

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

SING OF EXHIBITIONS.

I FEEL I ought to say something about the Auckland Exhibition, which was opened by the Governor last week, but I confess I have the greatest difficulty in knowing just what to say. The newspapers have used up all the ordinary generalities available for such things, and to go into details in the space of a paragraph would be out of the question. No subject, it is said, is altogether incapable of original or even poetic treatment; and that may be so; but I maintain that to say original and poetical things about stacks of merchandise and machinery would tax the faculty of the most fluent and universal genius. The fact that there was no ode at the opening of this exhibition speaks for itself. Even the



"Endeavouring in vain to hammer out a song in honour of the Exhibition."

... muse of Tomlinson, of Auckland, which on previous occasions of note ascended the highest heaven of invention, was silent. I can imagine that gifted bard in the serene solitude of his chamber, or on the breezy top of Mount Eden beneath the waning stars, endeavouring in vain to hammer out a song in honour of the Exhibition. The late poet laureate achieved the task in the case of the great international exhibition, but with no very wonderful success; and that genial satirist Thackeray gives us the reduction ad absurdum of the prop-

osition that it is possible to wax poetic over such matters in that famous description of the Crystal Palace by the Molony of Killybally Molony. On a smaller scale the Auckland show presents much the same features as did 'the palace made of windows,' for if we can hardly say that

There's steym linyones That stand in lines Enormous and amazing That squeal in sport Like whales in sport Or elephants a-grazing.

To a certainty

There's carts and gigs And plns for pigs, There's dilliblers and there's harrows, And ploughs like toys For little boys, And blight wheelbarrows, And lushins more, Of things in store, But thim one can't remember; Nor could disclose Did he compose From now till next November!

Probably a somewhat shorter period would suffice to exhaust even in rhyme the catalogue of exhibits in Auckland; but I do not feel equal to undertaking the task, and I scarcely think that if I did undertake it the recital would greatly further the interests of the Exhibition; but if the Executive Committee think otherwise, and believe that in place of one of the classic subjects chosen for the big concerts a categorical account of the contents of the exhibits arranged in oratorio, cantata, or opera form would prove a draw, I am willing to supply the words at so much a line if some of our musicians will furnish the music. That in these advertising days the thing might easily be a great financial success I have little doubt. I think I know some merchants who would give much for a pretty lyric in laudation of their tea, and even agents for machinery might recognise the advantage of a tuneful refrain sung by five hundred voices, setting forth the superiority over all others in the market of their patent double-action pumps.

THE FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN.

SOME five of those Legislative Councillors who were appointed to the Upper House for a term of seven years will shortly have to lay down their honours and retire from that Eden, for their time is about to expire and they must go forth. One can imagine that it is with no slight feeling of regret that these gentlemen will descend from their eminence and mingle with the common crowd. It is all very true to argue that they knew the end must come; but do you suppose that would make them any the more prepared for it? We all know that we must die, but how few of us are resigned and ready to go hence when the summons comes. Seven years seems a short enough period when you are looking back on it, but when the seasons lie before you in one long shining vista the period seems interminable. What one of these twelve who are now about to say a long farewell to all their greatness troubled himself seven years ago about this final day? If it ever cost any of them an uneasy thought there was always the comforting reflection that seven years is a long time, and that no one knows what changes may take place in such a period. The associations of the Legislative Council are of a kind to deepen the sense of temporary tenure in the minds of the short term men. They are thrown much in contact with gentlemen who are life habituants of that happy place, and whose whole complexion of thought is in harmony with the idea of permanency. Beside these happy individuals the short term men are as the flowers of a season beside the oak tree, but, all the same, it is hard for them to remember this and not to regard themselves as being quite as fixed ornaments of that delightful garden as the others. Consequently what a wrench it must be to them to find themselves, just when they had struck root deep in the kindly legislative soil and were beginning to come into full bearing, to find themselves, I say, rudely plucked by the root and cast over the garden wall. Any one of them would naturally hope that some kindly in-

terposing voice might, at least in his case, be heard praying the woodman to 'spare that tree.' Physiologists tell us that our bodies undergo an entire change in the course of every seven years. Probably our minds, to some extent, obey the same law. Just see then how grievously this must act in the case of these retiring legislative councillors. On this hypothesis they have only become perfectly reconciled to the dignity and ease of their position when they are called on to vacate it. There is a refinement of cruelty in this arrangement that was certainly never intended. How much easier it would have been for these poor men to sever the connection had it only been of two or three years' standing. But now that the very fibres of their natures are interwoven with the legislative soil, what a shock to their whole system must it be to have them torn away. Just when he thinks, 'good easy man, full surely his greatness is a ripening' to feel the relentless fingers of the gardener tightening on his stem—ugh, what a terrible ordeal!

THE FEMALE VOICE.

I HAVE been led to deduce, from a deliberate consideration of the criticism passed upon individual members of the fair sex by their male relatives, that a woman's chief medium of transgression is her tongue. In making this deduction I don't lay claim to any startling originality, for I rather fancy it was made, some two thousand years ago or more, by the writer of the Book of Proverbs; also by other philosophical observers of womankind before, and since that date until now the cheapest gibe that can be flung at a woman bears some reference to her tongue. Of course, I should be doing gross injustice to the critical faculties of woman's male relatives if I were to allow it to be understood that the latter hold that she only errs through her tongue. Far from it. They see only too clearly that woman, as exemplified in their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, is lamentably full of faults and



"The woman with the 'iron jaw'."

failings; they see that just as clearly, indeed, as they see that she might have been made quite an admirable creation, if the making of her had been in their hands instead of in Heaven's. Still, they are open-minded enough to profess their willingness to put up with her as Heaven has made, if only Heaven had seen fit to leave her unendowed with a tongue. That poor tongue of woman's! To hear man talk about it you might conclude that he hadn't one of his own, even while his very talk was betraying him. What endless accusations of iniquity has not he heaped upon that particular portion of woman's anatomy? It was, of course, man who gave forth the oracular injunction to seek the woman when any mischief is done, and he claims that when the woman is found her tongue will be proved to be the first cause of all the trouble. Poor, little crimson morsel! Catching a glimpse of you, engaged behind two dainty rows of pearly teeth, it is hard for one to believe that you have on occasion set great nations at loggerheads, given whole cities up to the flames and, brought about the slaughter of many men; or, even to come down to more ordinary enormities, that you have upset the peace of innocent households and driven man to seek refuge in his club and the inebriating cup. Little desire have I to condone such grievous offences, and, in so far as you can be held guilty of those, little ton-

gue of woman, I go with the rest of my sex and say all manner of hard things about you. But there is a point at which I make a stand, for I will not, like the rest of my sex, wantonly assail your mere harmless activity. It has, indeed, been too long the habit of man to make of the harmless activity of woman's tongue a byword and a reproach to her, and to assume, by implication, that he possesses a reticence of speech which should be counted to him as a virtue—that he, forsooth, never indulges in unnecessary or ill-timed conversation. This bad habit of man's I have always believed to be unjustified by actual facts, and I was gratified the other day to find this belief of mine borne out by the statement of an authority in one of the great postal departments in London, in reference to the employees in St. Martin-le-Grand's. According to this weighty and unprejudiced authority, it is found that, though the men employed in the post office work faster than the women, they make up for it by their practice of wasting time by talking in office hours—a practice to which the women are not in the least addicted. Now, as the men and women employed in the London Post Office may be considered a fair sample of the men and women to be met with outside those busy precincts, I think that woman is henceforth justified in maintaining that the reproach of an over-active tongue should rest upon man rather than upon her. Therefore, O ye ladies, when masculine arrogance and ignorance ventures again to jeeringly cast the old unmerited reproach upon your shoulders, hurl it back again, barbed with the well-accredited item of information concerning the employees at St. Martin-le-Grand, which I have chivalrously placed in your hands as a weapon of defence.

STATUE OR HOLIDAY.

THE movement for the erection of a statue to the late Sir George Grey does not seem to move very briskly, and to accelerate it an immemorial day is to be appointed. If it had been decided to have an annual memorial day, alias holiday, in place of a statue, the scheme would no doubt have met with most enthusiastic support. In the eye of the average individual who is not very greatly swayed by such aesthetic or sentimental considerations as may be associated with a statue the thing is rather a useless expenditure of money. A memorial hospital, or library, or park, or soup kitchen, he can appreciate; but a statue—well, who gets any good out of a statue? would be his involuntary query. In this colony especially those who have advocated this method of doing honour to the dead or the living have had hard work to arouse public sympathy in their views or endeavours, and it is partly for that reason that we can show so wonderfully few specimens of commemorative statuary. Witness with what infinite pains that bronze image of Her Gracious Majesty was recently secured for Auckland. If the Egyptian monarchs or the Roman emperors had experienced one hundredth part of the difficulty in getting their pyramids and colossal columns erect-



"Probable fate of a 'Grey Memorial Day'."

ed that there has been in getting that statue on its feet—when it does get on them—the monuments of antiquity would have been greatly reduced in number. The genius of the New Zealander does not lean statue-wise, and the race is not likely to leave many memorials behind it in that form. The great probability is that our efforts to perpetuate the memory of our great

men will take the shape of instituting an annual public holiday in their honour. This method, besides costing the public nothing, is without doubt productive of much more pleasure for them than a statue can possibly afford. Indeed, it is so cheap and so delightful that my fear is lest when the custom gets hold it should be abused, and lead eventually, not merely to a ridiculous multiplication of holidays, but what would be worse, to the elevation of very second-rate individuals to the pantheon of great men. You can just imagine a foolish, pleasure-loving populace wishing for yet one more holiday, and fixing, for instance, on the late Mr Rung, whose only virtue was that he made himself rich out of the swipes he sold the same populace, and setting aside a day in his honour. St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew are mythical individuals, but they grace a memorial day better than most of the men who might get one if this new system of conferring distinction came into vogue. Statues to 'nobodies' are bad enough, but memorial days to 'nobodies' are worse still; and much as I appreciate the generosity of Sir Geo. Grey to Auckland, and the ability and foresight which characterised certain actions in his career, I fear that to make the new departure in his case would not be pitching the standard high enough to begin with if we mean that it is not to rapidly degenerate.

**THE PERFECT POLICEMAN.**

The Police Department is apparently not satisfied with the general efficiency of the members of the force, so it has been resolved to establish a school in Wellington for policemen, in which the latter may be thoroughly instructed in every branch of the profession. I have not heard what the precise course of study will be at this institution, but I sincerely trust, now that the education of our policemen has at last been taken in hand that it will be thoroughly carried out. Policemen are born and made. The thirst to exercise authority over our fellows is early developed in every one of us, and the policeman, humble instrument of the law though he is, being the most prominent embodiment of authority presented to our youthful eyes is generally an object of early reverence and envy. What boy is there that has not vowed he would be a policeman when he grew up? But alas, as we grow up a closer acquaintance with the office and those who fill it damps our enthusiasm, and there are only a few who seek to realise their youthful dreams in this respect. Of the trivial minority which does strive and succeeds in realising them, not every member by any means is a born



Training School for the Police. First class in running in drunks.

policeman. Most of them want a great deal of hard licking and the best of them not a little to put them into proper shape. As hitherto we have never possessed in this colony any adequate licking machinery we do not know what a perfect policeman is. Would that I could enumerate the virtues of his ideal character. He is indeed a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well. He is a fountain of never-failing courtesies, a tower of strength, an ever present help in time of trouble. Neither gold nor silver, nor the wine when it is red, nor the culinary seductions of amorous cooks can deflect the unbending rectitude of his mind. He is the faithful servant of the law, but the slave of duty. Something approaching this type we may perhaps look for when the Wellington academy for policemen has had time to make its influence felt in the rising generation of 'boobies.'

**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.

N. Stone.—(1st) Yes, quite correct; (2nd) also correct; (3rd) they may be healthy looking at first, as only one part may be affected; later on they get thin, as the disease spreads through the other parts.

'Enquirer' asks.—Will you kindly, through the columns of the 'Graphic,' enquire if any of the readers or subscribers have used with any success Kickett's coloured starches, and if so the process, as we have not been able to obtain a successful result? Would also be glad of any information how to starch black prints and muslins.

'Aspiration'.—Yes, you are certainly on the right path, for 'art,' as Amiel finely puts it, 'is simply bringing into relief the obscure thought of nature.'

'For Better and Worse'.—I deeply sympathise with you in your troubles, but how can I better counsel a wife in your trying position than by advising her to have patience? I gather from what you say that patience is not one of your virtues, and I dare say the lack of it in you may have helped to bring about that deplorable degree of friction in your relations with your husband which you so deeply bewail, while attributing to him (not quite fairly, I think) the whole responsibility of its existence.

'R.E.G.'.—No; gentlemen have now the option of leaving their hats and sticks in the hall when making calls, instead of being compelled to nurse them on their knees in the drawing-room, as used to be the rule.

'Poet's Corner'.—There is no corner in the 'Graphic' available for such contributions as yours. Have you found no better way of wasting your time than by trying to write verse?

'Witch Hazel'.—You are certainly bound to inform your fiancé that you have received the invitations, and hear what he has to say on the subject before accepting.

'Toothache'.—It appears to me from what you say that if your teeth were sealed the trouble would be removed. Better consult a good dentist.

'D.N.'.—Send stamps for its return.

'Archimedes'.—Yours is certainly a very strange profession, especially for a lady, and I very much doubt if you will be able to practise it remuneratively in this colony. But you need not despair. Advertise, and you may possibly find that a want does exist for your services.

'A Literary Wager'. I am afraid I must give it against you. Your friend was right. It is Bordas-Deimoulin and not Droz who defined the 'useful' as 'the practical aspect of the just,' and 'the just' as 'the moral aspect of the useful.'

'Legal Query'. Not now, but formerly it did render a will void if any witness to that will had an interest in it. Now the will remains valid, but the witness who is a beneficiary, or the husband or wife of such a witness, cannot take any benefit thereunder.

'Little Wife'. You should return the calls of the residents in the neighbourhood of your new abode within a week, or on their first At Home day.

'Inquirer'. A nominal rent is usually paid in such a case.

'Parnell'.—The best way to remove stains of varnish from the hands is to rub them as soon as possible with a little methylated spirits, wipe with a soft rag, and then wash thoroughly in soap and water.

'Slumrock'.—It has been asserted on what seems to be perfectly reliable authority that it was an Irishman who fired the first shot in the Spanish-American war, so you may count that a feather in the cap of old Ireland if you are disposed to do so.

'Merrylegs'.—It would never do at all. You should have had more sense than to suggest it.

'Athlete'.—No, R. G. Clapp, of Yale University, in America, was the name of the man who recently broke the world's pole vaulting record with a jump of eleven feet six inches.

'H. de G.'.—Not enough of action in the story.

'R.A.'.—Many thanks. Please send photographs and address.

'Still Life'.—Outlines far too hard. There is no line nor any object.

'A Cripple'.—Very sorry for your

accident. You might learn to write with your left hand.

'Alice'.—If your writings be worth publishing you will find someone to take them—eventually. The eventually may be a long time in coming, though.

'E.M.H.'.—Many people use borax and camphor as a hair wash, and do not complain of their hair turning grey.

'Down South'.—You will find Wilton's Enolient excellent for preventing chapped lips and hands.

'Mr Marplot'.—No; decidedly not; (2) a cycling chaperone is not necessary, why? (3) if you so fear your rival, why not propose to the girl at once and secure her? (4) very clearly written.

**EXCESSIVE EATING AND DRINKING.**

We all eat too much flesh food and drink too much tea.

The former militates against working energy, and the tannic acid and other deleterious properties to be found in tea lower the spirits and injure the health. The body, in fact, is a working engine, and as such it must be treated. The waste of tissue which daily goes on can only be replaced by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine. Science, however, has again come to the rescue, and it cannot be too widely known that tone and vigour can be promoted, and the rosy cheeks natural to health restored by the vitalising and restorative properties of a most valuable discovery. The evidence of medical men and the public is conclusive on this point.

It proves that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa as a Food beverage possesses nutritive, restorative, and vitalising properties, which have hitherto been non-existent.

It aids the digestive powers, and is invaluable to tired men and delicate women and children.

It has the refreshing properties of fine tea, the nourishment of the best cocoas, and a tonic and recuperative force possessed by neither, and can be used in all cases where tea and coffee are prohibited.

It is not a medicine, but a unique and wonderful food beverage.

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As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent post free on application to any address, if when writing (a postcard will do) the reader will name the 'N.Z. Graphic.'

Sir Arthur Sullivan recently prepared a new cantata, founded on Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which was to have been produced at the Leeds festival last month.

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

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

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

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ANOTHER OF THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION PRIZE POSTER DESIGNS.

—AUCKLAND STAR LITHO WORKS.



THE SUNKEN BRIDGE: THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.



THE DERAILED ENGINE. SHOWING THE DRIVERS IN THE FOREGROUND.



Copyright Photos by Winsenberg, Featherston.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKED TRAIN.

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE WELLINGTON-MASTERTON LINE.

## KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

On Tuesday of last week the foundation stone of the Knox Presbyterian Church, Parnell, Auckland, was laid by His Excellency the Governor. About a thousand persons were present on the ground, and on the platform, which was gaily decorated, the following gentlemen occupied seats:—The Revs. H. Kelly, M.A. (Pastor of Knox Church), G. B. Mouro (Moderator of Presbytery), D. J. Steele (Moderator-elect of the General Assembly), Robert Somerville, J. Milne, R. E. Macnicol, Thos. Norrie, J. McKenzie, W. J. Williams (Pitt street Wesleyan), W. S. Potter (Primitive Methodist), Rabbi Goldstein, Messrs W. Brakenrig (Y.M.C.A.), Geo. Fowlds (Congregational), D. McPherson (Presbyterian city missionary). There were also present members of the Knox Church session and Board of Managers.

After Mr B. Gilmer had read a history of the Knox Church, the Pastor of the Church spoke. He reminded those present that they had assembled to lay the foundation stone of another Presbyterian church, and they were glad of the opportunity of bidding God speed to all branches of the Church. More and more men were coming to feel the folly and wickedness of Christian churches turning their guns against each other, and counting it a great part of their mission to flourish by the disparagement of their brethren. They held in high regard the salutary men of all denominations, and cherished the most brotherly feelings to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. But on such an occasion as that it was most natural that, without in the slightest degree reflecting upon others, they should make mention of that heroic man whose name their church bears, and to whom Presbyterianism, and, indeed, the whole world, owe such a debt. He referred to John Knox. (Applause.) Need he remind them that Carlyle called Knox the greatest of all Scotchmen, and said

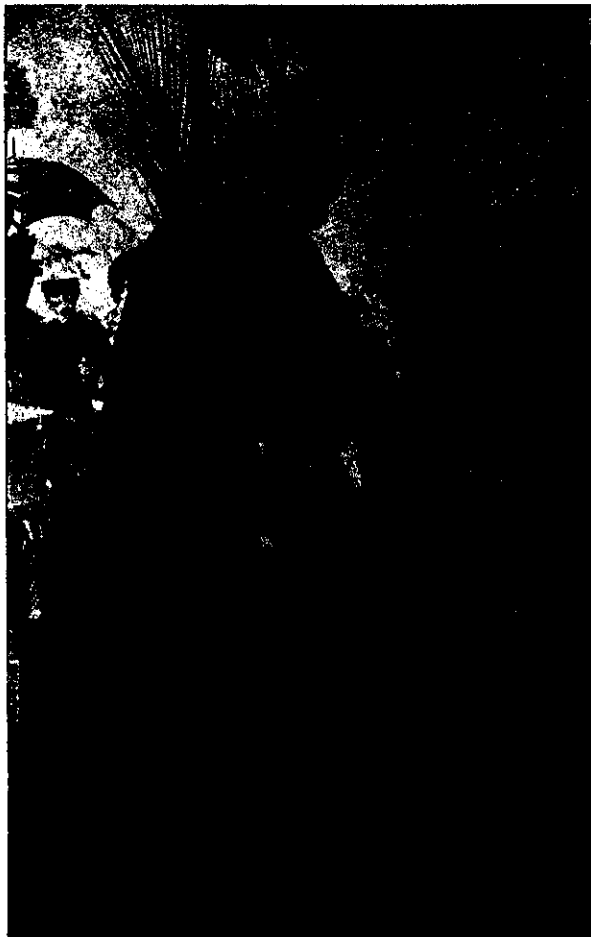
that under Knox the Reformation was as a resurrection from death. The same high authority said that neither James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott nor Robt. Burns could ever have arisen but for Knox and his Reformation. (Applause.) The church they were to build, and which was to bear the name of John Knox, was to be one of the many embodiments of the great principles by which John Knox was animated. Like John Knox, they sincerely believed that man was essentially a religious being; that without true religion society could have no stability and make no progress. Industrially, socially, and morally the world's hope was in the everlasting gospel. It was because man was essentially religious that he believed in the rearing of churches, and that day they stood again under the old banner of Presbyterianism. Need he say that they deemed it a very great honour to have with them His Excellency the Governor. They were also delighted to welcome the Countess of Ranfurly and her daughter, and their hope was that God's rich and abundant blessing might rest on Lord and Lady Ranfurly and their family during their residence in the colony, and throughout the rest of their lives. (Applause.)

The oldest elder in the church, Mr Thos. Keir, then stepped forward and presented to His Excellency the mallet and trowel with which the stone was to be laid. After the stone was lowered into position, the Governor squared it and said: 'I declare this stone well and truly laid.' Engraved on the front of the stone was the following inscription:—'Knox Church, Parnell. Foundation stone, laid November 29, 1898, by His Excellency the Governor, the Right Honorable the Earl of Ranfurly, K.C.M.G., etc.'

Lord Ranfurly addressed the assemblage and said: 'It gives me very great pleasure to take part in these proceedings. I do not propose at the present time to go into the history of the life of my illustrious kinsman, John Knox, in whose honour this stone is laid. It is well known to everyone here how that life was spent, partly working as a



HIS EXCELLENCY LEVELLING THE STONE.



Photos. by Walrand.

LOWERING THE STONE INTO POSITION.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF KNOX CHURCH, AUCKLAND.

slave at the galleys, partly in the court of a king, partly as a refugee for the sake of his religion, partly in the pulpit of his country. All these are matters of history. What result his life has had on us can be summed up in three very short sentences. By his means we have been given liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, and liberty of action. (Applause.) I am glad to find that the people of Parnell require additional church accommodation. I can only say, from a fairly large experience of colonies in general, that I think the clergy can find much work for themselves in those colonies without going outside to heathen lands. (Hear, hear.) I do not know whether it is in the air, whether it is the business, or what it may be that seems to produce a certain amount of atheism, or, at all events, want of care for religion, and non-attendance in churches. Therefore, if clergymen will only take the trouble first of all to look after their own people at home, and when they have done that let them then think of the heathens that there may be in the various islands round our shores. I grant you they ought to do the one, and they ought not to leave the other undone. (Applause.) One of John Knox's most prophetic utterances was: "What I have been to my country, albeit this ungrateful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth." The very fact of this church being called after John Knox shows that, though not appreciated by the multitude at the time of his life, his memory is appreciated and loved at the present day. (Applause.)

The hymn, 'The Church's One Foundation,' was sung, after which the Rev. D. J. Steele, M.A., offered up prayer.

A collection was taken up and realised about £40.

The Rev. Kelly announced that the site and church would cost somewhere about £2,000, and then, on his motion, a vote of thanks was passed to His Excellency for his kindness in coming to Parnell to lay the foundation stone.

Mr F. J. Bennett, the church organist, efficiently directed the musical

portion of the ceremony, being assisted by Mr H. R. Robinson with the cornet.

A conversation was held in the evening.

### BOMBARDMENTS NOT SO DEADLY.

According to 'Le Journal des Debats' of Paris a bombardment is not such a terrible thing after all. The editor of the 'Debats' has collected some official statistics to prove this. In 1870-71 the bombardment of Belfort lasted seventy-three days, during which 99,453 projectiles fell within the city, and there were only sixty victims killed or fatally wounded. At Strasbourg, during the siege of thirty-eight days, the Germans fired upon the city mostly at close range, 193,722 shells, which accounted for 300 victims. Finally, at Paris, the bombardment did not last longer than twenty-three days, and only 10,000 siege shells were thrown, killing or wounding 107 persons. And the French editor adds: 'The few dozens of cannon shots fired on the Cuban coast or at Porto Rico have assuredly made more noise than harm.'

Here is a strange instance of a young Englishman being an Indian prince. To explain this paradox we must go back thirty years, when the uncle of the present Rajah Brooke of Sarawak entered the employ of the Malay Rajah oforneo. He helped him to suppress an insurrection, and was given forty thousand acres of land, with Sarawak as the chief town. The young Englishman established a government and raised a small army, becoming rajah of his tiny dominions. On his death he left the estate to his nephew, the son of a Somersetshire clergyman, who had been serving in the Navy. This young man is now the sovereign of Sarawak, though he still clings to his state as a British subject, as shown by his accepting from the Queen a knighthood of the Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George.

ANECDOTES.

THE CASTOR OIL JOKE.

Tommy Atkins finds time for sky-larking even up the Nile. An officer, who tells some stories of the Nile expedition commanded by Lord Wolseley in 'To-day,' says:—

'My batman, like every self-respecting Tommy, was always "in the know." From him I first learned the story of the castor oil joke. It is told against Lord Wolseley. I am sure it will be quite new to the noble Lord, and no one will laugh more heartily over it than he. Lord Wolseley, with that precision for which he is remarkable, before starting up the Nile, fixed the day he was to arrive in Korti. More, he planned a little surprise. He was to give a select little dinner after his arrival, and for that purpose had (so the story runs) two cases of champagne carefully packed and labelled "Castor Oil," to prevent accidents.

'This came to the ears of a few young bloods, who unceremoniously unpacked and drank the champagne, filling the bottles with castor oil. At Korti the sight of the well known bottles caused the eyes of the guests to sparkle. The host was beaming; but let us draw the veil.'

AN HONEST CABBY.

A minister was to lecture in a West Riding village, and was driven to the place by a cabby from a station three miles distant. 'I shall expect you at nine,' said the reverend gentleman; 'train goes at 9.40.' This was for the return journey.

'Yes, sir. All right, sir.' Cabby reflects that to go home and get back at nine o'clock means six miles, so he decided to stop to the lecture. The lecturer spoke of events in Bible history, which he asserted took place nearly 3000 years ago. 'Oh, t'owd humbug!' muttered the cabman to himself. 'Why, it's only

1898 yet. Blam t'owd hypocrit, let 'un walk.'

'He drove home, and left the parson to shift for himself.'

FOLLOWING HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

A Scotch farmer was once ordered by his medical adviser to resort to a hydropathic establishment, and while there to engage freely in agreeable conversation with the ladies and gentlemen whom he should thus meet. The farmer declared himself unaware of what topics interested ladies. 'Talk of anything and everything,' urged the doctor; 'talk of dress.'

Now, dress and clothing are not altogether interchangeable terms, but the farmer was unconscious of the distinction. So when he was eventually seated at dinner in a fashionable hydro, he proceeded to carry his doctor's advice into effect by opening conversation with the lady next him. Said he bluntly, in a voice audible to all round, 'Ye'll wear flannel nearest your skin, na!'

NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.

When I was touring in Scotland (writes a correspondent) a queer thing occurred in a restaurant into which I dropped for a meal. Among the items on the bill of fare was boiled mutton and caper sauce.

Sitting at a table near were a northern farmer and his family, who selected this dish for their delectation.

The caper sauce was served in a sauceboat in the customary manner, when, to the surprise of several people sitting near, the farmer, summoning the waiter, said in a stage whisper, at the same time pointing to the sauce:

'Young mon, ye jist take that to the maister, and ask him if he thinks there are enough green peas there for three people.'



Author of 'A Rolling Stone,' 'Had He Known,' and 'On a Lee Shore.'

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. and II.—The manager of the Violet Hyde Dramatic Company, Mr Tomlins and Mr Dalzell, one of the actors and husband of the star, having discussed the extremely unsatisfactory condition of business, resolve that the one thing to revive the ailing fortunes of the company is to get Dalzell's little girl to take part in the performance. The child is a born actress, but very delicate, and Mrs Dalzell, who has lost another little girl through overwork on the boards, has resolved that the one that remains to her shall not be sacrificed in the same way. The manager easily gains the husband's consent to Hilda's appearing in the next piece. Dalzell is a thriftless dissipated individual, who has squandered his wife's earnings, and is chiefly anxious to get more money for himself, but Mrs Dalzell is not to be dissuaded from her resolve, and determines that rather than that her child should go on the stage she will send her away to be brought up by friends in England.

CHAPTERS III. and IV. The company leaves Sydney for San Francisco, calling at Auckland en route. During the few hours spent ashore in the latter city, Mrs Dalzell carries her project into execution. At the cost of inexpressible grief to herself and Hilda, she leaves the little girl in charge of a trusted friend, after making all arrangements for her being taken to England immediately. She then goes on board the American bound steamer, and in company with her husband resumes the journey to San Francisco. It is some time before Dalzell notices the absence of his daughter, but when he does, and learns the cause of it there is a scene. He endeavours by every means in his power to learn the whereabouts of the girl, but his wife will reveal nothing. The poor woman, weak in health and pining for her daughter, gets rapidly worse after arrival in the States, and finally dies without having disclosed her secret.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY TOLD BY CECIL BLAKE.

I remember the day very well. The sun was hidden, but the summer's heat did not seem to be lessened by the thin veil of grey which overspread the sky. Nor was it tempered by the wind that came in from the bay. That soft and languid breeze was wearying rather than refreshing—a breath of warm air wuffed for many a league over summer seas. It was laden with moisture, and at any other time would have brought us abundance of rain. But this was a dry season, when all signs fail. The drought was quite unexampled; no one remembered anything like it—at least the old people, who were weather wise, all said so. There was no rain for the parched fields and the shrunken streams. The damp, hot wind was only piling up the clouds above us, until we felt as if shut out for ever from the heavenly blue.

I remember again that, perhaps on account of this dull and sultry weather, which, I verily believe, is relaxing to soul as well as body, I had fallen into a despondent and dissatisfied state of mind. I felt that my existence was dreary, that it was empty, that it was unprofitable. I might get through the world without doing much harm; it did not seem as if I should do any good. The good things (and most certainly the great ones) would all be done by other people. When I crept into the last dark house, and closed the door on life and light, nobody would be the worse, and probably nobody would care. This, of course, was foolish mummery; but as I am to tell the truth or stop writing, it has to be put down

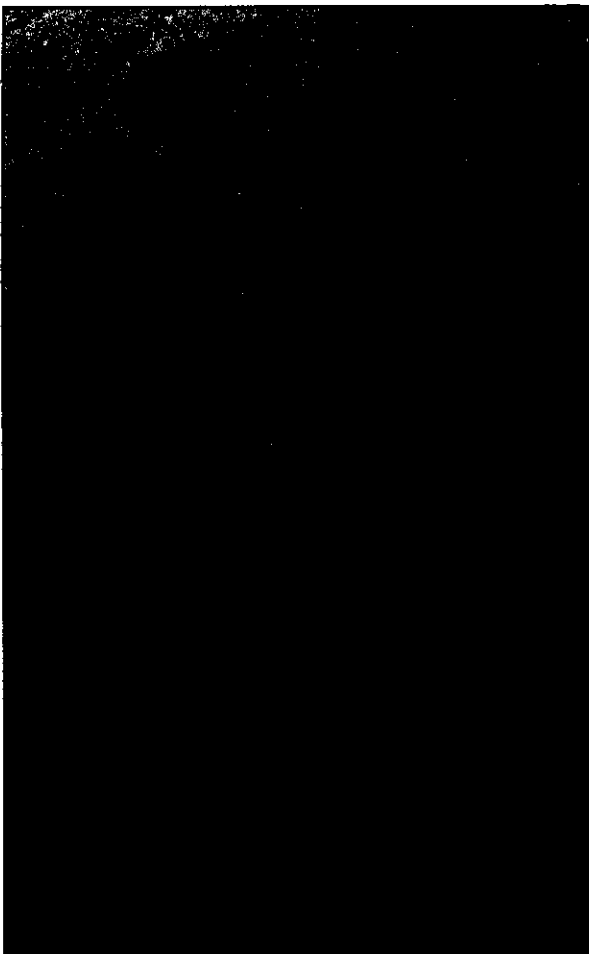
here. Doubtless such reflections force themselves on the most of us. If we could peep into each other's minds we might find that our thoughts, like the commonplace customs and circumstances which form our lives, were very much alike. We think in grooves as well as walk in them. So I am not going to apologise for sentimentalities, which, for all I know, may be common to the race.

When people are in real trouble they don't sentimentalise. A great evil crushes out the fretting trifles of this world. Therefore it may be understood that while I mandered on in the way I have described, I was not suffering from any grievous affliction. I wasn't ill; I never had been ill. I was poor; but I looked upon that as a merely temporary inconvenience. I didn't mean to be poor for very long. I had neither debts nor debtors. I had not arrived at the top of that hill which the elderly and infirm are supposed to be hobbling down. I had no family cares, for I hadn't a family. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and I don't know now.

I heard the voices of children. The garden I was walking in was separated from the adjoining piece of land by a low wooden fence. The woodwork was old and rotten, and in some places the palings had been broken off. One could look through this dilapidated fence as well as over it. On the other side there was no garden. The small enclosure was filled with weeds, and with the summer's growth of tall rank grass, through which several winding paths were trodden bare. The weeds were seedling with the usual fertility of their kind; the dead grass was bleached white by the sun. It was a squalid and neglected piece of ground; yet not so squalid as the house that stood therein, nor so ill-cared for as the children playing near the boundary fence.

These were four little girls, the eldest of whom seemed to be ten or eleven years old. They were wretchedly clad. Their ragged old frocks, which were strait and scanty enough to have been grown out of two seasons ago, had lost almost every button or hook they had ever possessed, and in some extraordinary way, only seemed to hang together at the shoulders. However, they were surmounted one could not say covered by pinafores which were even fuller of holes than the garments they were intended to protect. Each girl wore some sort of an apology for a hat, a tattered, battered, faded thing. And each had of course boots and stockings, but of such a kind that, so far as appearances and comfort were concerned, it would have been better to have gone barefoot.

If rags and tatters were any sign of poverty, these children were the poorest I had seen in that seaport town—one on the southern English coast, no matter where or of what name. Their faces were thin and pinched, and their eyes had the hungry unsatisfied look which speaks of wretchedness and privation. I had often noticed these same girls playing about on the other side of the fence; but had never before stood so near to them. It was a large family which lived in the house, for the children I had seen about the place must have numbered nearly a dozen. The curlew now pointed was that they did not look like brothers and sisters, nor for the most part, did they resemble those whom



Wairond, Photo.

"I DECLARE THIS STONE TO BE WELL AND TRULY LAID."

FOUNDATION STONE, KNOX CHURCH, PARNELL.



I supposed to be their parents. Mrs Scarfield—so I had heard her called by neighbours gossiping with her over the fence—might, in stature and in size, have been termed majestic; but she had never been possessed of either beauty or grace. She was red-faced, and red-haired. Titian himself would not have dared to paint her more than Auburn locks. Scarfield, who at the time I usually returned to my lodgings, was invariably to be seen in his doorway reading his evening paper, was a meagre little individual, of a colourless complexion, and with hair which was as pale in its tints as Mrs Scarfield's was warm, and glowing. There were three little girls who resembled Scarfield, there was a big boy who was said to be the very image of Mrs Scarfield, but the other children only agreed in one particular, that of differing from the heads of the household. For some had black hair, some had brown, some had yellow, but fortunately enough, none of them had been born with such features as Nature had bestowed on the worthy Scarfield and his wife.

"Hilda!" cried one of the girls. "Hilda, come and play with us." "What do you want to play at?" Hilda asked. She was the tallest of the girls, and was standing with her back to the fence, twisting her dilapidated hat round and round by the string she held in her hand. "Oh, play at—play at—" The imagination of the speaker seemed to fail, and she paused. "I know!" another of her companions burst out. "Do what you did yesterday, Hilda. Show us how you used to act in a play."

Hilda walked towards the others, taking up a position immediately in front of them. I could see her face now, and for a child's it was a very striking one. She was pale, with large dark grey eyes, finely marked eyebrows, and black hair. She spoke; she began to act. I had been moving away; but my attention was suddenly arrested. I stood still, looking over the fence.

She was actually repeating from memory a scene in a play. I had seen the piece performed, and I was astonished at the manner in which the little actress took each part in turn, giving the correct emphasis to the words, and altering her voice so as to suit the different characters. One might easily imagine that she was before the footlights, speaking to an audience. It was all done so naturally, so easily, and yet with such exactitude and precision that one saw at once she must have been trained for the stage, and that she had a genius for acting. Her dark eyes shone, her pale cheeks flushed, she held herself erect, she stepped lightly on the grass. I could not help admiring the intelligent, vivacious child. I felt sure that she was not the daughter of the coarse-featured woman who was standing by the door of the house. Impossible! If this child came of the Scarfield stock, then henceforth we might expect to gather grapes off thorns, and figs off thistles.

The children who sat listening were too deeply interested; the young actress too much engrossed with the characters she was representing, to notice my presence, even if I had not been partially concealed by the trees on my side of the fence. Suddenly Hilda stopped and flung herself on the grass beside the other girls. There was a chorus of exclamations of disappointment, and of entreaties to go on. "No, Hilda, do finish this time. It's too bad of you to stop like that."

"You silly children!" said Hilda with the superiority of one who felt herself much older and more experienced than her companions, "it would take ever so long. It would be dark before I finished."

"Did you say it all like that in a big theatre?" one of the girls asked. "No, I only said my own part. There were ever so many acting. We did it so often that I couldn't help learning a good deal of what the others said. But Isabel knew it best. Once Mr Tomlins—he was the manager, you know—was so pleased with her acting that he gave her a gold locket set with pearls."

"Pearls!" The eyes of the little girls were round with wonder. "What are pearls like, Hilda?"

"Oh, I forgot you hadn't seen any." Hilda replied carelessly. "Well, they are round and white and shiny, but

not very bright. They've a sort of misty look. Maamma had a string of real pearls. She had it on her neck, and she wore white satin when she played Juliet. Isabel told me. I was a little thing then. I don't remember it."

"What is Juliet, Hilda? Tell us that."

"Oh, I don't know it. Besides,—condescendingly—you wouldn't understand. It's a Shakespeare. We didn't do any of that. Mr Tomlins said Shakespeare didn't pay."

"Shakespeare"—began one of the little girls with wondering curiosity; but at this moment there was an interruption. The big boy who so strongly resembled Mrs Scarfield had for some time been sitting on the gate, watching the passers-by. All at once he jumped down and ran towards the house, shouting, "He's coming! He'll be here in a moment!"

At this announcement, Mrs Scarfield and her husband bounded and sprang as if they had received an electric shock. Mrs Scarfield dashed into the house, at a speed that was simply astonishing. Scarfield threw down his newspaper, and loudly called to the children to come in. Those who were near at hand obeyed him. Hilda and her companions lingered. "Be quick there!" he shouted. "Percy, go and make those girls come in."

Percy set out to obey his mandate. Evidently he was a tyrant amongst the girls, for at his approach they ran to the house. All but Hilda. She stood still, leaning against the fence.

"Why don't you go in?" he said, coming up to her. "You'd better, you know."

"Because I don't want," she answered. "You can go and tell them I'm not coming."

"I'll make you!" he said, seizing her by the shoulders and dragging her along. "You've got to come in. You'll catch something if you don't."

He had hurt her, for she gave a sharp cry of pain and wrenched herself free. Turning upon him, she struck him full in the face. "You rude, hateful boy!" she sobbed, bursting into tears. "How dare you touch me—how dare you!"

Percy did not receive this well-deserved rebuke in the spirit of meekness. He picked a stick from the ground, and gave the child a heavy blow. "Stop!" I cried, coming forward, and allowing myself to be seen. "Do you fight with girls? You had better not do that again, unless you want me to come over the fence to you."

"She wouldn't come in," mumbled the boy. "She struck me first. She's always up to that."

"Go in yourself," I said, and he slunk away toward the house. Mrs Scarfield appeared in the doorway and called, "Hilda, Hilda!"

"Hilda! you better go in?" I said to the girl who was gravely watching me from the other side of the fence. "Your mother is calling you."

"My mother!" She drew herself up proudly and her eyes blazed. "That woman my mother!"

My suspicions were confirmed. She was no child of the Scarfields. Apparently reconsidering her former decision, she walked towards the house. From inside there was a sound of great clatter and commotion. It seemed that Mrs Scarfield was unsettling and rearranging everything in honour of the expected visitor.

He came—a bustling, fussy sort of man who had all the importance and pomposity in which small officials delight to array themselves. As he brushed through that avenue which between tall weeds and seedy, ill-thrived bushes led from Mr Scarfield's gate to his front door, he threw quick glances from side to side with the confident air of a man who was out on a tour of inspection, and who believed that if anything improper or unseemly existed within the range of his vision, he would be sure to detect it. Scarfield received him at the steps of the cottage door.

"Well now, Mr Speedy!" he exclaimed, seizing the visitor's hand and working it as if he wished to start some machine. "You've dropped in on us unexpectedly again, have you? One of your surprise visits, ha, ha! Some people might be taken aback. But we have one rule, one method here. Ready—aye ready! That's our motto."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mr Scarfield," said the other. "Of course, it would never do to let you know when I was coming."

"I should think not!" cried Scarfield. "Certainly not. There must be no colloquium, Mr Speedy, between us and you. You may come any time of any day whatsoever. You may come at midnight, if you like, and you'll find us doing our duty to these children regardless of expense. They've found a mother in Mrs Scarfield. She's four of her own, but such is her affection for children, that she could take any number of them to her heart."

"Well, where are the children?" said Mr Speedy. "I must see them, you know. I've my report to make to the Board."

"Well, come in, come in," said Scarfield, and take a drop of something first. Mrs Scarfield has been taking 'em out for a walk. The motherly creature, she's always ministering to them! She's a ministering angel, that's a fact. Come in, Mr Speedy; the children'll be here in five seconds."

They went inside, but shortly afterwards I saw them again in the doorway. Mrs Scarfield had marched round the children from the back of the house. I scarcely knew the girls who a few moments before had been so ragged and forlorn. They had been washed and dressed in good clean clothes, and their hair was neatly brushed and tied. Mr Speedy greeted them with fatherly benevolence.

"Oh, here are the little girls," he said. "They look well—remarkably well, Mrs Scarfield. Their appearance reflects great credit on you."

"It's a labour of love with Mrs Scarfield," remarked Scarfield.

"I often think it's a blessing that we're both fond of children," said his wife. "It's no trouble to us, Mr Speedy, to look after them. We don't make a trouble of it."

In this no doubt the amiable woman spoke truth. Mr Speedy began to question the children. "I'll just hear what they've got to say about their treatment," he said, apologetically. "It's usual, you know, Mr Scarfield—a form, a mere form."

That it was no more was evident from the rapidity with which the whole matter was disposed of. The answers the children gave to his few questions seemed to be satisfactory to Mr Speedy, although their timid manner of speaking and the anxious glances they cast on Scarfield and his wife showed plainly that they dared not speak the truth.

Hilda had not spoken. She stood apart from the rest, and listened with a sullen and defiant expression on her face. She was by no means so neatly dressed as the other children. Her hair was tousled, her frock and pinafore were all awry. It seemed as if Mrs Scarfield in the exercise of her kind offices had met with violent resistance.

"Well, and what have you got to say for yourself, little girl?" said Mr Speedy.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Nothing! How is that? What's the matter? Aren't you happy here?"

"No; I hate it!" she cried, passionately.

"Oh, you bad, bad girl!" exclaimed Mrs Scarfield. "The trouble I've had with you, no one knows. That girl, Mr Speedy, is so violent that sometimes I've hard work to keep my hands off her."

"Dear me," ejaculated Mr Speedy. "If kindness could do anything, Mrs Scarfield would have tamed her," said Scarfield; "but she's outrageous. Why, she's struck at me, and she fights my boy Percy there so that he daren't go near her. She's a little spiteful!"

Mr Speedy could only repeat his favourite ejaculation "Dear me!" He looked at Hilda, and shook his head. "Too fond of your own way, little girl. I'm afraid you don't know when you're well off."

"That she doesn't," affirmed Mrs Scarfield. "But it's no use talking to her, Mr Speedy. She's not to be trusted. She tells such lies."

"That's bad—very bad," said Mr Speedy. "What will become of you, if you go on like that?" he inquired of Hilda.

"I don't care!" she said, recklessly. "No one cares about us."

"Oh, shocking, shocking!" said Mrs Scarfield. "And I've shamed to make that child comfortable. I've stitched my fingers to the bone mending her things and keeping her decent. I've tried to teach her better; but you

might as well talk to a post. It's waste of breath."

Mr Speedy expressed a hope that Mrs Scarfield might be rewarded for her faithful care of the orphans.

"It's not the money we think of," cried Scarfield. "It's not the few shillings a week we get by 'em, Mr Speedy; it's duty, it's principle!"

After this avowal he accompanied the departing visitor to the gate, wrung his hand repeatedly, and even called after him to assure him that there was no one whom he and Mrs Scarfield respected more highly, and that they would be delighted to see him at any hour of the day or night.

Mrs Scarfield meanwhile had driven the children into the house, and, I suppose, proceeded to change their clothes again, for when I saw them playing outside in the dusk of evening they were dressed in the same old rags they had worn when I first noticed them. The clean frocks which had been so hastily put on when Mr Speedy arrived were now adorning the persons of Mrs Scarfield's own daughters.

At dinner that evening I asked my landlady if she knew anything about the family living next door.

"Oh, those people!" she said. "I haven't noticed them particularly, Mr Blake; it is only six weeks since I moved into this street."

"They have some orphan children living with them," I said, "and they don't seem to treat them very well."

"Yes, I believe that some of the orphans are boarded there," my landlady replied; "but there's some one appointed to look after them. There's a man who calls regularly. Such children are very difficult to manage. I wouldn't have the charge of them if I were paid their weight in gold."

Though I ventured to disbelieve the latter statement, I saw that my landlady's sympathies were not on the same side as mine. As a keeper of furnished apartments, she had long been accustomed—possibly not without cause—to look upon children as nuisances. If she could have had her way, she would have caged all those who came to her house.

However, I did not let the matter rest. I was a stranger; I had not been long in that part of England, and knew nothing of its charities, or the way in which they were managed. But I learned that there was a certain Board appointed to relieve the destitute, and to make provision for the support of orphans. A friend of mine, who was acquainted with some of the members of the Board, promised that the conduct of Scarfield and his wife should be brought under their notice. "That will be better than writing to the papers," he said. "If you send a letter, Scarfield will write himself into a frenzy to vindicate his character. So will Speedy, to prove that he has looked after the children well; and so, very likely, will the Board to show that they've nothing on their conscience. They'll fall on you, tooth and nail. You'll be told that you never speak the truth, that you haven't a grain of sense, that you're spitefully trying to injure people who are better than yourself, that you'd better mind your own business; and when it's too late, you'll wish you had done so."

I had not contemplated writing to the papers, although this is said to be the first idea of an Englishman who is anxious to redress an injury or expose misconduct. My friend assured me that the Board would conscientiously grapple with the question; but as I knew that the workings of Boards were slow, and their decisions uncertain, I had little hope of seeing justice done to the Scarfield pair.

Meantime, I saw the children almost every day. In fact, I could scarcely go in or out without seeing them. With the exception of those hours which they spend in school, they were in the open air from morning till night. They began to look upon me as a friend, and to watch for my comings and goings. Sometimes I would bring them little presents of fruit or sweets, and would be repaid by the sudden brightening of their wan faces and their shyly whispered thanks. It was painful to see how hungrily they ate what I gave them. It did not seem as if these orphans had over much of the bread of charity.

Once, when I was rading in the garden, during that hour of leisure which came with the cool of the evening, I heard a slight rustling on the other side of the fence, and turning my eyes in the direction of the sound,



saw Hilda sitting on the grass, with a fragment of an old newspaper spread open before her. It was that which had rustled in the wind. I was near enough to see that she was reading the column headed "Theatrical Items."

She seemed to be searching the lines with an anxious gaze, tracing them with her finger as she read. Suddenly the finger stopped, and was pressed hard against the paper. Her eye travelled no further, but stared at the printed page, as if it could scarcely credit what it saw. Then her lips parted with a sort of gasp, she dashed the paper away, and throwing herself face downwards on the grass sobbed passionately.

"Hilda," I said, leaning over the fence. "What is it? What are you crying for?"

She did not answer. The paper had fluttered almost through a gap in the fence, and I picked it up. It was an old paper, dated a year back. Half-way down the column I saw the dent where the child's forefinger had pressed against it. A tear had fallen there. It marked these lines:

"Violet Hyde is dead. The loss which the profession has sustained by the early death of this talented actress will not soon be repaired."

"This was all." The next paragraph referred to the success of some popular play. But why should the short notice I had read be such heart-breaking news to the poor little waif who lay sobbing on the grass? Who was Violet Hyde? Why had the announcement of her death broken open the fountains of grief? Was she the girl's mother—her elder sister? If so, how came the child to be a castaway thrown on the charity of strangers? There was a tangle here, and in future time I was to assist in unravelling it.

CHAPTER VI.

I CHOOSE A PROFESSION.

I said that I was vexed by but one slight inconvenience—the want of money. I had some, of course, or I could hardly have looked my landlady in the face. But my store was small, and it diminished daily. I began to gaze sorrowfully on half-crowns, as they slipped from my fingers; to think tenderly of sixpences. It might not be long before I came to my last.

A real trouble confronted me, and as a natural result I gave over bothering myself about the reasons of my existence. I ceased to wonder why I lumbered the face of the earth, or whether I should be mourned when I left it. I had something else to think of; I had to find out how I might earn my bread.

I had no profession. A profession is a sheet anchor to a man. Without it he is apt to drift helplessly over the sea of life, and not improbably run foul of the worst of its dangers. However, I could not blame either parents or guardians because I was without this safeguard.

My father had lost his property through the disastrous failure of a large banking house, and dying suddenly was unable to make any provision for his wife and child. My mother had something of her own, and when she also died, before I was two years old, the remainder of her very modest fortune was devoted to my upbringing and education.

I know now how carefully this money was husbanded for the purpose, and how largely it was added to by the good woman who, at my mother's death, literally took me into her arms. She was not a near relative; we had few who could claim to be that, and they were in other countries. Her cousinship to my mother was somewhat distant, but she made it the excuse for a thousand acts of kindness. I cannot by any means bring back to my memory one feature of my mother's face—not the tone of her voice even, or the touch of her hand. But much as I love her name, I cannot say that I ever missed her. Anne Winter, my aunt, as she taught me to call her, filled her place too well.

It was not till long after my college days were ended that I discovered what a heavy embargo had been laid upon her income, and how she had straightened herself in order that I might have what she confidently believed would purchase my success in life—a University education. All things were possible to the man who had won University honours. Well, I had won them, and here was I with exactly thirty shillings in my purse over and above my just debts, and

with no immediate prospect of increasing the number of those shillings by addition or multiplication, or any arithmetical process that I could devise.

I must do something. But what? My feet must have worn the pavement with continually walking to and fro in search of employment. I wearied people with my applications. In regard to these I seemed to be the most unlucky fellow that ever was born. I laboured under disabilities; I was crushed by them. I was constantly assured by those to whom I tendered my services that but for this or that they would have preferred me to any other applicant. I was too well educated for some posts, not well enough for others. I was too old to begin most things, but much too young for any responsible and lucrative position. I ought to have been a boy, or I ought to have been a middle-aged man. I had no experience, or I had too much. My habits and opinions were already formed, and my catechisers wanted some one whose mind, like a sheet of blank paper, was waiting for ideas. The climax was reached when I was told that if I had been a married man I should have been eligible for a certain appointment for which I and fifty other dejected bachelors had offered ourselves in vain. Married! Would they have me mummy on nothing a year?

My friend—I had but one in that town—called on me. As I had only the hospitality of my bedchamber to offer him, he came in there, and accepted the solitary cane chair, I sitting on the side of the bed.

"How have you sped?" he asked.

"Too fast. I am speeding on a road I don't like."

"Was the letter I gave you of any use?"

"Of great use. I'm obliged to read it over every now and then to re-establish my belief in my own respectability. After so many rejections and rebuffs I need a testimonial from some one of unblemished character to convince me that I am not a scapegrace. Oh, yes, I presented the letter, and the manager remarked that he should have been happy to have assisted any friend of Mr. Walford's, but the place was already filled. I was a day too late."

"Well, I'm disappointed," said Walford. "I had made sure of your success. There ought to be a place for you somewhere."

"There ought; but so far I haven't found it."

"You had a University education, hadn't you?"

"I had," I replied; "but I don't think so much of that as I did some time ago. The things that would have been of use to me now were all left out of it. The last few weeks have convinced me that no more deplorably ignorant fellow than myself walks the streets of this town."

"Nonsense! You must have knowledge of some kind. What was your speciality? Classics, mathematics, or science?"

"Classics," I said.

"Well, classics are some good, aren't they? Suppose you try for a position in one of the schools?"

"I have tried—for more than one. No doubt I could get a place eventually, but I can't afford to wait. While the grass grows the steed starves."

"Ah! And you have no relatives to whom you could apply for a little help in tiding over this crisis?"

"None to whom I would apply."

"You couldn't—his eyes sought mine with a meaning glance—"you couldn't borrow of a friend? Because—"

"No," said, smiling at him; "not even of the most generous of friends. I can't beg; I can't borrow; and as for digging—well, I am not ashamed, but I am not exactly a proficient in spade-work."

"We were silent. But in a moment Walford had another idea."

"Any leanings towards literature?" was his next observation. "Can you write a slashing article?"

"I've written articles, and burnt them. My ideas don't flow. But I interviewed one or two editors by way of an experiment. They politely discouraged me."

"Let's go outside," said Walford.

"We'll have a turn up and down the street."

We went out and plodded along the streets, making our way toward the lower part of the town, till we felt the moist, salt breeze, and saw in the inner haven the ships moored side by side, the light from their lamps streaming

downwards like golden shafts sunk in the sea. The August night was exquisitely soft and warm. A thin haze floated before the spangled sky, and the stars shone larger through the mist. There was life and movement around us—a crowd passing and re-passing on the pavement, a band playing close by, a glare of gaslight, a riot of all enjoyment, music and laughter, singing and dancing; yet we felt the stillness of the hour and its complete repose.

"Lively as crickets, aren't they?" said Walford, referring, I suppose, to our fellow-citizens. "And yet they say that we English take our pleasures sadly."

"A convenient phrase for people to repeat. It seems almost too impertinent for a Frenchman to have said that first of all, when, as our once lively neighbours know well, we invented "le sport" and all its varieties, which they are only too glad to imitate. The tables are turned nowadays. Where will you find a nation that hankers after pleasure, excitement, and adventure more than the English?"

"Or that is more determined to be amused at all hazards—so determined that it will put up with a very poor quality of amusement rather than have none at all."

"These words were appropriate enough to the fact that just then people were coming away from the theatres and other places of entertainment. The doors were being closed on those who had witnessed the extravagances of a variety company, who had been to the circus, to lectures and music halls, or who had gazed and wondered at the stuffed body of an animal which was advertised as a 'Gigantic Saurian.'

"They all get some one to go in and look or listen," said Walford. "Odd, isn't it, that there should always be an audience. Whatever sort of a show, whatever kind of an entertainment—still the people go. It seems to me that there's a paying business."

"What business?"

"Amusing the people, of course. Do that, and you may snap your fingers at the professions. It pays because it supplies an article that's always in demand. People don't care so very much about instruction; as a rule, they'd rather be ignorant than not. It's pleasanter, and it saves a lot of trouble. But amusement they must, and will have. Most of us want it as badly as meat and drink."

"Whether he spoke in jest or earnest I know not; but for long after he had left me I was still busy with the train of thought his words had kindled. At last I had an idea. It was not original; it was neither brilliant nor grand nor ennobling—nor, indeed, anything to which the more glowing or picturesque of the adjectives might be applied. On the contrary, I groaned over the stupidity, the incapacity of which it was the evidence. This newly-hatched idea of mine was a lamentable descent from others which my imagination had brooded over. The utter frivolity and uselessness of the thing appalled me. But it clung to me and I to it. It shared my bed, and I could not sleep for it. The constant worry of its paltriness, the vain attempt to discover some alternative turned my brain into a furnace. When the morning came, the idea was still there, and at white heat."

I began early. There was no need to go into the town in search of employment. I had plenty of employment. It was questionable whether the day would be long enough for all that I wished to do. First of all, I must write out some advertisements. When I had laboriously concocted them, I read them over and shook with silent laughter. Was ever anything more bombastic or extravagant, more reckless in its contempt for truth? But I had no time to wonder at my own folly. I stuffed the advertisements into my pocket and hurried with them to the newspaper offices. While there, I ordered an enormous number of tickets to be printed. I was determined to do things on a grand scale. The hall I hired was one of the best and largest in the town. At times indeed, I was seized with a shivering fit of apprehension. What was I making of myself—a swindler—a cheat? Suppose I should not be able to pay for any of these things. Why, the tickets alone would bankrupt me! But that masterful idea still held me in its iron grip.

In the afternoon I opened one of my boxes that had been locked for a con-

siderable time, and took out some books. With these under my arm, I walked out to us lonely a spot as I could find within a reasonable distance. It wasn't quite so private as I could have wished; but at any rate I was only seen—perhaps I should say "heard"—by an astonished market gardener and his boys. "He's mad! he's clean gone!" I heard them say to one another; and it was not strange that my loud ranting and wild gestures should have possessed them with this belief.

I felt sure that I was quite up to my old form. I should be able to entertain the public as well as I had been accustomed to entertain my friends by semi-private exhibitions of the kind I contemplated. I came back to my lodgings in a cheerful frame of mind. I caught the whisper of my landlady, "Mr. Blake's looking quite bright. He must have found something to do." How did she know I was searching for that something? But trust a landlady for finding out your secrets.

The next day I was not quite so busy. As my hall was still occupied by the Variety Company, who had one more performance to give, I had plenty of time for my preparations. I had the pleasure of reading my advertisements in the daily papers, and also the little paragraphs I had managed to get inserted. In these it was insinuated that a rich intellectual treat was in store for the people of that city, an entertainment of so refined a character that it must recommend itself to the most fastidious taste. No doubt it would be generously patronised by a public who had so often shown that they knew how to appreciate talent of the highest order, Mr. Richmond Montague had already received the approval of large audiences in many of the world's centres of population.

There was just a grain of truth in this. After leaving college I had travelled with a young nobleman—now dead, poor fellow—and while in the 'world's centres' referred to, had often devised this form of amusement for himself and his friends.

Late in the afternoon I repaired to that quarter which practically has a monopoly of the business and fashion of the city. Amongst the crowd I leisurely sauntered up and down, and tried to look as if I were in the most prosperous condition. I visited some of the large bookseller's shops, lingering for a time in that one which was most frequented. The proprietor, who only knew me by a name which was mine neither by baptism nor inheritance, was kind enough to introduce me to some of the successful business men who were among his customers. It was curious to think that a week ago I had sighed in vain for the privilege of standing behind their counters, or sitting on their high and narrow office chairs, and that now they were very much flattered by being introduced to me. However, I felt that my position was shaky, to say the least, and carefully avoided standing with my face to the light. I need not have been afraid. Not for a moment did they associate me with the young man who had pestered them for a situation.

Going homewards, I almost ran against Walford. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "you've got something. I can see it in your face. What is it? I hope there's a good salary attached."

"I haven't drawn my salary yet," I said smilingly; "but I have something to do. I'll tell you what it is by and by."

"Surely you're not ashamed of it?" said Walford, jocosely. "It isn't debt collecting is it? Yesterday I saw you cutting about all over the town. I couldn't imagine what you were up to."

"Debt collecting!—no!—and I thought of my own debts. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow night. I was just wondering whether you would care to go to this new entertainment which is being advertised so extensively."

"Oh, are you going?" said Walford.

"Yes, I shall be there, and I have some tickets to give away. If you would accept these for yourself and Mrs. Walford, I should be very pleased."

"Why, certainly, with many thanks. I am sure that Mrs. Walford will be delighted to go. Is the entertainment something special?"

"Well, the newspapers say a good deal for it," I answered cautiously.

"Who is this man they are putting so? Have you ever heard of him before?"

'Oh, yes,' I said. 'I knew him long ago. We were at school together.' 'You knew him? Oh, I see!' and Walford looked at me knowingly and smiled. 'You've something to do with this. Well, if he's the celebrity they say, he ought to be able to help you. It wouldn't be a bad idea to travel with him as his business manager.'

'It wouldn't,' I replied. 'I should rather like that.'

'Is this his real name?' said Walford. 'Richmond Montegale! It sounds as if it had been made up. It doesn't belong to him, I should say.'

'Of course not,' I said. 'All these professionals have assumed names. It's an excellent plan. For instance a man who was called Huggins or Muggins might be a very talented fellow, but he would find it hard work to make people believe that the owner of such a name could have anything in him. There's a good deal in a name.'

'Oh yes,' said Walford. 'Huggins or Muggins indeed!' He laughed. 'I wonder what they do call Mr Montegale. But success to him and to you. We'll be punctual at the rendezvous.'

But the next day found me not so sanguine of success. Notwithstanding the vigorous way in which I had advertised and belauded my enterprise, I could not believe that many people would be enticed into buying tickets. I was afraid to enquire how many had been sold. It would be a failure. I told myself, and I must prepare for the worst. Well, I would have an audience, even if it were entirely composed of what are technically known as 'deadheads.' I was liberal with my tickets. I bestowed them on everyone I knew, and as this only distributed a limited number—on a great many persons I did not know. I supplied them to the whole of my landlady's household. 'Go to an entertainment!' cried that good woman excitedly. 'Why, Mr Blake, I've not been to one these seven years. I'm too busy all day to care to go out at nights. But if it's to oblige you'—

'It will oblige me very much,' I said.

'Then I'll go. I'll do as others do for once, Law! what a grand name. Mr Richmond Montegale!'

'It's so aristocratic,' said the landlady's daughter. 'It'll be lovely to go.'

'Oh, we'll have to go to help poor Mr Blake,' was her mother's reply. I had turned away, and was supposed to be out of hearing. 'I expect he's connected with this. Perhaps they employ him to ask people to go, to make the thing popular. He must have something to do with it, or how has he got all those tickets?'

'Perhaps he's the doorkeeper,' suggested her daughter.

My landlady subsequently informed me that she was recommending the entertainment to all her friends. I silently blessed her, but persevered in the distribution of my tickets. I even accosted Scarfield and gave him a round dozen, explaining that I hoped he would take his entire household, orphans and all.

It came—the dreaded, the longed for night. I was not nervous, a desperate man never is. Very early I went to the hall. The gas was lit, and the attendants were at their post, but the audience had not yet arrived. I waited for their coming, and the time seemed endless. At last the doors were opened. It was like the bursting of a dam. A flood of people poured into the building. The tramp of many feet, the buzz of many voices were on the passages and the stairs. They were coming by fifties, they were coming by hundreds! They couldn't—they could not all be 'deadheads.' Though I had flung about my tickets with reckless profusion, all that I had given away would not have accounted for the tenth part of this multitude.

From a convenient peep hole I watched them streaming into the hall. I was so intensely anxious I could not have denied myself this pleasure. Good heavens! the reserved seats at four shillings were filling up. And I had doubted whether anyone would pay four shillings to come and listen to me. I had had conscientious scruples about asking so much. I would have lowered the tariff, if I had not known that the public despise a man who makes himself cheap. There came the holders of my free tickets. Scarfield and

his wife and children, but not the orphans. Their places have been filled by others—relations or friends of the Scarfield family. There are Walford and Mrs Walford, scanning the house with their opera glasses, and no doubt wondering where I had hidden myself. And there are all the rest of the host of my invited, and behind them, coming on still, are more, more!

Up went the curtain, and I and my audience stood face to face. They applauded—for no reason whatever. I had done nothing yet, and for all they could tell I might be going to fall most ingloriously.

The applause died away, and I began.

The play which I had chosen to recite was the 'Merchant of Venice.' I had taken this because it is one of the most popular of the Shakespearean dramas. There is scarcely any one who does not know the story of the Merchant and the Jew, of the stately Portia and the fortunate Bassanio. I recited from memory, and although, on account of its length, I did not take the whole of the play, I fancy I could have done so, had it been required. My memory was very tenacious of that sort of thing—probably because until then I had had no idea it would be of much use—and I knew whole plays almost by heart. I had often done the one I was now speaking, and a hurried rehearsal had convinced me I need not fear a breakdown.

I had not the aid of scenery. There were no rich costumes, no brilliant company of performers. On the stage there was but one presence and one voice. The differing characters were all mine. But there needs no shifting scene; the imagination pictures the towering palaces rise on either hand, the deep canals are shimmering at our feet, the gilded barges go slowly by. We are on the Rialto where the grave, long robed merchants walk, we watch with Antonio for his ships which are tossing on the seas, and when the rumour comes that their rich merchandise is swallowed by the Goodwin Sands, we are heartily sorry for his loss. We want Bassanio to prosper in his suit, and when, speaking of Portia, he says that 'her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece,' we have a very clear idea of that fair lady. When Shylock speaks his part, who does not see the crafty, cruel usurer, who does not mark how bitterly he feels the insults cast upon him and his race, how he hates and is hated by those he serves? 'Poor Shylock! I fear that no one is sorry for him, not even when his daughter leaves him, or when, with unwonted tenderness, he regrets the loss of the ring he had from Leah when he was a bachelor. Some of the men and boys in the shilling seats look as if they would like to hoot him. I am not sure whether they don't do it, when at the last he slinks away, without his pound of flesh, and without his ducats too.'

At last it was over, and I scarcely knew why the people were making such a terrific noise. Had I done well? Perhaps so, for I had forgotten myself, my troubles and necessities, while I had been speaking. The magic of romance had beguiled me, even as it had beguiled those who for two hours had hung on my words with untiring attention. Now they were thundering in my ears; the very building shook with the tempest of applause. I came forward and thanked them for the splendid reception, for the patience with which they had listened to me; but I wasn't very connected in my remarks and didn't quite know what I was saying. It didn't matter; nobody else knew; there was such a noise. Then I began to feel that my throat was dry and parched, that my head was splitting, and that I was impatient for everyone to go away and leave me in peace.

It was an ungrateful thought, for I had never seen a pleasanter sight than that sea of animated, joyous faces turned towards me. But at last the people were flung out of the hall, and I got behind the scenes somewhere, and with feverish thirst gulped down a glass of cold water. I had made a success, and I had made it with Shakespeare—Shakespeare, who, some persons say, is not to be popularised, not understood or appreciated

by the ordinary public. But the public, which puts up with so much poor stuff because it can get no better, knows good from bad as well as any of us, and indeed has much better taste than many of the people who speak so confidently of its likes and dislikes.

My friends found me out in my retreat, and came rushing in upon me. Walford almost crushed my hand, so hearty was his grasp. 'You've done it now!' he cried; 'you've sprung a mine on us.'

'How did it go?' I asked. 'What did you think of it?'

'Go! Like wildfire. Why, man, you're the talk of the town!'

'It is not what I wanted to do,' I said. 'I'd far rather be useful in some trade or profession.'

'Isn't it useful to make people happy, even for an hour or two?' asked Walford. 'Isn't it useful to teach them the best things in their own literature—to delight them with the finest poetry? Why on earth didn't you think of this at first? You've been running round offering to do anything, to sweep out offices and dust counters. Now that you've stumbled on good fortune, don't be so insane as to turn your back on it.'

'Mr Blake,' said Mrs Walford, taking my hand, 'I think you have done more than well. We need not wish you success; you are sure of it.'

'I nearly choked, I blurted out something in reply to these kind people. 'You don't know how near a case it was with me,' I said. 'I had burnt my ships. Why, why—I laughed excitedly—I couldn't have paid for half the things I'd ordered. I thought I should have to go to the pawnbroker with my books and clothes.'

'Pooh, pooh!' said Walford, 'you were sure to turn up all right. I say, have you eaten anything to-day? There's a wild ghostliness about your appearance that I don't like. You've been living on excitement—a finely flavoured thing, but not very nourishing. You're coming home with us.'

'Oh, no; please no!' burst in some one. My landlady joined us. 'I hope you'll excuse this intrusion, Mr Blake, but I wanted so much to speak to you, and the doorkeeper said you'd be here. I'm sure you'll not think of having supper away from my house to-night. I've sent Blanche home, and by we get there everything will be ready; and if it's not taking a liberty, I hope your friends will join us. I shall be very happy if they will. We're all as delighted with your success as we can be. I never had such a treat in my life.'

We went home with my kind hostess, and she gave us of her best. She herself proposed my health, which was drunk in flowing bumpers of Australian wine. 'But oh, Mr Blake,' she said, when we shook hands and parted, 'I didn't think you had it in you.'

'It's the last thing I should have expected of you,' was Walford's remark; 'you're such a quiet fellow.'

It is wonderful how little we expect of our friends. The smallest success, the poorest achievement, is a surprise to us. We never thought they had it in them.

(To be Continued.)

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who does not love you should never be your husband. But, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonourable to other men, or men, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level.

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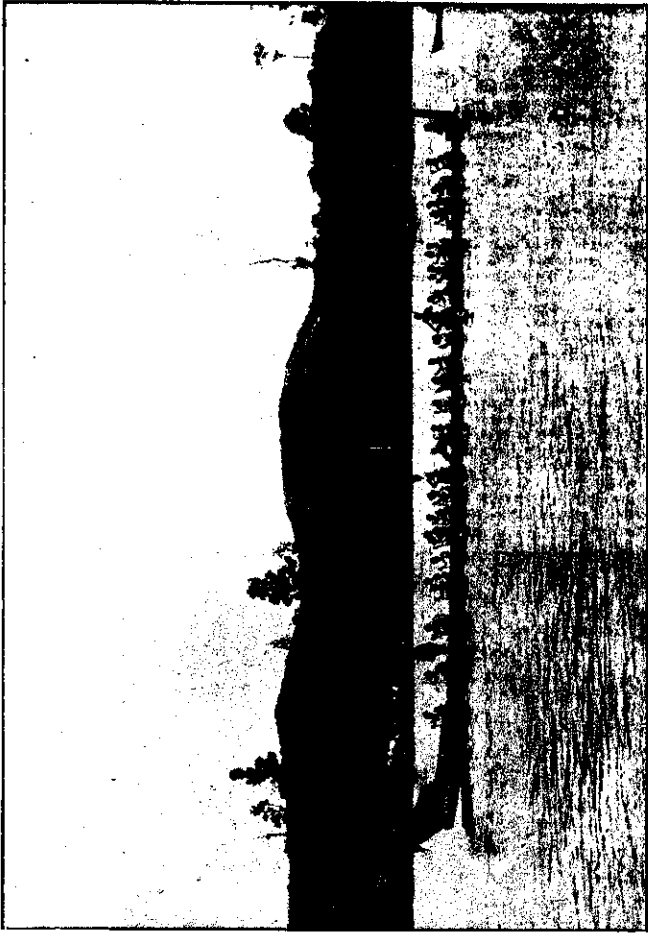
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THE FIRST PRIZE UNICORN TEAM.

Erweritz, photos.



COMPETITORS FOR "BEST DECORATED LADY'S BICYCLE." THE FLORAL FETE AT NELSON.

## AUCKLAND EXHIBITION NOTES.

(By Our Flippant Flaneur.)

Well, the great day is over, the bands have blared their bravest airs of triumph and rejoicing, the volunteers, like John Gilpin,

Dressed in all their best,

have 'processioned' and 'marked time,' 'shouldered arms' and 'stood at ease' in long rows, and done other strange and wonderful things in its honour, and the Auckland Exhibition of 1898-99 has been duly and properly opened by the Governor with all the pomp and circumstance of which we are capable in this utilitarian age.

And what a day of it we did have, to be sure!

From breakfast to closing time of the Exhibition bien entendu—who in Auckland had a spare moment, who was not busy pleasuring, sight seeing, and getting luxuriously tired out. Who was not bent on making it evident from the start that the success of the Exhibition is assured, and in proving that when we Northerners set our hands to anything, be it work

light laughter, the excited chatter, and the good natured jokes of the ever thickening crowd which pushed its way to the turnstiles or lounged about the broad thoroughfare waiting to witness the arrival of the Governor and party.

At last it is our turn at the gate. 'Season tickets this side,' shout stenographic voices in our ear. 'Shillings at the turnstiles' bellow others, and tendering one or the other we find ourselves safely within the barrier, facing the grand entrance, for which one may remark 'en passant,' young Mr de Montalk has scarcely received sufficient kudos.

Considering the material he had to work with, and strict limitations as to cost, the appearance is quite astonishingly imposing, and an admirable instance of what may be done at a comparatively small outlay of money but plenty of skill and careful thought. It would have been quite possible to have spent far more with much less effect, and the young architect—he is one of the youngest in our city—deserves a decided pat on the back from his elder confreres. But the press of people behind gives but little time to admire the cleverness of the architect, and if we are to be in time for the

and subsequently relents, and graciously allows us to present our half-crown tickets and enter the hall. Once in the hall we are safe, for here Mr Edmiston is in charge. Cool and courteous, ready and resourceful, Mr Edmiston is invaluable. He has experience, patience, and tact, and under his care everyone is piloted safely to their seats. One hopes always to find this gentleman in charge of the auditorium at Exhibition entertainments. We are early, it is as yet not half full, and there is plenty of time to admire the pictures and to listen to the remonstrances of the organ, which is having some final adjustment of its internal economy. There is apparently a man inside the case, who shouts directions to another at the outside, who forthwith punches the poor thing in the ribs—beg pardon, the key board—till it fairly squeaks with indignation and remonstrance.

This and the arrival of invited guests, who strive not to look unduly pleased and important as they are ushered to the places of honour, beguile the time till the choir surges up, and fills the rising tiers of seats from the platform to the organ. There is a general buzz of appreciative comment as tier upon tier of choristers file into their places. It is without

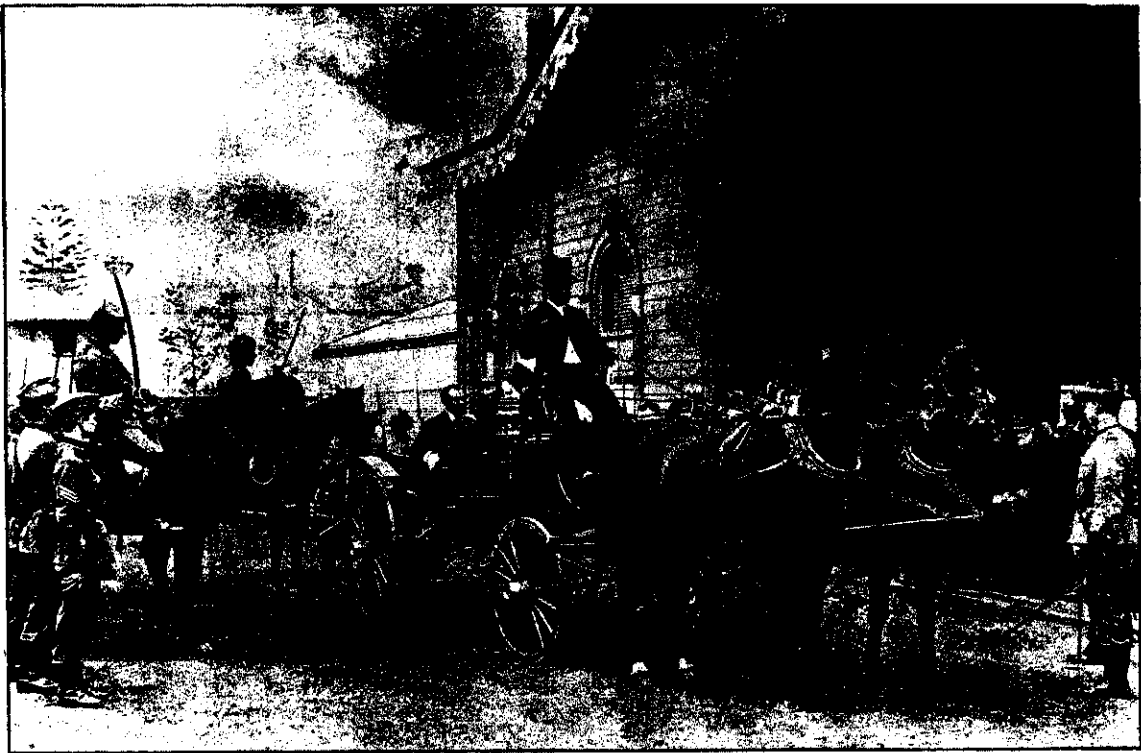
of the press. Herr Schmitt raps on his desk, and with a mighty burst of voice and instrument, out rushes the National Anthem as the Governor, the Countess of Ranfurly and the gubernatorial party and suite, enter the hall, conducted by the President and Executive.

'God Save Our Gracious Queen,' with what richness and depth of tone the stately national air is given. And what a heart stirring melody it is; grand in its simplicity.

There could assuredly have been none present so poor spirited but their nerves were set a quivering as the familiar music swept majestically through the hall. The second verse, sung by the soloists, followed, and then with the whole force of the choir, orchestra and organ, out peals the third verse with its philistine and somewhat barbaric words, which nevertheless seem to find an echo in all hearts in these days of war alarms.

Then follows the Bishop's prayer, delivered in a clear, audible voice, after which the 'Old Hundredth,' is sung with a vigour and expression seldom, one fears, heard in our churches.

Presentations are then made to His Excellency and the Countess. Mrs



### THE OPENING OF THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION.

#### ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE GATE.

Watroun, photo.

or play, things, as the Yankees say, have 'got to hum.'

And hum they certainly did on Thursday. Why, even the— But stay, let us proceed more sedately; let us begin from the beginning.

The day broke—one cannot begin earlier than this—grey and unpromising, a strong gale driving heavy seas up the harbour and dense clouds of dust along all the unwatered streets. But as the day advanced, things improved, and by the time the midnights had arrayed themselves in their gala array, and the men struggled solemnly into their 'Sunday best,' the sky was bright and the wind had moderated somewhat.

All the world and his wife, with all their little 'inevitable consequences,' as Kipling calls them, were out in the streets, all smart, all cheerful, all prosperous, contented, and all with feet treading Exhibitionwards. Truly, it was an inspiring sight, and one to set the blood dancing joyfully through the veins.

Gay indeed was Princes street, gay with bright frocks, and brighter eyes above them, gay with the greenery of the whispering trees, brilliant in their spring array; gayest of all with the

opening ceremony it is high time we took our places in the Choral Hall.

Thither, therefore, we take our way, regularly falling down the shallow steps which lead from one court to another, and, cannoning into people as we gaze open-mouthed at the exhibits on every side instead of looking where we are going, like sensible people. But there! who could be sensible in that way with so much to stare at, and on the opening day too?

However, everyone is good natured, and everyone is equally guilty of not looking where they are going, so we arrive at the entrance to the Choral Hall bruised but beaming.

There is an amateur doorkeeper here, and vastly excited is he. The hall is sparsely peopled as yet, and there is no attempt at a crush, but he is a determined 'do or die' doorkeeper, and assures us that though 'not a big man we must,' so to speak, walk over his body if we want to get into the hall before he is ready.

'This seems 'unnecessarily severe,' as someone sings in the 'Mikado,' for we are a mild-mannered party with no intention of rushing seats or throwing bombs at the Governor, or anything. Assured of this fact, he calms down,

doubt the largest choir we have ever seen gathered in the building, and the sight alone is worth coming to see. The stage is very prettily decorated, by the way, in fernery and flower, and effective drapery of red, white and blue. The whole picture, with the new organ rising above all, is distinctly good, and one hears on every side murmured approvals.

Excitement grows apace as the orchestra take their seats. Mr Arthur Towsey's appearance is greeted with a second buzz of applause and that eminent musician quickly takes his place at the instrument of which he is such a master, turns round and surveys the audience as from a watch tower. Yet another round of applause signals the arrival of Herr Schmitt, who gives an approving glance round his choir, and then turns a watchful gaze on the door. Expectation is now on tip-toe and every eye is turned towards the entrance where the unfortunate amateur doorkeeper appears to be having a lively time of it, and one can see the surging crowd penned in the ante room, struggling vainly to get in.

Suddenly there is a melting away

Kent (wife of the ever-energetic President) hands Lady Ranfurly a splendid bouquet, while her husband presents the Governor with a splendidly bound copy of the Exhibition catalogue.

Then there is a general subsidence into the seats, and everyone says, 'Now for the speeches,' and adds the earnest hope that they won't be long.

They are not. All the speeches, even the Premier's are mercifully short, and it may be said without flattery that they are far better specimens of their kind than one usually hears on such occasions.

The President, after welcoming the Governor and guests, and congratulating the city on the fact of having the Exhibition completed at last, gives a brief but interesting and modest account of how he worked up the Exhibition, and how ably he was assisted by the band of leading citizens who took the idea up with him, and who, under his leadership, have carried the affair to so admirable a consummation. He gives a concise summary of some of the main attractions which will be offered us during the

season, and makes an earnest appeal to parents to bring their children again and again. It will, he says, be many a long year before Aucklanders, either young or old, will have a repetition of such a treat, and he reminds us all that a well stored mind is a covetous treasure, a treasure which evokes prolonged applause.

He likewise describes for us an Exhibition of locomotives seen in the Old Country, all the modern leviathans gathered round their mother—the first of all the locomotives, and concludes by asking His Excellency to declare the Exhibition open.

Amid a round of hearty applause the President sits down, proud, flushed and happy, and the Governor takes his place.

A capital opening speech is His Excellency's, but as the whole, or at all events the gist of it, has been telegraphed all over the colony, there is no need to repeat it here. Certainly, he strikes the nail fairly and squarely on the head when he alludes to the lack of enterprise shown in advertising and developing the tourist traffic. It would be worth while sending an official to Europe to study the manner in which the Swiss work their greatest asset, their scenery and tourist traffic to wit.

Premier Seddon also speaks. He is in excellent form, and makes an amus-

ing good natured speech, which is warmly received. Dictator Dick has cultivated a new roll in his voice, which is monstrously effective, though when he gets excited it is apt to be forgotten, and the good old Lancashire dialect—music in the ears of a 'Dicky Sam' like the writer—comes pouring out.

Mr Seddon pays the Governor some high compliments, and assures us the more we see of him the more we shall like him and respect him, and winds up a really excellent speech for the occasion by calling for and leading three hearty cheers for the Governor, followed by three more for the Countess of Ranfurly.

The Hallelujah Chorus brings the brief but memorable ceremony to a close. It is sung with immense verve and spirit, and is of course mightily enjoyed by the audience, though it is doubtful whether even this excels the singing of Costa's setting of 'God Save the Queen,' which the writer regards as the most striking feature of the function.

The front seat in the hall was occupied by His Excellency the Governor, Countess Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, Lord Northland, Capt. Alexander, Mr Garland, the Premier, Capt. Browne (H.M.S. Taurangi), Commander Torlisse (H.M.S. Royalist) and

officers. In the body of the hall were seated Sir G. Maurice O'Rorke, Messrs P. Dignan (Mayor of Auckland), P. A. Phillips (Town Clerk), Dockrill (Mayor of New Plymouth), A. E. Devore, W. R. Holmes, Horton, G. Fowlds, I. Alexander, W. H. Herries, M.H.R., W. Crowther, M.H.R., R. Monk, M.H.R., J. Hollar, M.H.R., W. Jennings, M.L.C., W. McCullough, M.L.C., Dr. Puresha, E. Mahoney, Dr. W. R. Eason (Mayor of Onehunga), Dr. Campbell, Capt. Morris, M.L.C., A. Hanna, H. Edmonds, Rabbi Goldstein, E. Bell, W. Courtney, Chas. Williamson, Higgins, Rev. Larkins, J. Burns, De Montalk, O. Mays, J. J. Craig, R. Hobbs, A. Rose, H. Brett, W. Ledingham, Thos. Morrin, Alex. Knight, M. Niccol, T. Finlayson, Harker, E. W. G. Rathbone S. Nathan, V. E. Rice, S. T. George, J. W. Shackelford (Mayor of Newton), J. Currie (Town Clerk), W. Berry, W. J. Napier, Ingall, Dr. King, Dr. Walker, Varle, C. Atkin, Lieut. Col. Banks, B. Harris, M.L.C., A. Kidd, A. Cairns, John Reid, M. McLean, J. McKail Geddes, Capt. Coyle, Inspector Cullen, H. M. Smeeton, Thos. Peacock, W. F. Massey, M.H.R., Rev. H. R. Dewsbury, E. Morton, Abbott, W. S. Wilson, Major Morrow, and the following consuls:—E. Langguth (Austria-Hungary), E. V. Johansen (Belgium and Denmark), A. Millar (France), Carl Seegner (Germany), H.

Fisher, Alex. Grierson, B. Myers, C. Suggate, R. Giles, J. Irsdale, H. A. Wright, W. Shepherd Allen, J. H. Philpott, L. J. Bagnall (Thames), J. W. Carr, E. White, A. James, James Ah Kew, G. H. Garriek (Fiji), P. Hercules (Kaiapoi Woollen Company), James Reade, W. A. Hitchens (Whangarei), Brent (Rotorua), J. Mennie, Leo. Myers, Hugh Campbell.

A number of telegrams were received from the South from invited guests who were unable to attend the opening ceremony:—

Mr Charles Louisson, Mayor of Christchurch, wired: 'Regret very much I cannot be with you to-day, but hope your Exhibition will prove a complete success. Accept congratulations from citizens of Christchurch.'

Hon. T. Thompson, telegraphed: 'Regret extremely that I will not be able to be present at opening of Exhibition to-morrow; but hope to reach Auckland on Friday next. Wish you fine weather and every success.'

Mr Samuel Brown, President of the Industrial Corporation: 'I regret that having made arrangements to go the West Coast and Christchurch, to which I am leaving to-day, that I will be unable to accept the kind invitation of the Executive to the opening ceremony, though I hope to be able to visit the Exhibition later on. As

of neglecting to see the wisdom of throwing out a fine sprat to make a notable catch of herrings.

It is whispered that the music committee were from the first averse to the selection of the 'Golden Legend,' but on being assured they could have the best soloists obtainable withdrew opposition, and the work was placed in rehearsal. In the course the names of the only soloists really capable of attempting the music were submitted, and were promptly refused. Other suggestions were made, but were ignored, and finally some soloists were engaged certainly not on the advice of the committee, who were kept in entire ignorance of the whole transaction.

Under such somewhat unfortunate circumstances, it was not surprising that an impression got abroad that the performance of the 'Golden Legend' would prove something of a failure, and therefore, it came as a pleasant surprise that the concert, though not the best possible sample of what so musical a city as Auckland can do on so important an occasion, was yet far beyond what had been expected, and despite defects thoroughly enjoyable.

The work is one of the utmost difficulty, but beautiful beyond description in orchestration. The vocal solos are somewhat severe in character, and the whole composition is one which requires to be heard many times before one can properly appreciate its beauty. An audience never enjoys a heavy work to the full till the music has become familiar, and this is the case with the 'Golden Legend.'

The prologue is intensely dramatic, and is perhaps in many ways the finest and most enjoyable portion of a singularly interesting cantata. The chief honours of the performance must be divided between the chorus and Mr Prouse, who took the splendid part of Lucifer.

The chorus did really remarkably well, and the very highest credit is due to Herr Schmitt for the care he must have lavished upon its members in order to have achieved so highly creditable a result.

One doubts if the public ever fully appreciate a truly capable conductor at his true worth. He is to them merely 'the man with the baton'; they know nothing of the ceaseless toil, the tearing anxiety, and the infinite patience necessary to bring an amateur choir successfully through such a work as the 'Golden Legend.' What such a man as Herr Schmitt must suffer at rehearsal baffles description.

To return, however, to the concert. The first item given by the chorus was the 'Evening Hymn,' a truly superb number. The chorus, however, did well throughout, and to them was due much of the favourable comment bestowed on the concert.

Mr Prouse, an artist of the highest merit, sang Lucifer, and no better exponent of the part could have been found this side of the line.

Miss Large is a soprano with an agreeable voice, light in quality, but well trained. Her appearance in less trying roles will be looked forward to with interest and pleasure. Undoubtedly she possesses considerable gifts, but she was overweighted with the part of Elsie.

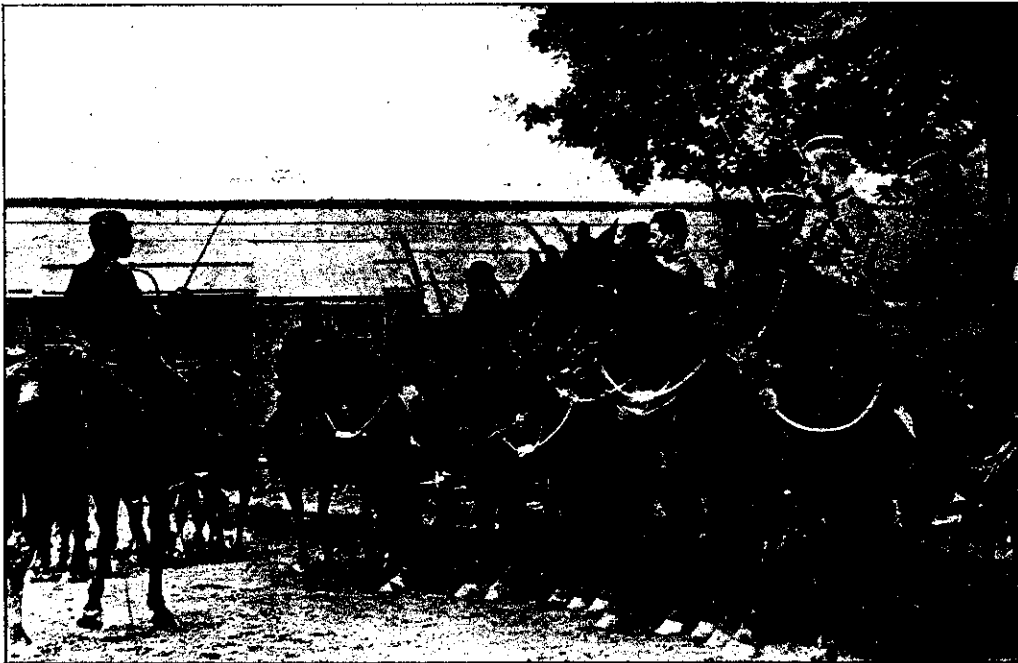
Of Mr Hill, the same may be said. He too sings with knowledge and correctness, but lacked power to do full justice to the part of Prince Henry.

Madame Du Rieu, who was cast for the part of Ursula, was afflicted with a heavy influenza cold. She was obliged to retire before her most important solo. But it is only fair to say that had this singer been in perfect health she would have shared the soloist honours with Mr Prouse.

The orchestra was ably led by Herr Willimoff. That it was weak there can be no doubt, weaker in numbers than we were led to expect, and unable on several occasions to cope with the difficulties of the music.

Herr Zimmermann saved the situation for the violas on more than one occasion, and did yeoman service throughout. He deserves special praise. Undoubtedly too Mr Arthur Towsey at the organ did much to cover defects and secure the approbation of the audience.

The work was unquestionably well received by the audience, amongst whom were the Government House party, and if repeated a second time at popular prices the 'Golden Legend' will doubtless attract a large audience.



Watrous photo.

THE MILITARY ESCORT AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

Rees George (Portugal), and Frank Dillingham (America); Matthew Clark (Messrs Arch. Clark and Sons), chairman of Finance Committee; A. H. Nathan, vice-president; J. J. Holland, M.H.R.; Thos. Hodgson, chairman Advertising and Printing Committee; G. S. Kissling, R. R. Hunt, James Russell, Robert Rose, Colonel Burton, G. C. Garlick, H. C. Tewesley, H. C. Greenalade (Mayor-elect, Thames), Lieutenants Salmon, Earle (Auckland Navals), L. M. Batchelder (U.S. vice-consul), Major Harris, F. W. Lang, R. Thompson, F. Lawry, F. Maguire (Hawera), M.H.R.'s, Canon Nelson, Revs. P. Smallfield, L. FitzGerald, W. J. Williams, Captain Hodge (Coromandel), Huntley Elliott (Under-Secretary Mines Department), J. E. Page (town clerk, Wellington), F. Trank (Mayor of Nelson), H. A. Gordon, L. D. Nathan, E. A. Mackenzie, G. F. Palmer, A. Dewar, James Edmiston, H. C. Haselden, George Fraser, J. Haldy, J. Mackie, H. E. May, J. Thorne, J. H. Dalton, H. Fletcher, C. H. Burgess, A. Brock, D. T. Forsyth, E. Cameron (Mosgiel Company), Marshall (Coromandel), John Webster (Hokianga), W. Webster (Hokianga), J. Edson, F. Earl, W. Lamb, J. H. Mullins, W. Arty (Wildman and Lyell), A. Cairns, J. Trenwith, W. G.

far as I can gather you have everything in favour of a successful show, and we of the Industrial Association, wish you every success.

From Mr Corkill, New Plymouth: 'Much regret inability to be present to-morrow. Best wishes for successful function.'

THE FIRST EXHIBITION CONCERT.

SULLIVAN'S 'GOLDEN LEGEND.'

If there were no ambitious people in the world, and if over confident enthusiasts were not frequently attempting impossibilities, there would be no progress, and this fact is as true of music as it is of anything else. We do not therefore feel disposed to grumble as much as some have done at the mistake of the executive in attempting the performance of Sullivan's 'Golden Legend' for their first concert. The error was not so much in this as in indulging a tendency to extravagant economy, and instead of engaging the best possible artists in the colonies, even though their charges might have proved somewhat heavy, of attempting to manage the affair 'on the cheap,' and in short



OPENING OF THE NEW COSTLEY WARDS AT THE HOSPITAL, BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.



*Photo by Watford.*

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY.

THE CHILDREN'S NEW HOSPITAL, AUCKLAND.

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## ‘CYCLING.

Had the pacing been faster on Saturday E. Reynolds is confident that he could have lowered the world's records for a grass track half mile (flying start) and mile (standing). As it was, according to the time keepers, he got within two seconds of each record, viz., 59 1-5th sec and 2min 11 3-5th sec respectively. The Domain track was never in better condition than on Saturday, and Reynolds was feeling very fit. It was a pity the pacing was not fast enough to satisfy him. It may be mentioned that Gargawiech when he put up the world's record for the mile (quoted above) had three triplets to pace him, while on Saturday the Auckland had to be content with one.

G. Hyauiason on Saturday showed

men instead of hanging back each waiting for the other to pace him. The result was that in two laps they had caught their men, and Dexter was enabled to score a well deserved win.

This same heat affords a lesson to limit men. Many of them seem to have the impression that when the scratch men catch up to them their chance is gone, and so they lose heart, and ride half heartedly. They should remember that to catch his field generally causes the scratch man a considerable effort. If when he catches up they crack on the pace, instead of slowing, they will stand a far better chance of winning, for the over-taxed back-marker, who has already had to ride hard, finds his strength severely taxed in the effort to keep up the pace. This was exemplified in the heat referred to above. After Campbell had caught up to the field, Crozier, the limit man, made the pace very merry for a lap, with the result that Campbell fell away again, beaten. The effort had been too much.

H. Miller and R. H. Davis showed themselves a well matched pair, and fought out a very good finish in the half mile final. Both have been riding well of late.

The members of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club at Napier have, as a rule, very unpleasant weather for their runs, and in this respect are most unfortunate. On several occasions there has been such a high wind that the cyclists could scarcely ride against it, and on one Saturday they were caught in a thunderstorm and got unpleasantly wet.

Great interest was taken in the bicycle sports held recently at Danevirke, and the racing was most exciting. Some of the best riders in New Zealand were present.

At Pouch, near Berlin, a cyclist took his boy for a ride. The latter, aged eight, stood with one foot (he was barefoot) on the hind spr, which serves to assist the rider to mount his

of three days' duration. They called upon a friend about lunch time, and at the dinner hour found themselves at the house of another friend, whose invitation to remain the night was accepted. Next morning they resumed their journey, and, singularly enough, their arrival at other friends' residences was coincident with the serving of lunch, or dinner, or tea. Another bed and breakfast followed, and when they reached home their tour had cost them exactly sixpence! They were questioned closely as to the specific purpose to which that sum was applied. Threepence, it appears, was expended on buns, and the balance was bestowed as a gratuity upon a gentleman 'on the road,' who kindly pumped up a deflated tyre.

Somewhere about the end of last year a cycling maniac in America swore a great oath that on every day of the year 1898 he would ride a hundred miles or die in the attempt. He has kept his vow so far, though he seems to be wheeling himself into his grave. In winter he was 'frosted' on the leg muscles; in summer he got sunstroke in a mild form; he has had dysentery; he has staggered to his machine scarce able to talk; he has ridden in snow storms, sleet storms, and rain storms, and in the fiery heat of midsummer; and he believes he has plenty of strength left in him yet. Madness takes many strange forms.

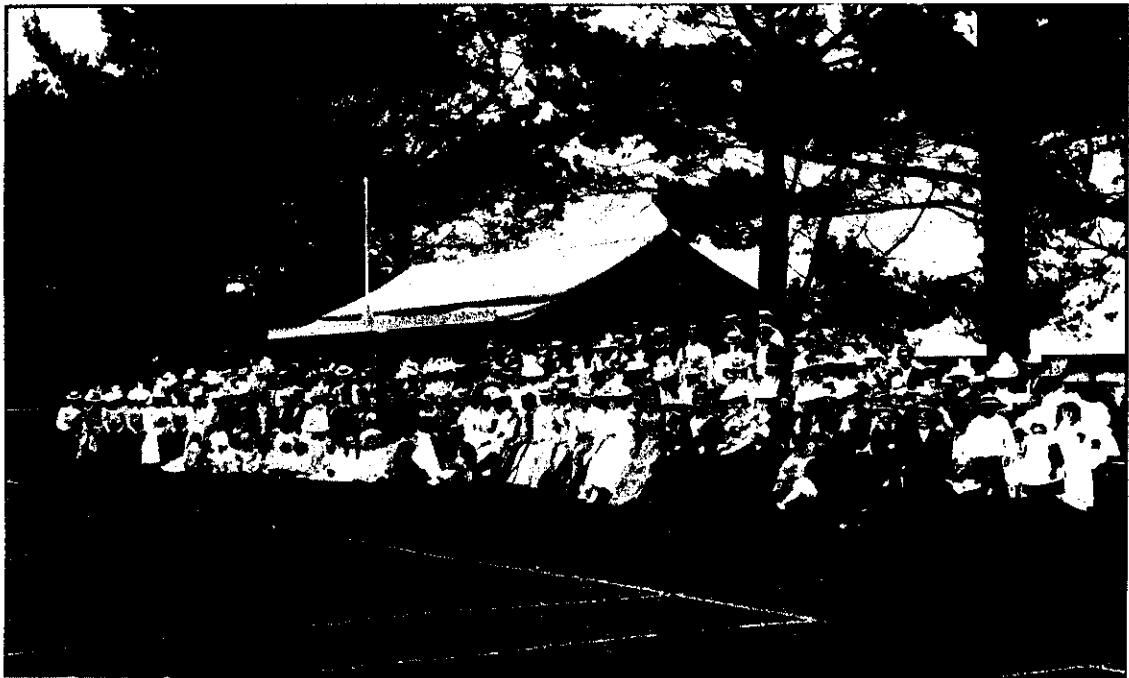
I have just had an opportunity, says a cycling authority, of seeing for myself the 1899 pattern of the Dunlop tyre, the introduction of which has caused such a sensation. I must confess to being most favourably impressed with it. It is a very pretty tyre indeed, and the basket corrugations have been reduced so small as to give the tyre a very light and speedy appearance. The rim is much deeper than hitherto, and the tyre stands out from it more than has previously been the case; this in itself is a step forward. As for the manipulation of the three thin wires which hold it on, this is simplicity itself.

the genuine business concerns, whose shares at the present moment stand at a ridiculously low figure.

It is claimed that Mr James O'Connor, M.P., is the oldest cyclist in the British Parliament, he having ridden a bicycle for some eighteen years. Of course, this refers to living members of Parliament, because a well known M.P. used to ride his bicycle to the House over twenty years ago, and created quite a stir by so doing. Another old-time cycling Parliamentarian was Lord Sherbrooke, then the Hon. Robert Lowe, who cycled in the sixties.

Ex-President Casimir-Perier of France and his wife recently made a cycling tour through the midland counties of England.

What costumes should lady swimmers wear? This is the momentous question for the consideration of which a conference of ladies has been convened (according to the 'Daily Telegraph'), having in view more particularly the great gala under the auspices of the Amateur Swimming Association, to take place at the Westminster Baths, in the afternoon and evening of Saturday next. Lady amateur swimmers, it is declared, have often been deterred from competing for the handsome prizes offered by the want of agreement among judges and onlookers as to what constitutes a perfectly decorous and seemingly dress in which to take part in races and matches in the presence of the opposite sex. But the pastime has of late extended so largely among women that there are now some fifty ladies' clubs affiliated with the Association, and as numerous representatives of those are entered to try for the various handsome prizes and challenge cups offered, the occasion is an opportune one to obtain the opinions and suggestions of our most expert feminine swimmers. The dresses worn by different clubs will be shown, and several ladies



Hannu, photo.

OPENING OF THE WEST END TENNIS CLUB'S NEW LAWNS, PONSONBY.

none of the brilliancy which marked his riding at the Exhibition sports. The reduction of his handicap, bringing him within 10 yards of Jones, the Honolulu man, seemed to take all the heart out of him, and he made no effort to catch his field. Jones I thought showed poor judgment in hanging on to Hyauiason's wheel instead of spurting on ahead. If he thought Hyauiason was going to pace him he was mistaken. The riding of this pair in the first heat of the mile was in very marked contrast to that of Dexter and Campbell, the back-markers of the second heat. These two at once set out to catch the limit

machine. Soon wearying, he sought a similar rest for his other foot on the other side of the machine. But instead he got his great toe caught by the chain and gearing, and twisted off. The cycling press is ever warning devotees against carrying children on their rides.

The management of the great Paris Exhibition is being urged to provide cycle stables for 40,000 machines, and the Paris 'Velo' promises that if such provision be made there will be none too much accommodation for these articles.

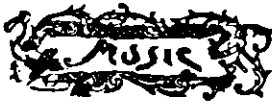
A good story is told of two sisters who went wheeling on a circular tour

That the finances of all cycle companies are not tarred with the same brush is evident from the annual reports which are just beginning to make their appearance. Our Coventry firm has announced a dividend of 73 per cent. on its ordinary shares, and another 6 per cent., while a Birmingham firm has paid 15 per cent. There is no doubt whatever that many of the sound old-established and not over-capitalised concerns will weather the present storm successfully; but already several of the inflated creations of the unhealthily Hoveley period have gone to the wall, and many more will follow, to the ultimate advantage of

have promised sketches or patterns of the garb they find most convenient and becoming in the water, so that practical results may be anticipated.

Mr Gladstone's estate is worth less than £50,000. For a man who was four times Prime Minister that was comparative poverty. But most of our statesmen in this country have been poor. Disraeli might have made millions out of the Suez Canal shares just before the country bought them. He did not make a sixpence. It is a point of honour in this country for public men of the highest rank to derive no pecuniary advantage from politics.





and Drama.

To-night (Wednesday) the Auckland Opera Company commence their season at the Opera House with a revival of the ever-popular 'Mikado.' The opera has been in rehearsal for months, and the production is expected to be very successful. The cast is a strong one, Mr Archdale Taylor taking his old part of Koko; Mr A. L. Edwards that of Nanki-Poo; Miss Emily Rowe, Katsiba; Mrs R. H. Hopkins, Yum Yum; and Mr E. Keating, the Mikado.

To-day (Wednesday) a special organ recital will be given on the exhibition organ by Mr Arthur Towsey from 3 to 5, and in the evening a grand concert by the Ladies' Orchestra will take place. Both entertainments are free to visitors to the Exhibition.

On Friday in addition to the usual attractions at the Auckland Exhibition there is to be a free gymnastic display by Professor Carolo.

On Saturday one of the most attractive entertainments of the Auckland Exhibition—the living wheel—will take place in the Exhibition Hall.

Captain Chas. Lorraine, an old Parcell boy, who has won fame as a parachutist in the Old Country, is making arrangements for a balloon ascent and parachute descent in connection with the Auckland Exhibition.

The following are the successful candidates who passed the local practical examinations in music, held by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music, London, which were conducted by Mr F. Davenport, R.A.M., who was in Auckland last week for the purpose of holding the examinations on behalf of the Associated Board:—Senior Grade: Alice Batger, honours; Etie Myers, pass; Audrey Player, pass; Evelyn Wyman, pass; and the following 12 students from Mr J. F. Bennett's School of Music:—Division II: Meta Margaret Oure, Florence Camilla Steele, Emily Walton, Jessie Thorne, Marianne Estelle Davis. Division I: Helen Morris, Ellen May Douglas, Hilda Steele, Helen Aitken Lamb, Harry Steele, Mary Geddes, and George Pete Steele. Some 27 candidates were examined, of which only 16 managed to reach the standard and required for a successful pass, and out of these were 12 pupils of Mr J. F. Bennett. Mr Davenport expressed himself very pleased with the candidates who passed, and considers the results most satisfactory. He left for the South last Thursday to conduct further examinations there, after which he leaves for Home, expecting to reach England about the end of January next.

A very successful and enjoyable little concert was recently held at the Hastings Wesleyan Church. Amongst the performers were: Mr Renaud, who gave much pleasure by his rendering of a solo on the organ; Miss Guitton, who contributed some enjoyable music; Miss Malcolm, who also gave much enjoyment to those present by her singing; Mrs Symonds, Mrs Highway, Mr Jull, and Mr Highway, who took part in some pretty quartettes. There were several other performers, and all afforded great pleasure to the audience.

A banjo, mandolin, and guitar club has been started in New Plymouth, and intend giving a concert shortly.

A musical recital given in London by Miss Mabel Griffiths, the Sydney violinist, with the assistance of Miss Beatrice Griffiths, pianist, and Miss Theresa Stewright, a New Zealand soprano, was a most successful affair.

On Saturday evening last the Greenwood Family opened a three nights' season in the Auckland Opera House, the piece chosen being 'Ju.' The well-known characters were fairly impersonated, and the play was warmly received by the audience.

Herr R. C. Zimmermann gave his seventh annual concert in the Auckland Opera House last week. The programme embraced violin solos by Herr Zimmermann, Master Herbert Patschka, and Misses Sofie Oberg and Sybil Lewic; songs by Miss Ethel McIntyre, Madame Chambers, Mr A. L.

Edwards and Mr T. W. Allen. Humorous recitations were given by Mr Montague, and a violin quartette from Schubert by Madame Chambers, Herr Zimmermann, Dr. Cox and Mr J. A. Beale. Miss F. Thorpe accompanied on the pianoforte.

The first large free concert in connection with the Auckland Exhibition was given on Friday evening last by the Auckland Liedertafel. As was to be expected the auditorium of the Choral Hall was quite full on the occasion. The programme was an excellent one, including in addition to the part songs rendered by the society, solos by Mr John Prouse and Mr Hill, of Wellington. Mr Prouse sang Marzials 'Leaving, Yet Loving,' and 'Ho, Jolly Jenkins.' For both he was recalled, and gave another item. Mr Hill's songs were 'Twenty Years Ago,' 'Oh, Love of Mine' and Somers's 'Song of Sleep.' Mr Towsey, who conducted, contributed an organ solo, 'Selections from Water Music' (Handel). The items given by the Liedertafel were:—'Reveries,' 'Italian Salad,' 'The Young Musicians,' 'The Retreat,' 'The Sea Fight,' 'Warrior's Song,' 'When Evening's Twilight,' and 'Interger Vitae.'

Miss Florence Menkmayer, a composer and pianist of considerable repute in Europe, is to visit New Zealand shortly, and intends giving a series of concerts there, supported by an excellent company.

The Nelson Harmonic Society's last concert consisted of Cherubini's Requiem, Rondo, for two pianos, and 'In a Persian Garden,' a song cycle. The Requiem proved rather too difficult for so small a society. Both the chorus and orchestra were inefficient for the demands made upon them in the difficult passages in which this work abounds. The first chorus was fairly rendered, but the Dies Irae was weak, also the Offertorium, but the latter part of the work improved. Herr Handke conducted, Mrs C. Wilson led. Miss Melhuish presided at the piano, whilst the organ was capably played by Miss F. G. Sealy. The Rondo, for two pianos, op. 73, by Chopin, was delightfully played by Miss Fell and Miss Melhuish, who received an enthusiastic encore.

'In a Persian Garden' (music by Liza Lehman) was sung by Miss Pratt (soprano), Miss Walker (alto), Mr H. Poole (tenor), and Mr H. Kidson (bass). The music is bright and full of difficult chromatic intervals, but each of the performers was note-perfect. Although the music was too high for Miss Pratt and Mr Poole, and their voices tired towards the end, they both managed remarkably well, and never once lost the true spirit of it. Mrs Walker sang well throughout. Mr Kidson has seldom been heard to better advantage. His singing, especially the two solos, was indeed a treat. The quartette, 'They Say the Lion,' received a well deserved encore. Great praise is due to Miss Melhuish, who again presided at the piano.

Drury Lane is to be the first theatre provided with electrical power for the changing of scenes as recommended in Mr Edwin Sach's work on 'Stage Construction.' Some experiments have been made, and satisfactory progress is reported. When certain alterations have been completed, large sections of the stage floor, measuring 40 feet by 7 feet, will be capable of being raised to any level above or below the stage, separately or together, by working an ordinary switchboard. It is hoped to have everything in readiness for the pantomime at Christmas.

The management of the Theatre Metropole, Devonport, has hit upon a peculiar, but effective method of advertising the drama 'A Spin for Life.' The other afternoon a pseudo-convict, in the broad arrear costume, 'scorched' through the streets on a bicycle, hotly pursued by a policeman, also on wheels. When the sensation naturally created was at its climax both pursuer and pursued were stopped in their mad career by a real limb of the law, who fell into the trap set for him by arresting the pair for riding to the common danger of the public.

'It is a good habit,' says Sir Henry Irving, 'and calculated to obviate some awkwardness, to wear your clothes for a few hours the day previous to assuming them on the stage. Many actors do this—it is my practice; and it is said that Macready carried this to such a length that during the rehearsal of 'Henry V.' he used to go to bed in his armour.'

The Paris correspondent of the 'Era,' speaking of the re-opening of the theatres after the summer vacation, says:—More triumphant than ever has been the return of Miss Loie Fuller to the Folies-Bergere. The inimitable artiste appears in four new dances, entitled 'Le Firmament,' 'Le Feu,' 'Les Fleurs,' and 'La Danse Noire.' The first dance is particularly brilliant, a marvellously pretty spectacle, and the flower dance is also charming. Apropos of 'La Loie,' as she is called here, M. Francisque Sarcey has hit upon the discovery that she cannot claim the invention of the 'fire dance' which has established her reputation and popularity. When perusing Goethe's works, the eminent critic came across a page in the recital of the great German poet's travels in Italy, which shows that Miss Loie Fuller had a precursor more than a hundred years ago, and that precursor was no other than the celebrated Lady Hamilton, Nelson's mistress.

Bergliot Ibsen, daughter of the famous author, before going to Rome for the season will sing at several German concerts. The Vienna impresario Minkus has engaged her for ten concerts in October in Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Vienna, Prague and Buda-Pest.

Of late years the personality of dramatic people has certainly been brought too prominently before the public. Formerly even the names of those taking part in performances were not published on the bills. But it remained for Mme. Jane Hading to cap the climax in this respect. This lady is now making a tour of the Belgian cities, and the public is informed that all the dresses, costumes and other paraphernalia used in assuming the different characters will be on exhibition prior to the performance, so that ladies interested in gorgeous and expensive clothing will have an opportunity to inspect closely what they admire from a distance on the stage.

During the last scholastic year the Guildhall School of Music, London, has received from its pupils the large sum of £33,600. The pay of the professors is in proportion to this sum. The director, Mr Cummings, receives £1000 a year, ten professors about £750, five professors £500, and twelve others about £400. In spite of this liberality, about £2000 has been added to the reserve fund.

## A STARTLING SCIATICA CURE.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS AT TE HORO.

ANOTHER NEW ZEALAND MIRACLE.

(From the 'Otaki Mail.')

Mr Evan Evans cordially welcomed our representative (says the 'Otaki Mail'), and appeared only too happy to give the fullest details required. Mr Evans is an able-bodied man of about 55 years of age, and is engaged by Mr Percy Gillies, of Te Horo, as gardener and milker. He has been in this district for about 54 years, and has resided in the colony for some 20 years. We publish Mr Evans' story in his own words:—

'I have been troubled with chronic rheumatism for the past 30 years; but in July last was taken ill with rheumatic sciatica. The pains commenced in the left hip joint, and soon spread right down the leg to the foot. At night the pain seemed much worse, and I felt as if I were being flayed alive, and really thought I should go mad. Owing to the excruciating pain I could obtain scarcely any sleep at night but lay in bed moaning and crying out in agony. During the first week that I was afflicted I had to give up all idea of work and for some time after this was hardly fit for anything. I tried several ointments, liniments and plasters, but although I fancied they did me a little temporary good, in a short time I was even worse than before. I grew so bad that I contemplated a trip to the hot springs at Rotorua, being of opinion that that was my only chance of recovery, having little faith in doctors. But I was in such a bad condition that I thought I would not be able to stand

the journey. It was after I had been afflicted some three weeks—which seemed an age back—that I saw a pamphlet which a friend of mine had received, and read there of a case which exactly corresponded with my own, and which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had often seen these pills advertised in the 'Otaki Mail' and other papers, and when I read of this case, I immediately sent to Wellington for six boxes of the pills, and commenced taking them in strict accordance with the instructions on the wrapper. When I had finished the fourth box I noticed a marked improvement, and after taking the lot I got another six boxes. When these were gone I was almost well again, but I procured six boxes more, and took these also. I had eighteen boxes altogether, and am now quite cured. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills positively cured me of the most acute rheumatic sciatica which it is possible for a man to experience. It is now some six months since I took the pills, and I have never felt the pains since. Indeed, I feel better now than I did before I was taken ill. I omitted to mention that I also had partial paralysis in my left foot for some years previous to taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but am pleased to say that this also is quite better. Indeed, my case has been a most complicated one, but thanks to this wonderful remedy, I am once more able to enjoy life. My health is better altogether, and my appetite has much improved.

I am quite willing that this testimonial should appear in print, and I only hope that it will be the means of curing some other unfortunate person who has suffered as I have done. I am positive that any person having the same complaint which I have had can be cured by the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, if taken according to instructions. I have such faith in this wonderful medicine that I will recommend it on every possible opportunity.

(Signed) EVAN EVANS.

Te Horo, March 4th, 1898.

Thus Mr Evans' experience proves it is better and cheaper to stay at home and be cured than to indulge in expensive travelling for the mere possibility of benefit.

If you suffer from any ailment whatever arising from a weak, disordered or impoverished state of the blood, you cannot do better than take a course of these pills. They build up the constitution and strengthen the system in such a way as to prevent any ill effects occurring after measles, influenza, colds, etc. They are also a certain cure for biliousness, anaemia, sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, loss of physical strength, neuralgia, all female irregularities, debility, indigestion, sick headache, loss of vital forces, etc. Obtainable from all chemists and dealers, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., who will forward six boxes for 1/6, or one box for 3/ post free. As imitations are upon the market, see that the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—is printed in red on the white outside wrapper of every packet you buy. They are only sold in package form; pills sold in any other manner whatsoever are not the genuine Dr. Williams', and should never be accepted.

Be sure you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; it is only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which have performed the thousands of wonderful cures as advertised.



Facsimile of Only Genuine Package.

The orders for decoration worn by Emperor William of Germany are worth over 1,000,000 marks (a little over £48,000). His principal and most valuable decorations are the insignia of the Black Eagle, the Order of St. John, of the Garter, and of the 'Tison d'Or. In all, he has over 200 crosses, stars, badges, and other insignia.

# OBITUARY.

Much regret is felt in Nelson at the death of Mrs Langley Adams, of Stoke, which took place last Tuesday. Mrs Adams has been in a delicate state of health for many months, but at the last her end came somewhat suddenly. She was a daughter of the late Mrs Kingdon, and had many friends in Nelson.

Mrs A. E. Mansford died at her residence, 'The Willows,' Stoke, Nelson, on Monday. Mrs Mansford was convalescent after an attack of typhoid fever, when inflammation of the lungs supervened. The deepest sympathy is felt with Mr Mansford and his family in their bereavement. Mrs Mansford was a native of the colony, being a daughter of Mr R. Suckling Cheeseman, barrister, of Wellington.

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Auckland's distinguished visitors have left the Star Hotel, which was all the Aucklanders had to offer them by way of accommodation during their brief stay for the purpose of opening the Industrial and Mining Exhibition. A special train on Saturday afternoon conveyed His Excellency the Governor, the Countess of Ranfurly, Viscount Northland, Lady Constance Knox, Captain Alexander, and Mr Garland to Onehunga, thence they travelled by the Tutanekei to New Plymouth. Here they spend a day of two, thence visit Patea officially, arriving in Wellington on Thursday night.

Miss W. Haslem, of Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs Renwick, 'Newstead,' Nelson.

Mr N. A. Nathan will leave Auckland about the 20th of this month for Sydney. He intends to join the P. and O. steamer Arcadia on her next voyage to England.

Mr and Mrs Masefield (Pelorus Sound) who have been staying in Picton for a short time, returned home on Saturday. On Thursday they went up to Blenheim, Mr Masefield to act as one of the judges for sheep, and Mrs Masefield in the like capacity for domestic produce.

The Mayor of Wellington (Mr Blair) was unfortunately unable to be present at the opening of the Auckland Exhibition, owing to pressure of public engagements; and the Wellington City Council is to be represented by the Town Clerk, Mr J. E. Page, who is now in Auckland.

Mr James Blyth returned to Nelson after a short trip to England, but left again last week for the Melanesian Islands, where he is going to take up missionary work.

Many rumours are afloat in Wellington re the reconstruction of the Cabinet, which is reported to be imminent, the names of Messrs Hogg, Carnarross, Ward and McNab being the politicians most mentioned as probable Ministers, in the event of reconstruction.

The friends of Miss Miriam Devereux, Auckland, will be sorry to hear she is the next victim to the measles, which are now so prevalent in Auckland.

Mrs Tonson Garlick's sister-in-law, from the Waikato, is visiting her at Fernlands, Mount Albert.

His Excellency the Governor has been asked to declare the Taranaki Province a sub-centre of the S. John Ambulance Association.

Mrs Masefield, of 'Manaroa,' Pelorus Sound, was in Blenheim for the A. & P. Show.

Mr Witheford is to be entertained at a banquet at Coromandel on Thursday night. The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, the Minister for Mines, the Inspector of Mines, etc., are among the invited guests.

Miss Chaytor, of Nelson, is staying with her aunt, Mrs Chaytor, at 'Marshlands,' Blenheim.

The new Vicar of Foxton is the Rev. H. S. Leach, curate of St. Matthew's, Dunedin.

Miss Belle McKae, who has been staying with Mrs Griffiths at 'The Barton,' has returned to Nelson.

The Rev. J. H. Sykes is to be the assistant Curate of Masterton with Te Nui. He is expected in Wellington shortly.

Mrs McFarlane, of Wellington, is visiting Blenheim, and is the guest of Mrs Louis Bright.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood will lay the foundation stone of the Convent at Stratford on Thursday.

Mrs Nancarrow, of Dunedin, has been the guest of Mrs Western, 'The Lindens,' Picton, but has now come to Blenheim, where she is staying with her sister, Mrs White.

Mr J. Riddell, formerly of Picton, but lately of 'Cytensfield,' Blenheim, has gone to make a short visit to England, for which place he left on the 'Ruapehu' last week.

Mr G. V. Shannon, Customs expert, is visiting Auckland officially this week.

Mrs Ferguson, Blenheim, has gone to Wellington to stay with her sister, Mrs Petre.

Mr D. R. Hunt, of Auckland, is in the Waikato just now, explaining the benefits of co-operation to the various Waikato creameries.

Mrs Cramond is visiting her daughter, Mrs (Dr.) Anderson, in Blenheim.

Mrs Holt, Burleigh-street, Auckland, has gone to New Plymouth to stay with her son, who is in the Survey Office there. She will be away for a few weeks.

Mr J. G. Trevor has received many congratulations, both verbally and by telegram, on his election to the Mayor's chair in Blenheim. He is the only bachelor in the Council.

The general manager of the American Tobacco Company, Mr W. D. Asten, left Auckland for Sydney on Sunday night.

Among the passengers who arrived in Auckland from Sydney last Monday were Mr and Mrs A. S. Boyd, of London, who are on a visit to the colony. Mrs Boyd is a sister of Mrs John Burns, of One Tree Hill, Epsom, whose guests the visitors will be during their stay in Auckland. Mr Boyd is an artist whose work is well known in connection with 'Punch,' the 'Graphic' and other periodicals, and Mrs Boyd has been a regular contributor to several of the Home magazines.

Mr F. A. Bakewell, M.A., headmaster of the Greytown School, has been appointed third inspector under the Wellington Education Board.

Mr Lake, at present chief officer of the Tarawera, has received well-deserved promotion, having been appointed chief officer of the new steamer Mokoia and goes to Sydney to join his steamer.

Mr J. Prouse, the well-known Wellington baritone, is at present in Auckland, where he has been engaged to sing during the Exhibition festivities.

The Mayor of Nelson (Mr F. Trask) and Mrs Trask have gone to Auckland to be present at the opening of the Exhibition.

Miss G. Pitt, of Nelson, is spending a few days with Mrs Browning, of Cable Bay.

Commandant Booth, of the Salvation Army, arrived in Wellington by the Rotomahana from Christchurch on Wednesday and was accorded an enthusiastic welcome by the Wellington members of the Army, who formed a procession, headed by the band, and conducted the Commandant to the citadel. A most interesting lecture was given in the Vylian-street Hall in

the evening by the Commandant on 'The Social Work of the Army,' with descriptive cinematograph views thrown on a screen, illustrating the work of the Army in the various colonies. During the evening musical selections were given by the Army band.

Commandant Booth passed through Auckland this week en route for Sydney. He says General Booth will spend his 70th birthday in New Zealand.

Mr McLeod, who is assistant at the Thames School of Mines, intends to leave the Thames for Hobart at the end of December.

Captain D. McLean, of the Poherna, takes temporary charge of the Taviuni and Captain H. Smith, of this steamer, takes the Tarawera.

Mr Birch will become manager of the Waitekauri mine about the middle of December.

Mr F. Trask, Mayor of Nelson, with Mrs Trask, is staying at the Albert Hotel, Auckland. They were present at the opening of the Industrial and Mining Exhibition.

The Rev. D. Weatherall, from Prince Albert College, Auckland, was welcomed at the Wellington District Synod of the Wesleyan Methodist Church held last week in the Empire City.

The well-known guide, Sophia, and two other native women from Whakarewarewa are to be seen in the Rotorua Court at the Exhibition, and explain the mimic wonders of geyserland to visitors.

The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon arrived in Auckland on Thursday morning, in time to take part in the opening ceremony of the grand Exhibition of the Queen of the Northern Cities. The Premier was met on his arrival by special train from Onehunga by the Town Clerk, Hon. W. T. Jennings, Messrs Lawry and Holland, M.H.R.'s, and the Mayor of New Plymouth, Mr Dockrill. He stayed at the Star Hotel.

Messrs T. H. Hamer and Crowe, private secretaries to the Premier, accompanied him on his visit to Auckland.

Dr. Erson, Mayor of Onehunga, met the Premier on the arrival of the Tutanekei at the wharf.

The Very Rev. Fathers Devoy and Lewis, and the Rev. Fathers O'Shea, Halley and Ainsworth, Wellington, have been enjoying a brief holiday about Picton and the Sounds. They visited Mr Redwood's station at Akaloa, and returned to Wellington on Friday.

Mr Harry Hornibrook is leaving Knaotunu on Christmas eve. His destination is Abyssinia, where he is to take charge of an important mining concession on behalf of an English syndicate.

His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly drove up to Bishopscourt (Auckland) on Tuesday to take afternoon tea with the Primate of New Zealand and Mrs Cowie, Lady Ranfurly, who is a thorough artist, greatly admired the view of the Wai-te-mata obtainable from the balcony.

Mrs Pearson, of Sydney, is staying with Mrs Pitt, 'Muriti,' Nelson.

Judge Denniston, Miss Denniston and Mr M. Denniston were staying at 'Warwick House,' Nelson, last week.

The Marriage of Miss Sybil Nathan to Mr Stephen D. Myers takes place next Wednesday. Miss Nathan's future home will be in England. They intend, before they set out for England, to travel through the Southern Lakes and also America will be visited.

Mr Riddell, the crack batsman of Picton, left for England on Thursday. He expects to be away for six months.

Mr and Mrs Burgess, Mrs Cottier, and Miss Cottier, of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Auckland on account of the Exhibition.

Dr. Gane (Christchurch) spent a few days at 'Warwick House,' Nelson, last week.

The Rev. E. Allanson, B.D., of Australia, was inducted on Friday evening at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland. Mr Allanson intends to conduct Mission Services for three weeks.

Mrs Allen (Picton) has gone to Blenheim this week to act as one of the judges at the Horticultural Show.

A Russian attaché to the Embassy at Berlin, is at present travelling through New Zealand. He is said to be merely a lover of beautiful scenery, and that the many photographs he has taken of various parts of the colony are only landscape and seascape views. An Englishman doing the same thing in Russia would be required to exhibit his innocent photographs to the authorities before being allowed to leave the country with them. But we are a guileless colony.

The Minister for Public Works, the Hon. Mr Hall-Jones, accompanied by his wife and daughter, left Wellington on Tuesday by the Hinemora for Nelson, in order to be present at the Agricultural Show, which took place there on Wednesday last.

Mr T. H. Bannehr, the editor of the 'Nelson Colonist,' is taking a trip round the South Island in the Hinemora.

The many friends of Mr Letham, the caretaker of the Parliament Buildings at Wellington, will be glad to hear that he has so far recovered from his late serious illness as to be able to take up his duties again on Tuesday last, for the first time for many weeks.

The Rev. T. H. Sprott, Vicar of St. Paul's, Wellington, and Mrs Sprott, who have been absent in England on a visit of some months' duration, are expected in Wellington about the end of next week by the R.M.S. Australia.

Mrs Percy Adams and Miss Pitt, of Nelson, spent a few days at Mr Adams' shooting-box, near the Maori Pah, last week.

Mr H. Otterson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, was among the passengers who left Wellington on Thursday by the Ruapehu for England. Mr Otterson hopes to be away about six months, returning to New Zealand in time for the opening of Parliament next session.

Mr James France, who has been connected for years with the Picton post and telegraph office, has been transferred to Lyttelton. Mr Canning, of the Lyttelton office, takes his place in Picton.

The Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, who has been attending the Synod in Nelson, and Mrs Sedgwick, returned to Picton on Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Pearce, of Wellington, have issued a large number of invitations for an 'At Home' at their pretty residence at Lowry Bay on Saturday, 17th December, from 2 p.m. until 6 p.m., a special steamer leaving the wharf to convey the guests to and from the Bay to town.

Mr John Duncan (of the firm of Levin and Co.), accompanied by Mrs Duncan and Mr Arthur Duncan, returned to Wellington on Tuesday last by the Takapuna via Australia and Auckland, from a six months' visit to England, the trip having proved a most enjoyable one.

## INDIGESTION

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

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

Mrs H. W. Williams, Wellington, is in Picton visiting her mother, Mrs Philipotts.

The Misses Dargaville, Auckland, give an 'At Home' on Tuesday afternoon next at their pretty residence 'Clevelands,' Remuera.

Mr D. Watt, of Nelson, has gone South for a short holiday.

During his visit to Wellington, where he performed the wedding ceremony at Miss Seddon's marriage, the Bishop of Christchurch (Bishop Julius) was the guest of Mr and Mrs G. E. Tolhurst in Grant Road.

Mr Dobbie, Picton, has been appointed conductor of the Marlborough Orchestral Society just established in Blenheim.

Mr and Mrs Monro, of 'Bank House,' Blenheim, have returned from Christchurch, where they attended the races and show.

Mr E. K. Thornton, of Auckland, was in Nelson for a few days last week.

Mrs Morice (Greymouth) is the guest of the Premier and Mrs Seddon in Wellington.

Mrs Clark (Christchurch) is staying with her sister, Mrs Ian Duncan, in Wellington.

Mrs (Dr.) Scott and Miss Scott, Picton, have been visiting Mr and Mrs Robert Scott at Spring Creek.

The Misses Wilson (Marton) are visiting Mrs Rhodes, at the Grange, Wellington.

Mr G. H. Swan has again been elected Mayor of Napier, and this will be the fourteenth year he has acted in this capacity.

Mrs Lambie, 'Birch Hill,' is staying in Blenheim just at present.

Miss Gordon has returned to Auckland after living for nine months in Cambridge.

Miss E. Carey, of Blenheim, is spending a week or two at Hillersden with Miss Bell.

Mr H. J. Williams, of Wellington, has been on a visit to New Plymouth in connection with the installation of the W.M. of the Ngamotu Lodge of Freemasons, N.Z.C.

Mr H. A. Banner, who has been for a visit to England, has returned to Napier.

Rev. W. Habens, Inspector General of Schools, is on a visit to New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Trevor Gordon (nee Miss Firth) have come to live in Cambridge.

Mr Major, the Mayor of Hawera, has been re-elected to that office for the ninth time.

Miss McRae and Miss Belle McRae (Nelson) are staying with Mrs Griffiths at 'The Barton,' Blenheim.

Mr and Mrs Roy, of New Plymouth, have issued cards of invitation to a garden party to be held on December 5th, at which it is expected Lord and Lady Ranfurly will be present.

Mr and Mrs H. J. Paton have returned from England, and are at present the guests of Mr and Mrs Main, Fencourt, Cambridge.

Captain Capel has had placed at the head of the graves where soldiers had been buried in St. Mary's Church grounds, New Plymouth, a neat iron cross within a circle.

Mrs A. Reece, of Gisborne, has been paying a visit to Napier.

Miss Daisy James (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs C. H. Mills, 'Dunbeath House,' Blenheim.

Mr T. Sharler Weston was duly installed as Worshipful Master of the Ngamotu Lodge of Freemasons in New Plymouth on November 23. A 'recherche' supper followed, which was presided over by the new W.M.

Mrs W. Bidwell, Pihautea, is the guest of Mrs Ferguson, in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Edward Chaytor have returned to Blenheim from their honeymoon trip to Christchurch, and are staying at present with Mrs Chaytor at 'Marshlands.'

Mr Lewis, of Auckland, sang at a benefit concert in New Plymouth on November 24, and was encored.

Mr Russell Dymock has returned to Blenheim, having enjoyed his visit to Napier.

Mr and Mrs Jago have returned to Blenheim, having enjoyed his visit to Melbourne and Sydney.

The Misses A. and J. Horton, of Blenheim, have gone to pay a lengthy visit to Nelson, which they will spend with various friends.

Mr E. Dockrill being the only one nominated for the office of Mayor of New Plymouth was duly elected to that office.

We herewith reproduce a photo of Mr Charles C. Rawlins, the new member of the House of Representatives for Tuapeka, who, on the death of the late Mr Larnach, successfully contested the seat against three other candidates. Mr Rawlins was born in Liverpool, and brought up in North Wales, where his father was interested in lead mining. He served a portion of his articles as an engineer at Chester, but his health breaking down, he was sent to New Zealand, and landed in Dunedin in 1865. He remained in



Kiasey, photo, Wellington.

MR CHARLES C. RAWLINS.

the colony for eight years, and then resumed his original intention of becoming a mining engineer. He spent a number of years in Australia and Tasmania, as well as other parts of the world. In 1869 he returned to Otago to take charge of the Island Block Company's mine, in which he is the principal shareholder. He is a freetrader, strongly opposes borrowing, and has distinct views of his own on some questions. He is a fluent and forcible speaker. He contested Tuapeka with the late Mr Pyke in 1893, but was beaten by 240 votes. In the bye-election which followed Mr Pyke's death, he stood aside to allow Mr Scobie Mackenzie to contest the seat with the late Mr Larnach, the latter winning by 54. At last election Mr Rawlins polled within 21 votes of Mr Larnach.

Mr Hicks Ross, of Kawau Island, Auckland, the residence of the late Sir George Grey, announces that he has accommodation for a few visitors during the summer.

Mr John Townley has been elected Mayor of Gisborne for the ninth time.

Mrs J. Duncan, 'The Grove,' Picton, is staying in Blenheim with her sister, Mrs Howard.

Mr Isaac Gibbs, Christchurch, paid a short visit to Dunedin this week, and is better for the change.

Mr H. Okey has been reelected chairman of the Taranaki County Council.

Mrs C. Davies, an old and much-respected resident of Blenheim, is suffering from a paralytic seizure, and is in a very precarious condition.

Mrs J. B. Green and the Misses Green (2) left Blenheim last week to join Mr Green in Nelson, where will be their future home.

Dr. Murdoch, Cambridge, has gone to Te Aroha for six weeks, and Dr. Brewis, of Hamilton, attends to his practice three days a week.

Mrs Duckworth and Miss Eyes, who have been visiting Christchurch and Dunedin, returned home to Blenheim last week, leaving Miss L. Eyes in Lyttelton for a while. They also stayed in Lawrence, but the weather there was so rigorous that they were glad to seek the milder climate of Marlborough.

Mr C. A. Fitzroy, of Hastings, was been re-elected Mayor of that town unopposed.

## NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

Mr and Mrs Meeson, of Christchurch, and their daughters are in the thick of the excitement in Paris, as they have taken up their quarters in a very comfortable pension in the Rue Chateaubriand. They spent two months of the summer in Normandy at an hotel, at which 'E. Anstey' and his sister were visitors, and had a lively time with dances in the evening at a Bijou Casino. Mr and Mrs Meeson are making jaunts to various places of interest in the vicinity of Paris. Miss Meeson is working with her customary energy at Julians, under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant, and enjoying the genial life of the French studios. In the course of the execution of a commission to buy a picture for the Bendigo Art Gallery, she visited the studios of several well known artists. With the French sculpture and its vitality she has been particularly struck. It is not unlikely that she may try her luck at the Paris Salon next year. Miss Ruth Meeson is studying French and doing a little writing.

Mr Jack Butler is also spending a couple of months in Paris to acquire a Parisian accent.

Dr. H. O. Forbes, director of the Liverpool Museums, and formerly curator of the Canterbury Museum, is one of the scientific party that is in the course of a few days to start for Sokatra under the auspices of the Royal Society, Royal Geographical Society, and British Association. The object of the expedition is to investigate the fauna of the island and explore it from a zoological standpoint.

Mr, Mrs, and Miss Patrick, of Dunedin, have just returned to the Howard Hotel from a very pleasant trip in Scotland, where I hear that Miss Patrick was much admired as a sample of the native-born New Zealander. They are returning by the Ionic, by which boat Mr Keith Ramsay is also a passenger. Mr Thomas Brydone, of Dunedin, is staying at the Metropole, and is up to the eyes in work.

Miss Lewis has returned to Rome after a brief sojourn in the South of England, where she spent a week with Mrs Hadden (nee Miss Mabel Gould) in Devonshire. Miss Lewis took back a cycle to the City of the Seven Hills, but finds the pastime somewhat dangerous, as the jazziro, which appears to be Italian for 'harrikin,' has a habit of hurling opprobrious Latin epithets and stones at the wheelwoman.

Sir Charles Dilke is one of the most athletic men of his years in England. Even in his undergraduate days he was a highly skillful fencer at Cambridge, and one of its finest ornaments. For nearly forty years he has devoted a part of nearly every day to practice with the foil, and he is considered to be one of the most expert fencers in Europe. He is also an accomplished horseman.

**KAWAU ISLAND.**  
THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE  
SIR GEORGE GREY.  
ACCOMMODATION FOR A FEW VISITORS ON APPROVAL.

## NEWS JOTTINGS.

Great interest has been taken in the shooting competition for the trophies presented by Mr Vigor Brown and Mr T. Parker to the Napier Rifle Club, and the last of the matches was finished on Saturday. Mr E. Storkey, who comes first in the competition, wins the trophy given by Mr V. Brown, and Mr C. Robson, who comes second, is the winner of that presented by Mr Parker.

On the evening of the Blenheim Agricultural Show, Cowan's Dramatic Company gave a performance; Barnard's circus had a good audience; and the dinner for the members of the A. and P. Society was largely attended and was very enjoyable.

There were no nominations made on the appointed day for the Mayoralty of Picton, and in consequence the election lapsed. No one seems anxious to fill the chair of office.

The Roman Catholic garden party, held in Blenheim on the evening of the A. and P. Show day, was most successful, over £50 being taken. Several small shows to amuse were provided, besides the open-air concert, and delicious strawberries and cream could be purchased.

The tournaments have begun at the Hawke's Bay Lawn Tennis Club's courts, and that great interest is being taken both in the combined doubles and the men's singles. The lawns are in good condition, and owing to the frequent rains, are still looking very green.

The Borough of New Plymouth has the smallest area of any town in New Zealand, being (including some two hundred acres set apart as reserves) only eight hundred acres in extent. It has a population of 4,081.

The Blenheim Borough Council does not take action without duly considering the matter, as is shown by the prostrate firebell tower in Grove road, which is still lying where it fell, exactly seven months ago. If it ever was, or is likely to be, of any use, it should have been repaired at once; if not required, it should be removed altogether, as it is very unsightly.

The Ahuriri Lawn Tennis and Bowling Club held a large ball on a recent Friday evening at the Spit, Napier. The building where it took place was the new warehouse belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company, and kindly lent by them both for the dance on Friday, and for the children's fancy dress ball given on the following evening. The ball-room was decorated with the usual number of flags, lanterns, and ferns, and on both nights presented a very gay spectacle.

The crops at Spring Creek and Tua Marina, Marlborough, are looking first-class, and the farmers hope to have another good harvest this year.

An orchestral society has been formed in Blenheim, of which Mr Dobbie, of Picton, has been elected conductor, and Miss McCabe pianist. Practice will begin this week.

The College Rifles, Wellington, numbering over 50 men all told, went into camp on the Hutt Park Race-course from Saturday afternoon till Sunday evening, when they broke camp and marched into the city. Captain Brandon was in command, having with him Lieutenants Hutchinson (College Rifles) and Lewis (Civil Service Corps). Guards were on duty, and sentries posted and kept on the alert all night. On Sunday morning practice in attack and defence was thoroughly entered into; in the afternoon musketry instructions and company movements kept the men going till camp was struck at 4 p.m. Good useful work was done, and so well thought of and much noticed is this corps that applications are constantly being sent in for admission.

Mr Burton, advertising agent for Pollard's Opera Company, arrived in Auckland on Monday to make arrangements for the Company's opening on Boxing night. 'The Gay Parisienne' and 'The French Maid' are the two pieces to be produced.

In the high schools of Sweden boys and girls are educated in the same classes. Nearly all the telegraph, telephone, and post-offices are in the hands of women. Lately they have invaded even the steamship service.

**SOCIETY ON DITS.**

That it is a great pity that common sense cannot be permitted to regulate the head-covering of our soldiers, volunteers, navals, or cadets, in hot weather. Surely under a straw hat, affording some slight protection to the eyes and nape of the neck, our brave defenders could more cheerfully 'present arms' when standing for an hour or two under the full glare of a tropical sun. A hat could be devised of a sufficiently military character to satisfy the authorities, and yet prevent them from being justly accused of cruelty to animals.

That the Circuit meeting of the Marlborough Cycling Club, which will be held on December 7th, in Blenheim, is likely to be very successful, as numerous nominations have been made from various parts of the colony, as well as from local cyclists.

That the Ferry Hotel, Spring Creek, kept by Mr and Mrs Barr, formerly of Picton, is becoming a favourite rendezvous for cricketers, cyclists, etc. Mr Barr has made a first-rate bicycle track in a paddock close by the hotel for the amusement of his visitors.

That the Premier will visit his own electorate soon after the New Year.

That some of the Auckland cyclists who took part in the A.C. Club's moonlight run would have had their tyres punctured but for the sharp eyes of their advance guard, some of the larrikins having put broken bottles and stones across the road at Epsom.

That the Premier brought some of the Wellington weather up with him when he came to Auckland to be present at the opening of the Exhibition there, though he kindly kept it in his pocket till the day after the great event.

That the Picton city fathers are fighting shy of the mayoral chair this year. The why and the wherefore is a much discussed matter of opinion.

That the Hon. Captain Morris, M.L.C., had his pockets picked at the performance of the 'Golden Legend' in the Choral Hall. All the money he had with him was stolen.

That two red deer have been seen at Manaroa, Pelorus Sound, within the last two months. As they were not placed there, it is supposed that they either swam across the Sound or travelled an immense distance around to get where they were seen by Mr Masefield.

That at the large euchre party given by Mrs Edward Lewis, Auckland, on Monday night as a farewell to Miss Sybil Nathan, the booby prizes fell to Miss Sybil Nathan and her betrothed, Mr Myers.

**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 fourth page of cover of the "Graphic" and twenty-four penny stamps must accompany each letter.

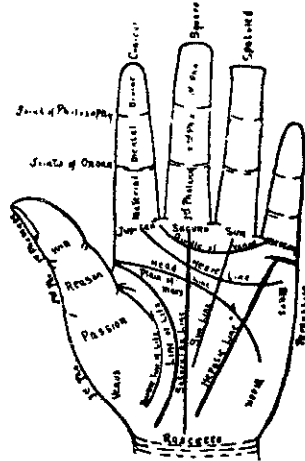
**CHIROMANCY  
Or the**

SCIENCE OF READING HANDS.

THERE has been so much interest taken in the Graphology Column, that it has been decided to start a 'Chiromancy' Column, under the able guidance of Madame 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 hand:—

Lay your hand, palm downwards, on a piece of clean white paper, the fingers as far apart as they will comfortably go. Then with a pencil trace all round it. Next hold it up against the window, and reverse it so that it will appear with the palm uppermost, as in the sketch. Then ink it carefully all round, taking pains to have the fingers the exact length. In the first sketch indicate the joints as you come to them by dots; this makes it much easier to get the correct dis-



tances 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.'

**AN EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG  
CASE FOR BILE BEANS.**

THEY SUCCEEDED WHERE 'THREE DOCTORS AND PATENT MEDICINES' UTTERLY FAIL.

Hearing of a remarkable cure effected by Bile Beans, a Melbourne reporter called on the subject, Mr J. R. Stevens, 24, Brunning-street, St. Kilda, in order to hear from that gentleman his own version of the case. Mr Stevens, having called his amiable wife into the drawing-room, freely entered into conversation regarding his marvellous cure. 'I believe,' said the reporter, 'that you were a sufferer from severe illness previous to trying Bile Beans for Biliousness.' 'Yes,' replied Mr Stevens, 'for eight weeks I was a victim to insomnia and severe pains in the back, the arms, and sides. Indeed, the whole system was out of order and generally run down. Although able to take food occasionally I received no nourishment from it. Amongst the many distressing symptoms of my illness, I may mention bad breath, dizziness, fullness after meals, indigestion, and last, but by no means least, severe liver disorders. All these painful complaints played sad havoc with my system, which formerly was as healthy as could be desired. I consulted no fewer than three medical men, but, unfortunately, received little if any relief from their advice and medicines. Moreover, I tried various patent medicines in hopes of getting some relief, but all to no purpose. The distressing symptoms already enumerated continued as before, and I was really beginning to despair of being cured, when, as luck would have it, a friend strongly advised me to try Bile Beans for Biliousness.' The reporter then asked Mr Stevens how long it was before relief came, and the gentleman replied, 'About a week.' Continuing he said, 'that his system gradually showed signs of improvement. Refreshing sleep, to which he had been a stranger for some time, was once more his. There was a sensible return of strength, and a gradual disappearing of his former distressing weakness. The racking pains in the back,

arms, and side began to abate, and after taking a few boxes of Bile Beans the whole system was toned up and he felt himself almost a new man, able to enjoy his food and gain from it proper nourishment. He felt a zest for business, and at the expiration of a few weeks he was completely cured.' He had taken altogether five boxes of Bile Beans, and felt grateful to the Manufacturer of that truly effective medicine which had been the means of bringing about what three doctors and many patent medicines had absolutely failed to do. In order to give others who might be suffering from similar ailments as those to which he had been a victim his experience, Mr Stevens cheerfully subscribed his testimony to the efficacy of Bile Beans, and Mrs Stevens volunteered her corroboration of the foregoing interesting facts. It may interest the general reader to learn that the subject of this remarkable and speedy cure, Mr J. R. Stevens, is in the prime of life, being 34 years of age, and is well known in Melbourne.



We are informed that the announcement of the engagement of Miss F. Moore and Mr J. Harold (Wanganni), made in our issue of November 26th, is incorrect. We regret that such a mistake has occurred.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS.**

MR AVERY TO MISS WHITTON. The wedding of Mr I. D. Avery, of the accountants' branch of the General Post-office, to Miss Edith Whitton, took place at St. Mark's Church, Wellington, on Tuesday last.

The Rev. R. Coffey performed the wedding ceremony.

The bride looked charming in her grey tweed travelling dress, and large white picture hat, and was attended by Miss Gwennie Whitton (niece of the bride) and Miss Nellie Avery (sister of the bridegroom), as bridesmaids, both attired in pretty dresses of snowflake muslin, with large Leghorn hats, trimmed with flowers. They also carried dainty baskets of flowers, instead of the usual bouquets.

The bride was given away by her brother, Mr H. Whitton, and Messrs Avery and J. G. Roache acted as groomsmen.

Mr and Mrs Avery carried away with them on their honeymoon the good wishes of a very large circle of friends, and were the recipients of a large number of pretty wedding gifts.

**MR THOMSON TO MISS ROWDEN.**

The wedding of Mr Peter Thomson, of the Bank of New Zealand, Wellington, to Miss Edith Rowden, third daughter of Mr A. E. Rowden, manager of the Rhodes Estate, took place on Monday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, in Brougham-street.

The Rev. J. K. Elliott performed the wedding ceremony, and Mr C. T. Trimmell supported the bridegroom as best man.

The bride wore a beautiful gown of soft white silk, and her sister, Miss Daisy Rowden, her only bridesmaid, was attired in white, with white lace fichu.

Mr and Mrs Thomson are spending their honeymoon in Sydney.

**MORICE—SEDDON.**

Last week we published an account of the wedding of Miss Louie Seddon, third daughter of the Premier, to Dr. Charles G. Morice, of Greymouth. We herewith give the photos of the bride and bridegroom.



Herrmann photo.  
MISS CHAS. G. MORICE.



Herrmann photo, Wellington.  
DR. CHAS. G. MORICE.

The 'Sydney Mail,' speaking of the late Mr Harvey Hay, who lost his life by accident at Coolangatta last week, says 'he was one of the finest young fellows and one of the grandest specimens of young Australia that it has been my lot to meet. Though but 22 years old, he had the manners and bearing of a man full ten years older. He stood quite 6 feet, and weighed fully 14 stone, and was well built and as active as a 9-stone man. He interested himself in every kind of field sport, and though he did not pretend to know much about racing, he delighted in being present at Randwick on a big day, and every horse that he came across he looked over with the keen enthusiasm of a thorough sportsman, and the kindly greetings that were extended to him by every man, woman, and child that had the pleasure of his acquaintance, told of 'Mr Harvey's' unbounded popularity. When I visited Coolangatta last August Mr Harvey Hay took charge of me, and when I left I did so with the impression firm in my mind that I had met a man physically and mentally that any Australian might well be proud of, and I feel sure that had he lived he could not have failed to have made a mark in the world.'

A genius is showing at the Berlin Clockmakers' Exhibition an alarm clock which makes no noise, but by an attachment to the pulse operates at the desired hour a senseless silent battery till the sluggard is simply filleted out of his sleep.



## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, December 5.  
There was a very large attendance on Tuesday evening in St. Benedict's Hall, to witness the presentation of certificates and medallions obtained by the Auckland Centre pupils of the

S. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.

His Excellency the Governor arrived punctually at eight o'clock, accompanied by the Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, and Lord Northland, and attended by Captain Dudley Alexander and Mr Garland. Twenty-five members of the Medical Staff Corps made quite an imposing guard of honour outside the building. At the door the distinguished visitors were received by His Worship the Mayor, Mr P. Dignan, who is also president of the Auckland Centre, and several of the Executive Committee. The platform was prettily decorated, the flowers and lanterns being left from the previous evening, and various flags being added. Lady Ranfurly was presented with a bouquet arranged in the form of a cross, of scarlet double geraniums on a ground of white roses, by the wife of the secretary, whilst the daughter of the Lieut.-Col. Surgeon, Miss Ethel Dawson, presented Lady Constance Knox with a dainty little bouquet. The whole affair was very well managed, and the evening's work was attractive. The secretary, Mr W. Rattray, read a satisfactory report, and Lord Ranfurly gave a very interesting account of the origin of the S. John Ambulance Association and its history. His Excellency was frequently applauded. The Countess of Ranfurly gracefully handed the certificates and medallions to their various recipients, and evidently took a real interest in the several specimens of ambulance work given by members of the Association and pupils. The three (apparently) drowned men who were resuscitated by three different methods evoked some amusement, but the (apparently) wounded on the field of battle, bandaged and borne away on stretchers by the Ambulance Corps painfully recalled the sad side of war. The wonderful perfection attained in moving the sick and wounded was demonstrated to everyone's entire satisfaction. Miss Searle and Miss Spargo illustrated practically the style of neat bandaging learnt in the nursing class. As Lady Ranfurly left the platform, she said courteously to the secretary: "It has been a very pleasant evening. The National Anthem was played by Miss Jessie Holland, daughter of Mr J. J. Holland, M.H.R., and one of the committee and this young lady also accompanied Miss Crowther, Mr Kissling, and Mr Gooch in their songs. Mr Boak gave a recitation. The Countess of Ranfurly looked very pretty in a black silk skirt, and loose bodice of accord-pleated emerald-green silk, finished with lovely lace, and roses in the corsage, diamond ornaments; Lady Constance Knox looked very sweet in soft white muslin over pale pink silk, the muslin being arranged pinafore style. Others present were—Dr. and Mrs Dawson, the former in his uniform, the latter in black silk; Miss Ethel Dawson, white muslin, with green silk sash and yoke; Mrs Cowie, dark costume; with her were the two Misses Willis; Dr. and Mrs King, the latter in black, brocaded with red and grey, black bonnet; with coloured ribbon and ornaments; Dr. and Mrs Scott, the latter in fawn, striped with paler and darker shades, trimmed with brown guipure, vest and neck band of pink ruffled chiffon, toque of brown and pink, etc.; Dr. and Miss Girdler, the latter in Moinou coat and skirt, white hat, with black band; Mr and Mrs Holland, the latter wore black silk; Rev. H. R. Dewsbury, Mrs Dewsbury, in black silk, black hat, with sunset-shaded rows under black

net and black feather; the Rev. Scott West, Mrs West, wore black silk, black and white bonnet; Mrs Rice, black silk; Canon and Mrs Nelson, the latter in black silk, black bonnet touched with scarlet; Mrs McLean, black silk, purple in her black bonnet; Dr. Walker, uniform of naval surgeon; Mrs Walker; Miss Essie Holland, pink Ottoman silk, the bodice swathed in muslin; Miss Crowther, white mousseline bodice, white silk skirt; the Misses Coffey, pretty summer costumes; Mrs J. Roach, lilac silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Churton, cream gown, white hat; Mrs Hay, black and white check blouse, dark, skirt, black bonnet, with white flowers; Mrs Hughes-Jones, green and black broche bodice, dark skirt, black toque; Mrs (Rev.) Sommerville, rich black silk, white silk from under cream lace, black bonnet, with white forget-me-nots; Miss Weston, blue and white stripe blouse, dark skirt; Miss F. Hart, white pique skirt, heliotrope silk blouse; Mrs Rattray; Mrs and Miss Conolly; Mrs Grant, etc.

## KNOX CHURCH.

This week's festivities will mark another era in Auckland's history. An additional feature of interest is the City of the North's welcome to His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly, who favoured us with their presence at the opening ceremonies of our first Colonial Exhibition. On Tuesday afternoon last a very interesting ceremony took place, when Lord Ranfurly laid the foundation stone of Knox Church, Parnell, which is named after Lord Ranfurly's illustrious kinsman. His Excellency was accompanied by Lady Ranfurly and Lady Constance Knox. A platform was erected under an awning, and was prettily decorated with palms and flags. Upon the arrival of the vice-regal party, little Miss Marjory Clark presented a beautiful bouquet of white flowers, maiden blush roses, and maiden-hair fern, to Lady Ranfurly, and Mrs Kelly, wife of the minister, was also presented with a bouquet from a baby in arms, the first child christened in the temporary church. Everyone was wearing their smartest toilettes, and the afternoon was sufficiently warm to make light gowns things to be desired. Lady Ranfurly wore a black silk check grenadine on the bias over a lovely eau de Nil silk, the bodice revealed a vest of plain silk, a narrow frill finished the skirt headed with rows of narrow black velvet to form vandykes, the same trimming being on the sleeves, black chip hat, with very broad crown, edged with gathered green and black chiffon, and caught up at the side with erect plumes and green chiffon rosettes resting on the hair; Lady Constance Knox looked very pretty in a silver grey Sicilian lustre frock, the sea jacket had revers and sailor collar of white silk, edged with three rows of silver braid, large grey chip hat, with a loosely twisted fold of white lisse, and pale grey plumes on one side; Mrs (Rev.) Kelly, pale green gown, with cream insertion lace, with narrow black velvet laced through, white straw Bond-streer hat, with black band; Mrs Matthew Clark, silver grey spotted silk gown, trimmed with cream lace insertion and narrow black velvet, white silk tucked pouched vest, large black chip hat, with a huge white ribbon bow in front; Miss Marjory Clark looked very pretty in a white embroidered cambrie frock, and white bonnet; Misses Keir were gowned in fawn lustre, with brown silk vests, brown chip hats, trimmed with cream lace and brown ribbon; Miss Mary Macnicol, pale grey lustre, with black silk facings, large Leghorn hat with black velvet band, and ruching of white chiffon; Miss Norrie, tubac brown skirt and coat, white vest, white sailor hat; Mrs Haslett, green and white silk gown, bonnet en suite; Mrs Carrick, black gown; Mrs Paton, brown surah silk gown, black hat, with cream and brown striped ribbon and yellow roses; Mrs T. P. Robertson, rich black Ottoman silk, with jet, black chip bonnet, with touches of violets; Miss Robertson (Scotland), white Swiss muslin blouse, with touches of heliotrope, black crepon skirt, large white chip hat, trimmed with heliotrope ribbon and white quills, and red poppies resting on the hair; Mrs (Dr.) Hayton, black silk crepon gown, black bonnet, with black sequined ribbon bow; Mrs Stevenson, black brocade, black bonnet; Miss Stevenson, white pique blouse, black skirt, black picture hat; Mrs Sommerville, black silk gown, black bonnet, with white forget-me-

nots; Mrs A. Stewart, black silk, lace cape, black bonnet, with purple flowers; Miss Stewart, fawn cloth skirt, and coat, white goffered silk chiffon vest, white hat; Mrs T. Baxter, black and grey check gown, black toque with yellow roses; Miss Winks, white and black striped pique, fawn toque, trimmed with green; Mrs de Montalk, black silk, black bonnet, with yellow; Mrs Graves Alekin, black silk, black bonnet, with pink flowers; Miss Aikin, Neapolitan blue cloth skirt and Eton jacket, white and black check vest, white sailor hat, with black band; Miss Philson, green cloth costume, pink vest, white hat, with cluster of pink roses; Mrs Dacre, black gown, trimmed with satin ribbon; Miss V. Dacre, pale blue cambrie; Mrs Thorne, brown costume; Miss Jessie Savage, green lawn blouse, tucks edged with white, cream skirt, Panama hat, with huge cluster of roses; Mrs Ernter, grey gown, trimmed with grey silk, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs Hughes-Jones, pretty amethyst gown, with trimmed founce skirt, black toque; Mrs Atkinson, green and white floral gown, black and green bonnet; Miss Atkinson, white and heliotrope check costume; Miss Gilbert, white pique; Misses Bell, mourning costumes.

There was a very large attendance of invited guests and the general public at the ceremony of

## OPENING THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

This long-felt want, viz., the need of a separate building for the treatment of our sick little ones, is at length satisfied. All that now remains is for some generous friends to come forward and supplement the £1500 already in hand for furnishing the same. One wing of the new building is for convalescent patients. The day was beautifully fine, tempered by a breeze from the sea, and the Hospital grounds with the magnificent view of the harbour thence obtainable looked their best. A guard of honour formed by the King's College Cadets, was drawn up to receive His Excellency and the Countess of Ranfurly. These unfortunate lads had to stand in the blazing sun for some time, and despite the large force of medical men and trained nurses no notice was taken of the very evident suffering of many of them from the heat until seven had one after another fainted from its effects. Then the military surgeon (Dr. Leger Erson) ventured to suggest that the circumstances of the case might allow of a relaxation of discipline and order, and the cadets, many of them very white, were moved forward a few paces into the shade and permitted to stand at ease.

The vice-regal party was, of course, punctual, and at three o'clock they arrived, and were received during the playing of the National Anthem by the Mayor (Mr Dignan), the Chairman of the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board (Mr J. Stichbury), representatives of various societies, Dr. Baldwin (Hospital medical superintendent), Mrs Wooten (matron), and all the available staff of nurses, etc. The Countess of Ranfurly was stylishly gowned in navy cloth faced with white, white vest, white hat with white feathers and crimson roses at the side and under the brim. Lady Constance Knox wore a soft dove-grey coat and frock, pretty grey hat with feathers to match. Captain Alexander and Mr Garland accompanied them. Miss Rosa Stichbury presented Lady Ranfurly with a handsome bouquet, and Lady Constance Knox with a pretty basket of flowers.

There were some very pretty dresses worn, especially by the invited guests. Mrs Baldwin, wife of the resident medical man, was becomingly dressed in fawn spotted muslin over white silk, the skirt had two founces edged with lace, black hat with chiffon and feathers; Mrs Wooten (matron), blue serge with red cross band on the arm; Mrs Masfield, very handsome black satin, with deep yellow insertion, lace across the bodice and lace on the skirt; black bonnet with chiffon bow, black plumes and mandarin yellow flowers; Miss Masfield, a pretty shade of cloud grey, pink chiffon plastron and neck band, white hat with feathers; Mrs Harrop, black skirt, blue and white striped blouse; Mrs Haines, an elegant summer costume of fawn spotted mousseline de soie over silk, striped silk sash, black fancy toque with shades of magenta floral trimming; Mrs Dignan, an effective mixture of fawn muslin and green silk Swiss belt, black hat with cerise trimming; Mrs Guttridge, all black; Mrs (Dr.) Walk-

er, pale lilac, blue cornflower in her bonnet; Mrs Darby, white muslin over blue; Mrs Erson, a deft combination of blue and green shades in her dress, upstand bows to match in her hat; Mrs J. J. Dixon, black; Mrs Peacocke, yellow muslin flowered with crimson, black hat with Mrs J. J. Dixon, black; Miss Pea—a grey mixture with horizontal rows of pink chiffon edged with primrose lace, bonnet of tulle with green and roses; Mrs J. W. James, handsome black silk spotted crepon trimmed with jet beads, lace and chiffon ruffled shoulder cape, black bonnet; Miss James, very becoming lilac muslin with narrow striped yoke and trimmings, with fancy straw hat with feathers and ribbon; the Misses Garland, white; Mrs Millar, green and red figured silk, white hat with bulging crown, covered with gold barred chiffon, feather and white silk side bows; Mrs J. J. Holland, rich black silk and green, black bonnet with green touches; Miss Holland, white pique with pink; Mrs Alfred Nathan, a lovely cream silky material, faintly figured in colours, black toque; Mrs Hooper, blue flowered muslin; Mrs Horace Walker, electric blue bengaline trimmed with rows of narrow black satin ribbon on skirt and bodice, white vest, straw hat with feathers and pale buff satin under spotted net; Mrs Devore, French grey coat and skirt, crushed strawberry silk vest kilted in yellow lace applique, very handsome black bonnet with a quantity of gold embroidery, pearls, and feathers; Mrs F. Barnard, black and white check, black chapeau; Mrs Nicholls, purple lilac, cream plastron, black hat; Miss McMillan, cream muslin; Miss Horne, pink and black; Miss Tole, white, blue scarf, black hat with yellow roses; Mrs Goldie, slate grey coat and skirt, black hat with feathers and blue trimming; Mrs King, small check silk with handsome bead embroidery facings, cream silk vest, purple and blue bonnet; Mrs Dacre, green shot silk, bonnet to match; Miss Girdler, white pique, white hat; Mrs Brabant, black, white plastron, pale yellow roses in her bonnet; Mrs Rose, brown costume, cream trimming; Mrs Hope Lewis, grey; Mrs Bedlington, black, mauve and black bonnet; Mrs Robson, white; Miss King, pink cambrie with insertion, white hat; Mrs A. S. Russell, small-patterned pigeon grey silk, black bonnet relieved with pink; Mrs Upton, a grey and brown check, grey silk rucked plastron, jet bonnet with shaded roses; Miss Shepherd, petunia costume; Mrs Townsend, grey with black trimming, variegated bonnet; Miss May Sellers, fawn, hat to match with crimson silk ruching; Mrs Bishop (Christchurch), mourning costume; Mrs Crowther, black, black bonnet with roses; Mrs and Miss Udy; Mrs Nicholson, pale green, black hat with yellow roses; Miss Crust, black, green in her bonnet; Mrs Garland, black, pretty chapeau; Mrs Sydney Nathan, handsome pale green silk under fine black lace grenadine, black silk sash, beaded green passementerie trimming, and bonnet with red and pink shades of flowers, chiffon and feathers; Miss Rattray, black; Mrs Jefferson, white pique coat and skirt, summer hat; Mrs Goodall, black dress; black bonnet; Mrs Chambers, black; Mrs Rattray, black; Miss Watson, white pique, white hat with flowers; one Miss Keesing in blue cambrie skirt, blue striped blouse bodice, hat trimmed with darker blue and foliage; the other in white pique skirt, pale green and white striped blouse, hat to harmonise; one lady whom I did not know wore a pretty fancy silk with narrow velvet ribbon trimming, cream hat laden with roses.

At last the long-expected day fixed for the

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION arrived and last Thursday saw crowds of people wending their way to Princes-street to see or be seen, or perhaps to combine both. There was no difficulty in making through the Exhibition buildings along the passages, lined with soldiers of various sorts, to the Choral Hall door, and there the crush began. Everyone was anxious to get in at once, so that it was difficult to see the smart frocks which had been specially made for this auspicious occasion. Full particulars of the opening ceremonies will be given elsewhere, so that only gowns need come under present consideration. The Countess of Ranfurly was very handsomely dressed in rich blue silk, brocaded with a small black and



white design. The skirt had two rows of white chiffon round the hem, the bodice opened over white silk covered with soft white chiffon, finished at the throat with a large chiffon bow, narrow chiffon frills at the wrists, white fancy hat with bulging crown and beautiful white ostrich plumes; Lady Constance Knox looked very pretty in white embroidered muslin, soft sea-green silk sash, white hat with white plumes. Amongst the many ladies present I distinguished Mrs Cowie in black silk, black bonnet with purple shaded ribbons; Mrs Macullagh, fawn check, trimmed with brown silk and cream lace, shaded bonnet with panies; Mrs de Montalk, gold shot silk lustre, black toque with yellow flowers; Mrs Mahoney, white China silk, tucked sleeves, large white hat; Mrs Ross (Parnell), black; Mrs Kent, a very handsome costume; Mrs Brett, rich black silk with fawn and rose figured vest, black silk cape with narrow rows of silk braid, black bonnet relieved with flowers; Mrs Rainger, striped costume of green, black and golden brown, white silk vest, white hat with cream roses, spotted tulle and polyanthus at the back; Mrs Walcott Wood, violet velvet and silk striped horizontally, vest and yoke of white satin with shoulder tabs, tulle hat with violet flowers; Miss Brett, smoke grey coat and skirt with white pipings, white Leghorn hat with chiffon and feather; a lady with Mr Langguth wore a brown and cream mixed silk, straw hat, brown edged, with cream ribbon; Mrs Hope Lewis, grey, black and white check silk cuffs and vest, white hat; Mrs Ambrose Millar, blue-green flounced gown, large white hat with feathers and cream lace applique, white hat; Mrs A. P. Donald, black grenadine over pink silk, straw toque with black rose-pink bows; Mrs Finlayson, green and black floral brocade; Mrs Peacocke, black and gold brocade, a very handsome dress, black and gold bonnet with wheatears; Mrs King, floral muslin over green silk; Mrs Myers, silver grey and white striped grenadine over satin, black bonnet, with algrette, chiffon and flowers; Mrs Hughes, petunia shot lustre, heliotrope bonnet with cream flowers; Mrs Seegner, blue-grey costume with white braid, white hat with pink roses and velvet; Miss Bertha Devore, blue floral muslin, a fawn and pink trimmed straw hat with large cluster of rosebuds; the American Consul's wife (Mrs Dillingham), a handsome dress of black and blue silk, cream lisse vest, accordion pleated, black chiffon round the throat, white hat with cerise flowers, cream ribbon and algrette; Mrs O. Mays, black silk gown; Miss Mays, striped blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hope-Lewis, blue and white, white hat; Mrs (Dr.) Walker, cream silky material trimmed with light brown silk, white chapeau with orange red roses; Miss Larkins, blue shot dress with peacock blue silk, black chip hat with pottle crown, violet flowers; Mrs Hanna, black, hat with apple green ribbon and apple blossoms; Mrs J. J. Craig, grass lawn muslin over pink silk, black toque with black chiffon and upstanding pink ribbon bows; Miss Myers, floral muslin with touches of pink, white hat with pink roses; Mrs Bolland, black figured lustre dress, lace mantle, black hat with erect bows of electric blue ribbon and passementerie; Mrs Napier, stylish navy cloth tailor-made, cream moire facings, small sailor hat; Miss Aubin, white Swiss muslin and insertion over salmon pink, black hat with ecru and coloured roses; Mrs Aubin, black satin; Mrs Hunter, pale grey skirt, pale striped blouse, black hat with purple; Mrs Holland, black silk, cream lace plastron, cream lace butterfly bow in her bonnet with osprey; Miss Hewin, French grey with black braid, white hat turned up at the brim; Mrs Tewlesly, white pique, Leghorn hat with white plumes and salmon pink roses; Mrs Arthur Nathan, Neapolitan blue with cream silk let in at the back and front of the bodice, black hat with green ribbon; Miss Holland, white pique, large pink bow at the throat, black hat with pink ribbon and feathers; the Misses Keeling were in different tones of grey, one with coat and skirt, white hat with purple flowers, the other with sleeves of a darker shade, grey hat with pink; Mrs Andrew Hanna, French grey silk, with rows of narrow black velvet, white silk vest; two pretty girls were dressed most charmingly in grey with white chiffon bows at

the throat, black velvet hats with white plumes; Mrs Matthew Clark, silver grey silk, white vest, black hat with violets; Mrs L. D. Nathan, grey silk skirt, flowered with black, white facings with black braiding, a touch of orange round the neck, toque of violets; Mrs Nelson, navy coat and skirt, white chiffon vest, bonnet with tinsel crown and magenta roses; Mrs Burgess, green floral muslin, apple green satin yoke, sailor hat; Mrs Du-four, black crepon, cerise plastron, black hat with cerise rosettes; Mrs John Reid, new shade of blue spotted muslin, flounced skirt edged with lace, trimmed with narrow velvet, large black hat with cerise rosettes; Mrs Broughton, black with green yoke and revers, bead garniture, black hat with pink and red roses and green ribbon; Mrs Dumack, Clerk, white pique, white hat; Mrs Kenderline, dahlia-brown dress with darker sleeves and velvet, hat with white feathers and black ribbon; Mrs Kilgour, white pique, white chip hat with white lisse and flowers; Mrs Gorrie, grey, black bonnet trimmed with heliotrope and plumes; Miss Gorrie, white pique, black chip hat turned up with roses; Mrs Devore, grey tinted muslin, with a tiny design of pink and black trimmed with frills edged with fine black lace, black bonnet with pink osprey and pink rosettes; Miss May White, sea-green muslin over pink, the yoke having rows of black velvet, black hat with crimson and pink roses; Miss Towsey, blue muslin flecked with brown, white hat with spotted black tulle, white wings and pale pink roses under the brim; Mrs Dennison, white pique, black hat with plumes; Mrs Wilson Smith, pink and white blouse, white skirt, white hat; Miss Devore, white blouse, plum-coloured skirt, white Leghorn hat; Miss Slater, navy, Eton jacket, white tucked sailor collar, white gem hat; Mrs Jones, an Oriental mixture of purple and sage green, etc., bonnet with chiffon and flowers; Mrs Caselberg, fawn tailor-made costume, white hat; Mrs Kempthorne, black grenadine striped with violet, yellow ribbon and orange bonnet trimmings; Miss Kempthorne, white dress, black hat with sea-green shot silk and blue quills; Miss Morrin, white Indian muslin; Mrs Johansen, heliotrope silk blouse, dark skirt, heliotrope in her toque; Mrs W. R. Holmes, stylish green and white check skirt made on the cross, bodice of cream canvas over green silk, and trimmed with green chiffon frills, black hat with roses; Mrs Frank Nelson, stylish gown; Mrs A. Porter, bottle green velvet blouse, dark skirt, black hat with flowers; Mrs C. Houghton, black; Mrs Dockrill, (New Plymouth); Mrs Crowther; Mrs Jennings; Mrs Blair, pink and white check blouse, dark skirt, large black hat with pink flowers; Mrs James Russell, handsome costume; Mrs Herries; Miss Wilkins, fawn cloth gown, Eton jacket faced with white moire, pink vest, white hat with pink flowers; Mrs Peter Lindsay, grey gown, blue vest, toque with blue; Miss Dargaville, heliotrope check zephyr, green straw hat with heliotrope wings; Mrs Reid Bloomfield, brown and pink floral silk, brown and pink bonnet; Mrs E. Bell; Mrs Thorne George, handsome black Matalasie silk gown, black bonnet with butterfly bow in front; Mrs Hoak; Mrs Dewsbury, black and white costume; Mrs Colbeck, black and white check gown; Miss Juddie, white pique, small white hat; Mrs Ledingham, pretty costume; Miss Halyday; Mrs Thomas Morrin, stylish black and white check silk gown with an applique design on bodice and skirt, white silk vest, black hat with plumes and roses; Miss McGlashan; Mrs John Chambers, sens, mourning; Miss Wallace; Miss Shepherd; Mrs J. R. Hanna, black silk grenadine over pale green silk, pink silk vest, green hat with touches of pink; Miss Hanna, white China silk, white hat; Mrs Kent; Mrs A. G. Purchns, handsome costume; Miss Effie Hanna, pink blouse, green skirt, Leghorn hat; Miss Geddis; Miss Churton, rose pink striped blouse, dark skirt; Mrs McDonald; Miss M. McDonald, grey; Miss Doty Davis, tartan silk blouse, dark skirt, black hat with roses; Mrs H. Jones, blue and white striped blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Rathbone, old rose gown trimmed with a darker shade velvet, large white hat with white plumes; Mrs E. Lewis, black; Mrs J. M. Geddis; Miss McGregor, slate grey costume; Mrs R. M. Watt, grey and white floral muslin, white silk tucked yoke, floral toque; Mrs T. Hodson; Miss K. Thompson,

white spotted muslin; Miss Thompson, green and white check blouse, dark skirt, green hat; Miss Lusk, pretty white China silk blouse with tucks, dark skirt; Mrs F. Maguire; Miss Purchns, white pique, small white hat; Mrs J. E. Page; Mrs Churton, buff cambric, white hat; Mrs S. Gilbert, buff cambric, white hat; Mrs W. Geddis, pretty summer muslin, small white hat; Mrs Litter, grass lawn, hat with pink; Miss Gertrude Biddle, white muslin, hat with green flowers; Mrs Bachelard; Mrs Robin Hay, white, black and white hat; Mrs Rose; Mrs Thorne, brown costume; Mrs Hyams, grey costume, white silk vest, floral hat; Mrs J. Baker, black, bonnet to match; Misses Hooper wore blue and pink muslins respectively; Mrs Banks; Miss Gorrie, pique skirt, check blouse, white hat; Miss Ada Dixon, tussore silk gown, white lace insertion on bodice; Miss Rosa Laird; Mrs Nicol, grey skirt and coat, white silk vest; Mrs Lang; Miss Rose, grey; Mrs Hunt, cream striped blouse, black skirt, black hat with cluster of flowers; Mrs Ruck, black and grey, bonnet to match; Mrs Howard, black; Mrs Cairns; Mrs Oliphant; Mrs Garrick; Mrs Crammond (nee Miss Howard); Mrs Green costume; Mrs Morpeth, black; Mrs Braithwaite, pale green costume; Mrs H. Campbell, very pretty silver grey dress, black picture hat; Mrs Brown, pink and brown silk, pretty pink bonnet; Miss Holland, black and white; Mrs Nathan, navy blue costume, large picture hat; Miss Shrewsbury, pale cream silk blouse, black skirt, black hat; Miss Coffey wore a pretty white dress, white gem hat; Miss Roskrugge looked well wearing a costume of cornflower blue, large hat with flowers.

A very enjoyable JUVENILE DANCE

was given by Mrs Alfred Nathan at her residence, 'Wickford,' Princes-st., on Tuesday evening. It was held as a farewell to the friends of Master Harold Nathan, who is about to leave for England for the purpose of completing his education. Dancing commenced at 8, and was kept up till nearly 12 o'clock, and even then the delighted guests could scarcely believe they had danced long enough. An excellent supper was continuously dispensed between the dances. Miss Rosie Nathan looked very dainty in a pretty, blue silk, trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Daisy Benjamin, white muslin; Miss Nelson, white silk; her sister, pink silk; the Misses Russell, white silk; Miss Fred; Miss Haslett, green muslin; Miss Vera Caro, dainty white silk; Miss Deniston, white; Misses Devore, Eileen Lewis, Weir, Kronfeldt; Miss Ida Thompson, blue. Most of the young ladies wore white. Mrs Nathan herself was charming in a handsome white satin. A few of her friends were invited specially to help to entertain, and amongst them I noticed Mrs Benjamin, the Misses Moss Davis, and Miss Kohn.

A few of the very young friends of Miss Gladys Nathan were entertained in the afternoon from three to seven — a most sensible arrangement for wee folk.

Mr and Mrs Howard gave a most ENJOYABLE BALL

at their residence, Central House, Hobson-street, on the 29th ult. Mr and Mrs Howard received the guests upon their arrival, and the proverbial hospitality of host and hostess was fully maintained. Dancing began at nine o'clock, and most exquisite music was supplied by Messrs L. Neumegen, Woodhams and Getties. Lavish preparations had been made in the way of decorations. The ball-room presented a gay and pleasing effect. The bare walls were panelled with dark green felt, the roof festooned with evergreens, flags and chinese lanterns. The lawn and terraces forming a delightful promenade to the dancers, were artistically lit with lanterns and fairy lights, which was a work of art worthy of record. The spacious dining-room was converted into an elegant supper-room, the table decorations being of gold and green silk, flowers and fairy lights to correspond. Amongst the ladies there was a prevalence of white dresses. The most noticeable were: Mrs Howard, charming gown gold mirror satin, trimming of heliotrope silk and chiffon; Mrs Schapp, lovely gown white satin; Mrs Dix looked well in maize satin, pearl trimmings; Mrs Mendelssohn, black satin,

trimmings real lace; Mrs Abbot, pretty pale blue silk; Mrs Hart, black moire relieved with cream; Miss Hart, (debutante), pretty white silk gown, trimming of chiffon. Amongst other ladies present were: Mesdames Mathews, Squirrel, Woodhams, Oudham, Neumegen, Raynes, Goldwater, Buchanan, Misses Mendelssohn (2), Oglivie (2), Goldwater, Goodwin, Belcher, Garrett, Larkins, Gilmour, Ballin, Loneragan, Knight, and others whose names I could not ascertain. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Busby, Dix, Ballin (2), Goldwater (2), Ratjen, Jackson, Neumegen, Foster, Todd, Buchanan, Raynes, Abbot, Froude, Hart, Griffin, Earl, Squirrel, Kelly, Jones, Wright (2), Howden, Gilmour, Johnson, Brown, Raven, Taylor, etc.

A most enjoyable PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY

was given by Mrs Wynyard at her residence 'Moor End,' Epsom, last Friday evening, when about forty guests were present. The top prizes were won by Miss Otway and Mr Gordon, and the booby prizes by Miss Percival and Mr Shepherd. Euchre was kept up till eleven o'clock, when dancing was indulged in until an early hour. The table decorations were very effective, and the supper was a most excellent one, and was evidently appreciated by everyone. Amongst those present were Mrs Wynyard, black silk; Miss Wynyard, who looked charming after her three months' trip to Gisborne, was dressed in pale pink; Mrs Otway, black relieved with white; Mrs Whyte, black; Mrs Harry Wynyard, cream with gold trimming; Miss Shepherd, looked elegant in blue; Miss Gurr (Gisborne), black and white; Miss Carr, pink; Miss Otway, white silk with red roses; Miss Burns, cream; Miss Pearl Little, white silk; Miss Percival, white with red; Miss Torrance, blue; Miss Cockburn, white; Miss Yonge, white; Miss Maggie Suttie, blue; Miss Blenzard-Brown looked well in white; Miss Whyte, cream. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs Wynyard (2), Suttie (2), Frost, Thomson, Ferguson, Gordon, Hume, Blenzard-Brown, Shepherd, Yonge, Laird, Burns, O'Halloran, etc.

Mrs Moss Davis gave a large MUSICAL 'AT HOME'

on Monday from four o'clock to six at her residence in Princes-street, Albert Park. Mr and Mrs Moss Davis received the guests in the large reception room and were ably assisted to entertain by their daughters and son. A tent was erected in the garden where a lady deep in the lore of palmistry sat in state and in perfect readiness to read any of the guests' past and future, and, of course, everybody, especially the ladies, wanted their future foretold, though they did not care for their past. The Italian musicians played their soft dreamy music on the lawn near a large bow window, so that its strains exquisitely floated through the many reception and refreshment rooms. The latter, two in number, were thrown open soon after the guests' arrival, so that they could pass through ad lib and partake of the tasty refreshments, which, I think, is a much better idea than having them dispensed just at the moment prior to departure, which makes it rather like a scramble. The vocal music of the afternoon was furnished by the best of Auckland's amateur singers — Mr Archdale Taylor, Miss K. Thompson, Miss Moss Davis, etc. The best item during the afternoon was the humorous song contributed by the talented Mrs (Dr.) Sharman, which was very much appreciated. There was no stiffness about this function on account of the guests being allowed to roam whither they listed, and it took the form of a garden party, ferns, strawberries and cream, and other tasty delicacies were dispensed in the reception rooms. Mrs Moss Davis, white satin, veiled in black lace, becoming violet floral toque; Miss Moss Davis looked well in a cream serge skirt, made with a simulated flounce, which hung in folds to the ground in a most graceful manner, being tight from the waist and around the hips (this fashion being quite the vogue of this summer), white bodice, with sky blue yoke and cuffs, black hat, turned up with pink roses; Miss Sybil Moss Davis wore a skirt similar to her sister, white blouse, with lace, black hat; the two youngest Misses Moss Davis wore blue and white figured frocks, white picture hats; Mrs Thomas Morrin, stylish grey striped silk, with

blue vest and cuffs, the skirt was handsomely braided with grey, black mushroom hat; Mrs Alfred Nathan looked very lovely in cream striped silk, with lace and gold bead trimming; Miss Ireland, green, with lace insertion; her sister, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Williams and Mrs Pitt, black mourning costumes; Mrs McArthur, green costume; Miss Towsey, white skirt, fawn tussore silk blouse; Mrs S. Morrin; Miss Mona Thompson, grey costume, trimmed with blue; Miss K. Thompson; Mrs Reid Bloomfield, black; Mrs Willie Bloomfield, looked very beautiful in white silk, with lace, black velvet hat; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, grey check, with black braid, rose coral silk toque; Miss Horton, white; Mrs Tewlesy, white; Misses Isaacs; Mrs Charles Haines, rose coral pink silk, veiled in fawn lace; Mrs J. Smith; Miss Smith; Mrs Markham, white pique; Mrs Ranson; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, black; Mrs and Miss Peacock (Ponsonby); Mrs and Miss Kerr-Taylor; Mrs Sidney Nathan; Mrs and Miss MacFarlane; Mrs Arthur Nathan, navy blue costume; Miss Julia Nathan, white silk skirt, dome blue silk blouse, cream picture hat, profusely trimmed with variegated roses; Mrs Casellberg; Mrs W. H. Churton, pretty cream costume, toque en suite; Mrs J. Mowbray; Mrs John Roach, handsome black mourning costume of crepon and black beads, white silk cuffs, yoke and collar, veiled in black lace, black hat, with white silk poppies; Mrs (Dr.) Sharmar, very handsome cream serge costume, with gold braid, black velvet hat; Mrs Wilfred Rathbone, pink terre costume, trimmed with velvet; Mrs Hamflu, black; Miss Little, pink muslin; Miss Caro, white; Miss Benjamin, white; Mrs H. Griffiths, brown; Mrs and Miss Ware; Mrs and Miss Cotter; Mrs and Miss Gill; Mrs R. Dargaville, grey costume; Miss Dargaville, mauve muslin, white sailor hat, with green band and mauve bows; Mrs Archdale Taylor, small grey and black check; Mrs Keesing; Mrs McMillan; Miss McMillan, fawn lace costume, with mauve Empire sash; Mrs Duthie; Mrs Nelson; Miss Wilkins, fawn and pink; Mrs Chambers, black; Mrs Chambers, juu, slate grey; Mrs Edward Lewis, black; Miss Dolly Davis; Mrs Humphrey Haines, very pretty pink costume, made in yachting style, with white lace vest; Miss Gill, lovely Lincoln green tailor-made gown, white vest; Mrs Ching, very handsome black mourning costume; Mrs L. D. Nathan, handsome combination of black satin, with plaid trimming, toque with red flowers; Miss S. Nathan, stylish English costume; Miss Large, white; Mrs Preston Stevenson, pretty pink and black costume, toque with pink roses; Miss White, Mrs and Miss Edmiston, Mrs (Dr.) Ludsay, Messrs W. Rathbone, A. Taylor, Hogg, Crombie, J. Phillips, P. A. Phillips, Purchas, Eller, Dr. Sharmar, Rabbi Goldstein, the Captains and several officers from the two warships now in harbour. This was another function given as a farewell to Miss Sybil Nathan.

#### At the BANCIO CONCERT

Lady Ranfurly wore a handsome black satin evening gown, bodice elaborately embroidered with jet; Lady Constance Knox, soft white frock.

There was a fashionable attendance at the Choral Hall on Thursday last on the occasion of the production of

#### 'SULLIVAN'S GOLDEN LEGEND'

in connection with the Exhibition. The ladies of the choir and orchestra were prettily gowned in white, with red sashes for the contraltos and blue for the sopranos. The vice-regal party was present. The Countess of Ranfurly wore a most becoming evening dress of rich white satin brocade, the bodice was of cerise silk, veiled in filmy chiffon, the short sleeves were bordered with cerise shaded roses, and the same flowers nestled on the corsage and in the waved dark hair; Madam Du Rien wore a dainty confection of cloudy grey lisse over white silk, the long sleeves were of the same diaphanous material, the low corsage was brightened with a touch of orange and a jewelled ornament, orange sun-ray plumed cape; Miss Large, very pretty pink silk gown softened with white chiffon; Mrs Devore, black satin evening gown, spangled white satin epaulettes; Miss Devore, white silk skirt, yellow silk bodice with berthe of lace, long transparent sleeves; Mrs Holland, black silk; Miss Holland, yellow brocade bodice arranged with

white lace; Mrs Thorne George, rich black satin gown; Mrs Colbeck, black satin; Miss Ida George, black satin, white silk long sleeves veiled with black chiffon; Mrs McMillan, handsome black silk gown; Miss Earle looked graceful in cream silk with orange brocade sleeves, Medici collar and sash; Mrs Rainger, blue satin gown, bodice veiled with blue pleated silk chiffon; Mrs Walcot Wood wore a very handsome lil green Ottoman silk gown, the low corsage being lightly draped with cream silk lace, trails of pink roses on shoulders and a cluster of the same flowers resting on her hair; Mrs H. Lloyd Brett was attired in a rich black brocade, the bodice covered with cream lace of a Honiton design, and finished with black velvet and chiffon; Miss Tilly, white figured silk evening bodice, trimmed with pearls, long white lace sleeves, black satin skirt; Miss Williams, yellow silk, low corsage edged with handsome pearl passementerie; Mrs Rathbone, old rose gown trimmed with velvet; Mrs Fenton, black; Mrs Egerton, white China silk gown; Mrs Hope Lewis, black evening gown, square cut corsage edged with a band of velvet studded with jet; Mrs Hunt, pretty pink silk evening gown; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, black silk, white opera cape; Miss Brodie, black evening gown; Miss Brett, black long lace sleeves, square cut bodice brightened with crimson and cream silk Maltese lace; Mrs Cotter, handsome black satin, white chiffon plastron; Miss Cotter, white silk bodice with ruchings of emerald green chiffon, green silk skirt; Miss Winnie Cotter, black satin, white opera cape; Miss M. Cotter, soft white; Mrs Ashton Bruce, pink silk bodice with jet garniture, black skirt; Mrs Robison, white silk evening bodice trimmed with jet and chiffon edged with black, black skirt; Miss A. Murray, white silk trimmed with chiffon; Mrs E. Mahony wore an effective white China silk gown, the sleeves being clinging and tucked, white ostrich feather trimming arranged on bodice; Mrs Burgess (New Plymouth), green broche evening bodice with white satin tabs from low neck, dark skirt; Mrs Napier looked exceedingly well in a black silk evening gown; Mrs Millar, cream evening gown; Mrs Townley (Gisborne), black satin, pink silk vest, handsome pink and black velvet brocade cape; Mrs Hughes, shot silk lustre gown; Mrs N. Bagnall, terracotta silk gown; Mrs Parr looked pretty in black silk with a very handsome white satin pointed opera cape trimmed with jet and white chiffon; Mrs A. B. Donald, black gown relieved with pink; Mrs Geddis, white silk, low corsage fringed with pearls; Miss Geddis, grey silk gown; Miss Reeves, green silk with pink chiffon introduced on bodice; Mrs Myers, black gown trimmed with foms of black chiffon and jet; Mrs Cheeseman, black lace over rose pink silk, pink silk yoke veiled with white lisse; Miss Walcott, pink silk evening gown; Mrs Jackson, white gown; Miss Wallace, black and anyesthet broche blouse, dark skirt; Miss Macdonald, rose pink satin evening bodice trimmed with chiffon, black skirt.

Mrs Sidney Nathan gave a

#### LARGE 'AT HOME'

last Tuesday afternoon as a farewell to Miss Sybil Nathan. The Italian Band were again in request and played their sweet harmonies in an ante-room off the two reception rooms. Mrs Sidney Nathan received us in her usual cordial manner at the entrance of the first reception room, which was guily and profusely decorated with the choicest and most fragrant of roses. The second room was adorned with vases of daisies and red poppies. Misses Myers ably assisted our hostess to entertain her numerous guests. Songs were contributed by Mrs Archdale Taylor, Mrs (Dr.) Lavery, etc. The decoration of the tea-table was quite a work of art, having the English combination of blue, red, white and blue. Ribbons of these three colours hung artistically from the gas chandeliers, suspending a beautiful letter 'S' of white flowers, representing Sybil, whom the afternoon function was given in honour of. Vases of red, white and blue flowers intermingled with ribbons of the same colour added most wonderfully to this pleasing effect. Mrs Sidney Nathan, electricque blue, veiled in black lace, handsomely trimmed with passementerie; Miss Myers and Miss Etsey Myers looked fresh and dainty in white shower muslins and lace; Mrs Baume, handsome

bronze watered silk; Mrs Louis Myers, grey silk; Mrs William Coleman, very striking plaid silk costume; Mrs Leo Myers looked chic in canary silk, veiled in white muslin; Mrs A. Myers, black costume, with beads; Mrs Keesing; Mrs Ingall, yellow striped muslin, grey hat, with feathers; Mrs L. D. Nathan, plaid skirt, green silk blouse, toque with pink flowers; Miss Sybil Nathan, green stripe costume, violet floral hat; Mrs Thomas Morrin, white pique skirt, sapphire blue silk blouse; Mrs Charles Haines, rose pink, veiled in fawn; Mrs Kilgour, white pique; black velvet hat; Mrs and Miss Cotter; Mrs MacFarlane; Mrs Ware; Mrs Whitney, green silk costume, with black spots, pink vest, green hat, with pink roses; Miss Horton, white; Mrs Burns, black silk, sprigged with a canary flower; Miss Burns, white pique, very becoming violet hat; Mrs Ching, black mourning costume; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay, fawn, with blue vest, smart blue plaid ribboned toque; Misses Lennox; Mrs Hardie, black; Miss Hardie, white pique, violet hat; Mrs McMillan; white muslin; Mrs Archdale Taylor, grey check; Miss Julia Nathan, white costume; Miss Large (Napier), white; Miss Donald; Miss Craig, blue flowered muslin; Miss Caro, white skirt, grey blouse, with pink chiffon; Mrs Isidor Alexander; Miss Stella Alexander; Mrs Casellberg; Miss Coates, white; Mrs Clifton, black skirt, pink check blouse, toque with roses; Mrs Kingswell, black silk, rose coral silk toque; Mrs Walcot Wood (Christchurch), filmy green muslin, with crescent shape design of a darker hue, with fine white lace edging, the waist was encircled by a folded band of green ribbon, ending in bows and streamers at back, white hat, trimmed with lilies of the valley and green leaves; Mrs Rainger, brown, blue and black striped costume, with white lace applique from waist to hem of skirt, white hat, with yellow cowslips; Miss Brett, soft grey Bengaline, trimmed with white, white vest; Miss J. Reeves, grey check costume; Misses Conolly (2); Miss Sellers; Misses Kenphorn (2); Miss Coleman, purple silk, veiled in black lace, and finished with heliotrope vest; Miss M. Coleman, grey; Mrs Moss Davis; Mrs S. Moss Davis; Misses Kerr-Taylor; Mrs Edward Lewis; Miss Dolly Davis; Mrs (Dr.) Lavery, black costume; Mrs Edmiston; Miss Ashton, dark skirt, light blouse; Misses Gorrie; Miss Lucas; Mrs Arthur Nathan.

Mrs N. Alfred Nathan gave a

#### LARGE 'AT HOME'

on Wednesday last at her residence, 'Wickford', Princes-st., which was a very brilliant and successful function given as a farewell to Miss Sybil Nathan. Mr and Mrs Nathan received their guests in their usual cordial manner at the entrance of the reception room. The gentlemen were in the majority, so the ladies had an excellent time. There was no necessity for any wall flowers as our host and hostess introduced the strangers, so that everybody enjoyed themselves. A marquee was erected at the entrance of the house and was divided in two parts, one portion being set apart as a gentlemen's smoking room; the other as a cool retreat for the non-dancers and chaperones. From here the dancers could be watched through the large bow window of the ballroom. The floor was in capital order, the children's dance on the prior evening having worked it into perfect dancing condition. Burke's band supplied the music. Upstairs we found two balconies thrown open for our use, one overlooking the exhibition ground, which was lit up in preparation for the next day (the opening one), and of course as all our hostess' guests wanted to have a glimpse of what was in preparation for the morrow, this balcony became in very much request. The other balcony overlooked Princes-street, where those who wished for a quiet tete-a-tete found this much cooler than the opposite side.

A large marquee was erected at the back of the house for supper, where we found everything in fairy like precision. The decorations were profuse and tasteful. Opposite to the entrance door of the supper marquee, the guests' eyes were attracted by the beautifully decorated words 'adieu,' worked in white daisies and shivery grass with a black background. Above this were two S's artistically decorated in roses. The marquee itself was transformed into a supper-room, decorated with lycopodium, baskets of ferns, etc., and draped

with flags. The large centre table was draped with mignonette green silk relieved with cream silk and vases of sweet pea flowers in every colour, mixed with maiden hair fern. Small tables were arranged round with seating accommodation for two. The seating accommodation of the whole was for about sixty people. Here we found prepared an excellent champagne supper with all the delicacies in and out of season.

During the early part of the evening light refreshments of claret cup, ices, etc., were dispensed, the table being uniquely decorated with vases of gladiolus and ferns. The mantel-piece of ballroom was sweetly banked with roses. The rival belles were Misses Devereux, S. Moss Davis, and E. MacFarlane.

Mrs Alfred Nathan looked very lovely in a white silk, with three small frills on edge of skirt, the décolletage was one mass of billowy lace finished on shoulder with spray of salmon pink flowers, and fastened with diamond brooch, diamond necklet, ostrich feathers in coiffure; Mrs L. D. Nathan looked very well in an English costume of black silk veiled in black gauzy material with gold spangled wave-traced designs, bands of red velvet round bodice, and finished with diamonds; Miss Sybil Nathan looked well in white satin, with diamond ornaments, her coiffure dressed high in coils; Mrs Arthur Nathan, black lace with lace trimmings, and finished with gold; Miss Julia Nathan looked dainty as usual in a white frilled and striped mouseline de soie, coiffure arranged in small knot at nape of neck; Mrs Edward Lewis, black silk, with black jet beads; Miss Dolly Davis, creamy fawn silk; Mrs Thomas Morrin, grey satin with silver beads and tulle; Miss Morrin, white satin, with mouseline de soie evening bodice; Mrs Sam Morrin, grey silk finished with white lace and pink roses; Miss Firth, black lace costume with white satin vest, black cigarette in hair; Mrs James Russell, blue broche with pink flowers; Miss Thompson, black with white lace; Miss K. Thompson, canary silk with violets in coiffure; Miss J. Reeve, pink silk with wreath of pink flowers on shoulder and in coiffure; Miss Hardie, white silk finished with scarlet; Miss Flora McDonald, pink creponette; Miss Dargaville, blue broche very much ruched round bodice and finished with tulle; Miss Devereux was much admired in white silk with scarlet flowers; Miss MacFarlane, white relieved with red, and her sister looked attractive in mauve with wicker work bands of ribbon velvet on corsage; Mrs Moss Davis, apricot brocade silk finished with white lace, diamond necklet; Miss Moss Davis, white satin with white lace, scarlet flower in coiffure; Miss Sybil Moss Davis looked picturesque in white; Miss Williamson, dark skirt, pink evening blouse with sash and streamers of pink; Miss Churton, white with scarlet flowers; Miss Mabel Churton, white silk blouse with yellow bows, yellow skirt; Miss Mowbray, cream silk trimmed with a darker hue; Miss Horton, white broche; Misses Kerr Taylor (2), pink muslins; Miss Ware, black net costume with white roses on décolletage; Miss Brodie, black net with silver beads; Miss Sareta McLaughlin, white silk with bands of canary ribbon round bodice; Miss Kohn, white silk profusely trimmed with chiffon and relieved with ostrich feathers on shoulder and coiffure; Mrs Benjamin, blue broche; Miss Stella Alexander, white debutante silk; Miss Maud Wilkins, black silk with band of yellow ribbon on décolletage and wreath of yellow flowers on shoulder; Messrs Anderson, Firth, Mowbray, Benjamin, L. D. Nathan, Leckie, Arthur Nathan, Moss Davis, Purchas, Carminer, Keesing, Pickering, Rutherford, Bere, Gordon, Hogg, Kerr Taylor, Daveney, McLaughlin, Biss (2), Gillies, Myers, Taylor, Phillips (2), Nelson, Bruce, Crombie, Nathan, Williamson, Eller, Rabbi Goldstein, Dr. Pabst, Dr. Parkes, and several officers of H.M.S. now in harbour.

#### WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, December 5.

#### AN EXCELLENT CONCERT

was given by the Orchestral Society on Friday night, in the Opera House. Besides the orchestral pieces there were vocal items by Miss Ross and



Mr Moorar, the latter gaining great applause. The house was very full; among the audience were—Mrs Ross, wearing a black satin bodice, trimmed with pink silk and white lace; Mrs Mee, black skirt, deep blue bodice, trimmed with passementerie; Mrs Gill, black silk, trimmed with jet and lace; Mrs Amelia Smith, black skirt, white pleated chiffon bodice, trimmed with jet; Mrs Seed, brown silk, trimmed with white lace and passementerie; Mrs M. Ross, black silk, lace and jet on the bodice of black silk, trimmed with passementerie and pale blue silk; Mrs Tweed, black velvet; Mrs Mills, handsome black satin, trimmed with jet and lace; Mrs Grady, black silk and lace; Mrs Robertson, black silk, white lace on the bodice; Mrs Hislop, black satin, trimmed with jet and lace; Mrs Watkins, black silk gown, white cape trimmed with fur; Mrs Barraud, black silk trimmed with jet and passementerie; Mrs Martin, pale blue silk gown, white cloak; Mrs Barbour, black silk; the Misses Mee, black skirts, blue silk blouses, trimmed with white lace; Miss Ross, white brocade, trimmed with lovely lace; Miss Gill, black satin, bodice of pink silk, trimmed with black lace; Miss Smith, white muslin; Miss Seed, black silk and chiffon; Miss Simpson, black silk, the bodice relieved with red roses, white silk and chiffon; Miss O'Connor, black silk, white chiffon and pink flowers on the bodice; Miss Skerrett, white silk; Miss Grady, black silk, trimmed with pale blue; Miss Harcourt, black satin, white lace on the bodice; Miss Henry, black silk; Miss Hislop, white silk and chiffon; Miss Rawson, white muslin, trimmed with white lace; Miss Logan, white silk and lace; Miss Prouse, pale pink silk; Miss Fraser, white silk gown, blue cloak, trimmed with white fur; Miss Koch, black silk and lace; Miss L. Koch, white silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Barbour, white muslin, trimmed with lace; Miss Hall, black satin, trimmed with jet and lace.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, November 29.  
On Friday evening the Garrison Band gave a

MOONLIGHT CONCERT

in the Botanical Reserve. The night was fine and warm so quite a large number of people availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing good music without the fatigue of sitting in a hot building. Pretty coloured lanterns were hung round the Band Rotunda, the effect of which was charming. The music was much enjoyed by all. By the dim light of the moon it was difficult to see who were present, but a few I distinguished were the Misses Leggatt, Webb-Howen (2), T. Atkinson, Hayter, Maginnity (2), Lightfoot (2), Messrs Hursthouse (2), Denniston (Christchurch), Pitt, Adams, Heaps, Maginnity, Bonar, etc.

A SMALL DANCE

was given at 'Warwick House' on Tuesday evening by Mr Justice Denniston, of Christchurch, who, with his son and daughter, spent a few days in Nelson. The function was quite an impromptu little affair, but was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. The ball-room was in splendid order for dancing. Mrs Greenfield kindly played, so of course the music was all one could desire. Amongst those present were Miss Denniston, the Misses Fell (2), Richmond (Wellington), Webb-Howen (2), Atkinson, Leggatt, Harris, Judge Denniston, Messrs M. Denniston, Bonar, Moore (2), Mackay, Dr. Gane (Christchurch), and others.

PHYLIS.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, November 29.  
Mrs Harvey gave a small BIRTHDAY PICNIC for her two children, who rejoice in the pet appellation of 'Jack and Jill.' The picnic was held in Eason's Valley, and was most enjoyable. Among those present were Mrs Harvey, Mrs Speed, Mrs Rutherford, Misses Chapple, Mason, Mackenzie, Dobbie (3), Rutherford (2), Sealy, etc.

Mrs Allen had

AN AFTERNOON

for Mrs F. Downes, of Dunedin. Those invited were Mrs Robertshaw, Mrs Andrews, Mrs Marefield, Mrs Sealy, Misses Greenhill and Gard.

On Thursday the Misses Fell gave a farewell

AFTERNOON TEA

for Miss Philpotts, who is to be married early next month to Mr Henry Harris, of Pelorus Sound. The Misses Fell (2) received the guests in blue and white striped gowns; Miss Philpotts was in white muslin, with white sailor hat; Miss M. Philpotts was also in white; Miss E. Philpotts, pale blue; Miss Giffilan wore a pretty pale pink muslin blouse, trimmed with white insertion, and dark skirt; Miss Dobbie, dark skirt and pink blouse; Miss Western, pink costume, white hat; Miss F. Western, white dress; Miss E. Western, pale green and white costume; Miss Cummings, black, relieved with coral pink silk; Miss Jackson, black lustre skirt and coat, with green and white vest; Miss Howard, black dress, brightened with rose pink silk, pretty hat, trimmed with clover; Miss Greensill, dark skirt, green blouse, white hat; Miss Hallett, pale blue and white frock, white hat; Miss Morne Fell, black skirt and pretty blouse; Miss Mason, fawn costume, black hat, with chiffon and roses; Miss Mackenzie, dark dress, handsome cape, trimmed with chiffon, and pretty toque; Miss Harris, black costume. Miss Dobbie played the violin and Misses Hallett and Greensill pianoforte solos, and Misses M. Fell, E. Western, Hallett, M. Philpotts and Howard contributed songs.

Picton people have been enjoying a real treat during an all too short week, hearing Mrs Downes sing. She has been quietly visiting all her old friends and charming them with her rich contralto voice. We were all quite grateful, and kept her going, morning, noon and night. Fortunately for us, she was generous, knew all the songs worth singing, and sang them for our pleasure.

A strong committee has been appointed to work up the New Year's Day regatta, so we hope to have a successful event. The prizes are to be worth competing for, and it is expected that Wellington, Nelson and Blenheim will have a try for the laurels. There is also a probability that the Sounds will revive their Easter Monday regatta, which was held at Kenepuru, but which was killed by the bigger event—the Championship Regatta—being held at Picton. We all hope it will be revived this year. It was such an enjoyable outing and quite an interesting meeting of old identities.

JEAN.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, November 28.

Great was the tribulation when, from very early morning until the middle of the forenoon, heavy rain fell on Wednesday, the

A. & P. SHOW DAY.

Then it began to clear, and afterwards was beautifully fine and warm. The rain had a very beneficial effect on the Maxwell Road, on which there was great traffic that day, and there was little dust. There was a larger attendance of visitors to the Show than has ever been known before, and a great many more exhibits. Special prizes were given to those securing the greatest number of points. That for the most points in domestic produce fell to Mrs H. Hammond, Miss Gifford coming second. The prize for most points in farm was won by Mr J. C. Chaytor. Messrs Bell and Sons secured the special prize for most points in the sheep class, and also the one for most points throughout the Show; Mr J. C. Chaytor coming second in each case. The tasteful manner in which the Hibernian Band played during the afternoon was very pleasing, and attracted particular attention. The members of the band were arrayed in their new uniforms, which are a great improvement on the old ones. The domestic produce was arranged in the centre of a large marquee, in which the heat from the sun seemed concentrated, so that the exhibits of butter presented a sorry appearance. Surely the large room under the stand would be more suitable for such exhibits, and afternoon tea could be dispensed in the marquee. Mrs Fred Dodson took first prize, as she always does, for a collection of bottled fruit, which was a perfect and most tempting display. In such a large assemblage there were many unknown to me, but of the few I knew that came within my range of vision I will en-

deavour to tell you. Mrs J. Symons (Kekeurangi), wore a cream dress with bands of green velvet; Mrs A. P. Green, bluish-grey jacket and skirt, toque of yellow straw; Mrs W. Adams (Langley Dale), fawn jacket and skirt; Mrs Orr wore a stylish dress of black canvas over yellow silk, front of yellow silk in alternate rows of narrow tucks, and black velvet, becoming hat; Mrs G. W. McIntosh, green jacket and skirt, stylish hat; Mrs McIntire, black; Mrs C. W. Adams, black over mauve, bonnet to match; Mrs G. Watts ('Lansdowne'), bluish-grey dress, white lace vest; Mrs Bright, grey costume, red tie and hatband; Mrs G. Robinson, very pretty yellow muslin, with large spots, yellow satin belt; Mrs P. Doullin, white dress; Mrs Clouston, white; Mrs Mowat, black; Mrs Neville, black; Mrs A. Farmer, jacket and skirt, and pretty pink silk front; Mrs McFarlane (Wellington), white drill; Mrs R. McCallum; Mrs Grace; Mrs Lambie; Mrs Duckworth; Mrs E. Chaytor, black serge skirt, striped blouse, sailor hat; Mrs A. Mowat, heliotrope muslin, toque to match; Miss McLaure (Nelson), blue and white striped print dress; her sister, dark blue and white stripe, red belt and tie; Miss Grady (Wellington), pretty blue dress, with cream lace yoke; Miss Harding, pretty heliotrope zephyr; Miss Johnston, very pretty pink floral muslin, the bodice of alternate rows of narrow tucks, and white insertion, horizontally placed; Miss Ferguson, pretty white dress, bodice and sleeves of rows of tiny tucks and insertion; Miss Adams, green pique, with narrow white stripe; Miss M. Ewart, green checked muslin, epaulettes lined with green silk; Miss Powell, pink gingham and white lace; Miss Waddy, pretty white dress; Miss E. Waddy and Miss E. Carey, both wore white dresses. Others were—Mesdames Griffiths, Powell, Carey, Smith, Scott, Horton, B. Clouston, Clare, Hillman, R. Bell, Richardson, Cleghorn, H. Dodson, Jackson, Howard, J. Duncan (Picton), F. Ward, W. Green, C. H. Mill, H. Mills, Allender, Chaytor, Corry, the Misses McLauchlan (3), McCallum (2), Harding (2), Farmer (2), Redwood (2), Hutcheson, Linton, Harley, Purser (2), Mullen (2), Macey (2), Clare, Jeffries (2), Bell, Fulton (2), Browne (2), R. Barnett, Bull (2), Moore, Chaytor (2), Jackson, A. Goulter, Ward, Williams (2), Mills (3), Rose (2), and Messrs G. Watts, W. Adams, A. Symons, Orr, Burden, G. Otterson, Hodson (2), Bell (2), R. Goulter, Horton, J. Conolly, Redwood (2), Croker, Harris, McIntire, E. Kenny, E. Chaytor, Griffiths, Dymock, C. W. Adams, Bright, S. Fell (Picton), Clifford, Bunting, Pollard, Mirams, H. Stow, A. P. Green, Clouston (2), A. Mowat, Colt, R. Scott, Lambie, Hillman, Bolton, Eccles, etc.

At the Marlborough Tennis Courts on Saturday, the afternoon tea was given by Mrs A. Mowat and Mrs B. Clouston. Delicious sweets were also provided. A few of those present were: Mesdames Griffiths, A. P. Green, Black, Orr, the Misses Johnston, Adams, Waddy, and Messrs Teschemaker, G. Robinson, Stubbs, Mirams, Harris, Pulliense, etc.

FRIDA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 2.  
The third musical 'AT HOME' of the New Plymouth Liederkrantzchen was held in St. Mary's Hall on Wednesday evening, and a very attractive programme was provided. The hall was artistically decorated with arum lilies and greenery, with excellent effect. The windows were draped with green and yellow, the Society's colours, and the curtains at the back of the stage made a charming background to the fair members in their white dresses. Mrs Paul looked handsome in black satin, ruffled chiffon sleeves, white roses on the bodice; Mrs H. Fookes, white; Mrs Dougherty, pretty pink blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Reid, black silk; Miss Kyngdon, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss G. Holdsworth, pink blouse, white lace fichu, black skirt; Mrs Roy, crimson; Miss M. Roy, pretty pink blouse, trimmed with cream lace, dark skirt; Mrs Bramley, black and pink grenadine; Mrs Brohm (Dunedin), black silk; Mrs Hall, pale green silk blouse, with jet trimmings, black skirt; Mrs Hursthouse, black; Miss M. Robinson, cream blouse, dark skirt; Miss Beale, a

dainty cream and yellow dress; Mrs Courtney, black skirt, cream blouse; Miss E. Hursthouse, white; Mrs Higgs, pink shot silk blouse, trimmed with green, dark skirt; Mrs Bacon, dark skirt, blue silk and cream lace blouse; Miss A. Irvin, cream; Miss Bedford, white muslin, with red silk trimmings; Mrs McGill, white and heliotrope; Miss Speed, a striking costume of red mercerille, and black trimmings; Misses Evans, white; Miss Marshall, grey striped silk; Miss Smith, grey; Mrs Hampton, black, with fawn front, dainty cap; Mrs W. Newman, scarlet; Miss Halse, very pretty blouse of pale green, veiled in cream chiffon, black skirt; Miss M. Humphries, flowered muslin; Mrs Robinson, black; Mrs Marchant (Timaru), black and dove coloured costume; Miss Fookes, pretty pale blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss McKellar, dark skirt, pale pink spotted muslin blouse; Miss Jackson, yellow, and black velvet trimmings; Miss Drake, terracotta silk and black lace; Mrs Bault, black and gold; Mrs Bayly, black and white, lace trimmings; Mrs Walter Bayly, cream muslin; Mrs Morrison, pretty white silk blouse, trimmed with green, black silk skirt; Miss Hirst, black and white; Mrs Marshall, black, pretty pink and white cap; Miss Campbell (Nelson), white, and scarlet poppies on shoulder; Miss Harrison, very pretty green chiffon blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Barrow, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Bannister, white spotted muslin, over yellow; Miss Smith, pink blouse, grey skirt; Messrs Bedford, McGill, Skinner, Drake, Noble, Cooper, Bault, Watkins.

The Taranaki Agricultural Society held their

ANNUAL SHOW

last Thursday, December 1st, which totally eclipsed its predecessors. There was a large attendance of the public, and the scene was a very animated one. The interest shown by the public was much greater than ever it has been, and the entries, too, were far more numerous than those of last year. Among the large crowd I noticed:—Mrs Carthew, fawn silk blouse, dark skirt, bonnet en suite; Miss Carthew, very pretty costume of cream, trimmed with olive green silk, hat to match; Miss M. Ambridge, white; Mrs Walter Bayly, blue costume; Miss MacAllum, fawn coat and skirt; Miss N. McAllum, white blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Standish, black; Miss Standish, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Cornwall, blue blouse; black skirt; Miss Alier, pale blue, dainty white parasol; Miss Castle, fawn costume, relieved with green velvet; Miss M. Webster looked very pretty in white muslin, sailor hat; Miss B. Webster, green and pale blue; Miss M. Glynes, black and white stripe costume; Miss Bedford, brown holland, trimmed with white braid; Miss J. Lawson, cream, very pretty hat, trimmed with cream feathers; Miss Kirkby, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss B. Kirkby, dark skirt, pale blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Inn, cream and green blouse, black skirt; Misses Siggs (Mania), brown costumes; Miss I. Ellis, red; Miss E. Ellis, cream, hat to match; Mrs Bedford; Miss Currie Bayley, heliotrope; Miss J. McKellar, grey costume; Miss F. Tribe, dainty flowered muslin; Mrs D. Wood looked extremely well in white drill, Leghorn hat, trimmed with pale blue; Mrs Foote, black silk, picture hat, relieved with heliotrope; Mrs Avery, grey blouse, dark skirt; Miss A. Avery, dark skirt, white sailor blouse, pretty cream and yellow hat; Miss Norah O'Carroll, blue blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Ford, dainty costume of cream and mauve, hat en suite; Miss Teed, pink and white check; Miss Humphries, black; and her sister wore grey; Mrs E. Clarke, black and white costume; Mrs Turton, black and gold; Mrs Bewley, black and white; Mrs Robison, pale blue; Mrs Rollo, navy costume; Miss Sandler, white; and her sister wore heliotrope and white; Mrs Hursthouse, black; Miss Hursthouse, pink; Miss E. Hursthouse, pale blue; Miss E. Cottier, white; Miss Hirst, black, and white lace trimmings; Misses Clegg, yellow blouses, dark skirts; Mrs Paul, green and gold; Mrs Mont Mills, slate coloured costume, with white front; Mrs Hoby, black; Miss Hoby, pink; Mrs McGovern, black costume; Miss Patt, heliotrope; Mrs H. Arden, fawn silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. MacDermid, dark skirt, pale pink blouse;

Miss F. Bellringer, cream; Miss Campbell (Nelson), pink; Miss Cooch, heliotrope; Miss E. Black, pink; Miss Clarke, white, and her sister wore pink; Miss D. Sole, white; Miss G. Fookes, white; Mrs Leatham, black costume, white front; Miss E. Fookes, white; Miss J. Canning, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Ladner, black; Mrs F. Foote, pale blue; Miss I. Cottier, white; Mrs R. Cook, black; Miss C. Cook, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Crocker, black costume; Mrs Cholwell, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Rogests, white; Mrs Pigott, navy costume, white front; Mrs Bascoe, black figured lustre, dainty bonnet of pale green chiffon and ribbon; Miss W. George, fawn; Mrs McKellar, black; Mrs W. Bayly, black; Miss M. Robinson, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Maule, white; Mrs Ellis, white; Mrs F. W. McAllum, green; Mrs Saxon, cream; Miss K. Saxon, cream and green; Mrs Colson, pale blue; Miss Stanford, white and heliotrope blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss Stone, fawn, pretty pale blue hat; Mrs Newton King, white blouse, dark skirt, and her little daughter looked daintily in cream; Mrs D. Teed, fawn costume; Mrs Courtney, grey; Miss G. Shaw, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Richmond, fawn costume.

NANCY LEE.

### UTTERLY HOPELESS.

Mrs Bromston (pale, weary, and half-distracted).—'That's the ninth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a flat-iron at me.'

Mr Bromston.—'By the way, a party of us were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative house-keeping. Our plan was to rent a small family hotel, hire our own servants, do our own managing, and share the expenses.'

'That's grand! It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect hotel, and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! Who will go in with us?'

'Well, there's Jinks, for one.'

'His wife doesn't move in our set.'

'And Winks?'

'Mrs Winks is a scandal-monger, and you know it.'

'And Finks?'

'Catch me living under the same roof with that flirting woman.'

'Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend, Mrs Binks.'

'Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home.'

'And there's Finks.'

'Mrs Finks is a regular old cat.'

'And Finks.'

'Huh! Mrs Finks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the opera! Nice ones they'd be to keep house with.'

'And your dear friend, Mrs Kinks.'

'She didn't return my last call, and I've dropped her.'

'But what shall we do?'

'Got another girl.'

### MEN AND WOMEN.

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 the perforations in the inner sole to every part of the foot.

An interesting story, told by a war correspondent now at the front, illustrates how keenly the Sirdar felt that his future depended upon the result of the battle of Athara. With two or three newspaper men, curiously enough, Sir Herbert stands on more cordial relations than with most men, but he does not conceal his distrust of the wisdom of letting correspondents describe everything they see. He was particularly friendly with the man who narrated this anecdote. The latter, when the fight at Athara was over, rode over forty miles to get his messages off, and on his return made his way to the Sirdar's tent to offer him his personal congratulations. By that hour Sir Herbert had completed all his despatches, and the correspondent, when he entered, found the Sirdar enjoying the first respite from the unceasing labours which he had experienced for weeks. This is what followed: 'I offered him my congratulations,' said the correspondent, 'and Kitchener exclaimed, fervently, "Thank God, I've pulled it off," and as he shook hands with me, I noticed his eyes were bedimmed with tears—about the first sign of human feeling I have ever seen Kitchener indulge in.'

Here is a startling evidence of woman's 'progress.' It is a reply to a correspondent in a paper for girls: 'No one should smoke more than half an ounce of tobacco a day. This equals from nine to twelve cigarettes. According to this, seventeen cigarettes daily is decidedly too many. For a girl of 17 to smoke seventeen cigarettes a day is very wrong, and you ought certainly to greatly reduce that number, if you do not give up smoking entirely. Have you ever heard of the really serious objection to girls smoking?—that the constant movement of the lips backwards and forwards, up and down, while indulging in the forbidden act, frequently produces a moustache.'

One wonders sometimes why Miss Florence Nightingale's name is not more often brought before the public. The reason is briefly given by herself. In reply to a request that she would become the patroness of a nursing institution, she said 'She had made it a rule never to give her name where she could not exercise a real influence; and as her impaired health forbids this, she prefers to remain in retirement.'

Some scientists gravely maintain that moustaches are becoming commoner among women. Says one of these scientists: 'There is no doubt whatever about the fact of extensive growths of hair on the faces of wo-

men being immeasurably more common than they once were. The present race of women is in stature, muscle, and strength infinitely superior to any former one. Scores of fine, handsome girls come to me who would, were Nature left to herself, have moustaches that would not disgrace a young fellow.' Said an electrical operator: 'Yes; is is correct enough. Moustaches—marked ones, mind you—are far more common amongst women than they once were. It is rather curious, in my mind, that this increase is most marked amongst ladies of aristocratic birth. Perhaps it is that there is often a strong admixture of foreign blood in these cases; anyhow, it is so. I see scores of veritable moustaches weekly.'

A German inquirer attributes the increase of the smoking habit among women to too much psychologic literature. He declares that no woman of delicate nerves can read Marie Bashkirtseff or Tourgenoff without rushing to nicotine.

In addition to its other troubles, the Celestial Empire seems to be suffering from some of the worst effects of modern civilisation. It is said that a journal has just been issued at Shanghai under the significant title of 'The Feminine Magazine,' and that its staff is 'composed exclusively of Chinese ladies.'

The Queen is said to be a great stiekler for 'dress' at dinner. No matter how tired Her Majesty may be, she changes her gown every evening, and even if snow is an inch thick on the ground her bodice is cut low. Every lady in the Queen's Household is also bound to appear in full dress at the Queen's dinner table. This is said to be the sole point upon which a difference ever arose between the Queen and the Duchess of Connaught. The Duchess used to like appearing at friendly dinner parties in a high bodice, but the first time the innovation appeared at the Royal table the Queen, with tender firmness, gave her daughter-in-law to understand that form must be cultivated for the future.

House hunting for the Queen, when Her Majesty desires to go abroad, is described in this month's 'Cassell's Magazine.' On such occasions it is the duty of Mr Dosse, the Queen's courier, to find a suitable habitation. This is not always an easy task, and Mr Dosse has spent as long as two months 'house hunting' for Her Majesty and then been unsuccessful. Having found a desirable place, Mr Dosse reports his find, describing its accommodation, its altitude, its surrounding, and all its other amenities. Photographic views of the house and grounds are also submitted to Her Majesty, who then signifies her approval or disapproval. The Queen must have a house of from 80 to 100 rooms. It must stand high—several hundred feet above the sea. It must not be in a town, and there must be good roads for driving, as well as extensive private grounds. A suitable place having been procured and approved, Mr Dosse makes contracts with tradesmen to supply all the different wants of the Royal household.



Some traders have not been long in taking advantage of the overthrow of the Khalifa. We read in the 'Commercial Traveller' that three well-known English—two German, two Belgian, and one French trader are already well near to the front, with a total of over 300 tons of merchandise. The English houses are represented by two well-known European and one Australian trader, who have instructions to wire for anything they may require from their Alexandria or Cairo houses.

An Englishman just home from the West Coast of Africa says he saw a whole village swimming out to a steamer, wearing, as they swam, renovated second-hand London 'stove-pipes,' in all the glory of the white tissue paper in which they are shipped out for sale.

The other day a smoker in Bath, Me., was smoking a pipe with a celluloid stem when the mouthpiece exploded, burning his moustache and filling the room so full of smoke that he had to leave it. The celluloid took fire, probably from a spark drawn into the stem.

Commenting on the adulteration of champagne, 'The Lancet' says:—'Gooseberry wine is an excellent beverage, but it cannot with the smallest degree of truth be called champagne, even though the name has been accepted for years by the public as a synonym for cheap champagne. We are inclined to doubt whether the gooseberry to any great extent was ever made to replace the grape in the way indicated. Lord Palmerston, it is said, once took a deputation of wine merchants who waited on him that there was never a good champagne year in France unless there was a good apple crop in Normandy. We should like to think that this was because the season which was favourable to the production of good grapes was also favourable to the production of good apples. It is also stated that many owners of large pear orchards in France are under contract to send their entire produce to a firm of wine merchants in the champagne district. It is evident, if this be true, that a large section of the public is beguiled into regarding cider, perry, and gooseberry wine as champagne. In other words, pears, apples, and gooseberries evidently afford abundant material for making a very popular, excellent, and palatable drink. In spite of this fact, people are constantly asking the question, 'What shall we drink?' But really good cider, perry, and gooseberry wine are not easy to procure except in the immediate neighbourhood of their production, as in Herefordshire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Norfolk. Perhaps, then, the proper names of these estimable beverages are not high-sounding enough. Under the falsely described and tempting title of champagne, however, the public eagerly drinks, smacks its lips, and says 'An excellent wine.'

### The Premier at the Exhibition.

'Like the postscript in a lady's letter,' was the extremely apt way in which the Premier compared the Auckland Exhibition with previous ones held in the colony—'the last is the best.' And there can be no doubt that His Excellency the Governor was quite within the mark in saying that in the matter of Exhibitions

AUCKLAND HAD 'GONE ONE BETTER'  
THAN HER PREDECESSORS.

The Exhibition promises to be a complete and unqualified success, and the next few weeks will see a 'record' influx of visitors to Auckland. In anticipation of this,

# IREDALE

Has 'gone one better' even than usual.

His Stock is replete with

## All the Latest London and Continental Productions

AND EVERY DEPARTMENT  
IS BRISTLING WITH BARGAINS.

#### The Premier Succumbs to Auckland's ardent wooing.

'You knew my weakness, you played upon it. I had to succumb and say yes.' Thus spoke the Premier in his frisky, playful, skittish little way, on the subject of the Government grant to the Exhibition. Many people may think the grant ridiculously small to make a fuss about, but no matter, here is matter of more importance.

#### In the matter of Drapery Business the Auckland Province has succumbed to Iredale.

Iredale has successfully gauged the weakness of the Auckland ladies (and a very praiseworthy weakness it is) for Smart Goods at Small Profits, and whenever he appeals to them with Fashionable Goods at Low Prices, which, of course, he is doing every week, there is no mistaking the responsive 'Yes.' Ample proof of this is seen in the crowds that daily throng the establishment.

#### The Premier

at the close of his speech made a happy and gallant allusion to Lady Ranfurly, his own wife and wives in general, emphasising the importance of a wife's help and advice in the battle of life.

#### Wives in general,

that is, in the Auckland Province, have discovered to their great joy, that by shopping at Iredale's, they are materially helping their husbands by the extraordinary saving thereby effected.

#### By Spending their Money at Iredale's,

Ladies find that they have much more to devote to other luxuries and necessities than formerly.

#### Facts are Stubborn Things.

Here is one, and the more it is considered the more convincing it is.

#### Iredale has practically doubled his business in twelve months.

There must be some cause for this. Students of cause and effect please study.

Iredale, Auckland.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, November 24.  
 The attendance at the FLOWER SHOW on Wednesday afternoon was not as good as it was last year, nor was the show itself as successful. I think it is a pity that more ladies do not go in for the bouquet making, or table decoration. As far as I could see there was only one design in table decoration, and that was very pretty and was carried out in pink roses and feathery grasses. I also noticed a most perfect wreath of white lilies and asparagus green, finished with bows of white satin ribbon. Another basket of deep red and yellow roses, intermingled with delicate greenery, was very effective and was the work of Gibbons, of Lambton Quay. There were some roses of all shades and sizes which were perfect blooms, a great many of the prize ones from Mr Mason's garden at the Hutt. There was no afternoon tea to be had as at these former functions and which always adds to the enjoyment of the afternoon. A few of the ladies present were Mrs Rhodes, who was wearing a black silk gown and mantle, and gold bonnet, trimmed with cornflowers; Mrs Izard, black satin jetted gown, and lace cape, violet and jet bonnet; Miss Izard, fawn muslin dress, trimmed with embroidery, and belt and collar of pale green ribbon, white hat, trimmed with black tips and pink roses; Mrs Tuckey, black crepon gown, lace and jet cape, and black bonnet, trimmed with magenta roses; Mrs Hales, black gown, brown braided jacket, and black bonnet, trimmed with violets; The Misses Prouse, white muslin dresses, trimmed with lace, and large white hats, with tips and ribbons; Mrs L Reid, black costume, pretty black and white hat; Mrs Lowe, black jacket and skirt, black bonnet, trimmed with jet and pink roses; Miss Quick, light brown jacket and skirt, pink chiffon front and brown hat, with feathers; Miss Duncan, sage green costume, white sailor hat; the Misses Gore, dark skirts and light blouses, white sailor hats; and others.  
 OPHELIA.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.  
 Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Adv't.)

Champion Blood Purifier

Probably all of our readers know something of George W. Walker, of 627 Bourke St., Surry Hills, Sidney, N.S.W. He gives us this unusual and most remarkable experience:



"After being a victim to typhoid, brain and rheumatic fevers in 1882, my system was left in a debilitated condition. Besides being very weak I had numerous abscesses on the lower part of my back and spine from which a great number of pieces of bone were taken. As fast as an abscess would appear and was lanced another would form. I was treated at two different hospitals without success, the surgeons in attendance informing me that I was suffering from blood poisoning. The abscesses continued to form and I was never without pain until six months ago I was induced to try

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

When I had taken the first bottle I found an improvement and after finishing twelve bottles I now feel as well as ever I did in my life. The old abscesses have all healed, new ones have ceased to come and my health is splendid. Before using the Sarsaparilla I weighed 154 lbs., and now after using a dozen bottles my weight is 200 lbs. Is not this a sure sign that I have been taking the champion blood purifier of the world?"

PICTON.

Dear Bee, November 23.  
 Cricket is becoming very monotonous in Picton, our club so far carrying everything before them without any exertion, seniors and juniors alike. The fact is, owing to changes in the other clubs, the formerly redoubtable Awaruas have lost some of their best men, and the Wairuas (Blenheim) have gained some and lost others. It is a great pity, as even the cricketers themselves feel very little interest in a game which they win without any effort. The matches on Saturday were both won by the Picton Club by an innings and several runs.

There have been several AFTERNOON TEAS this week. Miss Greensill's afternoon was unusually well attended though, owing to a recent bereavement there have not yet started their tennis afternoons. Several teas are being given for Mrs F. Downes (of Dunedin), who is staying a week with her relations at 'Brooklyn.' Mrs Andrews gave an afternoon on Saturday, at which there were present Mrs Downes, Mrs H. Howard (Blenheim), Mrs Masefield (Manaroa), Mrs Beauchamp ('Anikiwa'), Mrs Allen, Miss Greensill, etc., and on Monday Mrs Duncan and Mrs Smith gave another pleasant afternoon at 'The Knoll,' Waikawa Road. The hostesses were both wearing black. Mrs Downes also wore black, handsomely trimmed with passementerie and white satin, bonnet to match; Mrs Andrews, in striped heliotrope costume; Mrs Allen, black; Mrs E. Kenny, tea gown of blue cashmere, trimmed with cream guipure; Miss Gard, navy blue skirt, navy blue silk blouse, and green hat; Miss S. Gard, pretty blue costume, spray of yellow roses and gem hat; Miss Greensill, navy skirt, green checked crepon blouse and white gem hat; Miss Allen, black skirt, blue checked blouse, and sailor hat.

On Friday last a picnic party started out early in the morning, which was fine. But about 10.30 a storm of rain came on and the party, Mrs and the Misses Fell, Miss Gillilan, Miss Dobbie, Mr Dymock, etc., had to take shelter in the Prince of Wales, which was anchored out in the bay. A sketching party went out later in the day, when the weather seemed to be clearing, but they, too, were caught in the thunderstorm and had to return.

A good many people have gone to Blenheim to attend the Agricultural Show, which takes place to-day.

Mrs Harvey and Miss Chapple went down the sound in the s.s. Phoenix yesterday and had a good haul of fish.  
 JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, November 23.  
 After such a time of dissipation it is not to be wondered at that the following weeks strike one as a little dull, and we have not yet recovered our balance. There have been numerous meetings to attend, some in connection with various forthcoming sales of work, and there is a floral fete on the 1st December on a gigantic scale for beautifying the river Avon. The opening of the NEW ST. MARY'S RESCUE HOME at Richmond must have been a very gratifying ceremony to the promoters, especially as they are only £30 short to be entirely out of debt, the new home costing about £1600. St. Mary's is under the management of Sister Rose, who has as her assistants two nuns and a laundress. The inmates wear a uniform of blue and white drill with white cap and apron. The dedication of the little chapel and the opening ceremonies were performed by Bishop Julius, assisted by the Rev. H. T. Purchus, in the presence of numerous friends and well wishers. The Pollard Opera Company have had large audiences all the week at the Theatre Royal. A few I have noticed there were—Mrs Stead, Mr and Miss Denniston, Mr and Mrs H. Wood, Misses Nedwill, Cowlishaw, Buckley, Fairhurst, Tolhurst (Wellington), Wilson, and others.  
 There is a 'boom' in operatic societies in Christchurch just now, no less than two amateur ones practising hard. 'Dorothy' has been chosen by the one in connection with the Natives' Association, under the conductorship of Mr H. Wells; the other I

believe decided on 'The Pirates' on the vote of the members from a list they had, and is conducted by Mr H. Rossiter, but neither will take place till the beginning of next year.

We are looking forward with great pleasure to the production of 'The Magistrate' at the Theatre Royal by some of our local amateurs this week, including Mr and Mrs Marsh, Mr Guise Brittain, and others who have assisted in giving very creditable performances before. On this occasion the incidental music will be performed by the Musical Union Orchestra under Mr F. W. Wallace, also another attraction.

A small but very ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY and dance was given by Mrs J. T. Peacock last week to some of her young friends. The Misses Hargreaves, Cunningham, McClatchie, Graham, Garrick, and Turner were among those present.

On Friday afternoon the

GIRLS' BOATING CLUB opened their season and a very merry party had a good pull on the river, raising a great appetite for afternoon tea, which on this occasion was provided by Misses Palmer and Lee. The girls of Christchurch have a very good time on the whole, pastimes and amusements are so varied. They suit all tastes, and the seasons follow each other so rapidly there is no time to weary of any.

On Saturday afternoon we wandered out to the

POLO GROUND, Hagley Park, and saw some splendid games. Among those looking on were—Messrs Rhodes, Stead, Stevens, Palmer, Lee, Ogle, Vernon, Rose, Misses Palmer, Lee, Martin, Ainger, Tabart, Cowlishaw, Beswick, Harley, etc. Mrs Wardrop provided delicious afternoon tea, which our enemy—a cold east wind—made highly acceptable.

The Floral Fete is on a larger scale than yet attempted here, and if the fates are kind will be very attractive. An influential committee is busily engaged arranging and carrying out the details. Among the ladies are—Messdames G. G. Stead, Louison, Jubley, T. W. Stringer, A. Appleby, Anstey, and others. Our first and only attempt last year took place in a deluge of rain, about the only wet day we had for a year.

DOLLY VALE.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scoury, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bot'tles 2s 9d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

LADIES' Bicycles Fitted with the New G. J. Gear Cass, are the Neatest and Most Stylish Wheels made. Call and inspect.

Rambler  
 DEXTER & CROZIER, VICTORIA STREET EAST, AUCKLAND.

The Shadow of a Crime!  
 MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS  
 IRRESISTIBLE!

MELLIN'S FOOD when prepared is similar to Breast Milk and is adapted for all climates.

## NELSON.

Dear Bee, November 22.  
The

## FLORAL FETE.

which was held in Trafalgar Park last Wednesday afternoon in aid of the Hospital "X" Rays Fund was in all respects an unqualified success. The weather was perfect and the people simply flocked to the ground, there being about 3,000 present. This large attendance is believed to have been a record for the Park. All the arrangements were well managed, thanks to Mr A. P. Burnes, the business manager, and the Committee, who all worked hard, but must have felt pleased with the result of their labours. Some of the floral exhibits were very tasteful, but it would take far too long to give an account of them all. There were only two entries for "Decorated Vehicles," Miss Louission gaining first prize for her dog-cart, which looked very effective with pink and white roses and nikau palms. The bicycles attracted much admiration; there were a large number of entries and all were beautifully decorated. Miss G. Pitt won the first prize for her bicycle, which was decorated with yellow and white daisies and yellow ribbons and ridden by Miss Elsie Booth, who looked pretty in a white muslin frock over yellow, hat to match. The second prize was won by Mrs R. Kingdon, who chose red, white and blue flowers. Miss Fell's bicycle, decorated entirely with white, came third. There were also several men's decorated bicycles, the first prize being won by Mr W. Walker (honeysuckle), and the second by Mr H. Poole (yellow roses). The tandem bicycle teams were very pretty, the Misses Cote, Pratt and Bowie and Mr Shallcross as driver won the 1st prize, the ladies being tastefully dressed in yellow, with pointed caps of the same colour, and the driver wore a green coat with yellow trimmings. The reins were a combination of the two colours. The second team, the Misses Fell, Perrin, Bunny and Mr R. Fell, also looked pretty and attracted much admiration in red and white. There were a large number of decorated go-carts, the best being V. Ioberts' cart, decorated with white daisies and periwinkles next came G. Aldershaw, with yellow and white daisies. There were also many other beautiful designs and decorations which were much admired. After all the exhibits were judged there was a short interval for afternoon tea, then sports were held which were keenly watched by all. The winners for different events were Miss Phyllis Fell, Miss Rayner, Messrs Shallcross, Fell, and McCab. During the afternoon the Garrison and Stoke Orphanage Bands gave their services gratuitously and discoursed sweet music at intervals. The tea kiosk, which was in charge of the Misses Gannaway, Maginnity, and Moore was well patronised.

Among the numerous people present were Mrs Burnes, pretty flowered muslin, becoming hat; Mrs Sweet looked exceedingly well in white muslin, with lil green ribbon sash, large white hat with coloured flowers; Mrs Trask, black, with touch of green; Mrs R. Kingdon, white pique; Mrs Hudson, combination of black and white; Mrs A. Mackay, black; Mrs de Castro, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Pitt, black, heliotrope bonnet; the Misses Pitt (2), white; Mrs Leggatt; Miss Leggatt, becoming gown of buff muslin, with white lace, large black hat, with green and heliotrope trimmings; Mrs Watts, black; Mrs Adams; Mrs C. Watts; Miss Huddleston, heliotrope; Miss Wood, red and white striped cambric; Miss Gibson, blue muslin; Miss Webb-Bowen, white pique; Miss Trimmell (Wellington), dark tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Mrs Pearson, white cambric, with black sprig, hat to match; her sister Miss Browning, was similarly attired; Miss Fell, white pique, sailor hat, with red band; Miss Rayner, white muslin and lace, hat to match; Miss Stephens, black tailor-made gown; Miss Sealy, light blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Bunay, red and white striped cambric; Mesdames Richmond, Selanders, Sealy, Pitt, Kissling, Sedgwick (Pictou), Wood, Blundell, Atkinson, Roberts, Fell, Pogson, Harkness, Lightfoot, Booth, Mackay, the Misses Richmond, Fell, Gibbs, Boor, Talbot, Webb-Bowen, Harris (2), Cuthbertson, Moore (2), Tomlinson, Poole, and a very great many others.

Saturday was beautifully fine for

the GARDEN PARTY AT 'BISHOPDALE,' to which the Bishop and Mrs Mules invited all their friends to meet the members of the Synod. Much disappointment was felt by the guests when they found that, owing to an attack of influenza the Bishop was unable to be present. Mrs Mules received her numerous guests in the garden and was ably assisted by her daughter, Miss Mules, and her two sons. Delicious tea, coffee, and cakes of all kinds were served from small tables placed in shady nooks about the garden. Altogether a very enjoyable time was spent by all present. All the dresses were bright and pretty. Mrs Mules wore a handsome black gown, bonnet to match, with deep heliotrope flowers; Miss Mules looked well in cream muslin, small gem hat; Mrs Richmond, black, black bonnet, relieved with white flowers; Mrs Kempthorne, grey costume, black and cream bonnet; Mrs Chatterton; Mrs Selgwick (Pictou), handsome black satin gown, green and pink bonnet; Mrs Cowx (Westport); Mrs A. Grace (Brightwater), black satin, fawn cloth cape, black bonnet, with orange flowers; Mrs Colt, black silk; Mrs Selanders, becoming fawn costume, hat en suite; Mrs Sealy, black, green and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Pitt, black silk; Miss G. Pitt, white muslin over green, large hat, with coloured flowers; Mrs Watts, handsome black silk gown, bonnet to match, with pink roses; Mrs Percy Adams, stylish costume of royal blue silk under black grenadine, finished with forget-me-not blue chiffon, hat en suite; Mrs Sweet was admired in pink silk, chic hat to match; Mrs Humphries, black; Miss Humphries, pretty heliotrope cambric, finished with white lace, small white hat; Mrs Leggatt, black costume, bonnet relieved with mauve; Miss Leggatt looked remarkably well in white muslin over green, large white hat, with pink roses; Mrs Harris, black; the Misses Harris (2), white; Mrs Fell, dark green costume; the Misses Fell (2), pretty white pique dresses; Miss Gibson, cream muslin over amber, large hat to match; Mrs Robinson, black; Mrs Webb-Bowen; the Misses Webb-Bowen (2) looked stylish in white; Mrs Hudson, white over black, black and white hat; Mrs Pearson (Sydney), white cambric, with black sprig, white hat, with black and white trimmings; Miss Browning wore a similar costume; Mrs Scalfie, black costume, hat with coloured flowers; Mrs Macquarie, black; Mrs Ledger, black, relieved with white; the Misses Ledger (2), white and green; Mrs Turner; Mrs Holloway, grey costume; Miss Holloway, white muslin, with black spot, small hat; Mrs Cuthbertson (South), green tailor-made gown; Mrs A. Glasgow, black tailor-made coat and skirt, toque to match, with cherry-coloured ribbons; Mrs Kingdon, dark tailor-made costume, black hat, with bright red trimmings; Mrs Jack Sharp, cigar-brown coat and skirt, becoming hat; Mrs Kissling, heliotrope muslin; Mrs Perrin, black; Miss Perrin looked well in white; Mrs Levien; Mrs Pogson, grey costume, bonnet to match, with pink rosebuds; Miss Pogson, bright blue blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat, with blue band; Miss Gribben, check costume, chip hat, with amber ribbons; Miss Lubecki, coat and skirt of cigar-brown, hat en suite; Miss Richmond, white; Miss A. Bell, cream muslin; Mrs Blackett, black satin; Miss Blackett, white pique, white hat, with feathers; Mrs Alfred Grace wore a striking costume of grey silk, made with a long saque jacket, white bonnet; Miss G. Jones, grass cloth over green; Miss G. Jones, white; Miss Rayner, pale blue costume, the sleeves and front being covered with cherry-coloured tulle, hat to match; Mrs Mackay, black; Miss Norman, white; and many others.

PHYLLIS.

## BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, November 21.  
Nobody appears anxious to become Mayor here. It is no doubt a thankless office, and it is no wonder that Mr Purser will not contest for the doubtful honour a second term. Mr Frank Shaw was requisitioned by several gentlemen as to whether he would come forward as a candidate for municipal honours, but after taking some time to consider the matter, he finally declined. Mr Trevor has consented at

## BON MARCHÉ



## Exhibition Sale.

Assigned Estates of

## B. R. GARRETT and T. R. JUDD.

... The Opportunity ...

For obtaining New Summer Goods at the Prices they are now being sold at

## OUR ESTABLISHMENTS

Seldom occurs, and should not be overlooked. The public are strongly advised not to purchase elsewhere until they have inspected the value now being offered of the latest and most beautiful productions of the European Markets, in endless variety and at tempting prices.

CHOICE MILLINERY (Elegant Specimens of London and Paris Models).

Great Variety of GEMS AND LADIES' SAILORS.

CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' MILLINERY in Profuse Variety.

NEW DRESS FABRICS, MANTLES, PERFECT COSTUMES, CAPES, EXQUISITE SILKS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, SUNSHADES, LACES, CORSETS, PRINTS, UNDERCLOTHING, RIBBONS, SCARVES, ETC., ETC.

AT GIVING-AWAY

PRICES

Inspection and Comparison are Confidently Invited.

## BON MARCHÉ

DIRECT DRAPERY IMPORTERS,

276, QUEEN STREET.

74 & 76, VICTORIA STREET.

72 & 74, KARANGAHAPE ROAD.

67, KARANGAHAPE ROAD.

HIGH-CLASS DRESSMAKING  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES - -

At Very Moderate Rates.

Walking Costumes from 10s 6d.

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

last to be a candidate, so as there is no one to oppose him, I suppose that he will be elected without the necessity of going to the poll.

As the Governor has evinced his intention of visiting us in January, the Mayor will be the foremost personage here to meet him, which is, perhaps, why no one is very eager to take office.

Last Thursday afternoon Mrs Powell gave

**AN AFTERNOON TEA**

as a farewell to most of her married friends, as this week the school examinations, in which her children are taking part, will be over, and preparations for departure to Westport will then be impending. A very pleasant time was spent, for Mrs Powell is an admirable hostess, and among those present were Mrs Grace, Mrs Orr, Mrs Anderson, Mrs Cheek, Mrs H. McCallum, Mrs Sturtevant, Mrs Smith, Mrs C. H. Mills, Miss Hildreth, etc.

On Friday Miss Powell entertained a number of her young friends at afternoon tea, and among those present were the Misses Ball (2), the Misses Fulton (2), the Misses Smith (2), the Misses Mills (2), the Misses McCallum (2), Miss James (Wellington), Miss Grady (Wellington), Miss Simson, Miss M. Ewart, Miss C. Farmer, Miss Mead, Miss Varrard, Miss Hutcheson, Miss M. Carte (Wellington), etc.

Among those who added to the pleasure of the afternoon by singing were Miss James, Miss C. Mills, Miss Simson, and Miss Kate Ball; whilst Miss Hutcheson contributed an instrumental selection.

Such a thing has been known as a bankrupt company taking its leave without beat of drum, but here the situation is reversed, and a circus is sprung upon us without the slightest warning. The first advertisement was in to night's paper, and the first performance takes place to-night. One thing to be noted is the modera-

tion of the charge. Bernard's circus professes not to be a mad dog show but a 'good little one,' and the truth or otherwise of the assertion will be proved to-night.

Arrangements are already being made by the Mounted Rifles for their

**ANNUAL SPORTS.**

which they always hold on Boxing Day. These sports have been always held at Spring Creek, opposite Redwood Bros.' mill, but as Mr Barr, the host of the Ferry Hotel, has had the perspicacity to make a bicycle track, the sports will be held in a paddock adjoining the track lent by Mr H. Bell. The events will not only include the usual tent pegging, threading needle race, rescue race, etc., but four bicycle races, so that a proper track is essential, and that made by Mr Barr is said to be superior to the one in town.

Mrs Stoney gave afternoon tea at the

**MARLBOROUGH TENNIS COURTS**

last Saturday, and the lovely afternoon induced many visitors to attend. Among them were Mrs A. Mowat, who was wearing a green and white checked print, and sailor hat; Mrs J. Duncan (Picton), plum coloured costume, trimmed with white; Mrs Howard, dark skirt, green silk blouse, pretty hat; Mrs A. P. Green, brown coat and skirt, stylish hat of brown straw, red roses; Mrs G. W. McIntosh, well cut tailor-made coat and skirt, large black hat, relieved with pale green; Mrs Anderson, fawn cloth skirt, yellow silk blouse, covered with tucked dotted muslin; Mrs Stoney wore black coat and skirt, and front of striped black and white, large black hat, relieved with white, Mrs Lucas, well-made brown costume, braided with black, relieved with yellow cloth vest; Mrs Lambie (Birch Hill), black dress, dark red cravat, sailor hat, Mrs Gentsch, Mrs McIntire, Mrs Moore, Mrs Black, Mrs Orr, Mrs Clouston, Mrs B. Clouston, Mrs G. Robinson; Miss Horton, who

wore a pink cotton dress; Miss Adams, green print dress; Miss Waddy, white pique, with narrow green stripe; Miss Harris, grey cloth dress, braided with black; Miss Johnston, white pique skirt, green muslin blouse, sailor hat; Miss Melae (Nelson), stylish brown coat and skirt; Miss Belle Melae, dark blue print dress, sailor hat; Miss Bull, blue print dress; Miss Ferguson, black serge dress; Miss E. Bull, Miss E. Waddy, Miss McLaughlan; and Messrs Stoney, Hawley, G. Robinson, Orr, L. Griffiths, Horton (2), Pullieu, Stubbs, Mirams, Fish, D. Chaytor, Harris, Greenfield, and Dr. Anderson, etc.

FRIDA.

**SATAN AS A LANDLORD.**

There is only one spot on the earth's surface that has actually been willed, deeded and bequeathed to his satanic majesty. This spot lies four and one-half miles south of Helsingfors, Finland, says 'Pearson's Weekly.'

A few years ago Lara Huilariene died in the little town of Pieltisjarvi, in the above-named country, leaving considerable property in the shape of landed estate. How he had come into possession of so much land no one seemed to know, but as he was a very bad citizen, he was generally admitted that he was in league with Wintabaust (Satan) and that they had many business deals with each other.

This somewhat startling opinion was verified when old Huilariene died. There was found a certified warranty deed, which deeded to Satan all his earthly possessions.

The will was to the same effect. The family have repeatedly tried to break the will, but so far have been unsuccessful. Thus the records plainly show that his sulphuric majesty has a legal right and title to some excellent grounds in the near vicinity of Helsingfors.

The simple people of the neighbour-

hood have changed the course of the road which formerly skirted the Huilariene homestead, and declare that they would not enter the possession of Satan and Co. for all the money that the estate would bring.

**'DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.'**

When you hear of anyone dying of a broken heart, does it ever occur to you to ask yourself whether you may take the news literally or not?

'It is a popular belief that 'death from a broken heart' is simply a manner of expressing the fact that extreme grief has worn out the system and absorbed the vital energies to such an extent as to end one's life.

But this is quite incorrect (says a writer on medical matters), for, as a matter of fact, the sudden disclosure of bad news will frequently break the heart of the recipient.

For instance, not long ago a young man who was about to be married to the lady of his choice was informed by her father one evening as he called for her that only ten minutes previously the girl had been brought in dead. She was crossing the road near her house when a great brewer's dray turned the corner suddenly, knocking her over and killing her on the spot.

She was to have been married to the young man the following week, and, loving her deeply as he did, her fiancé felt the shock so keenly that within an hour from the reception of the news he was dead.

At the post-mortem examination it was found that his heart was torn right asunder, a state of affairs which the doctor ascribed to the sudden shock sending an abnormal flow of blood to the heart. This threw more additional strain upon that organ than it was able to bear, and consequently rent it asunder.

Upon this showing, therefore, it would appear that there is more in 'a broken heart' than most people think.

# 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."

*Lillian Langtry*



**A COMMAND TO BALMORAL**

A very nicely written account of a 'command' to Balmoral is given in 'Tay Pay' O'Connor's new paper by a young Scotch vocalist who recently appeared before the Queen and court there. She thus describes the culminating moments of the ordeal: The great drawing-room was aglow with thousands of wax tapers. Along the walls stood the guests to the number of forty-two. No guest is allowed to sit in Her Majesty's presence. In the centre of the room sat the Queen. Beside her was Princess Beatrice, who was also seated—the only one accorded that privilege. The Queen wore a black satin robe, the front elaborately embroidered in jet. The great train was of striped velvet; on her head was a tiny white cap, the strings of which almost reached the end of her train; from her shoulders

hung long sleeves of rare old white lace, through which gleamed her exquisite arms and hands. The effect was beautiful. She wore many jewels, diamonds, and pearls. I noticed particularly her earrings—huge diamonds in long, old-fashioned setting; they were so heavy that they dragged down the lobe of the ear. When I made the low obeisance, which had been diligently practised, and regained my feet without the upset I feared, I stood by the piano, while Princess Beatrice read to Her Majesty the list of forty songs I had prepared for her selection. Her first choice was 'The Flowers of the Forest,' a melody always played over the graves of the servants and retainers of the Queen. Her Majesty beamed with pleasure when I had finished. Then she asked for 'Leezie Lindsay,' a very old ballad. When I had sung three songs a waiter in scarlet—all the attendants seemed like giants—came in with a silver

tray and tea was served. The Queen thoughtfully asked if I would prefer champagne, as tea was not good for the voice. I thanked her, and said I did not care for refreshments until I had finished singing. After tea she called for 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' then for 'The Keel Row,' which she encored warmly, and I repeated it. Then Her Majesty rose and walked directly to me, and crossing her beautiful hands on the piano, she asked who had trained me, and said she had never heard Scottish songs sung so well. 'Why have the people allowed them to die out?' she asked. I told her I thought it was due to the fact that children were sent nowadays to France and Germany, where they acquire taste for French and German songs, and were ignorant of the beauty of their native music. 'Is there anything I can do,' said Her Majesty, 'to help their revival?' 'You have given great help this evening, your Majesty,' I replied, 'by inviting me to sing them in your presence.' When I had sung about seven songs, an attendant handed Her Majesty a morocco box. There was a little flutter around her chair. Without consulting my attendants, on the impulse of the moment, I bowed myself out of Her Majesty's presence, which was a great faux pas. I was followed to the ante-room by the Queen's secretary. 'You made a great mistake to leave the drawing-room,' he said; 'Her Majesty has a present for you.' Embarrassed and apologising, I turned to retrace my steps to the drawing-room. 'No,' he said, 'having once left Her Majesty's presence, one is not permitted to return unless she requests it.'

**FAIRLY WELL ISN'T WELL ENOUGH.**

Let us say that your wages are twenty shillings a week. You have worked hard, done your best, and feel that you have earned your money. Very good. Now imagine that when Saturday night comes your employer hems and haws, and wants to put you off with fifteen. I'll be bound you would think yourself hardly treated. What are the great strikes in this country commonly about? Why, in some fashion they are about wages or hours; it comes to the same thing. Be it understood that the writer uses this fact as an illustration of another fact—that is all. What is that other fact? We will work it out of the following personal statement:—

'Nearly all my life,' says Mrs Sarah Dalby, 'I have been subject to attacks of biliousness, accompanied with sickness, but got on fairly well up to the early part of 1882. At this time I began to feel heavy, dull, and tired, with an all-gone, sinking sensation. My skin was sallow, and the whites of my eyes of a yellow tinge.'

As everybody knows, or ought to know, the colouring matter was bile. The liver being torpid, and, therefore, failing to remove the bile from the blood, it entered the skin; and showed itself on the surface. But the discolouration isn't the worst mischief done by the vagabond bile, containing many poisonous waste elements; it disorders the whole system and sets up troublesome and dangerous symptoms, some of which the lady names.

'I had a bad taste in the mouth,' she goes on to say; 'and, in the morning particularly, was often very sick, retching so violently that I dreaded to see the dawn of day.'

'My appetite was poor, and after eating I had pain at my chest and side. Frequently I couldn't bring myself to touch food at all; my stomach seemed to rebel at the very thought of it.'

[This was bad, but the stomach was right, nevertheless. More food would have made more pain, more indigested matter to ferment and turn sour, more of a load for the sleepy liver, more poison for the nerves, kidneys, and skin. And yet, without the food, how was she to live? It was like being ground between the upper and the nether millstones.]

'After this,' runs the letter, 'I had great pain and fluttering at the heart. Sometimes I would have fits of dizziness and go off into a faint, which left me quite prostrated. Then my nerves became so upset and excitable that I got no proper sleep at night, and on account of loss of strength I was obliged to lie in bed all day for days together. I went to one doctor after another, and attended at Bartholomew's and the University Hospitals, but was none the better for it all.'

'In September, 1883, my husband read in 'Reynold's Newspaper' about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle of it. After taking it for three days I felt relieved. Encouraged and cheered by this I kept on taking the S syrup, and in a short time all the pain and distress abated, and I was well—better than I had ever been. That is ten years ago, and since then I have never ailed anything. With sincere thanks, I am, yours truly (Signed) Mrs Sarah Dalby, 93, Tottenham Road, Kingsland, London, N., January 2nd, 1894.'

Now turn your eye back to the first sentence of Mrs Dalby's letter, and you will come upon the words, 'I got on fairly well at it.' This is the sad thought. Her life has always been at a discount; she has always got less than her due; she has lost part of her health—wages. Do you take my meaning? Of course. Do whatever may be our differences of opinion as to the rights of capital and the value of labour, it is certain that every human being is entitled to perfect health—without reduction, without drawback. All the more, as nobody else takes what one person thus gains. No, no. On the contrary, a perfectly healthy person is a benefit and a blessing to all who are brought into relations with him.

But do all have such health? God help us, no; very, very few. Why not? Ah, the answer is too big; I can't give it to-day. To the vast crowd who only get on 'fairly well' I tender my sympathy, and advise a trial of the remedy mentioned by Mrs Dalby.

**A MAN WITH AN UNLUCKY DAY.**

A remarkable statement is published in the 'Lancet' by Dr. T. G. Richard, surgeon to the workmen employed in the Risca collieries, South Wales. It is corroborated, says Dr. Richards, by persons in a position to know the facts, and there is every reason for accepting it as true. It relates to a miner engaged in one of the Risca collieries who suffered a series of fractures while at work in the pit. The strange thing about it is that all the accidents, although spread over a number of years, occurred on the 26th of August. Here is the record: At the age of ten he fractured his right index finger. It happened on August 26. When thirteen years old he fractured his left leg below the knee through falling from horseback, also on August 26. When fourteen years of age he fractured both bones of the left forearm by stumbling, his arm striking the edge of a brick (August 26). In another year, on August 26, when fifteen years of age, he had compound fracture of the left leg above the ankle by his foot being caught under an iron rod and his body falling forwards. Next year, again on the same date, August 26, he had compound fracture of both legs, the right being so severely crushed that it had to be amputated at the lower third of the thigh. This was caused by a horse, hitched to a tram of coal, which, running wild underground, caught him in a narrow passage, crushing both legs severely. After this the unlucky miner made up his mind not to go to work on August 26, and he 'played' on that day for a number of years—how many years it is not quite clear from the report, but that does not matter. In 1890 the miner either shook off his superstitious fears or forgot his reckoning. At all events he went to work as usual on August 26, and as ill-luck would have it, he was crushed by a fall of earth and sustained a compound fracture of his left leg.

**REWARD OF LISTENING.**

It may be well to let the world believe you know it all, my son. Yet he is far from being wise who seeks but to monopolise Men's time in order to apologise. Them of the things that he has done. Give other people, now and then. A chance to talk a bit for oh. The humblest of all mortals may. In his dull, uninspired way. Have some poor little thing to say. That it were well for you to know.

Clarke's B B Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 4s 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

**THE FAVOURITE DRINK OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**

**MASON'S EXTRACT of HERBS FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER.**

One Table-spoonful of Mason's Extract of Herbs makes One Gallon of splendid Non-Intoxicating Beer.

The Finest, most Refreshing, and Pleasantest Beverage obtainable. TRY IT. IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.

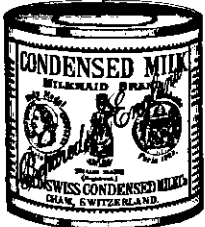
**MASON'S WINE ESSENCES**

For making NON-INTOXICATING WINE, produce in a few minutes a delicious Temperance Wine or Cordial. —Ginger, Orange, Raspberry, Black Currant, &c. For Children's Parties or Social Gatherings.

**NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.**

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Storekeepers.

**Milkmaid**



BRAND Milk Full Cream.

Largest Sale in the World.

**A DISH FOR PRINCES.**

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

**BIRD'S CUSTARD**

Produces the Richest Custard, without Eggs.

**POWDER**

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

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

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

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

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

The Countess of Ranfurly says:—'I like very much the dresses you have made for me.'

The Countess of Glasgow, Auckland, writes:—'The dresses arrived yesterday, and fit very well, wonderful considering they were not tried on. Make me a rough black serge same as green one sent, as soon as possible.'

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

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

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

Mrs Empson, Wanganui:—'My dress is a great success.'

Mrs D. G. 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, Kilmuirie:—'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 Ho, Anandala:—'Mrs Ho received the gown Nodine and Co. made for her, and is much pleased with it.'

Mrs F. Riddiford, Hawera:—'My dress came in time, and fits very nicely. I am very pleased with it.'

Mrs Sargiant, Wanganui:—'I have just received the costume and am quite satisfied with it.'

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

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

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

Mrs C. J. Mouro, 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.

Government House,  
Wellington, N.Z.,  
October 28th, 1894.

Sir,—I am directed by His Excellency to inform you that he was very pleased with the way in which you made his dress and those of the staff for the Fancy Dress Ball on the 27th inst.

He considers that the fancy dresses were most faithfully copied from the small photograph which was given you for your model.

Yours faithfully,  
DUDLEY ALEXANDER,  
Private Secretary.

Mr Nodine.

NODINE & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,  
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

I give here a gown very suitable for summer wear. It is a very simple and becoming dress of drab lainage, the skirt of which is quite tight fitting all round the waist. It is trimmed rather more than half way down with two rows of black satin braiding running round behind and sides and up to the edge of the apron in front. The 2 rows cross over on each side and form shamrocks. The lowest is about five centimetres from the bottom of the skirt. The corsage is a half blouse gathered beneath the waistband and trimmed with five rows of black satin pleated vertically. It is cut low and round at the neck and has a yoke of white satin which goes beneath the lainage, embroidered with rose patterns in thick drab chenille. Beneath the yoke on the corsage are small bands of black satin laid on diagonally. The neck trimming is of white satin, draped, and fastens behind with a bow of the same material. The waistband is of lainage to match the dress rather pointed in front and braided with hoops of black satin. The sleeves are of white satin like the yoke and embroidered in the same style; they are very tight over the arm from elbow to wrist and slightly puffed and draped at the shoulders.

RECEPTION DRESS.

This pretty reception dress is in fine blue Henrietta cloth, finished with a design in gold cord and a beautifully worked chemisette in gold over blue silk. Blue silk appears round the neck and waist.

BATHING GOWNS.

Those bad old days when bathing dresses consisted merely of sack-like garments of blue serge, tied round the waist with white tape, happily remain now only as a very distant memory. Every year adds to the number of girls who can swim, and as a natural consequence, each summer season sees new and pretty fashions for bathing dresses.

Although I do not go so far as to advocate the elegantly trimmed hats, close-fitting corsets, and silk stockings with which our Continental friends occasionally supplement their very elaborate bathing costumes, I am nevertheless entirely in favour of a bathing dress which shall be neat and becoming, while at the same time

it gives perfect freedom of the limbs to those who swim.

A bathing dress might easily be made at home in navy or scarlet serge, with a white serge collar, the anchors and the braiding being arranged in navy blue, white, or scarlet to correspond. By those who prefer something thinner than serge, Turkey twill may be used very effectively, while for children's dresses Oxford shirtings and blue and white Galatea stripes are inexpensive and durable. It is better, by the way, to make children's bathing costumes all in one, without any skirt or tunic, as they are lighter in weight than and more suitable for swimming. I am presuming, of course, that every mother will have her children taught to swim the moment they are old enough to learn.

At many English watering places it is the custom now to bathe from tents, and where this is the case, bathing-gowns of rough Turkish towelling are very useful to wear as you walk from the tent to the sea and to put on afterwards when you come out of the water. These bath-gowns can be obtained now quite cheaply at any of the large linen drapers, and with sandals for pebbly shores, and a mackintosh bathing cap, they should certainly form part of our holiday outfit.

MAKING ARMS LOOK SLENDER.

An excessively new sleeve for cloth dresses is designed to accentuate as emphatically as possible the length of the wearer's arm, for a slim, long arm is as highly prized these days as a long slender waist. Some of these cloth, cotton and silk sleeves do not permit of the arm thrusting through them except half way to the elbow. A line of fine little hooks and eyes runs along under the sleeve from a space six inches from the arm-pit clear to the wrist. By this means a seemingly seamless casing of material fits the arm as close as the wearer's skin, and the sleeve is curiously cut on the bias to help out this effect and get the correct, extended fit well out on the hand. Just a fold or a flat epaulette tops the shoulder.

TAFFETA APPLICATIONS FAVOURED.

For elegant wear, taffeta applications on satin duchesse or cloth edged with plain chenille or narrow ribbon, is noticeable. Like trimmings of this kind on blue are a novelty.

While the leading ateliers have exhibited the 'long' skirt and the sensible public has broken into moody



A GOWN FOR SUMMER WEAR.



A PRETTY RECEPTION DRESS.



auguries of microbes, and madame, true to her maxim, 'better dead than unfashionable,' was preparing to don the inevitable train, fickle fashion suddenly declares the street train a chimera, and her faithful followers are relieved. Skirts will continue to be worn long, tight over the hips and expanding below, but the train will be forced back to its proper domain—the carpeted floors of the salon and the smooth parquet of the ballroom.

The blouse form is still the favourite bodice and bids fair to remain so. Costumers have instigated a movement to introduce the tight fitting form, but have been unsuccessful, as the loose, graceful lines of the blouse have endeared themselves to the public. The bolero jacket, simulated by trimmings or independent, again makes its appearance and is always effective.

The omnipresent serpentine flounce also decorates the fall cape, which will be largely worn and comes in various forms and materials. It is seen in cloths, silks, velvets, or laces, and is always elaborate and extravagantly lined. A handsome model of gray cloth has a serpentine flounce with an insertion of dark gray shirred velvet. The lining collar is also faced with shirred gray velvet, and the lining consists of white and old rose brocade.

plastron of rose-coloured faille that fills the decollete and the front. Near the edge of the jacket at neck, front and sides is a tiny dash of white soutache. The folded stock is of pink faille.

Faille, by the way, is the most fashionable trimming for summer gowns of Swiss, organdie, or other light material. The hat should be one of those dainty light affairs in twisted rice straw, laden with an abundance of roses, in shades ranging from the lightest to the deepest pink, with directly in front a pretty Louis XVI. knot in black velvet ribbon. These knots are the rage of the hour. They are made of rather narrow ribbon, twisted over wires, which are bent into spidery effects, such as one sees on the 'true lovers' knots' that finish the tops of Venetian picture frames. They are exquisite in light-coloured satin ribbon, done in four loops and two ends on a tiny centre knot. Upon Leghorn hats the bows extend almost to the edges of the wide rims.

Another graceful white gown is in fine Henrietta cloth, trimmed with straps and bias folds of white taffeta. The bodice is scantily bloused with a partially open front cut in the shape of a lyre. Under the opening is a front of white mousseline de soie in perpendicular lingerie tucks, set in



A SUMMER CAPE.

This sketch is a charming cape made in black satin, trimmed with ruffings of black satin and flounce of lace, the fancy yoke garnished with jet.

Propos of quantity, what a pity that white pique, which gave promise of such style at the beginning of the season, should have been so overdone. Pique spits have become so cheapened by popularity that despite their irresistible freshness they are looked upon with disfavour by ultra-fashionables. Welt, or wide corded pique, in faint colours, or even in white, is considered more correct, and the Spanish flounce skirts, and blazer jackets, or blouses, that can be seen ready-made on all sides, are replaced by unique styles, obviously made for none other than the wearer, and accomplished either by an excellent modiste or good ladies' tailor. Inimitable is a gown of cream pique, with the cords at least an eight of an inch wide. The skirt is gored, tailor-finished and slightly demi-trained.

It is made to hang perfectly and is devoid of trimming. The jacket of cream pique is short, round and decollete in front, the neck-slope being cut in points and the cutaway fronts open all the way down, with a space of several inches between them. Sloping down from under the arms on the outside of the jacket is a bias piece of white taffeta, folded in wide tucks. This passes through a slit at each side of the jacket front just below the bust, passing across the opening, over a

groups between narrow insertions of Valenciennes lace. The fine thread tucks complete the similitude to the musical instrument. Ears of turquoise blue velvet jut out at each side from the top of the standing collar of mousseline and lace. At the base of the neck, just at the hollow of the neck, is a bow tie in black taffeta. The skirt has a sloping Spanish flounce, headed by three bias taffeta bands, which are knotted at intervals. The hat, a cream straw so thin that the light shimmers through it, is trimmed at the front of the crown with a turquoise blue Venetian bow, and is caught behind with a cluster of transparent green grapes and foliage.

In cream guipure the appliques are of the scroll or floral order, but when black lace is used the pattern is always floral. Many silk teagowns and jackets are trimmed with a loose front of white net or mousseline, appliqued with tapering vines or sprays of black Chantilly lace.

Among the favoured dress materials are cloth foulés. Damases with two-toned effects, crewels, mirzahs, and Esotimus are used for jackets and cloaks. Traverse designs are noticeable among the woollens, and have the advantage of needing little trimming, an advantage to be considered for the ordinary street or travelling dress. One pretty effect is seen in a design that has the appearance of black braid embroidery on a coloured ground. Black and coloured checks are frequently executed in this way.

WORK COLUMN.

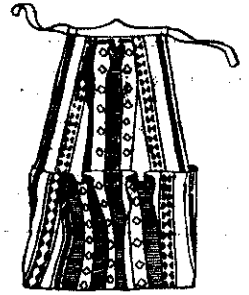
Personally, I never keep anything locked; I found the possession of keys added so much to the wear and tear of my existence, or rather their non-possession at the time when they were needed, that I came to the conclusion that it was better not to have a key at all than always to have it lost. Nevertheless, there are people who cling to these implements of defence, and they probably know how very easily these tiresome little articles can be mislaid. One has seen keyboards without number, but they always have such a resemblance to the build of the numbered plaque beside the desk of an hotel clerk that they are somewhat too official for ordinary



A PRETTY KEY RACK.

private use. The little design I give here for nailing up in one's bedroom may be liked both for its utility and pretty form. It is made in the shape of a large key of bamboo, and can be either enamelled or covered with velvet, the crest of the key is represented by a dainty bit of painting on parchment, while little hooks are put all along the handle made to hold these restless keys, that apparently have an irrepressible desire to wander where they cannot be seized upon and applied to their proper use. Much old world superstition attaches itself to keys and nails, and many of the old superstitions in which our grandmothers and mothers placed their faith many years ago are still in existence, and there are few women who do not cherish some, if not all, of them. There is an old belief that it is most unlucky to see one's reflection in a cracked mirror, as wrinkles will inevitably appear; also that the wearing of a rival; to walk under a ladder signifies misfortune; and the girl who stumbles upstairs will have a chance of being married within a twelve-month. To lay an umbrella across a bed or divan is the forerunner of dire misfortune; to go back on one's footsteps for anything forgotten is unlucky; and it is a grave mistake to cut the ends of one's hair during the month of May, or in the dark. But to counterbalance these signs of misfortune there are certain lucky superstitions to be observed. If the palm of your right hand itches, you will be the recipient of money shortly; it is good luck to pick up a pin on getting out of bed; the sight of a shooting star means a happy day within the following week; and should a garment be put on inside out by mistake something agreeable will occur during the next twelve hours. As is well known, a horse-shoe is a most fortunate discovery, and no woman, or man either, for the matter of that, would dream of passing one by. Nailed on the outside of the front door, it is said to be a talisman against the entrance of evil and misfortune. A number of people place much faith in persons with grey or blue eyes, and will not confide in dark-eyed persons, and a superstition prevails that no woman will ever become grey or bald who uses her hair-combings for stuffing pin-cushions. These are but a few of the many superstitions in vogue, for their name is legion in every part of the world, and no doubt will continue so handed faithfully down from generation to generation.

People who have gardens are pretty busy in them just now, and a design for a new garden apron will not be out of place. As a rule they are such hideous garments that many prefer to spoil their frocks rather than wear them—that is to say, if they are gardening in company—but my design claims to be highly decorative as well as a most useful receptacle for all kinds of odd and ends of gardening tools. It is made of white linen with an insertion of cream-coloured yank lace, backed, so as to give it sufficient strength, with pale blue ribbon; on either side of these are daisies worked in their natural colours, pink-tipped, and green-leaved, while in the centre



strips of single buttercup blossoms and their leaves are embroidered. It is slightly fulled into a Swiss shaped belt with white washing ribbons attached.

AN EXERCISE FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Medical authorities agree that the practice of reading aloud is the most invigorating one. Persons who have a tendency to pulmonary disease should methodically read aloud at stated intervals, and even recite or sing, using due caution as to posture, articulation, and avoidance of excess. Here is where our scientific professors of vocal culture in elocution and singing could do immense service in the establishment and development of health.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

GOOD NEWS FOR LADIES—SPECIAL TO DRESSMAKERS, YOUNG LADIES, MOTHERS, ETC.

MAGIC GARMENT CUTTER.

NEW AMERICAN TAILOR SYSTEM. CUTS every Garment for Ladies, Men, Infants, or Children. ENSURES PERFECT FIT—ANY STYLE.

Solo Agent for N.Z., Miss M. T. King, G.F.S. Lodge, Wellington, for terms and particulars.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

THE STYLES OF THE SEASON NOW READY.



THE ABOVE DESIGN

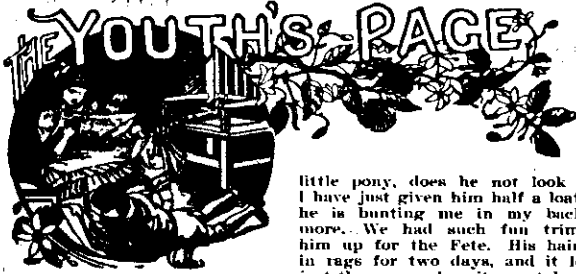
IN SERGE ... FROM 5 GUINEAS.  
IN TWEED & CLOTH ... " 6 "  
IN COVERT COATING ... " 7 "

RIDING-HABITS FROM 5 GUINEAS.

Ladies can French their own Designs, which will be reproduced exact and perfect. Patterns pictures and Self-Measurement forms forwarded by returns of post.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.,

LADIES' TAILORS,  
QUEEN-STREET, AUCKLAND.



**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 1oz. 4d; not exceeding 1oz. 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 overweight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d for every other place.

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

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

Dear Cousin Kate,—At last I am sending our long promised photograph. It was taken in the Recreation Grounds on the day of the Floral Fete. The weather was perfect, and the procession a large one; very pretty were the many exhibits, and Tommy obtained 2nd prize. There were two bands in attendance, so there was no lack of music, and the scene from the lawn was one of bright animation. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. Our flower garden is looking nice, but the weather is so changeable at present that it has spoilt many of the choice roses, etc. We have a lot of new chickens out; they are getting on very well; and another new foal is added to our list of horses, numbering eleven all told. I noticed that some of the old cousins are rather backward in writing to our page. I wonder what can be the matter. Most of them were capital correspondents. I am afraid our photo will be too large for the page; if so we shall have to get it taken on a smaller card; and will you kindly forward it to the enclosed address. Christmas is very near now, and it seems no time since Christmas 1897. I suppose the Auckland Exhibition will draw crowds of people from all parts of New Zealand. Nearly every one I speak to say they are off to Auckland. I have three large pots of ferns; the leaves of them must be quite two feet long. They are so lovely and graceful looking. I also have the puna pots and other small vessels of ferns; they are growing beautifully. My Prince of Wales' feather fern came to grief; a chicken roosted on it one night and trampled it out of recognition. I tried to restore it to life, but my efforts were in vain. Hoping yourself, the little child in the cot, and all the cousins are enjoying perfect health. I close with love from Cousin Maud.

[Many thanks, dear Cousin Maud, for the pretty photograph. I will see about getting it done at once for the Children's Page, and will return it to you afterwards to the address you give so sensibly on the cover. How lovely your ferns must be! You are a first-rate gardener evidently. Are you, too, coming to the Exhibition?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Our photo is going at last. I hope you will like it. The Floral Fete is all over. I enjoyed myself so much, and my dear

little pony, does he not look nice? I have just given him half a loaf, and he is bunting me in my back for more. We had such fun trimming him up for the Fete. His hair was in rags for two days, and it looked just the same when it was taken out. I hope you are well, and all the cousins. We have such dreadfully wet weather, now, and so close and warm. Maud is writing by this mail. She is away to keep house for my brother down the coast. I must close now, dear Cousin Kate.—I am, your affectionate Cousin Nellie

[I am so glad to have the nice photograph, and to hear from you both again. We are not having a Floral Fete this year but some tournament affair instead. Cousin Maud is an important personage. Are you all alone at home now.—Cousin Kate.]

**A JAPANESE PICTURE  
STORY.**

(By BARNET PHILLIPS.)

The stories that have been written about pictures are to be divided into two general categories—those indicating the skill of the artist, and those relating to the performances of the pictures themselves. Both of these merge, since they attest the ability of the artist. There is a third kind of story, dwelling on the mishaps of painters, which accidents, however, in the long run, invariably aid the artist.

The supernatural must have been called into play at the dawn of civilisation, when the first artist scratched with splinter of flint an animal form on a bone. Pygmalion, who carved a woman so life-like that he prayed to Venus to give Galatea flesh, blood, and a soul, must in an earlier form have been a story of the most remote antiquity. We find traces of this myth in Egyptian work. To a South Sea Islander carved idols are not stocks nor stones, but living gods. The most acute Hindooism does not separate his brzen images from the personalities of his deities.

Nothing is older than the stories of the supreme skill of the artist which the old Greek repeated. The common type of this legend is the picture with the figs painted on it, which were so natural that the birds pecked at them. The modern Orientals have embellished this story in many ways. The Persians will tell you that the birds actually carried a pomegranate out of a picture and fought over the fruit. One of the pomegranates slipped from the beak of a bird and tumbled down to a garden below. The over-ripe fruit broke, the seeds were scattered, and where they fell a pomegranate tree grew, which will be shown you to-day in a court-yard in Ispahan.

We have the very old joke about the slab of stone painted so exactly like a log of wood that it floated. The Japanese have worked up the idea in many ingenious ways. They had a painter of the tenth century who drew a crystal ball so perfectly that when the sun shone on it, it behaved as would a lens, and would light tinder.

The Greeks tell of an artist who was dissatisfied with the flecks of foam in the mouth of a dog he was painting, and in anger threw a sponge at his picture, and lo! where the sponge had struck the painting there was the froth required.

This is told of a bronze artificer who never could be satisfied with the ocean he was making up, into which his hero was wading. He set his work on a window. A storm arose, there was a blinding flash of lightning and the bronze was hurled to the ground. When the artist picked up the bronze, a portion of the metal representing the water had been fused, and there was the rolling, undulating sea, such as no mortal hand could ever have produced.

Another story is about a second

bronze-worker, who was a great artist, but an intemperate one, for he drank too much sake. The man had fashioned a deity in bronze which did not satisfy him, though he had worked on it for ten years. Do what he would, the figure showed traces of the long toil he had lavished on it. Though given to his cups, he was apparently a conscientious artist. Putting his bronze in his pocket or up his sleeve, the artist determined to commit suicide, and so plunged into a great tub of fermenting rice, from which sake is distilled. When the sake-maker emptied his tubs there was the artist dead, and his bronze, but the work had been perfected. The fermenting rice had smoothed down the hard lines. The bronze was admirable, and so the artist's death conferred on him a certain amount of heroism—that is, according to Japanese ideas of heroism.

The newest story of artistic performance and of higher criticism is Japanese, and for the lesson it conveys has its value. There was a Shogun of the fourteenth century who was the art critic of his time, because he never saw a screen or a bronze or a china decoration without finding some fault. In his court all his retainers followed the Shogun in depreciating whatsoever was shown to them.

In the court of the great man was a painter, the most distinguished of his time, and this artist became very tired of the adverse criticisms passed on his work. The Shogun ordered a screen, leaving the choice of the subject to the artist.

'As you are very slow,' said the Shogun, 'you may take a year to paint your screen. Time enough, I think, to assure us that there will be nothing careless in your work.'

The artist accepted the commission, and asked for leave of absence, which was granted to him. He was away for eleven months, and it was within three days of the end of the year when he paid his respects to the Shogun.

'Exhibit at once your so-called work of art,' said the Shogun.

'I have not yet commenced it, may it please your Dignity,' answered the artist.

'And in three days do you expect to show me a picture worth my looking at?' inquired the Shogun.

'I have travelled all over the country for that work which it has pleased you to commit to my care, and it will be ready on time,' replied the artist, humbly.

When the last day had come the artist said his screen was ready, and that it was hanging in a particular room in the Shogun's palace. The high dignitary and his court were present, and examined the picture.

What was painted was simplicity itself. There was a river, and in the stream a boat was moored, with a furled sail. The banks of the river were lined with rushes. There were a few trees, with a bird here and there perched on the boughs. A rabbit was nibbling the grass. In the distance was a high mountain.

'That is suppositively water, if I am not mistaken,' said the Shogun.

'It's very sluggish,' remarked the pipe-bearer.

'Those rushes—ahem!' interposed a courtier—'are they not absurdly stiff?'

'And, dear me,' chimed in the secretary, 'what birds! stuffed birds on boughs are too preposterous!'

'The boat—such a boat as that never could float. Is it meant for a boat or a rock?' inquired the master of the robes.

'The fact is,' said the Shogun, 'it is an idiotic performance. If wants life, go, dash, imagination. It is dullness personified. It is nothing but 'practice work, and entirely unfitted to grace our elegant abode. Treasurer, pay this man for his trouble. A full year's wages, such as you would give to a weeder of rice.'

'Our Highness was always a liberal patron of the arts,' said the treasurer. 'And though generous, most discriminating, for really the picture is overpaid,' said the courtiers.

The painter smiled, slowly walked to where the screen was hung, and plunged head foremost into his work. Then, to the great amazement of the Shogun and his court, a splash was heard. Now the water rippled and the boat began to rock. The rushes on the bank of the stream nodded and

bent and swayed, as if with a passing breeze. The birds flew from bough to bough. The rabbit scampered away. There was a figure in the boat, and presently the anchor was hauled up and the sail was set, and the little craft, heeling over with the wind, sped up the stream, and now a landing was made at the foot of the mountain.

Next a little man was seen slowly climbing up the mountain, and when the mountain-top was reached the figure bowed respectfully to the Shogun and the court and disappeared, as if descending on the other side of the mountain.

Then a loon came to the immediate foreground of the screen, and flapped his wings, and said, in a very courtly Japanese, these words, which may be rather carelessly translated into English in this way:

'You are all a set of ninnies, for you don't know a good thing when you see it. Ta, ta!'

The courtiers were so enraged that they drew their two swords and wanted to hack the loon and the screen to pieces. But when they looked at the screen, they saw a big tear in it, with falling flaps of silk, on which the work had been painted. It was where the artist had made his exit. This is the Japanese fable for critics.

**FLY TALK.**

Since the departure of Professor Garner for Africa, to continue his study of the language of monkeys, a French man of science, Doctor Galtier, has published the results of a long and careful study, made in his poultry house, into the language of hens. In his opinion, there are many 'words' concealed in the utterances which we ordinarily interpret merely with cut-cut-a-dah-ent and cock-a-doodle-don.

These studies in animal dialects have now been followed by another, which is perhaps, most curious of all. An English inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound-magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house-flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own.

The language does not consist of the buzzing sound which we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibrations of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone.

Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them, are very acute.

The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations!

**QUITO WATER PORTERS.**

Around a fountain in one of the principal squares of Quito assemble every morning the city's agnadores. These water porters differ from the less energetic ones of some South American cities in carrying their jars on their backs instead of on the backs of mules. 'Their earthen jars are deep, have a wide mouth, and hold about forty litres,' writes the author of 'From the Andes to Para.'

The porter carries it on his shoulder fastened with leather straps. He never detaches himself from his jar either to fill it, or to transfer his contents to that of his customer.

He turns his back to the fountain so that the jar comes under one of the jets of water in the jar, and his ear is so well trained that he always walks away at the exact moment when it is filled to the brim.

Arrived at your house, he goes to your jar, makes a deep bow—and disappears behind a torrent of water. I could never receive without laughing the visit of my agnador, the respectful little man who bowed to me behind a cataract of water.

She: 'I wonder who first said, "It is better to be born lucky than rich!"'  
He: 'Some old fool whose wife married him for his money. I fancy.'



#### NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Willie Rockingham: 'Yaws, Miss Gussie, I would get married, but I dweed the responsibility.' Miss Gussie: 'Oh, no one would hold you responsible. The responsibility for such a thing would rest with the woman who married you.'

#### A MODERN BUDDHIST.

Funny Passenger (the conversation turning on the hard life of the horses): 'Ah, I see, you're not a believer in the transmigration of souls!' Driver: 'Well, I don't know, sir. For my part I likes 'em fried in the usual way!'

#### A VALUABLE STUTTER.

'Never was glad for this im-impediment in my speech but once,' said the man from Dearborn, who was in to see the big parade. 'When was that?' Fe-fe-fel-low asked me h-h-how much I would take for a horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him s-s-sixty d-dollars, he offered me a hundred.'

#### THE WORM'S TRIUMPH.

Old Grinders: See here, young man, how do you account for the fact that you were seven minutes late in getting to the office this morning? Weary Employee: I don't account for it at all. I've just succeeded in getting another job.

#### WHY?

Insurance Agent: We can't insure you.  
Old Man: Why not?  
Insurance Agent: You are 94 years old.  
Old Man: What of that? Statisticians will tell you that fewer men die at 94 than at any other age.

#### AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Fragal Girl: 'Wasn't it noble in that Vassar girl to save three men from drowning?' 'Yes—a husband for herself and two other girls.'

#### NO WONDER.

'Arthur, our physician wants to send me to a summer resort for four weeks.' Husband: 'Well, I can't blame him.'

#### NO GETTING AWAY FROM THEM.

Wallace: What do you deem the most charming age in woman? Ferry: From my observation, a woman of about 35 is harder to get away from than any other.

#### EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

Juvenile Nurse (speaking of her brother in the pram): 'Yes, an' he ain't got no wices at all. He don't smoke, drink, or chew terbacker, an' he don't want no latch key.' Her Friend: 'Lor', wot a husband he'd make!'

#### A TEST CASE.

'Pat, here's some good whisky I want you to try. Which will you take, a toddy or a punch?' 'Begorra, sor, Oih have to thry 'em bot' befor Oi kin decide.'

#### WHERE SHAKESPEARE FAILED.

'It beats me,' mused the modern theatre manager, 'this here William Shakespeare wrote the play of "Hamlet," in which Ophelia gets drowned, yet he leaves the drowning scene out.' 'It does seem queer,' observed the stage carpenter, with a touch of vanity; 'but maybe he didn't know how to make a tank.'

#### A VITAL LANGUAGE.

'The English language lacks a lot of being a dead language.' 'Yes; and it is a wonder, too. It gets butchered so much.'

#### BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Mrs Barton leaned over the fence to explain the advantages of fire insurance to Mrs McCarthy.

'Even if you never have a big fire it's useful,' she said, 'for if a coal pops out on the hearthrug and burns it, or if the clothes that are airing should catch alight, you can claim for the damage, and you only have 'o pay a few shillings a year for the insurance.'

'And if there's no fires,' inquired Mrs McCarthy, 'I suppose they return the money you've paid them?'

And Mrs Barton said she was not quite sure on this point, but she would ask her husband.



She: If you won't come along I shall go out alone! Do you think with my new £25 dress I'm not going to show myself on the street?

He: 'O, I'll be with you as soon as I trim the ragged edges of my trouser legs!'

#### THE STRANGE PART OF IT.

Mrs Wedderly: Yes, my husband and I met and became engaged at the seaside.

Mrs Van Laub: Dear me, how singular!

'I don't see anything so remarkable about it. Young folks are always getting engaged at the seaside.'

'I know, but you seem to have subsequently got married to each other.'

#### IMPRESSED HER.

Briggs: That was a great dance. I hope I made an impression on that girl.

Griggs: I guess you did. She has been limping ever since.

#### WHAT MADDENED HER.

'She sent my letter back unopened.'

'Why?'  
'She said the postman who delivered it kicked her dog.'

#### TIME NO OBJECT.

Hostess: But when you got so far North that the nights were three months long it must have been inexpressibly dreary. How did you put in your time?

Arctic Explorer: Madam, we devoted the evening to a game of chess.

#### HAVE IT OVER.

She: I will consent to be your wife on one condition.

He: Name it.  
She: That you will stop smoking.  
He: All right; but let's make the engagement very short.

#### THAT'S HOW IT IS.

'Don't misunderstand me,' said Meandering Mike; 'I ain't down on work.' 'You don't seem to have much affection for it,' replied Plodding Pete. 'Yes I have. Work is a good 'ting. If it wasn't for work how would all dese people git money to give us?'

#### ROUGH ON THE M.P.

On one occasion an M.P. of a past generation, not noted for his habits of personal tidiness, was visiting a seaside place, and one day, while out in a yacht with a sailing party, he was swept overboard, but was happily rescued. When the excitement was over a young fellow rushed down into the cabin.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'we've been having such an exciting time on deck.' 'What is it?' asked everybody.

'Mr Blank was washed overboard.' 'I'm glad of it,' snapped a fastidious patron.

Everybody was horrified.  
'Well, I am,' she explained. 'Just think of that man being washed on board.'

#### HIGH AND LOW WORDS.

Judge: Do I understand you to say that the parties used high words? Witness: Their voices were unusually high, but their words were extremely low.

#### MORE EXPERIENCE.

'I dunno's I kin git my money back,' said Mr Corntossel, as he ruefully rubbed his brow. 'But I must say as how I ain't going to recommend any customers to that concern.'

'Have you been makin' investments?'

'I sent a dollar to a man who advertised that he would tell a sure way to make money fast.'

'Didn't you get any answer?'

'Yes. He says to "put glue on it."'

#### THE MEAT.

'Take it away!' shouted the King of Bkplu. 'What on earth is the matter with the meat? Are you trying to poison me?'

'It must have been,' the chief humbly explained, 'that the gentleman I cooked this afternoon was a bitter sectarian.'



Miss Newlove: 'Auntie, would you consider an engagement ring set with an opal unlucky?'

Her Aunt: 'Gracious me! No, child.'

#### NO INDUCEMENT.

'Wouldn't you like to live your life over again?'

'And owe twice as much as I do now? Well I guess not.'

#### REMINDERS.

'We are in danger,' said one Spanish statesman, 'of sinking into oblivion; of being almost forgotten by the rest of the world.'

'Never!' replied the other, proudly. 'We still have our debts.'

#### AN UNFORTUNATE.

Smith: Great time we had at the club last night, eh?

Jones: You bet! Did you get home all right?

'No, I was arrested before I got there, and spent the night in a station house.'

'Lucky dog! I reached home.'

#### ETERNAL HOPE.

Mrs Nooar: Do you think my daughter will be a musician?

Professor: I gunt say. She may. She dell me she gome of a long-lived family.

#### SHE BOUGHT THE GLOVES.

'Let me see some of your black kid gloves,' said Mrs Snaggs. 'These are not the latest styles, are they?' when the gloves were produced.

'Yes, madam,' replied the shopman, 'we have had them in stock only two days.'

'I didn't think they were, because the fashionable paper says that black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa.'

The shopman explained that vice versa was Latin for seven buttons, and Mrs Snaggs bought the gloves.

#### A WISE YOUNG MAN.

She: Why don't you get a wheel—don't you think you would enjoy riding one?

He: Oh, yes, I'd enjoy it all right, but I can't afford one.

'But they are cheap now and you can buy one on credit almost anywhere.'

'Yes, I know; it's easy to run in debt, but I'm afraid it would be rather difficult to ride a wheel out of it.'

#### FAIR WARNING.

'John Henry,' said Mrs Strongmind as she shook her finger threateningly at her husband, 'the next time you get up in the night and go through my pockets I shall send you home to your father.'

#### THE REASON WHY.

'So you call your dog Dewey, do you? It seems to me that he's a very homely looking cur to be honoured with such a name.'

'But Dewey is an especially appropriate name for this dog.'

'How so?'

'It doesn't matter what he happens to be doing, he's always ready to suspend operations for breakfast.'

#### THE HARMLESS MOUSE.

'Did you read this, dear?' said Mrs Grigsby to Orlando the other night. 'It's a strange case. A harmless lunatic imagines that he's a grain of corn, and will not go into the yard lest a chicken eat him. Isn't it an odd delusion?'

'Oh, the world's full of such delusions, dear,' said Grigsby. 'I know a harmless lunatic who seems to imagine she's a piece of cheese, and she will fly from a room when a mouse enters it for fear the little creature will devour her.'

#### THE ENTIRE ARSENAL.

She looked up at him from over the rims of her heavy bowed spectacles.

'This suggestion of the Russian Czar's seems like a very good idea, Richard,' she said in her deep alto voice.

'Yes, Maria, it is—I mean it does.'

'As I understand it,' she went on without heeding his remark, 'he wants us to lay down the sword, and the musket, and the cannon, and, and—'

'The rolling pin, the broom and the flat iron,' he put in with a hard, dry chuckle.

'Richard!'

She glared at him fiercely for a moment and then resumed her reading.

#### INFERNAL MACHINES.

Mrs Chugwater: Josiah, I see a good deal in the papers about infernal machines. What is an infernal machine? Mr Chugwater: Well, sometimes I think it's a lawn mower an' sometimes I think it's a piano.

#### A TOUCHING SCENE.

A creditor calls upon a debtor, whom he finds at dinner, busy carving a turkey.

'Now, sir,' said the visitor, 'are you going to pay me soon?'

'I should only be too glad, my dear sir; but it is impossible; I am cleared out, ruined; I haven't a stiver.'

'Why, sir, when a man cannot pay his debts, he has no business to be eating a turkey like that.'

'Alas! my dear sir,' said the debtor, lifting the serviette to his eyes, as though deeply affected, 'I couldn't afford to keep it!'