikely that many candidates will seek to follow the example of the New South Wales gentleman. I should not advise them to try. Attending every funeral, or, as it were, being in at the death, may be a permissible bit of diplomacy in electioneering; but to be first in at the birth is quite another affair, and would involve on the part of candidates an acquaintance with the household affairs of the voters, which is out of the question.

BENCH AND BAR.

HAVE I not from this lowly judgment seat of mine inveighed against the irreverence so common in the colony? Bear me witness, constant reader of this valuable publication, have I not complained of the want of respect which in this country juniors display towards their elders, and inferiors to their superiors? And now from a higher judgment seat than this—from the Supreme Court Bench itself—comes a double endorsement of my indictment. Last week Mr Justice Edwards protested against the manner in which counsel treat the Bench, and Mr Justice Conolly followed suit. In the first case, the judge referred to the light way in which the lawyers arrange the business of the Court, without dreading of consulting the convenience of the Bench, as a very gross piece of presumption that would never have been tolerated in his day, and he said pretty plainly that he was not going to allow it to occur again if he could help it. Let us trust sincerely that he will keep his word and that other judges will imitate the example he sets. I had no idea that the spirit of irreverence and disrespect had so deeply infected the social organism as these complaints from the Supreme Court show. I knew, of course, that children here did not care a brass

farthing for what their parents or elders said; that servants thought it below them to defer to their masters; and even that the spiritual authority of clergymen over their flocks was largely a fiction which the flocks barely pretended to countenance. But I had always imagined that under the shadow of the judgment seat authority could still command reverence and respect and deferential consideration. Even there it appears its power is shaken, and unless our judges make a stand now and check the rising tide of disrespect it must eventually sweep them from the Bench. It would be well for our judges to combine together, and instead of sitting long-sufferingly on the Bench, sit on the presumptuous counsel. All attempts at familiarity or facetiousness on the part of the Bar should be sternly discountenanced, and when the junior counsel makes a pun he should be committed for contempt of Court. How otherwise is the dignity of the Bench to be upheld? Our judges might do worse than take a leaf out of Lord Thurlow's book who, indifferent lawyer as he was, still could assume a dignity that was withering to the presumptions. Everyone can recall the story of the unfortunate usher at the Court who, remarking a shadow of good-natured condescension on his lordship's face, timidly ventured to say, 'It's a fine day, my lord.' 'Go to the devil you and your day too,' was the calmly contemptuous reply.

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SOME TESTIMONIALS.
Newlands, Waikato, N.Z., Mar. 20th, 1898.
Dear Sir,—I received Watch and Chain in good condition, and am obliged. The watch is working splendidly.—Yours truly, L. N. W. Kerr.
The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.
Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z., March 9th, 1898.
Sir,—I received the Gent's Silver Watch and Chain quite safe. My son is delighted with it. I enclose reading of the Puzzle, and Chain in good condition, and am obliged. The watch is working splendidly.—Yours truly, L. N. W. Kerr.
The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

'Fiance.'—Yes; rubies and pearls set in deal gold would look very well and would not make too heavy an inroad upon his slender purse.

'Anxious to Know.'—That would not be vulgar, for, according to Ruskin, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sympathy—people are for ever vulgar precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy.

'George.'—I believe it must arise from your bedroom being not properly ventilated. Try sleeping with your window a little open at the top and bottom.

'Robert N.'—Your proposition cannot be entertained for a moment.

'G.R. de L.'—If you have a spark of humanity in your breast, stop writing verse, or rather what you call verse. In a moment of temporary mental aberration some editor might put it into print.

'Elise.'—Certainly; I should like it very much. Send particulars.

'Atheist.'—I do not think that this is the fitting place for the discussion of such topics, but I will remind you of the dictum of the wisest thinker of this age—'Intellect and moral sense were not put into man by a Being which had none of its own.'

'Anxious.'—Send him an explanation. It is only what he has a right to expect.

'The Latest Fashion.'—A double frill of tulle at the wrist—one of a colour matching the dress and one white would make a capital finish to your sleeve.

'Blanche M.'—Prove yourself to have the larger mind by being the first to seek for a reconciliation.

'A Sufferer.'—Warts may be safely and certainly removed by keeping them constantly damp with a rag dipped in vinegar, then slicing them off thinly day by day and putting powdered alum on the fresh surface.

'R.L.'—Your manuscript is quite unsuitable for our columns.

'Mr. R.'—Your deafness may arise from enlargement of the tonsils, but you ought to consult a doctor at once.

'George R.'—You have acted most wisely under the circumstances.

'A Constant Subscriber.'—Thanks for your courteous note. I shall certainly try to gratify your prettily-worded request.

'Elsie N.'—Any bookseller will supply you with them.

'Harold.'—I am sorry to say that your conduct was in the very worst taste. Of course you must apologise.

'A Man.'—Kissing is not correct unless you are engaged.

'Why?'—You must put Mrs in brackets before your signature.

'Mary.'—Address a polite complaint to the G.P.O.

'H.R.D.'—Three weeks.

'J.C.C.'—An immediate reply is necessary.

'R.P.'—Clean your oak furniture with hot beer; dry well; polish with this.—Melt slowly two ounces of yellow wax, then add four ounces spirits of turpentine; stir till cool; also use elbow grease.

'Guy.'—Of course it is more polite to open the door for a lady.

'Jeff.'—Have no information on that point.

'S.M.'—Write to Madame Vero.

'England.'—The third finger of the left hand.

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IN A MINOR KEY.

ON A TANDEM.

'You are sure it doesn't make it go any harder?'

'What doesn't?'

'My being on this front saddle?'

'If you weren't on that front saddle I give you my word this machine wouldn't be going at all.'

'No?'

'No. It would be at home, in the woodshed.'

This would not do. The conversation was taking a personal turn. Miss McCurdy decided to change the subject.

'I have had so little experience in tandem riding,' she said, 'that I didn't know. This is a beautiful landscape, isn't it?'

'I haven't been looking at the landscape.'

This also had an alarmingly personal bearing, and she hastily put one hand to her back hair to ascertain whether or not anything was loose.

'It's all right,' volunteered the young man. 'And your hat's on perfectly straight.'

'No, he hasn't been looking at the landscape,' mentally decided Miss Glycerine McCurdy.

'Her cheek looks like a peach,' said young Spoonamore to himself. 'And, by George, she is a peach!' he added, with the fervour of a discoverer upon whom a great truth has just dawned.

'You ought not to miss this view, Mr Spoonamore. Look at the grand sweep of that—'

'I'm not missing anything. . . . I have to keep an eye on the road, you know.'

'How can you do it? Am I leaning too much to one side?'

'Not at all. You are sitting beautifully.'

'I don't seem to be doing any of the work. Aren't you getting tired?'

'Tired? I could keep on riding this way forever!'

'Absurd!'

'Well, I'll make it a million years. That's coming down a good deal.'

'Ooh! What's that?'

'Nothing but a bug. Don't be afraid. I brushed it off your shoulder.'

'I'm not scared. Was it a large bug?'



THE PICTURE THAT HAS STARTLED THE CONTINENT.

See Letterpress.

'Not large, but unpardonably presumptuous. It was making for your neck.'

They pecked in silence for a few minutes, and then she said:

'Wasn't it risky to take one of your hands off the handle bars?'

'Risky? Great Caesar! I could ride that way for—'

'For a million years?'

'Now you're smiting.'

'You are not watching the road closely enough. We came near running over that big stone.'

'I saw it. Didn't you notice that we turned out just in time to avoid it?'

'I saw that we missed it by just a hair's breadth. I—I thought you must have taken one hand off the bar again.'

The young man drew his breath hard.

'Mr Spoonamore, you are getting tired!'

'Awfully tired. I haven't seen your eyes for fifteen minutes.'

On second thoughts Miss McCurdy concluded not to propose stopping to rest. It would serve him right to make him work hard for the next two hours to pay for that speech. And yet—

'Glycerine!'

'Well?'

'Do you see that brick house off to the left on the other side of this orchard?'

He went on with some rambling, unimportant recollection about that house.

He merely wanted to see whether her left cheek had turned as red as the right one.

It had.

They passed under the projecting limb of an apple tree standing just inside the fence, and with a dexterous upward reach young Spoonamore pulled off a bunch of blossoms.

'Ooh! What's that?'

'It isn't a bug this time. It's a cluster of apple blossoms. I am about to take the liberty of putting them in your back hair—'

'Upon my word!'

'Not for purposes of ornament, I beg you to believe, but because I love flowers—too—and having cut these off in their curly bloom I feel bound to see that they enter upon a happy hereafter. Hold still!'

'How can I? I have to keep my pedals moving, don't I?'

'Yes, but you don't have to move your head—just yet. There! The effect is beautiful. You have no idea how it sets the flowers off. Do you see that country church spire over there on the right?'

'No, she did not see it. She suspected. And she looked straight ahead.'

Whereupon the young man rubber-necked.

'Glycerine!' he whispered, close to her ear.

At this thrilling moment the machine, left practically to its own guidance, ran into a rut—

And spoiled one of the most promising romances of the year.

O, young people, let this be a solemn warning!

Do not become sentimental on a tandem until the era of good roads has fully come.

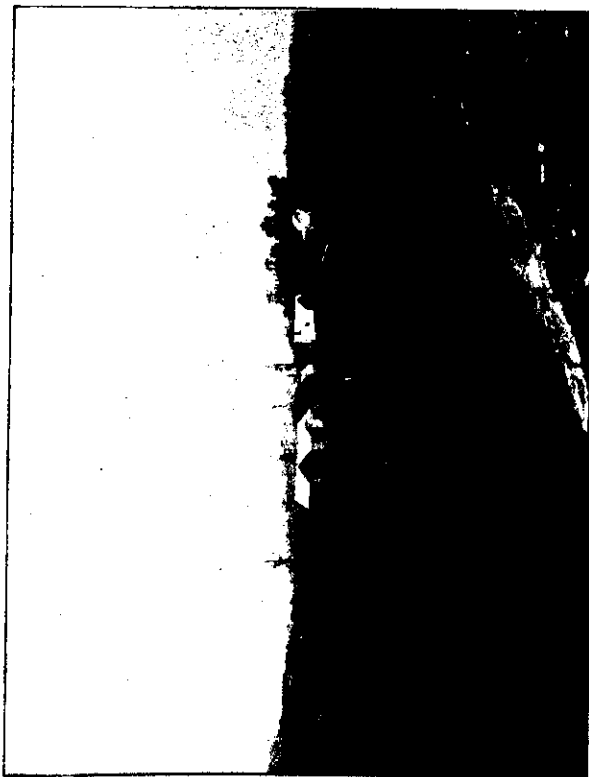


A COMPOSITE PICTURE OF THE FORTY-TWO BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN WOMEN WHOSE FEATURES ADORN THE MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

When the plans for the Exposition were yet in their infancy, the question of a souvenir medal was raised, and it was decided to employ some unique idea in its conception, which, when completed, would show also an artistic sense in the selection of design. The services of the composite photographer were put into requisition; forty-two photos "on profile" were received, and the composite picture made. The result is an ideal American head, full of the combined force, intellectuality, vivacity and beauty of the typical American girl.



ANOTHER VIEW.



SPECIAL SETTLEMENT, ONEWHERO.



PUNT ACROSS THE WAIKATO, CONNECTING ONEWHERO AND TUAKAU. A. W. Clark, photo. FLAX-MILL ON WAIKATO RIVER, ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF BELOW TUAKAU.

VIEWS AROUND TUAKAU.

THE MAORIS AS MORMONS.

From time to time we hear accounts of the success of the Mormon missionaries among the Maoris, from which it would appear that the teachings of the emissaries from Utah find favour in the eyes of many of the natives here. Yet, although a number of Maoris have embraced Mormonism only one family has elected to leave New Zealand and make their home with the Mormons in America. The family referred to is that of Herini Whaunga, a chief of the Ngatihungani tribe, who, with his wife and grandchildren, went across to reside in Salt Lake City in 1894. Herini Whaunga belongs to the Mahia Peninsula and is the son of Ihaka Whaunga. At this time he is on a visit to New Zealand and intends staying here for about a year, after which he will return to Utah, where his family now are. Although seventy years of age, Herini Whaunga seems in the pink of health and thoroughly satisfied with the change he has made from this colony to Utah. He called at the 'Graphic' office a week or two back and spoke in terms of the highest

2,500 ten inch piling at the end of a pier, reaching 4,000 feet into the Lake. The total length of the building from east to west is 1,115 feet. It is crescent shaped in outline, with the convex side nearest the shore. The greatest width is 335 feet, and the height, from water to top of main tower, 152 feet. The lunch pavilion is 151 x 253 feet, size of dancing floor above it is 140 x 250 feet, without a pillar or other obstruction. The dancing pavilion is constructed after the style of roofing adopted in the big tabernacle (same size), but the framework is of iron. There are 620 bath rooms. Bathers can be accommodated with any depth of water desired. At night, 1,250 incandescent and forty arc lights, give the place a fairylike appearance, as these lights are reflected in the placid waters of the lake on a calm summer night.

Paderevski's next American tour will begin in Mexico, and no doubt will extend to the United States. A most interesting item of news is that Paderevski is going to marry—the lady's name is not stated.



BATHS, SALT LAKE CITY.



HIRINI WHANGA AND HIS FAMILY, THE ONLY MAORI MORMONS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

praise of the kindness he had received among the Mormons. Stories to the effect that he had been badly treated, and even that he was dead, had, it seems, got about among the Maoris here; but Herini's whole appearance, and what he has to say, most effectually contradict these reports. We give a picture of Herini Whaunga and his family in Utah.

A SALT LAKE BUILDING.

SALT-BAIR BEACH AND PAVILION.

This is a new bathing resort about twenty minutes' ride from Salt Lake City, via the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railway. From an architectural standpoint, it has no peer in America, and for the purposes intended, no detail has been omitted that might make it a delightful place for a few hours, being always cool and pleasant in the hottest weather. Erected by the citizens of Salt Lake City—the architecture being Moorish—it was commenced February 1st, 1893, and completed June 1st the same year, at a cost of \$250,000. It is built upon

A CENSUS OF THE WORLD.

GRAND TOTAL OF HUMAN BEINGS ON THE GLOBE.

The greatest undertaking of its kind in the history of the world was recently set on foot at the meeting of the International Statistical Institute in Berne. It is proposed to take a census of all the inhabitants of the earth, and to publish the results at the opening of the twentieth century on January 1st, 1901. The enormous difficulty of the work becomes apparent when one considers that at least two-thirds, and perhaps three-quarters, of the inhabitants of our planet dwell in lands none of which have yet been fully civilized, and many of which still remain in a condition of savagery. Yet the purpose is, as far as possible, to include in the enumeration every human being on whom the sun rises on a particular day in the year 1900. Explorers and census-takers are to be sent to every attainable point on the globe for the purpose. Such is the scheme. It looks impracticable. An attempt has recently been made to take a complete census of Russia, and this will aid the new undertaking immensely. During

his tour in Europe Li Hung Chang became interested in the proposed census of the world; and, it is asserted, promised his co-operation and assistance in the work.

China forms the greatest factor of uncertainty in estimating the population of the globe. Estimates of the number of inhabitants in China vary sometimes by one or two hundred millions, and even the population of the chief cities can only be guessed at. So, too, Africa presents an enormous field of mysteries and difficulties. Estimates of its total population are constantly varying, because explorers frequently come upon knots and centres of population the real extent of which is unknown. The most careful statisticians admit that their estimates of the population of Africa may be as much as 50,000,000 out of it. West of India are the vast lands that Alexander overran in his conquest—Afghanistan, Persia and Turkey in Asia. How many scores of millions or even hundreds of millions may they not contain? Many of the uplands of Persia are practically unknown to the civilized world, but they can support a great population. No one knows how many people Arabia contains.

Even the islands of the sea and the Polar regions have many human inhabitants.

Nobody knows how many Esquimaux there are dwelling in the lands of eternal ice that encircle the North Pole; many of the islands of the vast Pacific swarm with inhabitants living on the open boundary of Nature, whose free and careless life has captivated the imagination of highly cultivated men like Robert Louis Stevenson; and when the census is completed, if it proves practicable, what will it probably show the total population of the world to be? For many years past the common estimate of the number of the world's inhabitants has been 1,500,000,000, i.e., about thirty inhabitants to every square mile of land on the globe. If all of these inhabitants could be arranged in a row, standing shoulder touching shoulder, there are enough of them to completely encircle the earth at the equator, where it is about 25,000 miles around, no less than 22½ times! Twenty-two complete circles of human beings, shoulder to shoulder, and three-quarters of another such circle, standing round the globe where its girth is greatest—that is the spectacle that would be presented.

CLIMBING SNOW-COVERED SHASTA.

By George Hamlin Fitch.

Few people really know great mountain peaks like Shasta, one of the highest mountains in California. Probably in the State there are only two men who may be said to be at home on Shasta—who know its various moods in winter and summer, and who love the grim volcanic peak because of the very dangers and hardships they have encountered while scaling its rugged face. These men are the old hunter Sisson, who has lived for over thirty years in the shadow of the mountain, and John Muir, the naturalist, who has studied Shasta as other men study a language or science, and who has made it tell him all its secrets. Both men have paid dearly for their mountain lore. For Sisson is prematurely aged by exposure to the weather in his hundreds of expeditions into the fastnesses of Shasta; while Muir on several occasions has narrowly escaped death in great storms on the summit of the mountain. Sisson will tell you of hunting trips in which he was alone for days in a trackless wilderness of snow which would have been the grave of a less skilful mountaineer; while Muir, in his admirable article on Shasta in 'Picturesque California' has told of his vigil on the mountain in a great snow-storm that forced him to remain in camp for several days. To few men is given this supreme skill in mountaineering which makes them flout the worst storms of winter; but anyone in good health, and with moderate experience in mountain climbing, may get in a few days so clear an idea of the beauties of Shasta that he will carry in his memory until the day he dies the picture of this superb peak, with its bold, sweeping outlines, etched against the clear, blue sky.

It would take the pen of Ruskin to do justice to Shasta. Like El Capitan or the South Dome in Yosemite it is unique, set apart from all other great masses of stone. No rival uplifts its head for more than fifty miles. It springs from the valley far below, rising so gradually that for miles the ascent is so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible. Unlike the peaks that encircle the Yosemite, it has no lofty mountain plateaus about it to dwarf its height and rob it of its full impressiveness. For half its height of 14,440 feet it is wholly free of timber, its outlines cut as clearly against the sky as the finest strokes of the etcher's needle. Through its mantle of snow its gaunt ribs show here and there, while at times, when the fierce north wind blows, Shasta flings a snow banner far out to the south, light and fleecy as clouds after a summer shower. Below the snow line comes a stretch of volcanic, brown rock, and then the woods begin—stunted pine and fir, then noble sugar pine and cedar, and then a dense growth of chaparral that comes down to the valley.

After thoroughly enjoying my first view of Shasta I set about getting a guide for climbing the mountain. Although it was late in the season it seemed to me that anyone accustomed to the mountain would have no hesitation in making the ascent. But when I approached the guide who had been regularly in charge of tourist parties during the season he declared flatly that he couldn't and wouldn't go for any price. His main excuse was that he was building a house, and was anxious to complete it; but he revealed the reason when he said that the snow was too deep on there one would freeze to death. Then others were sought with no better success. Having travelled so far to climb this mountain I was now determined to make the ascent if I had to go alone; but good fortune threw me in the way of John Sulloway, an old mountaineer and stage driver, who now keeps a livery stable at Sisson. John was a good mountain climber in his day, having assisted Clarence King in his work in the high Sierra; but without any preliminary training he did not feel equal to a trip up Shasta, with what looked like a heavy snow on the ground. So he took me in his cart to one of the mills near town, and there I secured the services of Lew Gordon, who had hunted over the mountains

for years, and who had guided several parties to the summit. Gordon looked what he proved to be—a man of exceptional strength and endurance, very deft of hand in improvising ways out of difficulties, and fertile in resource. We secured three horses and a camping outfit of Sisson. The outfit was all right except the horses. Two were so weak and poor, being taken directly from pasture, that they well nigh gave out the first afternoon, crawling at a snail's pace over the trail. The pack-animal was the strongest and sure-footed of the three, and its instinct in following a trail proved of real service.

We started about noon. The day was sunny and warm, but clouds were flying over Shasta, and the signs indicated a storm within a few days. However, the risk of a snow squall on the summit had to be taken, as my stay was limited. As soon as we plunged into the trail east of the town, we lost all sight of the mountain. This trail wound for several miles through dense chaparral of manzanita, chinopsis, wild cherry and deerbrush. The manzanita was particularly thick along the trail, and

yellow-spruce, fir and cedar, while above this the growth was almost wholly silver fir.

Soon we reached a wilderness of boulders and rocks, piled in the most fantastic shapes. This is called the Devil's Kitchen. The rocks all bear evidence of strong volcanic action; they are granite, browned and etched by fire; nothing but a few stunted and gnarled trees grow in this abomination of desolation, which even the birds shun. The higher we went up on the trail, the scantier became the vegetation, until at last only a few storm-beaten pines were to be seen, their trunks bent like the backs of aged men, and gnarled and twisted by their hard fight for life with wind and frost.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we reached the camping ground, ten miles from Sisson and about six miles from the summit of Shasta. The camp is sheltered by several large trees, but it is defective in having no water within a quarter of a mile. Here Gordon gave the horses a feed, and we soon had a good fire and cooked a meal, that the sharp mountain air made one relish. The mountain looked very near and very cold. As the shades of night settled over its snowy summit, the long slopes of driven snow appeared drear and forbidding. Yet the mountain fascinated one by its air of mystery, and the eye returned to it again and again, eager to penetrate the secrets that it held.

tresses of rock that stood out like the keel of some mighty ship seen in a froth of waters were softened in outlines. Then night came swiftly down and hung out its innumerable lights. The moon did not rise till after midnight, and the darkness was so great that the outlines of the horses could scarcely be made out thirty feet away. Wrapped in blankets we lay before the cheerful fire until half-past nine o'clock, when Gordon decided it would be safest to start on our climb if we would see the sunrise on the summit. His theory was that, should we find the ascent less difficult than we anticipated, we could rest at the hot springs near the summit until the sun came up. His good judgment was proved by the result, for we spent eight hours in the ascent and reached only the southern spur of the mountain, called the black rocks, when the sun rose. Had we delayed starting till midnight, we should have missed the finest spectacle that Shasta can furnish. Gordon also showed wisdom in carrying a pair of blankets strapped to his back. Without these we should certainly have frozen hands or feet, and without the warmth which my blanket gave it is very doubtful whether I should ever have reached the summit.

My dress was a good one for such a trip. Over an ordinary tennis flannel shirt I wore the heaviest blue flannel shirt which I could buy in Sisson. Overalls covered trousers, leather leggings protected the lower limbs, and nails in heel and toe of stout shoes gave one firm footing on the ice. We carried several gunny-sacks to wrap about our feet should the snow prove deep.

We were able to ride for about half the way to what is known as the horse camp, just on the edge of the snow. Probably if we had trusted to the instinct of the old pack animal we could have ridden the whole distance. But the night was so dark that no trail could be detected, and Gordon at last concluded that the veteran had become bewildered. So we tied the three animals in the shelter of an immense boulder, and leaving them some feed, struck out on foot. We clambered over the loose rocks, through the inky darkness, until at last we reached the horse camp on the edge of the great snow field. The reflection from the snow gave a faint light, and, of course, all that had to be done was to shape as good a course as possible to the red rocks, great landmarks just below the summit. Gordon was rejoiced to find that there was a crust on the snow which would bear us up, and we made rapid progress across the smooth expanse.

On our right was a high rocky ridge that was nearly covered with snow; on the left the Whitney glacier that looked very dark, cold and forbidding in the half light. Soon we struck softer snow, and the ascent became more laborious. Instead of the piercing cold which we expected the air was soft and mild; for the whole mass of the mountain protected us against the north wind. For three hours we made good time. Then the difficulties began. We had made a little more than half the distance to the red rocks, when we began to encounter smooth slopes of hard snow as steep as the roof of a house and as slippery as ice. Gordon was able to make foot-steps for a time by stamping with his heels, but at last the snow became genuine ice, and then he had recourse to the pick.

Step after step, for over half a mile, had to be cut in the smooth surface of this great mass of ice. It was laborious work, and even with the aid of the alpenstock it was dangerous; for a slip or a misstep would have meant a fall of at least two thousand feet down upon the jagged rocks which formed the upper edge of the glacier. Once started, nothing could have saved one from the full descent; for the alpenstock cannot be buried deep enough in the ice to check a fall. The air began to be perceptibly thinner as we neared the red rocks that mark the point beyond which many climbers never pass. It was about three o'clock in the morning when we reached these rocks; and after taking a drink of tea from the canteen we set our faces for the final climb to the mountain top. An occasional gust of icy wind showed what we might expect when we emerged from shelter. This last hour of climbing was very laborious and exhausting. We skirted the southern ridge of the mountain passing along the edge of icy precipices;



CUTTING A PATH UP THE ICE CLIFF.

its strong branches continually swept against one's legs. After about two miles an open space in the woods gave a fine view of Castle Rocks and the lake which mirrors their crags. The whole of the beautiful Strawberry Valley was spread like a map below. With the river winding through it, and clumps of oak and pine dotting the greenward, the valley. After passing through the chaparral we came to fine woods of pine—sugar and

The sunset was noble; the west was barred with long lines of living flame which melted into crimson and golden yellow; and then, when the great ball of fire dropped far below the horizon, settled into that leaden ashy hue that shows the defeat of the old day in its contest with the powers of darkness. The atmosphere was too full of smoke to make the sunset impressive on Shasta. The snow took on a tinge of purplish red. The black but-

and just as the eastern sky began to flush with a dull red we reached the black rocks, a coigne of vantage almost equal to the summit for a superb view of the east, south and west.

Here for the first time we felt the full force of the cold wind from the north. It came over leagues of snow, and was so deadly cold that it seemed to penetrate to the marrow. It made Gordon's teeth chatter, while upon me, fresh from the heat of the Colorado desert, it had the effect of benumbing my faculties and paralysing my energy. The precious blankets were brought out, and with our backs

penetrating as before, and though scarcely able to drag one foot after the other, I set out to follow Gordon to the summit. After leaving the peak, we struck a hollow in which the snow lay deep. The crust would not bear one's weight, and at every step we sank to the waist. The labour of crossing this dreadful hollow was something which it is not too pleasant to recall. The rarefied air made me pant as though I had been running a foot-race. Every hundred yards it was necessary to stop, lean on my alpenstock and take a rest. Only by the greatest exertion of will power

were overtaken on the summit by a great snow storm.

After a short stay at the springs we set out for the summit. Gordon easily outstripped me, for the rarefied air again made progress slow for me. A scramble up a steep hill of loose stones and the summit was reached at last. It is crowned by the geodetic monument erected by the Government to aid the coast survey in triangulation. This monument is not impressive as it bears a striking resemblance to a huge fire cracker. It is made of galvanised iron, and upon the point that once covered it have been scrawled the names of hundreds who have climbed the mountain. Just below the monument the best general view was obtained. The air was as clear as fine wine, and refreshed with some cold chicken and a drink of strong tea it was now a luxury to sit in a sunny, sheltered nook and look out upon the noble view below. On the northern horizon were the snowy peaks of Pitt, Jefferson and the Three Sisters, all burned out volcanoes like Shasta. A little to the right stretched the famous lava beds where a handful of fierce Modocs for weeks defied all the troops that could be brought against them. Inexpressibly dreary was this country, covered with patches of snow that made the dark brown lava more forbidding. Turning to the south-east one could follow the line of the Sierra for sixty miles, until there rose from the level Sacramento plain the Lassen Butte, a volcano nearly 11,000 feet high, which is the most conspicuous landmark in the Upper Sacramento Valley. The sinuous course of the Sacramento River could be traced for many miles, while beyond the fair valley was the Coast Range and then the piled up masses of the Siskiyou, Trinity and Scott mountains, which extend in great wave-like ridges until they meet the horizon. It is difficult to tell whether the blue against which the last ridge is outlined be sea or sky; but it is

very doubtful, with the height of these mountains, whether anyone has seen the ocean from Shasta's summit. Perhaps you get the best idea of the great elevation of Shasta from a careful study of the little valleys at the foot of the mountain. Big ranches with thousands of head of cattle look no larger than a square on a checker-board, and a river shrinks to a mere silver thread.

The descent of the mountain was far more laborious than usual, because we dared not risk sliding down by the same way we had climbed up. In the first place there were too many jagged rocks in the way, and again, no one could steer a sure course over the icy surface of the great snow field. Any deflection from the true course would carry one far down into the glacier, which would mean serious injury or death. So we were forced to keep along the high ridge below the southern peak, climbing over the loose rocks and occasionally floundering through the deep snow. When about half way down we reached a point from which it was safe to slide. Seated on a gunny sack, grasping the alpenstock firmly between your knees and steering a course with the feet, you go down over the smooth snow with the speed of the wind. The rush of the keen air fairly takes away the breath, but the sensation is delightful; for this is probably as near to the motion of a bird on the wing as one may reach until the invention of the flying machine.

The descent was not without its element of hazard; for at frequent intervals great masses of rock came crashing down over the snow from the northern ridge. The warm sunshine evidently loosened these rocks, which came thundering down the mountain.

About four hours were consumed in the descent. We reached the horses soon after mid-day, and a little later we were discussing a meal at the old camping ground, looking out on the snowy mountain that had given us so



MOUNT SHASTA FROM THE UPLANDS.

to the bitter wind we broke out fast and watched the sun rise. Even the misery of extreme cold did not prevent me from enjoying this superb spectacle. The sky was beautifully clear, except near the horizon, where the clouds massed in huge bars. These took on the various tints—leaden grey, pearl, rose and deep crimson—which heralded the approach of the sun. As each colour appeared on these cloud strata, the reflection moved like a great shadow over the sleeping world below; but, unlike a shadow it served to reveal mountain tops, wooded hills, level valleys, and streams. Then the long coloured rays of light seemed to leap up like a flash to the snowy flanks of Shasta, which were soon all aglow under the flush of dawn. Nothing more impressive could be conceived than this awakening of the snow-shrouded mountain to a new day. The vastness of this expanse of mountainous ridges, looking like a storm-tossed ocean suddenly turned to stone, the awful desolation that surrounded me, the sense of loneliness, the feeling of remoteness from the world—all these emotions crowded upon one's mind and brought tears to the eyes. Though the advent of the sun carried life and warmth to the valleys, of which we could catch glimpses through the haze, it seemed to have no effect on Shasta. The wind was an

could the benumbed and nearly exhausted body be made to move. Through all this miserable journey of only a short half mile or more, my mind was firmly fixed on reaching the summit, if it took all day to do it; but the sensation of being thwarted by the unwilling body was something strange and unpleasant. It was as though the brain were outside the body, urging it on, and impatient of its weakness and sloth. At last I reached the hot springs, which are in a hollow just below the summit; and though the odor of sulphur was very unpleasant the warmth was invigorating. These springs form one of the most peculiar features of Shasta. Out of a patch of ground of about half an acre come jets of steam. The rock is heated so that it burns through the shoes. In many places the steam bubbles through a number of small holes, lifting the loose rock precisely as pent up steam lifts the cover of a tea-kettle. The smell is the disagreeable odor of sulphuretted hydrogen, and the gases are so pungent as to give many persons nausea of the stomach. This seething pent-hole of fierce interior fires is surrounded by snow fields that cover the burnt out craters of this old volcano; for Shasta at one time, from all geologic evidence, was in active eruption. Among these hot springs John Muir found refuge when he and a companion



SLIDING DOWN THE FACE OF SHASTA.

hard a night's work. Shaats seemed lovelier than ever, with the warm sunlight resting on the dazzling snow...

THE LARGEST CHEQUE IN THE WORLD.

(From the 'Bankers' Magazine,' June.)

With the payment to Japan, last May, of a cheque for £11,008,857 16/9, together with a further £1,000,000 retained for the present by the Imperial Bank of Germany in Berlin...

Table with 3 columns: Date, Location, Amount. Rows include 31st October 1885 in London, 15th Nov. 1885 in London, 8th May 1886 in Berlin, etc.

These payments were effected by the drawing of a number of cheques which, both separately and collectively, were of a unique character. Larger payments have been effected before...

Needless to say, the usual profound formalities were observed in making the final payment of the indemnity. Neither of the chief representatives in this country of China

and Japan attended the bank. The Chinese Minister was indisposed, and the Japanese Minister consequently attended at the Japanese Consulate. The proceedings in the parlour of the Bank of England were nevertheless ceremonious...

Let me congratulate the students of the Auckland University College on the first appearance of 'The Collegian,' whose acquaintance I have just made. It is a neat and bright little publication to look at...

The first railroad in Sweden was opened in 1835 and the country has now, in proportion to its population, more railways than any other country in Europe.

ANECDOTES.

WITH MISS CLOUGH.

Many things combined to make intercourse with Miss Clough, the first principal of Newnham College, a source of satisfaction and pleasure. Her sympathy, her varied interests, her suggestiveness and her quaint little oddities of speech and manner made her always entertaining.

Miss Crenk reports the following bit of conversation concerning a fellow student: 'My dear, do you remember Miss A?' 'Yes, Miss Clough.'

'Well, my dear, the poor little thing has got a lot of tiresome relations, and as soon as she gets a little money they come round her and get it away from her, so I have got her a post in Timbuctoo.'

CHARACTERISTICS OF BISMARCK.

It was more interesting to observe Bismarck when making one of his great speeches than to listen to him. His words were far stronger and made much more of an impression in cold type than when they fell from his lips.

sion were frequently terrible. His great frame quivered with emotion, and his grey-blue eyes flashed fire as he turned towards the benches of his adversaries and demanded to know who it was that hissed him.

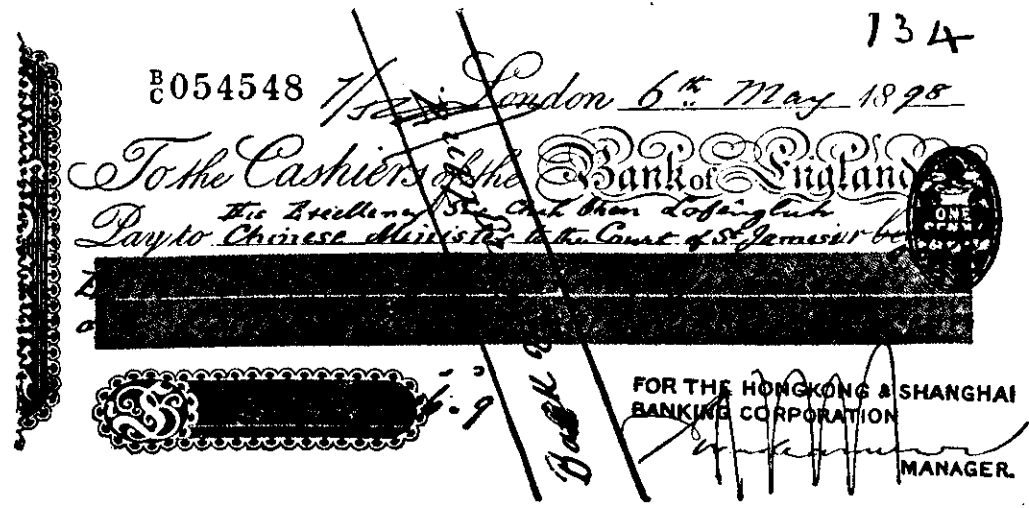
Prince Bismarck was seen to best advantage in his celebrated informal receptions, and in his home life. He was a man of striking personal appearance. He was six feet two inches in height, and of splendid proportions in every respect.

His life at Friedrichsruhe, as at Varzin, was conducted with clock-like regularity. He rose at 10 o'clock, was rubbed down by his valet, Primow, a faithful Pommernian, who entered the Prince's service before the Berlin Congress.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is quoted as saying of Charles Dickens that he was a most delightful companion. 'Apart from his high spirits and engaging manner,' the musician adds, 'one might give two special reasons for this. On the one hand, he was so unassuming he never obtruded his own work upon you.'

'I have never yielded to any one in my admiration of Dickens' work; but speaking of him as a companion, I can safely say that one would never have known that Dickens was an author from his conversation. I mean that he never discussed himself with you; while, on the other hand, I have often since wondered at the wonderful interest he would apparently take in the conversation of us younger men.'

'He would treat our feeblest banalities as if they were the choicest witticisms or the ripe meditations of a matured judgment.'



FACSIMILE OF CHEQUE DRAWN BY THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION IN FAVOUR OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.



CHAPTER XIV (CONTINUED).

Entering the building from the avenue side, Edgcomb ascended to the second storey and advanced noiselessly to the window at the head of the hall, terminating at the court. The night was dark, and as he looked out into the court nothing, not even the adjacent walls, could be distinguished. There were no lights glimmering in any of the windows, and everything was apparently wrapped in nocturnal quietude. At the foot of the staircase, leading to the floor above, a gas-jet was burning dimly. Glancing cautiously about, he walked to the angle of the halls, looked up and down the vistas, and perceiving no one he returned and quickly opened the window.

This building, as usually the case, was provided with a lightning-rod, which passed down the wall of the court, being secured with non-conductive appliances. The rod passed down between the windows of Coulter's sitting-room and bed-chamber, but nearer the former, and within easy reach of the window in which Edgcomb stood. He had noticed this fact on a previous occasion and had decided upon using it as a means of reaching the window above.

In the days before his imprisonment Edgcomb had been a clever gymnast. He could turn the giant swing upon the horizontal bar, or climb a rope hand over hand with all the ease of a professional athlete; and the experience then gained now stood him well in hand. The feat of climbing this rod, which to most men would have been a difficult one, was to him a comparatively easy matter.

Having assured himself beyond a doubt that he had not been observed, Edgcomb seized the lightning rod, and a moment later stood upon the window sill of Coulter's room. As he expected, he found the window open, for the weather was still warm. Stealthily as a cat he crept in. Nothing could be discerned in the gloom save a faint gleam of light, which seemed to come from an adjoining room, through the small crevice of a door slightly ajar. He had not been aware upon entering the place that Coulter occupied more than the one room in which he then stood; but he was soon undeceived, for moving with the greatest care, to avoid stumbling, he reached the door and peered through. A solitary gas-jet was burning low, shedding a dim light over the interior. Carefully opening the door, he stepped upon the threshold, and paused to survey the scene before him. There was no mistake of his being in the right place, for there lay the man who had wrecked his life, and who had endeavoured to corrupt his wife, and had heaped all the misery and disgrace upon him which is within the power of one man to inflict upon another. Yes, there he lay fast asleep, fully in his power at last. As he contemplated the face that lay apparently in tranquil repose, he wondered if it were, indeed, possible for a human being to plot such monstrous devilry and yet be able to lie down at night and enjoy a peaceful rest. Then he felt all the hatred of his nature, all the malice and revenge—ay, even a murderous revenge—of

his implacable spirit rose predominant, rudely choking down the better qualities of his heart. An evil voice seemed to whisper in his ear: 'Murder him, kill him; no one will ever be the wiser for it. Do it now while you have the opportunity.' The horrible impulse seemed to be pushing him on. Blood, blood, blood! What strange and invidious thoughts! His features were distorted by a cruel, diabolical grin; his teeth were clenched, and he felt his sinews contracting. The same uncontrollable spasm of madness which had seized him at the time when he had pounced upon Mancel Tewkes now seemed to have possession of him. He glanced involuntarily around for some instrument with which to commit the deed, when by chance his eyes fell upon his image in a mirror on the opposite wall. He was momentarily startled by the strange vision, for he had not yet removed the disguise in which he had called upon the lawyer. It was a strange, unrecognisable, threatening, truculent demon, and the ugly apparition apparently confronted him. It had the effect to restore his senses, and then it dawned upon his mind in the same instant that it was his own image. This recalled other thoughts, such as the disguise, the interview, the invention, his family, and his hopes; then the question arose: 'What good can I accomplish by killing this man? I would then be a murderer in reality, and God would surely deliver me into the hands of the law to satisfy the sentence of death which is pending against me. No, by committing this deed I would merely gratify a wicked desire for revenge, and in doing so would put myself beyond the possibility of future vindication. I must wait until I have hedged him round with a web of the most positive proof, then I can torture the hands by which he clings to his last support, and see him plunge headlong into the chasm of retribution.'

Edgcomb felt a sense of shame to think that he had thus given way to his passions, and had come so near perpetrating a horrible crime. He returned to the sitting-room again for a few minutes to calm himself, for it required a cool head and a steady nerve to execute the design which he had in contemplation. In a few minutes, having sufficiently recovered himself, he re-entered the bed-chamber, and without pause or hesitation stepped softly to the side of the sleeper. The handle of a revolver was slightly protruding from beneath the pillow. Bending cautiously over, he drew it out. He knew that in other days Coulter had possessed one, and he knew, further, that he was the man to use it in case of necessity, and he had prepared himself accordingly. Quickly unfastening the cylinder which contained the five leaden charges, he removed them and replaced them with blank cartridges, an assortment of which he had provided for the occasion. Thus, minus its death-dealing missiles, the weapon, which had been so formidable a few minutes before, had now become as harmless as a dog with its teeth extracted; it could bark, but not bite. Replacing the pistol carefully under

the pillow without disturbing the sleeper, Edgcomb's next step was to remove his disguise that he might appear again in his own personality. The wig and beard were placed in one pocket, while his soft hat was crushed and thrust into another. Then taking the bed-sheet which had been thrown aside on account of the heat, he enveloped himself from his shoulders down. Next the gas was turned up sufficiently to distinguish objects clearly, and all was ready for the manifestations.

A figure in white, moving among the dim shadows of one's chamber would be likely to prove a most trying ordeal for the strongest of nerves, even though the consciousness of guilt did not oppress the beholder of the apparition. Let us see how this man, who had always been so cool and imperturbable under all circumstances, now behaved under the manoeuvres of this spectre of his bed-chamber.

Advancing to the bedside and bending over the form of the sleeper, Edgcomb gave him a sharp slap in the face, simultaneously uttering a coarse, guttural, croaking laugh, and retreating to the foot of the bed. His left hand clutched the folds of the white drapery, and his right, protruding slightly, was raised, with the index finger pointing toward Coulter, in an attitude of loathing, contempt and rebuke. Startled from his sleep by this sudden and unexpected demonstration, Coulter bolted upright in his bed. He saw the figure in white, he heard the weird and taunting laugh, but he could not believe his senses. It seemed like an ugly nightmare. Rubbing his eyes he looked again, but there the figure stood, still pointing at him, as motionless as a statue, without uttering a word. Of all moments in his life it was the most trying, and his self-possession deserted him completely. He seemed to be at a loss to know what to do, without the power of speech or action—looking first at the shrouded form and then at the door, as if about to leap from the bed and fly from the chamber. This helpless, irresolute state, however, was slightly overcome as he thought of his revolver, and seizing it he demanded, in a tremulous voice, 'Who are you that dares to enter my room in a manner like this? Speak, I say!'

'One whom you sent to an untimely death by your persecutions. I am your victim, Stanley Edgcomb, doomed to linger for a time in this unquiet state, putting on a semblance of mortality, now and then, to haunt your presence and render your existence miserable; to remind you that the tortures of hell await you. Your days are numbered, and your fate will be a more tragic one than mine. You are the murderer of Mancel Tewkes!'

These words, being spoken in a low, sepulchral tone, were very impressive. As Coulter heard the last sentence, which was pronounced with great emphasis, and in sibilant tones, a deathly pallor seized him, and he was nearly overcome with fright. In the next instant, however, he missed his pistol, and, bending forward, pointed it full at the breast of the spectre. Bang—bang—bang—bang—bang came five shots in rapid succession; but as the smoke cleared away, there stood the figure immovable, still pointing a finger at him, the face as calm and undisturbed as if it were unconscious that a shot had been fired. The most abject state of terror now followed. Utterly bereft of all reasoning power by the excitement, and guided only by the instinct of self-preservation, Coulter threw the pistol upon the floor, leaped from the bed, and with hair erect like the quills of the porcupine, fled from the chamber into the hall, and darted for the stairs leading to the floor below. Edgcomb was quick to take advantage and springing through the sitting-room he gained the window of the lower hall by sliding down the lightning-rod, and presented himself at the foot of the stairs, still wrapped in his

ghostly mantle, in time to intercept Coulter, who had gone thrice the distance in his effort to escape. As Coulter lifted his foot from the last step the spectre confronted him with the finger of scorn, and the stigma of guilt: 'You murdered Mancel Tewkes.' Ghostly white and cringing, he shrank from the terrible apparition, then, tottering, he fell to the floor in a swoon.

Seeing that he had accomplished his purpose, Edgcomb now hastened to regain the room that he might leave the sheet where he had found it. Upon reaching it he quickly realised that he could not escape by the doorway, nor by descending to the lower hall again; neither would it do to remain in the room, for by this time there was beginning to be a commotion in the hall, as many who had heard the shots were investigating the cause. The roof seemed to be the only avenue of escape and thither he beat his retreat. As he seized the rod to make his ascent, he heard voices of persons behind who had entered the open door in search of the cause of the disturbance. Later on when all had become quiet he made his escape by the same way in which he had made the ascent.

Coulter was a badly frightened man, so much so indeed that after reviving from the faint into which he had fallen at the foot of the stairs he no longer cared to remain in his apartments, and going out upon the street he walked the rest of the night. There was no doubt in his mind but that Edgcomb was dead, and that his ghost had returned to haunt him. 'It surely could not have been a dream. No, it was a vivid reality. He had certainly seen an apparition, for an incarnate being could not have stood before the muzzle of his pistol and have received the five charges fired at his breast without being killed or injured. And yet his face appeared as tranquil and composed when the smoke had cleared away as if nothing had happened. How, too, could aught but a spirit have reached the foot of the stairs in advance of him? He had thought that when Edgcomb was out of the way his path would be smooth, but alas, it was becoming thorny enough, and trouble seemed to be in store for him. Would he be compelled to pass through another such a hideous night with the phantom of his victim?' Such were the thoughts which pervaded his mind as he walked aimlessly along, working himself into such a feverish state that he scarcely knew whither he wandered.

To those who had found him where he had fallen and carried him back to his room Coulter stated that his apartments had been invaded by a burglar, at whom he had emptied his pistol and then fled; that in his hasty flight he had fallen down the stairs and struck with such force upon his head as to render him insensible for a time. But there seemed to be an air of mystery about the matter, for he was not inclined to talk much upon the subject, and, further, no bullet holes could be found anywhere in the room. It was the more intensified when it was observed the next morning that Coulter's hair had turned gray during the night. It was also remarked later that he had never slept in the building after this incident, and that his effects had soon been removed to another part of the city. Then was it whispered about that there was a deeper mystery connected with that midnight disturbance than was generally suspected.

There was one, however, who attached more significance to it than all the rest. He was less talkative than others, keeping his thoughts and conclusions to himself. He was the first to enter Coulter's chamber, passing in as Edgcomb disappeared through the window. He was the first to pick up the smoking pistol, and the first to discover Coulter at the foot of the stairs. It was he who plied him with questions, and failing to obtain satisfactory replies, scouted the story of burglary. He also noted the fact

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of his non-appearance after that eventful night. It was Jarmyn, who occupied a room on the same floor and in close proximity to Coulter's. As we have previously seen, he occupied it for the purpose of being as conveniently near the object of his suspicions as possible. By the tenants he was seen to come and go, but they did not appear to know his name or calling, for he seldom spoke to any one further than to pass the compliments of the day. The pistol shots had attracted him to Coulter's room. 'Was Edgcomb there?' he mused a few days later, having noted all the mysterious points about the affair. Did he go there with the purpose of revenge? If so, does it not confirm my suspicions of Coulter's plot to destroy him? Did the sight of his enemy, at such an hour of the night, cause Coulter's hair to turn gray? Is this why he will not talk on the subject? Has he moved away because he fears that, knowing how to obtain access, Edgcomb will come again? And how did he obtain access?

Jarmyn's practical eye could only be satisfied by an investigation. Accordingly, he obtained the key and visited the vacant rooms upon the pretext of changing for them, if suitable. Then he carefully searched for bullet-marks, but found none. 'It's strange,' said he. 'I distinctly heard five shots and found the pistol on the floor with the five chambers empty, yet there were no traces of a dead man, nor are there any bullet-holes in the walls.' Then he went to the window and looked out into the court. While his eyes were wandering about they lighted upon a button lying upon the window sill. It had a familiar look, and, taking it, he compared it with the one which he had found in the tub. They were alike. 'Ah, what good fortune is this? Have I found a clue at last? It was Edgcomb who came here; I was right.'

Leaving out of the window, Jarmyn discovered how access had been obtained to the room and why the burst on was lying there. It had burst from Edgcomb's vest while climbing the rod. A further examination revealed scratches upon the white-washed wall made by climbing feet, while here and there bits of mortar which had protruded from the seams had been broken off. He was elated, and concluded not to change his room for those vacated by Coulter; they were a little too dark to be desirable.

CHAPTER XV. THE HOSPITAL.

Edgcomb had again met with a narrow escape, almost within the first twenty-four hours of his freedom, for scarcely had Jarmyn left the tub than he appeared and took possession of it himself. He had finished his work on the malt floors, remained secluded awhile, and then had ventured out for something to eat. At a neighbouring store he purchased a meagre supply of biscuit, etc., and in a lonely spot he partook of his frugal meal with a relish, for he was nearly famished. When hunger was appeased he was ready to execute the plans which he had formed during the day. A disguise of some kind was necessary, and in considering how to procure one, he remembered an old French peruaquier and costumer from whom he had occasionally procured articles for a masquerade. The costumer knew him by sight, but not by name. Thither he made his way, without accident or adventure, and procured the disguise in which, a few days later, he called upon Humphrey Davids. He next conceived the idea of entering Coulter's room for the purpose of confirming in the latter's mind the existing theory of suicide, and, thus decided, he started out to ascertain its location as previously described, mingling freely with the crowds, in fact seeking those streets where the throngs were greatest. He knew where Coulter's room had once been situated, and his intentions were to first learn if they were still unchanged. Fortune seemed to favour him, for in passing the entrance of a theatre, where a long line of men were standing impatient to reach the ticket-box, he recognised Coulter, standing in line with others waiting his turn. Lingered near, he saw the amusement seekers pouring in a steady stream into the brilliantly-illuminated foyer and auditorium. He saw Coulter purchase a ticket and also enter. The hatred and bitter

feelings which a view of that face aroused caused him to momentarily lose discretion, and he stood with his gaze riveted on the spot where he had disappeared; nor did he become conscious of the danger of his position until he saw the gleam of an officer's star almost within reach of his hand; then he sought a safer place of observation. The rush was soon over, for the play had begun. Only now and then some belated person appeared. Then the place seemed quite deserted in front; merely a few street gamins remained, who gambled under the glaring lights like gnats and millers hovering around the flame of a candle.

Edgcomb was undecided what to do, whether to remain in the vicinity until the play was over, taking his chances with the police, or to try and find Coulter some other time; but, concluding that the risk of a second attempt would be as great as the present one, he resolved to wait. It was fully eleven o'clock when the audience began to make their exit. He was quick to choose a position where he could scan the faces as they passed out. Coulter, however, was one of the last to leave, and Stanley was beginning to feel much chagrin, fearing that he had missed him, when he appeared. With some difficulty he managed to keep him in sight, for Coulter moved at a rapid pace, even on the crowded pavement, darting here and there ahead of the slowly moving pedestrians. He was not long, however, in gaining the desired information, and, having seen Coulter unlock the door of his room, he quietly withdrew. It was midnight when he reached the tub. Jarmyn, wearied of waiting, had gone to seek his bed in the very building which Edgcomb had just left. They merely exchanged places with one another, unconsciously passing each other on the route.

Edgcomb did not return to work in the brewery in the morning. He felt that it would be imprudent to do so, yet he could not remain idle. Moreover, he wanted something to do to divert his thoughts from the impending danger of the situation. He could not endure the thought of lying idle, with so much time in which to think of his misfortunes. What to do or where to go he did not know. He was fearful lest at the first move he should walk into the jaws of death, for to fall into the clutches of the law meant the fulfilment of the sentence pending against him. To attempt to leave the city at such a time, when the police, who, perhaps, scouted the idea of his suicide, were on the alert he knew would be a foolhardy and venturesome step. He must wait, then, until they had ceased looking for him before attempting it. Surely he must have subsistence, and to obtain it he must have work; to have work, he must make an effort to secure it. His success on the previous night in passing unmolested encouraged him to make the effort, but the most debatable question was where to seek employment. It occurred to him that he might find it at the lumber-yard where he had taken refuge when so hotly pursued by the officers. It was an out-of-the-way place, where he would not be likely to encounter the police, and, perhaps, might afford him an opportunity to escape on some outgoing vessel. So he went, and, to his great satisfaction, was successful.

Edgcomb remained for several days working among the lumber piles without anything occurring to disturb him, sleeping at night in the huge tub of bruid sufficed for his breakfast, and the remainder for his supper daily. To divert suspicion, he mingled freely with the labourers, using their slang, laughing at their rough jokes and vulgar stories, seeming to be quite as regardless of a soiled and unkempt appearance generally.

Matters were not destined, however, to run smoothly, although Edgcomb had begun to congratulate himself upon his success in eluding the police. He was earnestly watching an opportunity for engaging himself to some vessel—for there were many which discharged their cargoes at the yard—when he was taken suddenly ill. It was on the morning following his adventure in Coulter's room. He did not know whether it was the result of the excitement of that affair, or the threatening symptoms of some serious illness. At any rate, he was unable to work, and to provide against any contingency of the sort he notified his employers of his illness, and

asked for his wages, which were promptly paid. Then, taking the check from his pocket which Humphrey Davids had given him, he considered the advisability of having it cashed at once. There was the dread, however, of entering the bank on account of its close proximity to the telegraph office. The fear of being recognised was ever present, and he felt that he would rather relinquish his purposes temporarily than to incur the risk which would be necessary to obtain the money. Moreover, he had received the cheque for a specific purpose, and with the money in his possession he might be tempted to use it for something else, therefore he concluded to leave it in the bank until he had fully decided what to do in regard to the construction of his instrument.

All of that day our unfortunate lay among the lumber piles in an unfrequented part of the yard, scarcely able to raise his head. He began to experience that don't care feeling which is always the precursor of disease, and such was his indifference to everything that the police might have taken him into custody without the least remonstrance or feeblest effort to escape. The bunk in his old cell, which had once seemed so hard to him, was now a coveted luxury, and he longed to lie down upon it and rest his aching head. The gallows had lost their terrors for him, for he thought only of the present; only for some comfortable place to lie down and rest. Is it strange that this man who had made such heroic efforts for liberty and life should then have been willing to sacrifice both for even so miserable a place as a prison bed? No, he was an outcast, without home, friends, or a place to lay his head; his body was racked with pain and his mind stupefied by disease. Under such conditions one cannot contemplate beyond the immediate wants of the body. There is an inertia of thought, an enfeebled will power, and one succumbs to utter helplessness and despair.

When darkness came Edgcomb roused himself by a great effort, staggered out from among the lumber piles and returned to the tub. It was the only place of comfort for him, for the concavity of its interior permitted him to rest with his head higher than his shoulders. The next morning he was unable to rise, and he remained all day in a drowsy state, partaking of no nourishment whatever. He had no desire to eat; the very thought of food was repulsive to him. He felt himself growing much worse, and then he realised that he was very ill, and that something must be done without delay, or it might prove a serious matter. He had not been out of the tub but once in many hours, then only for a few moments, when he had crept to the beach at midnight to cool his parched tongue and aching head. He struggled to his feet, but nearly fell from faintness. Leaning back against the bottom of the tub for support, he clasped his hands to his temples. His bones felt as if they were about to lose their articulation and fall asunder, and he was so lumb in every part of his body from having lain so long upon the hard, concave walls of the tub that he could scarcely move. Then it was that he remembered a physician's office which he had passed in going to and fro between the brewery and the lumber yard. The doctor was doubtless an apothecary also, for the office was located in the rear of a drug store which stood upon a corner, and the sign upon each bore the same name. He had serious doubts, however, of being able to reach it, for it was nearly half a mile distant. The effort cost him what little strength remained, but he succeeded and sank down exhausted upon a chair just inside of the door.

There was evidently a lack of appreciation of the doctor's professional skill on the part of the public, for no patients were waiting. An annunciator fastened to the door jingled as Edgcomb entered, calling the doctor from the pharmacy. He had a way of attending patients in his office, much after his fashion of waiting upon customers in his store. Whether a prescription or a bottle of castor oil were in demand, his method of address was much the same. 'What will you have, sir?' he asked, as he approached Stanley, who had leaned his head back against the wall, and was breathing laboriously from over-exertion.

There being no response to the question, the doctor approached him,

concluding that he must be extremely ill if he were not able to answer his question. Tapping him on the shoulder, he asked again: 'What can I do for you, my friend. Are you ill?'

'Yes,' muttered Edgcomb. 'What seems to be the matter?'

'Dunno,' came the answer in a voice scarcely audible.

'Where do you feel bad?'

'All over,' again came a feeble response.

'But I want to find out what your symptoms are. Any pain in the back? Look up; let's see your tongue.'

Edgcomb endeavoured to comply with the request, but the doctor barely got a glimpse of the end of it.

'A little farther, I cannot see it,' urged the doctor.

Then the patient made an extra effort and gave him a satisfactory opportunity for examination.

'Now tell me just how you feel, and how long you have been complaining.'

To enable the doctor to make a diagnosis, Edgcomb then roused himself and attempted to explain how he felt, and how long since the symptoms had appeared. The usual observations of temperature, pulse and respiration were made, and all manner of questions asked; and as each was forthcoming, there was manifestly an increasing anxiety on the part of the doctor. His brows were knit in evident displeasure at something. The tone of his questions assumed a sharpness and ascerbic which surprised the sick man. Finally he asked: 'Have you been exposed to small-pox?'

Edgcomb was terrified by the question, but replied that he had not knowingly.

'Well,' said the doctor, taking hold of his coat collar and fairly lifting him from the chair, 'that's what ails you. Now get out of here as quickly as you can.'

Edgcomb staggered toward the door. As he passed out the doctor gave him a push and slammed it after him. Stanley fell heavily upon the walk, where he lay in an insensible condition for several minutes. An officer, in passing the corner, observed him lying prone upon his face, and, approaching, shook him vigorously by the shoulders, but to no purpose.

Such a spectacle in a large city is not long in attracting a crowd, and one speedily gathered about the prostrate form. The officer next applied the usual heroic measures of restoration by clubbing him on the soles of his shoes. Still unsuccessful, he was about to repeat the operation, when the doctor opened the door slightly, and shouted to those standing near: 'Get away from there, every one of you, that man has the small-pox!'

It is almost unnecessary to say that the crowd disappeared like a handful of chaff before the wind, nor was the officer more modest in his fight than the gamins over whom he excitedly stumbled. At a safe distance he was content to stand guard and warn pedestrians to take the opposite side of the street.

Edgcomb revived, and, gathering himself together, crawled to the curb, where he sat down with his feet in the gutter. He saw the officer at a little distance closely watching him, and heard his warnings to keep to the opposite side of the street. It became a settled conviction that he was about to fall into the hands of the authorities again, but he did not care; he was past all that; he wanted a place where he could lie down and die.

A messenger, having been dispatched to the health office, an ambulance soon arrived to take him away, after which the doctor did a wholesale business in vaccination.

Stanley supposed he was a prisoner again, but consented without a murmur to be lifted into the vehicle and driven away. Although the doctor had made known to him the nature of his malady in such a forcible manner, yet he did not seem to realise the truth of it. He had not revived in time to hear the exclamation of warning shouted through the half-open door. He seemed bewildered and had but one idea, that he was going back to prison to occupy his old cell and bed. The ambulance rattled away rapidly over the pavement and he was silent. The direction taken was, surely enough, toward the prison; and presently the structure with its grated windows stood before him. He expected momentarily to see the vehicle stop, but it kept moving on and the familiar walls were soon left in the distance. Then he wondered for a moment where they were taking

him, but, soon being overcome with drowsiness, he sank into an oblivious state. His two attendants occasionally chatted as they drove along, but his ears were listless; even the jolting of the vehicle did not disturb him.

The Small-pox Hospital, whither Edgewood was being carried, was located in the south-western outskirts of the city.* It was a tedious drive of several miles from the point where the ambulance had received its infectious freight, and was situated in an isolated spot as far removed as possible from human habitations. To the west and south the great prairies spread out in limitless expanse, clothed in green, stretching like a vast sea far beyond the observer's ken; dotted here and there with small white cottages, reminding one of specks like sails far out on the boom of the deep, and but faintly discernible with the naked eye. In the opposite direction the city spread out, enveloped in a mantle of smoke and haze, a dull, monotonous and unattractive prospect to the eye.

The hospital was a small two-storey affair built of brick, but was surrounded by extensive grounds, which were enclosed with a high fence, on the outer surface of which the name of the institution was painted in conspicuous letters. The building stood in the centre of the grounds, and a broad, gravelled roadway led from the large gate on the eastern side to the front doorstep, thence around to the stable, a few yards in the rear. There was usually, at all seasons of the year, a few cases of this loathsome disease on hand, for in a city of such magnitude, located as it is upon the great highways of travel from east to west, it is more or less exposed to contagious diseases. During the summer months, the average was small, there being frequently but one or two cases to be cared for.

Arriving at his destination, the patient was first taken to a room, where an examination of his condition was made. The doctor, having pronounced it a serious case of small-pox, questioned him closely as to where he had contracted it, who he was, where he came from, where he had slept, and where he had worked; but all he could ascertain was that the sick man had worked in a lumber yard, and, being too ill to talk, the rest was left to conjecture. He was then taken into a large room containing several cots and put to bed. As he lay down and felt his head sink into the soft pillows, he thought that he had never experienced such a sensation of relief and such a feeling of comfort in his life. He had wished for his old bed in the cell, but here was something incomparably more comfortable, something which he had not known in many long months. It was all he could wish for, all he could think of, and, being grateful, he closed his eyes to find that rest which an hour before he had thought could only be found in death. The nurse came and sat at his bedside, fanning his feverish brow, but he was not conscious of her ministrations, for he had sunk into a deep and prolonged slumber.

*The Small-pox Hospital, at this period, was really located on the lake shore some distance north of the water-works, but to suit the convenience of the narrative the location is changed as above indicated.

(To be Continued.)

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MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

FEW alterations in the prices of mining stock have taken place during the past week on the Exchange. Waihi shares were offered as low as 97s 6d one day, but when the fact became known that the famous Martha lode had been cut at a lower level, was thirty feet thick and payable sellers promptly raised the figure to £s once more. Waihi-Silvertons had steady enquiry at from 5s 6d to 5s 7d, but few sales were reported at that price. Alpha shares had sales at 2s 4d, but the market closed with the highest buying price threepence lower. There has been steady enquiry for Grace Darling shares at 1s 4d, and Portsea at 5d, but few shares have changed hands, holders being content to wait for better prices later on when the flotation of these properties becomes an accomplished fact, which now seems most likely to be the result of present negotiations. More attention was paid this week to Great Barrier and Barrier Reef shares, the former advancing from 1s 3d (buyers) to 2s, at which price a few shares changed hands. Energetic development still proceeds at the Barrier Reef mine, an extra ten men being put on this week. May Queen shares changed hands during the week at 5s 6d, but there are now sellers at that figure, and no buyers quoted above 5s 3d. Puru Consolidated shares had a big decline since last report, owing to the crushing not having been up to expectations. Shares were offered as low as 10d without finding buyers. The Nonpareil mine at the Thames continues to turn out a fair quantity of gold. This week tributers netted £106 from 26 tons of ore, and the company secured £200 from eight tons and 35lb of picked stone. Considering the satisfactory returns from this mine it is a wonder that the shares remain at the present low price, they being quoted as low as 3d. At that figure Nonpareils would seem to be a safe investment. The return from the Talisman mine this month showed slight improvement, nearly reaching £2000. Shares in this company continue to have steady demand at about 8s. Waiatekauri shares have eased off a little in value since last report, being now at 28s. Woodstocks continue to be quoted at 9s, with steady buyers at about 7s 6d. Few transactions, however, take place at these low prices. An interesting feature of the week, as evidencing that English capital is still available for the development of our mines, was that working options have been taken over two Wharekapanunga properties—The Golden Falls and Goldstream. It is to be hoped this may be the first sign of renewed interest in mining.

KURANUI-CALEDONIAN.

Crushing operations are in progress at this Company's mill.

WYNWARDTON.

Tributers in this mine struck a small patch of specimen stone, about 3 lb weight. This property adjoins the Hauraki North mine.

BUNKER'S HILL.

On breaking down the cross leader ten pounds of good picked stone were obtained. A further breaking down on Saturday exposed stone with strong blotches of gold freely distributed through it.

KAISER.

Gold is seen in the solid stone, and also got by pouncing and distilling the rubble. The lode is a fine body of stone three feet wide. On the line of reef 170 feet have been driven, or 150 from the winze. According to survey the reef is going straight for the Hematite Hill.

N.Z. TALISMAN RETURN.

£1,945 FROM 794 TONS.

During the month of July the mill of this company worked 24 days, during which time it crushed 794 tons of ore for a yield of 3,371 ounces 6 dwts of bullion, valued at £1,945 2s 6d. This shows a slight improvement upon the previous return, which amounted to £1,922 4s 10d.

NEW ALBURNIA.

The low level tunnel is now in 2,900ft. This should open up a large block of virgin ground and at the same time drain

the mine. When the level is underneath the winze on the Sons of Freedom and Dixon reefs the shaft will be deepened so as to connect. Ventilation will thus be secured and the new blocks can then be worked.

WAIHI.

The Martha lode has been intersected at No. 3 level, and has been driven into 30 feet without the other wall being discovered. For nearly the whole of the 30ft assays taken showed the lode to be a payable one at this level, which means a great thing for the Company, and also for the district, as proving the continuation of the lodes downwards. The No. 4 level should shortly cut the Martha lode still deeper down.

HAURAKI ASSOCIATED.

The ore won from No. 1 block has not been so rich as might be expected from the appearance of the gold in the quartz, the gold being of rather light, flakey nature. The winze is down a total distance of 31 feet. The ore coming to hand from here is still of very fair grade. Payable ore has been carried the whole distance so far. No. 3 level has now been driven to a total distance of 292ft, the country is much softer again and if it continues better headway will be made.

WENTWORTH.

During the past month 31 men have been employed by the Hauraki Peninsula Exploration Company developing this Whanganui property. The water race has been constructed for 36½ chains. It is passing through good country for holding the water. The winze on the Studholme reef is now down 35 feet. Assays from last week's breaking yielded at the rate of £24 5s 2d and £21 19s 4d per ton. At the battery site preparations are being made for the erection of machinery.

PUBLIC BATTERY FOR WAITEKAURI.

A meeting was held in the Waitekauri Hall on Friday night last to discuss the ways and means of obtaining a public crushing plant for the Waitekauri district. The meeting was strongly and unanimously of opinion that such a plant was an absolute necessity. Petitions are being signed for presentation to the Minister of Mines setting forth particularly the necessity for a public crushing plant, and asking for an allocation this session.

JUPITER.

A meeting of shareholders in this company was held in Mr H. Gilliland's office, at which Mr S. T. George presided. On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr Leighton, resolutions were passed voluntarily winding up the company, the directors to remain in power for that purpose, register to be closed on August 23rd, and the 10,000 Kapai Vermont shares given for the property to be divided at the rate of one for four Jupiter shares.

NONPAREIL.

The Wade reef in the drive east shows nice dals of gold. Crushing started on Thursday evening. Eight loads are being put through and are shaping well. Chapman and Rowe, tributers, crushed 26 loads for 38oz 12dwts retorted gold worth about £106.

The manager telegraphed later in the week: "Crushed 8 loads of quartz and 30lb of picked stone from the Wade reef for a return of 73ozs of retorted gold." This should be worth about £200.

During the present year 21 loads have been treated from the Wade reef for an average value of about £21 10s per load.

POHUTU BLOCK.

Sometime ago a small trial crushing was taken from this property and sent to the Thames to be crushed, and as the result was fairly satisfactory, it has been decided to treat a larger amount as a further test. With the consent of Capt. Hodges 50 tons is to be crushed at once at Scotty's battery, and should the result prove satisfactory, it is the intention of the owners (Hauraki Development Syndicate) to erect a battery and proceed at once with systematic crushing. The necessary machinery is in Auckland at the present time ready to be erected when required.

MAY QUEEN.

Stopping on No. 2 reef at the No. six level is in progress, and driving eastward upon the No. 1 lode with the rock drill is also

one of the development works proceeding. This lode averages about 9 inches in width, and the drive has been extended in the direction stated a distance of 300 feet. At the battery 22 head are being used for the treatment of the company's ore, and parthorough. In the Cardigan section the No. 2 reef is being driven on seaward, and the lode which is about 9 inches in thickness looks promising, colours of gold being seen in the ore.

OHINEMURI SYNDICATE.

During the past month this Company have intersected several small leaders in both their drives from the shaft. These have all proved gold-bearing, though nothing of unusual richness was met. With the object of testing the nature of these stringers the manager has commenced driving northward in the western crosscut along the course of one of the most promising looking. This stringer gives good prospects when tested by the dish, and from the appearance of the face and the increased flow of water coming from ahead it is not improbable that several of these stringers may join together some distance ahead, thus forming a decent sized lode.

WELCOME FIND.

At the No. 1 level the rise which is on the Just in Time lode has been continued to the 80 foot level. A start was then made to crosscut for leaders in an excellent belt of country, but as the water had drained from the winze on the southern lode, the men, two in number, were removed to resume sinking. The winze is now 39ft. below the No. 2 level. There is a fine looking lode about 2 feet wide in the bottom, and the country is improving in quality. Some prospecting work has been done on the cross leader near the junction. The leader is small at present, but colours of gold were again seen in the stone when breaking down.

GOLDEN FALLS.

An option over this Whanganui property has been granted to the Hauraki Peninsula Exploration Company. The following are the terms: Option holders to pay rent and develop the property; a company to be floated as soon as, in the opinion of the option holders, the time is suitable, such company to be formed with a nominal capital of from £75,000 to £150,000 at the option of promoters, and upon allotment of such shares the Golden Falls Company to receive 15 per cent. of the nominal capital to be issued as fully paid up. The working capital is fixed at not less than £20,000, to be subscribed or guaranteed before vendors transfer the titles of property.

GOLDSTREAM.

A working option over this Wharekapanunga property has also been secured by the representatives of an English syndicate, and work has already been commenced on the claim, the intention being to thoroughly test the large lode which was some time since intersected in the No. 2 drive.

HAURAKI NORTH.

A special meeting of the shareholders in the Hauraki North Gold-mining Co. was held this week at the Chamber of Mines, Mr A. Wright presiding.

The directors' half-yearly report was read. It stated that the receipts for the half-year ended June 30 were £907 16/9, and the expenditure for the same period £896 15/9, leaving a balance of £11 1/2 cash in hand. The assets and liabilities statement showed a debit balance of £619 1/1. The directors, acting on the recommendation of the Investigation Committee, had made a call of 3d per share, payable on the 10th of this month. Proceedings were being commenced for the enforcement of the payment of calls in arrears.

The Chairman moved and Mr Howard seconded the adoption of the balance sheet and accounts. The motion was lost, the large majority of the shareholders voting against it.

It was ultimately decided to continue working the mine and make calls to pay off the indebtedness.

MONOWAI COMPANY.

The manager reports that at the Gem mine stopping in the intermediate level

between No. 2 and 3 adits is proceeding. The reef is from 12in to 3ft in thickness, which is of a patchy nature. Above the north level from No. 2 adit the reef is 2ft 6in wide and contains a fair amount of mineral. The assays from the concentrates tested gave 48 per ton. A parcel of 150 tons of ore was sent to the mill which was crushed with 100 tons that was formerly left at the mill, from which 9 tons of concentrates were obtained value 48 per ton, 75oz of amalgam were obtained from the plates and wells, value £32. Assays from slimes in pits were 1s 2d and 1s per ton and eight assays out of ten were nil. This return is very satisfactory seeing that all the copper plates had to be amalgamated, which has taken up a large quantity of gold. A portion of the ore in this crushing was formerly brought from the Monowai mine and left at the mill, and had been culled by former managers. The assays of this gave 49 per ton.

At the Monowai mine very little work has been done on account of the dreadful storm and floods, which caused considerable damage to the tram-lines, tracks, and water-races. A large staff of men are engaged upon the Monowai track when the weather permits, for the purpose of obtaining ore from this mine as soon as possible.

WEEK'S GOLD RETURN.

Companies.	Tons.	Pkd. stons.	g s. d.
Nonpareil trib.	25	100	0 0
Nonpareil Co.	8	30 1/2	20 0 0
Talisman	791	—	1,945 2 9
Monowai	—	—	87 0 0
Total	—	—	£2,338 2 9

GREAT DECREASE IN THE CONSUMPTION DEATH RATE.

STRIKING FIGURES AT THE QUEEN VICTORIA HOME.

The Hon. Dr. MacLaurin, in seconding the adoption of the report and balance-sheet at the annual meeting of the committee of the Queen Victoria Homes for Consumptives Fund (says the 'Evening News' of June 28th), gave some interesting statistics with regard to the number of deaths in this colony from that dread disease, consumption. He said that up to ten years ago the number of deaths in N.S.W. from consumption had been increasing considerably. In 1885 there were 1095 deaths due to this cause. For the year before 1895 consumption had been increasing much more rapidly than the population, while now, although the population has increased fifty per cent., the number of deaths was very much less. In 1885 there were 271 deaths of young children from consumption.

The decrease in deaths from this disorder has attracted attention at Home also. The 'Weekly Dispatch,' of London, writing on the same matter, says that in 1853 the deaths from consumption in Great Britain were at the rate of 29.84 per thousand of the population. In 1892 the number had fallen to 10.82 per thousand, or about one-third, and it has not risen since. Still, the insidious malady is far too prevalent, and he who can discover a cure for it will be hailed as a benefactor to the race. It has lately been alleged that a remedy has been found in quite an unexpected quarter, and a 'Weekly Dispatch' Commissioner was deputed to make inquiry.

'Is it the case that you have a new cure for consumption, and that people have already been restored to health by it?' asked the 'Weekly Dispatch' Commissioner, interviewing the head of a well-known establishment in London.

'It is quite true that several persons discharged from various consumptive hospitals have been cured lately, and that the fact has been noticed a good deal in the press,' was the reply. 'But (with a quiet smile) there is nothing new about the remedy. It is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company has from time to time received intimations that consumptive people in all parts of the world have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But we never made a feature of the cases in our advertising until lately, for the reason that we were afraid lest there should be some mistake in the matter; and it would be contrary to our rules to recommend our Pills for any disorder unless we were absolutely sure that they had been proved suitable to it.'

'What do you mean by fearing some mistake?'

'Well,' said the manager, 'a mistake could arise in one of two ways.

People might suppose that they had been

AFFECTED BY CONSUMPTION, whereas they had suffered from some other cause, such as blood-spitting; or they might really have been consumptive, and having got a little better imagined themselves cured when they were not really so. But recently—that is to say, within the last year or two—we have had under our observation cases in which consumption undoubtedly did exist, where the patients had been examined and certified as consumptive at various hospitals and in other official ways. These people were led to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, as a result, after a time they were proved to be cured. This led us to make the facts public, and they have been taken up and reported upon by a number of newspapers by our request. That is the whole story. You see there is nothing very striking about it.'

'Not very; it is simply an exceptional record of an honest hesitation successfully removed.'

'I don't know that there is anything exceptional about it, though it's very kind of you to say so. What has happened in the case of the disease consumption, or phthisis, is what has happened with a number of other diseases which are incurable by ordinary medicine, but which are cured (as published evidence shows) by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

'What diseases do you refer to?'

'Oh, locomotor ataxy, and other forms of paralysis, for example; spinal disease, cystitis (a disorder of the bladder), some forms of anaemia, and some disorders special to women. We were some years before we published our first case of locomotor ataxy, although we had reports of several cases cured in the interval. We wished to see if

THE CURE WAS PERMANENT because the man had been paid death dues amounting to over £200 by an insurance company, on the certificate of medical specialists that he was absolutely incurable and could not live. This is Mr Marshall, and he is well and strong to-day, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

'Another instance is Mr Robertson, a well-known Scottish football player. He sustained an injury which culminated in spinal disease, with a huge growth on the back. He was discharged from the Glasgow Infirmary Hospital as incurable, and went home to die. His mother spent £150 trying to get him cured. He was cured in a very short time when he began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can play football as well as ever. He is a formidable chap in the field, I can tell you.

'Then there is the case of Mr George Bilton, who was paid his death dues by a Friendly Society—the Boiler-makers as totally and permanently disabled by cystitis, or inflammatory catarrh of the bladder, certified as practically dead by three doctors. He was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We waited

MORE THAN A YEAR before publishing this case in our book. He had lain paralysed for more than two years, and also suffered frightful agony from rheumatism, before he used the Pills; but our Pills have made him a strong man without an ache in his body, and he walks enormous distances. The same doctors who certified his discharge as incurable have certified him cured and fit for work, and the trade society actually re-admitted him—an unique case.

'The object of this is to show the permanency of the cures you effect.'

'Excuse me; it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that effect the cures. We don't doctor people. We will not even examine or see them at our office. But if we are written to (and we are always pleased to have sick people write to us as fully as possible), we will tell them frankly whether cases like theirs have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pills or not. If we do not think the pills suitable we say so, because our business is built up entirely by the recommendation of people who have used our pills and found benefit from them. We have such a large trade that, really, the sale of box more, or a hundred boxes more, is not to be compared in importance with the record which we hold for fair and candid dealings. We do not fear any investigation, and that is how it is we have so many good friends among

EDUCATED PEOPLE AND THE CLERGY.

who know we deal honestly with the public. As an example, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured of spinal disease a girl of Glasgow. Her name is Miss Bell, and she was actually visited by a clergyman, in order to prepare her for death. When she was cured, more than three years ago, the clergyman wrote to us about it, and he is kind enough to write to us from time to time, telling us how the girl is getting on. His name is the Rev. Samuel Harding, of 7, Firlbank Terrace, Dennistoun, Glasgow. The girl is, and remains, perfectly well and strong.

'But—with another quiet smile—I fancy we are getting rather far away from the subject of consumption, and my time is rather limited.'

'Well, about consumption, then. I always supposed that consumption was absolutely fatal.'

'So it is if it gets to the final stage, though we have been told by people even far advanced in consumption that they have pulled up strength wonderfully by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But in some stages, even when specialists and hospitals can only offer palliative treatment, and try to delay the inevitable, we have good evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have actually effected cures.'

The manager cited the following, among other cases:—

'Mr F. Joyce, of 5, Brown's Buildings, West Pottergate-street, Norwich, raised phlegm every morning which was streaked with blood. His face was blanched, and he lost weight. His breathing was short and painful, and Mrs Joyce's apprehensions were increased by the fact that

HIS FATHER HAD DIED OF CONSUMPTION.

He went to two doctors. Then one morning, to use his own words, "I looked in the 'Norwich Eastern Daily Press' and there I saw a case of consumptive young man who had been spitting up blood like myself, and having night sweats, who was cured and restored to robust health and strength by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I procured a box of these pills myself, and I followed the directions as to taking them, with the result that after taking the contents of three boxes I felt as well as I ever did in my life." But feeling so well, Mr Joyce still had an uncomfortable impression that he was still in consumption, so he submitted himself for examination at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

THE DOCTORS OF THAT GREAT INSTITUTION

declared him to be in a sound state of health, and refused to supply him with any medicine or enter him upon the books, as he had no need of treatment.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not like other medicine, nor can they be imitated as is sometimes dishonestly pretended. Take care that the package bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed in red on the white outside wrapper, otherwise you are being cheated by a worthless imitation. In case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., as the pills can be had post free at 3s per box, or six boxes for 16s 6d.



The German railway authorities have of late years shown much energy in improving everything connected with the German system, and to no part of the service does that praise apply with greater right than to the stations. Any number of railway stations have, during the last five or ten years, been either extended or completely rebuilt, the centralisation of the railway traffic and an endeavour to interfere as little as possible with other traffic having apparently been the leading principles. Not only are the German railway stations, as a rule, commodious and well arranged throughout, but large sums have also been expended upon their exterior, and even a number of medium-sized towns now boast railway stations of considerable architectural beauty.

Well-preserved flowers discovered at Dabshouth, in Egypt, in tombs of the times of the Pharaohs, have just been placed in the Cairo Museum. The commonest of these were the white or blue lotus, the red poppy, the leaves and flowers of the pomegranate, of the saffron and of the crocus.

The following are to be the names of the new Japanese torpedo-boat destroyers:—Shinonome (Daybreak), Murakumo (Darkening Clouds), Yagiri (Evening Mist), Shiranui (Will of the Wind).

A shell thrown from a twenty-four-ton quick-firing gun rushes through the air at the velocity of 4900 feet per second, striking its object with a force equal to that of 11,230 tons falling one foot. And yet, comparatively speaking, they are very harmless. Thus, during the one day bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet of twelve ships, lasting from 7 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., no less than 3,165 shells were thrown into the town, yet no more than 800 Egyptians were killed—that is, it took, roughly speaking, six shells to kill one man.

Again, during the Franco-German war, the Germans threw 30,000 shells into Belfort, only killing sixty Frenchmen, or 500 shells to kill one Frenchman. At Strasburg, in the same war, it took eighteen shells to kill every man. And at the siege of Paris 110,000 shells only killed 107 and wounded 209.

Two leading Cuban railways are owned and conducted by British enterprise.

Waiters in restaurants, it has been stated, sometimes pay as much as five or even ten shillings a week to be allowed to wait, and moreover, have to contribute to a fund which covers all broken plates and missing spoons. In some cases they will receive seven or eight shillings a day in odd twopenies or threepences, but much depends upon the class of customers visiting their establishment. Occasionally, the head waiter farms the whole of the waiting, and engages the men himself. This plan is adopted in several large London restaurants. A waiter's life can scarcely be called a happy one. The anxieties and responsibilities of the position are great, though they concern such material matters as eating and drinking. The hours are long, and the remuneration precarious.

In the English official regulations for 1898 it is stated that the mean extreme range of the Lee-Melford bullet may be taken as about 3,500 yards, although, with a strong wind, 3,700 yards have been observed. The bullets find their way, says the Baltimore American, through joints of walls, unless the walls are made of very fine and set in cement. About 150 rounds, concentrated on nearly the same spot, at 200 yards, will break a nine-inch brick wall. Rummied earth gives less protection than loss. When first into sand, the bullet is found to be always turned aside after it has entered a little way.

Recent studies of the animal life of Lake Tanganyika have shown that that lake differs from all the other African lakes in possessing inhabitants that belong to oceanic species. Still these singular denizens of Lake Tanganyika are not exactly like the marine organisms of the present day, and the conclusion is drawn that a sea connected with the open ocean once occupied the part of Africa where Tanganyika now lies, and that the lake is the last remnant of the ancient sea.

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.



BLACKHEADS or "Maggot Pimples," Itches, Oily Perspiration, etc., instantly and permanently removed by the Marvellous Skin-Cleansing and Beautifying "KOS-A-KO" Lotion. Never fails. Hundreds of Testimonials. Post free, plainly packed, with directions. Send post office order for 7s. 6d. to Erskine, Import Co., Colonial Mutual Life Buildings, Pitt Street, Sydney.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY (Limited),
128 Litchfield Street Christchurch.

‘CYCLING.’

The exasperating dog who delights to run at every passing cyclist has aroused the indignation of a newspaper correspondent. He writes: ‘Let me advise every cyclist, for the good of his brother and sister cyclists, to discount and ascertain, if possible, the name and address of the owner of any dog that runs at his machine or his legs. The name and address should be forwarded, with a statement of the complaint made against the dog and its owner, to the police of the district in which the dog lives and carries on its nefarious practices. I have on numerous occasions been attacked by dogs while riding in an unsuspecting way, and among my acquaintances I find that a similar experience is quite common. There is no need for cyclists to put up with this nuisance; they have the remedy in their own hands. Remonstrance is useless in most cases.’

There is a great likelihood of a touring union being established in Melbourne during the next few months, as numerous members of the Victorian League of Wheelmen are dissatisfied with the poor support given to the touring members of the League. Mr S. G. Pirani, chairman of the touring committee, has resigned his seat, and in a letter tendering his resignation states: ‘After the two years’ experience I have had, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the Association as at present constituted is unable to deal adequately with touring matters in conjunction with racing affairs, and the League should either drop the latter or make way for some other body whose sole duties should be to look after the interests of tourists.’ There is nothing ambiguous about this, coming as it does from an enthusiastic cyclist who has given a deal of his time to the advancement of tourists’ interests during the past two years, and whilst Mr Pirani’s loss to the League will be a severe one it will we are sure eventually be a gain to the touring community, the backbone of the pastime, for we are of the opinion that Mr Pirani will not long remain inactive, and we expect to see him in a new role shortly.

Victorian road champions are now training hard with a view to capturing the much-coveted title of Twenty-five Miles Victorian Road Champion, which race is set down for running on the 23rd inst. This year additional interest is attached to these contests, which combine the club’s premiership and individual championship over 25 and 50 miles, owing to a 30-guinea trophy being donated by a Melbourne cycle firm to the premier team. This event was won last year by our late visitor, J. Green, on Dunlops, it being the only championship medal that Green won whilst in Australia.

Broken Hill cyclists have opened a shilling subscription list to present Joe Mogson, erstwhile Australian champion, with a fitting souvenir on his retirement from the racing arena owing to the death of his father. A benefit meeting has also been mooted in Sydney for the same purpose.

‘Whoeeling’ (Eng.), June 8th, states that there is a chance of the world’s championship meeting being shifted to some other place than Vienna owing to no suitable track being available there. The present track is un-

admitted, and totally unfit for such important fixtures as the world’s championships. Strenuous efforts are being made to have a cement track put down in time for the proposed meeting in September next.

Porta and Healy, says the ‘Western Mail’ (Perth) were recently lost in the bush for a night, whilst riding from Widgee-Mooltha to Norseman to engage in cycle races. Porta won the scratch race next day, so the misadventure evidently did him no harm.

The cost of the carriage of a bicycle on the French railways is the lowest on record, 1000 miles costing about one penny when the bicycle is accompanied by the owner.

Time limits will be imposed by the National Cyclists’ Union (Eng.) on all their championship events up to five miles. A better plan would be to follow the Australian idea of putting in single pacers who make the pace fairly fast and prevent those slow crawls which tend to depopularise.

A. A. Zimmerman is reported to be seriously ill with fever contracted during his recent Mexican tour. ‘Zimnie’ was to have met the American champion, E. Bald, on the 4th June, but the match was postponed owing to his illness.

The amount of enjoyment to be got out of cycling depends greatly on the tyres fitted to your machine, as no part of a bicycle is subjected to the terrible ‘gruelling’ and knocking about that the average bicycle tyre gets. The best and most reliable tyre now on the market is the Detachable Dunlop, which is covered by a liberal guarantee of twelve months from the manufacturers.

An automatic tyre pump has just been patented in America. The pumping power is derived from a small cylinder fastened to the inside between two spokes near the rim, the piston rod going through rim and inner tube and being then fastened to the inside of the cover, so that when the wheel revolves the tyre and piston are depressed, every revolution thus causing an automatic pumping action. The cylinder is connected by means of a tube with the valve. No provision seems to have been made for an outlet of the air that is being continuously pumped into the tyres. We are afraid that the geniuses who spend their time and money in this direction are only wasting their time trying to invent an automatic pump that is not wanted, for with the up-to-date Detachable Dunlop Tyre now on the market cyclists seldom inflate their tyres from week’s end to week’s end.

‘Spare the pump, spoil the tyre,’ would Solomon verily have proclaimed had the modern cycle been known in his day. He would doubtless have added, ‘and entire machine,’ for the amount of mud hurled upon a cycle by soft tyres during rainy weather is fearful to contemplate. Besides, the harm done to enamel by the subsequent scrubbing which this necessitates, the vital parts are liable to suffer. The tyre suffers, of course, by having the edge of the rim pressed upon it. But the remedy to all this is very simple. It is air, air, and air again. A thoroughly inflated tyre not only reduces the dirt thrown up to a minimum, but also reduces its own tendency to puncture to a similar degree.

There is absolutely no reason why a wheelwoman suffering from a bicycle catastrophe upon the road should not accept help from a cycling stranger of the other sex, provided, of course, it is offered in a courteous manner. A well-bred wheelwoman will always offer to aid a woman in distress, especially if she be a cyclist, and a gruff refusal of his proffered assistance is by no means the best stimulus to high road politeness.

Cyclists in the Old Country who ride at night are liable it is said to a peculiar danger from hares. At night, when a hare sees the light of a bicycle lamp approaching, he will go towards it, and then stand quite still in the roadway and allow himself to be run over. In game preserved districts several nasty accidents have arisen from this cause.

Cyclists who ride long distances should carry with them a handful of raisins, and eat them when feeling fatigued. They are a wonderful sustainer of energy.

A punctured cycle tyre may be mended in more ways than one. At different times (writes a cyclist), when I have been caught by the puncture fiend without a rubber patch, I have used pieces of a tobacco pouch, and even strips torn off a handkerchief and well soaked with solution. The other day I chanced to be riding a new machine without a saddle bag and repair outfit. As luck would have it, I happened to have by me a little strip of court plaster. Although the repair was not a very effectual one, it lasted me home. Court plaster is always useful in these days of scorchers and careless bikists, but when it can be used for a double purpose it is well worth carrying.

The Management Committee of the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycle Club has decided to hold the annual spring carnival on the Domain Cricket Ground on Saturday, November 19th, and to invite the ex-Irish champion athlete, Mr M. Roseingrave, now of Sydney, and Mr A. H. Holder, of Wanganui, to compete at the carnival. The Club’s delegates to the New Zealand Cyclists’ Alliance at Christchurch were instructed to vote for the removal of the headquarters of the Alliance to Wellington.

The balance sheet of the Dunlop Tyre Co., just presented to the shareholders, shows that the profits of the company for the past year amounted to a sum of £468,510, which is the largest sum ever made in trading profit by the present company. The directors propose to pay 5 per cent. on the preference and 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and to pay 5 per cent. on the deferred shares. £50,000 has been placed to the patent reserve fund, £70,000 to the general reserve account, and £38,963 has been carried forward to the next account.

Speaking of the chief cause of smashes in cycling, a writer in ‘The Hub’ says: ‘Smashes come to everyone. Not a few falls that occur it would be impossible even to explain. Probably the men who suffer least are the finest and most speedy riders. For one reason, they ride more in matches and record attempts than in general racing scrambles. Even in scratch open events, the big men are seldom bunched in a crowd. They lap the rank and file, and when overhauling any batch of riders, their pacers take them up to and past the others in no time. In addition to this, the champions, for the most part, steer so beautifully that, even when going nearly ‘all out,’ their wheels run as if set in a groove. Look at Arthur Chase, Stocks, or Platt-Betts travelling behind a ‘quad,’ and you will see an exhibition of perfect steering, that makes many a spurt home at the conclusion of an amateur mile handicap appear a perfect nightmare. Men there are, however, and well known riders, too who go all to bits when the final rush begins, and these deadly wobblers are, without doubt, responsible for many a smash. Rounding the last bend, also, not a few riders of scanty experience unconsciously bore out towards the rails in tearing down for the winning chalk line; and, as each man behind goes wider still, all the elements of a bad mix-up are furnished.’

100 YEARS’ REPUTATION
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WIDOW WELCH’S REMEDY.

Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all female complaints. — They contain no irritant, and have the approval of the Medical Profession. The only genuine are in White Paper Wrappers and have the name of ‘C. and G. Kearsley.’ Beware of cheap imitations. — Makera, C. & G. KEARSLEY, 17 North-st., Westminster.

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Hardly-Grown Forest, Fruit, AND ALL OTHER Trees & Plants, Evergreens, Roses, &c.

Stocks quite unequalled for ‘QUALITY,’ ‘VARIETY,’ & ‘EXTENT.’

H. C. GIBBONS & CO., WELLINGTON.



and Drama.

Max Beerbohm succeeds George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic on the London ‘Saturday Review.’ He introduces himself in an article of whimsical self-depreciation. He says, among other things: ‘This absurd post which I have accepted will interfere with my freedom in life and is quite likely to spoil and exhaust such talent as I might otherwise be exercising in literary art. However, I will not complain. The editor of this paper has come to me as Romeo came to the apothecary, and what he wants I give him for the apothecary’s reason.’ It is to be hoped, for the editor’s sake, that Mr Beerbohm’s stuff may not be as fatal to him as the apothecary’s was to Romeo.

Adelaide Ristori, Tommaso Salvini, Pezzana, Duse, Novelli, and Zacconi are to appear in a series of historical performances in connection with the dramatic exposition at Turin. The first play will be a comedy in prose by Anibal Caro, who lived in the sixteenth century. A tragedy dating from 1700, a fairy drama that belonged to the middle of the eighteenth century, and a tragedy of about the same period will be given in June. Italy is one country that stopped the triumphal progress of ‘Tribly.’ The audiences treat it as a farce and vary their laughter by hissing it.

Michael Efimowitz Medvedieff, the greatest Russian singer, first tenor of the Imperial Opera, the Czar’s own organisation, intimate friend of Rubinstein, Tchaikowsky and other great Russian composers, a man who has won every distinction and received every decoration that his Government can give, and who was publicly presented with a medal by the Czar, is singing on the Bowery, New York.

Sir Henry Irving is never afraid of comparisons. According to public report, M. Coquelin has made the success of his life in ‘Cyrano de Bergerac.’ He wished to produce the play in London, and Sir Henry promptly put the Lyceum at his disposal. The French actor, therefore, will be seen to the very best advantage in England’s most famous theatre. Later on Sir Henry will play Cyrano upon his own stage, and everybody will be able to measure his performance by that of the illustrious Frenchman. This will not be the first time that M. Coquelin has entered the lists against his redoubtable and chivalrous rival. Some years ago he ventured to show London how, in his idea, the part of Mathias in ‘The Bells’ ought to be acted. But he did not make many converts. It is not likely that he will have much better luck with Cyrano. He is a superb artist and in many respects an unexcelled comedian, but imaginative or romantic acting is not his strong point. Sir Henry is an adept in both.

The impression to be gathered from the London notices of ‘The Beauty Stone,’ a romantic opera by Pinciro and Comyns Carr, with music by Sullivan, is that it is tedious, and the music is not as taking as Sir Arthur’s older work.

Mrs Potter has bought from Mrs T. P. O’Connor, the clever wife of the Irish member of Parliament, a new play founded on the story of Charles Stewart Parnell and Mrs O’Shea. The last scene represents the night of the great division in the House of Commons, when Parnell learns of his fall from power and dies on the stage. Mrs Potter will play the part of Mrs O’Shea, and Kyrle Bellew will be seen as Charles Parnell.

In an interview Intely Chauncey Depew stated that one night at the opera Mr Gladstone, after listening intently to the performance, gave, during the interval, a history of musical progress during his lifetime. Mr Gladstone said that for 60 years he had been a lover of the operi, he discussed the merits of the various singers, and Mr Depew said that had he not known who Mr Gladstone was he would have taken him for an old musical critic. Finally, Mr Gladstone said: ‘For 30 years opera was for me a constant source of enjoyment; but for the last 30 years I have been unable to listen

(1) Experiment

"Now suppose I mix everything up together, just as an experiment; I wonder what would happen."

INDISCRIMINATE EXPERIMENT

How Mr Seddon on the Master & Apprentice Bill. "The Bill is to a large extent an experiment, but without experimenting no progress would result."

"Oh! W. Crowther the wise, Your honesty no one denies, But after your shrill ridicule of the Bill, What on earth made you vote with the ayes?"

"Mr Crowther condemned the tone of the Premier's speech in moving the second reading of the Master & Apprentice Bill, and said Mr Seddon reminded him of the plaintiff who, having a very bad case, proceeded to abuse the defendant. . . . The manner of the Premier in introducing the Bill did not seem sincere. He looked like an actor desirous of making an impression without relating facts." etc etc and much more to same effect; after which Mr Crowther followed the Premier into the lobby with the Ayes!"

(2) Progress

Whose is the hand?

Act of Parliament

The roof against the rule by the Governor has been one of the features of the debates during the present session.

in Council

MY AYE - NO EVERYTHING POLICY?

TRADES AND LABOUR.

"Want to learn a trade? do you my little dears? A very laudable ambition, but not quite such an easy thing as you would think. You see, the facilities for learning trades and for obtaining employment in this country are so great, and the population is increasing at such an enormous rate, that we have been compelled - er - that is - we consider it expedient to erect these little artificial barriers; solely for your own good, of course!"

The seventh section of the "Master and Apprentice" Bill provides that "no young person shall be employed in any skilled handicraft, unless he is apprenticed therein by deed under this Act."

ffoley Hunter 98



District Land and Survey Office,
Auckland, August 6, 1898.
NOTICE is hereby given that the un-
dermentioned small Grazing Run
will be open for Lease on application at this
office on WEDNESDAY, the 14th
day of September, 1898, at the annual
rent noted:—

**RAGLAN COUNTY—PARISH OF
KARAMU—First-class Pastoral Country.**
Run No. 5; 611 acres; annual rent £18 6/4.

The run comprises one-third broken
forest land, balance open and of lime-
stone formation of fair quality, 3 miles
from Whatawhata, and 16 miles from
Ruglan.

Forms of declaration required under
the Land Act and full conditions of
lease may be obtained on application
at the office.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.



LAND WITHDRAWN FROM SALE.

Crown Lands Office,
August 5, 1898.

It is hereby notified that Lot 7, Village
of Upper Takapu, advertised to be of-
fered for sale by public auction on 26th
August inst., has been withdrawn.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**A PICTURE THAT HAS STARTLED
THE CONTINENT.**

A European correspondent forwards
from Milan, Italy, a picture that has
attracted a great deal of attention
from the art critics of the other side.

The picture has been on exhibition
in several European cities. It is by
Claude Melvier, a young artist who
has hitherto attracted but little atten-
tion from the public. The picture is
an immense one, the head being fully
four feet in depth. Melvier calls his
work 'Woman,' and as such it is cata-
logued. The sinister look in the eyes,
the sensuality of the nose, the full,
ripe lips and the coarse, hempen hair,
lend a colouring that is almost repel-
lant, especially when stretched over
many feet of canvas. The encircling
snakes, of course, give additional form
to the whole idea and rather impart
the impression that M. Melvier had a
somewhat prejudiced idea of the
theme he has tried to portray.

'Woman' is one of the features of
the art year in Europe and it may
bring fame to the man who at least
has originality even if he is lacking
in chivalry and good taste. If Max
Nordau had only seen it before he
wrote 'Degeneracy'!

**THE NEW ZEALAND STEEPLE-
CHASE WINNER.**

In this impression we give an illustration
of Dummy, the hero of the
New Zealand Grand National Steeple-
chase at Riccarton racecourse last
week. This now famous gelding has
proved that he is just as much at
home in races over country as across
hurdles. In the year 1895 Dummy
also won the New Zealand Grand
National Hurdle Race, and he was also
runner-up to Opae in the North New
Zealand Grand National Hurdle Race
at Ellerslie in June last. The latest
win was his first over a steeplechase
country. Dummy is owned by Mr
Fred. Watson, of New Plymouth, and
he was bred on the West Coast of the
North Island. He is by the Mute-
Maid of the Mountain, by Tracer.
Our illustration shows in the saddle
P. Johnstone, and this well-known
horseman has been associated with
Dummy in all of his many victories.

AUCKLAND V. TARANAKI.

The most interesting of the three
interprovincial football contests that
have taken place in Auckland on the
last three consecutive Saturdays was
that played between Auckland and
Taranaki. Saturday was an unfavour-
able day as could be imagined. From
the start to the finish the rain fell in
a steady drizzle, and the ground under-
foot was in a deplorable state of mudi-
ness. But neither players nor spec-
tators appeared to care a jot about the
weather. Even the latter, who were
present in larger numbers than at any
recent match, were much too absorbed
in the progress of the game to take
notice of the wet. Although neither of
the teams succeeded in scoring and
the game therefore ended in a draw,

the play throughout was much the
most interesting of any that has been
seen in the North this year. Both sides
were in fine form, and the teams were
well matched. Every point had to be
worked for with might and main,
every opportunity was keenly watched
by the opposing players, and for every
man there was ready to take advan-
tage of it there was another equally
prepared to baulk him. The Taranaki
men were distinguished by their good
kicking, and the Auckland team by
the smartness of their three-quarters.
Among the visitors Humphries at half
and Allen at five-eighths played a bril-
liant and combination game; while
Mills and Ryan on the wing, and Wat-
son, O'Carroll, and Langham showed
fine form in the forward division. The
full-back, Hunter, proved himself a
cool and collected defender of his ter-
ritory, and he was ably supported by
Carroll, Bayly (captain of the team),
and Jacob. Auckland's full-back,
Smith, was at his best, while Harn-
ison, McGregor, and Absolon played a
sound game. The last player especially
made some brilliant moves. O.
Riley captained his men well, and
without exception they worked most
conscientiously under him. We give
this week a picture of the Taranaki
team.

The pictures of the Auckland and
Wellington football teams which ap-
peared in our issue last week were
reproductions of the photographs
taken by Mr F. W. Edwards, the well-
known photographer of Auckland.
By an oversight this was not men-
tioned when the pictures were pub-
lished, and we desire to rectify the
omission, which might seem strange,
seeing that Mr Edwards may be said
to enjoy a monopoly of this kind of
work in Auckland.



A fatal accident occurred at Rahotu
(Taranaki) on August 9, when Mr
James Wagstaff was thrown from a
trap on to a heap of stones, striking
his head and fracturing the base of
the skull, causing concussion of the
brain. The accident happened within
a mile of the deceased's residence, and
he must have walked fully a quarter
of a mile before a conveyance met
him and conveyed him to his home.
After his arrival at the house he only
survived a few minutes. The deceased
was between 25 and 30 years of
age, and was generally esteemed
throughout the district. Mr Wagstaff
was not married, but leaves an aged
father and sisters to mourn their loss.

Miss Fernandez, matron of the New
Plymouth Hospital, died in Auckland
on August 9, and the news was re-
ceived in Taranaki with considerable
regret, as this lady was much esteem-
ed. Miss Fernandez had been asso-
ciated with the hospital for many
years, first joining it as assistant
nurse in 1890. In May, 1892, she was
promoted to senior nurse, and in Fe-
bruary, 1894, was appointed matron. In
March last, owing to ill-health, Miss
Fernandez was granted six months'
leave of absence, when she visited
Napier and Wellington, but finding
herself getting worse went to her par-
ents in Auckland, with whom she was
only spared for a few days. The staff
of the New Plymouth Hospital for-
warded a wreath as a token of the
sympathy they felt for the deceased
lady.

Mrs D'Arcy Irvine, who was the
wife of the late Rev. D'Arcy Irvine,
and died on July 23 at Marulan, in
New South Wales, used years ago to
reside in Napier. She was well known
there, and the news of her death was
received with much regret.

Last week there passed away at his
residence at Mount Smart, near Pen-
rose, Auckland, the oldest pensioner
of Royal New Zealand Fencibles in
the person of Mr James Hanson, who
had reached the very good old age of
88 years.

Much sorrow was felt throughout
Hawke's Bay at the death of Mr Ernest
White, a son of Mr W. White, of
Kaikora. For several years he had
been in delicate health, and died at

Kaikora on Tuesday, the 9th August.
He was for some time in the Bank of
New Zealand at Napier, but gave up
his appointment there about six
months ago. He was very popular,
and will be greatly missed. Deep
sympathy is felt for his relatives and
friends in their sad bereavement.

Whilst travelling from Hampden to
Kereru, on Tuesday, the 26th July,
Mr Charles G. G. Davies died from cold
and exposure to a fierce storm. His
body was found a week later by a
shepherd on the Gwavas Station,
lying beside a gateway in the road,
in a long narrow alley about six miles
distant from Hampden. The horse,
which the unfortunate man had rid-
den, stood close by, waiting to get
through the gate, and a faithful dog
kept watch over his dead master;
through the wildest of storms, of
snow, wind and rain, the noble animal
had kept guard, thin, yet heedless of
the pangs of starvation, it remained
until the constable had removed the
body, then only it turned and resumed
its journey of twelve miles further to
the Kereru Station, where its late
master had been employed. The de-
ceased had relatives in England, but
none in the colonies. A large circle
of friends from Kereru, Maraekakaho,
Te Aute, and Hampden attended his
funeral at the Hampden Cemetery, and
the coffin was covered with beautiful
wreaths from sorrowing friends.

On Tuesday, 2nd August, a sad event
occurred at Tikokino, which cast a
gloom over the whole community. Mr
W. Foulds, a Whakarara settler being
drowned while crossing the Waipawa
River from Onga Onga. His second
daughter, who was riding with him,
was a helpless witness of her father's
death. The case is especially sad, as
the widow and family are left in poor
circumstances. The Loyal Ruahine
Lodge of Oddfellows, who had decided
to hold a concert in aid of a piano for
the hall on Friday night next, will
now most generously hand over the
proceeds of the concert for the benefit
of the widow and family, and their
thoughtful action in the matter is de-
serving of every assistance from the
public, who will undoubtedly assemble
en masse on Friday evening. In con-
nection with the Foulds' family, sev-
eral painful events have occurred dur-
ing the last few years. First one of
Mrs Foulds' sisters was burnt to
death through her clothes taking fire
while washing outside the house; then
a little daughter rambled away and
was either lost in the bush or drowned
in the same river where her father so
lately met his death. More than forty
men, in a body, searched the bush in
vain for the child, and to this day
her fate remains a mystery. Some
people aver that the travelling Maoris
kidnapped the little girl, and that she
is still alive in the Taupo district; but
this theory is highly improbable. Later
another little girl was drowned in a
well. The poor wife and mother, who
has endured this long string of calami-
ties, is distracted with grief. The
body of Mr Foulds is not yet found.

**THE AUCKLAND CHILDREN'S
HOSPITAL:**

It is very gratifying to learn by the
report of Mr Stichbury at the meeting
of the Hospital and Charitable Aid
Board held on Monday afternoon that
a good response is being made in the
matter of providing cots and dona-
tions for furnishing for the new Chil-
dren's Hospital in course of erection.
The following have each donated £10
for a cot and accessories:—Colonial
Sugar Company, Mr A. M. Myers, Mr
L. D. Nathan, West End Rowing Club,
Foresters and Oddfellows, Lodge Ar. No.
348, I.C., provide ten cots, or prob-
ably twelve cots, for an 'Ara ward.'
Messrs Seegner and Langguth have
given a donation of £5 5/, and Mr J.
E. Moore £2 2/, for furnishing the
wards. For the 'Graphic' Cousins'
Cot, £25 per annum is given. As the
result of an appeal in the year 1890
the following citizens responded by
each providing a cot for our present
ward:—Countess Onslow, Mrs McAr-
thur, the Misses Lennox, the Misses
Thomson, Mr Arthur Atkin, Mr Louis
Ehrenfried, Mrs Charlton Dawson, Mrs
D. L. Murdoch, Mrs W. Swanson, Mr
Justice Conolly, Rev. Pastor Birch,
Capt. Herold. These cots will still
be available for the new building.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Hon. R. Brand, a younger son of
Lord Hampden, accompanied by Mr
Barry, arrived in Wellington by the
Monowai on Monday last, and during
their stay in Wellington were the
guests of Lord and Lady Ranfurly, at
Government House.

Mr J. M. Brigham, Secretary and
Treasurer to the Auckland Harbour
Board, left on Monday evening for
Sydney by the s.s. Waihora en route
to London, in order to carry out on
behalf of the Board the proposals of
the British Admiralty in regard to
subsidising and equipping the Calliope
Dock. Mr Laird will fill Mr Brigham's
place as Secretary to the Board dur-
ing the latter gentleman's absence.
Mrs Brigham accompanied her hus-
band.

Miss Jessie Weston, who has at-
tracted much public attention by the
recent publication in book form of her
very able articles on Imperialism, ar-
rived in Auckland on Monday by the
Mararora. She knows Auckland well,
having resided here for some years in
the early 'eighties,' and will on the
present occasion be staying for a short
time in the city.

Colonel Pitt, of Nelson, was in Blen-
heim last week.

Mr and Mrs Lyons, of Auckland,
who went to England at the begin-
ning of this year for a trip, are now
touring in Wales.

That at a recent conference in
Christchurch it was confidently main-
tained that combination in the frozen
mutton trade would result in giving
the producers at least an increase of
£150,000 per annum.

Miss Evelyn Williams, of the Bluff
Hill, Napier, leaves for England by
the s.s. Ionic this week.

That Masterton was visited the
other night by an unexpected visitor
from the skies in the shape of a
wonderfully brilliant meteor, resembling
a great ball of fire.

Mr G. C. Garlick, eldest son of the
late Mr J. Tonson Garlick, has, by the
unanimous decision of all the direc-
tors of the Tonson Garlick Company,
Ltd., Auckland, been appointed man-
aging director of the Company.

Mr James E. Hannah, of Christ-
church, who is at present visiting
Auckland, means to pay a visit to the
Northern gumfields before returning
home in November.

Miss L. Hodgson, of Christchurch,
is the guest of Mrs H. Edwards, of
Nelson, for part of the winter.

Mrs Charles Watts, who has been
visiting several friends in Blenheim,
and spent the latter portion of her
stay with Mrs Howard, left on Satur-
day for Nelson.

Mr and Mrs James Mills (Dunedin)
are paying a short visit to Wellington,
and are staying at Miss Malcolm's, on
the Terrace.

Mr Arthur Nathan, of Auckland, is
on his way home from England by
the P. and O. steamer Himalaya.

Misses Ireland, of Hume Court, Par-
nell, give an afternoon tea on Friday
next.

Mr Reid, who has been staying with
Mr and Mrs Orr, of Blenheim, left for
Wellington last week.

Mrs D. Hunter is staying with Mrs
Canning, of Napier.

The Hon. H. R. Brand, a younger
son of Lord Hampden, Governor of
New South Wales, accompanied by Mr
Barry, are now touring the North Is-
land, visiting the Hot Lakes District
in their journeyings.

Mr and Mrs George Rhodes (Christ-
church) are the guests of Mrs Rhodes,
at The Grange, Wellington.

Misses McMillan, of Ardstruth, Re-
muera, Auckland, have gone South.

Misses Stevenson, of Glenholm, Re-
muera, Auckland, have gone to Gis-
borne for a short stay.

The Egmont Hunt Club (Taranaki) ran the final hunt of the season on August 4th, and in the evening a ball was given by the members to their friends at Hawera.

At the musical afternoon given by Lord and Lady Ranfurly, the Countess wore a beautiful gown of embroidered grass lawn, over bright pink silk, with ruffled sleeves, and long cash of pink silk, and pink silk ruche round her neck, and diamond ornaments. Her little daughter, Lady Constance Knox, wore a pretty frock of pink surah, trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace and insertion.

Mr A. Clark, of the firm of Messrs A. Clark and Sons, of Auckland, is on his way out from England by the Himalaya, which reached Suez at the beginning of last week.

Mr E. Mabin, of the Bank of New South Wales, Blenheim, has received promotion and been transferred to Greymouth. He took his departure for that place last Monday. As he has always interested himself greatly in the Literary and Debating Society and Swimming Club, as well as officiating as churchwarden in the Church of the Nativity, and teaching in the Sunday School, he will be greatly missed.

Mrs John Aiken (Christchurch) returned from a fortnight's visit to Dunedin on Tuesday, and is now visiting friends. Mr Aiken is at Mrs Sawtells, Cashel-street.

Mr and Mrs J. Mills, with Miss Mills, made a short stay in New Plymouth on their way South on their return from the South Sea Island trip.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Telephone Department give a dance on Friday evening next at St. Benedict's Hall.

Miss McMillan and Miss Jessie McMillan, of 'Ardstrath,' Remuera, have gone South to visit friends at Napier, Wanganui and Nelson.

Miss Allen (Picton) has gone to visit her brother, Mr S. C. Allen, in Wellington.

Mrs Empson (Wanganui) and her sister, Miss Rosa Acland (Christchurch), are at present in Wellington.

The Hons. W. McCullough, W. T. Jennings, W. Kelly, and Major Harris, M.L.C., arrived in Wellington from Auckland on Tuesday.

Mr A. E. Greenlake, of Auckland, has gone on a holiday trip to the South.

Mrs Moynihan (Nelson) arrived in Picton by steamer on Monday en route for Tyntesfield. While in Picton she was the guest of Mrs Rutherford.

Dr. and Mrs Lyndo Ferguson (Dunedin) passed through Wellington from Sydney by the Monowai on Tuesday last, and were the guests of Mrs W. Ferguson, at Linda, during their two days' stay there en route for Dunedin.

Mr B. Kent, President of the Auckland Mining and Industrial Exhibition, was a passenger by the Rotoiti last Thursday to Wellington, where he will join the Vancouver steamer on his way to Honolulu, whether he has been summoned by business connected with the Alliance Company, of which he is the Auckland manager.

Mr N. K. MacDiarmid (not MacDonald, as misprinted in our last issue) was elected President of the Taranaki Horticultural Society.

Mrs Willis, of Johnstonville, Wellington, arrived in Blenheim on Friday, to help to nurse her invalid niece, Miss Hill, of Auckland.

Mr James France (Picton) left for Frisco on Wednesday, as assistant mail agent.

Miss Gore has returned to Wellington after a lengthy visit to her sister, Mrs Walter, in the Waikato.

Mr M. McColl, of the Inglewood Post and Telegraph Office, has been transferred to the head-office in New Plymouth, and Mr C. E. Enderby takes his place.

The Misses Julius (Christchurch), who have been the guests of Lord and Lady Ranfurly for some weeks at Government House, Wellington, are now staying with Bishop and Mrs Wallis, at Bishop's Court.

Three Maori chiefs of worth and note have within the last fortnight been gathered to their forefathers. They were Hohua Moanarua, (Joshua Munro), of the Ngatiwhanga tribe, who was a clergyman of the Church of England as well as a big and influential Maori land-holder; Mei Tepeka, of Galatea, Wanganui River, a helpful ally of the colonists in the war-time; and Hounuku, of the Tainui tribe.

Mr and Mrs W. H. Rhodes, of Timaru, are the guests of Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, at Elmwood, for the races and festivities of the week.

Dr. and Mrs Owen have arrived in Picton, and, not being able to obtain a house, have taken rooms at Mrs Herbert Godfrey's.

The Auckland branch of the New Zealand Natives' Association is to be represented at the coming conference of the Association by Messrs F. E. Baume (President) and Luning (secretary), who left Auckland for Wellington last Thursday for that purpose. The Hon. Wm. Jennings, the third delegate, being detained in Auckland on business, his place is to be taken by the Hon. Harry Williams.

Mr J. M. Nairn, the well-known Wellington artist, whose pictures are such a delightful feature in the Art Exhibition now being held in the Art Gallery there, has been seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs, but though still very weak, is progressing favourably towards convalescence, and hopes soon to be able to take outdoor exercise again.

On the second of next month the many friends of Mr Ernest Schatz, the popular amateur vocalist of Auckland, intend to give a monster benefit concert in his honour. The performance, which has been tendered on the occasion of the departure of Mr Schatz from Auckland to Wellington, will take place in the Opera House.

Miss Gordon, of Epsom, Auckland, is visiting Mrs Dyer, at Wellington.

Miss Stewart, of Hamilton, is on a visit to her relations in Ponsonby, Auckland.

The fourth Ponsonby 'At Home' takes place on Friday next, August 19th.



MR. F. WATSON'S CHESTNUT GELDING "DUMMY," BY "MUTE,"—"MAID OF MOUNTAIN," AND HIS JOCKEY, P. JOHNSTON. WINNER OF GRAND NATIONAL STEEPCHASE, CHRISTCHURCH, 1898.

Mr Hugh Campbell, of Auckland, returned home from Gisborne last Sunday.

Mrs Wm. Thornton has returned to her home at Maungakawa, Cambridge. Everyone who knows Mr Ernest Rutherford, son of Mr J. Rutherford, of Pungarehu, Taranaki, is pleased to hear of his appointment to the Physics Professorship in McGill University, Montreal. He did great credit to Canterbury College, New Zealand, while a student and has acquitted himself, with distinction at Cambridge University.

Mr F. P. Corkill, after representing the Central Ward, New Plymouth, in the Borough Council, for thirteen years, has decided not to seek re-election. He entertained the Councillors at the Criterion Hotel after the proceedings of the Council were concluded on August 8th.

Mrs James Taylor, of 'Bardowie,' has returned to Cambridge with her son from Auckland.

Miss Seymour, of Picton, is staying with her sister, Mrs Richardson, at Meadow Bank, Blenheim.

Another student of Canterbury College, Mr R. S. Bull, has recently distinguished himself by taking his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Munich.

Mr Joseph Studholme, Ruauui, Hawke's Bay, passed through Wellington last week, staying a few days at The Grange with Mrs Rhodes, en route for Christchurch.

Before Mr Florance, the newly-appointed Stipendiary Magistrate for the Chatham Islands, left Woodville for his new home, he and his wife and family were entertained at a farewell social, where very emphatic expression was given to the high esteem in which he and his were held by their friends and their fellow townsmen and townswomen.

Mrs F. Nelson, of Hawke's Bay, intends going for a visit to England, and leaves New Zealand by the s.s. Ionic.

Mr J. B. Connett has been re-elected Chairman of Directors of the Taranaki Freezing Company.

Miss A. St. Hill (Hawke's Bay) is staying with Mrs Stowe in Wellington.

Mrs Empson (Wanganui) is spending a few days in Wellington with Mrs Wallis, at Bishop's Court.

Mr Justice Conolly left Auckland for Gisborne by the Westralia last week.

Mrs Annie St. Hill (Hawke's Bay) is the guest of Mrs William Pharazyn, in Hobson-street, for the session.

Miss Geraldine Ching, only daughter of Mr and Mrs T. Ching, Remuera, Auckland, is in Edinburgh, Scotland, at present with some relations, having an exceptionally good time sight-seeing, etc.

A high honour, which has been conferred on Professor Max Muller, Monsieur Breal, the celebrated Sanscrit scholar and other talented men, has just fallen to the lot of Professor de Montalk, of Auckland University. He has been elected a member of the Societe de Linguistique de Paris.

Mrs Hewell, of Cambridge, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs James Taylor, is soon to leave on a visit to her other daughter, Mrs Trevor Gould, in Dunedin.

Colonel Pole-Penton visited Blenheim last week for the purpose of inspecting the volunteers.

Mrs and the Misses Gard (2), of Rougemont, Picton, have gone to Blenheim for a few months, while their new house in Picton is being built. Everyone in Picton wishes the family a speedy return.

Mr and Mrs J. Studholme, jun., and Mr and Mrs W. Studholme, are all in Christchurch for the races.

Last week Miss Kate Murphy, of Auckland, received the appointment of Instructress in Domestic Economy under the Wanganui Education Board.

Mr and Mrs Lascelles, Mount Heron, are the guests of Mr and Mrs C. Dalgely.

An anonymous donor has presented to the Recreation Grounds of New Plymouth nearly two thousand native trees and shrubs.

Mrs Craddock Beauchamp, Anikiwa, Picton, has gone to Christchurch, to visit her son, Mr Herbert Beauchamp.

Miss Innes (Parnell, Auckland) has gone to Sydney for a change.

Amongst country visitors to Blenheim last week were Mr and Mrs Richmond, of Richmond Brook; Mrs Geo. Watts, of Lansdowne; Mr Foster, of Starborough.

Mr and Mrs Percy Baldwin (Wellington) are visiting Christchurch for the Grand National race meeting.

Mrs Corry, of Blenheim, has gone to visit her relations near Wanganui.

Miss Hay, of Remuera, Auckland, returned from Sydney last week.

Mr G. F. Smith, the popular late Assistant Secretary to the Harbour Board in Wellington, who has resigned his position there in order to join his relatives in Canada, was last Wednesday presented by the Harbour Board employees with a very handsome gold Baume chronometer and massive gold cable Albert chain, and a combined locket and compass pendant, the watch being suitably inscribed. The presentation took place on the wharf during the dinner hour, and the very large gathering of all the

employees testified to the general esteem and good feeling which has always existed between Mr Smith and the whole staff. Mr H. G. Clardge (Senior Tally Clerk), who made the presentation on behalf of the employees, in a very happy speech wished Mr Smith every possible happiness and prosperity in the future, on behalf of his fellow employees, and expressed the regret of the whole staff that he was severing his connection with them. Mr William Ferguson, Secretary to the Harbour Board, also spoke in eulogistic terms of the services rendered to the Board by Mr Smith, and of the general respect and good feeling which his eight years' sojourn among them had engendered; and in conclusion read some exceedingly clever verses written for the occasion by Mr Robert Mowatt, of the clerical staff. In the course of a very feeling reply Mr Smith, while thanking one and all present for their very handsome gift, said it had never been his good fortune to be associated with a more agreeable and obliging body of men than those whom he was then leaving, though he had formerly served in thirteen different ships in the navy, and had thus had considerable and varied experience; and in conclusion said that he would always look back upon his connection with the Board as a very pleasant period of his life, and though the claims of kinship were strong, he would not forget the old friends he was leaving behind him in New Zealand. Three hearty cheers were then given for Mr Smith, and all present joined in singing 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' as the pleasant little foregathering terminated.

In the first page of the illustrations of the Auckland Poultry Show which appeared in our issue of last week the Silver-lined Wyandotte pullet numbered 5 was put down as the property of Mr Weeks. We have since learned that this was an error, Mr J. M. Thomson being the owner of the bird.



F. W. Edwards, Photo.

TARANAKI RUGBY FOOTBALL REPRESENTATIVES, 1898.

BACK ROW.—F. PEARSON (Line Umpire), W. LAMHIE, D. WATSON, — RIDDELL, R. CARROLL, G. LANGHAM.
 MIDDLE ROW.—C. O'CARROLL, G. PARKER, L. ALLEN, ALF. BAYLY (Capt.), H. MILLS, P. JACOBS, P. R. CARTHEW.
 FRONT ROW.—G. RYAN, A. HUMPHRIES, A. HUNTER, F. BAYLY.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

Mrs Parsons, of Wellington, who brought her four daughters Home by the Kiahine, has settled down in Chelsea. Miss Phoebe Parsons has commenced her musical studies at the Royal College of Music, and will pursue them there for a year or more. Her sisters will also avail themselves of the many opportunities London affords of improving their musical talents. Wellington, therefore, will be deprived of the sweet notes of the Parsons' birds for a twelvemonth at least.

I note the following in the 'Stars' 'Mems. about Manmon.' 'New Zealand Jubilee Mine-Sufferer. The company has been reconstructed, but there is no market for the shares.'

Mr J. N. Grant, of the Land and Income Department, Wellington, was in the other day looking as brown as a berry after his travels. Since he arrived in May by the Prinz Regent Luitpold, he has covered a good deal of country, spending some time in Bristol with relations, running down to Ilfracombe, and up to the English lakes, Carlisle, and also visiting Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh. In Carlisle he bought a Scotch terrier. Carlisle reveler, with which he took first prize at a dog show in Edinburgh, and which he intends sending to New Zealand by one of the direct steamers. He himself leaves at the beginning of August overland to join at Genoa one of the German line of steamers, of which he speaks very favourably.

Mr and Mrs W. B. Briscoe, of Hawera, and their little boy, intend returning to Auckland by the Oroya on the 5th August. All three have greatly benefited by the year's change. Their son was, however, so ill on board the Oruba on the Homeward voyage that they hastened to Leeds and placed him under the care of Dr. Briscoe. Mr Briscoe's brother, at whose advice Mr and Mrs Briscoe took the boy to their native district, the Yorkshire dales, where he soon regained strength. After a trip to the South of England, they settled down for a five months' stay in Southampton, Lancashire, which they have just left to do some sight-seeing in London prior to their departure.

Miss Therese Sievwright received a warm encore for her song at the Lady Mayoress' reception at the Mansion House last Tuesday. The programme was arranged by the N.S. Wales Trio, the Misses Griffiths. Miss Sievwright had as fellow vocalists Madame Bertha Rossow and Miss Mabel Ward.

Mr and Mrs J. Duncan, of Wellington, and Mr Arthur Duncan, are at the Metropole, but go into Hampshire almost immediately on a visit. Mr J. Duncan occupied a seat at the high table at the New Zealand dinner.

The most cordial reception of the evening at the New Zealand dinner was reserved for Mr Justice Williams. He made a very neat little speech, which was, however, somewhat marred by a curiously halting delivery. No doubt this was owing to the remarks being impromptu as till he saw the menu His Honor had no idea he would be called on at all.

Captain Rochefort Snow, of Christchurch, and Mr R. E. Stephens, of the same city, were observed 'batting' in the Strand on Tuesday afternoon, and from the cheery manner in which the latter's characteristic and contagious laugh rang out, the passer-by surmised that Captain Snow was relating something extra special in the way of good stories. Capt. Snow is at present quartered at the Loudoun Hotel, and returns to New Zealand in September via America. Mr Stephens has taken rooms in Torrington Square. He came up from Llysmeyrion, Carnarvon, on Monday, to attend the New Zealand dinner, and expects to be in town about a fortnight.

The examination in acoustics, conducted by Professor F. D. Brown, in connection with the School of Music, Auckland University College, resulted as follows:—Class I: Edith Blampied, Francis A. Holmden, Winnie Leys, Lily Thomson, Annie H. Verrall. Class II: Ethel Boulton, Clara Lorrain, M. L. Kendon, Evelyn Webb. Class III: Mary E. Atkins, Emilie Brauhart, Emilie A. Butler, Mabel Farrell, Sybil Lewis, Millie Penke.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Miss Julius, daughter of Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, and attended by Captain Alexander, A.D.C., paid an official visit to the Wellington prisons on Saturday last. The Minister of Justice (the Hon. T. Thompson), Colonel Hume, Inspector of Prisons, and the Gaoler (Mr P. Garvey) met His Excellency at the Terrace (Gnol), and showed them all over the institutions.

That the Devonport Borough Council (Auckland) are making some improvements in Church-street, which should certainly add to the attractive appearance of the place.

That the numerous friends of Mrs Tabart (Opawa) are much pleased at the improvement in her health, and a trip to Australia is contemplated for her, when Mr Tabart and one of her daughters will accompany her.

That the decorations at the 'musicale' at Government House on Saturday consisted principally of artistically-arranged masses of gorse, placed among drooping ferns and palms, the yellow wall paper forming a most charming background to the whole.

That the decrees of the railway authorities to run (starting from December 1st) through trains between Wellington and New Plymouth four days per week instead of two days as at present will be a great boon to the public. There will also be a corresponding increase in the steamer service between Onehunga and New Plymouth.

That a skeleton has been found on the ranges above the elevation, near Pieton. The police are making inquiries regarding the matter, and will bring the bones into Pieton, for burial.

That the authorities of the Auckland University have announced that a Gillies' Scholarship of £50 per annum, tenable for three years, is open for competition.

That a well-to-do and much respected tradesman of Pieton intends to light up his premises with electricity. The dynamo will be worked by water, of which there is an abundant supply in the town. Possibly Mr Cragg's venture may be the thin edge of the wedge for lighting up the town.

That in the lately-formed Provincial Electoral Committee, the present Government of New Zealand has an enemy whose *raison d'être* is to bring about the downfall of the Government.

That Colonel Pole-Penton, Commander of the Forces, opened the new Wellington Garrison Officers' Club on Friday evening at the Drillshed. Col. Newall and a very large attendance of officers were present, and Colonel Pole-Penton in declaring the club open, dwelt at some length on the many advantages to be derived from the formation of such a club, which promises to be a great success in every respect. The club-room is comfortably furnished, and is to be open for officers on Monday.

That one of the members for Auckland city, Mr Crowther, may be said to have heaped coals of fire on the head of the Premier when, after the latter had given him a severe 'blowing up' for his attack on the Master and Apprentice Bill, he went and voted with the Premier for its second reading. Or was Mr Crowther's conduct on this occasion a striking example of the convincing powers of Mr Seddon's eloquence?

That it reflects great credit on the Ladies' Committee and on everyone else who helped to get up the powder and patch ball in aid of the Auckland Ladies' Benevolent Society Convalescent Fund, that the ball itself was such a success, and that the sum of money which it has gathered for the fund is of such respectable dimensions, being estimated at about £24.

That New Zealand ladies will be interested to learn that at the drawing-room tea given by Mrs Mackay-Mackenzie in honour of the presentation at Buckingham Palace of Miss Ida Macdonald, daughter of Mrs Earl, of Auckland, the Hon. Mrs Orr-Ewing (nee Lady Augusta Boyle) was present, and looking charming in a train of a rich jaune duchesse satin, lined with pale heliotrope satin, trimmed with fine Flemish point lace, and light and dark heliotrope chiffon bows; petticoat and corsage of the palest dove grey duchesse satin, veiled with net,

embroidered in silver sequins and beige ribbons, finished off round the waist in a floral design of silver; the corsage was tastefully trimmed with silk poppies in mauve and yellow. Headdress, Court plume and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

That owing to scarcity of feed there is a big mortality among cattle in the Rangitikei district.

That the Canterbury Rowing Club intends holding a dance in its boat shed next month.

That the Vicar of Pieton is of opinion that vestrymen will only attend meetings when there's a row on. Some of the ladies present at the annual meeting of parishioners suggested the advisability of starting a row for the purpose of making the men attend to their business.

That a new railway carriage for the Picton-Henlheim line arrived by the Tutaneaki last week, and was put on the rails on Saturday last.

That the Havelock Town Board (Marlborough) is not, as children phrase it, 'speaks' with the Pelorus Road Board since the latter Board has declared, and in print too, that the former Board has made a deliberate attempt to rob the Pelorus Road Board.

That Miss E. Graham, daughter of Mr Graham, M.H.R. for Nelson, has received a permanent appointment at the Girls' School in place of the temporary one as assistant mistress she has recently been holding.

That the Museum at Wanganui is to be enlarged.

That in the match played at Gisborne the Petane golfers were defeated by the Gisborne players by 45 points to 26. The Hawke's Bay team were also defeated in their match against Poverty Bay. The game between Gisborne and Petane was played whilst rain was falling heavily, but this in no way discouraged the competitors.

That the Union Steamship Company are to see what they can do in the matter of cheapening fares and freights in reference to the Auckland Exhibition and that the Northern Steamship Company intend to offer every inducement for residents of Thames, Tauranga, East Coast and Northern districts to visit Auckland during the Exhibition.

That the new village settlement in the Heathcote Valley (Canterbury) seem to be getting on rapidly with its building and farming operations.

That as the weather was so wet there were very few people at the meet of the Hawke's Bay Hounds at Frimley on Saturday.

That the Mayor of Onehunga (Dr. W. R. C. Erson) is to be complimented on his public-spirited energy which has enabled him, despite his onerous and multifarious duties, to organise a rifle corps in Onehunga.

That it is likely that there will soon be established in Wellington a branch of some sisterhood which, in addition to taking charge of a home for indigent old people, will confine itself wholly to the work of comforting the sick and helping the needy.

That the Auckland Exhibition Buildings are getting on apace. The machinery court is quite finished and the grandstand and No. 2 court nearly so, while courts Nos. 3 and 4 are well in hand.

That a ball held at Danevirke in the Town Hall after the Woodlands Hunt Club's Sports, was one of the most successful ever given there. The ball-room was effectively decorated with ferns, flags, and pictures of the chase; the music was inspiring and the floor in good condition for dancing. A great many people were present both at the dance and at the sports which took place during the day. The latter were watched with great interest and included hurdle races, fitting at the ring, orange races (in which the riders carried plates of oranges, the Ladies' Bracelet, and many other competitions).

That a great number of Wellington people have gone to Christchurch for the race week there, and also many country people have passed through on their way South.

That much regret was felt throughout Coromandel on account of the death of Mr C. McCormick, who, for more than twenty years, was foreman of works for the Coromandel County. He came to New Zealand in 1863 and has had much experience on New Zealand goldfields.

That Parliament House, Wellington, had a narrow escape from being burned down last week, the catastrophe only being prevented by the timely discovery and extinction of the fire, which, through some defect in a fireplace, had broken out beneath the flooring of the room occupied by the Minister for Education.

That Mr John Vake, who some time ago was lecturing in Auckland on Prohibition, has been giving most enthusiastic descriptions of New Zealand on his return to Melbourne. Apparently, in his opinion, our country and climate are everything that could be desired, and we ourselves are a first-class people, full of the milk of human kindness as well as of social and intellectual vigour.

That the entertainment to be held in Auckland on Wednesday, 17th, for the benefit of the Greenwood family, promises a first-class and numerous variety of very attractive elements.

That the chemists of Wellington are endeavouring to get exempted from serving on juries.

That the Northern Company's steamer Wellington arriving at Auckland from Whangarei early on Friday morning just missed, in the thick weather, colliding with the barquentine May, which was anchored off the North Head. The May had been forced to put into Auckland Harbour on her voyage from Whangarei to Sydney because the stormy weather she had met with had made her spring a leak.

That arrangements are being made for the annual Floral Fete in the Recreation Grounds, New Plymouth, on November 9th.

That a Bachelors' Ball was held at Te Aute, Hawke's Bay, the other evening and proved to be a most enjoyable one. Dancing was kept up with great spirit to the accompaniment of good music.

That a suggestion has recently been made to the effect that the totalisator tax should be employed to subsidise agricultural and pastoral associations with a view to improving the breed of horses.

That a tangi was held by the Maoris of Poranghat, Hawke's Bay, in celebration of the anniversary of the death of a Maori princess, Kawhinia, and that this feast lasted for a week. Cakes were made, in which were enclosed the Princess' jewellery, and these were cut up and handed to the people present at the tangi.

That it is likely that fountains will be erected before the summer—following the suggestion of the Mayor (Dr. W. R. C. Erson)—throughout the Borough of Onehunga (Auckland) for the convenience of the whole town.

That on Wednesday a 'Musical Evening,' which was much enjoyed by those present, was held at Napier in St. Augustine's Schoolroom, and a welcome was given to the Rev. H. E. Taylor. Several vocal solos were contributed and selections were played on the mandolin, piano, and guitar.

That the little magazine, which the Students' Association of the Auckland University College has started as the organ for the publication of its opinions and feelings on all questions concerning the interests of the students and the honour of the University, is a very sensible and broad-minded production, judging from its first number, and should help largely in the formation of a strong and elevating esprit de corps among the students.

That at a meeting of the Hastings Rifle Company lately Mr W. E. Beck was made lieutenant.

That a football match was played recently between Pahiatua and Woodville, and that the former won by 21 points to 9. Pahiatua footballers are most successful and have not been beaten once this season.

That the Wellington Acclimatization Society has accepted the offer of a noted Indian sportsman, Sir Edward Beck, to assist in procuring such varieties of Indian game as would be likely to easily acclimatise in New Zealand.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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



In New Plymouth the engagement of Miss Govett, daughter of Archdeacon Govett, to Rev. F. G. Evans, vicar of St. Mary's parish, is announced.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

ROLLISON-BAKER.

A wedding of much interest to Aucklanders took place in England last May, when Miss Ella Edith Gray Baker, fourth daughter of Rev. Shirley Waldemar Baker, M.D., LL.D., of Auckland, New Zealand, and Tonga, was married to Mr George Henry Rollison, eldest son of the late Henry Rollison, M.A., F.R.H.S., of Shirley, Surrey. The ceremony, which took place at the parish church, Chingford, was of the quietest description possible, owing to the recent death of Mrs Baker. The Rev. W. Tylden



Hanna, photo.

Mrs G. H. Rollison.

Dyme was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by Mr Holmes, looked charming in a rich Duchesse satin gown with a Court train from the shoulders of broche satin in a design of Prince of Wales' feathers and hyacinths, the beautiful Honiton lace which adorned the bodice being the same that her mother wore on the occasion of her marriage. She wore a tulle veil over a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried an exquisite bouquet of choice white flowers. The bridegroom's present was a



Crown Studio, Sydney.

Mr G. H. Rollison.

handsome diamond and sapphire ring. Miss Lillian Shirley Baker and Miss Holmes were the bridesmaids, and were daintily attired in accordinian pleated white silk frocks, the bodices low at the neck and trimmed with tiny tucks and lace insertion. They wore large white hats and carried beautiful bouquets. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at breakfast at Bryn Coed, Crescent Road, Chingford, the residence of Mr W. T. Holmes, late general manager of the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland. Mr and Mrs Rollison left for the Cumberland lakes, via Maldenhead and London, where they spent their honeymoon. The bride's going away dress was black serge with silk facings. The presents were numerous and valuable. The contributions of Auckland friends were much in evidence, among them being a diamond ring, set of fish knives and forks, and picture by Steele from the bride's father, also a diamond bracelet made of her mother's hair; afternoon spoons made of Great Barrier silver, with green stone handles, were presented by the bride's brothers and sisters; ring lace handkerchief, by Mrs Dillingham; handsome silver card case, with monogram, from Mr Kohu; and silver-mounted set of carvers from Mr and Mrs Fenwick.

BOYD-BEVERIDGE.

A very quiet wedding, but one many Christchurch friends are interested in, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Addington, on the last day of July, when Dr. Alexander Boyd, of Richmond, Nelson, was married to Miss Beveridge, for many years a valued nurse at the Christchurch Hospital and recently matron at the Samaritan Home. Miss Beveridge wore a white canvas cloth dress trimmed with silk and chiffon, and a pretty white bonnet. Her sister, Miss Agnes Beveridge, and Miss Hiatt attended as bridesmaids, the former in dark green, relieved with pale pink, and the latter in green and fawn. The bridegroom's presents to them were an amethyst set in gold bangle and brooch respectively. Dr. Moorhouse accompanied Dr. Boyd as best man. Among the wedding party were the Hon. E. and Mrs Townsend, Rev and Mrs Northcote (Lincoln), Mrs Moorhouse, Mr and Mrs H. C. Godfrey, and one or two others. The bride and bridegroom left for Rangiora in the afternoon, en route for Nelson, via Kaioura and Blenheim.

His Excellency the Governor and a party from Government House spent most of the day on the golf links on Friday, having an al-fresco luncheon sent out to them at the links. The five caddies who were lucky enough to be employed by the Vice-Regal party have gone about with uplifted noses and a lofty and generally patronising manner ever since.

Owing to the miserable weather which prevailed on Saturday the competition for the silver bowl presented by Mrs H. D. Bell, which was to have taken place at the Miramar Golf Links had to be postponed until this week.

That in place of the Floral Fete, which has been annually held for the last three years to augment the funds of the Auckland Ladies' Benevolent Society, a pungent of old English sports and revels will be held on Saturday, December 10th, at Ellerslie. It promises to be an exceedingly pretty and attractive sight, and should draw even larger crowds to the Ellerslie racecourse than the popular floral fetes did.

There is always an abundant supply of stories of the expertness of Hindoo jugglers and acrobats. One who moves about perched upon a single long stick is the latest novelty. This performer is mounted on a bamboo pole about fifteen feet high, the top of which is tied to a girle worn around his waist. A small cushion is fastened a few feet down the pole, which acts as a leg rest. The acrobat hops around a large space in the liveliest way, uttering cheerful shouts, and accompanied by the tapping of a curious drum. He also executes a sort of dance, and goes through a little pantomime. It is a marvellous feat of equilibrium. To walk on a pair of stilts as high as this would be a performance worthy of exhibition on any variety stage. But to hop around on one is quite another thing. And this is only one of many extraordinary feats which the same Indian can perform.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Rec, August 15.

The Auckland Ladies' Benevolent Society gave their

ANNUAL DANCE

last Thursday evening in the Remuera Hall, in aid of the Convalescent Fund, and was as usual a great success.

Mrs Lonsdale Pritt, who for many years past, has with strenuous efforts so ably and successfully continued these dances, must be congratulated. She, indeed, deserves great praise, as she really works like a Trojan. There were a very large number of dancers present, and as nearly everybody wore either fancy costumes or Powder and Patches, the effect during the dances was striking and pretty. Especially becoming to the ladies are Powder and Patches; it gives them a very distinctive appearance, though it generally makes it very difficult to recognise them. The hall was so crowded with the dancers that to guide one's partner safely was as difficult as to steer a ship in the winter through the Baltic Sea. The hall was decorated with flags, but we missed amongst them our favourite and much respected Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The table decorations were exquisite, being the handiwork of Mrs H. Johnston, assisted by Miss Tylden and Miss Ryan, and showing the perfect taste of these three ladies. Clusters of violet crinkly paper in shell shapes were placed about the table around small vases of loosely-arranged violets, mignonette and maiden hair; while high vases, with double and single daffodils, intermingled with rare dark purple anemones, were set alternately with the small vases. The combination of the whole had a most pleasing effect. The supper, which was a tempting affair, was provided by the Remuera ladies. Claret cup was kindly given by Mr Myers. The music, which was perfection, was provided by Mr Burke's popular band.

The following are the ladies of the Committee:--Mesdames (Col.) Banks, Basset, Bamford, Bruce, Cotter, Ching, F. J. Dargaville, Donald, Finlayson, A. P. Griffiths, Holland, A. Hanna, C. Haines, Hardie, H. Johnston, J. Macfarlane, T. Morrin, McCullough, Nelson, Pritt, Ryan and Shera. Mrs (Col.) Banks looked well in Powder and Patches, and was wearing a black silk with white fichu round the decollete bodice, fastened with diamond ornaments, black velvet picture hat; and her daughter looked well as Night, in a black costume with silver; Mrs Basset work black silk, bright red opera cloak, with ecru applique, scarlet ostrich tips in hair; Mrs Cotter looked distingue in a black silk, with blue Miss Cotter wore canny silk; and silver pousse-menterie on bodice; Miss Millie Cotter, black silk skirt, rose silk bodice veiled in black lace; Mrs Winstone, grey brocade; Miss Winnie Cotter, black Quaker's costume, with white lace fichu, powder and patches; Mrs Ching, very handsome eau de nil striped broche, finished with lace and beads; Mrs Robert Dargaville, dark skirt, mauve silk evening blouse; Miss Dargaville, blue silk, Powder and Patches; Miss M. Dargaville, white; Mrs Donald, black costume, with blue design, handsomely trimmed with beads and pink chiffon; Mrs Finlayson, grey brocade, trimmed with red velvet; Mrs A. P. Griffiths, black costume, Powder and Patches, butterfly in coiffure; Mrs Griffiths, black costume, Powder and Patches; Miss McFarlane was very much admired in rose pink silk, with powder and patches; Miss Hardie, white silk; Mrs H. Johnston, terre, white, with velvet trimmings en suite; Mrs McCullough, black; Mrs Nelson, black moire skirt, cardinal blouse, with cream lace; Mrs Pritt looked well in black velvet, with head trimming, white tulle chemisette, white lace fichu; Mrs Williams, black silk, white cup; Miss Ryan, rose pink silk, Powder

and Patches, which suited her to perfection; Miss Edith Tanner, pale pink silk, with chiffon, diamond ornament in coiffure; and her lovely friend wore a bright rose pink; Mrs Goodwin, black; Miss Goodwin, black skirt, autumn brown evening blouse; Miss Winnie Goodwin as Duchess of Gainsborough wore black velvet costume, black velvet picture hat, with red flowers, Powder and Patches; and her younger sister wore a Grecian costume of white and gold; Miss Conolly, Swiss costume; Miss Alice Lusk looked very pretty in black, relieved with blue, large black velvet picture hat, with white ostrich feathers, Powder and Patches; Miss Meta Aicken looked sweet in a blue airy chiffon costume, black velvet hat, Powder and Patches; Miss Stevenson, white silk; Miss Kassie McMillan, white silk, with canny sash and ribbon; Miss Carr, black skirt, white silk blouse, with chiffon trimmings; Mrs Salmon, black silk with beads; Miss Salmon, white; Miss Dowell, dark skirt, maize coloured blouse; and her sister looked nice as a Romp; Miss Pierce, pink silk, finished with chiffon, chrysanthemums on shoulder; Mrs Chessman, black silk, with tulle; Mrs Keating, black costume, relieved with red, Powder and Patches; Mrs Lewa looked bonnie in canny silk, Powder and Patches; Mrs H. Walker, black lace costume, with black head trimmings; Miss Partridge, black costume, with pink stripes, Powder and Patches, black velvet hat, with white plumes; Miss Coates, white; Miss Oberlin Brown, with white; Miss Stella Alexander, pale blue silk, with chiffon; Mrs Innis, black velvet, with Elizabethan collar; Miss Ethel Percival, emerald green costume, faced with white silk, and relieved with chiffon; and her little sister wore white silk, with white chiffon, Powder and Patches; Miss Kerr - Taylor, white dress, Powder and Patches; Miss M. Kerr - Taylor, canny grenadine, Powder and Patches; Mrs Masefield, black silk; Miss Gladys Masefield, simple white silk; Miss Morrow looked very pretty as a flower girl in white silk, with flowers, Powder and Patches; Mrs Isidor Alexander, black costume, with sapphire ornaments, Powder and Patches; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, black velvet, with pink chiffon; Mrs Churton, black velvet, with lace; Powder and Patches; Miss Wynne, blue silk; Miss Little, white silk, with chiffon, red roses in coiffure; Miss Witchell, blue silk, Powder and Patches; Miss Howard, white costume; Misses Draper, white silks, Powder and Patches; Mrs (Dr.) King, black; Miss Hay (Gratton Road), white; Mrs Richardson, black silk, with rose silk vest; Miss Tylden made a charming little Cachucha girl; Miss Power, Italian peasant, the costume suiting the wearer immensely; Miss Bush (Thames), dark skirt, canny blouse; Miss Sloman, canny costume, black velvet hat, Powder and Patches; Miss Kitty Lennox, white silk, finished with lace; Miss Rees George attracted a great deal of attention. She was wearing a black velvet costume, black velvet hat, with white ostrich plumes; Miss Waller, canny silk, Powder and Patches; Miss Atkins represented roses, her gown being one muss of that flower; Miss Sophy Cruickshank, canny silk, Powder and Patches.

Among the gentlemen were:--Messrs H. Johnston, H. Walker, Bows, Brodie (2), Scott, Donald, Buckland, Phillips, Norman Baker, James (2), Bull, Dacre, Saunders Partridge, Sloman (2), Pierce, Hardie, Neill, Griffiths (2), Finlayson, Cotter, Nelson, Ching, Pritt, Roth, Martin, Ware, Kessing, Banks, Dargaville, Johnstone, Hume (2), Dawson, Tilly, Lennox, Draper, Sealey, Norman Taylor, Capt. Morrow. Several officers from H.M.S. Torch, now in the Auckland harbour, were also present.

'Sentimental Tommy' afforded the critics of the Mount Albert Literary and Debating Society ample opportunity for displaying their knowledge of books in general, and J. M. Barrie's publication in particular. The introduction of this subject into the syllabus was a novelty for this society, and the manner in which the programme was carried out at their last meeting was still more a novelty. Those who had been commissioned to deal with the book in the way of writing critiques did their duty in different ways. One essayist simply chose 'the funny bits' and connected them in the form of a short story. Another deliberately read a dozen extracts, explaining meanwhile how

those illustrated the characters depicted by Barrie. A third briefly dealt with the aims and objects of the author. If the papers were not particularly exciting, the criticisms which followed were decidedly, as a difference of opinion very soon manifested itself as to the way in which a critique should be written. Some of the speakers made very short speeches, as they had not read the book, but some who had taken that trouble gave the essayists very little commendation for giving an account of the story. 'What we want is a critique on the book.' One essayist, in reply, said that although he had prepared his paper for a literary society the result showed that he had accurately gauged the members, for in compiling his essay he had opined that only half a dozen would take the trouble to read the book, and, therefore, it was no use whatever to do other than simply sketch the story. The audience appeared to be of opinion that the efforts made by the essayists to defend themselves and their essays from the criticism of the other members present provided by far the most lively part of the programme.

Mrs John Roach gave a very large AFTERNOON TEA

last Wednesday at her pretty residence, 'Avalon,' Parnell, as a farewell to Mrs Frater and Miss Mary Wright, of Parnell, who leave for England on the 22nd of this month. The guests all arrived early, as they had been kindly bidden by their thoughtful hostess, since the days are so short. Mrs Roach, who was ably assisted by Miss Mary Wright (Mount Albert) to entertain her numerous guests, was looking very well, and made an excellent hostess, as she fitted in and out amongst her guests, making them all feel at home. The verandah was unaccommodated and furnished with seating accommodation like a room. The hall also was arranged with lounges and chairs. Songs were rendered by Mrs Kilgour, Mrs Rawson, Miss Mary Wright, and Miss Kempthorne; pianoforte solo, Miss Ettie Myers. The tea table decorations were very unique and pretty, the table being slashed with pink and green ribbons across an embroidered damask silk relieved with vases of jonquils, carnations, zinnias, and white carnations, surrounded with tasty and dainty cakes, jellies, and sweets of every description. Amongst those present I noticed the following, though I am sorry to say they number only about half of the guests—there are so many strangers now in Parnell that I have not heard all their names:—Mrs John Roach, very handsome black striped moire, with pinky petunia velvet plastrons on bodice and collarette, black fringe beads; Miss Mary Blundell Wright (Mount Albert) wore a dark skirt, green blouse; Mrs Frater, purple shaded lustre with black braiding, black bonnet; Miss Mary Frater, bronze green tailor-made costume, pink tie; Miss Cuff, dark green, black velvet hat with Nil green silk ruching round crown; Miss O. Cuff, sage green with black velvet; Miss Lees George, navy tailor-made, large black hat; Miss Ettie Myers, navy blue serge with white collarette and cuffs handsomely braided with black; Miss Daisy Worsp looked very pretty in a green costume with chemisette and cuffs of cream nun's veiling braided in black, green turban hat with violets beneath brim, plaid green ribbon bows on the crown; Mrs Dufaur, black skirt, terre shot silk blouse, black velvet hat with violets; Mrs Coney, periwinkle tailor-made gown, black hat with plumes; Mrs Goodhue, black costume with cape; Mrs Wilfrid Rathbone, handsome costume of petunia pink corduroy silk trimmed with velvet applique to match, Elizabethan collar; Miss Thompson, green; Miss Vera Alexander, brown; Miss Davy, fawn bicycling costume, deerstalking hat; and her sister, navy; Miss Ross, green tailor-made gown; Miss Waller, navy costume with pink tie, hat trimmed with rose combs; Mrs Rawson, dark skirt, grey check silk blouse; Miss Johnston, periwinkle costume with black braid, large black velvet hat; Miss Leese, navy serge, red straw hat; Miss Maxwell, dark skirt, brown striped corduroy silk bodice; Miss Von Sturmer, brown costume, felt hat to match; Miss Buchanan, chocolate; Miss M. Kerr Taylor, scarlet cashmere with black braid; Miss Chaffield, dark skirt, grey silk blouse, black felt hat; Miss Kempthorne, fawn; Miss G. Kempthorne, grey; Miss S. Cruickshank,

green; Miss Millie Cotter, navy serge, sailor hat; Miss Winnie Cotter, Lincoln green costume, sailor hat; Miss Aubrey, navy serge, black hat; Mrs Kilgour, black striped mourning costume, bonnet to match; Miss Alice Lusk looked awfully pretty in a stylish black lustre skirt, purple velvet bodice with rich brown fur black velvet, picture hat with ostrich tips and violets, beneath the brim was a wreath of pink roses; Miss Fenton, grey tweed; and her sister wore navy; Miss Myers, brown costume; Mrs Robert Lusk (see Miss Webster) was very much admired in a smart and tasteful costume of electric blue with black braid, becoming large picture hat with black ostrich plumes and violets.

The following are some of the gowns worn at the Young Ladies' Orchestral concert:—Miss Flora Thorpe looked well in a shimmering white satin en train, girted in at the waist with satin band, deep lace hanging sleeves, the décolletage was one mass of billowy lace and was relieved at left shoulder with bunch of violets; Madame Chambers, lovely white silk made with bebe sleeves, the décolletage was adorned with ornaments; Miss Ettie Myers, white silk with bands of white satin, ruffled chiffon sleeves, spray of red poppies on corsage; Mrs Myers (Sunnyside), black costume; Miss Myers, dark skirt, pink creponette, evening blouse; Miss Dolly Davis, dark skirt, blue blouse, white opera cape; Mrs Donald, black silk with black and white striped silk let in V shape down back and front of bodice, cuffs and collar of the same; Miss Donald, dark costume with white opera cape; Mrs (Dr.) King, black silk, black velvet cape; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, black coat and skirt, white vest; Misses Colegrove (2), black skirts, one wore a lilac blouse, and the other canary, both blouses were similarly trimmed with bands of black velvet; Mrs Cotter, black merveilleux; Miss Cotter, dark skirt, green and grey striped French mouseline de soie; Mrs Munroe, grey silk with check bodice; Mrs Nelson Gamble, fawn; Miss Gorrie, black; and her youngest sister, red; Miss Coates, Nil green art muslin with black ribbon bows; Miss Gertrude Buddle, dark skirt, pretty azure blue chiffon evening blouse; Mrs Chaffield, black; Mrs Rice and her daughters wore dark skirts and light evening blouses; Mrs Beatty, grey costume; Mrs Coates, black; Mrs Sydney Nathan, long red opera cloak; Miss Girdler, fawn; Mrs Hitebeck and Miss Hooper, black; Misses Shrewbury (2), dark winter costumes edged with velvet; Miss Percival, dark green; Miss Ethel Percival, navy serge; Mrs Thorpe, black; Mrs Harden, dark skirt, lovely pale blue silk evening blouse; Miss Thorpe, char-coloured cashmere; and her two youngest sisters wore Lincoln green; Mrs Robert Dargaville, black; Miss Tilly, white; Mrs Ashley Hunter, navy; Miss Hall, green plaid; Miss Devereux, grey with brown braiding; and her sister, navy; Miss Purchas, navy; Miss Coleman, grey.

The Pakuranga Hounds met last Wednesday at Otahuhu, and had a most enjoyable run. At an awkward punt across the railway line our huntsman and whipper-in, followed by Mrs Kelly on Playboy, pounded the whole field and had an excellent run across country for half an hour. Amongst those present were Mrs W. Bloomfield, Miss Tanner, Mrs Kelly, Mr Phillips, Mr Harrison, etc. On Saturday it was quite a red-letter day for the members of the Pakuranga Hunt Club, when Mr McLaughlin, our Master, gave a substantial spread. Nearly all the hunting ladies drove out, and had their horses led to the rendezvous, Puhī Nui, Papatōitoi, as the distance from Auckland is nearly 20 miles. Puhī Nui residence is a very picturesque and pretty place, being situated at the foot of a mountain. The long, straight avenue from the main road, being about a mile to the house, with its high plus insignis trees and rustic fords, is worthy of mention. These dark green trees give such a gloomy, weird aspect, it reminds one of the pictures of Swiss scenery. One almost expected to see a goblin or a dwarf appear. Mr and Mrs McLaughlin, whose hospitality is known far and wide, received us on the verandah in their usual warm manner. The luncheon table was prettily decorated with yellow jonquils and greenery, and the drawing-room with a large variety of narcissi and bunches of cloth of gold roses. Our hostess

was gowned in a dark serge tailor-made gown, and was ably assisted to entertain her numerous guests by Miss McLaughlin, Mr and Mrs Grey, and Miss Jessie Niccol. Amongst the guests I noticed Mr and Mrs Alfred Buckland, Mr and Mrs H. Gorrie and Misses Gorrie, Misses Percival (2), Misses Thompson (2), Mr and Mrs W. Bloomfield, Mr Harrison, Mr J. Phillips, Mr Caminer, Mr Daveney, Mrs Kelly, Misses Tanner, Pte. A. Taylor, Mr and Mrs Markham, Mr and Mrs Thomas Morrin, Misses Morrin, Mrs Torrance, Mrs R. Browning, Mr Kinloch, Mr Moody, Miss Bull, Miss M. Buckland, Mrs Secombe, Mr H. Tonks, Mr Holgate, Miss Blanche Banks, Mr Dumett, Mr and Miss Purchas, Mr and Miss Elliot, Messrs O'Dowd, Bailie, Schnackenberg, etc. Those who had driven out and had not mounted ascended the mountain at the back of the house and watched with great interest the working of the hounds, followed by the cavalcade of 50. The hares were very numerous; there was never less than a dozen on foot at the same time. The onlookers had a superb view of the hunt as well as the picturesque surroundings. A pet sheep caused a great deal of amusement to these sight-seers; it had evidently come up to enjoy the view also, but objected to having trespassers on his demesne, and showed his power by butting various ladies, to their horror. The hares here were numerous, and as large as dogs. This large party every now and then would disturb one from her lair, and away down the mountain she would go. As it began to rain about 3 o'clock, this large party of pedestrians wended their way back to Puhī Nui house, where the kind hostess and daughters had prepared afternoon tea, etc., for the guests. Miss Kathleen Thompson rendered many songs in her rich contralto voice until the afternoon was whiled away too soon, and it was time to return home, which the many guests seemed to do very reluctantly. I forgot to tell you of the great flock of peacocks and peahens which attracted our attention, and also of the flocks of turkeys running wild. What more beautiful spot could one visit than this?

The All Saints' Amateur Athletic Club gave a most successful dance in the Oddfellows' Hall, Ponsonby, on Friday evening last. There were about 50 couples present, and dancing was kept up till 1.30. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, and clubs and dumbbells were arranged in artistic devices round the walls. The letters 'A.S.A.C.' were beautifully designed in white flowers and placed in a conspicuous position. The music was supplied by Burke's band, and the dainty supper was all that could be desired, the table being prettily decorated with arum lilies. Everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly, the committee being untiring in their efforts, which made the evening, as it always is, such a success. Amongst the guests I noticed Mrs Adams, handsome brocade wine-coloured blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Shortt, black silk; Mrs Masfield, handsome black toilette trimmed with white silk; Mrs Herd, black lustre; Miss Merritt looked well in white silk; Miss Lottie Merritt, cream silk trimmed with canary silk; Miss Jessie Paterson, pretty pink dress trimmed with cream lace; Miss Stevenson looked well in pale blue; Miss Nelson, pretty yellow silk; Miss Carter, cream; her sister wore white, pearls in hair; Miss Lelia Langford, cream trimmed with scarlet bebe ribbon, scarlet poppies on shoulder; Miss Hawson, pink and black; Miss Nellie Stevenson was pretty in pink veiled with chiffon; Mrs Bell, white gauze; Miss Jessie Bell, pale blue; Miss G. Shortt, dainty cream frock with pink vandyke silk, collar edged with chiffon; Miss Adams, blue trimmed with black bebe ribbon; Miss Jessie Morton, cream trimmed with chiffon; Miss Noton, pale yellow; Miss Brown, cream satin; Mrs Penrose, white silk; Mrs Wakefield, pink satin; Miss Cruickshank was winsome in white lustre trimmed with pearls; Miss Woodluna, pretty pink gown; Miss Oakwell, white; Miss Henderson, brown velvet relieved with old lace, brown velvet relieved with old lace, black silk sash; Miss Brigham, dainty white gown, chiffon sleeves; Miss Larkin, pink; Miss Osmond, white gauze, pink flowers on shoulder; Miss Stiech-pink, white with gold silk sash; Mrs Hunn, handsome black dress relieved with pink; Miss Walker, blue trimmed

with chiffon; Miss McIlveen was prettily frocked in pale blue. There were a number there whose names I do not know. Among the gentlemen I noticed Messrs Hutton, Paterson, Oswald, Stebbing, Shortt, Stevenson, Sands (2), Haven, Johnson, Graham, Adams, McKitchison, Caldwell (2), Hunt, Querre, Stokes, Prof. Carrolo, Masfield, Hanna, etc., etc.

Another of the series of the pleasant gatherings in connection with the Ponsonby Progressive Euchre At-Home took place last week at 'Pirongia,' Hamilton Road, the residence of Mrs E. T. Hart. Play was kept up with much animation until 11 o'clock, when supper was served. Miss Edie Hanna was the winner of the first lady's prize, and Mrs Devore the consolation prize. Mr Hanna and Mr Davis won the gentlemen's prizes. Mrs Hart, cream silk trimmed with lace insertion; Mrs Devore looked exceedingly well in a handsome black satin gown with full vest and sleeves of terra cotta chine silk, jet garnitures on zouave; Mrs Wilson-Smith wore a pretty heliotrope striped silk blouse with Medici collar, black velvet skirt; Mrs J. R. Hanna was gowned in a rich black satin bodice of black and orange brocade, with a crescent design, jet ornaments; Mrs Watt, electric blue velvet blouse trimmed with eru lace, dark skirt; Miss Percival looked charming in a daffodil silk evening blouse with vandykes of lace round square cut, dark skirt; Miss Oldham looked well in black silk with touches of yellow silk and a spray of narcissus on side of bodice; Mrs Crawshaw wore a dainty yellow silk blouse with collar of a darker shade, dark skirt; Miss Aubin was pretty in a pink silk evening blouse trimmed with chiffon, black skirt; Miss Wilson-Smith wore an effective olive green velvet gown with large blue satin ribbon bow across front of bodice; Miss Kennedy, pink silk, white lace fichu; Miss Eva Leighton, Sultan red satin blouse, vandyke zouave edged with goffered cream chiffon, black skirt; Mrs B. Baker, white silk evening blouse, green skirt; Miss Lena Owen, white surah silk evening blouse, full front with tiny tufts, blue silk skirt; Miss Pile, rose pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hudson looked pretty in turquoise blue silk trimmed with pearl passementerie and chiffon; Miss L. Langford wore a lovely yellow silk blouse adorned with white lace insertion, dark skirt; Miss Mabel Hanna was charming in yellow silk under cream net, frills edged with cherry bebe ribbon; Miss Edie Hanna, silver grey figured lustre, pink sash; Miss F. Hart, yellow silk evening bodice trimmed with black velvet, black skirt; Mr Devore, Dr. Aubin, Messrs Hanna, C. Baker, Hutton, Maddox, Watt, Hart, Wilson-Smith, B. Baker, Owen, Madill, Caldwell, George, Leighton, Davis, etc. On Wednesday last Mr S. Adams and his senior pupils entertained each other with a severely classical but delightful 'evening' with Haydn and Mozart. Violin sonatas were played by the Misses Edith Whitelaw, Cook, Toke, and Master Gerald Ralph; while Miss Essie Holland and Mr Carbine each contributed an item at the piano. A string quartette by Misses Cook and Whitstred and Mr and Mrs Adams was very successfully interpreted.

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STREET DRESSES.

Miss Beazard-Brown, pale green tweed costume, small black hat with white wings; Mrs Brett, black gown, black mantle, black bonnet with touches of red; Mrs Haussen, scarlet and black plaid blouse, black satin skirt, toque trimmed with violets; Mrs Johnston, mourning.

PAEROA.

Dear Bee, August 15.
The weather during the last week has simply surpassed itself; rain and wind are not in it. It has been water-spouts and cyclones. The mud one can only describe as Paeroa's best. They commenced cutting down a hill in the middle of the township just when the winter started, so we have to walk on planks on the opposite side of the road, and woe betide any unfor-

tunafte who slips off them, for the mud is knee deep on either side.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE CLUB met at Mrs Pratt's on Wednesday; there were a great many present, considering the bad night. Mrs Edwards and Mr Sullivan carried off the first prizes, and Miss Gibbons and Mrs Mackay the second. As all the gentlemen expected did not arrive, some ladies kindly filled their places. Play was kept up till 11, when a most dainty supper was served, after which some games were indulged in, and which caused much merriment. Mrs Pratt was looking particularly well in a rich cream and gold satin blouse, black skirt; Mrs Mackay, pale blue Liberty silk evening blouse, black lace skirt; Mrs Clara, lovely turquoise blue velvet sash, cream, of Liberty silk; Mrs E. Edwards, black velvet; Mrs (Dr.) Forbes, black satin, bodice trimmed with jet, black lace skirt; Miss Gibbons, pink nun's veiling, revers of white satin; Miss M. Wight, black velvet, the square cut corsage filled in with white chiffon, the sleeves were also of chiffon; Mrs Brunskill, black velvet relieved with pink; Mrs Palmer, pale pink broche satin trimmed with accordion-pleated silk chiffon and sprays of roses; her sister, Miss Webster, wore a white nun's veiling, sprays of forget-me-nots on the bodice; Mrs Vercoe, blue blouse, black skirt; Mrs Vercoe, grey blouse trimmed with pink, brown silk skirt; Mrs Sullivan, brown plush, bertha of lovely old point lace; Mrs Kreutzer, cream Ottoman silk blouse with frills of very pretty cream lace; Mrs J. Edwards, black velvet trimmed with bands of yellow satin, veiled with black lace; Miss Forster, black velvet; Messrs Pratt, Mackay, Anderson, Sullivan, Mair, Palmer, J. Jackson, Hague-Smith, E. Edwards, J. Edwards.

Mr and Mrs Hay-Chapman are leaving Paeroa on Monday to take up their residence in Auckland. They have made many friends during their stay here, and we are exceedingly sorry to lose them. On Friday they were tendered a

FAREWELL DANCE, which in spite of the fearful storm raging at the time was well attended. A brave few even ventured in from Waihi and Karangahake. The music was supplied by Mr Russell alone, the rest of his band being unable to get in from up country. The floor was in excellent order; in fact, the best we have ever had. The supper table presented a most tempting appearance, being laden with all the delicacies of the season. Mrs Hay-Chapman wore a most becoming dress of heliotrope striped velvet; Miss Anderson, cream nun's veiling; Miss Grace Anderson, cream Liberty silk; Mrs (Dr.) Forbes, white satin, the bodice banded with silver passementerie, sleeves of white net; Mrs Clure, white satin; Mrs Haszard, white brocade satin; Mrs Brunskill, white broche satin; Miss Gibbons, white embroidered cashmere relieved with red poppies on the corsage; Miss Wight, a most becoming dress of white with pink spots, pink satin sleeves and sash; Miss Mary Wight, chic blue silk, pointed bodice profusely trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Pratt, black lace; Mrs Mackay, blue silk blouse with frills of cream lace, black skirt; Miss Cramer Roberts, black velvet; her sister also wore black; Miss Clark, blue nun's veiling, cream Empire sash; Miss Lotthouse, blue; Mrs McAndrew, black satin; Miss McAndrew, blue nun's veiling trimmed with black jet, black suede gloves; Mrs Burgess, black velvet; Mrs John Edwards, grey broche satin; Mrs Palmer, pink silk; Miss Webster, ciel blue nun's veiling; Mrs Hastings, old gold striped silk blouse, black Ottoman silk skirt; Miss Jeanie Forster, white silk, etc.

At the close of the dance 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung. Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs Hay-Chapman, Anderson, Palmer, Haszard (2), Johnston, Everard, Wrigley, O'Halloran, Empson, Graham, Jackson (2), Burgess, Mair, Pollen, Wing, Connolly, Mackay, Pratt, Carpenter, Bush (2), Craig, Gooch, O'Meagher, Hastings, etc.

CLARK'S B. H. PILLS are warranted to cure Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 1/6 each of all apothecaries and Retail Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

CAMBRIDGE

Dear Bee, August 12.
On Friday last Mrs James Hally gave a

DELIGHTFUL DANCE in the Oddfellows' Hall, to which such a large number were invited (many being 'young' folks) that I found it impossible to remember the dresses of all present. The hall was nicely decorated with flags and ferns, and the supper-table, which fairly bent beneath its weight of delicacies, bore a lovely centre-piece of daffodils and some kind of greenery. Such a thoroughly enjoyable dance we have not had for a long time, and our kind hostess must have felt gratified at the way the affair went off.

Mrs Hally was wearing black silk, trimmed with jet and lace, and of her three daughters, Miss Hally wore pink nunswelling and Miss Jessie Hally pale blue lustre. Some of the guests were: Mrs Reynolds, in black silk; Mrs (Dr.) Brewin, slate-coloured satin; Mrs Hunter, black; Mrs Wells, black; Mrs Empson, black; Mrs Cook, black; Mrs McCullough, black; Mrs W. Brown, white satin; Mrs Croxford, white; Miss Gwynneth, black, red blouse; Miss Sandes, grey lustre; Miss A. Sandes, white; Miss I. Sandes, white; Miss Stevens, white muslin, white satin sleeves; Miss E. Browning, white muslin; Miss Schreff, yellow satin; Miss K. Selby, black brocade; Miss M. Selby, black, pink silk bodice; Miss Banks, white silk, covered with tinsel net; Miss E. Willis, pale yellow and white chiffon; Miss Carley, pink; Miss Clark, white nunswelling; Miss Petersen, blue; Miss Wells, white satin; Miss K. Kingsford, cream and yellow; Miss N. Kingsford, blue and white; Miss Jones, blue; Miss Powell, pink, covered with black net; Miss Reynolds, white cashmere; Miss Empson, pale pink and chiffon lace; Miss S. Empson, green and pink; Miss Roskrugge, white; Miss F. Roskrugge, white, white silk bodice; Miss R. Nixon, pink lustre; Miss Howard, white; Miss Brown, black velvet; Miss Dixon, white satin; Miss Fisher, pink; Miss S. Fisher, pink blouse; Miss Scott, white blouse; Miss N. Scott, blue and red; Miss Brooks, white cashmere; Miss Buckland, white cashmere and pearls; Miss M. Fisher, pink; Miss Wallace, white; and a great many others whose names I cannot just now remember.

Several of the gentlemen present were Messrs Hunter, Brooks, Dyer, Empson, Brown, Croxford, Walker, Hume (2), Quick, Kirk, McCrea, Holloway (2), Banks (3), Selby, Ward (2), Booth, Clark (2), Wells, Buckland, Huddleston, etc.

CECLLY.

TIKOKINO.

Dear Bee, August 6.
On Wednesday last (3rd August) the Gift Auction and Bazaar in aid of the Hamplen Underominoational Church took place. The Oddfellows' Hall being crowded with eager purchasers, everything exposed for sale on the stalls, Christmas tree, etc., found a ready sale, not a single article remaining at the close of the evening. A tea was held in connection with the Bazaar (for which adults paid 1/ and children 6d), also a sacred concert during the evening (to which adults were charged 6d admission). Over £59 was taken in the room, to which a few additional shillings were added later on, making up the £60 required to free the building from debt, and place a balance in hand. A number of visitors were present from outlying districts. The ladies' committee are largely indebted to the Oddfellows, who lent the hall free of charge, and to Mr I. J. Hazlett who kindly lent a piano for the occasion. The provisions for the tea were provided by numerous ladies and their friends throughout the district, and presided over by a heavy of most energetic attendants. The function was a thorough success from every point of view.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, August 11.
A large and very enjoyable

DANCE was given by Mrs T. G. Williams last night. The whole house was most beautifully decorated. In the drawing-room the mantelpieces were one mass of yellow daffodils and greenery, and the supper tables in the dining-room

were also prettily decorated with these effective flowers. The verandah was sailed in and cosily furnished and carpeted; in fact, every available space was made comfortable for the dancers to rest in. The billiard-room was quite a little fairy land, the table being piled up with large pot plants and flowers, with coloured fairy lamps dotted about, and chairs and screens were arranged about the room. From the gallery upstairs pretty baskets of coloured and white camellia and long grasses were suspended into the ballroom by pink and red ribbons, tied in large bows at the handle, the effect being particularly charming. The guests were received by Mrs Williams at the entrance to the drawing-room, the hostess wearing a rich black velvet trained gown, the skirt embroidered with jet and the bodice trimmed with pretty white lace; Mrs Arthur Russell looked nice in a beautiful trained gown of oyster coloured satin, brocaded with large palest pink and blue leaves, the bodice was trimmed with a little cream lace, and finished at the waist with a jewelled belt; Miss Elsie Williams was in a pale lemon brocade gown, with a bodice of white accordeon chiffon, run with yellow bebe ribbon; Miss Ella Williams wore bright pink satin, the bodice trimmed with white lace and pink flowers; Miss Una Williams, very pale pink brocade satin, with some creamy lace about the bodice; her younger sister wore a pretty white muslin dress, befrilled with lace. Amongst the great number present were the Countess de Courte, who wore a gown of pink chiffon, with bands of velvet to match on the bodice; Mrs Rhodes, handsome black velvet and jet gown; Mrs Capt. Russell, black and yellow brocade satin, the bodice draped with lace; Mrs Wallis, heliotrope satin, brocaded with a darker flower, the bodice was composed of a darker shade of silk, and trimmed with white lace; Mrs Oliver (Dunedin), grey and pink brocade, the bodice trimmed with folds of pink chiffon; Mrs Herries, lovely white brocade gown, with a train, and the bodice trimmed with fine white lace; Mrs Richardson, black brocade, with white satin epaulettes and vest; Mrs Charles Johnston, beautiful white duchesse satin, veiled with jet embroidered chiffon, the bodice had long sleeves of the jetted chiffon, and a frill round the corsage, and finished with a black velvet waistband and bows, caught with paste buckles; Mrs Rolleston (Christchurch), handsome black brocade trained gown, with vest of white satin, and the high white Medici collar was veiled with jewelled net; Mrs Riddiford, green brocade silk gown, the front of the bodice veiled with green jewels; Mrs Dr. Fell, handsome grey brocade, with delicate cream lace on the bodice; Mrs Fancourt, black silk and lace; Mrs Newman, lovely yellow satin gown, the bodice trimmed with deep frills of yellow and white accordeon chiffon, and bands of passementerie, and the skirt was finished at the hem with frills of chiffon; Mrs Barron, black silk, with cream silk lace on the bodice; Mrs Brandon, black satin, the bodice draped with pink and red chiffon; Mrs Arthur Pearce, pale blue and white brocade, with long rucked chiffon sleeves and knots of sage green velvet on the bodice; Mrs Wilford, pretty white brocade, with pink velvet epaulettes and roses; Mrs Travers, in white satin and chiffon; Mrs Herepatt, who is a stranger to Wellington, wore a black silk gown, veiled with soft gauze and sprays of pink roses on the shoulder; Mrs Empson (Wanganui), handsome yellow brocade, trimmed with white lace and bunches of violets; Mrs Purdy, black moire skirt and an extremely pretty bodice of white accordeon chiffon; Mrs Todd, in yellow brocade silk, with white lace on the bodice; Mrs Crawford, black satin, the long rucked sleeves of yellow chiffon, and a yellow velvet sash was drawn across the bodice, both back and front; Mrs McPherson, white figured silk, with long rucked chiffon sleeves; Mrs William Barton (Featherston), black satin, trimmed with flowers; Mrs Turnbull, black velvet, with a train and long black chiffon sleeves, and the corsage trimmed with pretty blue and white passementerie; Mrs Adams, black satin, trimmed with red and black brocade ribbon and lace; Mrs Izard, in bright pink and Mrs Lees, black silk, trimmed with spangled gauze; Miss Pearce, cream silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Carter, black skirt and long coat bodice of cream silk, brocaded with

pink rosebuds; Miss Richmond, a black and red gown, with bunches of red poppies on the bodice; Miss E. Richmond, pink corded silk, with dark red velvet on the bodice, and clusters of violets; Miss Smart, in white, the bodice of pretty striped silk, with chiffon; Miss Duncan, pretty pale grey satin, with a flounce of lace on the skirt, and the Zouave bodice had revers of lace and a vest of pale mauve chiffon, finished with a pale green waistband; Miss Dransfield, deep blue satin, with a little real lace on the bodice; Miss St. Hill (Hastings), white merveilleux, with chiffon frills; Miss Johnston, white satin, the bodice veiled with embroidered chiffon and draped with chiffon of an uncommon shade of green; Miss Alice Johnston also wore white satin; Miss Barron, pink corded silk; Miss E. Barron, in dark green gauze, trimmed with velvet to match; Miss Buller, white silk, the bodice veiled with embroidered chiffon; Miss Garcia (Christchurch), black gauze, the skirt of which had circular stripes of silver all the way up; Miss Cooper, in a soft white striped gauze gown; Miss Stowe, pale blue satin, trimmed with white chiffon frills; Miss M. Stowe wore white satin; Miss Atkinson, in white satin, with lace; Miss Hewitt (Palmerston), yellow silk, with white lace frills; Miss Mills (Dunedin), white silk, veiled with chiffon and touches of pink about the bodice; Miss Julius (Christchurch), pale blue gown, with white lace frills on the bodice; Miss —, Julius, in a soft white gown, trimmed with black and white embroidery; Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), in a yellow gown, with chiffon frills; Miss Aeland (Christchurch), white satin and chiffon gown, with pink flowers on the bodice; Miss McClean (Dunedin) also wore white; Miss George (Auckland), black satin, the bodice trimmed with jet; Miss —, Holmes (Dunedin), pretty white silk, trimmed with lace and crystal embroidery, a sash of pale green silk-crepon; Miss Williams (Dunedin), in black, with flowers; Miss Hutchison, green brocade, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Douglas, deep cream satin, with pretty lace on the bodice; Miss M. Douglas wore white figured silk, with chiffon; Miss Moorehouse, yellow brocade silk, the front of the skirt embroidered with pearls, and the bodice trimmed with chiffon; Miss Turton, mauve; Miss Sidney Johnston, white satin, trimmed with chiffon and pearls; Miss Pharazyu in pale pink, trimmed with black chiffon; Miss Brandon, dark blue satin, trimmed with white chiffon and lace; Miss Rose, white satin, with chiffon and pearl embroidery on the bodice; Miss G. Rose also wore white; Miss Izard in black satin, trimmed with white; Miss O. Gore, white watered silk and chiffon; Miss Richardson, black silk, with transparent jet sleeves; Miss Fitzherbert, pale green figured silk, trimmed with chiffon and pearls; Miss Henry in white silk and chiffon; Miss G. Henry, green brocade; Miss Harding, mauve silk, trimmed with lace and dark velvet; Miss McKenzie, white silk, with chiffon; the Misses Coleridge, pretty white figured gowns, with lace; Miss Fancourt, pink. Some of the gentlemen present were Captain Alexander, Captain Wellesly, Lieut. Ward, Hon. Mr Hill-Trevor, Captain Russell, Sir Kenneth Douglas, Drs. Martin, Fell, Adams and Gane (Christchurch), Messrs Coates, Herries, Herepatt, Warren, Turnbull (2), Duncan, Higginson, Johnston (2), McClaverty, Gore, Rolleston, Robinson, Grace, Todd, Dransfield, Hutchison, Watkins, Cooper (2), Izard, Richmond, Tripe, etc. King's band of three or four performers played the dance music, and was stationed in the gallery over-looking the ballroom.

A large and most enjoyable

AFTERNOON CONCERT

was held at Government House on Saturday last. It was a very successful affair. The long rooms were arranged with chairs for the guests, and after the first half of the programme everybody adjourned to the dining-room for tea. The vocalists were Miss Large, of Napier, who sang very sweetly, and with much finish, and Mr John Prouse, who, it is needless to say, also sang in his usual fine style. Mr Maughan Barnett played several brilliant pianoforte solos, and accompanied Herr Lehmann, who played two violin solos beautifully. The Countess as usual made a charming hostess, and His Excellency the Governor and his Adjutant-generals were also indefatigable in their efforts to

make everyone enjoy themselves, and, I might add, were successful.

Lady Hanbury wore a sweetly pretty gown of rose pink silk, veiled with pale coffee-coloured embroidered tulle, the collar and broad sash were of the plain silk, and she wore pale tinted gloves. Lady Constance Knox was also dressed in pink.

A few of the guests I remember seeing were Lady Buckley, Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Lady Berkely, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, and the Misses Douglas, Count and Countess de Courte, the Bishop and Mrs Wallis, Hon. R. and Mrs Seddon, the Misses Seddon, Mr and Mrs Watson, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs and Miss Ashcroft, Mrs and the Misses Arkwright, Capt. and Mrs Barclay, Miss Barclay, Mrs and Miss Baron, Mrs A. Brandon, Miss Brandon, Sir Walter and Miss Buller, Dr and Mrs Collins, Miss Holmes, the Misses Chatfield, Miss Cooper, Miss Dransfield, Mr and Mrs Eyre Kenny, Miss Elworthy, Archdeacon and Mrs Fancourt, Mr and Mrs Firth, Mr and Mrs Herries, the Misses Gibson, Mrs and Miss Hislop, Rev. C. and Mrs Harper, Mrs and Miss Larnach, Mrs and Miss Harly Johnston, Hon. W. and Mrs Hall-Jones, Mr and Mrs Mills, Mr and Mrs Munson, Miss Mules (Nelson), Miss McKenzie, Rev. Mr and Mrs Patterson, Hon. W. and Mrs Walker, Miss Walker, Mr and Mrs T. M. Wilford, the Misses McClean, Mrs and Miss Wilson, Mrs Perston (Dunedin), Mrs and Miss Reynolds, Miss Halse, etc.

The Wellington Yachting Club held their Annual Ball on Monday last in Thomas' Hall. The decorations of the hall were very good, the roof and walls were draped with flags and the Club's colours were also very much in evidence. Lord and Lady Hanbury were among those present, and were received by the Commodore (Mr. Mee) and Mrs Mee. Others I noticed were Dr. and Mrs. Fell, Mr and Mrs Symonds, Mr and Mrs Rawson, Miss Mee, Miss Buller, Miss Williams, Miss Hislop, Miss Izard, Miss Henry, the Misses Julius, Capt. Alexander, Lieut. Ward, Mr Hill-Trevor, Mr Barry (Australia), Hon. Mr Brand (Sydney), Dr. Martin, and a number more. In the Vice-Regal set of Lancers Lady Hanbury (who was handsomely gowned in black, with chiffon and diamonds) danced with Mr Mee, and Lord Hanbury with Mrs Mee. Others who took part were Dr. Fell and Miss Julius, Capt. Alexander and Mrs. Fell, Mr Barry and Miss —, Julius, Hon. Mr Hill-Trevor and Miss Mee, Capt. Ward and Mrs Symonds, Mr Brand and Mrs Rawson.

Dr. and Mrs Newman gave a very large and smartly attended 'At Home' in the Fine Arts Academy, Wellington, on Tuesday afternoon last from 4 till 6. Invitations were issued to several hundred; and the pictures proved invaluable, apart from their artistic interest, as they seemed to 'thaw' and 'mix' the guests; and there was only instrumental music, of the kind which promotes conversation, so infinitely preferable to the prevailing habit of arranging people in formal rows opposite a platform of performers, when one is forced to listen, no matter what the intrinsic merits of the performers may be. All the women wore pretty frocks, and there was ample space for displaying them. Small tables, placed about the gallery, were laden with dainty cakes and sweets, and bowls of sweet-scented spring flowers; and tea and coffee and sandwiches and other tempting delicacies were dispensed from the side room. Mrs Newman received her guests in a very becoming gown of green braided cloth, made in the Russian style, with a cream satin yoke, with old lace applique, and dainty toque of green and pale cream roses; her nieces, the Misses Zoe and Alice Johnston, wore pretty blouses of pale blue and pink, over black cloth skirts, and large black hats; Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald being in navy blue serge and blue cloth hat, and with Miss Moorhouse, who wore a lovely gown of black braided cloth, with a cream embroidered satin yoke and pale blue velvet toque, trimmed with cream tips and sable tails, assisted the hostess in looking after the creature comforts of her guests. Mrs Charles Johnston was in a dark green cloth gown, made with the now inevitable but smart-looking Russian blouse, with a lettuce green toque and lovely sables; Mrs Rhodes, in black satin and black and mauve bonnet; Mrs Reynolds, in black, accompanied by her daughter, in dark green; Mrs Harry Crawford, in dark red, and ruby velvet toque;

Miss Pearce, in grey, with a sealskin jacket and rose-coloured toque; Lady Douglas, in grey, with old lace trimmings, and scarlet bonnet; Mrs Tolhurst in black, her daughter, Miss Tolhurst being in fawn, with a pretty fawn hat; Mrs Arkwright, in black, with a black and yellow bonnet; Mrs William Fitzgerald, in black, with pretty mauve and black bonnet; Mrs W. Turnbull looked exceedingly smart in a black cloth tailor gown, with mauve and violet toque; Mrs W. Barton (Featherston), in a very handsome dark steel blue tailor gown, braided in gold, and black and white toque and old lace tie; Mrs Alfred Brandon, in a black tailor-built gown and pink silk waistcoat, softened with old lace; Mrs Travers looked very pretty in a black cloth gown and purple velvet toque and waistcoat; Mrs W. Ferguson, in electric blue cloth, handsomely beaded in black, and pretty toque of pale pink roses and black chiffon and tips, and sealskin cape; Mrs Richardson, in black and white; Mrs Rolleston, in black satin and white satin revers and waistcoat, and black and mauve bonnet; Mrs Anson, in claret-coloured silk and bonnet; Miss Turnbull, in black and sable muff and tippet; Mrs Menzies, in black and white; Mrs Waldegrave, in fawn; Miss Dunean, in plum-coloured cloth and very small toque of plum-coloured velvet; Mrs T. C. Williams, in black and white; Mrs Arthur Russell, in a picturesque gown of black, with an Eau de Nil brocade blouse, with under sleeves of old lace, and pale blue toque; Miss Elsie Williams, in grey cloth and picture hat; Miss Dransfield, in scarlet and black, and scarlet and black hat; Mrs O'Connor, in black and white and becoming mauve bonnet; Miss Richardson, whose picture were the subject of most eulogistic comment, wore a most artistic gown of mouse-brown velvet and fur and cornflower blue toque of blue cornflowers and ruffled chiffon; Miss H. Moorhouse, in brown and pale pink and pale pink and jewel trimmed toque; Mrs Edwin, in brown satin, trimmed with sequin trimming and brown bonnet, her daughter being in black and white; Mrs Fell in grey cloth coat and skirt and large black velvet hat; the Misses Richmond, in black and grey; Mrs Russell, in black and yellow and black bonnet; Miss St. Hill (Hawke's Bay), in grey cloth and black hat; Mrs Barron, in dark red and black mantle and black and white gown and bonnet; Miss Barron being in heather brown tweed and black hat; Mrs Wallis, in grey and grey and white bonnet. Among the other guests present were Mr and Mrs Lowe, Mr Herries, M.H.R., and Mrs Herries, Mr and Miss Fraser, Mrs Higginson, Mrs and Miss Harding, Mrs Liechfield, the Misses Julius (Christchurch), Miss Coates (in grey), Miss Thorne George (Auckland), and Messrs Higginson, Coates, Johnston, Montgomery, Fraser, Cooper, Turnbull, Batkin, Herries, Russell, Hadfield, etc. During the afternoon charming pianoforte solos were contributed by the Misses Pharyzyn, Garcia, Williams, and Johnston.

CLARISSE—OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, August 10.

The town is full of visitors from North and South. The popularity of our Grand National is beginning to run November week very closely, as there are so many festivities arranged, and the weather wise say we are just as likely to have fine weather for August as November, only the temperature is not so conducive to our good looks or our tempers, those who really enjoy a freezing atmosphere being after all only a fraction.

Two afternoon teas are arranged for to-day (Wednesday) and we expect to see many of the guests at both houses, so it will take more the form of an 'At Home.' One is at Mrs Studholme's, Mervale Lane, where we always seem pleased to go—there are many pleasant recollections attached to 'Mervale House'; the other at Mrs G. Gould's.

The Savage Club have a ladies' evening to-night and great preparations have been made for the entertainment of their guests, the originality of these meetings is their greatest charm and the rapid sketching a most interesting item.

Mr and Mrs Chas. Cook, 'Warwick House,' gave a very enjoyable

EUCHRE PARTY

last Friday evening. Among the guests were Misses Graham, Meares, Berkeley, Winter, Dennistoun, Newton (2), Hay, Struthers-Williams, Gibson, Messrs Dennistoun, Graham, Wilson (2), and Anderson. Miss Williams and Mr S. Wilson were the lucky first prize winners.

On Friday afternoon Mrs W. B. Common had a very pleasant gathering of friends for afternoon tea, and the table looked lovely with dainty wattle blossom, exquisite china, and pretty cakes. Among those present were Mesdames Cunningham, P. Cunningham, Secretan, Kinsey, Beech, J. Anderson, Graham, Greenwood, Graham, Thomas, Bennett, Misses Martin, Meares, Niven, Kinsey, and Graham.

On Thursday Miss Wynn-Williams gave her girl friends a charming afternoon tea and the pleasure of meeting Miss Wilkin, who is at present her guest. Among those present were Mrs L. Harley and her wee daughter, Mrs Fox, Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw, Misses Harley, Studholme, Reeves, Nedwill, Tabart, Murray-Aynsley, Bowen, Ronalds, Garcia, etc.

The Misses Murray-Aynsley had a number of girl friends at their pretty home, 'Riverlaw' on Monday for afternoon tea, and I have heard of several other afternoon teas. Mrs Stead's 'bul poudre' is the most exciting topic this week, even more than the races,—at any rate amongst the ladies—and we should rightly have got up some of the stately minuets and cotillions for the occasion. Our principal hairdresser can now only take any further applicants in the morning of the eventful day, so once powdered and rouged it means sitting in state for the rest of the day; but it will be a very pretty scene when all are assembled at 'Strowan.'

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON

Dear Bee, August 9.

THE TRAFALGAR TEA KIOSK, which was opened last week, has attracted a large number of people each day, and all speak of it in the highest praise. The tea-room is very prettily furnished with Japanese screens and small tables, with dainty white covers, whilst the walls are most artistically draped with green and white art muslin and Japanese fans, etc., altogether presenting a most pleasing appearance. Tea, coffee, cocoa, soup, sandwiches and most delicious home-made cakes and scones are provided. The kiosk is in charge of Miss M. Duff and Miss Mabel Trolove, who dress alike in becoming red blouses and black skirts and dainty white muslin aprons.

There was a meeting of the

WHEEL CLUB

on Saturday afternoon, when a short run was made to Stoke and back, via the new Rucks Road. Very few members were present as the weather was not all one could desire for bicycling, the wind coming in terrific gusts from the S.W., which made riding far from pleasant. The Club have had very few meetings this year owing to Nature's elements, which have not been as kind as usual for many Saturdays past.

The Blind Musicians have given several concerts here. They are a talented company and it is regretted that more people did not avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing them.

PHYLIS.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, August 8.

In my last letter I told you of the unusual fall of snow on the ranges that bound the Wairau plain and valley, but on Tuesday morning we were electrified when we rose to find the whole plain a glistening sheet of snow, and trees and shrubs looking as though modelled in ice. To many of us it was a unique sight, and to all most exquisitely beautiful, though, unfortunately, it did not last long, the thaw setting in before noon; but while it lasted great was the fun in snowball matches, which, as they mostly took place in the centre of the town, resulted in a certain number of casualties in the shape of broken windows, damaged shop wares and the diminished lustre of some of the victims' starched fronts.

I am sorry to hear of the severe illness of Miss Hill, of Auckland, who

has been staying here for some time with her cousin, Miss Nicholson. She is so ill that few, if any, hopes are entertained of her recovery, and her relations in Auckland and Wellington have been sent for. From the last-named place her aunt, Mrs Willis, came last Friday, and since then her sister, Miss Hill, from Auckland.

Owing to the exertions of Mr F. Shaw the Horticultural Society, which had been flagging for years, was by the last show not only relieved from debt, but also obtained a small balance to its credit; so, at a meeting of the society last Tuesday, a handsome afternoon tea service was presented to Mrs Shaw as a recognition of the valuable services of her husband. The presentation was made by Mr Purser, and was acknowledged by Mr Shaw in suitable terms.

The Pollard Company was expected here at the end of last month, but have not put in an appearance yet, but perhaps they may come after the Nelson season.

The Poultry and Dog Show was formally opened by the Mayor, Mr Purser, on Wednesday afternoon. At one time Ewart's Hall had sufficient accommodation for both branches of the show, but the number of exhibits has increased so largely that now the hall could only suffice for the poultry, room for the dogs being found in a barn-like building in Wynen-street, where they could be inspected on Thursday.

FRIDA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, August 12.

The

THIRD ASSEMBLY,

which took place in the Theatre Royal on Wednesday evening, was a great success. The attendance was large, the floor was in good condition, and everything contributed to the success of the evening. The supper was very appetising, and the music, which was rendered by Mr G. Garry's orchestra, was as usual excellent. There were many bright and handsome dresses, which made the scene look very pretty. Among those present were: Mrs Nolan (Hawera), a very handsome black brocade satin, with white ostrich tips on shoulder and at the bottom of the front of skirt; Miss B. Reunell, pink; Miss Hyde (Stratford), pink silk; Miss G. Fookes, cream; Miss L. Jackson, yellow; Miss C. Bayly, white; Miss B. Bayly, fawn; Miss Brewer (Hawera) looked striking in scarlet satin, with ruffled scarlet chiffon sleeves; Mrs H. Bailey, white; Miss Armstrong, white; Miss M. Sadler, pink; Miss Hursthouse, pink and silver; Miss Knight, grey and pink; Mrs Pollen (Auckland), green velvet; Miss Glynes, heliotrope; Miss D. Glynes, white silk; Miss S. Cunningham looked as pretty as usual in yellow silk, with sprays of yellow lupinus on shoulder; Mrs Burgess, yellow and black velvet; Miss Cartwright, pink; Miss H. Humphries, yellow; Miss Tuke, blue silk; Miss T. Tuke, black; Mrs W. Bayly, black satin; Miss Scott, white; Miss B. Kirkby, grey and black velvet; Miss Elliott, white and pink; Miss Kirkby, green and black; Mrs Holdsworth, black velvet; Miss Dalziel looked charming in white satin; Miss Holcombe, pink silk; Mrs Rowe, white silk; Miss Macky, white, and red flowers; Miss E. Rennell, cream; Miss M. Skeet, cream and yellow silk; Mrs Hursthouse, black and silk chiffon sleeves; Miss Holdsworth, green and pink shot silk; Miss McKellar, cream; Miss J. McKellar looked very pretty in pink; Mrs Penn, cream and green; Miss K. Fraser, white silk; Miss J. Cottier, white satin and yellow flowers; Mrs Morrison, cream silk; Miss E. Cottier, blue and yellow flowers; Miss Hamerton, cream nun's veiling; Miss — Hamerton, white silk; Miss Thomson, green velvet and cream lace; Miss M. Webster, pink and chiffon; Miss Newitt, cream and violets; Miss Hoby, green; Mrs H. Fookes (nee Miss Rochford), white silk lustre and chiffon trimmings; Messrs Forte, Holdsworth, Hitchour, Cartnew, Weston, Warren, Gilmour, Parker, Noble, Hopkins, Bennell, Strouts, Penn, Hughes, Brand, Hamerton, Salter, Webster, Glynes, Thomson (2), Wright, Conns, Fookes, Love, Jay, Kirkby, Valentine, Clarke (2), Parke, Didsbury, Enderby, Glusford, Paterson, Woodhouse, Robison, Hoby, Hamerton.

NANCY LEE.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS CHARACTER AND OFFICE.

One of the most weird scenes in connection with the obsequies of Mr Gladstone was that which took place on the arrival of the body in London from Hawarden, when the body of the illustrious statesman was officially surrendered by his two sons, Herbert and Henry, on behalf of the Gladstone family, to the Earl Marshal as representative of the British nation. The transfer took place at two o'clock in the morning in the dimly lighted underground railroad station adjoining the Palace of Westminster, with which it is connected by a subterranean passage. As the ordinary passenger traffic had ceased for the night, there were no strangers present. As soon as the coffin had been removed from the railroad car it was placed on the platform of the station and the lid was unscrewed, it being the duty of the Earl Marshal to assure himself that the body which was about to lie in state in Westminster Hall, to receive the rare honour of a national funeral and then to be entombed in the Abbey of Westminster was really that of the Grand Old Man. The Earl Marshal, who was attended by the various kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants, arrayed not in their gold embroidered tabards, but merely in black frock coats and ordinary high silk hats, thereupon satisfied himself of the identity of the body, and being the last person in the world to gaze upon the noble features of the most eminent of all the Premiers of Queen Victoria's reign, caused the lid of the coffin to be screwed down again and sealed with the national arms of the kingdom.

Inasmuch as a good deal of curiosity has been expressed as to the title of Earl Marshal, a dignity who is seldom heard of save in connection with some great State function, such as the one which has just taken place in Westminster Abbey, it may be as well to explain that the office of Earl Marshal is one of the most ancient and grandest that have survived the disappearance of feudalism. In the days of the Norman and Plantagenet Kings the three principal digni-

ties of the realm were the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal. The office of Lord High Constable was abolished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, since which time no Constable has been appointed, save for one day only to attend at coronations. It was the great Duke of Wellington who officiated as Lord High Constable at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and who, as such, bore her the great sword of state.

In olden times the Earl Marshal enjoyed the superintendence of tournaments, jousts, and trials by combat. Moreover, as President of the Court of Chivalry, a title which he still retains, he was regarded as chief arbiter and Judge in all questions of honour. Of his former duties and prerogatives he to-day retains that of making public proclamations of war and peace, as well as of the accession and death of the sovereign. Besides this, he is, in conjunction with his staff of kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants, responsible for the granting of armorial bearings, as well as for the arrangement and conduct of all great state functions, such as, for instance, coronations, national funerals, and in fact, of all grand ceremonies that partake more of a national than of a mere court character.

BRITAIN'S PREMIER PEER.

The first English noble to bear the title of Earl Marshal was Thomas, Earl of Norfolk, eldest son of King Edward I. by his second marriage. King Richard III. created his descendant, Sir John Howard, both Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal about the time of the discovery of America by Columbus. King Henry VIII., as Duke of York, filled the office of Earl Marshal until his accession to the throne, being the twenty-ninth holder of the office. But it was not until the reign of King Charles II. that the dignity was made hereditary in the family of Henry Howard, the sixth Earl of Norfolk.

The present Duke of Norfolk is the fifty-ninth Earl Marshal of England, besides being the Premier Duke, the Premier Earl, and the Premier Peer of the realm, and as such ranking immediately after the Princes of the blood royal. In spite of all these dignities, the present Duke of Norfolk is the most modest, quiet and unassuming of men.

Slight in stature and below rather than above middle height, with a rather unkempt beard, bushy black hair, and weighing probably about 140 pounds at the most, he is just about the last person in the world whom a stranger would set down as being the recognised head of all that is most illustrious in the aristocracy, not alone of Great Britain but likewise of Europe. For there is no name in the English nobility that is more widely known or more respected at foreign courts than that of Howard, which may be found figuring in almost every page of English history since the days of the Norman conquest, and to bear which is usually regarded as an indication that the finest of blue blood courses in its owner's veins.

It is thoroughly in keeping with the present Duke, who is probably the wealthiest man in England, with the exception of the Duke of Westminster, that he should have contented himself with the Postmaster Generalship in the present Salisbury Cabinet. He was reluctant to accept office.

But when Lord Salisbury, aware that the presence of the Duke in the administration would be a source of strength to the latter, owing to his influence, not only as one of the greatest land owners in the kingdom, but also as chief of the important Roman Catholic element, appended to his patriotism and to his sense of the duty of his order to the nation, he yielded, stipulating merely that he should have an office where ignorance of the duties of a Cabinet Minister would be calculated to do the least harm. He was accordingly appointed Postmaster General, and by applying ordinary sound business principles to the conduct of his department, has proved so great a success as an administrator that he is declared by political friend and foe alike to be the most satisfactory Postmaster General who has ever ruled at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

HOWARD CURSE.

The Duke is a most devout Catholic, and one of the pillars of the Church of Rome, being held in particularly high regard and esteem at the Vatican. This is all the more strange since the

basis of his immense wealth was the spoliation and plundering of the Roman Church at the time of the Reformation by the first Duke of Norfolk. The latter was one of the most greedy of the voracious surrounding King Henry VIII., and obtained as his share of the ecclesiastical plunder almost the entire riches of the Bishopric of Norwich. In those days enormously wealthy. The priests and monks were driven out homeless over the land, and the poor were deprived of their houses of refuge and of their means of relief. Indeed, the foundation of the fortune of this great dukedom may be said to have been laid amid the anathemas of the priests and the ex-

communications and groans of the poor— curses which superstitious people, and possibly the Duke himself, believe to be in some way accountable for the pitifully sad childhood of his only son and heir, the Earl of Arundel. Blind, deaf, dumb and weak of intellect, this heir to the grandest dignities of the United Kingdom, was universally pronounced as altogether beyond the reach of medical science.

During the last two years, however, to the astonishment of everyone, the lad has been recovering sight, speech, hearing, intelligence, and physical strength, and his progress in this respect has been so rapid and so phenomenal that the

A DISH FOR PRINCES.

Custard with the luscious Fruits of New Zealand, and all Imported Fruits.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER


Produces the Richest Custard, without Eggs.

TINNED FRUIT is Delicious with BIRD'S CUSTARD. The Fruit with Syrup should be emptied into one glass dish and the Custard poured into another. A portion of the Fruit and Custard when served upon each plate forms a most attractive dish.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER can be obtained wherever Tinned Fruit is sold.

The best resource for every housekeeper—affording a constant variation in the daily menu.

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



POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED

WILL CURE YOUR COUGH.

ALL THE WORLD OVER, THE RECOGNISED COUGH REMEDY. Its immense sale throughout the world indicates its inestimable value.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER'S VERGER writes:—"I was advised to try the Balsam of Aniseed; I did, and have found very great relief. It is most comforting, it allays irritation and giving strength to the voice."

LANCELOT BROWN, Esq., the eminent actor writes:—"I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artists."

MR. THOMAS HYNES, Chemist, Llandilo, October 1st, 1898, writes:—"I have commenced my six-second year in business to-day. I remember my mother giving me your Balsam for coughs and colds nearly 70 years ago. My chest and voice are as sound as a bell now."

LOOSENS THE PHLEGM IMMEDIATELY. NIGHT COUGH QUICKLY RELIEVED. SEE TRADE MARK AN ABOVE ON EACH WRAPPER.

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Refuse Imitations. Established 1824. SQUATTERS and FARMERS WHEN ORDERING THEIR STORES SHOULD NOT OMIT THIS TIME HONOURED COUGH REMEDY.

FOR A COUGH.


POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

FOR ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, &c.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS and STOREKEEPERS THROUGHOUT the AUSTRALIAN, NEW ZEALAND, and CAPE COLONIES.

Bottles in 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

FAC-SIMILE OF ROYAL TESTIMONIAL



ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I

ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I

Berlin
Alsenstrasse
Feb 25th 1896

"Koko" for the hair, is the best dressing I know. It keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in every way excellent.

Princess Holerboke

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

Eradicates Scurf and Dandrif, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, and its unique Testimonials prove it to be undoubtedly the Best Preparation for the Hair. Perfectly Harmless, Clean, Cool, and Disagreeing. 1 - 2 2 s 6 sizes, of all Chemists, Stores &c. THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 16, Bevis Marks, LONDON, ENG.

young Earl, now about 18 years old, is actually able to take long tricycle rides along the public roads in the neighbourhood of Wimbledon Common, where he lives in a beautiful house, bought for him by his devoted father. The Duke ascribes the miracle worked in his only son exclusively to divine intervention and as a response by providence to the numerous pilgrimages to Lourdes which he has undertaken with the poor boy every year since the latter's early infancy, as well as to the prayers of Pope Leo and of good Catholics in all parts of the world, whose church has benefited so largely by the splendid munificence of his gifts.

Indeed, there is no man living in the Old World who has built so many churches and endowed so many ecclesiastical and philanthropic institutions as the present Duke of Norfolk.

The Duke is an exceedingly busy man, as he is extremely conscientious in the performance of his duties, no matter whether they relate to the administration of the general post-office, to his various municipal and county offices, to the direction of the numerous charitable and religious institutions in which he is interested, or to the control of his vast estates. Yet since the death, eleven years ago, of his deeply mourned Duchess, he has never permitted a single day to pass without riding or driving out to the suburban home of his son in order to spend an hour or two with the lad. In fact, it is difficult to conceive a greater paternal devotion than that which the Duke has shown toward his afflicted son.

DUKE'S QUEER HOBBIES.

Like nearly all of his two dozen fellow Dukes, His Grace of Norfolk has his queer hobbies and fads. One of these is the accumulation of blotting pads. He accumulates them almost as if he was studying the matter scientifically. He is always interested in the subject, and will converse on it by the hour with enjoyment. Another of his peculiarities is that it is only with the utmost difficulty that he can ever be got to open a letter or a parcel. There are several large rooms in his London home, Norfolk House, James' Square, that are crammed to the ceiling with things which he has ordered or purchased, which have been sent to him, and which have remained unpacked and untouched. Some day when these rooms are cleared out valuable pic-

tures and costly bric-a-brac will be found lying cheek by jowl with curiosities in the way of blotting pads.

Arundel Castle, which is the favourite residence of the Duke, has had more money spent upon it than any other palace or mansion in the United Kingdom, and that, too, without any expense to the Duke. For one of his ancestors took the precaution to tie up in a trust a tract of land extending from the Strand to the Thames in such a manner that its revenues can be used for no other purpose than the repair and the improvement of the castle. The land is now exceedingly valuable, comprising the thoroughfare known as Arundel-street, and it yields an enormous income. £400,000 sterling of this income was recently spent by the Duke on the construction of an exquisitely beautiful staircase at Arundel Castle.

NORFOLK'S ANCESTORS.

Sensible, hardworking, generous, and as near blameless as it is possible for a man to be without laying himself open to a charge of priggishness, the Duke presents a striking contrast to most of his predecessors. His great-grandfather, for instance, the twelfth Duke, was celebrated for his drunken freaks, and as one of the boon companions of King George IV., was frequently, when intoxicated, the butt of the practical jokes of his sovereign. It is related of him that he rarely drove home at night after dinner without his legs hanging out of the windows of his carriage. The thirteenth Duke distinguished himself during the corn law agitation by making a speech in which he recommended the poor who had no bread to sustain existence upon hot water, with a pinch of curry powder by way of giving it a flavour. Then there was another Duke of Norfolk who boasted of never washing.

But, as he sometimes got hopelessly drunk, his servants took advantage thereof to subject their master to an occasional bath, which, however, so enraged His Grace when he became sober again that he was wont to flog them. It is on record, however, that they preferred the beating to being compelled to remain in his company when unwashed.

Indeed, the present Duke is far and away the best of his long line, and certainly the one who is most entitled to the regard and respect of his fellow-countrymen. They would assuredly experience difficulty in finding anywhere a man whose character is so happy a combination of the old-time principles of chivalry and honour on the one hand and of nineteenth century common sense and business experience on the other, a combination which qualifies the Duke in a marked degree for the modern administration of his ancient offices of President of the Court of Chivalry and of Earl Marshal of England.

THE GOLF MANIA.

Golf seems to be gaining votaries all over the world. In the United States, where it has only recently been introduced, it has won favour, or at least fashion in the most extraordinary way.

All the girls there who haven't learned to play golf are learning now. During the first few seasons of the epidemic there were young women who hated tramping about a field in the broiling sun and wearing sensible golf costumes, and getting brown and biowsy, but the Pharisees have gone down before the relentless march of golfomania. The girls who wore dainty befrilled frocks and sat on the club or hotel verandahs and looked beautiful found that they had the verandahs to themselves so far as masculine society was concerned, and that a putting green was the approved stage setting for up-to-date flirtation.

That settled it, and the girls who don't love the game have joined the host of feminine enthusiasts who adore it. Last summer almost all of the summer hotels added golf to their list of attractions, and golf teachers were in such demand that a small army of experts was imported from England and Scotland to take charge of the various links. However, it is hard to learn golf at a summer resort. The teacher is too much in demand and the spectators are too many. One doesn't look attractive when one is wildly fanning the air or digging up turf with a golf club, and though a

man may for love of a girl undertake to teach her the game, it is a sad strain upon his devotion, and nineteenth century devotion isn't made for strains.

The wise young woman is she who goes to a winter golf school and practices diligently. When she goes to a summer resort she doesn't have to join the awkward squad. She puts on her swell golf suit and her sombrero and looks her armour over carefully. Then she corrals a caddy or her brother and saunters out to the links with elaborate unconsciousness that the older inhabitants are taking her measure. If she has chosen the hour of her debut wisely everyone is on the golf grounds.

She steps up nonchalantly, makes her tee, grasps her driver firmly, offers up a little prayer, and—whack! The ball has gone! By that drive and the game that follows she stands or falls. The situation is dramatic; and who would be a toiling, red-faced novice on the baby links

when by a literal coup de main she could drive herself into the hearts of the summer men?

TEACHERS HARD AT WORK.

The golf schools have been well patronised all winter, but now that the warm weather has at last arrived and the summer exodus is imminent, those foolish virgins who haven't prepared to be bright and shining lights in the summer campaign are trying desperately to make up for lost time, and the thwack of golf sticks against the balls waxes fast and furious. Already many of the teachers have left the city to take up their summer work, and the various sporting goods firms receive innumerable letters asking them to recommend competent teachers who would be willing to take charge of the links at different resorts. One firm has supplied 65 teachers this season, and another has sent seventy to hotels throughout the country. These two cases are but samples of the wholesale demand for golf teachers, and that demand speaks

All Bushmen

Use it

For Cleansing the Blood it has no Equal.

We give below the portrait and testimonial of Mr. Granger Ward of Brisbane, Queensland



"Some years ago while in America I had fever and Ague. It left me in a very weak state and quite done up. I took some of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it soon put me to rights and my strength returned. I can safely recommend

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

to others. While in the bush of this country I had an attack of scurvy but I soon got free of this complaint by using the same remedy. For cleansing the blood and for eruptions of the skin I do not think it can be beat. All the bushmen use it."

For Constipation take Dr. Ayer's Pills. They promptly relieve and surely cure. Take them with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla; one side the other.

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

MOTHER'S MILK

And this Does NOT contain Starch.

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

MELLIN'S FOOD

CONTAINS NO STARCH

But makes a PERFECT FOOD for the YOUNGEST CHILD.

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

MELLIN'S Food Works, Peckham, London.

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK



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

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

RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly, crusted scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointing with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY & Sons, London. Forth & Craig, Chemists, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A. "All About the Skin," post free.

ITCHING HUMOURS Instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

GOOD BLOOD

Your heart beats over one hundred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain. Which is it?

If bad, impure blood, keen your brain aches. You are troubled with drowsiness yet cannot sleep; you are as tired in the morning as at night; you have no nerve power; your food does not seem to do you much good.

Stimulants, tonic, headache powders, cannot cure you: but

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its life-giving properties.

For Biliousness take AYER'S PILLS. They promptly relieve and surely cure. Take them with Ayer's Sarsaparilla: one aids the other.

NERVE, BLOOD, AND SKIN DISEASES PERMANENTLY CURED.

HERR RASSMUSSEN,
The Celebrated Danish Herbalist and Gold Medalist, of 81, Lambton Quay, Wellington, and 547, George Street, Sydney, is world renowned for the

Thousands of Cures which have been effected by his **Ailfaine Herbal Remedies** Thousands of Testimonials speak for themselves as to the immense virtues of these Herbal Remedies.

Ailfaine Vitality Pills
Are a Certain Cure for Weak Nerves, Depressed Spirits, Debility, and Weakness of the Spine, Brain and nerves. Special Powerful Course, 43s. 6d.; Ordinary Course, 23s. 6d. Smaller Boxes, 12s. and 6s., posted. Send for free pamphlet.

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

His Ailfaine Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat Reducing Powders, Vegetable Powders, Gargle Powders, Flesh Producing Powders, Worm Cures, Bath Tablets, Eucalyptus Oil and Jujubes, Hair Restorer and Complexion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all equally wonderful.

Send for his Free Book, which contains all particulars, many useful hints and numerous testimonials.
All Correspondence STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Write without delay, and address

Herr Rasmussen,
81, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

volumes for the enthusiasm with which Americans are taking to the game. American teachers are not, however, exceedingly popular. The imported article has the preference, and a golf teacher without a Scotch or English accent cannot expect to be a howling success. No self-respecting club or hotel manager would think of engaging a teacher who talked plain Yankee. Of course, the origin of that prejudice lies in the fact that Scotland is the home of golf, and that English and Scotch players were experts in the sport long before Americans succumbed to its charms; but nowadays, when the Americans have experts of their own, it is the swell thing to have an English or Scotch teacher, and that settles it.

NOT A BAD PROFESSION.

It isn't a bad profession, that of golf teaching, provided a man loves the game. He goes to some delightful place and wears a becoming red coat, and is treated with respect by the men and with awe mixed with adoration by the women. He isn't on the same terms with the guests as are other employees. He is a personage, and his friendship is a prize. No one can afford to snub the golf teacher, and a word of praise from him will please a girl more than a sonnet from any of the other men about the place. It's all well for a young millionaire to tell her that she has star-like eyes, but when the red-coated oracle says, 'You're in splendid form, miss. That was a rippin' drive,' she beams with pride and walks on air for the rest of the day.

So long as this enthusiasm confines itself to matters purely professional, and the immense offered up to him things go smoothly, but golf teachers are human, and that complications are inevitable is proved by the wail of a Vermont hotel man who wrote to a sporting goods dealer here:

'Where can I get a new man for my golf links? I want one ugly as sin. That Smith you sent me last year was all right, but he was too dashed good-looking. The women went around mooning about him, so that men in the house couldn't stand it.'

The only thing that one can learn well in the in-door schools is the drive, but that is a tremendous undertaking for a novice. A young woman went down to one of the schools for her first lesson on the hottest day we've had this spring. She looked crisp and cool and dainty, and she didn't anticipate any trouble in learning the game. A brisk, business-like Scotchman took her in hand.

'Ever played?' he inquired, laconically, as he looked for a light stick.

'I never had a golf club in my hand.' 'Well, now's the time to begin.' He handed her a club and she looked at it dubiously.

'What shall I do with it?'

'Hold it this way,' and he showed her the way to do it. 'Now stand away from the ball, bend over a little more, swing your club like that; don't stiffen your arms; let the club carry them around it at full length; just loosen all your muscles and get a free, sweeping swing; rise off your left heel as you bring the club over your shoulder and off your right heel as you follow the club around after the blow. Now.'

The girl lunged wildly and tilted her hat over one ear, but didn't disturb the ball.

'You must stand wider,' said the teacher, judiciously.

'I beg pardon.'

'Put your feet further apart. You can't stand firmly that way.'

She moved her feet several inches further from each other.

'More than that.'

She obeyed, but he wasn't satisfied.

DOOMED TO GOLFOMANIA.

'Put one foot here and the other foot there,' he commanded, marking places on the floor with his golf club. She struck a Colossus of Rhodes attitude and clutched her club firmly. Then she tried another swing and this time she hit the ball. To be sure it flew off and hit an inoffensive workman who was polishing clubs at the side of the room, but that first crack of her club against the ball roused her sporting blood and doomed her to golfomania. She pounded away vigorously, knocking dents in the floor, striking the balls all over the shop, growing hot and excited, while the teacher encouraged her by precept and example. Her hat was in the way, so she flung it aside. Her hair

fell down across her eyes and she ran a side comb recklessly through it with utter disregard of her pompadour.

'You'd get freer arm action if it wasn't for those stiff cuffs,' said the teacher, and she rolled her shirt-waist sleeves up above her elbows. The immaculate cool young woman who had begun the lesson had disappeared. In her place was a red-faced, perspiring, dishevelled girl with determination in her eyes.

Clarke's B B Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 5s each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

A TERRIBLE COUGH. 74, Commercial Road, Peckham, S. E. 15.

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

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

'Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 23, 1923.

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

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

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief of all cases of Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief. UTERELY UNRIVALLED. UTERELY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in tins by all Chemists.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

is the most perfect and reliable dentifrice. It imparts a brilliant polish to the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, preserves the enamel, whitens the teeth, and thoroughly cleanses them from all impurities.

ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE

is the most reliable preparation for dyeing red or grey hair a permanent brown and black.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair, and is the only remedy for dandruff; Ask Store and Chemists for Rowland's articles, of Hutton Garden, London.

In use 80 years before Victoria was Queen. Ladies should always knit with

"BEE HIVE" KNITTING WOOLS

Scotch Fingering, Wheeling, Soft Marino, Angulian, and other qualities. All "Beehive" Brand.

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



THE BOTTOM PRINCIPLE.

Nothing 'merely happens so.' Always keep that fact where you can see it. Whatsoever comes to pass has an adequate cause right behind it. I don't say this as though it were a new discovery. Not a bit. It is the bottom principle of all knowledge. But we are apt to forget it—that's the point; we forget it, and so have a lot of trouble there's no need to have.

Here is Miss Esther May, whom we are glad to hear from, and to know. In the matters set forth in her short letter she speaks, not for herself only, but for two-thirds of the women in England.

'In July, 1890,' she says, 'I had an attack of influenza, which left me in a weak, exhausted condition. I felt languid and tired. Everything was a trouble to me. The good appetite that is natural to me was gone; and when I did take a little food it gave me a dreadful pain in the chest. There was also a strange sensation in my stomach. I felt as if I had eaten too much when perhaps I had scarcely eaten anything.'

'Then, after a time, I began to have a dry, hacking cough, and to break out in cold, clammy sweats. Not very long afterwards my ankles began to puff up and swell, so that when I stood on my feet it was very painful.'

'I gradually got worse, and worse. The medicines given me by the doctors seemed to have no effect. I lost flesh, like one in consumption, and I feared I should never be any better.'

'In March, 1893, a gentleman told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and said he believed it would help me. Although I had no faith in it I sent for the Syrup and began taking it. One bottle relieved me and gave me some appetite. I ate and enjoyed my food as I had not done for years. I gained strength every day.'

'I am now as healthy and hearty as I ever was in my life, and I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup.—(Signed) Esther May, Huckingham Road, Northfleet, Kent, September 8th, 1893.'

'In the spring of 1887,' writes another correspondent, 'my wife got into a low state of health. She complained at first of feeling tired and weary, and could not do her work as usual. Her month lasted badly; she couldn't eat; and she had a deal of pain in her chest and back.'

'Later on her legs began to swell, and soon the swelling extended to her body. With all this her strength failed more and more, until she could just get about the house in a feeble fashion, and that was all. No medical treatment did more than to relieve her, as you may say, for the moment.'

'This was her condition when Mother Seigel's Syrup first came under our notice. We read of it in a book that was left at our house. After she had taken the Syrup only a few days she was decidedly better. And, to conclude, by a faithful use of the medicine the swelling went down, her appetite came back, and she was soon as well and strong as ever. Seeing what the Syrup had done for my wife, I began to take it for indigestion and dyspepsia, which had troubled me for years; and it completely cured me.—(Signed) J. Heath, Oratava House, Alpha Road, Cambridge, June 15th, 1893.'

We were speaking of nothing happening without a cause. The cause of all the suffering of these two women was one and the same—indigestion and dyspepsia. Men have it often enough, but this disease is especially the bane of women— with chronic constipation as one of its worst features. It is the cause of nearly all the ills and ailments they suffer from. Let every woman get the book which Mr Heath speaks of and learn all about it. They can thus find out what the first symptoms are, and take Mother Seigel's Syrup the very day they appear.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or it may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who utters it. Many a word spoken by us is afterward regretted, but no word of affectionate appreciation finds a place among our sadly-remembered expressions.



THE NEW AMERICAN PATRIOTIC DANCE.

It is called the Dewey two-step, this patriotic dance, and it and the Anarka gavotte and the Doranda waltz are expected to become the popular dances of this season in America, and every devotee at the shrine of Terpsichore will be wanting to know how they are danced.

The two-step and the gavotte are minutes in reality, with an additional step, which makes it necessary to dance them in four-four time. Of course the Dewey two-step will be the thing. Professor Kretlow says it is both easy and pretty. It calls for all the grace and stateliness of the minuet and the liveliness of motion of the two-step. The combination, he thinks, ought to be irresistible. The description of the dance as given by the professor, will be understood by all who have been taught to dance by educated teachers. This is the way to dance the Dewey two-step:—

Slide with the left foot to fourth position and count one; bring the right foot to third position, at the same time gliding the left again to fourth position; repeat the movement with the right foot to fourth count, draw left to right at same time, offer right hand to partner and walk around each other and courtesy; after courtesying take waltz position and dance the two-step eight measures.

A face veil can make or mar a woman's beauty. A dark complexion, rosy cheeks, and bright brown eyes look far prettier than they really are under a veil with coarse mesh; but the pale blonde, no matter how perfect her features or pure her complexion, makes a mistake when she wears a veil of this mesh. It will accentuate her paleness ten times and make her look old and drawn, while a net of soft, fine, close mesh will have just the opposite effect.

The favourite scent of the modern beauty is wood violets. She wears a bouquet of real violets, full of their own delicious fragrance, in her toque, on her muff, and tucked inside her corsage, and at night big bunches in her hair and at her waist. Powder saturated with the same delicious odour is sewn by her dressmaker in small bags between the linings of the dress and the material of the same. Imitation violets sprayed with scents are having a big sale, but they are rather dear, though not so absurdly expensive as bunches of the real flowers, which must be renewed hourly. A scent that every woman of fashion once used, patchouli, is the one that should above all others be avoided. It is considered vulgar, and is said to be deleterious to the health.

TESTS FOR A HUSBAND.

An observant woman gives the following advice to her juniors:—

For a man's birth look at his linen and finger nails, and observe the inflections of his voice.

For his tastes, study the colour of his ties, the pattern and hang of his trousers, his friends, and his rings—if any.

For his propensities, walk round and look carefully at the back of his head, and remember, girls, never to marry a man whose neck bulges over so little over the back of his collar.

For his breeding, talk sentiment to him when he is starving, and ask him to carry a hand-bag down the public street when you've just had a row.

To test his temper, tell him his nose is a little on one side, and you don't like the way his hair grows—and if that don't fetch him nothing will.

A CHARM OF CHILDHOOD.

'Washed and dressed and set in a corner, my dear, and no fuss made about us—that was the way it was in my time, and I really don't think the present methods are much of an improvement. With all the child culture I hear so much about, children are in danger of losing what is one of their greatest charms—unconsciousness of self.'

The speaker was a beautiful woman past sixty, and her memories of child-

hood were distinctly those of a regime in which parents and grown people generally had lives independent to some extent of the generation just emerging from the cradle. Possibly then the small people were not considered quite enough; certainly they were very often judiciously let alone, and they did not altogether escape a neglect, which may somewhat have been unwholesome, but now the pendulum has swung the other way, and we devote too great a portion of our time to the development of our children in their presence.

'I have been reading the pathetic ballad of Jack Spratt and his wife,' said an old member, 'and I am struck by the marital uncongeniality therein evinced. But it is always the way with any close companionship. You elect to chum with another girl, and go to the length of running a flat together, and you are sure to discover that she has an unflinching and unflagging appetite for young onions, while you loathe even the savour of an onion in a salad! That's the first rock on which you split. To paraphrase George Elliot, a difference of taste in onions is a great strain upon the affections. No sentiment could withstand that strain!'

'I know,' assented another member. 'It is always so. Don't you recollect the three travelling companions in Kate Douglas Wiggin's charming story, "Penelope's Progress," who always for their breakfast had three different trays for their three beverages, since one would drink nothing but tea, another could not have her breakfast without coffee, and a third invariably ordered chocolate?'

'I once knew a woman who was inordinately fond of vegetable soup,' said one of the auditors. 'She had never had enough vegetable soup in her life, because as a self-supporting woman she boarded for ten long years. When she married she went at once to keeping house, confiding to me that she was going to have vegetable soup every night for dinner for at least a month! To her horror, she found that her husband could not bear the sight or smell of it. It was a tragedy!'

'If it isn't a matter of catobles or drinkables it is sure to be a matter of taste in some other way,' mused the first speaker. 'I had a friend who loved tragedy and the classic drama. She married a man who adores farce comedy and extravaganzas. They don't go to the theatre together a great deal lest it should lead to the divorce court.'

'Anyway, there seems an evil fate which forbids you ever to like your friend's friends or your wife's relatives. They are always precisely and exactly the sort of people whom you most abhor. There is no getting over it. They are insupportable, odious. This is a beautiful chance for disagreement—oh dear,' sighed a last year's officer.

'I know a musical man whose wife is tone deaf, and I don't really know whether he suffers the most when he takes her to the opera, or when he goes there gallivanting without her, knowing she is crying her heart out at home.'

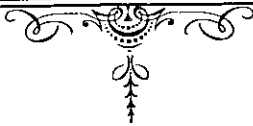
'There is always something. The bonu traveller marries a hopeless stay-at-home, a barn-door fowl; the man with literary tastes chooses a wife whose idea of literature is represented by Mme. Corvelli and the Duchess. The artist and painter gets the dowdy, the poet is tied to an unimaginative log. The world is all skew-gee. It is the story of Jack Spratt and his wife over and over again.'

'But you forget the end of the rhyme,' interposed the new member. 'And so between them both they licked the platter clean, or in other words, their separate incongruities merged into one congruity, and the result was a beautiful marital completeness.'

The club turned and glared at the newest member. Then it looked reflective and uncomfortable. There was a slight whisper, which buzzed through the little company as the wind waifs through a group of trees. It sounded very much like, 'So we did forget,' but it did not grow actually distinct. Lastly, they arose as one woman and filed slowly out, leaving the new member lonely as Ariadne at Naxos.

POLLY.

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NEW RICH WHITE EMBROIDERED APRONS in a delightful variety of all Qualities and Styles. The Newest Shapes, the Prettiest Designs, and the most Unquestionable value.

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 THE STYLES OF THE SEASON NOW READY.



THE ABOVE DESIGN
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 IN TWEED & CLOTH ... 6
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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 returns of post.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.,
 LADIES' TAILORS,
 QUEEN-STREET, AUCKLAND.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

NOW and again the smart woman gets an invitation to attend a wedding, and the question at once arises, 'What am I to wear?' At a recent pretty wedding one of the ladies of the house wore a gown that was very distinguished. It was of black, with sleeves of cerise satin antique, touches of cerise lining the little turnover collar. The whole of the gown was built of pleated black crepe panels alternating with black tulle ones, across which were draped festoons of jet in ropes and fringes. The girdle was of black velvet, with a large jet and steel buckle behind. The whole toilette sparkled with light.

Two white gowns on two of the guests were extremely smart. One of white cloth, covered with beautiful applications of cream guipure in scattered floral motifs about the skirt and pouch bodice, had a hem, wrist and throat bands, and an inner vest of chinchilla, silver buttons and a silver belt touching up the gown charmingly. The collar was of chinchilla, as though a continuation of the vest, and there was also an outside collar, slightly flaring, of the lace-encrusted white cloth, with a wee glimpse of a coral satin lining. The toque was of coral satin antique, spotted with white chenille dots gauged into a very distinguished looking pompon, white birds trimming each side, the little affair set rather forward on the hair. There were two tailor made gowns that seemed very elegant even among these more elaborate toilettes. One was of dark violet satin cloth, the pouch bodice of a light shade of mauve, braided with scrolls of black plush, outlined with gold threads,

The small round basque and tiny rounded epanlette were of white cloth braided with gold and violet, and a strip of black satin formed the belt. Palest blue velvet was the material of the collar, and there was a gauged toque. The other was a splendidly-cut tailor gown of porcelain blue

faced cloth, trimmed very elaborately with little straps and tabs of the same cloth, piped with white suede, white mother of pearl buttons fastening the little tabs, and pearl and gold buckling, the white suede belt. The coat was cut in a round to disclose a small plastron of yellow velvet overlaid with



WORN AT A WEDDING.



THE NEW FICHU, FRILLS AND FUR.

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, Waingani:—'My dress is a great success.'
 Mrs D. G. Riddiford, Halcroec:—'The habit you have made for me is most satisfactory.'
 Mrs A. F. Roberts, Akaroa:—'My habit is a splendid fit.'
 Mrs Greenway, Auckland:—'The dress you have made me is most satisfactory.'
 Mrs Percy Baldwin, Wellington:—'I am very much pleased with the dresses. They fit perfectly.'
 Mrs Newman, Wellington:—'My dress fits perfectly and I am very much pleased with it.'
 Mrs C. Johnston, Wellington:—'I am very pleased with my dress.'
 Mrs Alice Crawford, Kilbirnie:—'My dress is a great success.'
 Mrs Shields, Dunedin:—'Mrs Shields received her gown today and is pleased with it.'
 Mrs V. T. Hitchings, Levin:—'The habit came to hand and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly.'
 Miss Tanner, Napier:—'I received the habit and it fits perfectly.'
 Miss McMaster, Martinboro:—'The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction.'
 Mrs Wilkie, Otakeho:—'Gown arrived safely and gives satisfaction.'
 Mrs Hole, Wanganui:—'My dress came last week and is perfect. I am very pleased with it.'
 Miss Herrick, Onga Onga:—'I am very pleased with my coat and skirt.'
 Mrs Hay, Annandale:—'Mrs Hay received the gown Nodine and Co. made for her, and is much pleased with it.'
 Mrs F. Riddiford, Hawera:—'My dress came in time, and fits very nicely. I am very pleased with it.'
 Mrs Sargent, Wanganui:—'I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it.'
 Mrs MacRae, Masterton:—'My dress and habit are very nice.'
 Mrs H. N. Watson, Patutahi:—'My dress is very satisfactory.'
 Miss Ormond, Wallingford, H.B.:—'I am very pleased with the dress you have just sent me.'
 Mrs C. J. Moore, Palmerston North:—'The costume arrived and is a perfect fit.'

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

Having been in continuous practice for 25 years (from the very beginning of the Tailor-made Era), and having made a special study of making from measurement only, we are in a position to say that for all ordinary figures dresses so made are the best (the shape being always good), when made by an artist who knows what figure is, and while we do not follow unscrupulous firms who profess to fit any figures without seeing them (which every lady knows is an absurdity), we can with 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.

heavy cream guipure, of which the collar was also built, this last finished with an edge of sable at the top. A large sable muff was slung about the neck of this gown on a chain of gold and pearls, and the little toque was of white suede and sable, with a twist of blue velvet and a sable brown tip. Over this went a carriage wrap of tan broadcloth, lined with white satin, in redingote shape, trimmed with castor brown velvet revers edged very narrowly with sable to the feet. The pouched back was strapped at the waist-line with velvet and cut steel, and the coat apparently fastened with little tabs of velvet in milliner's folds, and large cut steel buttons.

Sketched for this survey of fashion up-to-date is a modification of the Russian moujik, a coat combining green cloth and mouse-brown velvet, worn with a hat to match. The colours were a lovely combination of the softened hues so welcome after the crudities we have had to wear lately. Slashed at the sides, and with a basque of velvet, a collar also, and pointed vest, this made a completely fascinating wrap for the graceful girl who wore it. Her skirt was only very slightly trimmed with velvet, simulating a petticoat by slashings on the left side. Weddings are made very smart affairs nowadays.

Fichus are delightfully becoming, and the new sets of chiffon or net fichus, and sash en suite, transform a plain dress into a ball gown. The sash and fichu of white chiffon, covered with frills and ruelings, and showing a profusion of bebe ribbon as an edging for frills and rosettes is one of the dainties. Combinations of white and blue, cream and dahlia, or white and rose, are lovely in these sets. The sash is more usually worn at the back, where it spreads out, and forms a lovely finish.

Long chains, set with pearls or other stones, are worn much looped on bodice or blouse, and for evening wear are caught round the neck with a small jewelled brooch or pin, and again looped on the low corsage. Pearls, interspersed with paste, or finished with paste clasps, are much in favour, and the short, old-fashioned necklet, with locket or pendant, is now worn again. Heart-shaped lockets of quite a large size, and in the corner with a single stone, are also worn, and tiny coins and lockets depend from the fob chain, or are connected with the watch in some way. They contain, of course, the tenderest tokens, such as a photograph or a wisp of precious hair.

A GENERAL LOOK ROUND.

Some of the pouched blouses, without basques and worn with the very narrow medallion and filigree belts, are most attractive, owing to openings and insertions of the yoke and bib order; moreover, the new yet ever so old applique of black over colour, simulating panels, yokes, and centoures, appears to be exceedingly popular. Many of the stripes and vests are really insertion laid on colour, but not a few semi-transparent textures are arranged in this form, and worn over coloured slips.

Bright dahlia gradually merged into cerise and rose shades, and now a bright, pinky cerise and vivid tangerine yellow are the most popular tints for millinery, or, discreetly veiled, to figure on the gown. One of the prettiest black bodices of the season, and naturally in blouse form, is made in brown with amber velvet, in green with tangerine faille, or in black with vivid cerise, and albeit it is so simple, the style is delightful.

The favourite shades for dressy capotes are orange, mandarin yellow, empire green, and Sevres blue in various tones, ornamented with feathers such as golden pheasants and ostrich plumes.

Hats and bonnets are marvellous to behold, so varied are their forms and colours, but then it must be remembered that there are faces of all ages to suit, and also they must be in keeping with the costume and occasion. In London dress hats are no longer worn very large, the brims are flat, and sometimes raised with tufts, or half wreaths of flowers, or bouillonnes of velvet. For driving or visiting, dove-grey felt is much in vogue and looks well trimmed with sable and a little band of sable on one side towards the back.

HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.



UNLESS one happens to live very far from one's neighbours in a particularly beautiful part of the country, one is nearly always glad to find an artistic means of shutting up one of the windows at least. For such a purpose nothing is prettier than a fernery. People seem to imagine that to have a fernery it is necessary to call in some expert, to have a highly elaborate scheme devised, and to tell off somebody for its special care when executed. This is not at all the case; and I am going to give an account of how a pretty fernery may be manufactured without any more help than that of a 'handy man.' Let it be granted that ferns require a good light, but not a great deal of sun. The first thing to do is to get an inch pine board some 24 inches long by 18 inches wide, which is best made by gluing very narrow boards together. Around the bottom board, and at right angles with it, nail a strip of ash or walnut four to six inches wide. Now procure two pieces of glass, 24 inches by 18 inches each, two 18in by 18in, and one 25 inches by 19 inches. Set up the first four pieces in the tray, holding them in place by books piled against them, and paste over the united edges, at each corner outside, a tape one inch wide, turning it over a very little at the top, for the condensed moisture will soon loosen anything pasted inside. After allowing the tape to dry, cover it with a strip of dark paper; also bind the edges of the fifth and largest glass, which is to lie flat and unfastened on the top as the cover. Remove the books, and the fernery is completed when you have added a zinc pan to hold the earth and plants. This pan should be so fitted to the woodwork that the moisture that forms on the inside of the glass will run down into the pan, and not outside of it, as it would decay the woodwork in time. The pan should have an inch or more of broken pots and small bits of charcoal spread evenly over the bottom for drainage. After the case is placed and well moistened, it will need to

be watered but seldom. The proper soil for filling a case is made largely of leaf mould from the woods. Find a spot where wild ferns grow in profusion, and the soil is what is wanted. Add some fine loam made from rotted sod, but no manure unless so decayed that it is like rich black earth, and then be sparing of it. Any forist will give a list of the ferns which are most desirable to put in the case. If one lives near woods, there are many beautiful native ferns to be gathered, and roots of wild spring flowers may be added. It is not generally known that ferns may be raised simply by detaching one of the leaves from the parent plant, and laying it flat upon the surface of some earth placed in another pot. The leaf should be kept flat by securing it with small bits of wood at each end, and it must be fixed so that the tiny seeds at the back touch the earth. If this be properly managed any number of ferns may



A WINDOW FERNERY.

be raised. So much for our little fern garden on the outside, and now I think my readers will appreciate a suggestion for the arrangement of their flowers on the inside of the room. Pots are not always ornamental, and to produce a pretty effect it is sometimes necessary to raise one plant a little higher than the other, and the means by which this is done requires to be hidden from the too inquisitive eye of the general public. For this purpose an ordinary zinc box should be procured and then ornamented in any way the owner desires by the addition of laths of wood and canvas on to which the ornamentation can again be affixed. This, in the picture, consists of Louis XVI. scrolls laid against a quilting of satin; the former can be either gilded or enamelled white according to the rest of the decoration of the room.

I came across quite the most original of glove cases in helping a friend of mine, who is a great traveller, to unpack. I had never seen such a one before, but she told me that they were the most practical things in which to carry gloves, and that she never used any other kind; so I straightway made a sketch and here it is. Nothing could be simpler to make, but at the same time, like most simple things, the utmost nicety of handling and stitchery is required. You take two pieces of cardboard fourteen inches long and four inches wide, and these can be covered with any material you please, brocade on the outside, plain silk or satin on the in, has a very good effect. Coloured linens may be used and white satin with a delicate tiny peeping from underneath is charming, but it really altogether depends on how and where you wish to use it.



AN ORIGINAL GLOVE CASE.

The initials, name of the owner, or the word 'Gloves' may be embroidered on the outside, and this, of course, must be done before the material is put over the cardboard. Very particular people prefer a loose flannel lining large enough to leave a margin to fall over the gloves, and this is, of course, very useful for travelling by sea or hot countries, for it preserves the gloves excellently from the damp. On each side of the cardboard in two places are narrow ribbons of sufficient length to allow of a dozen gloves or so to be carried; the special advantage of the case being its adaptability to either a quantity or a couple of pairs, and in any case the gloves are kept flat and tidy.

TACT IN THE SICK ROOM.

If there must be talking in a sick room let it be distinct and not in a suppressed voice, for nothing is more irritating to the sick than whispering, whether or not there is an effort to hear. No matter how weak or indifferent, or in how much of a stupor he may appear to be in, the patient may yet be conscious of every word you say, and be discouraged by any unfavourable remark you make in his hearing. In his weak condition it may be the last strain the nervous system is able to bear, and thus your own words may perhaps prove the means of making your unfavourable prognosis of his case true. Persons in such a very delicate condition sometimes only partially hear and understand remarks thoughtlessly made in their presence, and their minds being weak, and the imagination unrestrained, their worst fears are excited, and the stimulus of hope being taken away, the feeble flame of life is thus sometimes extinguished when it might otherwise have rallied for many more years of life. There is no doubt that many well-meaning and well-intentioned persons with every desire to minister to the wants of those who are on a sick bed, helpless and in pain, add to the sufferings of the patients by this thoughtless and inconsiderate conduct. A little exercise of tact and common sense would alter all this.

QUERIES.

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

RULES.

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

RECIPES.

TO-DAY'S DINNER.

- Sardines on toast.
- Oyster soup.
- Stewed pigeons.
- Mutton cutlets.
- Cabbage. Potatoes.
- Cream tapioca pudding.
- Fruit. Coffee.

Egg soup is prepared as follows:—Fry about four ounces of butter a nice golden colour, and add to it one dessertspoonful of flour, and one small onion chopped up very finely. Stir this over a slow fire for six or seven minutes, and then add two pints, or less—it depends on the quantity of soup required—of warm milk, and stir well for a quarter of an hour. Then add quickly the well-beaten yolks of four or six eggs and stir again for a few minutes longer. Serve with small squares of buttered toast.

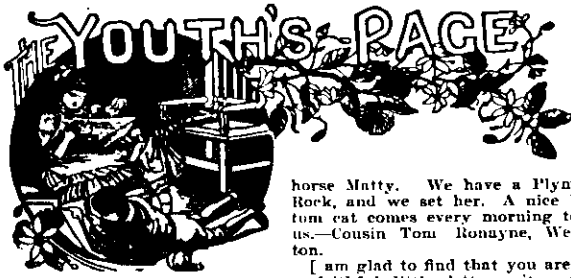
Lemon Kaff Cake.—Flour, half a pound; sugar, two ounces; lard, two ounces; candied peel, one ounce; lemon kaff, half an ounce; one egg, a little water. Rub the lard into the flour, add the dry ingredients, mix well, then the egg well beaten, and sufficient water to make it rather stiff paste. Bake in a greased cake tin for one hour in a moderate oven.

Compote of Prunes.—This is quite a winter dish, and very suitable for this time when we cannot procure fresh fruit; but as its medicinal properties are so valuable it is frequently welcome all the year round. Wash the fruit in warm, but not hot, water, and to one pound of prunes allow half a pound of sugar, a pint of cold water, and the thin rind and juice of a lemon. Put all into a stew-pan and simmer for an hour, or until they mash when being pressed. Strain the fruit and set it aside. Boil the syrup until it is very thick and on the point of turning to sugar, then pour it over the prunes, turn them about gently, so that they become well coated, and let them remain undisturbed for 12 hours before serving.

Coconut Sandwiches.—Roll out half a pound three-fold puff paste a quarter of an inch thick, place it in a baking tin and bake a golden brown; when cooked let it get cold, beat half a pint of cream to a stiff froth, add to it three ounces of castor sugar and three ounces of grated coconut; cut the paste into strips, three inches long and one inch wide, spread some cream on each piece, then put it thoroughly, then add half a pound of castor sugar, over each sandwich, and pile on a tea plate.

Queen's Pudding.—A good slice of bread made into crumbs, put in a pie dish with a pint of milk, sugar and any kind of flavouring you like best, and the yolks of two eggs. Bake in a very slow oven, just enough to set it. Then lay on the top a good table-spoonful of jam with the whites of the eggs whipped to a very stiff froth; pile it on the top and just lightly brown.

Cream Tapioca Pudding.—Soak three table-spoonfuls of tapioca over night, put it into a quart of boiling milk and boil it half an hour, using a double boiler. Beat the yolks of four eggs with one cup of sugar; add three table-spoonfuls of prepared or fresh coconut, stir it in and boil ten minutes longer; pour this mixture into a baking dish, beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir in three table-spoonfuls of sugar and spread this over the pudding; sprinkle the top with coconut, and brown in the oven for five minutes.



**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 enclosure ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 100, 1d.; not exceeding 100, 1d.; for every additional 100 or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

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

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

NOTICE.

Cousin Kate begs to acknowledge the arrival from Waipawa of a large, pretty doll with a complete outfit of nicely made clothes, and she also wishes to warmly thank E. P., Waipawa, for the thoughtful gift. As there is no one in the GRAPHIC COUSINS' COT at the Hospital just now—little Hazel having left—it has been thought advisable to give the pretty doll to gladden the hearts of the children at present in the Children's Ward instead of waiting until the 'Graphic Cot' has another occupant.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have wanted to write to you before, but mother said I must wait till I could write well enough for you to read. I am eight years old, but I do not go to school; mother teaches me at home. Father gave me the Jungle Book on my birthday last week, and I can read it myself quite plain, and mother says the big words over for me. I like to read about the boy who lived with the wolves like one of themselves. It would be nice to know just what beasts mean by the noises they make. I have a big Newfoundland dog, and sometimes when he barks it sounds as if he were trying to say something, only he can't say the words. I was going to tell you about myself and father and mother and my little brother and the place where we live, but this letter is very long, and I will tell you next time. Mother reads the Cousins' letters to me, and I should like to be a cousin, dear Cousin Kate.—From Arthur Brydon, Parahi.

I was very pleased to get your nice letter, and shall also be very pleased to accept you as a cousin. So you have got Mr Kipling's clever Jungle Book and are finding out for yourself what a delightful book it is. One never tires of hearing of wise Baloo and kind Bagheera and wicked Shere Khan, and the Jungle Folk seem all to love such a good one of it that, now and again, one is tempted to feel a wee bit sorry that one only belongs to the man-pack and can't go hunting with Grey Brother and the rest of them in the wonderful jungle. I hope that you will write soon again and tell me all that you couldn't manage to tell me in your letter this time.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you are quite well. I went to Petone and stayed four days, and had some rides on a horse. There were two horses, one named Karemo, and the other

horse Matty. We have a Plymouth Rock, and we set her. A nice black tom cat comes every morning to see us.—Cousin Tom Bonayne, Wellington.

[I am glad to find that you are such a faithful little letter-writer, for I like to get letters from the cousins. It must have been very nice to have had those rides on horseback when you were staying at Petone. Were they your first rides you have had, or have you ridden before? Has the Plymouth Rock hen which you set brought out any chickens yet? My hens have been behaving very badly, and have not only brought out no chickens but have not even been laying eggs. And it is no use scolding them, for they wouldn't understand that, would they?—Cousin Kate.]

MAKERS OF SILK.

Almost everyone is aware, at least in a vague way, that the most beautiful of fabrics, silk, is the product of a worm; but how many persons know the life history of this humble spinner?

The silkworm hatches from an egg not larger than a grain of mustard-seed. When it first emerges it is scarcely thicker than a hair, and not more than an eighth of an inch in length; but it is all activity and eagerness, and hurries hither and thither in search of food if this is not at hand.

When food has been supplied, the little blackish mites seek nothing more, but begin to eat and grow. Two hours' time will show an increase in their size.

The growth of silkworms is so rapid that in the course of four or five days their skins become too small for them and glisten with distention. Now when they are half an inch in length they cease feeding, fasten themselves firmly to some twig or withered leaf by means of their eight little abdominal 'pro-legs,' hold up the fore part of their bodies, and patiently await the bursting of their skins.

In about two days their skins split open a little way, and the worms crawl forth. It takes no slight endeavour to do this, and when it has been accomplished the worms rest for a little while before they begin to eat again.

This skin-coating process is undergone four times by each worm. There is an interval of several days of rapid growth between one moulting and another.

The last moult is the most difficult of all, and if the worms are in the least unhealthy many of them die.

When I reared silkworms some years ago, I always watched with interest the preparation for and the process of this last laborious casting of the skin.

Out of ten thousand worms perhaps three thousand would be in the state of preparation at the same time. Their attitude at this stage always reminded me of pictures representing monks at prayer. The worms at this stage are ashly white and about two inches long. Viewed from the back or side, they strikingly resemble small kneeling figures clothed in ash-white garments that trail behind them as they kneel.

The worms sit thus for perhaps three days and nights. A little prior to the splitting of the skin they often sway their bodies to and fro, as if they were in agony. The skin is cast this time only by strong exertion.

The worm, after it has extricated its head and its six forward legs, drops down into its natural prone position, and clinging to the twig or board to which previously it has fastened its old skin, tugs and strains to get its body free. This is accomplished only by slow degrees, until at last the tail is extricated with a final wrench.

The worm lies still, resting, after this hard struggle, sometimes for half an hour or more. When it begins to eat again it eats voraciously, and during the next eight or ten days con-

sumes more food than it has eaten during its whole previous life.

To supply ten thousand silkworms with food when they have reached this stage keeps one person constantly busy. The sound of their feeding can be distinctly heard; it resembles the pattering of rain upon leaves.

I do not know why it was so, but the sound of this weird pattering used to give me a creepy feeling when I went into my little magnanerie or silkworm nursery with a lamp, and gave my worms their midnight meal. I had no dread of the worms themselves. They were my pets, and I even thought them beautiful.

But when the strange unceasing pattering arose and increased all around me, as more and more of the hungry worms began to eat, I have often left the room hastily and fled upstairs to reach my room.

In eight or ten days after the fourth moult the worms reach their full growth. The largest of them are four inches long. They are smooth and creamy-white.

When spinning time arrives, the worm stops feeding and shrinks somewhat in size. For the first time since it was given food just after hatching it shows a disposition to crawl out of the feeding trays, where it has lived its whole previous life so contentedly.

This restlessness is caused by the promptings of an instinct which impels the worm to seek a suitable, secluded place in which to spin its cocoon. When such a place is found the work of silk-making begins.

The industrious little creature suspends itself by silken cables stretching in all available directions. A web-work interlacing with these cables, gradually narrows down, and finally, in the midst of this web-work, the cocoon assumes shape.

Doubled upon itself, in horseshoe shape, with its legs outward, the busy spinner winds about itself the silken threads, shaping them, finally, into a peanut-shaped 'pod.' This pod is the cocoon. The worm that spun it is inside of it.

The outside layer of the cocoon is the part first spun, of course, and its walls are gradually thickened by means of layers laid on from within. These layers are plastered on, first here then there, the silk threads being arranged in figure-eight-shaped loops. A glutinous substance holds them fast wherever the worm sees fit to place them.

In two or three days the cocoon is completed, and in six or seven days more the worm within it, by means of a final moult, becomes a chrysalis.

This chrysalis, if allowed to take its own natural course, will, in the space of fifteen days, become a snow-white moth, which will make its way out through the silken wall of the cocoon, and become the progenitor of another generation of silkworms.

The moth escapes from the cocoon by moistening the threads with an alkaline fluid and pushing them apart. This fluid dissolves the gluten which held the threads in place. The moth emerges through a round hole made at one end of the cocoon.

But cocoons from which the moths have issued are spoiled to such an extent as greatly to reduce their commercial value, for many of the silken threads are broken. To prevent them from being spoiled in this way a cruel process must be employed.

The cocoons, with their helpless, living architects inside, must be subjected to a draught of scalding steam, or to baking in an oven, or to the burning rays of a tropical sun-disk. The steaming process is the surest and quickest, and therefore the most merciful. It requires only twenty minutes of this treatment to kill completely the imprisoned chrysalides.

The oven-baking process requires from two to twenty-four hours, and the sun-baking process requires an exposure of several days. In baking in ovens the cocoons sometimes get burned, which ruins them. That the chrysalides are conscious of the working of the death-dealing process just mentioned is indicated by a low, humming sound, which subsides when all the little insects have perished.

Think of the suffering that one silk dress has cost! I have seen a statement somewhere to the effect that one hundred thousand silkworms perish for every forty yards of pure silk made. I think that estimate is low. Before the steaming or baking process is introduced a few of the finest

cocoons must be selected for the purpose of producing the next crop of worms.

These select cocoons are laid away until the moths emerge from them. Each female of these moths will lay about two hundred yellow eggs. If the eggs change to dark slate-colour soon after they are laid, it is a sure indication that under proper conditions they will hatch.

To prepare cocoons for reeling it is necessary to assort them according to their colour, as there are many different shades even among cocoons produced by the same race of worms, and the different races produce pods which vary from white to cream colour and deep golden yellow. The products of some races are even pinkish, or slightly green.

Cocoons of the same shade must be reeled together, or a streaked skein of silk will result.

The reeling process is simple, but it requires skill and excellent apparatus to do it well. The cocoons are plunged into boiling water, which dissolves the gluten with which the worm had plastered the threads together. This done, they can easily be unwound.

The threads from four or more cocoons must be reeled together, for the silk as spun by the worm is too fine for weaving.

NAOMI SHEPARD.

SAVED BY A COBRA.

An unusual kind of snake story is printed by the New York 'Sun' on the authority of John Bain, who served in the British cavalry in India.

I knew a case in which a cobra saved a British officer's life—not intending in the least to do so, of course. The officer had gone with a detachment to a district in northern India to bring to order one of the hill tribes that had been making trouble and had killed a civil officer or two. His quarters were at the bungalow of the magistrate of the district.

He had got things quieted down among the tribesmen and everything was safe, to all appearance, and was preparing to take life easy, when one night, sleeping at the bungalow, he heard a cobra moving about in his chamber.

A cobra looking about for prey, or when ready to fight, rears its head and about one-third of its body straight upward from the ground, and as the bed on which the officer lay was a low one he knew that if the cobra came to it he was very likely to get bitten. At any movement he made the cobra would hiss, showing that it was in an unpleasant temper; and to make things worse, the officer's night lamp had gone out, so that he could judge of the snake's position only by sound.

He stood the strain as long as he could and then made up his mind that he would at any rate get to a place where the snake could not reach him. A tall dressing-case stood against the wall, about six feet from the head of the bed. The officer reached out to a chair, set it half-way between the bed and the dressing-case, and then stepped from the bed to the chair, and from the chair to the top of the dressing-case. There he was safe from the cobra.

As he perched on the dressing-case in the dark, thinking how ridiculous and uncomfortable his position was, two hill men stole in at the door, rushed to the bedside and struck fiercely with their talwars the heap of bed clothing under which the officer had lain, before they discovered that he was not there.

The snake set up a loud hissing, which seemed to convince the assassins that the officer could not be in the room, and they went away without seeing him, passing the dressing-case not a step away.

The cobra presently crawled out of the room through the door they had left open, and the officer was able to get down from the dressing-case and raise an alarm. The two hill men he never caught, but he slept with a contented air during the rest of his stay in the district.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



THE CATS.

Hear the warbling of the cats—
Merry cats,
Oh, I like to hear the music of their mid-
night nightly spots
And they waltz around and frisk all,
In the icy air of night,
In a way so weird and brisk all,
While their shapely tails they whisk
all with a Cataline delight—
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Ionic flails,
To the concert-catenation, sung in sundry
sharps and flats.
Of a canticle on rats,
Rats, rats, rats,
Rats—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!
Hear the turbulent Tom cats,
How the catapublic howljack interrupts
their fiendish chabs!
In the darkness of the night,
How they shrilly sing in fright
Five sharps and flats!
From their cataconic throats,
And intense
Cataphonic ditty floats
To the turtle cat that gloats
On the fence—
Ah, the tabby cat that istens, while
she gloats,
To the surging cataclysm of their
wild catarrhal notes!
Hear the hoarse grandfather cata—
Aged cats!
How they make up long to grasp a score
of rattling good brickbats,
They have caught a bad catarrh,
Caterwauling at the moon!
(See it! Caught a bad cat R!)
You may hear it from afar,
Roll it like a British R,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby
cat,
In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf old
tabby cat!
Screaking higher, higher,
Like a demon in a fire—
While the little kitten cats—
Infant cats—
Sing an emulous, sweet ditty of their love
for mice and rats!
That's
But a rudimental spasm of the capers of
cats!

FLATTERING.
Author (first night of production): I think we may flatter ourselves on a success.
Misa de Vera: 'Lor, yes, we ladies of the ballet 'ave pulled worse pieces through.'

WHICH WAS THE LUCKY MAN?
Gargoyle (back in town after a year's absence): When I went away, Jones and Brown were rival suitors for Miss Twitter's hand. Which proved to be the lucky man?
Glanders: Can't tell that yet. She married Brown only about a month ago. Ask me again in about a year.

GIVING THEM A CHANCE.
'Then you don't believe in prestige derived from ancestors?'
'Not a bit; I believe in fixing things so my ancestors will derive prestige from me.'

A SETTLEMENT.
'When are you going to settle this bill?'
'We've had a settlement already.'
'When?'
'The last time you called.'
'How so?'
'Didn't I tell you then that I meant to settle the bill?'
'Yes.'
'Very well, then; wasn't that a settle meant?'

THE MORAL.
Teacher: 'What do we learn from the story of Samson?'
Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): That it doesn't pay to have women folks cut a fellow's hair.'

HIS EXCUSE.
Geraldine: 'This is so sudden.'
Gerald: 'I know it, but I never heard a word before to-day about your father having money.'

THE MEAN THING.
She: He kissed me, and then I told him to tell no one.
He: And what did he do?
'Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it.'

HE HELD HIS OWN.
'For goodness sake, Mary,' asked the young lady's mother at breakfast, 'what was the matter with you and Harry in the parlour last night?'
'Why, mamma? What?' inquired the daughter, demurely.
'Why, you rowed and quarrelled for half an hour like a pair of maniacs.'
'O!' she replied, remembering the circumstances. 'Harry wanted me to take the big chair, and I wanted him to take it, because he was company, you know.'
'Well, what did you quarrel about?'
'We didn't quarrel, mamma; only he insisted that I should take it and I wouldn't.'
'How did you settle it finally?'
'Well, mamma, we—we—we compromised and both of us took it.'

OPPRESSED.
Benevolent Party (cheerfully): 'I see Mr Edison expects to cure blindness by electricity.'
Blind Man (gloomily): 'Yes, these inventions are always driving some poor man out of business.'



WANTED TO BE SURE.
Mother: Now, Johnnie, pray for grandma's safety.
Johnnie: Has grandma got a bicycle?

BE SOLD THEM.
Officer (to new servant): Murphy, I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled.
Private Murphy: Good, sor.
Officer (later in the day): Did you take those boots, Murphy?
Private Murphy (feeling in his pocket and putting on the table eighteenpence): Yes, sor; and that's all I could get for them. The corporal who bought them said he would have given two shillings had it been pay-day. (Collapse of officer.)

DOUBTFUL BLISS.
Bachelor: How do you like married life?
Newlywed: Ah, Jack, you don't know what you're missing—that is, unless you count your wad every night and morning, and that's mean.

AN AFFAIR OF LITTLE MOMENT.
Englishman: 'I have no time to waste fighting a duel.'
Frenchman: 'It only requires two seconds.'

THE WORST OF WAITING.
All things come around to him who waits, but lots of things slide by while he is looking the other way.

MODERN SLAVERY.
A bootmaker in the South has this extraordinary announcement in his window:—'Ladies will be sold as low as 7s a pair.'

THE DIFFERENCE.
'They say a man is always nervous when he proposes.'
'And a girl is always nervous when he doesn't.'

TRAPPED.
Attorney: 'You say this defendant kissed you in a dark room?'
Fair plaintiff: 'Yes, sir.'
Attorney: 'Will you please explain to the Court how you came to enter a dark room with the defendant?'
Fair plaintiff: 'O, it wasn't dark when we went in. We turned the light out afterwards.'

EYE OPENER.
He (during the honeymoon): 'You don't know how lonely my bachelor life was, how unbearable the evenings were when I would have to sit alone in my dreary den and sew on buttons.'
She: 'Your evenings won't be dreary now, love. I can sit by you and thread your needle.'

VERY FOXY.
'Henry,' she said, discomulately, 'you didn't give me a birthday gift.'
'My Jove, that's so,' said Henry, 'but you see, you always look so young that I can't realise you ever had birthdays.'
Then she was happy, and he smiled the mean, subtle smile of a man who has saved money.

THE MAN AND THE DOG.
'Girls are queer. Often before a young woman falls in love she thinks more of a dog than anything else on earth.'
'Yes.'
'And then, after she has been married a while, she goes back to the dog.'

NOT LIKELY.
'He proposed to me on a post-card.'
'Did you accept him?'
'Of course not. Do you suppose I would marry a man who doesn't care a penny for me?'



NONE APPARENT.
He: You ought to see me search!
She: What motive power do you use on your bicycle?

A MIXED SPEECH.
When addressing a temperance gathering a week ago I unwittingly said that 'I missed many of the old faces I used to shake hands with.' As the audience roared and laughed, I wished I'd been a hundred miles away.'

NOT THERE, MY CHILD.
Clerical Friend: I hear you are having trouble in your church.
The Rev. Dr. Fourthly: Not a word of truth in it. The trouble is in the choir.

GETTING VENERED.
'So you are going away, Mrs Rusher?'
'Yes; we are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called "Colonel," and then we shall go to Washington to live.'

GUILTY.
'Daughter,' said the father solemnly, 'do you acknowledge that it was wrong to deceive me by kissing that young man after promising me not to?'
'Yes, papa, it was a two-faced action.'

THE BEST KIND OF VEGETARIAN.
Brown: I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you eat mutton.
Robinson: I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food.

A SHAME INDEED.
'You will agree with me, sir,' said the thin passenger with the shiny coat, 'that it is wicked to put brandy in mince pies?'
'Egad!' said the portly passenger with the shining nose, 'if it is good brandy, it is positively sacrilegious.'

HE KNEW THE PUBLIC.
Author: 'I always test my poems by reading them to my wife.'
Friend: 'Ah, yes—and you use those she likes?'
Author: 'No, those she doesn't.'



FEMININE SWEETNESS.
'Fancy meeting you.'
'Yes, I certainly never expected to see you here. Who gave you a pass?'—Pick-Me-Up.



STILL IT SAVED GAS BILLS.
Mother: 'I don't think you ought to expect him to propose just yet, my dear.'
Daughter: 'Well, ma, I think he's kept me in the dark quite long enough.'—London Sketch.