

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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"MISSED 'IM AGAIN"

(The second Want of Confidence Motion this session resulted in a victory for the Government, who scored a majority of twelve.)

HEADACHE

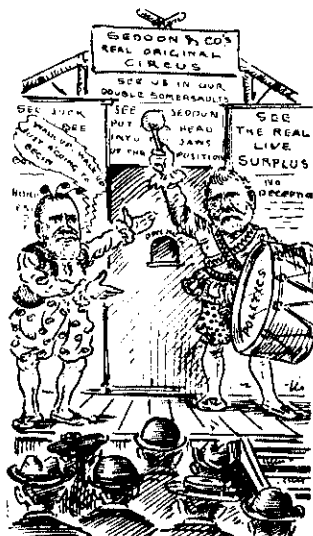
Readers of this paper should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists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

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CURED.

TOPICS WEEK.

THE COMING ACT.

THE decline, alleged or actual, in the New Zealand birth rate, appears to be still attracting a great deal of attention at home, and those who hold the theory that a high standard of education and comfort involves a falling-off in both the birth and death rates are quoting us as their stock example. The distinction is a very doubtful honour. It is gratifying to know that we are so well placed compared with most other countries in the world in the matter of comfort and education, but if it is to be purchased at the price of a stationary native population, or one that is actually declining as in France, it may be questioned whether we would not rather prefer to be a trifle less comfortable and cultured. At present, say the statisticians, two things save the colony from an arrest of the growth of population: first, the death rate, 9.3 in the thousand, which is the lowest recorded of any country in the world; and second, the small but appreciable immigration. Naturally, everyone may be reckoned on to keep the death rate down so far as he or



"Holding out inducements to the people of other countries to come to us."

she is able; and the Government will do what it can to raise the immigration rate by holding out inducements to the peoples of other countries to come and make their homes with us. But after all that is done there still remains unaltered the

chief factor in the increase of population—births, and the question is, what can be done to raise the birth rate, which we are told has fallen more than twelve points in the last sixteen years. That question has not, I understand, escaped the watchful eye of the Premier, and he has for some time past had under his most careful consideration various suggestions for augmenting the birth rate in the colony. Nothing will be said of the matter in the House this session, or perhaps not even next. The chances are that Mr Seddon will make the legislation on this important matter which he is now exciting the main plank in the Government platform at the general election. What his precise intentions are I do not know, for I am not in his confidence, but it is whispered the new Bill will be the most up to date and progressive piece of statecraft that was ever promulgated, and that it must ensure the Government an enormous majority at the polls. I have endeavoured to get some inkling as to the lines on which it will proceed, but it is difficult even to obtain that, so absolute is the secrecy observed regarding it. One or two little points, however, I have heard mooted. One of these is the imposition of a very heavy bachelor tax; another is the voting annually out of the Consolidated Fund of a large sum to be distributed in bonuses to the fathers and mothers of large families and of twins, triplets, etc.; and yet a third point, most important of all, will be a provision making it compulsory for every married man to have a family of at least four children. The fines and penalties attaching to non-compliance with this provision will, I learn, be very severe. The measure may be expected to create a bigger sensation in the colony and to spread our fame further abroad than anything in the way of law-making the Government has yet turned out.

A PRESENT DAY ULYSSES.

THE story comes from San Francisco of a man whose adventures might, if there was a Homer to sing them, form a companion volume to the Odyssey. He suddenly made his appearance on the deck of the ship Enlome when she was three days out from Newcastle (N.S.W.) on her voyage to America. The mysterious nature of his coming would perhaps in the early days of the world have secured him that deferential reception which was accorded a demi-god, but skippers of the nineteenth century do not explain such mysterious visits in that way, and the stranger was put down as a stowaway, which he undoubtedly was. But this was no ordinary specimen of the stowaway. He told the captain, apparently with pride, that he was a professional deadbeat. "I've beaten my way," he added, "over every railroad line in America; I've beaten my way on every steamship line that runs to and from Europe; I've beaten my way to the Southern Seas, and from there to the Arctic; and I beat my way to Australia; but I'll never do it again. No chance back there for a deadbeat to make an honest living." There is something singularly attractive at first sight in this record of many wanderings by land and sea. Cooped up in this narrow little island, do we not often sigh to see the world, its cities and men, but are deterred from venturing abroad because of the want of cash? Yet here is a man who shows it can be done on absolutely nothing. Is there not something refreshingly novel in the picture of this happy-go-lucky individual strolling round the world with his hands in his pockets and taking no thought for the morrow? Here we toil and sweat and groan to make no more than he has made without any particular sweating or toiling, and with this difference, that while he has gained some acquaintance with this little planet we are hedged in a miserable little corner of it. Oh! ye ho! the wide world oh! was it not made so wide to give room for wandering in it? as Goethe says. Why can't we snap our fingers at convention, burst all links of habit, and wander far away like our friend the deadbeat? Why must we put money in our purses—always that eternal money—before we set out on the tour? Well, you must answer that question for yourself. The deadbeat has shown us that the

thing is feasible. And yet again, looked at from another point of view, it is obviously not without its disadvantages nowadays—this rollinground the world. Ordinary individuals like you and me cannot reckon on goddeses to shepherd and to shield us as Ulysses had. Besides, the world does not treat wanderers as it used to do. There are Vagrancy Acts, and you are liable to be hauled before the magistrate for having no visible means of support. Civilization has multiplied the conveniences of life, but if you have no cash you cannot take advantage of them. But let it further be said, the inducements to travel are after all not what they were in Ulysses' time. There are indeed modern marvels—the Paris Exhibition, for instance—but what is that to the Cyclops, the House of Circe, the Sirens, and the wonders that the great king met in his wanderings? No; the world is a very commonplace sort of a world, and I am not sure that I would not as lief stay where I am as go 'on the wallaby.'

WHAT IS A SURPLUS?

A GREAT deal of difference of opinion prevails all over the colony as to the precise nature of a surplus in national finance, and on the point whether what Mr Seddon calls by that name is the right kind of one or not. The true surplus is the flower, the efflorescence of the fiscal tree produced by no unnatural stimulation or exhaustion of the soil in which it grows. You may of course by skilful forcing produce as great marvels in the treasury garden as you can in another garden. You have but to water the plant unsparingly with refreshing dews squeezed from the taxpayer, and you will get astonishing results. I make no doubt that the Pharaohs of old were able to show magnificent surpluses. But that sort of political horticulture is very justly condemned, and a surplus, however fine, produced in this way reflects no credit whatever on the gardener in the eyes of those who know how it is managed. It is maintained by some people that



"assert that the financial statement is nothing but a huge puzzle picture. The picture puzzle of the year."

Mr Seddon's present surplus is of this nature—a purely artificial growth, a mere monstrosity; a denial of all natural economics; and we are sadly assured that no good can come of such freaks. Mr Seddon as head gardener in the meantime proudly flaunts his latest success before the eyes of his opponents. He tells them that when they had their lease of the garden they could grow nothing but common deficits in it; and he and his followers saunter about with sprigs of the wonderful blossom in their coats, so to speak. They say that for some time after the deliverance of the Financial Statement the other day the House was odorous with surplus. Yet the Government's rivals poo-poo the whole thing as an unmeaning craze. Some even hint that there are really no flowers there after all, but that they are mere paper roses that Mr Seddon tied on to the tree, useful to make a passing display and pretty and attractive when seen at a safe distance, but not to be examined too carefully, and on no account touched. Other critics of the Opposition, varying the metaphor, assert that the

whole Financial Statement is nothing more or less than a huge picture puzzle—the picture puzzle of the year. To the problem it propounds, 'Find the Surplus' numbers in vain have applied their brains with no success as yet, say these critics, and although any number have exclaimed, 'Oh, of course, I see it now!' that was only to cloak their apparent stupidity. See it they certainly never did, and one or two declare that if you twist the picture upside down you will find that what is supposed to be a surplus is really a deficit. What are common, matter-of-fact people like you and me to make of all this? In our little financial arrangements we know precisely when we have a surplus—though it may be seldom enough—and we know a deficit when we have to deal with one too. Why should there not be the same unmistakable clearness in national finance? Why should not the surplus be such a thing that there can be no two opinions about?

THE MODERN LIE.

THE bursting of the rocket millionaire Hooley at the zenith of his flight has afforded the world generally an interesting fireworks display. It is not so often that rockets of this kind when they explode scatter so many brilliant stars as Hooley has done, and teach us so many useful lessons on the nature of such explosives. The latest of these lessons reveals an almost undreamt of capacity for lying on the part, either of the British commercial or the



"What a poor deluded public it is."

British aristocratic world—one can scarcely say which, but the probability is that honours, or dishonours, in that respect are even. Whether the falsehood was more on Hooley's side or more on the side of the noblemen, etc., whom he declared had blackmailed him, is a secondary affair to the outside public. The main thing after all to them is that such a cool deliberate faculty for lying should be found among men presumably most respectable and trustworthy whose names were taken by the great public as guarantees of the honesty and genuineness of the enterprisers to which they, so to speak, stood god-fathers. In these recent revelations we have only had a hint of the potentialities that existed in that way; but does it not make one stop and consider what mountains of falsehood, deceit, pervariation, have in all likelihood gone to the building up of these same enterprisers? What a poor deluded public it is! Because it saw the name of a man who was reputed to have won wealth or notoriety, or was a baronet, or a lord, or something at the head of some prospectus, the poor public swallowed the same prospectus whole, never dreaming that the millionaire or the nobleman could possibly seek to deceive it. You, dear reader, would probably have doubted the flattering tale of hope embodied in that prospectus had your neighbour told it you, and even had your father confided it to you with his dying lips you might have hesitated to accept it. But who could question the word of a millionaire or a real live member of the British nobility? This Hooley affair, I am afraid, is calculated to shake that faith. Noblemen or millionaires, and probably both, have apparently a talent for lying for which they never got full credit. I wonder if the talent is confined to them. Scarcely; and yet one hesitates to believe that all British commercial life is tainted as this company promoting circle would appear to have been. Do men lie and coun-

ter-lie from the merchant prince down to the coffee-stall keeper? Not a bit of it. They may and do permit themselves to diverge a little from the straight and narrow way. There are business lies just as there are social lies. But colossal lying is not the fashion in the one sphere any more than in the other. No business and no society could exist in such an atmosphere. The realm of colossal lying belongs to the company promoter. In a larger proportion of cases than one cares to think a lie is the most valuable of all instruments in his hands, and the power of systematic falsehood the surest key to wealth. In his case you have the apotheosis of the lie. He has found in it a sure resource in every time of need. Great is the lie proper in the hands of the man who is expert in its use. You clumsy liar, of course, comes to grief sooner or later — though generally much later than one looks for; but the adept at the business may go down to the grave wept, honoured, and sung.

THE FINANCIAL DEBATE.

ANYONE who has any knowledge to speak of about the inside of Parliament knows that the Financial Debate is least of all a debate of finance. Why this is the case can be easily demonstrated. In the first place, although the Financial Statement is taken by the outside world to be a truthful exposition of the Government's financial policy, a large section in the House refuses to accept it as such, and the Government, knowing the utter hopelessness of trying to convince that section of unbelievers, do not greatly try, but content themselves with the faith of those who undoubtedly accept their word for it. Then again, you must consider how small comparatively is the number in the House of those who have really any head for figures and how difficult it is for those who have some faculty in that direction to master in their entirety all the tables and statements in the Budget. I question whether there is ten per cent. of our representatives capable of passing a very simple examination on the Budget. After all, they are men very much like ourselves; and like us, so far as the Budget is concerned, they live mainly by faith or by scepticism. I am sure that not one man in the whole assembly, the Treasurer himself included, ever gets the hang of every one of the figures, and the rank and file stick to such leading features as the surplus, the debt, and the borrowing proposals without going too deeply into details. This being the position, you can understand how, when debate comes on financial criticism, a small part in it. How can you talk about a thing of this kind if you know next to nothing concerning it? Other matters lend themselves readily to the discursive loquacity of ignorance, but you can't do much with figures in that way. Long ago this was recognised, and thus arose that almost unlimited latitude which is allowed speakers in the Financial Debate. As the rules of the House now stand a member is at liberty to talk of anything he likes under cover of the Financial Statement, and if you could follow their remarks you would find that most of them take full advantage of the license. The debate offers the opportunity of the session to a very large number of members of all kinds. Those men whose ideas are limited and who in spite of their adopted vocation have but a very loose grasp of political questions, have now a chance of telling the House what they do know. As I said before, you are free to talk about anything while the Financial Debate is on. You may range far and wide in search of subject, air your pet theories on social or commercial, literary or sporting topics. If you have any special knowledge on any matter under the sun now's your time to bring it to the light and make the most of it. For this reason stupid members often appear quite brilliant during the time this debate is in progress. I have known representatives who in their so-called Budget criticism rose like a rocket out of the dark of low level mediocrity. Certainly they descended again almost as quickly, but they were corrupted for a moment in the firmament of Parliament, which they would never have done had it not been for the license allowed in the debate.

THE LATEST 'WANTED.'

I READ the other day in an Auckland paper the following advertisement:—Wanted, an elderly gentleman for housework; small wages, good home. My first thought was that the traditional newspaper scapegoat, the poor compositor, had been at it again, and had unwittingly substituted gentleman for gentleman; but, prompted by curiosity to inquire into the matter, I found that there had been no mistake, and that what the advertiser really desired was a man, not a woman. And, after all, why not? Throw aside your prejudices in the matter, if you can, and you will find there is nothing extraordinary in such an arrangement, even if it has a novel appearance on the outside. Nay, the very novelty should be an attraction rather than the reverse. To be waited on by an elderly gentleman, if he were up to the business, would be something so entirely new to most of us that at the outset I think we would enjoy the change till we became accustomed to it, and then in all likelihood we would find that it was preferable to the old plan. The great difficulty to the scheme in general does not lie in any objection that might be entertained against elderly gentlemen as elderly gentlemen, but in the scarcity of elderly gentlemen able and willing to take the position. Gentlemen have not as a rule a pronounced faculty for housework, and they do not naturally acquire it with increasing years; and, even if possessed of it, it is questionable whether you would find many of them prepared to exercise it in the service of another on the conditions we are supposing. But perhaps we are putting too narrow a construction on the use of the term gentleman, as used by the advertiser. Does not the kindred term lady enjoy in this democratic land a range of application that practically knows no limits? Is it not becoming more and more difficult to find a woman among the adult females of

Portrait of the 'lady' who does the wash for the woman as lives down the road.



'becoming more and more difficult to find a woman among the adult female population. Are they not all ladies now?'

our population? Are they not all ladies nowadays? By the same process probably the men are becoming all gentlemen, and the advertiser may have worded his request for the elderly gentleman out of deference to the change that is creeping over us. If that is so, we may expect similar requests for 'gentlemen' to mend our roads, 'ladies' to milk our cows, and so on. This politeness may seem distinctly commendable to some people. To me it seems only detestably snobbish. Of course, any working man or woman may be much more of a gentleman or lady than hundreds who without question are accorded that title. The words are shamefully misused as it is, but I don't see how you will mend matters by an enlargement of the area of distribution.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

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.

'Heartbroken Maisie.'—Give him a chance to explain. Appearances are against him, but such heartlessness would scarcely be natural in the man you describe.

'X.Y.'—Try this lotion for the scar of which you complain: Alcohol, 12 grams; tincture benzoin, 2 grams; liquid storax, 2 grams. Add five drops of this mixture to half a glass of water. Use at night, letting it dry on.

'An Unsuccessful Competitor.'—Try again. Take great care with your writing and put your heart into it, and you may succeed next time.

'Apollo's Lyre.'—Judging from the specimens of your verse which you send me, you certainly have got nothing to do with the nom de plume you have chosen.

'Offended Dignity.'—No, you could not accept an invitation given under such circumstances without a loss of self-respect.

'June.'—Pour vinegar over fish to make the scales come off easily.

'Newly Wd.'—All grease spots can be easily removed from upholstered furniture by using either or chloroform for silk, and the best spirits of turpentine for woollen stuffs.

'James R.'—I should term your request amazingly insolent did not the whole tenor of your letter show me clearly that you are a very ignorant young man to whom the first principles of good breeding are unknown. Please do not write me again until you have taken the trouble to acquire those first principles.

'Amateur Gardener.'—Yes, they would be best kept in pots all the year round.

'Geraldine.'—I have already complied with your request.

'Stage Struck.'—Your question seems to me quite ridiculous. How can I tell whether you are likely to make your mark on the stage or not?

'Wandering Sunbeam.'—This is not the best time of the year for making the trip. You should wait now till the spring.

'In a Dilemma.'—Write at once and confess the whole truth to her.

'Newly Married.'—Choose your furniture with careful deliberation since you are richer in leisure than money.

'Edith R.'—Let your scarf simply encircle the waist, form a large bow at the back somewhat to the left, and then fall down to the edge of the skirt.

'Julia.'—Grammar and algebra are not essential for a wife. Cooking and domestic duties are.

'Young Lady.'—Your bedroom must be badly ventilated.

'J.A.R.'—There is no objection to a club for women, always provided it does not interfere with home duties.

'Reta.'—There are only spelling faults in every line of your letter, even including the date 'July.'

'G.M.'—You cannot hope for happiness in the course you are pursuing.

'Pansy.'—Guests should leave a party at the hour specified in the invitation, unless specially pressed to remain.

'D.B.'—Dump your paper first.

'Hostess.'—Arrange some old-fashioned parlour games for the children. Supper may be cocoa, sandwiches, cakes, buns, bananas and oranges.

'Elia.' 'R.B.' 'Elia.'—Returned, with thanks.

It would be ridiculous to assert that a red, rough hand was evidence of a fiery and uncouth disposition; but it might be significant of a want of due attention to personal appearance. Naturally this affects the gentler, rather than the sterner, sex, since it is demanded of the former that the hands should be shapely, soft, white and cool. Now Wilton's Hand Emollient will secure all these attributes to those who use it. Price 1s. per jar. Sold by all Chemists. One jar will be sent by post on receipt of 1s. in stamps.—G. W. Wilton, Adelaide Road and Willis St., Wellington.

ANECDOTES

SENSIBLE ARRANGEMENT.

What Sir Daniel Lysons believes to have been the first case of a settlement of an 'affair of honour' on the Duke of Wellington's plan is described by him in his 'Early Reminiscences.' It occurred in Halifax about the middle of the present century.

One day Captain Evans came to me boiling over with wrath and indignation. He said he had been grossly insulted by Captain Harvey, the Governor's son, and begged me to act as his friend. I agreed, provided he promised to do exactly as I told him. He consented.

I called on Captain Harvey's friend, Captain Bourke, and we agreed to abide by the Duke of Wellington's order about duelling, which had just then been promulgated at Halifax.

We carried out our intentions as follows: We made each of our principals write out his own version of what had occurred. We then chose an umpire. We selected Colonel Horn of the Twentieth Regiment, a clear-headed and much respected officer. With his approval we sent him the two statements, and he directed us to come to his house the following morning with our principals.

At the appointed time we arrived, and were shown into the dining-room. We bowed formally to each other across the table, and awaited the appearance of our referee, Colonel Horn soon entered, and addressing our principals, said:

'Gentlemen, in the first place, I must thank you for having made my duty so light. Nothing could be more open, generous or gentlemanlike than your statements. The best advice I can give you is that you shake hands and forget that the occurrence has ever happened.'

They at once walked up to each other and shook hands cordially. They were the best of friends ever after.

EJECTING A PATIENT.

The following story, told by the poet Tennyson, is a graphic illustration of Abernethy's manners toward a certain class of patients who vexed his professional spirit:

A farmer went to the great doctor, complaining of discomfort in the head, weight and pain. The doctor asked, 'What quantity of ale do you take?'

'Oh, I taaks mu yale pretty well.' Abernethy, with great patience and gentleness: 'Now, then, begin the day, breakfast. What time?'

'Oh, at haafe past seven.'

'Ale then? How much?'

'I taaks my quart.'

'Luncheon?'

'At eleven o'clock I gets another snack.'

'Ale then?'

'Oh yees, my pint and a haafe.'

'Dinner?'

'Haafe past one.'

'Any ale then?'

'Yees, yees, another quart then.'

'Tea?'

'My tea's at haafe past five.'

'Ale then?'

'Non, noa.'

'Supper?'

'Nine o'clock.'

'Ale then?'

'Yees, yees. I taaks my fill then. I goes asleep afterward.'

Like a lion aroused, Abernethy was up, opened the street door, shoved the farmer out, and shouted, 'Go home, sir, and let me never see your face again! Go home, drink your ale, and die!' The farmer rushed out aghast, Abernethy pursuing him down the street with shouts of, 'Go home, sir, and die!'

The 'Pall Mall Gazette' says:—Mr Gladstone was no laudator temporis acti. Mr Dewey tells a characteristic story of him which brings this out. It was a dinner party at Lord Rosebery's. Mr Gladstone raised the question at which period of the world's history one would choose to live. He went over all the great epochs—Egypt, with her wonderful civilisation; Greece at her prime, with her wealth and learning; her simplicity, and her beauty; Rome at the hour of her greatest strength, when she was mistress of the world; Italy at the time of the Renaissance; and so on down to to-day. 'If I had my choice of them all,' he said, 'I would select the period covered by the last fifty years, because it has been the half-century of emmelpation.'

SPAIN'S NATIONAL SPORT. * *

The Revolting Horrors of a Madrid Bull-Fight.

The Spaniard will tell you that his national sport is seen to best advantage at Madrid, except, occasionally, at Seville. The reason of this is that bull fights are so costly that the manager of the show can only put on a first-class production where he has a fair chance of getting his money back from an audience sufficiently numerous and ready to pay no trifling price for its excitement. No one, not even a Spaniard, could seriously say he went to a bull fight for amusement.

The bull ring of Madrid stands a mile or so outside the city. It was

average, about £3 apiece, and as the various bull fighters employed all receive for a single performance salaries that would content our own highly-paid music hall performers for a week, it is obvious that the expenses of the show must be enormous.

Consequently, as at our own Italian opera, the better seats are offered for subscription at the beginning of the season. These are taken up so largely in Madrid, that a stranger has some difficulty in obtaining accommodation in the better positions.

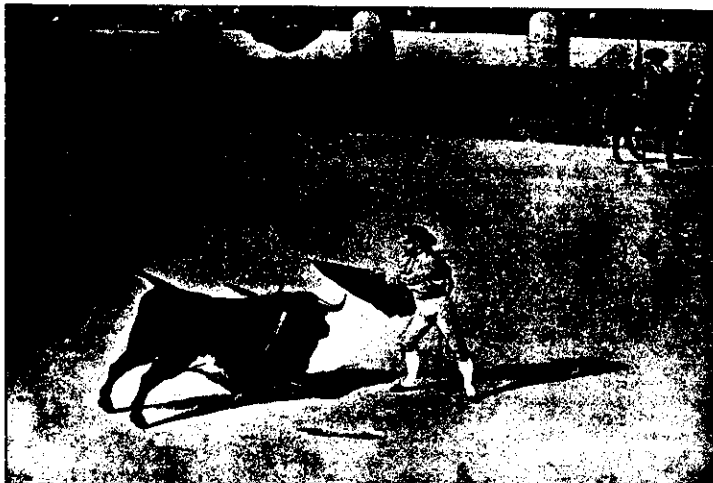
The performance was to begin at

just, however, seemed to be entirely shelved for a time.

Punctually at 4.30, to some very mild cheering, the various performers, in the traditional dresses, paraded according to the customary ritual. Each of the first two bulls took a whole half-hour to kill, nor did either fall until he had done to death three of the sad looking old horses that are ridden by the picadors. It is only this preliminary portion of the combat that it is really repulsive to watch. You may not appreciate the manoeuvres of the espada as he stands with his naked sword before the tired but still infuriated animal; at the same time you cannot but admire to some extent his undoubted pluck and agility. You are interested, though to a less extent, in the skill and dash with which the unarmed banderilleros circumvent the angry beast, and successfully plant their pairs of barbed darts into his

neck, however, seemed to be entirely shelved for a time. Often enough the rider makes little or no effort to avoid the bull's onslaught. His own legs, thickly padded, run little danger from the terrible horns; he has merely to fall cleverly (and this is scarcely horsemanship) when his mount is lifted off the ground or overborne by the bull.

The poor horse, long since broken out of shying, waits the assault calmly. It seems in no way to anticipate the awful attack so unprovokedly to be made upon it by the bull. Even when the bull actually charges, the horse seldom attempts to escape, and in a second of time he is gored in the flank or quarter to a depth of a foot or more of the bull's horn. Sometimes the poor beast escapes for a while to receive a similar attack a few minutes later, some times he is fortunate enough to be killed outright. The bull, thrusting his horn deeper



RAISING HIS IRE.



WAITING THE CHARGE.

built in 1874, at a cost, it is said, of £80,000. The style is Moorish. The building itself is like a gigantic circus, of which the ring has a diameter of about seventy yards. This ring is surrounded by a heavy red painted wooden barrier, of a height of some 5ft., over which the minor performers vault out of the ring when pursued closely by the bull. This feat is rendered even easier than it looks by a narrow bench which runs all round the barrier, placed at some two feet above the ground.

There is accommodation, one is told, for 14,000 spectators. Prices of admission vary from about two shillings for a seat on the granite steps, which form the first thirteen tiers of seats, beginning at the ring side, to 160 pesteras, or even more, for a box in the upper rows. Inasmuch as six bulls, each worth from £40 to £60, were killed during the afternoon, and about eighteen horses, probably worth, on an

4.30 p.m., but for fully an hour before the ring was full of men, chiefly of the lower classes, who seemed to find an intense pleasure in treading the arena of the combats. A very indifferent brass band played circus music from time to time. As the hour of commencement approached the ring quickly cleared, while the circular rows of seats became in parts densely crowded. The frequenters, all respectably dressed in more or less English fashion, reminded one of the men one sees at the enclosed racecourses round London, save that there was no betting and no rowdiness or shouting.

There was a fair number of ladies present both of the upper and middle classes, but I was told that the attendance of the gentler sex had much diminished of late years, and that on the present occasion many had doubtless abstained from coming because of the war, and the news of certain Spanish defeats. This unpleasant sub-

neck at the very moment of his charge. Even the gay-clad chulos who keep the bull moving, and skip nimbly out of the way as he charges at their tantalising cloak, may be watched with interest, owing to the apparent danger they run, and the ready tricks by which they escape it. But the picador's 'business' is truly revolting in its cruelty, as well as contemptible in many ways.

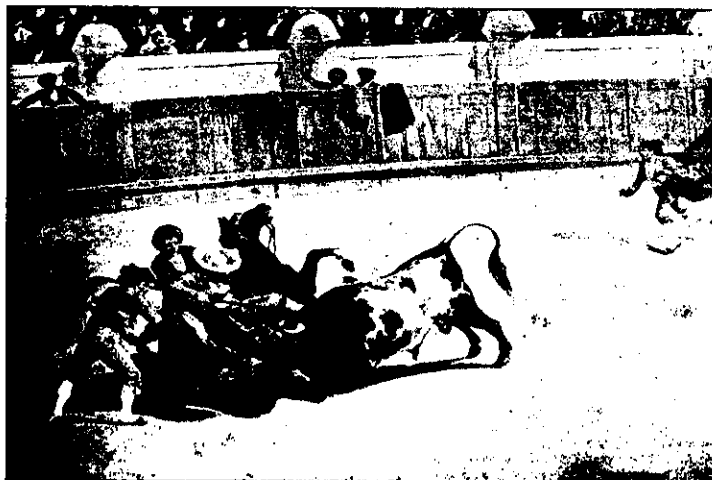
There are never more than two picadors in the ring at once. Each in turn engages the bull, after he has been teased a little by the chulos. Their miserable old horses are supposed to be blindfolded, but this is seldom the fact, as the picador has a habit of uncovering at least one eye, for fear the frightened animal should dash him blindly against the barrier. All he has to do is to tease the bull with his pretence lance. His sole duty seems to be the letting of his horse be killed by the bull. There is

and deeper to the very hilt, may reach a vital part, and overthrow the horse, who falls, and never moves again.

But this is not the worst; this is not nearly the worst. In the case just described the horse is simply killed outright. The spectacle is horrid to watch, no doubt, and so far as sport is concerned it would be equally sporting to see a led horse run over by a train. Sometimes—too often—the bull is not content to charge blindly at the horse's side or hindquarters. Instead, he lowers his head, places it under the horse's belly, and attempts to toss or lift steed and rider from the ground. In this he is seldom successful, but one ghastly consequence, that may be imagined but is too horrible to describe, is almost invariable. The revolting spectacle does not seem to strike the crowd of excited spectators as repulsive; they have seen it too often. It is fair, however, to add that they resent by hisses the totter-



A HOME THRUST.



THE DEATH OF THE HORSE.

ing horse being mounted again, but this is generally done notwithstanding. As the horse has been definitely condemned to death, perhaps, after all, the quicker it dies the better. And so, hideous sight though it be, one need not regret its speedy return to its executioner's horns.

The bull himself dies a far more noble death than he would seem to deserve after his brutality to the unoffending horses. His torture is divided into three acts, the pricking by the mounted picadors coming first. Next, while the horses lie prone in the arena, he is set upon by the banderillos. Last of all comes the espada, to the weird sound of a shrill trumpet. His object is to kill the bull forthwith. There are various methods of doing this, but the fashionable one at present, which was used in every instance last Sunday, is to reach over the bull's head as it lowers its horns to charge and then plunge the point of the long, straight sword into the nape of his neck. The first blow is seldom successful, the sword merely penetrating a few inches. Occasionally it is thrust in to the very hilt; not uncommonly it is left sticking in the flesh, and has to be recovered by one of the chulos winding his cloak around the hilt.

After repeated assaults, the bull's legs at last refuse to bear its weight. The instant it sinks to the ground the cachetero, or dagger-man jumps into the arena, and severs the spinal cord with a vigorous stab of his short weapon.

Then come on teams of horses or mules, yoked three abreast, who drag off the dead bodies in turn, the bull going last. Scarcely has the door closed behind his corpse than another bull flashes out into the arena from another entrance, and the picadors appear again mounted on two more condemned horses, doomed to lose their lives within the next ten minutes. The play is invariably gone through in the same order, and generally lasts for from a quarter to half an hour. The spectacle does not seem to become in any way monotonous to the Spaniard, who sits out the killing of six, or, on great occasions, ten bulls, without being satiated.

Every Englishman you meet in Spain seems to have seen at least part of one bull-fight, and he generally tells you that he has no wish whatever to see any more. The 'national sport' of Spain does not strike him as being a sport at all. He declares he is too fond of horses to allow himself to watch them being slaughtered in so brutal a manner. And sport to the English mind also implies something of the nature of a fair contest. In the bull-fight the combat is even more one-sided than it would appear to be from any description, however graphic.

Last Sunday the spectacle continued for fully two hours without any hurt to the human performers, save perhaps bruises to the picadors, who were seven in number, according to the programme, and each of whom seemed to take his turn regularly until the end. There were a dozen banderilleros and chulos, all employed in the ring at once. Of espadas there were three, each of whom had consequently two bulls to kill. In appearance these highly-paid and much-admired swordsmen suggested the trick-riders of a circus much more than an English athlete.

In conclusion, there can be no question but the spectacle of the slaughter of the horses is as degrading as it is disgusting. Yet Spanish ladies of the highest birth and education watch the scene unmoved, if not with visible satisfaction. Originally an amateur sport, for the last 150 years bull-fighting has been only practised by professional toreros, who have degraded the ancient fight to the present brutal performance.—Wilfred Pollock, in the 'Daily Mail.'

A guest at the house of Lord Rothschild was speaking of a certain wealthy peer who is notorious for wealth and parsimony. With striking bad taste he concluded:—'In short, he's so rich and so mean that he ought to be a Jew.' Lord Rothschild looked down towards him, and said very decidedly, 'You will remember that in this house the word Jew is only used as a title of honour.'

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UNCLE SAM: "GUESS I'LL KEEP 'EM!"

A recent cablegram from Washington states that public feeling in America is growing in favour of the Philippines being retained by the United States.



GROUP OF DELEGATES AT THE MUNICIPAL CONFERENCE, WELLINGTON.

Wrightson and Binns, Photo.

LORD AND LADY RANFURLY IN THE BACKGROUND.



ARRIVAL OF THE "OVALAU" AT AUCKLAND WITH A CARGO OF BANANAS.

THE ISLAND FRUIT TRADE.



SORTING THE CONSIGNMENTS.

THE BURGLAR AND THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

'A fine public-house,' said Blanco Watson, the humorist.

'Yes,' I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, 'but a strange position—away from the high road, and surrounded by villas.'

'A very strange position. We will rest in the public-house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position.'

I smiled, and followed him into the saloon bar. We sat at one of the tables, and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him.

'The story begins,' he said presently, 'with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago. Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country house of a well-known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels.'

He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them when he found that the slight noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant girl met him at a turn of the stairway and began to shriek. He rushed by her and to the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened, and knew that the house was fully aroused.

'I understand,' I said. 'Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public-house in an out-of-the-way place, hoping that Bill, as an out-of-the-way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did.'

Blanco Watson frowned. 'This is an intellectual story,' he said; 'it does not depend on coincidences.'

'I will continue. Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked toward his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the by-roads as much as possible, and at the close of the next day had reached the neighbourhood of London.'

'A spade lying inside a field gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed, he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he counted twenty steps due north from the tree, and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it, and filled it up again.'

He arrived safely home that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and they had recognised it.

'In due course he was tried. The evidence against him was very strong. The servant girl swore that he was the man she met on the stairs; some

of the villagers swore that they had seen him near the house previously to the burglary. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

'Bill behaved very well in prison, and at the end of five years was released on a ticket-of-leave. He decided to wait until the ticket had expired, and then to get the jewels and leave the country. But a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field.'

'There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate of which the field was part had been built upon. He wandered about the houses in despair. But, as he turned a corner, he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth.'

'It was the tree twenty steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognised it immediately and ran toward it. Again he was in despair. A yard or two north of the tree was a chapel, and the jewels were under the chapel. He leaned

against the railings, covering his face with his hands.

'It happened presently that the head deacon of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble, and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help.

'For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that, as he had no friends, it was not easy.

'The old man was touched. He had found Bill leaning against the chapel railings, and Bill had said that he had no friends. Was it not his duty as head deacon of the chapel to be a friend to Bill? Clearly it was.

'He took Bill home with him; he was a bachelor, and there was no one to restrain his benevolence. They had supper and talked together. The deacon found Bill intelligent and fairly well educated and offered him employment. He was a builder in the neighbourhood, he explained, and had a vacancy in the works. Bill gratefully accepted the offer, and began his new career on the following Monday.

'Months passed. Bill had changed wonderfully. He had forgotten his old habits and learned new ones. The deacon was delighted. Not only was Bill the best of his workmen, but he

was the most regular attendant at the chapel.

'Bill longed for the jewels, and he worked hard because he knew money would help him to get them. He attended the chapel because while there he was near the jewels, the seat he had taken being just twenty steps due north from the tree. At first he had meditated digging down through the floor one night, but the chances of detection were great and he had given up the idea.

'Years passed. The deacon had become an invalid, and Bill practically managed his business. He was an important man at the chapel, too, and was often entrusted with a collection-box. One day the deacon died. Soon afterward it was known that, having no near relatives, he had left his property to his friend, William Jones.'

'I see!' I exclaimed. 'Bill—'

Blanco Watson shook his head. 'Bill was Bill no longer,' he said. 'He had become a man of wealth. At the next election of deacons he was one of the successful candidates. In future we must refer to him as Mr Jones, and not as Bill.'

'Mr Jones was a most energetic deacon. He introduced new members and he persuaded old ones to attend more regularly. He started a young men's literary society and a series of Saturday entertainments. He made the chapel the most popular in the district; and then, at a New Year's business meeting, he struck boldly for the jewels.

'The chapel was too small, he said in the course of an eloquent speech. They must erect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighbourhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what they cost him. He would also purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great.

'The proposal was well received, and a committee, with Mr Jones as chairman, was appointed to consider the details. Their report was very favourable, and at another business meeting it was decided to carry out the proposal.

'The necessary funds were subscribed or guaranteed. Contracts were made with Mr Jones. In the spring of that year the building operations were commenced, and by the autumn they were finished. The congregation removed to the new chapel. Mr Jones purchased the old one at a high price and entered into possession.'

'And then,' I said, 'I suppose he got the jewels?'

Blanco Watson laughed. 'No,' he said, 'he did not. He broke up the floor himself, counted the steps due north from the tree again, and dug. He did not find the jewels. He counted the steps again, and dug deeper. He did not find them. Then he tried other places, but, although he kept on until he had tried everywhere beneath the floor, he never found the jewels.'

'Why, what has become of them?'

'I cannot say. It is possible that when the foundation was being laid a workman had discovered and appropriated them. Again, it is possible that there were two trees of similarly curious growth, and that the one outside the chapel was not the one Mr Jones first saw. Again—'

'And what has the story to do with the public-house? But I can guess.'

'Of course you can. Mr Jones was very angry with the chapel members. He considered that, by false pretences, they had led him into buying the old chapel dearly and building the new one cheaply. He resigned his deaconship and then sought a way to be revenged on them. He found one. On the site of the old chapel he built a public-house—this public-house in which we have sat so long.'



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS.'



DEVICE FOR UNLOADING BUNCHES OF BANANAS.



CARTS WAITING FOR THEIR LOADS.

THE ISLAND FRUIT TRADE.

See 'Illustrations.'

Nervous, excitable women have now another good reason to attain self-control. An eminent French doctor maintains that just as hysteria causes nutritive disorders in other parts of the body, so can it cause nutritive changes in the teeth. These changes he describes as an atrophy, beginning as an erosion of the enamel in small points, with rounded forms and smooth edges, and exposing the underlying tissue in the centre. The destruction of the enamel is followed by the dentine becoming very friable, which now rapidly breaks down and is absorbed.

HOW CAVALRY HORSES BEHAVE IN WAR.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance, the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or halt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip the bit, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it as soon as possible. When the troopers begin to cheer and the sabres to flash the horse responds. An exultation fills his heart, he will often scream out, and his eyes blaze and are fixed steadily in front. No matter how obstinate he was at the start, he will not fail as the lines

carry the last fifty feet of space. If a volley comes and he is unhurt he will lower his head, and then take a sudden breath for the crash. If charging infantry he will thunder straight at a man and knock him down; if against a line of horsemen he will lift his head and front feet as if going over a fence.

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck by a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg or foot or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but he hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until loss of blood brings him down.

The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing

about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them if possible, and in any case leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds they 'fall in' and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the 'rally' on the bugle may bring the whole of them into the ranks in a body.

A horse which has passed through a battle unwounded is fretful, sulky, and nervous—the same as a man—for the next three or four days. His first battle is also the making or unmaking of him as a war horse. If the nervous tension has been too great he will become a bolter in the face of danger, and thereby become a danger in himself. If the test has not been beyond him, he will go into the next fight with head held high and flecks of foam blowing from his mouth as he thunders over the earth.

A sensation has been created in Madagascar by the appearance of a carriage in the streets of Antananarivo. It is the first one that has ever been seen in the country, and belongs to the mayor of the city, Captain Desbous.

EARLY DICTIONARIES.

The first dictionary recorded in literary history is the standard Chinese dictionary, compiled by Pa-Out-She, who lived about 1100 B.C. It contained 40,000 characters, each of which stood for a word, mostly hieroglyphic or rude representations resembling our signs of the Zodiac. This was four centuries before writing was employed by Western people. Anticleides, a contemporary of Alexander the Great, published a Greek dictionary of the words in ancient writings 330 B.C. Another Chinese dictionary was produced about 150 B.C., and Varro's Latin compilation dates back to 116 B.C. The earliest attempts at the compilation of an English dictionary were made by Bullock in 1616, and by Cockerham in 1623, although a glossary of old English words was prepared in or about 975.

W. W. Beach, a member of the British Parliament, said recently at an election meeting that during nearly forty years of Parliamentary service he had never opened his mouth in Parliament.



Watford, Photo.

SCENES ABOUT HENDERSON, AUCKLAND.

1. Near the mouth of Henderson Creek. 2. On the Henderson-West Coast Road. 3. At the source of Henderson Creek.



CHAPTER XV (CONTINUED).

Edgcomb was seriously ill; the doctor said so at any rate, and gave him his closest attention. For several days he lay in a kind of stupor, delirious at times, and at others quite conscious of his surroundings. Sometimes he would arouse up when addressed by the physician or nurse, but generally would soon lapse into the same comatose condition, frequently muttering incoherent words and sentences. Sometimes opening his eyes, and seeing the nurse beside him, he would mistake her for his wife and call her Imogen.

Great, ugly-looking pustules, those horrible blotches, which leave their tell-tale marks behind, that the victim may carry them through life as a sorry remembrance of the loathsome plague, disfigured his face beyond recognition. Each morning the doctor anointed them with oil and the nurse cautiously watched his hands to prevent mutilation. After a few days the virulence of the disease seemed to have abated, and the patient showed considerable improvement. He had passed the crisis and the doctor announced that with proper care he would recover.

Only a few feet from Edgcomb's cot was another whose occupant was also severely ill with the dreadful malady. The good nurse who had so faithfully attended Stanley divided her attention between the occupants of these two beds, serving first one, then the other. 'This patient had been brought to the hospital some three or four days after Edgcomb's arrival, and placed in an adjoining cot that the nurse might attend them both. It was Jarmyn. The circumstances of the case were these: One night, about two weeks' previous to Edgcomb's escape, the watchman at the brewery had just made the rounds of the building, and had reached the corner where Jarmyn had later on discovered the footprints, when his attention was attracted by deep groans, evidently issuing from some one in great distress, and apparently coming from the direction of the lake. Flashing his lantern he followed the sounds, and a few steps brought him to a man lying upon the grass near the walk, who said that he was very ill, and to all appearances it was true. He told the watchman that he was a wayfarer, having neither home, friends nor money; that he was too ill to walk and had no shelter for the night. It was raining slightly at the time, with prospects that it had set in for a steady, all-night drizzle. The watchman, pitying the man's unfortunate circumstances and condition, endeavoured to think of some place near at hand which he could suggest for a shelter. The great tub, which he had just passed, seeming most available, he assisted the sick man to reach it. A closer inspection there, under the glare of his lantern, revealed the fact that it was a case of small-pox. He was not disturbed by his discovery, as he had had the disease himself; and understanding the proper disposition of such cases, he acted accordingly, and in the morning

an ambulance came to take the sufferer to the hospital. A few days later the man expired. The result was that Edgcomb and Jarmyn were both exposed, and both contracted the infection, one coming down a few days before the other.

Although Jarmyn was very ill, yet his mind seemed to be perfectly clear. He knew constantly all that was transpiring about him. It was unaccountable to him where he had been exposed to the disease, and the more he endeavoured to conjecture the more mystifying it became. Occasionally he thought of Coulter and Edgcomb, but concluded that his efforts to trace the latter had been misspent, as he was probably then well out of his reach. He saw the patient in the cot next to him, and frequently heard his mutterings, but the thought never entered his head that the man whom he had sought so diligently was even then almost within reach of his outstretched arm.

As the two men convalesced, and before either was able to leave his bed, a spirit of sympathy, which is nearly always manifest between those who experience trouble or misfortune together, sprang up between them. They greeted one another with the familiar term of 'neighbour,' joked each other upon the inexpressible beauty of their countenances, humourously comparing their 'gems,' as they called the largest and most unsightly pustules on their faces. The nurse thought that they were exceedingly jocular for sick men, and cautioned them to be careful lest they should have a relapse.

Edgcomb's case had apparently been the most severe, but his improvement was more rapid than Jarmyn's. The weather having turned suddenly cold, Jarmyn had contracted a cold, and its effect was very unfavourable. Having recovered his strength, Edgcomb was able to be about the room, while his 'neighbour' was still confined to his bed. Although quite a familiarity existed between them, each had, however, given the other a fictitious name, for each had been registered at the hospital under an alias.

Every day Edgcomb would pass an hour or so by the side of Jarmyn's cot, reading to him from books which the nurse procured from the hospital library. It was a great relief from the monotony of the situation to Jarmyn to be thus entertained by his newly-formed acquaintance, and it made a bright spot in an otherwise disagreeable and hateful existence. One day, while Edgcomb was thus occupied, Jarmyn turned on his side toward the reader. His eyes, in wandering about, fell upon the buttons of Stanley's vest. Under ordinary circumstances he would scarcely have noticed them, but the fact of his having previously found two precisely similar caused him no little astonishment. Scrutinising the vest closely, he saw that two buttons were missing from it. The voice of the reader now fell upon listless ears, for the thread of the narrative was dropped for the warp and woof of this astonishing discovery. A light seemed to be dawning—a sudden awakening of hiberna-

ted ideas. What thoughts could the similarity of those buttons recall other than those concerning the fugitive for whom he had so fruitlessly searched? Then, flitting in rapid succession through his mind, came the circumstances since Edgcomb's flight: the tracks in the sand; the story of the officer's adventure with Grit McGuire, and of the sailor in distress; then the tub—yes, the tub; there he paused. 'And he is here, too,' he soliloquized. 'What a marvellous coincidence! It must have been in that confounded old tub that we both caught this pestilence; but they say, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."'

Jarmyn gazed steadily at Edgcomb for some time, studying his features to see if he could trace, through the ravages of disease, any resemblance to the prisoner whom he had seen at the trial; but his face wore a veritable mask, thus spotted with pustules, and it was a difficult matter to decide. The tone of voice seemed familiar, however, for he had heard Edgcomb give his evidence at the trial. His long, shaggy locks were gone, but he remembered their colour distinctly. He recalled the description which the boy had given of the sailor, remembering that it had corresponded with Edgcomb's description, save the statement that the sailor's hair was short. The man before him was identically the same that the boy had described. 'Were Edgcomb and the sailor the same?'

Later in the day, while Stanley was in an adjoining room conversing with the doctor, Jarmyn called the nurse to his bedside and asked in a confidential manner: 'Who is this neighbour of mine with whom I have been on such intimate terms of late? It seems as if I had seen him somewhere before I met him here.'

'I don't know surely, sir,' the nurse replied; 'he's registered under the name of Smith.'

'Yes; that is the name he also gave me. For the first few days he was very ill, was he not?'

'Yes, indeed; the doctor thought 'twas all over with him.'

'Was he delirious?'

'Yes; he talked all sorts of things, without knowin' what he was doin'.'

'Could you understand anything he said?'

'Once in a while I could catch a word, but not often; he muttered so low. He 'peared to be in trouble all the time. Sometimes he would rouse up, open his eyes and look at me, and call me "Imogen." I am sure I don't know who he meant. Perhaps it is his wife or sister.'

At the pronunciation of the word Imogen, there flashed upon Jarmyn's memory a recollection of the farewell note which Edgcomb had written to his wife. He remembered the address 'Imogen Edgcomb' very well. 'Was that all you could understand?' he asked, continuing the interrogation.

'Yes, that was all; but I didn't pay much 'tention to his mutterin's. I am used to such here. You know sometimes they get very crazy; we've had 'em jump out of bed and leap through the window. Oh, I tell you his case, and yours too, is nothin' compared to some we've had here.'

'What do they do with a man's clothes when he is brought here?' Jarmyn inquired.

'They take everything from the pockets and puts 'em in a package, mark their name on it, and then lock it in the safe; then they take the clothes and disinfect 'em.'

'Is there any way by which you could inspect his package and see what is in it? I would pay liberally to know. Now, this is strictly confidential, you understand.'

'Oh, bless your soul, no; the doctor keeps 'em locked up. But I heard 'em talkin' about some of his things the day he was brought here.'

'Heard who talking about them?' asked Jarmyn, very much interested.

'The doctor and the matron.'

'What did they say?'

'They were talkin' 'bout some queer drawin's they found in his pocket, and they were lookin' at 'em when I went in to ask the doctor how often to give him his medicine. I heard the doctor say it looked like it might be some kind of a telegraph, there were so many pictures of wires on it.'

'A telegraph machine, eh?'

'Yes.'

'And did you hear anything else?'

'Yes; the matron was holdin' a small piece o' paper in her hand; it

looked like one o' them bank papers that they draw money on.'

'You mean a cheque, don't you?'

'Yes; a cheque, that's it. The doctor asked how much 'twas for, and the matron said a hundred dollars. Whee! I thought, I wish that was mine, and I wouldn't be nursin' these scabby folks.'

'What else?'

'Then the matron read the name at the bottom of the cheque, and the doctor said it was a lawyer—I can't remember all the name. It was Humphrey somethin'.'

'Was it Humphrey Davids?'

'Yes; that was the name—Humphrey Davids—I remember now.'

'Humphrey Davids?' mused Jarmyn. 'Yes, yes, I see now. He knows all about it, and he is assisting Edgcomb to make his escape.'

While Jarmyn was thus soliloquising, Edgcomb reappeared. He perceived a slight embarrassment on the part of the nurse as he entered, so he laughingly remarked to his companion: 'Neighbour, I hope I have not intruded upon your privacy. If I have I will go back and interview the doctor a little while longer.'

'Oh, never mind, Mr Smith,' replied Jarmyn, 'the nurse has been entertaining me with an account of some of the bad cases they have here.'

'Am I one of them?'

'No, no, Mr Smith, not by any means. He did not mean it in that way. We were talkin' about the bad cases of small-pox we have here, and how crazy some o' 'em gets,' exclaimed the nurse, as she turned away to attend to her duties.

'Did she say that I was delirious, too?' Stanley inquired of Jarmyn after the woman had gone.

'Yes; she said that you talked so much about a tub that she concluded that you must be in the laundry business.'

As Jarmyn spoke he watched Edgcomb sharply to note the effect.

'A tub!' repeated Stanley, feigning not to understand, and giving Jarmyn a piercing glance, as if trying to penetrate his thoughts. The latter merely smiled and closed his eyes; but he was quite certain that he detected a trace of anxiety in his companion's face. It was obvious that Edgcomb was uneasy, fearing that he had betrayed his secret during some of his delirious spells; so to quiet his fears, and to relieve him of any suspicion which his remark might have awakened, he replied: 'It's very strange what queer things one will say and do when one's mind is affected by disease. They are as incomprehensible and ridiculous as dreams. And do you know, sir, by the way, I regard dreams as the most singular phenomena existing within the domain of psychology. They are beyond and outside of the domain of human comprehension. We are sensible to dreams, for they leave vague impressions upon us; but we cannot understand their mysterious action on the mind, how it can experience the sensations of pain, fright, joy, and anguish when it is in such a state that it is not susceptible to external impressions.'

'It is remarkable,' said Edgcomb.

'An inscrutable mystery, sir. Just to think that the human mind, which has discovered the hidden secrets of chemistry to that extent that the invisible air is made to yield us a knowledge of its constituent parts; of microscopy, by which a grain or an atom quite invisible to the eye can be separated into its millionth part; of astronomy, which has exposed the grand system of the universe, measured astral distances, and by means of the spectroscopic has determined the nature of the sidereal elements; yet it does not know itself or cannot account for the phenomenon of a dream.'

'It is singular, indeed,' said Stanley, thoughtfully.

'And we have such strange dreams, too,' continued Jarmyn. 'I cannot imagine what can put such thoughts—for they must be thoughts—into a man's head while asleep. When in a wakeful or conscious state, one might indulge his brains, and excite his imagination to its utmost, and he could never conceive such absurdities as are those nocturnal images and situations which arise from dreamland. I had a very strange one last night.'

'What was the nature of your dream, my friend? Or will it fatigue you too much to relate it? I am afraid you are overdoing yourself.'

'Oh, no; I feel pretty well to-day.'
'I should like to hear it then.'
'Perhaps not, as it concerned yourself.'

'Concerned me!' exclaimed Edgcomb; 'I am all the more anxious to hear it then.'

'Well,' said Jarmyn, turning himself slightly to one side to obtain a more comfortable position, 'these cots are indeed uncomfortable to one who has been used to sleeping on a hair mattress. What have you been used to sleeping on?'

Edgcomb was so surprised by the question that he betrayed not a little confusion for a moment; but, quickly recovering his wits, he replied: 'The best that circumstances would afford.'

'Well, I started out to tell that dream, but in turning over there came forcible recollections of my hair mattress that I forgot what I was going to say. The dream was so weird, so singular, and made such an impression upon me that I awoke with a start. Everything appeared to be in pantomime, not a syllable being spoken by the actors. It seemed that I was passing along a lonely road in the night. The moon was shining brightly, giving the shadows of the trees by the roadside the appearance of prodigious silhouettes of men. Finally I came to a declivity in the road, where a narrow gorge had been cut through a hill by natural processes. I dreaded to pass through this gorge, but did so, and as I emerged at the foot there seemed to be a small plateau with a mighty lake just beyond. As I stepped upon the plateau a strange sight met my eyes. The moon shining upon the lake silvered the placid waters with a sheen-like lustre. Upon the plateau there were two dark objects engaged in a struggle. Stepping behind a rock which lay at the mouth of the gorge I watched the combat. It was a desperate one, and the combatants kept drawing closer and closer to me. At last I discovered them to be two large and ferocious lions, at which I started to run away, but tripped and fell; but, upon regaining my feet, the two lions seemed to have turned into two men—you know how rapidly dreams will sometimes change in form. Well, I was not so much frightened at the men as I had been at the lions, so I stepped back under cover of the rock again. The struggle continued and they came very close to me. By the light of the moon, which was now shining full in their faces, I saw that one of them was you—only you appeared to have long hair, the other a man with black hair and moustache, about your own age and size.' Then Jarmyn gave an accurate description of Coulter, opining, as he watched the result, that Edgcomb evinced an unusual degree of nervousness. His lips were compressed and it appeared to be an effort for him to maintain composure.

Jarmyn continued: 'The other man, whoever he was, seemed to have the best of it, for you were down and he was on top, trying to strangle you. Then there came a loud peal of thunder and a blinding flash—a queer thing to come from a clear sky, with the moon shining, was it not? But that only shows the absurdity of dreams. The man seemed to loosen his hold at this, and you were quick to take advantage of it. Throwing off your antagonist, you made a dash toward the precipice and jumped into the lake; but you soon reappeared again, and I saw you then, as I see you now, with short hair. Then, seeming to renew the attack yourself, you pushed your antagonist desperately toward a great dark object which stood upon the plateau. I walked toward it with morbid curiosity, and, behold, it was a scaffold, with the trap set and the noose suspended, ready to receive the neck of the victim. You fought one another up the steps of the scaffold, and then ensued a most desperate struggle, each trying to force the other's head into the noose. Suddenly I heard a crash; the trap had fallen, and a body was dangling from the scaffold. I saw the victor spring to the ground and run away in the darkness. I could not tell which it was until I approached the scaffold and turned the body toward the moon; then I saw that it was you, and I awoke with a start, the perspiration standing out on my brow.'

The reader will readily surmise that Jarmyn's dream was a myth. A myth

it was, in reality, but the ingenuity and purpose of it are apparent. It was one of his peculiar ways of getting at the truth of a matter, and it had the desired effect, for it was obvious that Edgcomb was in a state of perturbation.

'What's the matter?' asked Jarmyn. 'You appear to be very uneasy about my story.'

The thought of such horrible dreams makes me shudder,' Edgcomb replied, endeavouring to appear more composed. 'The fact is that a scaffold or anything suggestive of one has always been a hideous subject to my mind.'

'You do not approve of capital punishment then?'

'Not by hanging. No sir; it's simply barbarous. The world has progressed in every respect excepting its methods of execution. In that respect it stands where it did centuries ago. I can conceive of nothing more brutal than execution by hanging. It is so frequently performed in a bungling way, and it is an outrageously inhuman method of punishment.'

'But what plan do you prefer? There must be some way of making the law terrible to the eyes of offenders.'

'If you must have executions, perform them in a more civilised manner, by electricity or even poison. When there are such powerful agencies of death available as hydrocyanic acid, a few drops of which placed upon the tongue will produce death quite as speedily as by a bullet, and much more so than by strangulation, why resort to such methods as hanging? You may terrorise the victim, but what good is accomplished? He does not live to profit by it. If you had a dog or a cat which you wished to dispose of you would never persuade yourself to tie a rope around its neck and draw it up for strangulation. No, sir; you would simply give it a dose of poison. Why should you be more humane to the dog than the man? Those who commit murder are instinctively bad. They have vicious hearts and will commit such acts regardless of consequences. The law can never devise a penalty which will prevent crime. I believe, sir, that some men are born with evil hearts, as some are born with a wonderful talent for music or a marvellous genius for invention. In either case they are abnormal developments, one in a good direction, the other in a bad. The one cannot help becoming a great inventor, and the other cannot help becoming a great criminal. So, as long as the world must be burdened with such creatures, work them off in the easiest way possible, and in that which will be the most humane.'

'I am quite of the opposite opinion,' said Jarmyn, after Stanley had finished his remarks. 'I do not think a criminal deserves one-half the consideration which should be shown to a dog. The latter is an irresponsible unreasoning animal, which does not know right from wrong, while man, being mentally endowed by the Creator, is a responsible creature, and if he takes the life of another he should be disposed of in a manner which will produce a wholesome dread of the law. Why, neighbour, I tell you hanging is too good for some men.'

'You have very radical views, I see,' replied Edgcomb.

'I am unrelenting toward criminals. Society must be protected and the law upheld if the gallows must be worked night and day to do it.'

Jarmyn had become so interested in his argument, that he had raised his head, supporting himself with his elbow, but as this last sentence escaped his lips he sank back upon the pillow thoroughly exhausted. A complete prostration followed, lasting several days, during which Edgcomb was untiring in his attentions to the sick man. Day after day as he sat by his bedside, the singular dream which Jarmyn had related haunted him. Did it portend some calamity, some struggle between Coulter and himself, in which one of them would perish? The gallow! The thought of the gallows caused a shudder to accentuate his anxiety. How strangely the dream had portrayed the reality, for the struggle had commenced in which he or his mortal enemy must triumph. Could it be possible that the man had had such a wonderful dream? Or did he suspect him of being a fugitive, and had he discovered his identity? It was quite improbable that he was a detective, for why should a detective be there with

a genuine case of small-pox simultaneously with himself. There was something inexplicable about it all which caused feelings of doubt and uncertainty to constantly pervade him.

Stanley had been in the hospital five weeks when the doctor pronounced him to be entirely well, and gave him permission to depart, returning the money and papers which he had found in his clothing. Entering the room where Jarmyn was still lying ill, he told him that he had just received his discharge and would be off in the morning. Jarmyn expressed regret; he was loath to lose so agreeable a companion. He was sorry, indeed, but for reasons altogether different from those implied in looks and demeanour. He was sorry that he could not lay his hands upon him and say: 'You are Stanley Edgcomb and I am Jarmyn. Come along with me, for the law claims you and I am the agent of the law.' Much as he had come to regard Edgcomb by the associations of the past few weeks, still duty was paramount to friendship; and there was undoubtedly, too, that secret pride of a faithful dog that stands before its master, wagging its tail, ready to execute some unusual feat at his command. The pride and the desire were apparent, but the ability was lacking. The law was his master; he knew no other; and he was faithful to his master's trust.

Jarmyn lay in bed and watched Edgcomb's movements the rest of the day, and finally, when evening came and the latter went out to take an airing, he called the nurse to his bedside and asked: 'Who is the young fellow that comes in every morning to do the chores?'

'Ah, that's Larry,' the nurse replied. 'Larry, eh? A likely fellow I should say.'

'Likely enough,' answered the nurse, with a coyness which was quite refreshing.

'Well, if he is likely, then in all likelihood you like him,' replied Jarmyn smilingly.

'A like is a likely likelihood when the liker likes the liked,' the nurse replied, in a rather perplexing and decidedly non-committal, philandering tone.

'Very likely,' said Jarmyn, much amused at this alliteration. 'But I should like to ask a favour of Larry.'

'And Larry would like to do it I am sure.'

'In which case I should like to reward him. Do you think that I could trust him to do an errand, and would he do it well? It is something of great importance and extremely confidential.'

'Larry's honest and faithful, and he will do it right, I am sure of that.'

'What is the hour, and can I see him at once?'

'It's a quarter after seven, sir. You can see him this minute if you wish.'

'All right; have him come in at once. I wish to see him alone.'

The nurse disappeared, and a moment later Larry was at the bedside. After imposing the strictest secrecy upon him, Jarmyn proceeded to tell him what he wished him to do: 'After you have thoroughly disinfected

yourself, I wish you to go to the office of the Chief of Police and inquire for him. You must not confide this matter to anyone else, under any circumstances, unless the Chief should be sick or absent from the city, then inquire for Captain Black. If the Chief is not there, then go to his house; you must find him, at all events, and deliver this message to him. I can't write it down; you must remember it. Tell him that Jarmyn—be sure and remember the name—Jarmyn wants him to send two officers who have had the small-pox here at day-light to-morrow morning, to make an arrest; to have them dress in citizen's clothes, and to inquire for the nurse. Do you understand?'

'I do,' replied Larry.

'Very well, then; hurry along and tell the nurse to come back; I desire to see her a minute. Remember and keep a close mouth.'

Larry quietly signified that he needed no cautions and retired.

Edgcomb had been strolling upon the walks around the hospital. He had reached the rear end of the house and turned the corner, when the door opened, and he heard the sound of voices. The doorway was hidden by lattice-work, so that he could plainly hear the conversation without being perceived. The voices were those of a man and a woman—Larry and the nurse. The latter had followed her lover to the steps, and, closing the door behind her, asked: 'What's up, Larry? What are you going to do?'

'Goin' on an errand, Betty. What d'ye suppose?'

'I thought as much, but tell me where and what for?'

'Oh, don't be curious, Betty. I'm going down to the city.'

'But what did the man want of you? There's somethin' very strange about it.'

'Now, Betty, you know more'n I do about it, for he told me to have the two cops come and ask for you.'

'Cops! Cops ask for me? Why, what do you mean, Larry? I'm sure I don't want to have anything to do with the cops.'

'Well, if you don't know, just go in and ask Mr Jarmyn.'

'Mr who?'

'Mr Jarmyn, to be sure; the man you brought me in to see.'

'Why, that's not his name, Larry; his name is Mr Brown.'

'Well, mebbe it is, Betty; but that is the name he told me to give to the Chief of Police; and he told me to be sure and remember it.'

'An' it's the Chief of Police you're goin' to see? Oh, I know what he's up to now. He's goin' to have 'em take Mr Smith off to prison. I know it's that, for he was askin' 'r' so many questions about him the other day. When are the cops comin'?'

'At daylight to-morrow morning. Now, Betty, you must keep still. I promised to keep it to myself, but you wimmen have such a way of making a fellow talk when he oughtn't to. By the way, Mr Jarmyn, or Mr Brown, or whatever his name is, wants to see you right away. You had better go in while I go about me errand. He's goin' to pay me well, so I must hurry away.'

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'Mebbe there's a big reward for the man, Larry; you must keep an eye open to that and stand in for some of it.'

'I'll do it; don't worry.'

The nurse re-entered the house, while Larry proceeded down the path to the stable.

Edgcomb was completely overwhelmed by what he had heard. He could scarcely believe his ears. Now the remarkable dream and inexplicable words of his companion were perfectly clear to him. It was Jarmyn, the famous detective, of whom he had heard so much while in prison, who had been his professed friend, and he shuddered at the thought of it. He was determined, however, to satisfy himself still further. Then walking quietly back to the front door, he entered and proceeded directly to the sick room. There, indeed, he found Jarmyn and the nurse in conversation. Seemingly cool and undisturbed as if nothing had happened, he apologised for his intrusion, remarking, 'Well, neighbour, I shall probably not get away very early in the morning, so I will come in and see you before I go. I hope you will rest well. I am going to retire now, so I will bid you good-night.'

'Good-night,' Jarmyn responded. 'Come in, in the morning.'

'Don't have any more of those hideous dreams,' said Stanley, smiling pleasantly as he turned away.

'I hope I shall not,' Jarmyn replied.

For two or three nights Stanley had occupied a small room on the second floor. To this he retired. The nurse saw him ascend the stairs and enter the room; she listened and heard him lock the door; but in the morning when the two officers forced it open they found an empty room and an unmade bed. The bird had mysteriously flown.

(To be Continued.)

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SOME TESTIMONIALS.

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Dear Sir.—I received Watch and Chain in good condition, and am obliged. The watch is working splendidly. Yours truly, L. N. WEST.
The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z., March 26th, 1898.
Sir.—I received the Gent's Silver Watch and Chain quite safe. My son is delighted with it. I enclose remittance for Lady's Gold Watch and Chain; if it gives as much satisfaction as the silver one, we shall be very pleased to recommend your firm. Yours respectfully, MARK H. BOOTH.
The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.



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MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

The gold returns sent in during the past week total £7362 14/6, of which £5891 came from the New Zealand Crown Mines, where the full 60 head of stampers are now at work, and the general average value of the ore also showed improvement. A feature of the week has been the returns obtained by tributaries. It is a singular thing that a piece of ground may be developed for years by a company and yet no returns be given for shareholders expenditure, but if that same ground is let on tribute the men seem wonderfully lucky. In fact the tributaries appear to be the best gold finders, and no sooner does work on the field become slack and the men take to tributating than the gold begins to come in. This week Orlando tributaries obtained £42 from one ton of ore, but the size of the reef from which it was taken is understood to be small. A crushing of five tons from the Trig Hill Syndicate's property, Coromandel, returned the tributaries £27 17/6. The Hauraki crushing did not yield quite so much this time, the return for the month being £1275.

A slightly better feeling has prevailed on the Exchange during the past week. A demand set in suddenly for Albion shares and instead of there being sellers at 1/7, buyers were willing to pay as high as 2/1. Taranaki shares changed hands at 2/1, and Talsmans sold at 9/1, with further buyers at 9/3. Crown shares also had demand at 15/6, Waitekauri at 22/6 and Woodstocks at 7/6, but no sales resulted. Inquiry also set in for Barrier Reefs at 1/3, but sellers declined to quote. Alpha shares have had steady buyers throughout the week at 2/1, but few sales were reported as this stock is firmly held. An inquiry set in for Waihi Grand Junction at 15/6, but there were no sellers below 17/6.

WEEK'S GOLD RETURN.

Companies.	Tons.	£ s. d.
N.Z. Crown	2.500	5,891 0 0
Goldend Lead	27	37 0 0
Nonparel tributaries	4	19 1 0
Puriri Gold Estates	1 trial	3 12 0
Trig Hill tributaries	5	27 17 6
Orlando tributaries	1	42 0 0
Hauraki	—	1,275 0 0
Total	—	£7,362 14 6

PURIRI GOLD ESTATES.

A ton of ore taken from the outcrop of reefs on this property when treated at the May Queen Company's battery returned £3 12s.

ORLANDO.

A load of quartz from the above mine has just been treated for the excellent yield of 13oz 13dwts of retorted gold, which realised £42 4s.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Dabs of gold continue to be seen in the ore taken down in the slopes on the cross leader. The country continues of a favourable description.

TRIG HILL SYNDICATE.

Messrs Conch and party, tributaries in this mine, crushed five tons of ore at the May Queen Extended battery for a return of bullion worth £27 17s 6d.

NEW GOLCONDA.

Drivings and stoping is proceeding upon the leader. During the week 9th or 10th of stone showing nice dabs of gold were secured. The general dirt should crush fairly well.

HAURAKI RETURN.

£1,274 FOR THE MONTH.

During the past month 200 tons of general ore and 267 lbs of picked stone treated by the Hauraki Company, Coromandel, returned 437 oz. 11 dwts. of bullion valued at £1,274 7s 3d.

GOLDEN LEAD.

The Golden Lead Company this week crushed 25 loads of quartz for 13oz 12dwts of retorted gold. The value of the bullion obtained should be about £37.

MOUNT DAVID.

A cable was received here this week from Mr Stanley, one of the directors of the Mount David C.M. Company, New South Wales, as follows: "Crushed 300 tons for 601oz, value £2,450."

KAPANGA.

Messrs Horne and Johnston, tributaries in the Kapanga mine, Coromandel, had a crushing this week of two tons of ore and 17 lbs of picked stone, which yielded 23 oz. 9 dwts. of bullion worth about £56.

EAST HAURAKI.

A trial crushing of five tons of ore from this English Company's mine at Coromandel is to be put through Scott's battery shortly. Some nice picked stone obtained from the mine has been sent Home.

GREAT MERCURY.

The work of development on the Just in Time reef at the intermediate level southward has been continued. At No. 2 level Murphy's leader is three inches thick, and prospects very nicely. The battery is working smoothly eight hours a day. The amalgam on hand is 93oz. The value of the tailings is £1 10s per ton.

BARRIER REEFS.

A number of men have been put on to drive east and west on the reef at the 690 station in the audit. The three seams of quartz are opening more to the eastward. The east face is in eight feet, and the west six feet in solid quartz over four feet in width, the three seams having formed a junction to make one reef, which looks well in both faces.

WAIHI.

For some time past highly mineralised ore has been obtained from a portion of the reefs in the Waihi mine, and as it is not amenable to the cyanide process it has simply been dumped in the paddock pending arrangements for suitable treatment. A large tonnage has now accumulated, and experiments as to the treatment of this class of ore are being conducted at the Moanataiari Company's battery, Thames.

EGERTON.

A meeting of shareholders in the Egerton Company took place this week in Mr S. H. Matthews's office, when Captain W. Ware presided. The accounts showed total receipts £192 3/5 and the expenditure left a credit balance of £73 8/11. There was no report from the directors as the mine was under protection. Messrs E. W. Alison and S. T. George, the retiring directors, were unanimously re-elected.

NEW FOUR-IN-HAND.

This Company has now been duly registered with a capital of £22,500, in 90,000 shares at 1s each. Messrs W. D. Holgate, E. W. Alison, and Mr. D. C. Macdonnell elected directors, and Mr. R. E. Isaacs auditor. The area held by the new Company totals 220 acres, and includes the Four-in-Hand, Cairassier, Taimui and Taimui Extended mines at Waiokomiko. The Company starts with £2,550 at present available, and tenders have been called for the erection of a five-head stamper battery.

PURU CONSOLIDATED.

Shares in this company were offered as low as 1s on the Exchange this week, but failed to secure buyers. The immediate cause of the sudden drop is that another accident has occurred at the dam which will no doubt hamper crushing operations. This is most unfortunate just at a time when shareholders were hoping to recompense the expenditure involved in erecting a battery and developing the mine. The situation of the mine and battery is such that very low grade ore could be worked to a profit.

N.Z. CROWN MINES.

A RECORD RETURN.

£5,891 FOR THE MONTH.

The running of sixty head of stampers during the past month at the N.Z. Crown Mines Company's battery resulted in a record yield of bullion being obtained. In all 2,500 tons of ore were treated for a return of bullion valued at £5,891. Although the extra 20 head of stampers were not started until the 12th of July, still over 700 tons of ore extra were treated by the time cleaning up for the month took place. What is, however, of greater importance is that the average value of the ore treated showed improvement, being £2 7/2 per ton, as against £2 2/10 the previous month, when 1000 tons yielded bullion worth £3,433. Up to December, 1896, the output of bullion from this mine was £37,431; last year the total output was £43,433 10/2, and for the present year up to the end of July the total reached £30,069.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ISLAND FRUIT TRADE.

Our photographs give some idea of the scene to be witnessed on the Auckland wharf when one of the steamers from the islands is discharging a cargo of fruit. The whole of the lee alongside which the boat happens to be lying presents a striking picture of tropical richness when the cargo happens, as in our illustrations, to be made up chiefly of bananas. No other fruit conveys the same impression to such a degree. Oranges come packed in casks, and though the odour of them is very pervading they do not offer the same picture of plenty as do the great bunches of bananas heaped in apparent confusion on the wharf. The news of the arrival of a banana boat in Auckland soon spreads among the gossips of the city, and the youngsters may be seen eagerly loitering round the heaps or following the carts on the chance of a capful of ripe bananas. Notwithstanding all the care taken in landing and carting, a certain amount of fruit falls from the bunches and the young harpies are always ready to pounce on it.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

William Angus Drogo Montagu, 9th Duke of Manchester, who is now on a visit to Australia, was born 3rd March, 1877, and succeeded his father in 1892. Sir Henry Montagu, who was Lord Treasurer of England, was created Baron Montagu 1620, and six years later, Earl of Manchester. The fourth earl exposed the cause of the Prince of Orange, and was duly rewarded, being raised to the dukedom 1719. The present Duke's grandmother is the present Duchess of Devonshire, and his aunt is Duchess of Hamilton. He has only one sister living, the elder, Lady Mary Montagu, having died a short time ago. The Duke, who has been educated at Eton, came of age this year.

Our London correspondent says:—The Duke of Manchester's sudden and unexpected departure for the Antipodes has caused a tremendous talk-take in society. His Grace was just about to be married to Miss Maud Wilson, and all the preparations for the wedding were in full swing. Now the ceremony is indefinitely postponed, and some good-natured people even allege the engagement has been ruptured. At Tandragee Castle, in Ireland, where the newly-married couple were to have spent the autumn, there is loud lamentation. The Tandragee Castle people have had a lively time lately, and the Tandragee merchants have placed additional orders with their wholesale houses, and stood with open-mouthed expectancy waiting for the great event of the coming of the young duke with his bride. The domestics at the castle had been hard at work on every square foot of the interior, from the pantry to the newly-fitted billiard-room. All this lively scene of activity and rejoicing has been transformed into one of desolation by the tick of the local telegraph instrument. A mandate has come from the young duke to stop all works immediately, with the further request to send on a part of his outfit for a tour in New Zealand. The duke is also known in Tandragee as something of a singer. Not long ago he sang with a very accomplished young lady at a local concert in a village near Tandragee called Gifford. The song was entitled "Mulrooney's Dog," and as an encore a French duet was rendered to the Irish nobility, gentry and peasantry present.

INTERPROVINCIAL FOOTBALL.

AUCKLAND V. HAWKES BAY.

The last of the representative matches to be played in Auckland this season took place at Epsom on Saturday last, when the Hawke's Bay players met the Auckland team. The game resulted in a somewhat easy win for the home team by 18 points to 10. From the start it was plain that the Aucklanders were too much for their opponents, but the latter certainly played a most plucky game. In previous matches between the two provinces Auckland have, except in one case, come off victors. In 1889 the game was drawn, neither side scoring. In 1895 Auckland again won by 10 points to 3.



Music and Drama.

Notwithstanding the doubtful state of the weather every seat in the Choral Hall was occupied on Tuesday of last week on the occasion of the performance of Haydn's Creation by the Auckland Choral Society. A more genial oratorio it is difficult to conceive, for, unlike its great predecessors, it is modern in style, and although the choruses are a most important feature in the work, still the numerous melodious solos, containing much of the spirit of the old Italian operatic school, are a great attraction; and the orchestration throughout is singularly charming. The choruses were all remarkably well sung, the singers having evidently been diligent at rehearsals. Great promptness of attack was displayed in the spirited chorus 'Awake the Harp.' 'The Heavens are Telling' went with a swing, and the climaxes were well worked up. 'Achieved is the Glorious Work' was well rendered and applauded, while the great final chorus, 'Sing the Lord Ye Voices All,' was taken in a way that left nothing to be desired.

Miss Lorrigan was very successful with the soprano solos, some of which are florid and must be singularly trying to the singer. Her rendering of the recitative 'And God Said: Let the Earth,' with the difficult, but popular air, 'With Verdure Clad,' which fellows, was applauded, and her interpretations of 'On Mighty Pens' was artistic and delighted the audience. Mr Harry Brett, who has a good, well-cultivated voice, sang the numerous tenor recitatives admirably and was most successful in his interpretation of the beautiful solo 'In Native Worth.' Mr Percy Dufaur gave a fine interpretation of the magnificent air 'Rolling in Foaming Billows,' which was applauded and only marred by a certain amount of unsteadiness in the time. 'Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone,' with the two preceding recitatives, were admirably rendered, and altogether the bass solos were a distinct success. The solo voices (Miss Lorrigan, Mr Brett and Mr Dufaur) were also heard to advantage in the tertetto 'Most Beautiful Appen'; in the trio and chorus 'The Lord is Great'; in the trio 'On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits'; and in the duet and chorus 'By Thee With Bliss'; and a word of praise is due to the chorus for singing softly when accompanying the soloists. The orchestra did its work carefully. The various introductions were well rendered and the difficult accompaniments played with taste and tact so that the solo voices were never overpowered. No small part of their success was due to the admirable playing of Mons. de Willmoff, the leader, who was quite in his element when interpreting Haydn's graceful violin parts. Herr Schmitt conducted with his customary skill and Miss Yates presided at the organ. The next works for rehearsal are Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle' and Rossini's 'Stabat Mater.'

Miss Abbott, the daughter of Mr H. N. Abbott, of Auckland, made her first appearance in Dunedin at the last Liedertafel Concert as a pianiste. She played one of Mendelssohn's Concertos with telling effect, and received much applause. We are informed that the young lady has decided to take up her residence in the Southern city as a teacher of the pianoforte, and with her undoubted talent in that direction, she will prove an acquisition to the musical community on the concert platform as well as to her pupils.

The Examiner of Plays has refused to grant to Madame Sarah Bernhardt permission to perform at the Lyric Theatre a French version of the one-act drama by Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, entitled 'Il Sogno di un Mattino di Primavera,' which was performed at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, on June 15th last year, when Signora Duse played the leading part, a mad woman, whose lover has been stabbed to death in her arms by her husband, and who thenceforth sees blood everywhere.

The Auckland Orchestral Union gave a concert last Thursday in the Choral Hall, at which there was a good attendance. The Society is noted for the variety of its orchestral programmes and the entertainment on this occasion was no exception to the rule. The concert opened with the overture to Auber's opera of 'La Sirene,' which was performed for the first time in Auckland. For an example of Auber's light brilliancy the piece is one of the best that could be chosen. It is full of sparkling and tuneful music that catches the ear at once. A very capable interpretation of the work was given by the orchestra, though in this, as in some others of the items, the instruments did not keep in such perfect tune with one another as one expects in the performances of a society so well known as this. The andante con moto from Mendelssohn's Italian symphony was one of the most appreciated numbers of the evening, the violins and wood instruments being heard to particular advantage. Edward German's 'Gipsy Suite' and the 'Valse Melancolique,' especially the latter, were well rendered and as well received. The variety of the value and the opportunity it gives to the orchestra must always make it a great success with any audience when handled by capable musicians. Ponchielli's 'Dance of the Hours' was another delightful contribution by the orchestra. It is, as its name would suggest, a most spirited and joyous composition, a mixture of dash and soft voluptuousness. The soloists of the evening were Miss M. Day and Mr W. M. Quinn. The former, who has a clear high soprano, sang 'The Snow that Husheth All' and Denza's 'May Morning,' and as an encore 'At the Fountain.' All her items were warmly applauded. Mr Quinn sang Poniatowski's 'The Yeoman's Wedding Song' with vigour and expression, and 'The Bedouin's Love Serenade.' For the last he was encored. Mr Towsey conducted and Mr C. Towsey played some of the accompaniments.

The tenor in Williamson and Musgrove's new Comic Opera Company is Mr C. Kenningham, formerly of the London Savoy. He has a fine stage presence and a strong melodious voice. The Company opened in Sydney with 'The Gondoliers,' the cast being as follows:—Duke of Plazo-Toro, Mr George Lauri; Don Alhambra Del Bolero, Mr Howard Vernon; Marco Palmieri, Mr Charles Kenningham (his first appearance in Sydney); Giuseppe Palmieri, Mr William Paul (his first appearance here in opera); Luiz, Mr P. Bathurst; Antonio, Mr Sydney Bracy; Annibale, Miss Lucy Cobb; Giorgio, Mr Fred England; Tessa, Miss Dorothy Vane (her first appearance in Australia); Gianetta, Miss Mabelle Darley; Casilda, Miss Carrie Moore; Duchess of Plazo-Toro, Mrs Henry Bracy; Fiametta, Miss Frances Adler; Glinia, Miss Ethel Gordon; Vittoria, Miss Gertie Campion; Inez, Miss Alice Leitch.

This (Wednesday) evening the Auckland Amateur Operatic Club produces 'Les Cloches de Corneville.'

An entertainment consisting of a concert and a little play was given at Tikokino, Hawke's Bay, on a recent Friday evening, and in spite of the unusually wet weather was fairly well attended. The programme could not be carried out quite as had been arranged owing to the fact that several of the people who were coming from some distance to perform could not get over in the heavy rain. On the whole, however, the evening passed off very successfully. Vocal solos were given by Miss Staunton, Miss Ryan, Mr Ryan, Miss Flynn, Mr Armstrong, Mr Staunton, and Miss F. Farnum; recitations were contributed by Mrs Glass and Mr McMillin. In the laughable farce which followed, called 'No Pay No Cure,' Mr Payne took the part of 'Sam,' and Mr Hazlett caused much merriment in his character of 'Toby.' The patients were Mr Vincent and Mr Parkinson, and Mr Staunton cleverly performed the part of Dr. Mills. The applause was loud and frequent and testified to the appreciation by the audience of the whole entertainment. The proceeds are to be given to the widow and family of the late Mr Foulds. The play was followed by a dance, and it was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Miss Pattie Brown commences her tour of Westralia on the 15th of next month. After the tour is finished New Zealand will be visited.

Henry's Dramatic Company will probably visit the colony about October, beginning the tour at Auckland.

At the Heretaunga School, Hastings, on August 18th, a successful entertainment was given by the boys and their friends, the proceeds of which went to the Games and Sports Fund. Herr Wender delighted the audience by his rendering of two violin solos, Pechot's 'Caprice' and Beriot's 'Sixth Concerto.' Some glees, which were much enjoyed, were given by Mrs Philson, Mrs Chambers, Miss St. Hill, Miss Tanner and Mr Fraser, Miss St. Hill and Mr Mannering sang a pretty duet, and Miss McLean and Mr Heslop contributed pianoforte solos. After the concert an amusing farce called 'The Area Belle' was performed by Messrs R. White, Potts, J. Heslop, Danvers, and Merewether.

The Williamson-Woods Dramatic Company opens in the Auckland Opera House on September 3rd. The initial piece will be 'The House of Bondage,' and it will be followed by other productions of an equally attractive character.

A large number of people assembled to hear a sacred concert held on August 17th at the Port Presbyterian Church, Napier. As well as anthems sung by the choir there were a great many solos, both vocal and instrumental. During most of the evening the accompanists were Miss R. Palmer, Miss Cauton and Miss D'Autherum. A violin solo by Miss Manning gave great pleasure to those present; Mr P. Spiller played a cornet solo, which was much enjoyed; Mr James sang 'The Fisherman and His Child'; and Miss J. Robertson gave 'In Paradise.' Others who contributed to the successful concert were Mrs Connor, Miss Schelle, Mrs Losgrove, Miss Cauton, etc.

Professor Dante, the magician, is expected to open in Auckland on the 28th of next month.

There was a magnificent house at the benefit tendered to the Greenwood in the Auckland Opera House on Wednesday last. The entertainment, which consisted of a series of tableaux interspersed with songs and dances, met with a hearty reception. Thanks to the kindly aid of a large number of ladies the tableaux were very effective. In the first, representing the meeting of Oberon and Titania in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' Miss Edinaston was Titania, and Miss Roberta Greenwood the jealous Oberon. Puck, Pease Blossom, Moth, Cobweb, and Mustard Seed, the chief of the fairies, were impersonated by Master C. Williams, Miss Alestis Sinclair, Miss Norrie Sinclair, Miss Zara Sinclair, and Miss Gladys Masfield respectively. 'Twenty Love Sick Maidens,' from 'Patience,' the tableau arranged by Mrs Masfield, was another of the best. Mr Jackson Palmer figured as Buthorne, and the following ladies took part in it:—Misses Masfield, George, Clapcott, Hudson, Greenwood, Aubin, Kennedy, Hanna, Hart, Wyld-Brown, Crawford, Phillips, Smith, Keogh, Leese, Williamson, Lonerich, and Rayner. Another grand musical picture designed by Mesdames Masfield and Dufaur was 'Britannia and her Daughters.' Miss Kennedy made a very striking central figure as Britannia. 'The Unexpected Guest,' arranged by Mrs Napier, and in which Mrs Napier, Misses Scherff, Kenrick, Armstrong, and Gudgeon (2) took part; 'The Crushed Sleeve,' arranged by Mrs St. Clair; and 'Coming Thro' the Rye,' designed by Mrs Edinaston, were attractive tableaux on a smaller scale. During the evening Miss Agatha Greenwood sang 'As Pretty as a Picture' and 'I'm Wandering One,' and with her sisters, Miss Mariell and Roberta, gave 'The Gypsies Laughing Trio.' Miss Mariell contributed in addition the Jewel Song from 'Faust,' and Miss Roberta 'Ben Bolt.' One of the best items on the programme was 'Listen to My Tale of Woe,' by Mr Bob Greenwood and Baby Charlie Williams. Miss Perrier's 'Looking for a Coon Like Me,' was a clever performance by this little artiste, and Master Ralph's violin solo does great credit to his own talent and the care his teacher, Mr Adams, of Ponsonby, has bestowed on him. Songs were also given by Mrs Kilgour, Mr Botes, Mr Reginald Birch and Dr. Lowe, and the last-mentioned gentleman gave a very amusing exhibition of ventriloquism. Mr S. E. Coleman acted as stage manager, Mr P. N. Hansen, hon. treasurer, and Miss Scherff as hon. secretary.

The Committee of the forthcoming Auckland Exhibition have decided that they cannot grant the members of the Exhibition Choir free music. The members will have to pay for the same. A special ticket of admission to the Choral Hall will be given to members of the choir.

Mr Tewsey, one of the members of the Auckland Exhibition Committee declares that if a poll of the people of Auckland were taken the opinion would be that there was too much 'Messiah,' too much 'Elijah,' and too much 'Moses in Egypt' in the programme.

Miss Marcella Alexander and her company were playing in Auckland last week to fairly good houses. 'Aurora Floyd' and a burlesque entitled 'Belle of the Barley Mow' were the pieces staged.

By Royal command the Royal Opera Company performed Gounod's 'Roméo et Juliette' at Windsor Castle on Monday. The cast included Madame Emma Eames as Juliette, Miss Manchou Thompson, Mdle. Bauermeister, M. Edouard de Reszke, M. Plancon, M. Cazeneuve, M. Soulaireux, M. Journat, M. Meux, Signor Vanni, and M. Saleza, the latter as Romeo. The company numbered 170, including an orchestra of thirty-seven performers. The Waterloo Chamber was transformed into an elegant concert chamber for the occasion. The auditorium consisted of a raised platform, with tiers of seats in the rear for specially invited guests and a number of privileged officials in the castle. The Queen entered the concert chamber shortly before nine o'clock, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York and other members of the Royal Family. A programme of the performance, beautifully bound, was laid upon the Queen's table, as well as a plainly painted card giving a list of the chief characters. After the performance the principal actors and the chorus were entertained to supper in the Audience and Vandyke Rooms, returning subsequently to London by special train at one o'clock.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has accepted the invitation of the Maharajah of Kapurthala to go out to India. She will appear at Bombay, Calcutta, Colombo, and Pondicherry, and will give special performances in the palaces of the Indian Rajahs. M. De Pont Jest, who is organising an Oriental show for the Paris Exhibition of 1900, has been in communication with the Maharajah of Kapurthala with regard to a tiger hunt in which Madame Bernhardt is to take part.

Charles Lecocq, after he is forgotten as the author of 'La Fille de Mme. Angot,' will probably live in a leading case in French law. When he married the wife from which he was divorced a year ago the marriage contract declared that the parties should share in common all property that might be acquired during their married life. The divorced wife brought suit for half of the composer's author's rights and royalties on all works composed during the period. The Paris courts have decided in her favour. Holding that intellectual works are products of the husband's trade, and in the eyes of the law are not to be distinguished from the material products of commerce or industry, and that under such contracts the wife has a right to an equal share in the profits of the husband's writings, plays, compositions, paintings, or sculpture. Moreover, though divorced, the wife continues to be a business partner, and must be made a party to all future contracts involving any use of author's rights in works produced during the period of wedlock.

Sims Reeves, the veteran tenor, who reaches the age of eighty years in September next, is to have a testimonial benefit in London, supplemented, in honest British fashion, by a special subscription of pounds, shillings and pence.

Apocryph of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's nuntine of 'La Dame aux Camélias' at the Grand Theatre, Crystal Palace, Mr Abud tells the following story:—During his last tour with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the overflowing audience in Glasgow one night were watching Dumas' famous play with palpitating hearts, when suddenly the 'divine Sarah' became aware of warning shouts from the front, and simultaneously found herself in the grasp of two strong arms. At first she thought it was Durnant a little overloving his part, but judge of her horror to find that it was the

lime-light man, who, carried away by the scene, had rushed on to protect her, and with his face bathed in tears, shouted to her lover's father, 'Ye manna haim her; she's a guld lassie.' Happily Darmont himself came to the rescue and led the excitable lime-light man to the region of the flies.

They describe their plays quaintly in America. The piece produced at the Duke of York's is 'an illustration of the possible adventures of "A Stranger in New York," merely an attempt to supply material for an evening's entertainment.' There are three acts. The first takes place in the reception room of the Hoffman House (a famous New York hotel). The second and third both take place in a room in the Madison Square Garden, in the city of New York, on the day and evening of the famous annual 'French ball.'

The 'Church Times,' in its issue of the 3rd inst., mentions a recent experience of two young actresses at a church. They had attended the Holy Eucharist early one Sunday morning, and the priest seeing they were strangers very kindly spoke to them after the service, but on learning their profession his manner suddenly chilled, and with a curt 'good morning' he vanished. As the young communicants were refined and of good social position, the error of judgment and failure of charity were all the more inexplicable and painful. Nor is this a solitary instance, says the 'Church Times,' of want of tact and sympathy on the part of priests towards players that we have received from good and trustworthy sources.

An adaptation of Shakspeare's 'Winter's Tale' has been read by its author, M. Bonichet, to the committee of the Theatre Francais, Paris, but was not accepted, on the ground that the list of verified plays already received is too full, and that M. Bonichet, quite a young man, who belongs to the 'great unacted,' should win his dramatic spurs elsewhere before knocking at the door of 'Moliere's house.' The adaptation is said to be remarkably well done.

At McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, recently, a printed slip, dated 'June 6th, 1862,' and entitling the bearer to two seats 'on a sofa,' which would be reserved until the end of the first act, was handed in at the box office. The man who presented the pass said that he had originally bought the seats for a performance of 'Richard III.' and 'Who Speaks First,' but had been unable to attend on the date specified thirty-six years ago. The pass was honoured on presentation, and is preserved in the box office as a curiosity.

Miss Ellen Terry is said to have 'achieved her first stage distinction by screaming. In a play bearing the outlandish title of 'Altarguell,' she had to take a snake round her neck and scream, and so realistic was her simulated horror at the situation that the scream electrified the house.

George Hart, the best known survivor of the Shakspeare family, is to be starred in 'Hamlet' by an enterprising English manager.

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'CYCLING.'

The ranks of Royal lady bicyclists abroad have recently been added to, the Princess Gisela of Bavaria, elder daughter of the Emperor of Austria, having taken to the exercise by the advice of her physicians, and the Princess Frederick Augustus of Saxony is another recruit, the King and Queen having, after much coaxing, given her 'permission' to cycle. But, contrary to general reports, the youthful Queen of Holland has not taken to the wheel, as, with her mother, she disapproves of cycling for women, and the young Queen invariably has the courage of her convictions.

Spanish women have very little outdoor amusement. The bicycle is just beginning to be admitted, but under protest. The favourite resort for the grande señoras is San Sebastian, and the lives the careless Spanish women of fashion lead there during the summer is said to be a scandal all over Europe. There is scarcely a pretence at propriety or even ordinary conventionality.

A valve for pneumatic tyres has recently been patented, says the 'Scientific American,' which is so constructed that all the parts may be readily replaced when necessary. The valve casing is designed to be inserted through the rubber nipple extending from the tyre and is provided with exterior ribs to retain it in place. An outwardly extending flange on the upper portion of the casing obviates the danger of forcing the casing too far into the nipple. On the outside of the nipple a supporting and strengthening thumb is fitted. The casing is interiorly threaded, and at the base of the threaded interior a valve seat is formed. A valve carrier having an exterior screw thread is received within the casing and carries an inner flexible tube having an integral flap valve which, normally inclined, takes a firm seat against the valve carrier. The plug or cap for closing the valve casing is threaded and longitudinally slotted. Pivoted near its end in the slot is a tongue which may be caused to open the valve for deflating the tyres. When it is desired to permit the air to escape the tongue is allowed to fall from its normal position, so that the smaller end of the tongue will pass through the valve carrier by screwing the plug or cap inward to unseat the valve. The essential features of the invention are the improved flap valve, the upper flange on the casing, which prevents the inner end of the casing from coming into contact with the opposite side of the tyre and the novel deflating device.

Paris is the home of this machine, but even there it has not been brought to that state of perfection which will permit of its steady use. Recently at a race meet some six or eight electric motorcycles were brought out for racing purposes, but only one was found equal to the task of going through its work. The others failed to work from one cause or another. This has been the result in New York, and more than one race has been lost because of the failure of the assisting driving mechanism.

It is necessary to build the frame of the motorcycle equipped with a storage battery and motor extremely heavy, so that if the current fails in the least the riders must be at a dis-

ting disadvantage in having to push along so much extra weight and operate additional friction producing apparatus. In addition to this, the back rider must, on account of the construction of the machine, sit well forward and considerably away from the man following pace, thereby giving him little aid by acting as a wind shield. The modern racing machines are so constructed as to be quite opposite from this in point of construction, the back rider being seated well back of the rear axle, so that in reality the wheel of the rider following is under the back of the man on the pacing machine.

The attempt on the part of the American makers of bicycles to have the duty on bicycles lowered by Congress brings to mind the condition of the German makers through the introduction of cheap American goods. The Association of German Cycle Manufacturers is responsible for the agitation to have the German government raise the duty on wheels, for it points out that its trade is being utterly ruined. The Chambers of Commerce of Gorlitz and Zittau have recommended a higher duty, but cannot advocate a duty of 50 marks, about £2, as desired by the association. Chambers where there are no cycle factories naturally refuse to assist the association.

At present bicycles are scheduled as 'fine ironware,' the rate of duty being 24 marks (23/4) per 100 kilograms (230.46 pounds), so that the duty on a bicycle is from 3/ to 4/. The United States duty is 35 per cent. ad valorem. Thus it will be seen that the German maker has little chance to sell his goods in America, and quite as little to compete with the cheap English and American wheels. If the rate of duty is increased to 20 marks, as it is proposed by some of the German papers, the makers in the fatherland believe they will have a chance to live, and would keep out the 'cheap foreign trash.'

Even if Congress should take the duty off entirely it would not afford the relief desired, for it is apparent from the tone of the German officials that foreign bicycles will not be allowed in the country except upon a different basis than now. Work is being carried on to have bicycles classed as vehicles, and if this is done it would mean practically a prohibition duty being imposed.

Some of the English bicycle and tyre making concerns have already established branch factories in Germany in order to be prepared for the worst. They employ German mechanics, use labour-saving machinery of American make, import parts and fittings practically as raw material, and thus can make and undersell any German manufacturer.

After repeated trials it has been pretty well demonstrated that 'electric pacing' is not the decided success that its originators would have people believe, and to-day the managers of most of the middle distance racing men have abandoned this sort of machine.

One of the chief attractions at the November Carnival of the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club will be the English champion athlete Mr. Rosengrave, now in Sydney.

It has been asserted by an eminent physician that as long as a cyclist can breathe with his mouth shut whilst riding he is safe as far as a strain of the heart is concerned.

Riders who are under the impression that the chief claim for the supremacy of the Dunlop tyre is its remarkable speed powers will be interested to know that the Dunlop possesses extraordinary strength and durability unapproached by any other make. The Dunlop Co. have been favoured with an order to supply a pair of tyres for Mr. Manning (the editor of the 'Dublin Weekly Independent') who weighs no less than 22 stone, and stands 6ft 6in in height. Further comment is needless.

Those cyclists who find that their tyres are becoming the worse for wear, or find them of lighter nature than will withstand the frequent use on ordinary roads, cannot do better than purchase one of the durable compressed Dunlop strips. These strips are endless, and the price to the public is 5s each.

It is said that the number of men engaged in the cycle industries in Germany is ninety thousand, which is about twice the population of Christchurch.

Mr R. J. McCreedy, the well known proprietor of the 'Irish Cyclist,' estimates that the average puncture comes to a man who looks after his tyres once in two thousand miles; hence, he argues, it is folly to use puncture-proof devices, all of which slow a tyre more or less. Dunlop tyres are so manufactured that punctures are rare, yet there is no tyre more resilient.

An easy method of detecting small punctures in the air tube is to place an ounce of red ochre inside the tube, pouring same through the valve body. By carrying this colour always in the tubes immediately there is the smallest escape of air the colour is carried through the punctures, thus marking the place on the outside of the tube. All the rider has then to do is to follow the instructions given in the Dunlop repair outfit, which can be obtained from any cycle agent for one shilling (1s).

A new idea in saddle construction has been introduced, which presents besides novelty only a feature of considerable value. It is that the tension of the top, or leather, shall be adjusted by three screws at the back of the framework on which it is stretched, instead of, as usual, by one single screw at the saddle peak. The value of this method lies in the fact that leather usually settles down at the sides and not centrally, where little or no pressure occurs, and is therefore a tension arrangement that only pulls centrally is a poor attempt to give adequate adjustment.

THE NOTORNIS MANTELLI.

The specimen of Notornis mantelli, caught at Lake Te Anau recently by Mr J. Ross, is now in the Dunedin Museum premises, where it is in the hands of Mr Jennings, the University taxidermist. In the mention made by us of the discovery of this bird—the fourth specimen that has been obtained—it was erroneously stated that the third (captured in 1880) was the only one that had been seen alive, the fact being that the first specimen was secured after an interesting chase. The specimen in question was obtained by Mr Walter Mantell in 1849 on the occasion of a visit he made to the South Island, and the particulars of its capture were thus related by Mr Mantell's father, Dr. Mantell, in his address to the Zoological Society on the 12th November, 1850:—This bird was taken by some sealers who were pursuing their avocations in Dusky Bay. Perceiving the trail of a large and unknown bird on the snow, with which the ground was then covered, they followed the footprints until they obtained a sight of the Notornis, which their dogs instantly pursued, and after a long chase caught alive in the gully of a sound behind Resolution Island. It ran with great speed, and upon being captured uttered loud screams, and fought and struggled violently. It was kept alive two or three days on the schooner, and then killed, and the body roasted and eaten by the crew, each partaking of the dainty, which was declared to be delicious. My son secured the skin, together with very fine specimens of the kakapo, or ground parrot, a pair of huia, and two specimens of kiwi—namely, Apteryx australis and Apteryx owenii; the latter very rare bird is now added to the collection of the British Museum.

Sir Walter Buller, referring to the second specimen, says:—Sir George Grey tells me that in 1868 he was at Preservation Inlet, and saw a party of natives there who gave him a circumstantial account of the recent killing of a snail moon (? Palapteryx), describing with much spirit its capture out of a drove of six or seven. The same natives pointed out to him a valley where the Notornis was said to be still plentiful. This was at the head of Preservation Inlet. Besides being swampy, the ground was covered with vegetation so close and thick that it was impossible to penetrate it on foot, and under this cover the Notornis might roam about in perfect security, for the reclus habits of such a bird, as long ago pointed out by Mr Gould, would in these localities be its best protection.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by Chemists and Storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. Price 16s 6d for 6 boxes, or 3s for 1, post free.



OBITUARY.

MUCH regret was felt throughout New Zealand when it became known that Mr G. S. Cooper, formerly Under-Secretary for the colony, had finally succumbed to the bronchitis from which he had long been a sufferer, at the well advanced age of 73. Mr Cooper came to New Zealand from Ireland with his father (afterwards Colonial Treasurer) in 1810. He was first a junior clerk in the Colonial Secretary's Office, where his abilities soon made him noticed. Later on he was appointed A.D.C. to Governor Fitzroy, and in 1846 became Private Secretary to Sir George (then Captain) Grey, who was Governor at that time. In 1852 he became Inspector of Police and Native Officer in Taranaki, and in 1854 District Commissioner for the Wairarapa and Hawke's Bay, in which position he showed great capacity for dealing with native difficulties. In 1858 he resigned his Commissioner-ship and settled in Hawke's Bay. In 1861 Mr Cooper was appointed Resident Magistrate at Waipukurau, and some years later he became Under-Secretary of the Native Department, and afterwards Under-Secretary for Defence as well. In 1870 he succeeded Mr Gisborne as Under-Secretary for the colony, and he ably filled this, the highest post in the public service until 1892, when he retired on a pension of £550 per annum. Mr Cooper was a man of great uprightness of character, and was very highly esteemed, as he deserved to be, both by those who knew him personally and the public at large. He leaves a widow and four daughters and five sons. The Government offices in Wellington were closed at 1 o'clock on the day of Mr Cooper's funeral as a tribute of respect to the deceased. The burial took place at

Karori Cemetery, and was attended by a large number of the citizens of Wellington.

Mr Jonathan Banford, a very old colonist, on a visit to New Plymouth, died somewhat suddenly at his son-in-law's (Mr Geo. Clift) residence, Avenue Road, on August 13, at the age of 85 years. The deceased was a native of Derbyshire, and was well known in Wellington, having been a resident in that city for over 40 years. He leaves two daughters and several grandchildren to mourn their loss. The deceased was buried in the Henui Cemetery, a large number of persons attending the funeral ceremony.

Mr W. R. Townsend, for a number of years in business as tobaccoist in New Plymouth, died at Wellington on August 15. The deceased belonged to the 43rd Regiment, of which he was bugle-major, and saw service in India and during the native war in New Zealand. On retiring from the regiment he became attached to the Militia Office in New Plymouth under Col. Stapp, and for many years was bandmaster of the New Plymouth Town Band. On retiring from business Mr Townsend and his family went to Auckland, but, receiving an appointment in the General Post Office, Wellington, he went to that city and has resided there ever since. The deceased married the daughter of an old Taranaki settler (Wilkinson), and leaves a large family, who reside in Wellington and Auckland.

Mr James Cox, psychometrist, of Wellesley-street, Auckland, died of heart disease at his residence last week. Mr Cox went through the Waikato campaign as a non-commissioned officer in one of Her Majesty's regiments. He was also for many years in the employment of Messrs Whitaker and Buddie, solicitors, Auckland.

The news reached Hlenheim last week of the death of Mr W. D. Smith, of Kaikoura, who had expired suddenly a few days previously. Mrs Smith was the eldest daughter of the late J. Ward, Blythefield, Hlenheim, and is a niece of Archbishop Redwood, and has many relations living in the neighbourhood of Hlenheim.

Mr Macdonald, who for some seven years past has been teaching the Maori school at Waikawa, Pictou, died on Monday morning from pneumonia. Mr Macdonald was much esteemed in Pictou, and visitors to the school and Maori pa will miss him exceedingly. He was generously hospitable, and his garden, in which he took the greatest of interest, was quite a show place. Mrs Macdonald, pre-deceased him by many years, and since her death he has lived a very retired life. He leaves two sons, Messrs Falsomer and George Macdonald, both of Wellington. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, from the Anglican Church.

Letters from South Africa state that small pox is raging all over the country, and everybody is being re-vaccinated, not with any idea of escaping the plague, but of getting it in a milder form. Poverty and distress is rampant in Johannesburg, and soup kitchens have been initiated for the relief of those poor unfortunates who can get nothing to do.

Upon severing his 13 years' connection with Messrs David Anderson and Son, Mr W. H. Gunning (Wellington) was presented by his fellow employees with a very handsome gold mounted meerschaum pipe and Malacca walking stick, engraved with a suitable inscription. Mr Gunning sails on Thursday for Vancouver, and proposes entering into business for himself in one of the rising towns of Columbia, and carries with him the good wishes of a very large circle of friends in Wellington.

GOLF.

The Palmerston Golf Tournament takes place on the 6th of September, and a team comprising the leading players will in all probability represent the Wellington Golf Club, who have been invited to send representatives.

Owing to the wretched weather prevailing in Wellington, the golf competitions which were to have taken place on Saturday were postponed until this week.

Mr Holden, of Messrs Stewart Dawson and Co., Auckland, has presented the Auckland Golf Club with a very valuable trophy, which the committee have decided shall not be too easily won. A handicap singles will be played, opponents to be drawn in the first round in two classes. After each round there will be a consolation for the losers, so that a competitor must be beaten twice at least before he drops out. Losers will be drawn after each round to play in the consolation, and the survivors of the consolation will be drawn for the next round with the winners of the previous round. The tournament will take place over the championship course of 18 holes, and will be match play; one round and its consolation to be played within a fortnight.

The cattle have been doing so much mischief to the polo and Upolu holes at Green Lane, Auckland, that they will not be fit to play on for some time.

Miss Lena Thompson, a member of the Wimbledon Golf Club, has won the Ladies' Golf Championship of Great Britain, being the first English woman to gain the coveted honour.

HOCKEY.

The hockey match between clubs representing Wellington and Christchurch will probably take place about the 27th, and it is reported that the team to try conclusions with our local club will be a very strong one.

Pears' Soap.

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

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Erasmus Wilson

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

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

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



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

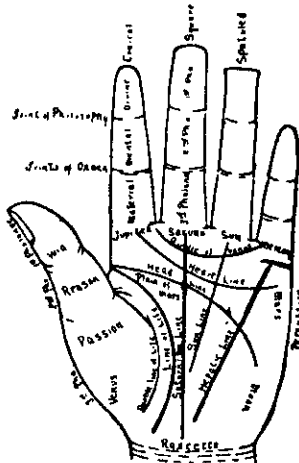
Lilla Laszlo

CHIROMANCY

Or the

SCIENCE OF READING HANDS

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



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

'MADAME VERO.

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

GRAPHOLOGY

OR

PEN PORTRAITS.

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

MADAME MARCELLA.

"Graphic" Office, Auckland.

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

PHOEBY.—I gather from your handwriting that you are both affectionate and unselfish, although not very demonstrative or at all vehement in your expressions of regard. I do not detect the indications of a vivid imagination, but you are mentally active. You think, speak and decide quickly. You give your opinions with frank sincerity when invited to do so, and if slightly impressionable you are not unduly influenced by others, unless deeply interested in them personally. Your tastes are economical, and if punctuality were more in evidence I should pronounce you an excellent and thrifty household manager; but I think you scarcely carry out all your theories in practice. Nevertheless,

perseverance is shown in some of the terminals, and there is no deficiency of energy or industry. The separation of many letters betokens observation; but you do not pay attention to detail. You view things en masse and judge from the whole. You are fond of music, and if you have cultivated the taste for it your playing should be expressive and accurate. You possess a large share of pride of the sensitive order, but you are neither ambitious nor ostentatious. Truth and sincerity are so conspicuous that I may confidently assert you to be incapable of deceit, and unskilled in the art of flattery. Your thoughts and words are so simultaneous that I think it possible your openness may occasionally give offence.—MARCELLA.

INQUISITIVE.—In the delineation I have just completed truth and sincerity were conspicuous. In your specimens of handwriting they are even more distinctly noticeable, but, accompanied in your case, by extreme kindness of heart and much courtesy of manner. Your temper is good, your temperament impulsive, but genial. You are cheerful and sanguine. 'Fits of the blues' or even temporary depression of spirits are unknown to you. You are by no means restlessly energetic, and have a rooted aversion both to worrying and unpleasant contention. If all goes smoothly you are the first to be pleased and contented, but you do not see the force of persevering in anything disagreeable. You are too good-natured to be critical, but your sense of humour gives you a keen appreciation of wit, and the ludicrous side of a picture is never lost upon you. There is force of character in your capital M, and firmness in some of the down-strokes, although I think an effort is required to exercise the latter; yet you reason so persuasively and possess such a strong desire to please and give satisfaction that the wish inspires the method. You are sufficiently imaginative, but not impressionable, neat and accurate in business transactions, and neither fanciful nor capricious.—MARCELLA.

ROBERT.—The warmest affection, combined with fidelity and constancy, is indicated by your handwriting. You are generous, too, and quite the reverse of selfish or exacting; but, although your sensibilities are almost painfully acute, you are not a close observer. Self-esteem is rather deficient, and you are slightly prone to suspicion. From this I infer that, while capable of the tenderest devotion, you are by no means a stranger to intense jealousy, which you betray to no one, although you suffer much. Your will is firm; your self-control remarkably strong, so much so that it reduces a naturally impatient temperament to complete subordination. Calligraphy of such blackness as yours bespeaks admiration for beauty, love of children, in some cases, and always good taste in colours, a liking for leading and cultivating flowers and out-door pursuits. You form your own opinions quickly and decidedly, and rarely change your mind when it is made up. Ambition is very moderate, but tenacity of purpose compensates for the deficiency. You resent an injury bitterly, yet you retain anger and withhold forgiveness only just as long as the offence or injury remains unregretted and pardon unsought.—MARCELLA.

The art of painting pictures so near to life as to deceive the naked eye is very old. Pliny relates that Zeuxis once painted some grapes so naturally that birds used to come and peck at them, and that Parrhasius once painted a curtain so artfully that Zeuxis desired it drawn aside that he could see the picture it hid. Discovering his error, he confessed himself outdone, as he had only imposed on birds, whereas Parrhasius had deceived the human intellect. Another time Zeuxis painted a boy with some grapes, and when the birds again flew at the grapes he was very angry, saying that he was certainly at fault with the picture. He reasoned that had it been perfect the birds would have been frightened away by the boy.

Cicero Valerius Flaccus says that Zenobia's death was occasioned by an immoderate fit of laughter on looking at the comic picture he had drawn of an old woman.

NEURALGIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

There are varieties of headaches produced by various causes, as over-study or exhaustion; or by a peculiar state of the system, as the throbbing pain in the head which precedes apoplexy, but these should be prescribed for by a physician. In many cases the cause of the headache is deep-seated and must be removed before permanent relief can be hoped for. Neuralgia in any part of the body implies that the nerves are starved and crying out for food. This must be supplied before the pain will cease. There are, however, measures which can be tried to give temporary relief, and no one who has not suffered from the headache of neuralgia knows what this means to the victim. Camphor and chloral, rubbed together until they form a liquid, may be painted over the spot, or a menthol pencil used in the same manner. If these cannot be obtained the face should be bathed in very hot water and a mustard paste applied, taking care not to leave it on long enough to blister. A flannel wet with chloroform liniment may be tried, and a hot water bag will sometimes ease the pain. A cup of hot tea followed by a teaspoonful of valerinate of ammonia may do good. A person subject to this form of headache should eat plenty of nourishing food, as fresh meat, all the cereals, vegetables, particularly beans and celery, and drink milk, hot or cold, and cocoa in preference to tea or coffee. These may be used as a stimulant in necessity, but not as a regular beverage. Friction of the whole body by rubbing is valuable and it should be kept warm in cold weather by suitable clothing with

flannel next the skin, especially at night.

The teeth should be examined by a dentist and properly attended to. If these measures fail a nerve tonic is necessary, and this a doctor must prescribe.

When the nausea from sick headache is first felt, perfect rest in bed with a tablespoonful of hot, strong coffee, without milk or sugar, given every fifteen minutes for six doses, may ward off an attack. Oxalate of cerium is sometimes very effective. It can be procured at the druggist's and should be put up in powders of twenty grains each. Shake one up on the tongue, swallow, and take a little water. Soda mint tablets, one every ten minutes until six have been taken, are efficacious if administered early.

Persons subject to sick headache should regulate the diet with care, avoiding rich food and fats, using lemons freely, drinking the juice squeezed in water. They should take exercise in the open air, have a sponge bath, followed by brisk rubbing once a day, and use some simple laxative, if it is necessary, once or twice. Its use should not be depended upon or it will increase the difficulty.

Mr. P. Jury, of the Star Football Club, in New Plymouth, was presented on August 18th by the members with a handsome silver double shell cake stand, as a mark of esteem. The stand is of elegant and novel design, and artistically chased, with legs of the rustic order, and bears the inscription, 'Presented to P. Jury by the Star F.C. on the occasion of his marriage.' The present was obtained from Mr. A. L. Cook, silversmith and jeweller, of New Plymouth.

**DEBILITATED BY HOT WEATHER.
TIRED OUT AND ILL.**

Tonics (so-called) do no good, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla builds up and restores to health Mr. J. Gough of Cape Town, Cape Colony, who sends his portrait and writes as follows:



"During the past summer the extremely hot weather made me seriously ill. I lost all appetite, could not sleep, was incapacitated for work, and suffered from severe pains in the head. I tried several tonics, but they did me no good whatever. A friend, who had been similarly affected, told me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as he had done. I followed his advice, and soon began to regain my strength, and after using three or four bottles my health was completely restored."

Very many people suffer from the effects of a prolonged season of warm weather in the same way as did Mr Gough. Their blood becomes thin, food distasteful, and life is positively burdensome.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

makes new, pure blood; restores strength and vitality, and has been the salvation of thousands who, prior to its use, were, as they expressed it, "both tired out and worn out."

See that the name—**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**—is on the wrapper and blown in the glass of each bottle.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



OPERA HOUSE

ANGLO-AMATEUR OPERA CLUB
FOR A SHORT SEASON ONLY.

THIS (Wednesday) EVENING, Aug. 24

GRAND PRODUCTION.

At Enormous Cost and on a Scale of
UNPARALLELED MAGNIFICENCE
and COMPLETENESS of Robert Plan-
quette's Popular, Charming, and Tuneful
Opera.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE

(THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE)

GORGEOUS SCENERY AND EFFECTS
SPLENDID NEW COSTUMES.

SPECIALLY ARRANGED DANCES

THE MYSTIC BALLET.

THE RUSTIC DANCE.

The Scenery by Herr VERNERMARK.

Costumes designed by Mr THEO.

QUERRE.

Conductor—Professor CARL SCHMITT.

Stage Manager—Mr ARCHDALE TAY-
LER.

TARIFF OF PRICES.

Orchestra Stalls 5/, Dress Circle 4/.

Stalls 2/6, Pit 1/.

Early doors to stall and pit 6d extra.

Patrons should book seats at Wild-

man and Lyell's at once.

Day Sales at Williamson's.

Owing to the length of the Opera,

the curtain will rise each evening at

8 o'clock precisely.

Early doors open at 7.

General admission at 7.30.

There will be positively NO FREE

LIST.

P. R. DIX, Secretary.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Mr T. W. Lowe, the Wellington City Librarian, left for Christchurch on Tuesday last, in order to obtain some of the valuable books at the sale of Mr Grossman's library, for the Wellington Public Library.

Captain McClatchie, who has been in New Plymouth for some time on account of his daughter's health, returned to Christchurch last week, as Mrs McIntosh, wife of the manager of the Bank of Australasia, is so much better.

Master Christopher Sealy (Pictou) leaves for Auckland this week to join his father, who is surveying in the Waikato.

Miss Watt, of Napier, and her brother, passed through Wellington this week on their way from Christchurch where they have been for the races.

Dr. Irvine returned to Christchurch last week from Nelson.

Mr F. Greenfield has returned to Blenheim from his holiday trip to Wellington and Nelson.

Miss E. Brown, who was in charge of the New Plymouth Hospital during the illness of Miss Fernandez, has been appointed matron of that institution, and Miss M. Furlong the head nurse.

Mr and Mrs John Aiken left Christchurch on Tuesday for Wellington, and from thence they proceed to Nelson and Auckland.

Miss Garcia (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs William Pharyzyn, in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Foster Pratt (Palmerston) arrived in Wellington on Tuesday last, in order to attend the funeral of Mrs Pratt's father, Mr G. S. Cooper, late Under-Secretary for the colony, which took place at Karori on Thursday afternoon last.

Mr Henry Redwood, of Nelson, is visiting Blenheim.

Mr A. Western, Mount Pleasant, Pictou, who was thrown from his horse last week, was more seriously hurt than was at first supposed. He is still in the doctor's hands.

Mr Gordon, of the Bank of New South Wales, New Plymouth, has been removed to Patea.

Mrs and Miss James Mills, of Dunedin, were in Wellington for a few days last week.

Mr Saynor Griffith, of Wanganui, will give a lecture entitled "Whenua Ru" (trembling land), in New Ply-

mouth on August 29th, for the benefit of the recreation ground. It will be illustrated by fine limelight lantern views, shown by Mr W. G. Broad, of Palmerston North. Mr Griffith has for years taken great interest in the subject, and has collected the best views of the Hot Lake district procurable.

The Hon. J. A. and Mrs Bonar spent a week in Nelson and returned to Wellington on Monday.

The Misses Nedwell, of Christchurch, are the guests of Mrs Gore, in Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Elworthy, of Timaru, are at present in Wellington.

Mrs H. C. Seymour, Miss Isabel Seymour, and Miss J. Seymour, Tynesfield, are in Pictou, visiting various old friends.

Mr Tunbridge, Commissioner of Police, returned to Wellington from Nelson by the Penguin on Wednesday last.

Mrs Captain Russell has returned from Wellington to her home in Hastings.

Dr. and Mrs Boyd, after a short wedding tour, arrived in Nelson last week and are now residing at Richmond.

Miss Parsons, of Auckland, has gone to Wellington.

Miss Bush, of the Thames, who has been spending the last month in Auckland, returns next week to the Thames.

Among the passengers from the Islands to Auckland by the Ovalau on Sunday night were the Rev. Dr. Geo. Brown and Mr H. B. Foldi.

The Misses Russell, of Christchurch, who have been staying in Napier at the Masonic Hotel, have left for the South.

Mr P. Dignan, the Mayor of Auckland, and Mr W. Crowther, M.H.R., returned from Wellington to Auckland by the Gairloch last Saturday.

The Misses Roberts, of Dunedin, who have been paying a visit to Napier, have left for Wellington en route to Dunedin.

Mr and Mrs F. L. Prime, of Auckland, celebrated their "golden wedding" on Monday by a social gathering in the Pitt-street "church parlour."

Among the passengers by the Rototiti for Wellington last Thursday was Mr Brown, of the Westport Coal Company, who has been making a short stay in Auckland.

Mrs Newman, of Wanganui, who has been paying a visit to Napier, has returned home.

Miss Wilson, of Napier, has gone for a visit into the country.

Captain Davidson, of Napier, has returned from a visit to Sydney.

The Misses McMillan, of Auckland, are paying a visit to Mrs Davidson, of the "Bluff Hill," Napier.

Miss Gordon, of Epsom, Auckland, is staying in Wellington with friends.

Mrs Young, of Blenheim, has been staying with her aunt, Mrs Kenwick, in Nelson.

Miss Seymour George (Auckland) is the guest of Miss Coates in Wellington, for the session.

In our last issue it was stated that the Hon. Mrs Orr-Ewing (nee Lady Augusta Boyle) was one of the guests at Mrs Mackay-Mackenzie's drawing room tea. This was not the case. It was at the Drawing Room held at Buckingham Palace earlier on the same day, that the Hon. Mrs Orr-Ewing was present, and wore the beautiful dress described in last week's "Graphic."

Mr H. Horton, of Blenheim, is making a visit to Christchurch.

Among the passengers by the Gairloch for New Plymouth last Thursday was Bishop Lenihan, of Auckland.

Mr J. B. Rhodes, Springhill, Napier, is paying a short visit to Wellington.

The whist party met at Dr. Brewis', Hamilton, last Monday evening.

Mr F. E. Baume, of Auckland, returned home from Wellington last Saturday by the Takapuna.

Mr Turnbull, of Napier, has returned home from Wairoa, where he was bar-bound for nearly a fortnight.

The Misses Julius, of Christchurch, are now the guests of Mrs Tolhurst, in Wellington.

Mr P. A. Edmison, manager of the Accident Insurance Company, left Auckland for Wellington last Thursday.

Afternoon teas were given in Wellington this week by Mrs Izard, Miss Duncan, Miss Medley and Miss Dransfield.

Mr Thomas Cotter of Auckland, City Solicitor, came back from Wellington by the Gairloch last Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Shannon have been visiting Dunedin, on their way South from Napier, where they have been spending a month.

Mr F. Redwood, of Blenheim, was very successful at the pigeon match at Papanui last week.

Mrs C. Watts has returned to Nelson after a pleasant trip to Blenheim.

Mr H. Biggs is in Hamilton just now on a visit to his father and mother, at The Parsonage.

Miss Williams, Dunedin, is staying with Mrs Izard, Hobson-street, Wellington, for the sessional gaieties.

Mr John Benney, who has occupied the position of general manager of the Komata Reefs G.M. Company's property since the formation of the company, was recently presented by Messrs Browne (present general manager) and C. H. Lawn (mine manager) on behalf of the employees with a beautiful gold-mounted walking-cane and a magnificently illuminated address on the occasion of severing his connection with the company. The address, which was couched in terms expressive of the highest appreciation of Mr Benney's character and conduct was signed Chas. H. Lawn, J. Hunter, Thos. Williams, Henry Luke, and Chas. Powick.

The Rev. Dr. Erwin, of North Belt, Christchurch, has intimated to the Management Committee of Mornington Presbyterian Church, Dunedin, that he does not wish to have his name inserted in the call to the pulpit of that church.

Mrs Moynihan (Nelson) is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs A. P. Green, in Blenheim.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Dr. Brown, General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was prostrated by influenza at Samoa, while visiting the Islands.

Mr R. Scott, recently a resident of Birmingham, is now in Blenheim, where it is understood he intends to make his home.

Mr Joseph O'Meara, solicitor, Paeon, whose health is not in a satisfactory condition, is now visiting Auckland.

Mr and Mrs B. Clouston, of Blenheim, have gone to Nelson on account of the serious illness of Mr Clouston's father. Mr W. E. Clouston has just returned to Blenheim from visiting his father.

Mrs Foster, who has been visiting friends in Canterbury, passed through Blenheim last week, on her way to "Sturborough."

Mr McIntire, President of the Blenheim Law Society, accompanied by Mrs McIntire, left Blenheim last Wednesday to pay a visit to Napier.

Mr Orr, of the Union Company's Office, Blenheim, has been suffering from influenza, from which he is just now recovering.

The General Manager of the Anglo-Continental Mining Syndicate, Mr H. A. Gordon, is at present away from Auckland inspecting the properties of the Syndicate on the West Coast and in Otago.

Sergeant Kiely, head of the police force in Blenheim, has been very seriously ill, but, though still weak, is now progressing towards recovery.

The Mararoa brought to Auckland last week Dr. William Buchanan, son of Mr W. Buchanan, of Devonport, who left this city eight years ago. For six of those years he has been studying medicine at the Edinburgh University, and for the last two years has been busily engaged gathering experience by hospital attendance and general medical practice in the Old Country.

The Chairman of the Auckland Harbour Board, Mr Malcolm Nicol, is a candidate for a seat on the Devonport Borough Council at the ensuing election.

Mr F. Bradey, Chairman of the Hutt County Council, is likely to be asked to contest the Otaki seat in the Opposition interest at the next election.

Mr Fred E. Baume, of Auckland, announces his intention to stand for re-election as representative on the City Council of the East Ward of Auckland City.

LATE CORRESPONDENCE.

"Anxiety."—I am very sorry to say that I do not know of any means by which the superabundance of flesh you complain of could be reduced. Anti-cornulence remedies would take effect on the whole body generally, and that, judging from what you say of yourself, would not be desirable in your case. How would it do to try a good deal of exercise on horseback? I think that that might possibly help to lessen the trouble you speak of. In regard to your second query, I should say that you could not successfully remove the black lacquer, but you could re-lacquer the article in question with a different colour.

AUCKLAND EXHIBITION.

The Auckland Exhibition buildings are every day drawing nearer completion, while at the same time the Exhibition itself is coming to occupy a daily increasing space in the thoughts and talk of the citizens of Auckland. At the last meeting of the Executive Committee there was much argument for and against the establishment of a bar for the sale of liquor within the Auckland Exhibition, but it was not decided whether the bar was to be or not to be, the coming to a decision being relegated to a future meeting.

Space in the Exhibition has been granted at half rates to the Door of Hope Rescue Home, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

The Government Mines Department have agreed to convey to the Exhibition a block of coal two tons in weight, which has been offered by the manager of the Brunner mine. This same department has also offered to the Exhibition a map of the Thames-Hauraki goldfields (costing £60), which offer has been accepted by the committee with thanks. After the Exhibition the map will be given to the Thames Warren for public reference.

Mr Malcolm, of the Auckland Cycling Club, has been appointed a member of the Sports Committee.

100 YEARS' REPUTATION
KEARSLEY'S PILL
WIDOW WELCH'S ILLS.

Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all obstructions, froggy action, anæmia, and all female complaint. They contain no irritant, and have the approval of the Medical Profession. The only genuine are in White Paper Wrappers and have the name of "C. and L. Kearsley," Bottles, in liquid and solid of all chemists.—Mills, C. & O. Kearsley, 17 North-st., Westminster.

*Armstrong and Greer, Photo.*

A RECENT DUNEDIN MARRIAGE.—THE GRIFFEN—MCILROY WEDDING PARTY.

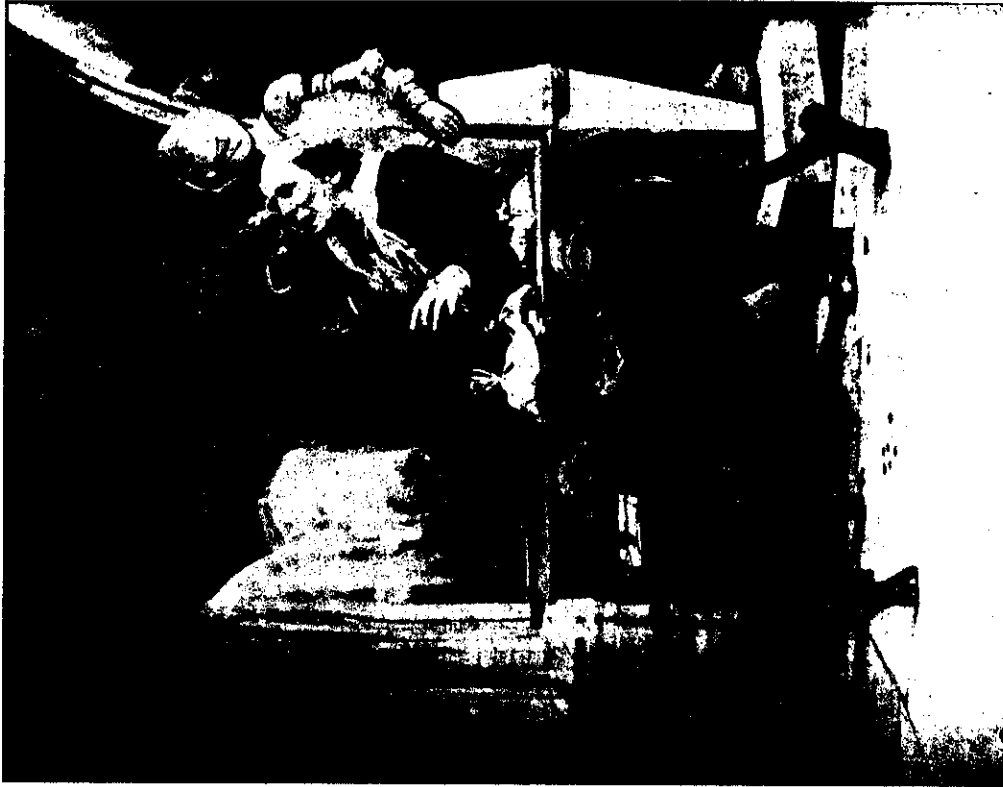
*P. W. Edwards Photo*

HAWKE'S BAY RUGBY FOOTBALL REPRESENTATIVES, 1898.

BACK ROW.—A. CHEER, A. CALDWELL, L. COLLENGE, A. CARLSTON, F. TANKARD, H. SPEEDY.
 MIDDLE ROW.—H. MILLER, W. STICKLAND, M. WOODS, T. WHIGLEY (Captain), W. HORSON, G. CALDWELL, J. MELLIOR.
 FRONT ROW.—J. FRANKER, A. WEIR, J. O'CONNELL, W. O'CONNELL.

(SEE 'ILLUSTRATIONS')

The Auckland Amateurs in "Les Cloches de Corneville."



MR. GEORGE WARREN AS THE "MISER GASPARD."

THE SARONY STUDIO.



NEWTON, AUCKLAND.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE EAST WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I have the honour to announce my intention of seeking Re-election as your Representative on the City Council, and trust to be favoured by your support.

FREDK. E. RAUME.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

Mr James Ritchie, of Southland, was one of the numerous passengers in the favourite Gothick. He is going to visit friends in Scotland and run over to Ireland in time for the Dublin horse show. He will leave by the Ionic on the 26th October.

Mr J. G. Pascoe, of Wellington, has much benefited in health by his travels. After spending some time in the neighbourhood of Port Rush and journeying in Ireland, he crossed over to Scotland, visited Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was shown over Lord Glasgow's estate at Fairlie. It is forty-five years since Mr Pascoe left London for the colony, and he confesses himself lost in it now and fairly bewildered. He is thinking of taking the Suez route back to Maoriland in October.

Mr and Mrs Keith Ramsay left on Thursday for another visit to Scotland, after a very enjoyable but rather fatiguing spell of sight-seeing in London. With the exception of some three weeks in the metropolis they have spent their time in Scotland, chiefly with Mr Ramsay's brother at Closeburn Manse, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, and in Edinburgh. They will spend most of their remaining time in Scotland, but will probably visit Ireland and the Continent also before leaving for Dunedin.

Mr Robert Fenwick, of T. and S. Morrin, Ltd., of Auckland, arrived by the Teutonic last week just too late for the New Zealand dinner. Mr Fenwick, unlike most of the Moana's passengers, faced the long journey via Seattle to Victoria, Vancouver, and crossed the continent by the Canadian Pacific railway. With this route both he and Mr Thomas Brydone express themselves entirely satisfied. At the present time of the year no pleasanter long railway journey could be imagined. The cars are comfortable, the stoppages for meals sufficient and the scenery superb. Mr Fenwick broke the journey at Glacier House, at Banff House (which is 5000 feet above the sea, and boasts sulphur springs akin to Rotorua), and at Chicago. With the whirl of business life in the great western city he was immensely impressed. New York scarcely approached it. Mr Fenwick is just now immersed in business, but goes to Scotland next week with Mr Brydone. Both gentlemen have taken up their quarters at the Euston Hotel.

Miss Swanbilde Bulau was interviewed the other day by a representative of the 'Cycle' on the progress of the Rational Dress League, of which she is the secretary and moving spirit.

She told him that they had just been in time to save the rational costume from an ignominious death, that they proposed to wear the costume on every possible occasion, in every kind of sport, walking and house duties, and that they believed it would be the dress of the future.

Notwithstanding his unfortunate experiences on the China Mr A. H. Nathan has resolved to again risk the possibilities of the Suez route, and leaves by the steamer of the 3rd August with one of his boys. The other remains at home in England.

Amongst the arrivals by the Gothick I note Mr and Mrs William Henderson, of Dunedin, who have taken rooms in Torrington Square pro tem., and Mr and Mrs Wm. Patrick. The latter have gone to Scotland to stay with friends. Mr James Smith, the well-known Dunedin solicitor, is also amongst us. He has quarters at present at the Junior Athenaeum Club.

Mr W. A. Money, of Christchurch, is in town for a fortnight. He went out to Newmarket last Tuesday to visit an old New Zealand friend and attend the July meeting there. After staying awhile with his people in Cambridge he purposes paying visits in the Eastern Counties, at Bury St. Edmunds, Thetford, Chatteris, Isle of Ely. After returning to London he will go on to Devonshire. He expects to return to the colony about the middle of October.

Mr F. Cumming, of Elye and Cumming, Dunedin, is looking a great deal better than when he arrived, and his enjoyable trip via 'Frisco and sojourn on this side has quite restored his health. At Salt Lake City he was fortunate enough to witness the great Mormon festival, some forty thousand taking part in the celebration. Chicago and New York were revelations.

Mr George Scott, of Christchurch, is very much better for his trip Home in the Rome, and when he looked in at the office was brisk and bright. He had just returned from Birmingham, where he spent two days examining the machinery at the Royal Agricultural Show. In cream separators he noticed a novelty or two, but in ranges, of which his firm makes a specialty, he found the British article much inferior in pattern and finish to the colonial, and strongly urged, but to little purpose, an old-fashioned Luton manufacturer to adopt the block and plate system, if he didn't wish to be cut out altogether by his American competitor. The show, by the way, was a failure this year, the attendance being very bad. After a week in Birmingham Mr Scott spent a week or so in Derby and Southport, and is now dividing his time between business and sight-seeing with his daughter in London, after a fortnight of which he intends touring in Scotland and crossing the continent to rejoin a P. and O. steamer at Brindisi in September.

Mr F. Perry, of Timaru, has just arrived and has been staying at Barnett's Hotel with Messrs Beswick and Studholme. I understand he is going into one of the hospitals to undergo an operation upon the kidneys.

to him. For the last two months Mr Cumming has been hard at work buying for his firm with, I understand, considerable success. He is now taking a well-earned holiday in Scotland, after which he contemplates visiting Yorkshire, Jersey, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Italy, and joining the Britannia at Port Said.

Mr John Begg, of Dunedin, has just arrived on this side after a very pleasant trip in America. Leaving the Aorangi at Vancouver, he journeyed through Canada by the C.P.R., stopping en route at Banff. Crossing into the United States he visited St. Paul, Minneapolis, New York and Chicago, in the last of which towns he spent twelve days. New York he found as gaily decorated with flags in honour of the war as if some gala day was being celebrated. At Coney Island he was almost bewildered by the high jinks that go on there. At Chicago he was much struck by the universality of cycling and the cheapness of machines, and he seized the opportunity of buying a Columbia Chainless, which he found ran very smoothly. From New York he went to Detroit and Toronto, the Niagara Falls, and Montreal, and visited Lake Chaplin and Albany, journeyed down the rapids of St. Lawrence and back to New York down the Hudson River. On inspecting the second-class accommodation of several of the Atlantic liners he found it much inferior to that of the Aorangi, and accordingly crossed the herring pond in the Barbarossa. After a fortnight's stay in London, Mr Begg proceeds north to his native haunts in Stirling and the Forth, where he intends to make the Columbia Chainless hum. He hopes to spend a few weeks on the Continent before returning by Suez in time to reach Dunedin for Christmas.

Mr John Holmes is fairly on his homeward way, but the inevitable interview and half column on New Zealand in the 'Scotsman' followed his arrival in Edinburgh, where he had a good time. He was one of the guests at a lunch given by the corporation to a party of officers of the Austrian training ship Donau, and his health was one of the toasts of the afternoon.

Captain Rochfort Snow has gone to stay with Sir Charles Doly, Bart., at Blandford in Dorsetshire.

Mr Joe Gould and Mr and Mrs Otterson had a New Zealand party at Henley last week, their guests being Miss Williams of Dunedin, Miss Teschemaker and Mr H. J. Beswick. They roved about the course and dined and had afternoon tea at 'Clubland'. Other New Zealanders there were Mr 'Fred' Studholme, who is to undergo an operation upon his nose shortly after which he leaves for a holiday in Ireland, returning to the colony in October, and Mr and Mrs Beaumont of Christchurch.

Miss Edith Cooke, from the Hammer Plains, who had a delightful passage Home in the Waimate, is hard at work at the National Hospital, Queen's Square, studying both the theory and practice of massage, and means to take her certificate and visit her aunt at Jersey before her return to New Zealand in the autumn. She is stay-

ing at Bayswater with her friend, Miss Lettie Hassell, who I hear was singing at Lady Crossley's At-Home a day or two ago, and with Mrs Tom Hall and Mr John Milton made up a theatre party on Wednesday for the Liebhart benefit performance. Miss Cooke had an amusing experience the other day. Gazing into a shop window wherein were displayed all the attractions of the summer sales, she observed two ragged little urchins approach, and remark, 'She's a new chum.' Just then General Tom Thumb's carriage proved the centre of attraction, and Miss Cooke rushed into the crowd. Her attention was rivetted on the dwarf, when she suddenly discovered that one of the urchins had snatched her purse from her hand. She pursued him hot foot, and, grabbing him with the strong arm of a masseuse, managed by allusions to a policeman to recover her purse. Since then she has invested in a patent attachment by which the purse is strapped to the hand. Lady 'new chums' please note.

Mr Donald McKay, of Rangiora, is representing New Zealand at Bisley.

Mr Rankin, salesman of Neil and Co., of Dunedin, arrived by the Gothick and has gone into the country to visit friends. His run Home is purely a pleasure trip.

Mr Beswick has been engaged on business for the last few days. He left on Thursday for Hull, whence he intends running over to Liverpool, returning to London in about three weeks' time. Before his departure he paid a visit to Bond-street to see the excellent portrait which Mr A. R. Bloxton has had painted for the money subscribed by the legal profession, and which will no doubt eventually hang in the Supreme Court Library at Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lily Fell, second daughter of Mr C. Y. Fell, to Mr Randolph, of Buenos Ayres, a gentleman whom she met during her visit to England. The marriage will probably take place next April.

Many men make the mistake of thinking that women are made to be purely ornamental, and that the item of brains is only found in one from whom every other desirable quality has been omitted by Nature. It is perfectly exasperating to a girl of ordinary common sense to come in contact with a man who has this mistaken idea of her mental capabilities. She may not be surprisingly brilliant, but there is not a woman in existence that would not prefer common sense talk to the sugary nothings that so many men think are palatable to all sorts of women. A man's conversation with one of the opposite sex need not be entirely sentimental or full of compliments. If he will but put aside the thought that women are but pretty dolls he will find that in society, as well as in literary circles, there are strong feminine minds in beautiful bodies, and that the conversation carried on need not be of the namby-pamby description that only weak-minded women enjoy.



Mrs Cobb, Photo, Napier.

MEET OF THE HAWKE'S BAY HUNT CLUB (1898) AT THE RESIDENCE OF T. H. LOWRY, ESQ., OKAWA.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That Lady Ranfurly is to be asked to present to the Auckland Infantry Battalion No. 1 their new colours, which are coming out from Home.

That the Librarian at the Wellington Public Library deems it necessary to block out or otherwise remove the sporting news from the newspapers in the library in order to put a stop to the most reprehensible practice of cutting out the sporting news which visitors to the library indulge in.

That the forthcoming Auckland Garrison Hall promises to be a very successful affair, and tickets for it are meeting with a very ready sale.

That Major Gudgeon will probably be appointed British Resident at Kararua.

That had the day been bright and sunny there would have been a great many more spectators at the football match held at the Napier Recreation Ground between Canterbury and Hawke's Bay. The game was watched with great interest, and ended in Canterbury winning by 15 points to 3.

That the friends of Mr A. W. C. Stace, formerly a student at St. John's Theological College, Tamaki, Auckland, will be pleased to know that he is winning golden opinions on all hands at Reefton, where he is assistant curate.

That a lecture on 'Bismarck' was given by the Rev. W. G. Parsonson at Napier on August 11, and that during the evening several musical selections were contributed by local performers.

That an accident happened to the express train from Wellington to Napier the other day near Waipawa. A cow happened to be on the line, and several of the carriages were thrown off the rails and overturned. The passengers, some of whom were much bruised, had to crawl out through the windows. The passenger who suffered the most was Mrs. Hennan, and she, besides receiving a severe shaking, was rendered unconscious. It was most fortunate that the accident was no worse, and that the passengers escaped any very serious injury.

That the novices of the Auckland Rowing Club are to have a set of gold shields presented to them for competition by Mr. Gooden, the newly elected captain of the club, and a silver-mounted celery glass by Mr. Baker.

That a very rare and beautiful fish called the Regaleus Argenteus has been lately found off our coast, making the twelfth specimen of its kind ever recorded to have been found in New Zealand waters. It is over 12 feet long and one foot broad, and looks like a long ribbon of polished silver with jet black markings, while, to add to its beauty, it has a long bright red dorsal fin which rises to a sort of plumed crest over two feet in height.

That a 'find' very interesting to scientific people all over the world was announced at a recent meeting of the Otago Institute. This 'find,' which was secured by a dog belonging to Mr. John Ross (brother of the guide) in the bush near the Middle Fjord, Te Anau, is now in the possession of Dr. Young, of Invercargill. It is a complete specimen of the Notornis Mantelli, and there is not another in any museum in the colony, though the British Museum has two and the Dresden Museum one, these three being the only other complete specimens ever found.

That there is some serious talk of enlarging the Choral Hall, Auckland.

That cremation is the latest thing for which the political women in Wanganui are clamouring, according to an exchange, but one would like to know precisely what it is they want. Is it the right to immolate themselves on the funeral pyres of their beloved, such as once belonged to the Hindoo widow, or is it merely the right to be consumed quickly by fire instead of slowly by the worms after they are dead?

That in consequence of some friction among its members the Lyttelton Brass Band has ceased to exist as a band.

That the performance of the 'Taming of the Shrew' by Mr. Cook's amateurs, which takes place in Nelson next month, promises to be a very amusing affair.

That at a recent meeting of the Otago Institute a wonderfully large and beautiful kiwi mat made at Upihi, near Taupo, was exhibited, and received the enthusiastic admiration of all present. Kiwis are increasing, it is maintained, in the North Island, and certainly the kiwi mat seems to suggest that this must be the case, for an immense quantity of feathers must have gone to the making of it.

That the anomaly of having to eject an old man by main force from the prison at which he had served a long sentence, on the expiry of that sentence—an anomaly that was exemplified by a recent case at Nelson Gaol—suggests a good deal of varied food for reflection.

That the thief or thieves who committed the daylight robberies of jewellery in two private houses in Auckland on the same day last week have not been able to profit much by their ill-gotten gains, for last Saturday the stolen jewellery was discovered by two boys playing on Mount Eden carefully planted in a quiet nook, and was handed over to the police by them.

That owing to the recent heavy rains great anxiety was felt for the settlers at Clive, Mearns, and the low-lying lands, but happily the weather cleared up before very great damage was done, though some of the swollen rivers overflowed and covered part of the lands with water. Near Tomouana a great deal of ground belonging to Mr. Robertson and Mr. Thomson was quite inundated. At Omaha a new bridge was being constructed, and most of the timber used for it was carried down by the river. At the 'Wash-out' the railway lines were submerged, and the passengers had to be taken by bus from the Farnham Station to the train waiting for them on the opposite side of the 'Wash-out.' When the water rose still higher and submerged the road, boats were brought into requisition.

That the Dunedin Museum has recently had its exhibits enriched by the addition of a moa's egg found in the river flat between Alexandra and Cromwell.

That King Frost has been very active of late in the ranges near Christchurch, where only the swift-flowing streams have been able to withstand his binding spell.

That the Mount Eden rifle range, Auckland, is now closed.

That the Canterbury branch of the New Zealand Institute of Journalists have gallantly passed a resolution signifying their regret that a lady journalist has been refused admission to the press gallery and their hope that in future applicants for admission will be dealt with without distinction of sex.

That Mr. G. Spinley was the winner of the Ponsonby Navals' Cup in the competition fired at the Mount Eden range, Auckland, last week. As this is the third time in succession that Mr. Spinley has won the fine trophy, the cup now becomes his own property.

That St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Auckland, is undergoing extensive alterations which will tend greatly to improve its appearance. In addition, one of the ladies of the congregation has sent for a large bell from Glasgow at a cost of £150.

That diamonds have been discovered at Henderson, near Auckland, by Mr. Alfred Hullock, who has had considerable experience on diamond fields, and that the stones are said to be quite as good in every way as the stones recently found in New South Wales. Auckland will certainly have reason to rejoice if it turns out that she really and truly has a diamond field at her door.

That the other day Miss Millington, who has for some time been giving cookery lessons in Napier, held an exhibition of plain and fancy cookery in the Athenaeum Hall. The exhibits consisted of work done by pupils from the various Napier schools, and showed that by many of the girls great proficiency had been attained in only quite a short course of instruction.

That a small concert was given at the Heretaunga School, Hastings, on August 18, and that the proceeds went to the Gaiety and Library Fund. Amongst the performers were Miss McLean, of Havelock; Miss St. Hill, of Hastings; Messrs. Wenders, and Master Heslop.

That so much snow has fallen on the Paparoa range (Westland) as to put a stop the other day to all mining operations.

That it is affirmed on reliable authority that Canterbury, Otago, and the Waikato are districts which would produce under proper cultivation splendid crops of beet for making sugar.

That the footpad seems to be putting himself in evidence in the streets of Christchurch, two of the citizens having been respectively set upon and knocked down, one night recently, by scoundrels who ran away on the approach of other pedestrians. The police, indeed, declare that thieves swarmed in Christchurch during the Grand National week.

That Mrs. J. M. Dargaville, of Auckland, and her two daughters, while driving along Market Road, Epsom, on Saturday afternoon, had their phaeton run into by another vehicle, with the result that Miss Dargaville was thrown out, though luckily she sustained no injuries beyond a few bruises.

That shops for the sale of New Zealand frozen meat are to be at once opened in London by the cable order of Mr. Gilbert Anderson, managing director of the Christchurch Meat Company, and that the results of this very important development in the frozen meat trade will be watched for with interest by the N.Z. public at large, as well as by those more closely concerned in the matter.

That a good many people in Onehunga object to the proposal to despatch steamers from that port on Sundays when the more frequent mail service comes into operation in December, on the grounds that it will probably deprive seamen and others of Sunday as a day of rest.

That the North Island Brass Band Association state that it cannot possibly put off now the brass band contest at Palmerston North in favour of a similar contest which it is suggested should be held at the Auckland Exhibition.

That it is understood in America that Lieut. Hobson, the courageous sinker of the Merrimack in the harbour of Santiago de Cuba, is a direct descendant of Captain Hobson, R.N., who first erected the standard of Old England in New Zealand.

That it would be extremely desirable that the fine entomological collection and valuable MSS. relating to entomological research, which the late Mr. W. M. Maskell, Registrar of the University of New Zealand, has left behind him, should be acquired for this colony.

That during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Sprott, of St. Paul's Parish, Wellington, the Rev. Casey Harper, from Patea, is in charge of the parish.

That the Blenheim Horticultural Society have started an 'annual social.' Facilities are to be given to Pictou friends to join in, and a train put on to bring the Pictou contingent home again 'after the ball.'

That Misses Constance Hatherly and Celia Dampier will give a farewell concert in Christchurch on the 29th August.

That there has been so brisk an application for space in the section devoted to Home Industries in the forthcoming Auckland Exhibition that we may expect to see those industries capably represented.

That the members of the New Plymouth Liederkreis will give their second 'Musical At Home' on Wednesday, August 31st, in St. Mary's Hall.

That the fine new suspension bridge at Karangahake was publicly opened last Friday by Councillor Stackpole. The contractor, Mr. M. Coulson, deserves great credit for the excellence of his work.

That the Rev. W. Carzon-Siggers (Dunedin) preached a striking sermon on Sunday, the occasion being the church parade in St. Matthew's of the Dunedin Naval Artillery. The Rev. gentleman said that there was no need to fear Russia, as, like Spain and China, she was pursuing a grand policy of isolation, which would end in her 'going amish,' as these two nations were doing. Russia was fully described in Ezekiel 39, and it would be after her attempt to seize the Holy Land that her smush would come. The Navals seemed to greatly enjoy the vicar's foreign policy. He very cleverly worked the motto: 'Play the man,' throughout his discourse.

That as it is expected that all the yachts in the harbour will compete in the Exhibition Yacht Race which is proposed to sail during the Auckland Exhibition, the race should prove an exceedingly attractive event.

That the Wellington Naval Artillery have received a handsome silver cup from Messrs. Lever Bros., the manufacturers of sunlight soap, which is to be competed for by the shooting members of the company. The cup, which is much appreciated, was forwarded to New Zealand by W. T. Turnbull and Co., their agents in Wellington.

That there is a likelihood of the Auckland Rowing Club and the Waitemata-City Boating Club being amalgamated.

That Messrs. I. Gibbs, J. J. Kinsey, C. W. Hill and Hiccarton Fisher, went to 'Motouhu,' Mr. J. Hall's station, for a few days shooting, but unfortunately it was wet all the time, and their pleasure was much marred.

That Mrs. Charles Johnston is giving a dance next Saturday night in honour of her second daughter's birthday.

That the Spring Carnival of the Auckland Cycling Club promises to be particularly good this year, the prizes being more valuable than any the Club has ever offered previously.

That Mrs. Charles Izard entertained a number of her friends at tea on Monday last.

That Miss Edwin is giving an afternoon tea on Friday.



Wrigglenorth & Binn, photo.

THE LATE MR. G. S. COOPER.
SEE PAGE 27.

WEAR SCARBOROUGH'S CELEBRATED

FEARNOUGHT
BEST
FOR ALL
WEATHERS.
TOWN,
SEASIDE,
COUNTRY.

USED EXTENSIVELY IN LONDON AND PARIS.
OF LEADING DRAPERS & STOREKEEPERS.
SCARBOROUGH, NEEHAW & CO., ELLEN ROYDE MILLS, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

That some extraordinary new disease is attacking the cattle in the Pictou district, and killing them off suddenly. Mr Gilruth, Government Veterinary Surgeon, arrived from Wellington to inquire into the circumstances. Twenty-four head of cattle died at Pictou, and one in Pictou.

That the Pictou spinsters are endeavouring to arrange for giving another of their famous balls. Outsiders give Pictou credit for possessing an unusually large number of unattached bachelors, but they are hard to find just now. They have either been appropriated or they have gone away.

That the consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, Auckland, by the Primate to-morrow (Thursday), will be a very interesting ecclesiastical function, and should be largely attended. Bishop Wallis, of Wellington, will preach and special music will be rendered by the choir. There will be an "At Home" held in the afternoon, at which the bishops who take part in the consecration will be present.

That the complimentary concert, which is being tendered to Mr Ernest Schatz in Auckland on September 2nd, previous to his departure for Wellington, ought to draw a very large audience, for the programme is of an exceedingly attractive order.

That the Pollard Opera Company are drawing crowded houses in Wellington. The dresses and scenery are splendid.

That the concert held in New Plymouth on August 18th for the benefit of the City Band Fund, was a very successful one. The overtures played at the commencement of each part by Miss Halse, A.L. Cook and the Cottler Bros. were well received, and the Orpheus Musical Club contributed two glees. Mr Mullens, who was escorted each time, sang "Das Freundschaftsbannerchen" and "All in All" (Junker), and Mrs F. Watson contributed the song "The Holy City," and took part in the duet "Excelsior" with Mrs Beane. Mr A. Grey sang "The Bugler"; Mr Didsbury, "The Riderless Steed"; and Mr W. Perry, "The Soldiers of the Queen." Miss B. McDonald, Mr E. Clarke, Mr C. Barracough, Mr J. Montgomery, and Mr G. McComish also contributed to the programme, the last three gentlemen giving comic songs. The Cottler Bros. gave a duet (cornet and clarinet), and Miss Halse played the accompaniments to the songs.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

A double wedding was celebrated at Havelock, near Hastings, on Aug. 17, when the marriage took place of Miss Alice Crawford to Mr John Harvey; and of Miss Bertha Crawford to Mr William Gimblett. Both brides, who are step-daughters of Mr Evison, of Pukahu, were dresses of white lustre and white hats to match. The bridesmaids, who were the Misses Foreman, Guthrie, Gimblett, and Evison, wore pretty dresses of fawn and green. Mr Bridgman and Mr Ryner acted as groomsmen. Miss Watson presided at the organ, and played a pretty wedding march.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

A social gathering of unusual interest took place last Monday in the "Church parlour" of the Pitt-street Wesleyan Church to celebrate the golden wedding of Mr and Mrs F. L. Prime. Nearly eighty guests accepted the invitation, most of whom were colonists of 35 to 45 years' experience. Among the ministers present were Revs. H. R. Dewsbury (chairman), W. J. Williams, Dr. George Brown (secretary Australasian Conference), W. J. Watkin, J. H. Simmonds (principal of Three Kings College), A. Peters, W. Gittos and E. Best.

Functionally at 6 o'clock the assembly gathered, and were hearty in their congratulations to Mr and Mrs Prime. After many welcomes had been exchanged by old friends the hall announced that tea was ready, and Mr and Mrs Prime led the way. The tables in the large schoolroom were laden with fruit, flowers, etc. The ceremony of cutting the bride's cake was performed by Mrs Prime, and the guests were then handed portions, and the ladies were loud in praise of its quality.

The Rev. H. R. Dewsbury proposed the health of Mr and Mrs Prime, and the gentlemen rose in honour of the toast. Mr Prime, on behalf of himself and Mrs Prime, thanked the Chairman and the

friends for their kindly feelings, expressing his gratitude in a most feeling manner.

On returning to the "Church parlour" the guests arranged themselves in order, with Mr and Mrs Prime in the centre of the room, Miss Elsie Reid playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The Chairman in introducing the programme of the evening expressed on behalf of the assembly the pleasure of presenting to Mr and Mrs Prime two easy chairs, hoping that they would live long to use these articles of furniture.

Mr Prime, in a happy address full of feeling, recapitulated the leading events of his life, going far back to his arrival in Auckland in 1853, pointing out in an unobtrusive manner the way in which he had been called to serve as a citizen, and above all as a Christian, in connection with the Methodist Church. The recounting of old and favoured events since his arrival in the colony gave great pleasure to the hearers, who were mostly familiar with them all. At the conclusion of the address, three cheers were given for Mr and Mrs Prime.

Congratulatory addresses were given by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Mr R. B. Shadders, Rev. E. Best (who composed and recited a beautiful poem for the occasion), Rev. W. Gittos, Rev. W. J. Watkin, Rev. Dr. Brown, Messrs T. Allen, J. L. Wilson, T. Biddle, R. Hobbs and J. Edson. Every speaker emphasised the fact that from a long and intimate knowledge of Mr and Mrs Prime they could testify they bore an unblemished reputation. During the evening a basket of beautiful white flowers was presented to Mrs Prime by Miss Lacey, daughter of the Rev. H. H. Lawry. The chairman (Rev. H. R. Dewsbury) sang "The Yeoman's Wedding." Mrs Dewsbury and Miss Elsie Reid played the accompaniments. The assembly broke up at 9.30.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, August 23.
Miss Ware gave a large

GIRLS' AFTERNOON TEA

last Wednesday at her pretty residence, "Stadacona," Remuera. Miss Dorothy Ware handed the guests into the reception-room, where Miss Ware, in her usual charming manner, received her many guests. The large hall was decorated with pink and white camellias, and the reception-room with arum lilies, acacia, and roses, etc. The afternoon tea-table was decorated with vases of yellow narcissi, jonquils, daffodils, margolds, nasturtiums, violets and mignonette. Songs were rendered by Misses Dargaville, Tilly, (Arthur) Nathan, Thompson, F. Thorpe, etc. A pair of perfect black cats (pets of our hostess) strayed round the room and attracted a great deal of attention.

Miss Ware looked bonnie in black skirt, lovely lemon-coloured chiffon blouse; Mrs Ware, black silk skirt, black bodice, figured with cherry-coloured design; her sister wore a navy costume; Miss Dorothy Ware, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Dargaville, navy Alpaca tailor-made gown; her sister wore a becoming violet serge, with picture hat en suite; Miss Draper, green; Miss Goldsbro', fawn costume, brown hat, with red roses; Miss Courtney, navy serge, pretty toque of red velvet and wings of birds; Miss Morrin, fawn; Miss Devereux, brown costume, with Russian blouse; Miss Sybil Devereux, dark tailor-made gown; Miss Reed, slate grey coat and skirt, grey felt deer-stalking hat; Miss Kissing, Lincoln green, with dash of pink in hat; Miss Minitt, grey, with black braid; Miss Worsp, Lincoln green; Miss M. Buckland, navy; Miss Flora Thorpe, periwinkle blue coat and skirt; Misses Kerr-Taylor, scarlet; Miss McFarlane, brown; Miss Wynyard, navy; Mrs Wynyard, black; Miss Sybil Nathan, fawn, with brown velvet; Miss (Arthur) Nathan, navy; Mrs Noakes, dark green; Miss Bull, fawn coat and skirt, orange vest, fawn deer-stalking hat; Miss Blizard-Brown, green costume; Miss Haber, dark green; Miss Cotter,

fawn tailor-made costume; Miss Stevenson, navy; Miss Colbeck, grey costume, with silk vest, hat en suite; Miss Rooke, grey check, white muslin vest, relieved with cerise velvet, black picture hat, with cerise roses; Miss Gillies, blue, with black velvet trimmings; her sister, a crushed straw-berrie; Miss Percival, green; Miss K. Thompson, green costume; Miss M. Puchas, navy serge, black hat, with scarlet trimmings; Miss B. Banks, grey tailor-made gown, black velvet picture hat; Miss Carr, brown; Miss Otway, fawn; Mrs A. P. Griffiths, black; Mrs H. D. Griffiths, brown; Miss Isaacs, navy; Misses Russell, navy; Miss Connolly, brown; Miss Sarita McLaughlin; Miss Peacocke, green; Miss Moss-Davis, an English costume.

A very large and fashionable audience assembled at the Opera House last Wednesday night to witness the complimentary entertainment tendered to the popular and talented Greenwood family. The programme was unduly prolonged by the encoring of so many items. I did not notice any particularly striking costumes worn by the ladies in the audience. The following are those I jotted down:—Mrs Scherff, black costume, fawn opera cloak; Mrs Hansen, dark skirt, canary blouse; Miss Eva Scherff looked very pretty in a white evening silk; Miss Dolly Scherff, dark skirt, maize silk evening blouse; Mrs (Prof.) Segar, dark skirt, green velvet blouse, finished with white lace applique revers and beads; Miss May Dawson, dark skirt, white silk evening blouse; Miss Muriel Dawson, green dress, with pink silk yoke and cuffs, veiled in white lace; Mrs Ingall, black silk, grey opera coat; Mrs Bullen, black; Miss Bullen, white; Mrs C. C. McMillan, black evening dress; Miss Kassie McMillan, old gold evening silk; Mrs Burns, black silk, broadened with white; Miss Burns, fawn; Mrs C. Philip, black skirt, green striped blouse, finished with fawn lace and pink roses; Mrs Cheeseman, black; Mrs Bassett, brown velvet; Mrs R. A. Carr, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Norah Carr, white; Mrs Grey, dark skirt, cream muslin blouse; Miss Sarita McLaughlin, white; Mrs Sam Morrin, dark costume; Miss Morrin, white; Miss Williams, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Hope Lewis, black evening lace costume; Mrs Williams, rich black moire; Mrs A. Tayler, black velvet, the decolletage and sleeves of black chiffon; Mrs Thorne George, black; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Thorne George, white; Mrs A. Hanna; Mrs Cotter; Miss M. Cotter, becoming pink blouse, dark skirt; Miss W. Cotter, blue; Mrs Myers, black; Mrs Archie Clark, black mourning; Miss Minitt, pink, relieved with narrow bands of green velvet; Miss S. Cruickshank, pink costume, with black bands of velvet; Mrs Mahoney, dark skirt, Nil green theatre blouse; Mrs Bell, grey satin, with white chiffon sleeves and collar; her daughter, canary satin blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Devore, black; Miss Devore, white; Mrs Ralph, black; Miss Violet James; Mrs Wright; Miss Maxwell; Mrs Moss-Davis, dark skirt, grey bodice, with white silk yoke and sleeves; Miss Stevenson, dark skirt, claret blouse; Mrs Dufaur; Mrs Rigby, black; Mrs Stone looked pretty in pink, veiled in black; Mrs Chapman, white opera cloak, white silk costume; Miss Aubrey, black costume, pink vest; Mrs Caldwell, dark costume, finished with rose pink velvet; Miss Leece, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Bankhart, black; Miss Mulvany; Mrs Reid Bloomfield, black; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, black, finished with canary; Miss Reay; Misses Moss-Davis (3), dark skirts, light evening blouses; Mrs Nicol; Miss Phillips; Miss Nathan, white; Miss Dolly Davis, pink; Mrs John Chambers, black; Miss Whitson, pale pink; Mrs McArthur; Mrs Alfred Nathan, dark costume, red opera cloak; Miss Holland, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Holland, black; Mrs Leo Myers, Mrs William Coleman, Misses Myers, Miss Gillies, Mrs Keogh, Mrs and Misses Lavington, Mrs Archer Burton, etc.

Misses Ireland, of 'Hulme Court,' Parnell, gave a

LARGE AFTERNOON TEA

last Friday to their many girl friends. Songs were rendered by the following ladies: Miss Blanche Banks, comic song; Misses Edna Bell, Reeve, and Nathan each contributed two songs; and Miss Kitty Lennox a pianoforte solo. The tea-table was artistically decorated with yellow daffodils and green ferns in white vases. The reception-room was adorned with arum lilies and large mirrors that reached from ceiling to floor. The Misses Ireland did all in their power to promote the enjoyment of their many guests, who chatted gaily and incessantly, many gave accounts of their own prowess in the hunting field, which, when discussed over a cup of tea, turns out to be marvellous feats. Amongst the ladies present I remember the following:—

Miss Ettie Ireland, black satin skirt, lilac and cream striped crepon blouse, edged with cream chiffon, her coiffure a la Pompadour; her youngest sister, Miss J. Ireland, wore a black lustre skirt, green and yellow shot silk blouse, figured with a yellow design, coiffure a la Pompadour; Miss Leece, dark skirt, very becoming pink silk blouse; Miss Reay, greeny grey cloth, with a cream vest; Miss (Arthur) Nathan, bright navy blue, made with Russian blouse, black velvet picture hat; Miss Sybil Moss-Davis, dark navy English costume, with jacket made in Russian style, black hat, worn tilted to one side a little, with flowers beneath brim; Miss Olive Moss-Davis, fawn tailor-made costume, black velvet hat; Miss Whitson; Miss B. Bull, fawn reffer coat and skirt, felt hat to match; Miss Maud Buckland, navy serge; Miss Blanche Hanks, fawn tailor-made gown; Miss Elliot, navy; Miss Esme Elliot, brown; Miss Clara Firth, black; Miss Worsp, fawn tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Miss Eve Smith, brown; Miss Maggie McDonald, dark grey tailor-made gown; Miss Brigham, navy; her sister, brown; Miss Mitchellson, royal blue; Miss Ross, grey; Miss trimmed with black braid; Miss Kate Edmonston, stylish green costume, Hay looked as pretty as ever in Lincoln green tailor-made costume, red straw hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), white; Miss Kitty Lennox, green costume, white silk Empire sash; Miss Mona Hay, navy blue; Miss Bush (Thames), navy serge; Miss Edna Bell, prune-shaded costume, with velvet trimmings; Miss Dolly Davis, navy serge; Misses Gorrie, navy nate serge; Miss J. Reeves, very effective costume of black, black picture hat, with yellow flowers; Miss Fanny Johnstone, slate grey, with black braid; Miss Thomson (Parnell), periwinkle blue; her sister, navy blue tailor-made, with fancy silk vest; Miss Hardie, navy serge.

The

PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at the Mangere Pound, and from here they went on to Mr Ellett's farm, Ihumata. The weather was showery in the morning but cleared up into a sunny and beautiful afternoon. We drew near the swamp and round Ihumata Mountain, when a puss was started from the seashore, followed by the field, who, like a charge of cavalry, thundered in rear. On account of the scent not lying well we did not kill until an hour after our find. The going was very slow, the hounds having to pick up the scent carefully. We had some awkward stone wall obstacles, with wire run along the top. A formidable rail fence out of the plough also daunted many of the riders. The next pussie was started from the opposite hill on the northern side of Mr Ellett's homestead, and ran away across the high road towards Ihumata Mountain, when stiff fences and hawthorn hedges had to be negotiated. In one hedge, with wire through it, Oeola got entangled; the owner dismounted and looked dolorously at his steed; that everlasting satisfied smile was gone. Another horse shot his rider over his head and galloped away into

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a swamp, where he tried to force himself between the bars of barbed wire and got fearfully cut. Mr Schnackenberg, at a wall, was thrown neatly on the horse's neck, which he clasped most fondly until he reached terra firma, safely on his own feet, for which he was loudly applauded by the spectators on the mountain. One lady came off and uttered a piercing shriek as she gracefully seated herself on the ground. Another came off but fared worse. I believe she had to be driven home. A man and his steed went a somersault in splendid style, but both, wonderful to relate, got up unhurt.

Amongst those present I noted Mr McLaughlin, Miss McLaughlin, Mr and Mrs W. Blomfield, Mr and Mrs Gorrie, Misses Gornie, Miss Blanche Banks, Miss Stribbley, Miss Amy Taylor, Misses Buckland (3), Ware, Burns, Lennox, Messrs Caminer, Daveney, Harrison, O'Dowd, Phillips, Kinloch (2), Tonks, Elliot, Buckland, Dunnett, Mr Con. Taylor (jun.), Miss Roberts, Mr Tom Morrin (jun.), Misses Morrin, Mr Schnackenberg, Mr Colson, Mr Denniston, Mr Moody, Mr Crowe and daughter, Mr Anderson, Mr and Mrs Matthews, Mr Moody, Miss Rae, Messrs Ellett (3), Mr Henwood, etc. Next Saturday Mr Moody will give a breakfast for the members of Pakuranga Hunt Club.

Mrs C. E. Burton, of Epsom, Auckland, gave a juvenile party on Wednesday, which the young folk enjoyed thoroughly.

The fourth dance of the season in connection with the Ponsonby 'At Home' was held in the Ponsonby Hall on Friday last. The attendance was as good as usual and the floor was in perfect order for dancing. The supper was quite a feature and included everything one could wish for, the credit being due to the Ladies' Committee, who, with the hon. secretary, Mr Norman Baker, have won laurels for the excellent arrangements made in connection with these popular monthly dances. Burke's Band was in attendance. Among the dresses I noticed were:—Mrs Devore looked handsome in a black satin gown, long transparent sleeves of black lace, surmounted with brocade satin puffs; Mrs J. R. Hanna, rich black satin skirt, bodice of black and orange brocade; Mrs Goodwin, black silk; Mrs Littler, yellow brocade satin, pearl garniture on front of bodice, long chiffon sash; Mrs Hitechock, cream Madras muslin skirt, the bodice was of old gold velvet, over which fell a deep frill of cream lace, old gold satin corset belt; Miss Devore was daintily attired in a primrose silk, with elbow sleeves of white ruffled chiffon, lovely spray of violets on shoulder; Miss Winnie Goodwin looked well in black velvet skirt, vieux rose bodice, with jet; Miss A. Hooper, white crepon, the bodice was dotted with large green sequins, revers of white lace; Miss Hooper, pink, the skirt was trimmed with bands of moss green velvet; Miss Aubin looked pretty in white net gown, trimmed with red bebe ribbon, and sash; Miss Caldwell, soft cream silk, lovely pearl garniture on bodice, loose-hanging sleeves of crinkled chiffon; Miss Boyd, emerald green dress, strapped with a darker shade of green velvet, spray of blush roses on bodice; Miss Kennedy, white silk, bertha of white lace, red roses on shoulder; Miss Haven, cream veiling, the skirt seams strapped with yellow ribbon and finished with bows; Miss Morrin, pretty yellow flowered silk, white sash of chiffon; Miss F. Hart, white lustre skirt, yellow silk bodice, with black velvet bands; Miss L. Langford, green silk, epaulettes of white satin, embroidered with pearls; Miss Atkinson, white gown, clinging sleeves of rucked chiffon, pink roses in her hair; Miss George, cream crepon dress, bodice profusely trimmed with red poppies; Miss M. George, ivory white satin, spray of daffodils; Miss Preece, maize-coloured veiling, white lace frill on bodice; Miss F. Preece, blue; Miss Ethel Percival, green gown, bodice softened with white chiffon and ecru lace; Miss Campbell was gowned in a pretty green silk; Miss Spicer, pale pink dress; Miss Davies looked pretty in apricot-coloured veiling, with rows of red bebe ribbon; Miss Thomas, exquisite white brocade silk, Victorian bodice, with rows of crystal beads; Miss Stevenson, azure blue dress; Miss Raynes, rose pink, veiled with spangled gauze, pink ribbons on left shoulder; Miss Bell, white silk, tiny frills round skirt. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Norman Baker, Hanna, Littler, Jackson, Pal-

mer, Otway, Williams, Valle (2), Jourdain, Thompson (2), George, Caldwell, Hooper, James, Wyldelwood, Martin, Davis, Thompson, Jamieson, Tovey, Winks, Hewitt, Lewis, Peacock, Dr. Aubin.

At the Auckland Orchestral Concert last Thursday Miss Towsey looked charming in forget-me-not blue evening bodice, black skirt; Miss Tilly, black gown; Mrs A. B. Reynolds, pretty cream chiffon blouse, black skirt; her friend wore a black evening gown; Miss Carr, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Fenton, black; Mrs Graves Aikin, handsome black dress; Miss Ferguson looked dainty in a pretty Nil green silk evening blouse, trimmed with cream silk lace, black skirt; Mrs P. A. Edmiston looked exceedingly well in black brocade satin, plush cape; Miss Owen, grey; her sister wore a similar dress; Mrs (Dr.) Hooper, black; Miss Hooper, white evening dress, lace on her corsage; Miss A. Hooper, claret velvet gown, trimmed with lace; Miss Eva Leighton looked dainty in navy blue, large pale blue bow; Miss L. Leighton, black silk, with touches of pink; Miss Cousins, cream silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss White, very pretty pink silk, square corsage, edged with pearl passementerie; Miss Goldsbro', cream silk evening gown; Miss Graves Aikin, black; Miss Player, crimson velvet, cream lace on low bodice; Mrs Windsor, claret silk; Miss Haven, pale grey dress; Mrs (Dr.) Dawson, red boucle cloth, jewelled vest; Mrs Burgess, golden brown and black gown; Miss Essie Holland, blue and white evening blouse; Miss Windsor, black and heliotrope; Mrs Lewis, black; Mrs Witherford, black satin, with jet; Miss Westwood, cream; Mrs Cattachan, pink silk, with black chiffon; Miss Day, white evening gown.

Our Hamilton correspondent writes:—We had an exceedingly pleasant dance here on Thursday evening, 18th inst. The Volunteer Hall was prettily decorated with flags and evergreens, and baskets of lycopodium suspended from the ganslers. Dr. Kenny's band supplied the music, which was all that could be desired. A dainty supper was laid on the stage. A number of visitors came from Cambridge, chaperoned by Mrs Wells, who was attired in a handsome grey satin dress, opera cloak of peacock blue plush; Miss Wells, white silk; Miss Buckland, peacock blue velvet, sequin trimming; Miss Reynolds, pretty soft cream dress; Miss Martyn, blue; Miss Walker, cream silk, ruby velvet trimmings; Miss Williams (Waitoa), pretty cream silk; Mrs Hume, black silk, handsome pink lace fichu; Mrs Sandes, dark green silk; Miss Sandes, grey silk lustre; Mrs O'Neill, black silk; Miss O'Neill, handsome white brocade silk, white aigrette in hair; Mrs de C. Drury, pretty pink silk and cashmere; Miss Holloway, yellow dress, chiffon trimming to match; Mrs Graham, dark green silk, brocade pink vest; Miss H. Graham, white frock; Miss J. Edgcombe, pretty pink dress, pink chiffon trimming; Mrs Stevens, black gown; Miss Stevens, blue; Miss Wyldelwood (Auckland), very pretty shade of pale green satin, with rose pink sleeves of chiffon; Mrs Sare, mauve dress, silk trimmings; Mrs Brewis wore black velvet, handsome coffee lace bertha; Mrs Bright, scarlet silk; Miss Sage, cream silk, scarlet roses; Mrs Kenny, cream dress, dark green silk epaulettes; Miss Carey, pink; Miss Trubshaw, handsome black silk dress, cream trimmings; Miss Trubshaw, cream dress, cardinal trimmings; Mrs Cussen, black velvet; Miss Cussen, pink and white; Miss E. Coates, white dress; Mrs Manning, white brocade silk; Miss Rees (Ponsonby), pale green nun's veiling; Miss A. Jolly, pink dress. Amongst the gentlemen present were:—Messrs Jolly, McCrae, Hume, Le Seur, Wyatt, Bockett, Carr, Clarke, Selby, Banks, Von Sturmer, Stevens, Wallace, Ward, Kensington, Quick, Trubshaw (2), Manning, de C. Drury, Dr. Brewis, G. Edgcombe, T. Kirk.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

August 18.

A very enjoyable

DANCE

was given in the Sydney-street School-room last Friday night by a number of young gentlemen. It was given, I believe, in return to one given a short time ago by some young ladies. The room was just comfortably filled, and

the members of the committee were very good in the way they looked after everyone. The stage and sitting-out rooms were comfortably furnished with chairs and screens. Minnie's string band supplied the music, while the three extras were exceptionally well played by Miss Page and the Messrs Moore and Coney. I noticed among the ladies present Mrs George Hutchinson, who was wearing a handsome black brocade gown, the bodice finished with pleated chiffon and jet; her daughter wearing a pretty black satin gown, the bodice being veiled with jewelled net; Mrs Butt, in black satin, with lace on the corsage; Mrs Innis, cream satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss McLean (Dunedin) was wearing a very pretty gown of white brocade, the bodice trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon and pink roses; Miss Tripe, black satin, the front and epaulettes of the bodice were composed of very pretty white silk embroidered with silver, and round the border were pale pink roses; Miss D. Tripe, a pretty white satin gown, elaborately trimmed with soft chiffon; Miss Johnston, white silk, entirely veiled with sea green gauze; Miss A. Johnston's dress was of white and pink Pompadour silk, the long rucked sleeves and ruffles on the skirt were of bright pink chiffon; Miss Henry, black satin, trimmed with jet and chiffon; Miss G. Henry, pale blue brocade, the bodice and short sleeves edged with spangled chiffon to match; Miss Gore, white satin and chiffon; Miss O. Gore, cream figured silk, the bodice finished with white lace; Miss Hislop, white spotted silk, white chiffon bodice; Miss U. Williams, black silk, with sleeves and folds on the bodice of blue chiffon; Miss Turton, mauve silk, trimmed with jewelled embroidery; Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), pale yellow figured silk, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Burt (Dunedin), coral pink silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Reid, a very handsome white satin gown, the bodice trimmed with pleated chiffon and pink roses; Miss Simpson, yellow silk and chiffon; Miss M. Simpson, sage green silk, the bodice finished with chiffon of a brighter shade; Miss Rose, pale pink silk with bands on the skirt and bodice of red velvet under ecru lace insertion; Miss Stewart, white silk; Miss Lee, white muslin, trimmed with yellow silk under lace insertion; Miss Hickson, pretty pale blue silk trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Elliott, lemon silk and chiffon; Miss L. Johnson, a pretty red velvet gown, finished with an Empire sash of pale green chiffon; Miss Page, white silk; Miss Allen (Christchurch) was also wearing a pretty white silk gown; Miss Bendall, sky blue silk, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Gantler, cream silk and lace; Miss Blundell, black silk, the bodice brightened with red; Miss Gillon, white muslin, finished with white satin ribbon; Miss Macintosh, black satin skirt, and pretty pale blue silk bodice trimmed with chiffon and satin ribbon; Miss Stafford, black satin, the bodice veiled with spangled net, and trimmed with tiny ruffles of pink chiffon; Miss Logan, white and pink gown; Miss McGregor, pale blue silk trimmed with ecru to match; Miss Koch, black silk trimmed with green satin ribbon; her sister was wearing a pretty pale green gown trimmed with white lace. A young lady whom I did not know was wearing a very pretty pale green silk dress trimmed with lace insertion. Among the gentlemen I saw Messrs Menzies, Cooper, Hadfield, Grace, Gore, Williams (2), Johnston, Leckie, Higginson, Rees, Tuckey, Fitzherbert (2), Tripe (2), Mitchell, Richardson, Pearce, Brad (2), Fisher, and others.

On Monday afternoon a very enjoyable

AT-HOME

was given by Mrs Izard. Afternoon tea was laid in the dining-room, the table being very effectively decorated with daffodils and other sweetly scented spring flowers. Mrs Izard received her guests in the drawing-room, and was wearing a handsome black silk gown, trimmed with jet and lace, and pretty pink and white lace cap; Miss L. Izard looked very nice in a black satin skirt, a very becoming pale blue spotted silk blouse trimmed with jet and chiffon; Miss Acland (Christchurch), who is a guest of Mrs Izard's, was wearing a dark skirt and pretty pink blouse relieved with white lace. Among the many guests I noticed Mrs (Capt.) Russell (Hastings), in a black silk dress, long sealskin jacket, and

pretty black and pink bonnet; Mrs Williams, a handsome silk gown, sealskin jacket, and pale pink chiffon bonnet with black tips; Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston North) looked well. She was wearing a black satin skirt and stylish pale blue and white shaded silk blouse, trimmed with white chiffon, and a becoming toque to match. Mrs W. Turnbull, neat black Eton costume, and violet toque with white sprays; Miss St. Hill (Hastings), in a brown costume, white silk vest, and toque to match; Miss McLean (Dunedin), black tailor-made costume with white lace and pink chiffon vest, black and green hat; Miss Holmes (Dunedin), black costume, white felt hat with tips; Miss Rose, blue serge jacket and skirt, black and white hat with black feathers; Miss Hutchinson, a pretty goblin blue Russian costume, braided with black, black straw hat trimmed with white crinkled silk and violets; the Misses Johnston, in violet cloth Russian costumes braided with black, and black and white hats; the Misses Edwin, brown costumes; Miss Coleridge, black jacket and skirt, with revers of white silk, braided, black velvet hat with feathers; Miss L. Coleridge, grey coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with pink velvet and black tips; the Misses Harding, in grey tailor-made costumes and green straw hats with flowers; Miss Reynolds, black crepon skirt, pretty pale blue silk blouse, and black velvet hat trimmed with black cock's feathers and cerise veiling; Miss Pharaizyn, black Eton costume and pretty black and white hat; Miss Garcia (Christchurch), black silk dress with pretty jetted vest and picture hat with tips and flowers; Miss Richmond, black costume and black and red toque; Miss E. Richmond, black coat and skirt, and toque trimmed with mauve flowers and lace wings; Miss Talbot (Christchurch), black silk skirt, black velvet Russian blouse, and becoming black and pink toque; Miss Coates, black tailor-made costume, with vest of white silk, black hat with tips; Miss Buller, slate grey braided costume, and small black straw hat with tips; Miss Medley, blue serge costume, bright blue straw hat with black tips; Miss Hunter-Brown (Nelson), grey costume, and pretty black and pink hat; Miss Fancourt, goblin blue costume, black hat trimmed with pink flowers and lace; Miss Smart, black skirt, blue Russian blouse, toque to match; Miss Moorhouse, electric blue gown trimmed with ecru lace insertion, floral toque; Miss Henry, brown costume, black velvet hat with tips; Miss S. Johnston, neat black cloth Russian costume, white satin vest, blue straw hat trimmed with white tips; Miss Barron, fawn costume; Miss O. Gore, dark skirt, figured silk blouse and pretty black velvet hat with tips and lace; Miss Duncan, violet cloth costume and pretty toque to match, trimmed with fur; Miss L. Swanson, brown costume; Miss McKenzie, black and white check costume, and black and white hat to match; Miss Elsie Williams, dark dress, sealskin jacket, very pretty toque of blue sequined velvet and ospreys; Miss Ella Williams, green costume, lace vest, and black straw hat with large pink bows; Miss U. Williams, fawn coat and skirt, and pretty black and white toque; Miss Stowe, black skirt, green silk blouse, and pretty black hat; Miss Fitzherbert, dark skirt, check silk blouse, and black and red toque; Miss Campbell, lively green costume, black hat with tips; Miss Quick, black velvet trimmed with fur, toque to match; Miss Tolhurst, black crepon dress trimmed with red silk and jet, black toque trimmed with red poppies; Miss Lucy Tolhurst, black dress trimmed with pale blue silk, and toque to match. A few of the gentlemen present were: Messrs Duncann, Webster, Hadfield, Johnston, Leckie, Gore, Grace, Cox, Cooper, Dr. Gain, and others.

On Tuesday night a very enjoyable

MUSICAL EVENING

was given by Mrs W. Pharaizyn. During the evening Miss Pharaizyn sang and played very nicely; songs were also sung by Miss St. Hill (Hawke's Bay) and Miss Garcia, of Christchurch, who is staying with Mrs Pharaizyn, played several pianoforte solos very well indeed. Among the guests were Mrs and the Misses Stowe, Mrs and Miss Izard, Miss H. St. Hill (Hawke's Bay), Miss St. Hill, Lady and Miss Hector, Miss Richmond, Miss Hunter-Brown (Nelson), Miss Acland, Miss Williams (Dunedin) and others.

The third dance of Miss Hardy Johnston's series of four was given in the Sydney-street Schoolroom last Tuesday night. Among those present were the Misses Reid, Julius (Christchurch), Reynolds (Dunedin), McLean, Tabart (Christchurch), Butts, Simpson, Barron, Coleridge, George (Auckland), Elliott, Gaultier, Tolhurst, Young, Rose, and the Messrs Young, Johnston, Higginson, Grace, Gore, Pearce, Hume, Richardson, Leckie, Reid, etc.

The ninth annual social of the 'B' Battery of Artillery took place in Wellington on Friday evening last at Thomas' Hall, and was an unqualified success. The hall was most tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and excellent music was provided by a string band under Mr E. J. King, and a most recherche supper supplied by Mr J. Godber. The guests included representatives from most of the local corps, among them being Captains Duthie and Moorhouse, and Lieuts. Cooper and Biss. The bright coloured uniforms, mingling with the dainty coloured gowns worn by the ladies, made the scene a very pretty one. The first set of lancers were danced by Lieut. Hume and Miss Rose, Lieut. Biss and Miss Hargreaves (Christchurch), Mr W. Higginson and Miss McLean, Mr Arthur Pearce and Miss Johnston, Mr Williams and Miss Moorhouse, Master Gunner Richardson and Miss Holmes, Lieut. Cooper and Miss Legge, and Lieut. Rose and Miss Hilda Moorhouse. Mrs Rose wore a very handsome gown of black brocade, and grey and black opera cloak; Miss Moorhouse, a beautiful cream brocade, embroidered with pale pink roses, and pink chiffon sash and trimmings on corsage; Miss Johnston wore black; Miss Rose cream silk, with black bands of velvet on the skirt and bodice; Miss Hargreaves, cream; Miss H. Moorhouse, cream silk gauze, the bodice prettily trimmed with yellow bebe ribbon and cream lace; Miss McLean, white; Miss Sextant, grey velvet, with lovely red roses on the shoulders. The committee worked very hard and must have felt gratified that the social proved such an undoubted success.

CLARISSE-OPHELIA

CHRISTCHURCH

Dear Bee, August 17.

We have had a really GRAND NATIONAL this year with more festivities than there were days in the week for, and we began by crowding two into one—the 'At Homes' of Mrs Studholme and Mrs G. Gould, on Wednesday. Mrs Studholme was assisted in entertaining her many guests, who came and went perpetually, by her daughter and two daughters-in-law, Mesdames J. and W. P. Studholme. Mrs Studholme looked very handsome in a rich black brocade, and made us so welcome. Tea was served in the dining-room, and some very good music was heard at intervals from the drawing-room. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mr and Mrs A. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Burns, Mr and Mrs Wilding, Mrs Watson, Mrs Reeves, Mrs Boyle, and Mrs Palmer, Mr and Misses Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs Wigley, Mrs and Misses Wynn-Williams, Mrs and Miss Julius, and many others. A great many of these guests passed on from Merivale to Mrs G. Gould's, and vice versa. The decorations at Mrs Gould's were lovely, so many spring flowers on the table in the dining-room, where afternoon tea was laid, that we quite thought spring had come to stay. On the landing in the hall, which was also beautifully decorated, and numbers of lounges and seats about a string band discoursed pleasant music. Mrs Gould wore a handsome gown of black brocade, the bodice trimmed with iridescent trimming. Among her guests were Mrs Ogilvie, Miss Lee, Mrs Grace, Mrs Mitchell Clarke, Mrs Payne, Mr and Mrs Lancelles, Mrs P. Baldwin, Mrs Dalgety, Misses Reeves, Tabart, Malet, etc.

On Thursday a very cold wind blew across the Riccarton racecourse, but a very large gathering assembled there and more visitors than usual for a Grand National. Some very handsome toilets were to be seen on the lawn, and sealskin capes and jackets more numerous than ever. We generally manage to get up some special excitement over the 'Ladies' Bracelet' races, but this time it was intense. Mr Wilfred Stead, eldest son of Mr G. G. Stead rode, and rode to win, gain-

ing one for his mother and one for his sister. Mrs Stead wore royal blue cloth gown and sealskin cape, pale blue floral toque; Miss Stead, navy blue frock, faced with white, and white vest, white felt hat, with scarlet feather, flowers and black wings; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, brown cloth gown and sealskin coat, brown hat, trimmed with brown and pale green and green wings; Mrs Elworthy (Timaru), pale brown satin gown, sealskin coat, black bonnet, with multi-coloured trimming; Miss Elworthy, prune cloth gown and fawn cape, black hat, with violet feathers; Mrs Denniston, rich brown dress, and vest brocade with pink, black bonnet, with pink roses, sealskin cape; Miss Denniston, pale green costume, green straw hat, with pink chiffon and osprey; Mrs Dalgety, grey tweed dress, sealskin coat, brown hat; Mrs Watson, pretty grey cloth, with vest of white and gold, violet floral toque, with a touch of crimson; Mrs A. Roberts, grey tweed tailor gown, braided with black, black and pale blue toque; Miss Studholme, navy serge, braided with black, black hat, trimmed with vieux rose; Mrs G. Gould, a blue and grey check, made Princess style, fastening on one side, and thickly braided with black and pale blue, black velvet hat, and ostrich tips; Mrs J. T. Peacock, green cloth gown, sealskin jacket, and pretty bonnet; Mrs Gibbs (Wellington), navy blue, with flounced skirt and braided with black, black hat, with violets; Mrs Louissou, very handsome black and blue brocade silk, sealskin cape, black hat, with yellow roses; Mrs W. Stringer, check tweed, the yellow vest braided in black, black hat, with ostrich tips; Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw, handsome violet cloth costume, hat en suite; Miss Cowlishaw, navy serge, light fawn jacket, and large black hat; Miss G. Cowlishaw, violet cloth dress, fawn coat, black hat, trimmed with green ribbon and violets; Mrs Payne, grey costume, with long sash jacket, black and white hat; Mrs Boyle, black gown, sealskin jacket, black hat, relieved with white; Mrs Ogilvie, green cloth, braided with black, seal cape, and small black toque; Miss Lee, navy gown, braided with white, black hat, and bunches of cherries; Mrs Burns, fawn tweed, sealskin jacket, black toque, with steel passementerie; Mrs Walcot Wood, dark gown, seal cape, black and yellow hat; Mrs C. Wood (Lyndon Downs), Mrs Babington, Misses Murray-Ainsley, Way, Graham, Ainger, Nedwill, Fairhurst, Turner, Mrs and Miss Harley, Mrs Morton Anderson, etc.

'Strowan,' the residence of Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead, was a scene of brilliance on Friday night that all the elements could not damp, although it poured in torrents. Mrs Stead, gowned in a lovely heliotrope and white brocade, in feather pattern, and diamond ornaments, received her guests by the drawing-room; little Miss Stead wore pale pink glauc silk and white lace, with powdered hair and white aigrette. Two rooms were used for dancing, the dining-room as a tea-room, and a supper-room, built off the verandah, which was all enclosed; the supper-room had a large horse-shoe table, seating nearly 150 at one time; the floral decorations of wattle, narcissi, and lovely yellow satin ribbons were beautifully done. The hall, with its furnishings in a warm terra-cotta tone, had numerous lounges and seats and cosy corners were available at every turn. At one end of the hall Miss Scrivenor's Quadrille Band was stationed and gave charming music. The addition of the powder and the patches certainly enhanced the good looks of the ladies, and the hair in most cases was done up a little higher than usual; some lovely gowns were worn. Miss Heaton Rhodes looked charming in petunia-coloured velvet and some exquisite lace draping the bodice, a little falling on the skirt, diamond necklace and ornaments; Mrs G. Dalgety, pale blue brocade, the bodice of pale pink chiffon; Mrs Denniston, maize satin, finished with jet; Mrs Grace (Wellington), black velvet and lovely lace; Mrs Mitchell Clarke, pale green satin, and cream lace; Mrs Louissou, lovely pink brocade and diamond ornaments; Mrs J. Studholme, pearl grey brocade and white lace, diamond necklace and ornaments; Mrs W. Studholme, her satin bridal gown; Mrs P. Studholme, white silk, relieved with pale blue; Mrs A. Rhodes, Princess robe of petunia brocade satin, the front of white, with wreath of blue at the foot, diamond ornaments; Miss Pearl Harley (debutante), white satin; Miss Denniston (debutante),

very pretty white satin, with bebe bodice and lovely floral posy; Mrs G. Gould, white and pink brocade, with wide flounce of pink chiffon; Mrs Ogilvie, pretty blue silk; Miss Julius, soft cream, with silk stripe; Mrs Baldwin (Wellington), lemon brocade and garlands of violets; Mrs Watson, rich red satin and pale pink roses; others present were Mr and Mrs J. Anderson, Mr and Miss Elworthy, Mr and Mrs Lancelles, Mr and Mrs Wanklyn, Mr and Mrs J. Guthrie, Colonel and Mrs Fox, Mr and Mrs Teschemaker, Mr J. and the Misses Tabart, Mr and Mrs H. Cotterill, Mr and the Misses Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs L. Harley, Mr and Mrs P. Campbell, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, Miss Cunningham, Mr and Miss Newton, Mr and Mrs H. Wood, Mrs Babington, Mr and Miss Graham, Mr and Miss Courage, Miss Menares, and others. Three of the gentlemen wore full court costume, as well as the powdered hair, and looked very fascinating.

Saturday, for the second day's racing, was very wet—a regular mackintosh and umbrella day.

DOLLY VALE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

August 19.

A EUCHRE PARTY

was given by Mrs Lines and Mrs J. McLean at the residence of the former, on Wednesday evening. There were about 70 people present, and some pretty dresses were worn. Mrs Lines was in black and pink; and Mrs McLean also wore a black gown trimmed with light-coloured silk; Miss Gillum wore a dress of cream muslin and a pink satin sash; Miss Matthews was in black; Miss Cornford was in a pretty cream dress; Mrs Fenwick wore a handsome gown of pale heliotrope silk; Mrs Smith looked well in black silk with handsome steel buckles and bows of a bright butterscup colour; Miss Roberts (Dunedin) was in a pretty gown of cream brocade and bright green velvet; Miss Wood wore blue and cream; Miss Shaw was in black; Miss Russell (Christchurch) wore a becoming blue dress; Mrs Troutbeck's gown was black with white silk on the bodice; Mrs Thomson wore a becoming black gown trimmed with black jet; Mrs Ronald was also in black; Mrs Donnelly wore a dark violet-coloured gown; Mrs Goldsmith was in cream; Mrs Wood wore black and heliotrope; Miss Balfour was in a yellow brocade blouse and black skirt; Miss T. Nairn wore a bright blue dress with white chiffon; Miss Page was in black and mauve; Miss McMillan (Auckland) wore a pretty cream dress with poodles on the bodice; and her sister was also in cream; Miss Watt wore pale blue; Mrs Davidson was in a becoming black gown; Miss Maccabe also wore black. Some of the other guests were: Messrs Shaw, Macbeane, Parker, McLean, H. Smith, Ronald, Hughes, Thomson, Dinwiddie, R. Smith, Barron, Fenwick, Wood, Davidson, Richardson, Williams, Ashcroft, Hartley, Hughes, Goldsmith, Guys, and Mathias.

MARJORIE.

NELSON

Dear Bee,

August 16, 1898.

Last Wednesday evening Miss Huddleston held her second

ASSEMBLY

at her residence, 'Maitai House.' There were a few more present than on the former occasion, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent. The floor and music were good, and an excellent light supper was provided. Miss Huddleston wore a handsome gown of black satin, trimmed with rich black lace; Mrs Robinson also wore black; Miss Fell was much admired in a very becoming gown of China blue satin, figured with white; her sister also looked well in a pretty frock of white silk, the bodice of which was veiled with tucked chiffon, and finished with a wide chiffon sash fastened at the side; Miss Houliker (debutante), frock of white silk, finished with daisies on the corsage; Miss Hayter, pink crepon, with frills of chiffon on the bodice; Miss Sealy wore a cream evening dress, with lace and deep red roses on the bodice; Miss Leggatt, white silk, finished with chiffon; Miss Perrin looked very well in a blue evening dress, relieved with bright red flowers; Miss Bunny, pretty white dress, finished with chiffon and ribbons; Miss Tomlinson also wore

white, relieved with forget-me-not blue; Miss Wright, pink silk, and her sister white; the Misses Freshaw (2), becoming evening dresses. Amongst the gentlemen were Colonel Pitt, Judge Robinson, Messrs Dixon, King, Drummond, Fell, Legatt, Ellis, etc.

The same evening a

SOCIAL

was held in the Provincial Hall in aid of the Organ Fund at St. Mary's (R.C.) Church. These entertainments are now well-known and extremely popular, and the ladies of the congregation are to be congratulated on the success of their social gatherings, especially as, with Wednesday's 'takings,' together with the proceeds from other socials, and some private donations received by Father Mahoney, the liability is practically cleared, and the organ is now free of debt. The programme was, as usual, varied and full, including a concert, supper and dance, all for one shilling, so those who attended received good value for their money. The hall and dais were tastefully decorated with foliage and flowers, whilst the supper was plentiful and dainty.

PHYLLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

August 19.

The members of the Ngamotu Lodge gave another of their very pleasant

AT HOMES

in the Foresters' Hall, Gill-street, last week. These dances are always looked forward to with great pleasure, as they are the most enjoyable dances of the season, the music and supper being delightful, and last, but not least, plenty of partners to choose from. It is very seldom there are plenty of the latter at the New Plymouth dances, but these Masonic dances prove exceptions to the rule. Before I tell you about the dresses, I must mention the supper table, which looked extremely pretty, decorated with flowers and blue and white paper, and which also acted as doilies to the dishes, making them look dainty and tempting with the cakes, sandwiches and fruits nestling in their midst.

Among those present were:—Mrs Robinson, black; Miss Holdsworth, fawn; Miss C. Bayly, blue, trimmed with white lace; Mrs Penn, yellow; Miss Fraser, butterscup silk, veiled in gauze; Miss Tuke, black; Miss Hursthouse, white muslin; Mrs Cook looked handsome in a black skirt, green bodice, veiled in black net, lovely pink roses on shoulder; Miss Morey, cream and scarlet flowers; Miss Jackson, white, with violet trimmings; and her sister looked pretty in cream; Mrs Allan, black skirt, pink blouse; Mrs McAllum, black silk; Miss B. Bayly, white silk; Miss Humphries, pale blue; Miss Thomson, green velvet; Miss Goveatt looked very quaint in pale pink brocade silk; Mrs Kerr, black, with bodice of pink and black 'Tribby' velvet; Miss Armstrong (Tikoranghi), white; Miss Furlong, pink crepon; Mrs Clarkson, yellow; Miss Skeet, black net over pink; Mrs Pollen (Auckland), green velvet and lemon coloured sleeves; Miss Ramson, white; Mrs Blyth, Miss MacAllum (England), yellow and white satin respectively; Miss Campbell (Lepperton), blue velvet; Mrs Holmes, black relieved with red; Mrs Hall, white silk and pink flowers; Miss Glynes, white; Miss Cunningham, white, with crimson roses; Mrs Bacon, black, a very pretty bodice of heliotrope silk and chiffon; Mrs Messenger, cream nun's veiling; Miss Batten, an extremely pretty dress of yellow satin, with tiny sprays of violets round the corsage, and long chiffon sleeves; Mrs Connell, cream; Mrs D. Teed, fawn and black lace; Miss Irwin, white silk and chiffon; Miss R. Rennell, pink; Mrs F. Foote, black; Miss E. Rennell, white; Mrs G. Foote, black; Miss Arrow, amber satin; Mrs Paul looked as charming as ever in white satin, veiled in black lace; Miss Berridge, cream; Mrs D. McAllum, black; Miss Ambridge, white cashmere skirt, a pretty white satin bodice, trimmed with violets; Messrs Bartop, Enderby, Forte, Gilmour, Saller, Noble, Parker, Farrah, Didsbury, Allan, Kerr, Paul, Hall, Bacon, Corkill, Humphries, Thomson, Smythe, McGill, Wright, Robinson, Foote, Cornwall, Morey, Furlong, Hursthouse, McAllum (2), Connell, Messenger, Holmes, Penn, Hutchen, Tabor, Pollen, Berridge, Surrey, Hughes, Strouts, Blyth, Teed, Rev. Evans.

NANCY LEE.

MY FAVOURITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.

[By Jerome K. Jerome.]

There was once upon a time a charming young lady, possessed of much taste, who was asked by an anxious parent, the years going on and family expenditure not decreasing, which of the numerous and eligible young men then paying court to her she liked the best. She replied that that was her difficulty; she could not make up her mind which she liked the best. They were all so nice. She could not possibly select one to the exclusion of all the others. What she would have liked would be to marry the lot, but that, she presumed, was impracticable.

I feel I resemble that young lady, not so much in charm and beauty as in indecision of mind, when the question is that of my favourite author and my favourite book. It is as if one were asked one's favourite food. There are times when one fancies an egg with one's tea. On other occasions one dreams of a kipper. To-day one clamours for lobsters. To-morrow one feels one never wishes to see a lobster again. One determines to settle down, for a time, to a diet of bread and milk and rice pudding. Asked suddenly to say whether I preferred ices to soup, or beefsteaks to caviare, I should be completely non-plussed.

There may be readers who care for only one literary diet. I am a person of gross appetites, requiring many authors to satisfy me. There are moods when the savage strength of the Iroquois sisters is companionable to me. One rejoices in the unrelieved gloom of 'Wuthering Heights' as in the lowering skies of a stormy autumn. Perhaps part of the marvel of the book comes from the knowledge that the authoress was a slight, delicate young girl. One wonders what her future work would have been had she lived to gain a wider experience of life; or was it well for her fame that nature took the pen so soon from her hand? Her suppressed vehemence may have been better suited to these tangled Yorkshire byways than to the more open, cultivated fields of life.

There is not much similarity between the two books, yet when recalling Emily Bronte my thoughts always run on to Olive Schreiner. Here again was a young girl with the voice of a strong man. Olive Schreiner, more fortunate, has lived, but I doubt if she will ever write a book that will remind us of her first. 'The Story of an African Farm' is not a work to be repeated. We have advanced in literature of late. I can well remember

the storm of indignation with which the 'African Farm' was received by Mrs Grundy and her then numerous, but now happily diminishing school. It was a book that was to be kept from the hands of every young man and woman. But the hands of the young men and women stretched out and grasped it, to their help. It is a curious idea, this of Mrs Grundy's, that the young man and woman must never think—that all literature that does anything more than echo the conventions must be hidden away.

Then there are times when I love to gallop through history on Sir Walter's broomstick. At other hours it is pleasant to sit in converse with wise George Eliot. From her garden terrace we look on Loamshire and its commonplace people, and in her quiet, deep voice she tells me of the hidden hearts that beat and throb beneath these velvet jackets and lace falls.

Who can help loving Thackeray, wittiest, gentlest of men, in spite of the faint suspicion of snobishness that clings to him? There is something pathetic in the good man's horror of this snobishness, to which he himself was a victim. May it not have been an affectation, born unconsciously of self-consciousness? His heroes and heroines must needs be all fine folk, fit company for lady and gentleman readers. To him the livery was too often the man. Under his stuffed calves even James de la Pluche himself stood upon the legs of a man, but Thackeray could never see deeper than the silk stockings. Thackeray lived and died in Clubland. One feels that the world was bounded for him by Temple Bar on the east and Park Lane on the west; but what there was good in Clubland he showed us, and for the sake of the great gentlemen and sweet ladies that his kindly eyes found in that narrow region, not too overpeopled with great gentlemen and sweet women, let us honour him.

'Tom Jones,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' and 'Tristram Shandy' are books a man is the better for reading, if he read them wisely. They teach him that literature, to be a living force, must deal with all sides of life, and that little help comes to us from that silly pretence of ours that we are perfect in all things, leading perfect lives, and that only the villain of the story ever deviates from the path of rectitude.

This is a point that needs to be considered by both the makers and the buyers of stories. If literature is to be regarded solely as the amusement of an idle hour, then the less relationship it has to life the better. Looking into a truthful mirror of nature we are compelled to think; and when thought comes in at the window drowsy idleness goes out by the door. Should a novel or play call us to ponder upon the problems of existence, or lure us from the dusty high road of the world, for a while, into the pleasant meadow of dreamland? If only the latter, then let our heroes and heroines be, not what men and women are, but what they should be. Let Angelina be always spotless and Edwin always true. Let Virtue ever triumph over villainy in the last chapter; and let us assume that the marriage service answers all the questions of the Sphinx.

Very pleasant are these fairy tales, where the prince is always brave and handsome; where the princess is always the best and most beautiful princess that ever lived; where one knows the wicked people at a glance by their ugliness and ill temper, mistakes being thus rendered impossible; where the good fairies are, by nature, more powerful than the bad; where gloomy paths lead ever to fair palaces; where the dragon is ever vanquished; and where well behaved husbands and wives can rely upon living happily ever afterwards. 'The world is too much with us, late and soon.' It is wise to slip away from it at times to fairyland. But, alas! we cannot live in fairyland, and knowledge of its geography is of little help to us on our return to the rugged country of reality.

Are not both branches of literature useful? By all means let us dream, on midsummer nights, of fond lovers led through devious paths to happiness by Puck; of virtuous dukes—one finds such in fairyland; of fate subdued by faith and gentleness. But may we not also, in our more serious hours, find satisfaction in thinking with Hamlet or Coriolanus? May not both Dickens and Zola have their

booths in Vanity Fair? If literature is to be a help to us as well as a pastime, it must deal with the ugly as well as with the beautiful; it must show us ourselves, not as we wish to appear, but as we know ourselves to be. Man has been described as an animal with aspirations reaching up to heaven and instincts rooted elsewhere. Is literature to flatter him, or reveal him to himself?

Of living writers it is not safe, I suppose, to speak, except, perhaps, of those who have been with us so long that we have come to forget they are not of the past. His justice ever been done to Ouida's undoubted genius by our shallow school of criticism, al-

ways very clever in discovering faults as obvious as pimples on a fine face? Her guardsmen 'toy' with their food. Her horses win the Derby three years running. Her very wicked women throw guinea punches from the windows of the Star and Garter into the Thames at Richmond. The distance being about three hundred and fifty yards, it is a good throw. Well, well, books are not made worth reading by the absence of absurdities. Ouida possesses strength, tenderness, truth, passion; and these be qualities in a writer capable of carrying many more faults than Ouida is burdened with. But that is the method of our little criticism. It views an artist as Gul-

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liver saw the Brobdingnag ladies. It is too small to see them in their entirety; a mole or a wart absorbs all its vision.

Have Mark Twain's literary qualities apart altogether from his humour, been recognised in literary circles as they ought to be? 'Huck Finn' would be a great work were there not a laugh in it from cover to cover. Among the Indians and some other savage tribes the fact that a member of the community has lost one of his senses makes greatly to his advantage; he is regarded altogether as a superior person. So among a school of Anglo-Saxon readers, it is necessary to a man, if he would gain literary credit, that he should lack the sense of humour. One or two curious modern examples occur to me, of literary success secured chiefly by this failing.

All these authors are my favourites; but such Catholic taste is held nowadays to be no taste. One is told that if one loves Shakespeare one must of necessity hate Ibsen; that one cannot appreciate Wagner and tolerate Beethoven; that if we admit any merit in Dore we are incapable of understanding Whistler. How can I say which is my favourite novel? I can only ask myself which lives clearest in my memory, which is the book I run to more often than to another, in that pleasant half hour before the dinner bell, when, with all apologies to good Mr Smiles, it is useless to think of work.

I find on examination that my 'David Copperfield' is more dilapidated than any other novel upon my shelves. As I turn its dog-eared pages, reading the familiar head-lines: 'Mr Micawber in Difficulties,' 'Mr Micawber in Prison,' 'I fall in Love with Dora,' 'Mr Barkis goes out with the tide,' 'My Child Wife,' 'Traddles in a nest of roses'—pages of my own life recur to me, so many of my sorrows, so many of my joys, are woven in my mind with this chapter or the other. That day—how well I remember it! I read of David's wooing, but Dora's death: I was careful to skip. Poor, pretty Mrs Copperfield at the gate, holding up her baby in her arms, is always associated in my memory with a child's cry, long listened for. I found the book, face downwards on a chair, weeks afterwards, not moved from where I had hastily laid it.

Old friends, all of you, how many times have I not slipped away from my worries into your pleasant com-

pany! Peggotty, you dear old soul, the sight of your kind eyes is so good to me. Our mutual friend, Mr Charles Dickens, is prone, we know, just ever so slightly, to gush. The friends he introduces to one are so very perfect. Good fellow that he is, he can see no flaw in those he loves, but you, dear lady, if you will permit me to call you by a name much abused, he has drawn in true colours. I know you well, with your big heart, your quick temper, your homely, human ways of thought. You yourself will never guess your worth—how much the world is better for such as you! You think of yourself as of a common-place person, useful only for the making of pastry, the darning of stockings, and if a man—not a young man, with only dim, half-opened eyes, but a man whom life had made keen to see the beauty that lies hidden behind plain faces—were to kneel and kiss your red, coarse hand, you would be much astonished. But he would be a wise man, Peggotty, knowing what things a man should take carelessly, and for what things he should thank God, who has fashioned fairness in many shapes.

Mr Wilkins Micawber, and you, most excellent of faithful wives, Mrs Emma Micawber, to you I also raise my hat. How often has the example of your philosophy saved me, when I, likewise, have suffered under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities; when the sun of my prosperity, too, has sunk beneath the dark horizon of the world—in short, when I, also, have found myself in a tight corner! I have asked myself 'what would the Micawbers have done in my place. And I have answered myself. They would have sat down to a dish of lamb's fry, cooked and breaded by the deft hands of Emma, followed by a brew of punch, concocted by the beaming Wilkins, and have forgotten all their troubles for the time being. Whereupon, seeing first that sufficient small change was in my pocket I have entered the nearest restaurant and have treated myself to a repast of such sumptuousness as the aforesaid small change would go to, emerging from that restaurant stronger and more fit for battle. And lo, the sun of my prosperity has peeped at me from over the clouds with a sly wink, as if to say, 'Cheer up; I am only round the corner.'

Cheery, elastic Mr and Mrs Micawber, how would half the world face their fate but by the help of a kindly, shallow nature such as yours? I love to think that your sorrows can be drowned in nothing more harmful than a bowl of punch. Here's to you, Emma, and to you, Wilkins, and to the twins! May you and such child-like folk trip lightly over the stones upon your path! May something ever turn up for you, my dears! May the rain of life ever fall as April showers upon your simple bald head, Micawber!

And you, sweet Dora, let me confess I love you, though sensible friends deem you foolish. Ah, silly Dora, fashioned by wise mother nature, who knows that weakness and helplessness are as a talisman calling forth strength and tenderness in man, trouble yourself not unduly about the oysters and the underdone mutton, little woman. Good plain cooks at twenty pounds a year will see to these things for us. Your work is to teach us gentleness and kindness. Lay your foolish curls just here, child. It is from such as you we learn wisdom. Foolish wise folk sneer at you. Foolish wise folk would pull up the laughing lilies, the needful roses, from the garden, would plant in their places only useful, wholesome cabbage. But the gardener, knowing better, plants the silly, short lived flowers, foolish, wise folk asking for what purpose.

Gallant Traddles, of the strong heart and the curly hair; Sophy, dearest of girls; Betsey Trotwood, with your gentlemanly manners and your woman's heart, you have come to me in shabby rooms, making the dismal place seem bright. In dark hours your faces have looked out at me from the shadows, your kindly voices have cheered me.

Little Emily and Agnes, it may be my bad taste, but I cannot share my friend Dickens' enthusiasm for them. Dickens' good women are all too good for human nature's daily food. Esther Summerson, Florence Dombey, Little Nell—you have no faults to love you by.

Scott's women were likewise mere illuminated texts, Scott only drew

one live young heroine—Catherine Seton. His other women were merely the prizes the hero had to win in the end, like the sucking pig or the leg of mutton for which the yokel climbs the greasy pole. That Dickens could draw a woman to some likeness he proved by Bella Wilfer, and Estella in 'Great Expectations.' But real women have never been popular in fiction. Men readers prefer the false, and women readers object to the truth.

From an artistic point of view, 'David Copperfield' is undoubtedly Dickens best work. Its humour is less boisterous; its pathos less highly coloured.

One of Leech's pictures represents a cabman calmly sleeping in the gutter. 'Oh, poor dear, he's ill,' says a tender hearted lady in the crowd. 'Ill!' retorts a male bystander indignantly. 'Ill! 'E's 'ad too much of what I ain't 'ad enough of.'

Dickens suffered from too little of what some of us have too much of—criticism. His work met with too

little resistance to call forth his powers. Too often his pathos sinks to bathos, and this not from want of skill, but from want of care. It is difficult to believe that the popular writer who allowed his sentimentality—or rather the public's sentimentality—to run away with him in such scenes as the death of Paul Dombey and Little Nell was the artist who painted the death of Sydney Carton and of Barkis, 'the willing.' Barkis' death, next to the passing of Colonel Newcome, is, to my thinking, one of the most perfect pieces of pathos in English literature. The surroundings are so common-place, so simple. No very deep emotion is concerned. He is a common-place old man, clinging foolishly to a common-place box. His simple wife and the old boatman stand by, waiting calmly for the end. There is no straining after effect of any kind. One feels death enter, dignifying all things; and, touched by that hand, foolish old Barkis grows great.

In Uriah Heep and Mrs Gummidge

In all parts of the World

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MOTHER'S MILK

And this Does NOT contain Starch.

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But makes a PERFECT FOOD for the YOUNGEST CHILD.

MELLIN'S FOOD for Infants and Invalids may be obtained
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Avoid low-priced brands from which the cream has been abstracted, and ask for the "Milkmaid" Brand, the best for all purposes.



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BALSAM OF ANISEED**
WILL CURE YOUR COUGH.

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

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LORDS, BACON, 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 HENRY, Chemist, Llandilo, October 1st, 1898, writes:—"Singularly, I have commenced my business and year in business today. 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."

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See the words "Thomas Powell, Blackfriars Road, London," on the Government Stamp.

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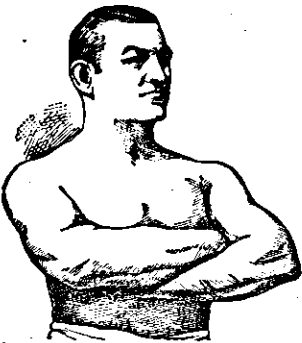
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Weak and Languid

Little Appetite and no Energy.

These are symptoms that effect a large number of people. Below we give the testimonial of Mrs. A. Morgan, of East Brisbane, Queensland, who does not hesitate to tell you of just the remedy that cured her.



"The past season I had a severe attack of dengue fever which left me feeling very weak and languid with little appetite and no energy. But I am pleased to say

DR. AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cured me. As a blood purifier and tonic for those who are affected by the intense heat of the Queensland summer it is unequalled. I am pleased to recommend it to all those who need a reliable remedy."

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

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Are unsurpassed as a Blood Purifier and Blood Tonic, and will eradicate the most obstinate Blood and Skin Affections. Price, 4s. 6d. per Box. Alfaline Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat Reducing Powders, Varicose Powders, Gurgles, Powders, Flesh Producing Powders, Worm Cakes, Bath Tablets, Eucalyptus Oil and Jambou Hair Restorer and Complexion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all simply wonderful.

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

Herr Rassmussen,
91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

Dickens draws types rather than characters. Pecksniff, Podsnap, Dolly Varden, Mr Bumble, Mrs Gamp, Mark Tapley, Turveydrop, Mrs Jellyby—these are not characters; they are human characteristics personified.

We have to go back to Shakespeare to find a writer who, through fiction, has so enriched the thought of the people. Admit all Dickens' faults twice over, we still have one of the greatest writers of modern times. Such people as these creations of Dickens never lived, says your little critic. Nor was Prometheus, type of the spirit of man, nor was Niobe, mother of all mothers, a truthful picture of the citizen one could meet a thousand times during an hour's march through Athens. Nor grew there ever a wood like to the Forest of Arden, though every Rosalind and Orlando knows the path to glades having much resemblance to it.

Steerforth, upon whom Dickens evidently prided himself, I must confess, never laid hold of me. He is a melodramatic young man. The worst I could have wished him would have been that he should marry Rosa Dartle and live with his mother. It would have served him right for being so attractive. Old Peggotty and Ham are, of course, impossible. One must accept these also as types. These Brothers Cherrybloss, these Kits, Joe Gargery, Boffins, Garlands, John Perrybingles, we will accept as types of the goodness that is in men—though in real life the amount of virtue that Dickens often wastes upon a single individual would, by more economically minded nature, be made to serve for fifty.

To sum up, 'David Copperfield' is a plain tale, simply told; and such are all books that live. Eccentricities of style, artistic trickery, may please the critic of a day, but literature is a story that interests us, boys and girls, men and women. It is a sad book, too; and that, again, gives it an added charm in the sad later days. Humanity is nearing its old age, and we have come to love sadness, as the friend who has been longest with us. In the young days of our vigour we were merry. With Ulysses' boatmen, we took alike the sunshine and the thunder of life with a frolic welcome. The red blood flowed in our veins, and we laughed, and our tales were of strength and hope. Now we sit like old men, watching faces in the fire, and the stories that we love are sad stories—like the stories that we ourselves have lived.

THE STORY OF THE WILLOW PATTERN DESIGN.

This odd picture stands for a touching romance. The landscape embraces, according to tradition, a large portion of the estate of a wealthy mandarin, surrounded with a bamboo fence. Behind the princely pavilion on the left side, flanked with fine peach trees, rises conspicuously an immense orange tree, under which one day the landowner heard his only daughter and his secretary vowing eternal love. The infuriated father, failing to separate the lovers, pursued them with a whip over a little bridge shaded by the memorable willow, but, for some unexplained reason, gave up the chase when they disappeared, the girl with distaff in hand and the man with a box under his arm, through the door of the gardener's house, situated on a barren piece of land, where only grew a solitary fir tree. After remaining in hiding for a while, the disgraced couple escaped in a boat to the young man's home, where at last, to save them from the dread vengeance of the mandarin, a kind fairy metamorphosed the pair of runaway into the turtle doves cooing at the top of the design.

A handsome cushion has a cover of green satin worked with sequin embroidery, the design representing a bird of the stork order, with the body covered with sequins in gold, pink and green, and the wings worked in feather satin stitch in the same colour, with outlines accentuated by sequins.

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

SOME GREAT MEN AS LOVERS.

Byron was foolishly jealous of every woman he ever loved. His love ran well into two figures, and he managed sooner or later to make every one miserable.

Heinrich Heine, the poet, was also terribly jealous. One day he poisoned a parrot belonging to his lady love for fear it should claim too much of her attention.

'The Iliads' is said to be a true story of Sheridan's courtship, the character of Lydia Langshin in the life play being taken by Miss Lindley, who afterwards became the author's wife.

Thomas Moore was always in love. If one looks through his poems one may find the names of some sixteen different ladies to whom he swore eternal fidelity.

It is said that when Goethe was first in love he carved upon a tree in the neighbouring forest a couple of hearts united by a scroll, and a little later received a sound thrashing from the forester for thus damaging the bark.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Is the only article which really possesses nutritious virtues for the hair, and closely resembles the natural oil in the skin which nature provides for nourishing and stimulating its growth, without which it becomes dry, thin and brittle; it preserves and beautifies the hair, prevents baldness, eradicates scurf, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

beautifies the complexion, removes freckles, tan, sunburn, cures all cutaneous eruptions, and produces soft, fair, delicate skin: ask Chemists and Stores for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London.

A TERRIBLE COUGH A TERRIBLE COUGH.

94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
"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 TERRIBLE COUGH. 94, Commercial Road, Peckham, South Wales." Sept. 23, 1893.

"I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenge is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation. Yours truly, A. GARRIE, 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. It is nearly 80 years ago since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief. **UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.** Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in tins by all Chemists.

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Distinguished everywhere for DELICACY OF FLAVOUR, SUPERIOR QUALITY, and NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES. Especially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

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Agents for Auckland—J. B. GILFILLAN & CO.

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, Buckingham Road, Northfleet, Kent, September 5th, 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 mouth tasted 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 go 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, 1894."

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 ventilated shoe has been invented in Cologne, Prussia. A steel spring works a bellows between the heel and sole, and every step the wearer takes drives a stream of fresh air, through perforations, in the inner sole, to every part of the foot.

THE REAL REASON.

I had arrived at Monte Carlo about 2 o'clock, and after a late lunch set out in search of my friends the Verneys. I found Master Arthur, a serious minded young politician of 22, in his room at the hotel. He was completing an elaborate toilet and drinking champagne.

"Aynsley!" he cried in surprise, "I thought you were in London."

"The spirit of restlessness!" I explained; my eye dwelt for a moment on the champagne, "a little low, Arthur?"

He blushed. Arthur was the highly respectable son of an eminently respectable father, who was M.P. and other things.

He glanced at the clock, then rose and picked up his hat and gloves. "A stroll!" I finished with a grin.

He laughed nervously. "Look here, Aynsley," he said, "you'll find the governor and Evelyn on the terrace. Do you mind if I run away now?"

I got up and laid a hand on his shoulder in a paternal fashion. "She is a woman in a thousand, Arthur! An avoirdupois and good luck!"

He blushed again—he was really a most nervous young man—and hurried away. I followed him out of the hotel, then strolled leisurely through the gardens and round to the terrace. I espied Mr Verney and his daughter sitting almost immediately in the rear of the casino. I walked up to them.

"Well, 'pon my word!" cried Mr Verney. A smile dimpled round Miss Verney's mouth as she took my hand. I explained, lucidly, how it was I came to leave London in so unexpected a fashion.

"It enslaves us all!" I finished with a graceful wave of my hand toward the casino.

"Indeed!" said Miss Verney politely. After a few minutes' conversation Mr Verney pulled out his watch.

"I'm very glad you came, Aynsley," he said, "as I left off last night in the midst of a little mathematical experiment with trente et quarante—and, I thought that if you would kindly look after Evelyn I'd—"

"Delighted," I said quickly, "I trust

the experiment will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion."

As soon as he had taken his departure I glanced at Miss Verney. She was examining the handle of her parasol with some intentness. I made a mental note that white suited her admirably, in fact, better than any other girl of my acquaintance.

"Perfect weather," I remarked at length. She nodded in a preoccupied manner.

"I have been wondering," she said, after a moment, "why you came here. Did you not hear me explain?" I began.

She smiled. "Oh, yes, but—"

"Surely nothing further is needed? The attraction of Monte Carlo is world-famed."

"I do not believe, Mr Aynsley," she said deliberately, "that you have ever gambled in your life."

I tried another tack.

"Well, then, I'm rather delicate, and the chill, damp fogs of London are rather trying to an invalid."

Again Miss Verney laughed.

"How unsympathetic you are!" "The deep-sea fishing last winter must have been rather bad for you. No, Mr Aynsley, I'm a clear sighted young person and I can quite see what has brought you so suddenly to Monte Carlo."

"Well?" I said with an air of indifference. She played with the tassel on her parasol for a moment. Then she smiled.

"Mrs Fairfax," she said at length. I laughed outright.

"How amusing! Nothing of the sort; the usual attraction, I assure you!"

"Mrs Fairfax."

"Gambling—or invalid's natural aversion to chill, damp fogs!"

"Mrs Fairfax!" repeated Miss Verney once again, with just a shade of emphasis.

I gave it up.

"A very charming person," I said. "You admit it?" and her voice held a tiny note of triumph.

"Don't you?" I replied, wonderingly. "She is talented, pretty, agreeable, and—"

"A widow," put in Miss Verney.

"Yes, but her husband was hardly more than an acquaintance. He went to India, you know, shortly after their marriage, and was killed. Do you not think her fascinating?"

"Yes, undoubtedly she is a pleasant companion."

"And I'm a lonely bachelor man!" I remarked apologetically.

She turned to me with a smile. "Forgive me," she said kindly, "for reminding you of your pitiful condition. I only meant to show you that I guessed the reason for your sudden change of plans."

"Your intelligence is beyond reproach. But what made you think of Mrs Fairfax?"

"My dear Mr Aynsley," she laughed, "you forget last season."

I tried to recollect.

"The episode at the Cartons; the Melba night at Covent Garden," she reminded gently.

"You take great interest in my welfare," I said with a laugh. "I am very glad to notice it," I added with a glance at her.

"By the way," I continued after a pause, "where is Arthur?"

"I never trouble about Arthur," she replied quickly, "he is so wrapped up in his books and studies that even here at Monte Carlo I see very little of him."

I was amused. "You have nothing against Mrs Fairfax?" I suggested.

"Nothing whatever," she replied frankly; "I like her immensely."

"This helped matters, I thought. You think she will make a good wife?"

"Admirable," said Miss Verney, calmly surveying the bay; "her experience will be invaluable."

I caught sight of a couple that had just appeared on the farther end of the terrace.

"You will come to the wedding?"

A slight tinge of colour appeared on Miss Verney's cheeks as she turned to me.

"Has it reached that stage?"

I glanced at the couple and noticed they were arm in arm.

"I believe so."

There was a slight pause. Miss Verney played with the tassel again. "Then I suppose I must tender my

congratulations?" she said at length. "I believe it is customary among friends," I replied, with a glance at her. She had allowed her eyes to fall on the ground.

"You know she is very wealthy?" I added.

"You have been most fortunate in your endeavours," she replied in deliberate tones. "I trust you'll be very happy."

The couple were now opposite to where we were sitting. So engrossed were they in conversation that they had not noticed us. I felt an anticipatory shiver of enjoyment.

"I do not enter into the question," I said. "Look!"

She glanced up in surprise. "Arthur and Mrs Fairfax," she whispered.

He is wrapped up in his studies again," I remarked. "I fancy he has taken the lady's eyes as his subject."

Miss Verney looked at me reproachfully.

"And you knew this all the time?"

"I'm afraid so. Arthur confided in me some months ago in London, and I have occasionally amused myself by helping him. Take the Melba night, for instance."

"Was that on Arthur's behalf?" she asked wonderingly.

I nodded. It occurred to me once again how extremely charming Miss Verney looked in white.

There was a silence for a minute or so. Arthur and Mrs Fairfax passed out of sight.

"It wasn't the gambling," I remarked at length.

Miss Verney made no reply.

"Nor an invalid's aversion to the chill, damp fogs," I went on, after a pause.

"Nor Mrs Fairfax," she put in.

"No," I said slowly. "I came because I thought it just possible you might be pleased to see me."

There was another pause, and then I added:

"Are you?"

A smile crept round the corners of Miss Verney's mouth.

"Well, yes, I think I am," she said.

We see a good deal of one another now.—Gilbert Dale, in London "Weekly Sun."

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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.

37 DOZ. FRENCH KID GLOVES, in BLACKS, BROWNS, and TANS. These are manufactured from picked skins, and are classed as the most reliable leather. With a soft finish, they give Perfection of Fit with the Utmost Durability. Prices range from 2s 11d to 4s 6d.

NEW WHITE, CREAM, and BUTTER LACES, in some of the Latest Novelties. The selection is very extensive in all makes, and the prices are, we believe, the Lowest in the Colony.

NEW BLACK DRESS FABRICS, in Foulle, Coatings, Serges, Cords, and Fancy Figured. A beautiful choice of the Latest and Most Approved Materials and Designs. Owing to the extent of the shipment we are able to quote these goods much below the usual prices. They are marked from 1s 6d to 5s 6d, and the value is unapproachable.

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The Countess of Ranfurly says:—'I like very much the dresses you have made for me.'
 The Countess of Glasgow, Auckland, writes:—'The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, wonderful considering they were not tried on. Make me a rough black serge same as green one sent, as soon as possible.'
 Lady Stout:—'My dress is perfect in every respect.'
 Mrs T. C. Williams, Wellington:—'My dresses that you have made and my daughters' dresses are very nice.'
 Mrs Walter Johnston, Bulls:—'I am very much pleased with my dress and habit, just received.'
 Mrs Empson, Wanganui:—'My dress is a great success.'
 Mrs D. G. Riddiford, Halcombe:—'The habit you have made for me is most satisfactory.'
 Mrs A. F. Roberts, Akaroa:—'My habit is a splendid fit.'
 Mrs Greenway, Auckland:—'The dress you have made me is most satisfactory.'
 Mrs Percy Baldwin, Wellington:—'I am very much pleased with the dresses. They fit perfectly.'
 Mrs Newman, Wellington:—'My dress fits perfectly and I am very much pleased with it.'
 Mrs C. Johnston, Wellington:—'I am very pleased with my dress.'
 Mrs Alice Crawford, Kilbirnie:—'My dress is a great success.'
 Mrs Shields, Dunedin:—'Mrs Shields received her gown to-day and is pleased with it.'
 Mrs V. T. Hitchings, Levin:—'The habit came to hand and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly.'
 Miss Tanner, Napier:—'I received the habit and it fits perfectly.'
 Miss McMaster, Martinborough:—'The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction.'
 Mrs Wilkie, Otakohu:—'Gown arrived safely and gives satisfaction.'
 Mrs Hole, Wanganui:—'My dress came last week and is perfect. I am very pleased with it.'
 Miss Herrick, Onga Onga:—'I am very pleased with my coat and skirt.'
 Mrs Hay, Annandale:—'Mrs Hay received the gown Nodine and Co. made for her, and is much pleased with it.'
 Mrs F. Riddiford, Hawera:—'My dress came in time, and fits very nicely. I am very pleased with it.'
 Mrs Sargiant, Wanganui:—'I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it.'
 Mrs MacHae, Masterton:—'My dress and habit are very nice.'
 Mrs H. N. Watson, Patutahi:—'My dress is very satisfactory.'
 Miss Ormond, Wallingford, H.B.:—'I am very pleased with the dress you have just sent me.'
 Mrs C. J. Monro, Palmerston North:—'The costume arrived and is a perfect fit.'

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

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

NODINE & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

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THE ABOVE DESIGN

IN SERGE ... FROM 5 GUINEAS.
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Ladies can furnish their own Designs, which will be reproduced exact and perfect. Pattern pictures and Self-Measurement forms forwarded by return of post.

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QUEEN-STREET, AUCKLAND.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

Though the time is wearing on towards spring, we have still more than a sufficiency of raw wet weather and chill winds, and a cape such as my illustration shows is sure to prove a welcome adjunct to the dress. It is cut in the very latest fashion, braided and plentifully machine stitched. Such a cape in box cloth of a deep putty colour would look remarkably smart.

NECKWEAR UP TO DATE.

Neckwear for women is what bothers them now. The best and the latest is summed up as follows:—

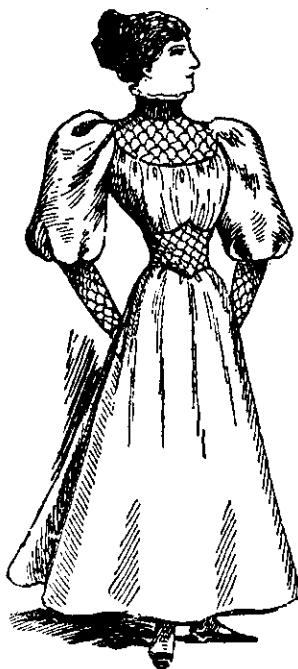
In addition to the gingham ties fair throats will be ornamented this season with handsome satin puff scarfs, the ends left to hang spreading and free, or folded neatly and flatly into the Lady Babbie pattern. This last lets fall its satin ends from neck to waist line, is made up on a frame and sold complete and ready for adjustment, with a pretty pearl pin settled in its folds. Summing up the full complement of summer neckwear mention must be made of the brocaded silk Teck and Ascot ties, and of the big, showy Princess of Wales. This last is built of gay bengaline or soft faille puffed up on a frame, with or without a high throat stock. It is sold in white and the palest tints, also in vividly Roman striped taffetas.

A SMOCKED FROCK.

Here we have a remarkably pretty and dainty costume, and one that is equally becoming to the growing girl and the adult. I should not, however, suggest such a gown for a matron, but for girls from twelve to eighteen years. No. 57 will be found a most becoming costume. Here the yoke, waistband, and lower sleeve are smocked with silk, in grain cotton or embroidery thread. The material used for the complete dress may be white or brown holland, coloured linen,

zephyr, nun's-veiling, cashmere, or any soft material of the kind, while the smocking threads may be in any

for children under ten years of age, the pattern then costing 6s6d complete. The quantity of material required for cutting the full-sized pattern is from 10 to 10½ yards single width.



NO. 57.

contrasting shades, such as red or blue, on white or brown holland, and so on. The price of this costume is 6s6d for the skirt and 6s6d for the bodice, while the same dress—on an infinitesimal scale—will be provided



THE SIDE PARTING.

It is a relief to get away from the stereotyped mode of dressing the hair, and to see it parted at the side and falling away in very loose waves; the long tresses taken to the crown of the head and left in a bunch of pretty curls. Ever so many charming adjuncts may be used with this coiffure to embellish it. The jewelled comb is usually seen at the back, and sometimes with it, or instead of it, a handkerchief or mousseline de soie is twisted round and tied in a smart little bow. This way of dressing the hair with a parting on one side is not becoming, except to a piquant face, and



THE LATEST CLOTH CAPE.

where the hair is very luxuriant and rather wild and untutored in character. An illustration shows this model at its prettiest.

What pretty fancies can be woven into the bodices of the moment. No girl with time at her disposal and ingenious fingers need despair of turning out something that shall be perfectly unique, especially as it happens that nearly all the choicest trim-

on the bodice itself, and this ribbon can be bought ready-made. This, with some pretty lace, is soon fashioned into a delightful garment, which should be worn with a skirt trimmed on suite at the edge. The centre bodice shows a pleated idea, which is very uncommon and extremely becoming. Lace insertion and silk or satin ribbon are used to form this particularly pretty trimming. The skirt worn with it has tucks from the waist downwards. It



mings used in the best ateliers of fashion are copied almost as soon as they appear and sold by the yard in the shop. Take for example the bodice at the right hand side. It is trimmed with rows of narrow gathered ribbon arranged upon the epaulettes, the little vest, and in festoons up-

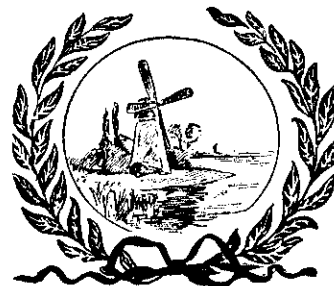
is scarcely needful to say that these are provided by bias strips of material laid on with the utmost care. The third bodice fastens down the left side, and is formed of three large folds or tucks, trimmed with butter-coloured lace, and having a collar and epaulettes of the same. The sleeves match.

WORK COLUMN.

A high stool is always a useful possession, for there seems to be a special fascination for children to sit upon stools instead of in the more proper chairs with backs. The stool in my illustration has another advantage in its favour, for not only will it make a pretty seat for a child, but is also a very useful receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends. The foundation is a round, strong wooden box, with a lid that fits nicely. This must, first of all, be lined inside with either glazed calico or a bright tinted sateen, and the easiest way to accomplish this is to paste the inside of the box well, and then lay the material on evenly. The outside draperies may either be made whole and slipped on, or each piece can be nailed on by the tiny headless upholsterer's nails. The puckered foundation of the stool in the sketch was of Royal blue silk, and the strips of embroidery were in Russian cross-stitch in red, blue and yellow; the macramé edgings that will be noticed at the bottom of the stool and round the lid were worked in yellow string. The diamond pieces of embroidery which are joined together for the cover of the stool were also in

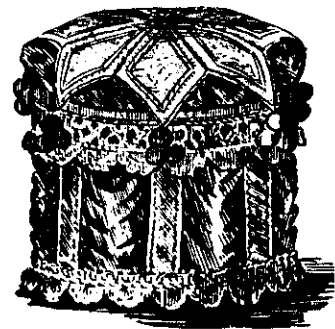
in which the stool is to take up its abode should be considered before its ornamentation is commenced, and I have seen very handsome additions made to a suite of furniture when the stool has been upholstered to match its more important brethren.

I feel sure that amongst my readers there are many amateur photographers, so that I need not apologise for introducing so technical a term as 'blue print' or 'ferroprussiate' pictures; but I think their decorative value might be considerably more appreciated than it is. Take, for in-



BLUE PRINT PICTURES FOR DECORATION.

wards and arrange the leaves, etc., on the glass, then put the paper with sensitised surface next to the leaves and insert a back board and fasten secure-ly, the ugly overmantel which can be made into a thing of beauty by using these prints as one would tiles, after having varnished them so as to stand light and air. Blue prints can be done on any unglazed paper by those who know simply nothing of photography. The paper is sensitised by applying either of these solutions. For white on blue ground use the following:—Dissolve 12oz of citrate of iron and ammonia in 8oz of water and mark A. In another bottle, 12oz of ferricyanide of potassium in 8oz of water and mark B. Mix equal parts of A and B and apply with brush, or by floating the paper in a bath of the mixture for three minutes; then hang the sheets to dry in a darkened room. For black lines upon a white ground use the following:—9oz of water, 3



cross-stitch in the three colours on a black satin background, and each point was finished off with a posée of tri-coloured pompons. Of course, the general scheme of colour of the room

drachms of gelatine, 6 drachms of perchloride of iron solution, 3 drachms of tartaric acid, and 3 drachms of ferric acid. Filter off any precipitate that may be found, and coat any good, stout white paper with a solution of the following:—6 drachms of gallic acid, 64oz of alcohol and 32oz of water. Wash well in several changes of water. Supposing that the floral panel is designed, first place a frame glass down-ly. Reverse the frame and expose from fifteen minutes to half an hour, according to the light. Remove the paper, wash thoroughly, and a white silhouette of the leaves' form will appear on a dark blue ground, or as dark leaves on a light ground, according to solution used. I give in the accompanying sketch a picture of one of the 'delft tiles,' which are extremely useful for decorative purposes. Another way in which the process can be applied is on to linen. In this case the linen must be sensitised with the ferroprussiate solution and carefully protected from the light. The print must be vignettied on linen and then washed, as if it had been on paper and dried in the sun. Vignetting is done by placing cotton wool round the edge of the picture and combed out very thin at the edges so that the light graduates away easily. ETHEL.

QUERIES.

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

RUSSIA.

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.

Consomme with Rice.—Thoroughly wash and drain a pint and a half of rice; put it in a saucepan, with a quart of beef broth, two cups of tomato sauce and a little salt. Mix, boil, cover tightly, and cook for 20 minutes; add six ounces of clarified butter, boiling hot, stir quickly and vigorously with a wooden spoon until thoroughly mixed. Cover the dish tightly, putting a cloth inside of the cover, so as to keep in the steam. It will absorb the butter, and become light and creamy. Turn the rice into a round, deep dish, and send to the table with two quarts of beef broth in a soup tureen and a plate of grated parmesan cheese.

Vermicelli Pudding.—As a nursery dish this should recommend itself, especially if stewed rhubarb is added to the ingredients. Well grease a pie-dish and put in a good thick layer of stewed rhubarb. Shake an ounce of vermicelli, broken small, into half a pint of boiling milk, and then allow it to simmer till it is quite soft and clear-looking. Separate the white and yolk of an egg, and when the milk and vermicelli is cool, stir the yolk in with two teaspoonsful of castor sugar, and pour it into the dish in which you have put the jam. Add the whisked white of the egg, and bake in a moderate oven till a pale brown.

Irish Sandwiches.—Cut thin slices from a day old loaf; toast quickly on both sides; when cold, butter with some anchovy, or any savoury butter preferred; and between each two put thin slices of cold roast game, seasoned rather highly with heart of celery, shredded, a few drops of lemon juice, some chopped tarragon and chervil, a little salt, and a few grains of cayenne. Press closely together, and cut into shapes, trimming neatly.

Macaroons.—These are delicacies which require a very light hand and a certain amount of confidence. If you want to ensure success in your undertaking, you must first beat the whites of two eggs to a very stiff froth, and then mix together on paper 4oz of ground almonds and 5oz of castor sugar, and turn it all into the whites of the eggs, and mix up very lightly with a spoon. Now you will want some rice paper. This you can buy at a confec-

tioner's. Put a small portion of the mixture on 12 pieces of the rice paper, which you have previously placed on a greased baking dish. Shape with a knife, and on the top of each macaroon put half a blanched sweet almond. Bake in a slow oven for a little over half an hour, and when done break off the rice paper round the edge.

Rhubarb in Moulds.—Cut the rhubarb in inch lengths, and place in a saucepan on the fire, with sugar enough to sweeten it, and a little water. Moisten two tablespoonsful of cornflour with a little water in a basin. When the rhubarb is almost done add the cornflour; cook for a minute or two longer and then pour into a shape. This makes a pretty and economical dish, the green rhubarb giving it a good colour, and it eats well cold, with milk or cream.

Not Too Cold.—It is not always necessary in order to serve liquids cold that they should contain ice. Standing them, covered closely, upon ice for a time before serving them brings the temperature down quite enough to make them agreeable to sensitive people. The same applies to food. In the best dinner-tables iced dishes are not painfully cold. They are disagreeable to eat when icy, and not good for the digestion.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ETIQUETTE OF GLOVES.

On the subject of wearing gloves it might be supposed there was very little room for doubt or indecision, and yet many are the questions on this head that reach us. Should gloves be taken off at afternoon at homes in the tea room? Formerly it was usual to do so, and a gentleman would hold a lady's cup of tea while she removed her gloves; now she keeps them on as a matter of course—it is the fashion. The fact of wearing gold bangles and bracelets over long-buffed gloves makes it difficult to rearrange them in a few given moments, and thus few attempt the feat.

The majority of ladies take off their gloves in sitting down to dinner, some few wearing very long elbow gloves, and, intending to go to a dance or reception afterward, do not take them off, but dine in their gloves; but these are the exceptions. After dessert, ladies put on their gloves again before leaving the dining room, if time permits; otherwise they do so on arrival in the drawing room. At a ball supper it is most unusual to take off the gloves; there is no necessity for so doing, and the difficulty of re-buttoning and rearranging them under the bracelets demands more time than is at command during a short stay in the supper room.

They are evidently determined that they will have no 'revolted daughters' in Germany if they can help it. The Minister of Education was lately petitioned by the people of Breslau for permission to found a high school for girls in that town. His reply was brief and disagreeable. It practically came to this: 'High school, indeed! Stuff and nonsense! A woman's proper place is her own home. She gets all the education she needs there.' This sentiment is admirable, of course, so far as it goes. Unhappily, there are not homes enough for women to manage, and how then does this good Minister of Education suppose that the superfluous woman is to support herself if she does not qualify herself to seek employment outside the home?

YOUNG WIFE'S SOCIAL DUTIES.

To simply live alone, with no provision for the gratification of the social instincts, is apt to prove too severe a strain upon the reserve forces of even the happiest marriage. There is some excuse to be made for the man who seeks society outside of the home wherein no thought is given to social pleasure, while the wife is apt to grow petty and personal, and so less attractive as she shuts herself away from intercourse with others. This dropping out is very easy, but even when prosperity comes and large social functions are possible it is too late to gain that most valuable possession, friendship, which is entirely independent of financial success. To have and to hold a place in the social life of the world is not only the right, but the duty of the young wife who desires to have a home in its truest and best sense.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

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

COT FUND ACCOUNT.

Balance in bank, £22 5/2; per Cousin Vera, 11/; per Cousin Agnes (Mr Green), 4/. Total, £23 0/2.

Per Cousin Vera, 1/- A.W.P., 1/-; E.E.P., 1/-; V.E.P., 2/-; A.W.J.P., 1/-; E.W., 1/-; H.A.E.D., 2/-; E.D., 1/-; A Friend, 1/-; Little Ilma, 1/-; Total, 11/.

Dear Cousin Kate,—This is my very first letter to you. I want to know if I can be a Cousin. Please tell me if I can. My name is Leo, but some silly friends of my sisters always call me the British Grenadier, because I am so big. I suppose they think they are funny. I have such a dear little dog. He can do all sorts of tricks, and when I tell him to say his prayers he puts down his head between his two paws. A friend of mine is coming to stay at our house this week. Won't I have fun. Now, I must stop as I am not allowed to sit up after nine.—Hoping I can be a Cousin, I remain, your loving friend, Leo Sartori Appleby, Rosemeath.

[Yes, certainly you can become a Cousin, and I shall be pleased to have you among our number. But I hope you will take it in good part if I tell you that the 'Graphic' Cousins are too well-mannered to speak rudely of people in their letters to me, and that it is not nice of you to say that your sisters' friends are 'silly' because they have humouredly given you a big-sounding nick-name. But I daresay you are too young yet to understand what 'humour' means, though, if you ask them nicely, you might get your sisters to explain the meaning of the word to you some day when they have time. In the meanwhile, I am sure that if you let your sisters' friends understand that it hurts your feelings to be called the British Grenadier they will not do so again. I must say, however, my dear Leo, that the British Grenadier is a very stately-looking specimen of humanity, and your suggestive nick-name has given me a capital idea of the general appearance of the stalwart, young recruit who now joins the band of 'Graphic' Cousins. If you would like me to have a still better idea of you, please send me your photograph and I will put it in the 'Graphic'. I was amused to hear about your little dog and his tricks. What a delightful little companion he must be to you! I can imagine that you and the little friend who was to

be staying with you will have some famous romps with your clever little dog.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am not going to try to excuse myself for not writing before, sufficient for me to say that after school hours I hate the sight of pen, ink and paper. Since last I wrote there has been a great change in our family circle. My second eldest brother left for Klondyke last December, and we hope and trust has arrived safely. We have received four letters from him, while staying at different camps, but not one from Klondyke. We expect to hear before long, then I will write and tell you the news. The last letter was most interesting, written at Lake Bennett, describing the passes, mode of travelling, hardships, snow storms, food, etc. The food consists chiefly of pork and beans, which does not sound particularly appetizing, however, some of the miners would be very thankful indeed to have pork and beans if reports be true. My brother said that some of the scenery was worth going all the way from New Zealand to see; but if they were fortunate enough to find gold it would be well-earned, as the trials and hardships are simply dreadful. I am having a vast amount of excitement at present, practising for a 'Shaksperian' evening in connection with our Literary Society. We are rehearsing the Trial Scene from the 'Merchant of Venice.' I am 'Portia' and my brother 'Shylock.' All I can think of at present is 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' etc. I hope we will manage to be successful in our first attempt. To-morrow evening we are going to a 'Musical Evening' at Cousin Philip's. I always enjoy myself there, so am sure to have a pleasant time. Next Tuesday I am going to Parnell to have lunch with one of my bosom friends, then we are going 'calling,' which will be delightful, drinking thimblefuls of tea, and talking about the weather. On the Wednesday my brother and I are going to a private dance in Mrs Sowerby's hall, to which I am looking forward with great anticipation. Will some kind, good Cousin suggest a new recitation for me? As I am in despair. My friends must be heartily tired of the old ones. I am still taking music lessons, and have just got a book of studies by 'Spindler,' some of which are extremely pretty. Now, with best wishes to all the Cousins, I am, your affectionate Cousin, Thelma.

[You have certainly made good amends for not writing sooner by sending such a nice, long, interesting letter now. How anxious you will be until you get the news that your brother has safely arrived at Klondyke. Indeed I don't suppose you will be able to feel quite easy in your minds on his account until you have him safely back again in New Zealand, for, if all that is reported about Klondyke is to be believed, there are terrible hardships to be endured at Klondyke itself as well as on the journey there and back. But I hope your brother will return to you safe and well before very long, and bringing back enough of gold with him to make up for all he will have to go through to get it. You seem to be having a very gay time with festivities of one kind or another. 'Portia' is one of my chief favourites among Shakspeare's heroines, and I shall like to know how you manage to deliver the speeches of the wise young judge who so cleverly outwitted Shylock. I hope the Cousins will respond to your appeal for a new recitation, naming when they next write to me the bits for recitation they like best themselves. If they don't I may be able to come to your help myself. What kind of recitation do you find you can do best?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am not going to write a long letter to you just now, but I want to write you a longer one by-and-by. I am glad to see there is a children's hospital being built, for it will be much more pleasant for them. I'm sending my collecting card to you. I have collected 11/ for the Cot Fund. I'm also sending 4d for a badge, if you will kindly send me one.

There are not many Cousins writing just now, perhaps they are too busy with their examinations. We will be having ours in three weeks. We are then going to have one or two weeks' holidays, and then I might write you the longer letter which I have promised you. I must close now, for I have got my home work to do for to-morrow. So with love to you and all the Cousins, hoping you all well, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Vera, Kingsland.

[I was very pleased to hear from you again, and shall confidently expect to get that longer letter you promised me in a short time. What a capital little collector you make. 11/ is quite a large sum for a small Cousin to collect. You will have the badge sent you at once. I hope you will get very successfully through your examination; and there is one thing quite certain—the harder you work now at your lessons, the more you will enjoy your holidays after the examination.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is not a very long time ago since I last wrote to you, but seeing in the 'Graphic' that no letters have lately been written by any of the cousins I thought I would write, although having nothing particular to write about. I am sending a doll for the little cousin in the cot, and I hope she will be pleased with it; I also hope that she will soon be quite well. Our examination will take place on the 11th and 12th, and I hope I will pass. If I do I will be in the fifth standard. It has been raining here for the last three or four days and it is very miserable. My mother and father have been to Wellington, and they brought me home a pretty gold brooch. We will be having a week's holiday after the examination and then I will try and write to you again. A little snow fell here the other day, but not enough to make snowballs. I am saving stamps, and when I get 1,000 am going to send them away. I have only got 409 up to now. In reply to my last letter you asked me for my photo to put in the 'Graphic'; I suppose you have forgotten that you have already had one and it was published. If you would really like another I will send you one by-and-by.—Your affectionate cousin, Ethel, Waipawa.

[You very probably have seen that I acknowledged the arrival of Miss Dolly in last week's 'Graphic'. I thought she came from you, but not being quite sure, as you only gave the initials letters of your name, I took the safest course and thanked the owner of the initials, who was, as I expected, all along, our good little cousin Ethel. It was very nice of you to think of sending the pretty doll for the little cousin in the 'Graphic' Cousins' Cot, and although there is no one in the cot just now—its last occupant, little Hazel Warner, having left the Hospital—to whom it could be given, Miss Dolly will be certain to fulfil the good intentions of her giver by keeping other little ones in the Children's Ward amused and happy. Had you a hand in the making of her doll's play wardrobe? If so I must congratulate you on having quite a clever little hand for all the various tiny garments were very nicely made. By the time you read this letter your school examination will have been over quite a long time. When you next write I hope you will be able to tell me that you have passed successfully and have been promoted into the fifth standard. You are such a good little writer that I shall expect to hear from you quite soon again.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have never written to you before, but I thought that I would write now and tell you what grand fun we had with the snow last week. Snow had fallen on the hills a day or two before and they looked very pretty; but of course it was too far away to be any good to us. But when we awoke that morning all the garden and the paddocks were white with snow—and there was a lot of it too—and it didn't melt away till nearly afternoon. We dressed as quickly as possible and ran out, and father showed us how they make snowballs in England, and we pelted each other with them, and before we went into breakfast we had to give ourselves a good shaking, for we were white all over as if we had been dipped in snow of flour. Father afterwards helped us to make a snow man, but only we hadn't enough of snow to make as big and fat a snow man as

father used to make when he was a boy in England. We had such fun making the snow man, and we stuck in two pieces of coal for his eyes. I wish the snow would come again and not melt so soon. I have no more to tell you just now, but I will try and write again soon now that I have once written to you.—From yours truly, Percy, Blenheim.

[I was very much interested in hearing all about your snow fight and the snow man you made. I used to be very fond of snow fights when I was a child, only I remember I didn't like to get an unexpected snowball fired at me—especially if it hit and was a very hard one. I quite envied you the sight of that beautiful carpet of snow. Up here in Auckland we are seldom visited by even a few flakes of snow, though now and again we get a sharp shower of hail. I hope you will soon write again. I shall be very pleased to hear from you, even though you may have nothing so unusual in New Zealand, at all events, as a snow fight to tell me about.—Cousin Kate.]

SHOT-GUN SHELLS.

A correspondent gives a story of a practical joke which was played by an ex-Confederate officer, Colonel Aylett, upon some of his old companions in arms. He had a company of friends at his country place, near Richmond, and one evening a display of fireworks was announced. Towards the close of the evening Colonel Aylett called me and two or three other young fellows to him, and said: 'I want you to help me to fool some of the old soldiers, if you will.'

Of course we jumped at the chance, and asked for orders.

'What I mean to do,' he said, 'is to make these veterans believe that I am shooting bombshells from my shotgun. Here are some giant firecrackers. Each of you take two of them, go down into the field yonder, spread yourselves out in a line about a hundred yards apart, and listen for the bugle. I shall aim at you in rotation, and as soon as you see the flash of the gun, the one whose turn it is must throw a cracker into the air as high as possible, so that it will explode before reaching the ground.'

We slipped away in the darkness, and the guests were invited out upon the lawn to see the Colonel shoot some small bombshells from his gun.

The signal was given, and the gun was fired. In a few seconds a bright flash was seen in the air, and a loud explosion followed. The shots were repeated until six had been fired.

We could hear the exclamations that followed each discharge, and in a few minutes were back again mingling with the crowd, and listening to the comments of the veterans.

'It reminded them of the war,' they said. 'Some of them could distinctly trace the flight of the shell from the instant it left the gun till it exploded.'

We begged Colonel Aylett not to underestimate them, but he declared that it would be wrong to leave them under a false impression. 'The whole affair showed what strange pranks imagination will sometimes play with sober reason.'

EASILY SATISFIED.

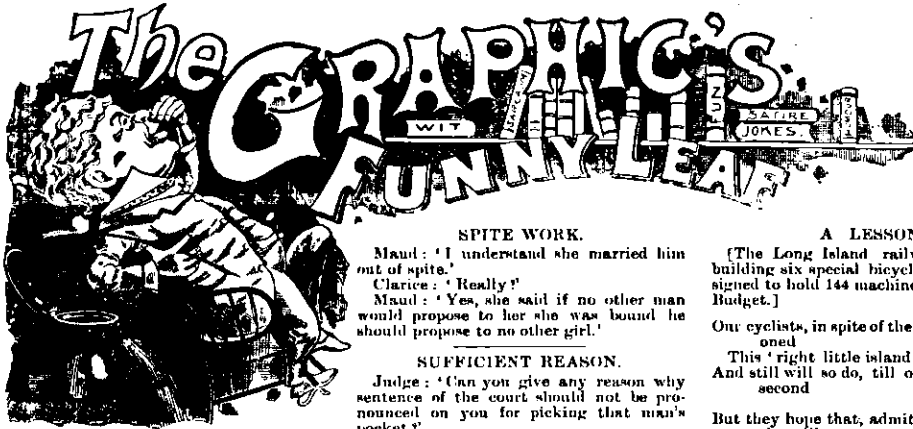
There was once a mandarin who was excessively fond of jewels, and always walked abroad with his robe covered with the sparkling gems. One day he was assailed by an old bonze, who, following him through the street, bowed himself often to the ground and thanked the mandarin for his jewels.

'What does the man mean?' cried the mandarin, in great alarm. Then addressing the bonze, he said, 'I never gave you any jewels, man!'

'No,' replied the bonze, 'but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself, so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of guarding them, a task I should not care for.'

'Ah,' said the blustering lawyer, whose client had just been acquitted, 'Now that it's all over, would you mind telling me how you reached your verdict?'

'Certainly,' replied the jurymen. 'We felt sure that if he had been guilty, he wouldn't have liked you to defend him.'



LE ROI L'AMUSE.

'What, ho!' the merry monarch roared,
In manner free and frisky.
'Bring hither to the royal board
A tumbler full of whisky!'

Scarcely had the monarch ceased to call
When, like a steed that's hobbled,
In through the portals of the hall
A tipsy gymnast wobbled.

'A high ball!' then the King did cry,
'Thou gin-phizzed, rye-faced stumbler;
'Tis meet that such should be held by
A ground and lofty tumbler!'

PROMOTING PEACE.

'I have here,' said the editor, 'a poem
advocating peace.'
'I suppose,' asked the editor, 'that you
honestly and sincerely desire peace.'
'Yes, sir.'
'Then burn the poem.'

EVIDENCE.

'Was that man ever a farmer?' inquired
Mrs Cornetson.
'No,' answered her husband, positively.
'But he's always talkin' about the de-
lights of livin' in the country.'
'That's what shows he never was a
farmer.'

POVERTY INDEED.

Beggar (piteously): Ah, sir, I am very,
very hungry.
Dyspeptic (savagely): Then have the
decency to keep your good fortune to your-
self. I haven't had an appetite for years.

SURELY.

A physician was called in to prescribe for
a new client. He listened to a terrible tale
from the invalid, who, by his own account,
was suffering from all the ills known to
diseased humanity. The list so impressed
the doctor that at last he exclaimed:
'What splendid health you must have
to endure all these maladies!'

KLONDYKE.

Great river.	No streets.
Lots of shiver.	Mountain steep.
Much cold.	No like—
Rumoured gold.	Klondyke.

RARE OLD STUFF.

'I tell you,' exclaimed the patriot, 'the
spirit of '88 is at work.'
'You bet,' replied Swiller. 'I just had
about four fingers of it around at Finn-
igan's. It went down like oil.'

DIFFERENT CASE.

'I must, I must steal a kiss.'
'Poor fellow!' she sighed in pity.
Of course, were he wealthy, on the con-
trary, there need be no stealing about it.



Proud but Pur-sonious Father of the
Bride (to the officiating minister): You
done noble, you done noble! Here's a
shilling—and I got two other daughters,
mind you!

SPITE WORK.

Maud: 'I understand she married him
out of spite.'
Clarice: 'Really?'
Maud: 'Yes, she said if no other man
would propose to her she was bound he
should propose to no other girl.'

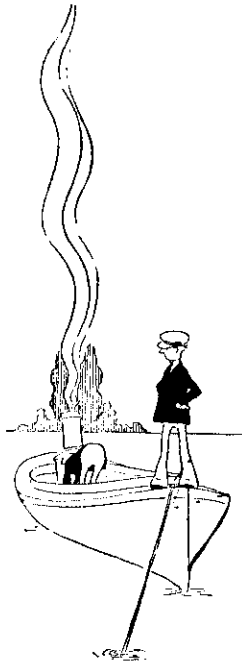
SUFFICIENT REASON.

Judge: 'Can you give any reason why
sentence of the court should not be pro-
nounced on you for picking that man's
pocket?'
Culprit: 'Yer Honor, I—er—did it in a
fit of abstraction.'

IN AGREEMENT.

Roman Parent: I shall pay your debts
this time, sir, but understand that in future
I decline to be a party to your extrava-
gance. It is useless to ask me to increase
your allowance, which is already more than
sufficient for every reasonable requirement.
Upon two hundred a year, sir, you ought
to be able to maintain your position with
credit.

Young Hopeful: Yes, dad, and if that's
all you're going to do for me I shall want
plenty of it.



AN ACCOMMODATING BOAT.

Algy: I've got ev'rything weedy. Now
I leave it to you to say which way we shall
go—up or down?
Choily: We-ell, foah my part I'd just as
leave—

PROMISE HE MADE.

The Woman: Do you want a chance to
work?
The Tramp: Madam, I promised my
mother on her deathbed that I would never
touch anything into which the element of
chance entered.

CUTTING OFF HER RETREAT.

'Miss Brown—Louisa, will you be a sister
to me?'
'What an extraordinary question. Of
course I cannot.'
'Then will you be my wife?'

GOOD HATER.

Mrs Woods: Do you like widows, Mr
Grumpy?
Old Bachelor: I do not, madam. I'd
like to forbid marriage altogether in order
to wipe 'em out.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Quizzer: What makes you think the in-
ventor of the tandem was a woman?
Guyer: Man is placed in the background.

A LESSON.

(The Long Island railway company is
building six special bicycle cars, each de-
signed to hold 144 machines.—'St. James'
Budget.)

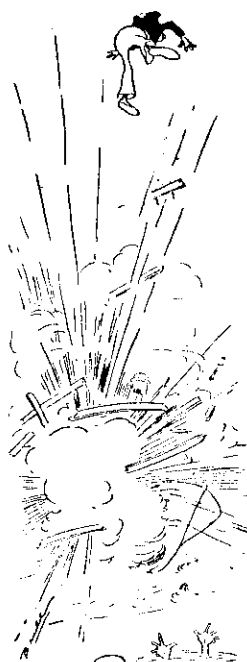
Our cyclists, in spite of the post, have reck-
oned
This 'right little island' a wrong island,
And still will so do, till our train-runners
second

But they hope that, admitting her faults,
she will soon
Be a worthy-of-eulogist's-song island;
Though a short island now of a long-needed
boon,
They believe she'll learn wisdom from
Long Island!
—'London Fun.'

PROFITLESS.

Blynkes: Well, what did old Bullion
say when you proposed to marry his
daughter?

Wynkes: He gave assent.
Blynkes: And when you alluded to the
matter of dowry, old man?
Wynkes: He refused a cent.



—go up!

SHOWED HER PATRIOTISM.

'Do you find your wife at all interested
in the war?' said Johnson.
'Well, she's just thrown away a barrel
of Spanish onions,' answered Jenkins.

OTHER THINGS IMMATERIAL.

'What must a man do, doctor, to attain
a ripe old age?'
'Live.'

PARENTAL BLINDNESS.

Old Gotrox: You must be crazy to want
to marry my daughter.
Jack Brokeleigh: O, no, I'm not. And
if you knew her as well as I do you your-
self would realise that she is a fair sort of
girl.

TOO PRECIOUS.

Wife: The doctor orders me to the baths
at Rotorua, and you refuse me the means
to go. That shows how little you value
me!
Husband: On the contrary, I do not
wish to lose a pound of you.

SURPRISE.

'Young Mr Dabater says that he is
welded to his art.'
'Indeed!' replied Miss Cayenne. 'I
shouldn't have judged by his pictures that
he was even engaged to it.'



ECLIPSED.

'Me ould woman kin lift a tub of water
wid ase.'
'Dat's nuttin', me mudder's a shop lifter.'

THE WORSE OF THE TWO.

'Borrowing is a disease,' said Bigbee, in
self-justification.
'And lending is insanity,' replied Small,
significantly.

THAT'S SO.

Romantic: All the world's a stage.
Cynic: Yes, and most of it never gets any
further than mere scene-shifters.

THE TRUE WISDOM.

'Who is the happier, a man who has
£100,000 or one who has seven daughters?'
Itabi: 'The latter.'
'Why?'
Itabi: 'The man with £100,000 wants
more, the other doesn't.'

QUERY.

She: I learn from other people's mis-
takes.
He: Well, I made one when I married
you. What do you learn from that?

NO HELP NEEDED.

'If any man wanted to kiss me I should
screen for help.'
'O, if he really wanted to kiss you you
wouldn't need any one to make him do it.'

GENTLE HINT.

He: 'Your sweet face is my book of life.
I swear it.'
She: 'But your oath is not valid until
you have kissed the book.'

DIPLOMATIC USURER.

May: 'I always collect double on the
bets I win.'
Ada: 'I should think the losers would
object.'
May: 'Not at all—I always bet kisses.'

ONE GOOD REASON.

Mrs Nobbs: I should think you would
so dislike to part with your maid after
having her for two years.
Mrs Hobbs: Indeed, I do.
Mrs Nobbs: One's maid find out so much
about one in two years.

ROUGH ON DOCTORS.

An Irish brakesman was hurt by a train,
and his friends offered to send for a phy-
sician. They asked: 'Do you want an
allopath or homeopath?' He replied, 'It
don't matter—all paths lead to the grave.'



'A little something on the side.'