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And Ladies' Journal.

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AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

SANTA CLAUS SEDDON TO PARTY OF SEXAGENARIANS: "You've not been forgotten this time, old boys. There's a stocking-full like this for every one of you."

GOUT

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

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CURED.

yarns, the old songs, and, above all, the old jokes. I am in the humour to listen to them all, to be filled and to be thrilled, and to be killed with them. Fire away, I am ready to laugh or to cry as you wish, or as the senti-



*"I pledge you the good old shibboleth,
A Merry Christmas"*

ment demands. I am the sport of the season. But remember, a plague on him who would innovate, the impertinent puppy! Here, join hands all round, and I pledge you, the good old shibboleth,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

OUR NEW SANTA CLAUS.

IT has been most happily ordered by the kindest of fates that the arrangements for the distribution of the Old Age Pensions should be in active operation at this season of the year. True, those entitled to pensions will not have them actually to spend this Christmas and New Year's Day, but is not the full assurance that they are going to get them a little later on enough to let a flood of happiness into the lives of hundreds? Besides, it is possible that one may enjoy in advance the actual benefit of the pension. If any prospective pensioner would like to have a little of the money that is coming to him advanced for purposes of Christmas jollity—for example, to drink the health of the Premier and the Liberal party there are no doubt many gentlemen



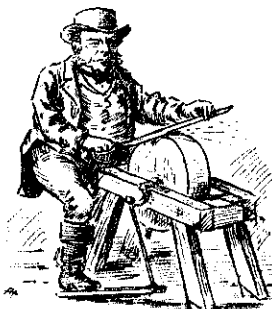
"Many gentlemen in New Zealand prepared to negotiate a little loan"

in New Zealand prepared to negotiate a little loan. The remittance man finds little difficulty in raising a few pounds on the strength of his allowance due six weeks hence, and why should not a free and independent pensioner enjoy similar privileges. Happy, happy sexagenarians! How we poor wretches wearily struggling along through the thirties and the forties and the fifties envy you your good luck. We have nothing of that kind to brighten our Christmas. Alas how long ago it is since we knew what it was to get a Christmas present. Most of us only know now what it is to give them; and though it may be more blessed to give than to receive, it is certainly much more expensive. Dear me! dear me! It seems centuries since I had a visit from good old Santa Claus. I never think of hanging my stocking up now, for the fact is—whisper it low, so that the children won't hear—I'm Santa Claus myself. But oh, you lucky rascals of sexagenarians, you are having your Santa Claus experiences all over again. Now, tell me, doesn't it just bring back the old days to you—those arrangements they are making about the pensions, I mean—the old days when in your little night-shirt you toddled to the fireside and reached down your stocking to see what Santa Claus had deposited in it. Did you

ever think these forty-fifty years that you would meet the kind old man again? But he means to pay you a visit this Christmas eve, so hang out your stockings in the faith of little children, and see what the King will send you. Oh, eyes grown dim with sorrow, what do you behold? Oh, trembling hands, crooked with labour, what do you grasp? There's something rustling in your old sock this Christmas morning. Feels like a bank note, doesn't it? Well, if it isn't that's something just as good—it's your pension certificate. Rest from your labours and be happy! But where's the Santa Claus, to thank him? you ask. Bless you, he has been here and gone some time ago; a broad-shouldered sort of a man like as he is in the pictures, but if anything broader and taller; and now I come to think of it, judging, of course, by a back view, I should not be surprised if it were Dick Seddon in disguise.

THE CZAR'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

WHY did not the Czar postpone the announcement of his proposals for a general disarmament until now? If he wished to make the very most of it, he was undoubtedly a trifle previous. Think how much more in harmony with the fitness of things it would have been to have delivered his message at this time, when all the civilized world is celebrating the great festival of peace. At such a moment it would have surely had by far the best chance of a warm response. Then, for very shame, the nations could not have turned a deaf ear or a cynical eye to the royal peacemaker. For the purposes of artistic and dramatic effect, now would have been the time for such a work. If the proposal had emanated from Kaiser William he would have recognised that in a trice, I can fancy the way that original young man would have made the most of the theatrical possibilities of the position. For instance, how much more appropriate to the occasion would it have been, if, instead of a bare invitation of the kind that was issued, the Czar had sent this Christmas to all the neighbouring powers a gorgeous Christmas card embodying his proposals. What a scope for the artist's imagination would there be in the pictorial illustration of such a token. A hundred devices suggest themselves. How strikingly effective would have been, for example, a representation of the nations of the earth assembled in wonder on the ground, while instead of a Milton's 'helmed Cherubim and sworded Seraphim, in glittering ranks with arms displayed, the cohorts of Russia descended bearing the new message, which was the old 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men.' If William had been stage manager that is probably how he would have fixed the matter up. Now, this may seem to be treating the whole thing very frivolously, but who can say that the nations showed any very marked desire to treat it seriously, or, at any rate, to give it that open arms welcome which such a proposal might be expected to provoke. Perhaps the Kaiser's attitude towards it at the opening of the Reichstag the other day presented the most comical aspects. He said he approved of the Czar's proposals for a conference, and almost in the same breath he asked the assembly for an increase of half



"When all the civilized world is celebrating the great festival of peace"

a million men in the peace footing of the German army. Is there not something ludicrously incongruous about the position, just as much as there would be in the sight of His Imperial Majesty humming hymns of peace while he ground his sabre to a fine cutting edge.

THE HOLIDAYS.

GIVE the boys a holiday!' was the famous reply of the dying philosopher and teacher when asked what funeral honours he desired; and for centuries afterwards the day of his death was a holiday in all the schools of Lampsacus. There is no case on record of a modern schoolmaster showing such kindly solicitude for his pupils on his death-bed; and I am afraid that the hard-hearted education boards and school committees of to-day would not be inclined to pay much regard to such a touchingly simple and unselfish will and testament. At the same time I am quite sure that that last morsel of wisdom which fell from the lips of the teacher of Socrates has not been without its effect on our system of education. Probably if we could trace the origin of the school holiday back through the mists of antiquity we might find it associated with those memorable words of happy omen, sweetest music to every youthful ear, 'Give the boys a holiday.' If that is indeed the case one cannot but deeply regret that the ancient philosophers had not laid down with more axiomatic precision the necessity of holidays for grown-up people. While it is universally recognised that the youngsters should have long bouts of recreation and idleness—they are having six or eight weeks' spell now—the claims of their elders are set aside in the most unfair way. I don't grudge the children their glorious heritage by any means, but I do think a little more attention should be paid to the needs of adult humanity in this matter. The day here and the afternoon there which we get, what are they at the most? The savage and the careless schoolboy, who lives for the hour, can enjoy them to the full, but to the high strung products of civilisation like you and me, beings whose minds are constantly looking before and after, they are eminently unsatisfactory. Just consider it. The furnaces of the brain take some time to burn out—a matter of forty-eight hours at any rate. The intermission of a single day of leisure is only equivalent to banking the fires. Or at best, it takes the first half of the holiday to forget your work and the second half is spoiled by the shadow of the coming labour. Of course one has to be content with these snippets of holiday when there is nothing better afoot, but how much better would it not be if we could each and all get a full meal as the school-children do. Then we would know what a holiday means, indeed. Just fancy how delightful it would be this Christmas for those poor mortals who have never since their schooldays done more than get a sip now and again at the cup of leisure, to be able to drink it to the very lees. If I had a six weeks' holiday I—but the thought is a dangerous one to harbour when the chances of its realisation are so very remote.

AN UNCATALOGUED EXHIBIT.

IT was rumoured last week that one of the cleverest things in the Auckland Exhibition which no one appeared to have seen was the work of a quite unknown gentleman who accomplished it in a moment of abstraction. The authorities have with much forethought stationed detectives in the building to protect the wares of the exhibitors and the personal property of the visitors from the clutch of some light-fingered gentry who also are visitors to the place. The unknown gentleman, so the story went, chose as a most proper subject on whom to exercise his ingenuity and dexterity one of those same detectives, and, much to the loss of that officer's professional prestige in the eyes of the public, was reported to have been entirely successful in his performance. The tale turned out to be false, much to the disgust of many good people, it would seem. For an incident of this kind is just what the public enjoy vastly; and, indeed, there is something extremely comical in the thief-catcher being himself caught in this way. Surely there is room for that nemesis for policemen of which we were speaking the other week, everybody said. But after all, the occurrence, had it actually occurred, would not have been by any means so conclusive of the detective's incapacity for his business as one might imagine. On the other hand, his misfortune might be explained as the result of his utter carelessness of himself in his watchful solicitude for the safety of the public. It is not the easiest thing in the world to look after the pockets

TOPICS A WEEK.

CHRISTMAS FARE.

CHRISTMAS greetings, Christmas poems, Christmas articles, Christmas humour, Christmas pathos—they all belong to the category of things that defy the finger of change. Year after year, century after century, they make their appearance in due season wearing the same dear old familiar faces. The fashion of the age alters and changes and every year attires itself in different garments from its predecessors, but you can always count on the family characteristics asserting themselves when the year draws near its end. And in nothing does this atavism assert itself more strongly than in Christmas literature. It is questionable whether anyone could think or say anything original about Christmas. But even if some genius arose who could, he would hardly have the temerity to do it. It would be considered not only heterodox, but rank sacrilege to attempt such a thing. Just fancy anyone attempting to make a new kind of Christmas plum-pudding. Well, all honest Christmas literature is concocted on precisely the same plan. The mirth, the fun, the folly of the season, the tales, and the stories, are composed of precisely the same ingredients as they were years ago, and in much the same proportions. Not even the entire change in our surroundings can reverse the order of things. Look at us here.

"We change our skies above us,
But not our hearts that room"
sings the poet; and do you think we would tolerate a change in our Christmas literature simply because we live at the other side of the world from that on which the race lived up until a century or so ago? The idea is preposterous. Some irreverent folk here are in the habit of substituting strawberries and cream for plum-pudding on Christmas day, I am told. I wonder the berries do not choke these rash radicals who set at naught the hallowed customs of their ancestors. Let me have my Christmas plum-pudding though I sweat and suffer for it. Such innovations can surely never be general; even their occasional appearance is indicative of a decadence of the race that I don't at all like. I regret that I cannot prevent it in the culinary department, but, in so far as I have the power, I shall resist any tendency of the same kind invading Christmas literature. Give me the old literary plum-pudding made after the same old sauce of philanthropy poured over it. A bit too rich for you is it my pessimistic friend! or too pronounced for your literary palate, my fastidious little master! Well I'm sorry for you, but my digestion is still sound, and I can enjoy the good old Christmas fare just as heartily as when I was a boy, or, for that matter, as my grandfather did when he was one. Bring out the old

of a few hundreds of people and your own at the same time. Apropos of this, Hermann the conjurer user to tell a story of a seance which he gave before some native tribes in South America. Among his audience was one fellow who was to all appearances utterly thunderstruck by the wizard's dexterity. He sat open-eyed and open-mouthed, with a look of stupefaction in his face which highly flattered the prestidigitateur until the latter discovered at the close of the performance that his dusky admirer had relieved him of a handsome gold chronometer and chain which he wore in his pocket. I could imagine that detectives' pockets are by no means the most difficult to pick, and if I were going in for the business I am not so sure that I would not prefer them to any other, ladies' pockets excepted. Of course, it is always recognised that



ladies' pockets are the ideal of thieves, and the ease with which they can be entered by the latter is only equalled by the difficulty the owners themselves invariably experience in coming at them. Every man who has sat next to a lady in church or at an entertainment knows what that means. For my own part, repeated experiences of her distressful attempts to find her handkerchief have not injured me to the extent of sitting by her while she is searching for it. I can never help thinking when the familiar performance commences that the poor girl or old lady is about to take a fit or go into hysterics, and the vision of the part I may be called on to perform, patting her hands, throwing water over her, or even cutting her stay laces makes me suffer agonies of discomfort.

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.

'Cecily,' E.C.—I am very sorry for the stains on your pique dress, for I regret to say I do not know anything which will remove them. If any of my readers can tell me of any way of taking out the stains caused by arm lilies, I shall be very glad, and will let 'Cecily' know of the remedy through these columns. Have you tried ammonia, or cream of tartar, or its opposite, bi-carbonate of soda?

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A STOLEN COIN.

Hector Mainwaring was a newspaper man, a dramatic and art critic on one of the dailies. When he left the office one night the hour was almost 12. He had gone there to read the proof of an article intended for the next morning's paper. He was annoyed at having had to go back just to correct a proof sheet, but the week before, in one of his finest articles, an absurd typographical error had just taken away the effect of a phrase which had been his pride and turned the whole thing into ridiculous nonsense. Since then he had made a point of going himself every night to look over the final proof.

It was the beginning of winter, and a cool wind was blowing. As he passed along Fleet-street it occurred to him that he would have a glass of something to drink before returning home to his lonely bachelor's quarters. He sat down at one of the tables in a public house and slowly sipped a hot toddy. When he had finished he put a half crown on the table ready for the waiter, and turned round to pick up his cane.

Just as Hector rose a hand suddenly snatched up the silver coin, and the thief immediately darted out of the door. In an instant Hector drew another coin from his pocket, threw it on the table, called to the waiter, and then started off in pursuit.

It was very evident that the thief knew he was being followed, and it was also evident that he was inexperienced in his avocation, for he ran on and on, up one street and down another, coming out again a hundred yards away from the place he has started from.

Hector was interested, for he was too bright not to know that the man in front of him was not an ordinary pickpocket. Hector himself knew all the side streets and passages thoroughly, and he suddenly turned down one, ran at full speed, and came out again under a lamp just as the wretched man reached it.

Both men stopped short, and Hector said, shortly: "Give me back my money!"

"The thief stood motionless, and the journalist saw, by the light of the street lamp, the saddest human face he had ever looked upon.

The man before him was apparently quite young, but his face was pale and pinched and his black hair and moustache gave him a ghostlike look. His clothes were shabby, and he had altogether what has been described as the look of a drowned man." Hector, at the sight of such evident misery, felt as though he himself had been guilty of some crime, and when the wretched man held out the silver coin to his accuser, without attempting to offer a word of apology, but with an expression of utter despair in his sunken eyes, our journalist could not find a word to say.

He took the coin, put it carefully in his vest pocket, and then pressed his purse, containing about £2, into the man's hand, and made off himself as though he had been the thief.

Ten years passed, and after much uphill work and struggle Hector had gained for himself considerable fame as journalist and art critic. His absolute sincerity and perfect competency had won for him golden opinions from the public, and his verdict on all matters connected with art and literature was always awaited with anxious impatience.

In spite of his success and fame the first hard years of struggle had left their traces on him. There was always a touch of melancholy which he never quite succeeded in throwing off. He had seen the comedy of human life too near, and it is, alas! no comedy for those who are behind the scenes.

One bright May day, however, Hector was quite gay as he entered one of the most fashionable of the Strand restaurants. At one of the tables there was a group of professional men—artists, journalists and lawyers and they were engaged in an animated discussion regarding an art exhibition then open.

Hector's arrival made a sensation, and many hands were held out toward him. Somewhat absently, and yet with the easy cordiality of a man accustomed to society, he answered the various greetings and then took his

customary place at a small table, where Paul Martens, the young landscape painter, and Charles Dennin, a well-known portrait painter, were waiting for him.

With these two friends Hector could always enjoy himself; he knew and sympathised with them thoroughly in their love of art and in their utter contempt for all that was mean or mercenary.

"Why, Hector!" exclaimed Paul, "you look positively radiant this morning. What has happened, and what have you been doing?"

"Why, precisely the same as everyone else. I have been looking at pictures and sculpture, but I have discovered one piece which has done me good for the whole day. A perfect masterpiece—an inspiration."

Hector's friends listened eagerly, and at the neighbouring tables the conversation ceased, for it was worth while hearing what the great art critic had to say, and hearing it from his own lips before the papers got it the next day.

"There certainly are some fine things in the exhibition, but in my opinion there is one that surpasses all, one such as we only get once in about ten years—I mean Jean Sturtevant's "Wreck."

A murmur of approval was heard from the other tables as Hector pronounced the young sculptor's name.

During dessert Charles Dennin got up from the table and went across to the other end of the restaurant. He soon returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome man of about 30, well dressed and bearing the unmistakable stamp of a gentleman. His dark, deep set, brown eyes were full of restless energy, but there was an expression of earnestness in them which almost amounted to sadness. This morning, however, his delicate, oval face was lighted up with happiness. Fame had appeared to him, Glory had touched him with her wings.

"Hector," said Charles, "I want to introduce my friend to you, Jean Sturtevant."

The journalist rose quickly and shook hands warmly with the young sculptor.

"I must thank you," he said, "for the enjoyment I have had this morning. Your "Wreck" is a marvellous work of art, and I certainly think I have never felt so much pleasure in seeing a piece of sculpture as in that."

The artist drank to these words from the critic with delight, and, on Hector's invitation, he took a seat at the little table where the viands were now giving out their inviting aroma.

He thought of various acquaintances he had made at the clubs, artists' studios, etc., but, no, he could not recall having met this man before, and still the look in those eyes haunted him.

Finally he decided that it must simply be a resemblance that he saw to someone else, and he became so interested in the conversation of the three artists that he forgot it at last, and ceased to ransack his memory. Gradually the tables around were deserted, and Hector called the waiter and paid the bill. He left a coin on the table (a tip) for the waiter, and seeing that it had escaped his notice, he called him back, saying as he extended it on his palm: "Here, take this."

Suddenly Jean Sturtevant looked at it and then at Hector. His face became still paler, the expression in his eyes still more intense, a shudder ran through him, and at the same time the memory of an utterly wretched face seen on a November evening by the light of a street lamp, ten years ago, flashed across Hector. They were all getting up from the table; he smiled sympathetically at the young sculptor, and held out his hand, which the latter grasped and wrung silently, but with the gratitude of his whole soul.

The coin had a peculiar mark on the head of the queen. It was thus that Jean had recognised it as the very coin he had snatched from the table ten years previously, and had been forced to return to the journalist.

During all that time the journalist had kept it until this evening, when he had unintentionally drawn it from his pocket as a tip for the waiter.

Hector and Jean were from this day forth firm friends, and the sculptor told the story of the utter misery and poverty he had been in when Hector's timely and sympathetic help had rescued him from despair, and his beautiful young sister from death. She was now 20 years old, bright,

happy, and gay, the very sunshine of his home.

Hector was a frequent visitor at the sculptor's studio, and he often joined the brother and sister at their dinner table. The tinge of melancholy gradually disappeared from his face, and one morning the following announcement was seen in the papers:

"The marriage of our gifted critic, Hector Mainwaring, with Miss Helene Sturtevant, the sister of Jean Sturtevant, the well-known sculptor of "The Wreck," is shortly to take place." — [Spare Moments.]

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CHAPTER VII. (Continued).

Yes, there were the orphans. I was not to leave without seeing them again. It seemed as if there were some fatality in this; at least so it looked to me by the light of after events. The children filed past me—row after row of neatly uniformed boys and girls. Almost at the end of the procession, marched a girl who had a prouder bearing than her companions, and a more elastic step. Amongst so many unintelligent, common-place faces hers was striking by its animation; the fire of the dark eyes the delicacy of the ivory complexion. It was Hilda who looked at me and smiled. I waved my hand to her. The next moment the children had all passed by, and I had gone aboard the tender. The friendless little waif has had my last farewell, and faster and faster still the darkening shore is left behind.

Hours after this, I was walking to and fro on the deck. The night was cloudy and sultry; the sea had a thick and sluggish motion as if oil had been poured on the waves; the wind was a lazy, loitering wind that died away and came again by fits and starts. Even the steamer seemed lazy, and the monotonous throb of the engines as she forced her way onwards had a drowsy sound. I do not know of what I was thinking, for thought itself moved slowly on that dreamy night. But my vague fancies, whatever they might be, had nothing to do with the one who suddenly glided to my side, and timidly touched my hand.

I was so astonished I actually started at the touch. "Hilda," I exclaimed, "is it you? However have you come here?"

She laughed; but the laughter had a sound of tears. The hand I had taken clasped mine tightly. "Oh, don't be angry," she said, "please don't be angry. No one but you has been good to me. No one else ever spoke nicely to us, or seemed sorry for us. I saw you were going away, and I heard people who were with us say that the steamer was leaving for Sydney, and I thought if I could get to Sydney, you would help me to find the people who knew my mother. So I ran away. I just slipped behind the rest, and dodged amongst the crowd. The other girls saw me; but they didn't say anything. A lady with some children was going on the steamer, and I went on behind them, and no one noticed me. And then I hid myself till it was quite dark."

"And what am I to do with you?" I said. "I suppose I must go and tell the captain that I've found a stowaway on board. What do you think he will say to that?"

She must have thought I was speaking seriously, for at this she burst out crying. "No, don't tell him," she sobbed. "We haven't got very far yet, and he might send me back again. Oh, I can't stay here, where nobody cares about me. In Sydney there are plenty of people who knew my mother, and who would pay the captain for letting me come in his ship. Mr Tomlinson would if he knew. You might take care of me for a little while."

Who could have withstood that appeal? Even in the dusky light I saw the big tears upon her cheek, the imploring gaze of her eyes. "Hilda,"

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

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I said, "I will take care of you. Don't be afraid, the captain won't send you back again. If I can help it, you shall never go back. Stay here quietly for a moment. Let me wrap this plaid round you, though. I will be back again immediately."

I sought the captain. We were not strangers to each other. I had fallen in with him on some of my previous voyages.

"Captain," I said, "I have some news for you. I have found a stowaway."

"A stowaway!" The captain's eyes opened widely. "You found a stowaway? You must be joking Mr Blake. It's a little early for our free passengers—if we have any—to show themselves. I'm not so much troubled with them as I used to be, when I was on one of the Atlantic liners. When I was second officer of the Scythia we had them by the dozen and more. I tell you I got so sick of the thing once, when I'd found fourteen, that I went and shouted down to them, "Now, if there are any more of you fellows hiding below, just come up at once, and let's have done with you." You may believe me or not, but the words were hardly out of my mouth when nine or more came up, and Withers, our chief officer, said he could almost have taken an oath that the ship was clear of them."

"Captain," I said, "this is a very small stowaway. Could you come with me for a few minutes. I would like you to inspect this free passenger."

The captain stared at me still more. What he thought I don't know; but in a few words I satisfied his curiosity. I told him what I knew of Hilda, and he was as sympathetic as I could desire. He followed me to where I had left her.

You may trust a sailor to be kind to children. In a few minutes the captain was sitting beside the little stowaway, and talking to her in a manner that soon dispelled her fears. Afterwards he went with me to give Hilda into the charge of a stewardess, and was careful in ordering that she should have every attention. There was no need for this injunction. Her advent created quite a sensation among the ladies, and every one wanted to show kindness to the child. It was a happy little face that beamed upon me, when I said good night to her.

I had acted impulsively, no doubt, but I am not sure whether our best actions are not done on the impulse of the moment. It is true, that sometimes I wondered what I was to do with my charge when I arrived in Sydney, and how long I should be in finding her friends—it appeared that she had no relatives there. But I consoled myself—it would be all right if I met with Cousin Anne. She would know exactly what ought to be done, and she would not be slack in telling me.

But I wasn't certain about my cousin—or my aunt, as she insists on being called, merely, I believe, for the sake of claiming greater authority. No one could be certain of Miss Winter for very long. By this time she might have flown off to Fiji; she might be in New Caledonia, studying the French convict system. Well, what if she were not in Sydney? Surely it was not hard to take care of a child of ten years. If she had been my sister, I should have found no

difficulty in the matter. Again I seemed to hear the pleading words: "You might take care of me for a little while!" I saw the large clear eyes, all wet with tears, looking into mine. The little stowaway should not want for help that I could give.

CHAPTER VIII.

HILDA FINDS A HOME.

We were in Sydney—I and my youthful charge. With this young lady of ten in my care I had begun to feel quite grave and elderly. The captain had rallied me about the responsibility I had taken on myself. I didn't feel quite comfortable when I thought over the matter. There was the Board to be reckoned with. A Board has no conscience, no soul, no brain. It was impossible to foresee what such an anomalous creature might proceed to do or say, when it was advised of the fact that its runaway ward was in Sydney, and that I was partly responsible for her escape. I was not conscious of having done anything wrong; but it was highly probable that I had acted illegally. Even of this I was not certain, my ideas about law being of the most vague and shadowy description. I knew the ten commandments; but the laws and enactments of the British empire and the various Boards which muddle through its government are upwards of ten hundred thousand, and for all I could tell I might have broken a great many of them.

"You've been rather impulsive, Mr Blake," said the worthy captain. "I think all the better of you for it; but there are some who might not. It's a weak point in your case that when we found the little girl on board it wasn't by any means too late to have sent her back to her lawful guardians. Perhaps some one will say that's what should have been done."

"But you, yourself, Captain?" I asked. "What did you say?"

"Yes, yes, I know what I said. But, to tell you the truth, she reminded me of a little maid I have at home, and so I couldn't do what the Board may conceive to have been my duty. But if I were you, I'd write to them at once."

"Oh, the Board!" I said, irritably, and inwardly I anathematised that body of virtuous citizens. I foresaw myself involved in correspondence with them. I should be tied up and entangled—I might say strangled—in those endless coils of red tape with which a Board is as liberally provided as a spider is with material for its web.

"I shall certainly let them know at once," I said. "As for the little girl, I am taking her to a relative of mine, Miss Winter, who is now in Sydney."

The captain looked interested. "Miss Winter?" The celebrated lady traveller? I had the pleasure of having her as a passenger once."

"I have no doubt," I said. "I believe she has been on every line of passenger steamers in the world."

My cousinly aunt was still in Sydney. I found her at the boarding-house from which her last letter had been written. It was surprising to me that she should have been rooted to one spot for so long.

It was years since we had met, and I was glad to look upon her pleasant face again. Pleasant it was, not only from expression, but also by reason of its comeliness. As for the rest, let any one imagine a very tall and slightly-built figure, a handsome coiffure of grey hair—it must have silvered very early—a clear-toned voice, which I have heard say some sharp things, but never an ill-natured one, and a hand which was cool and firm and strong to the grasp. Let any one, I say, imagine this, and he will have a very good idea of the lady who called herself my aunt Anne.

When I reached her sitting-room she was standing before a large easel, anxiously regarding the painting upon it. She threw down her implements, and came to meet me with outstretched hands.

"Cecil! my dear boy, how glad I

am to see you. And how well you are looking. I was afraid that you might be ill. Why didn't you write? I had no answer to my last three letters."

"I am very sorry," I said, guiltily. "It was unkind to leave you so long in uncertainty. But just then the world wasn't going well with me, and I did not wish to trouble you with bad news. I thought I would wait until I had something better to tell you; and then I thought I would come myself instead of sending a letter."

"But have you left your business?" said my aunt, who was nothing if not practical. "Or is it business that brings you here? I hope, Cecil, that you are employed in some way. You talk about not wanting to trouble me, but I assure you that while I had no news at all I was very troubled. I knew that if you had been successful you would have told me. You ought to have something to do—to be settled in some trade or profession. It is late enough for you to be making a choice."

"That is very true," I replied. "I have found it too late or too early for almost everything. But I have something to do, or I could hardly have come here."

"I am very glad that you have succeeded. What is it? Have you gone into trade?"

"Not exactly," I replied, mysteriously. "May I wait a while before I tell you? I want to consult with you about something else. You know how I value your advice."

"I don't know," said my aunt, trying to look stern and forbidding. "The last time I offered you advice you wouldn't take it. If you had done as I wished you would have been a thriving barrister by this time."

I shook my head. "A briefless barrister, you mean. What was I to subsist on while I read law and waited for some one to employ me? If I could have hibernated while the briefs came in, I would have done as you wished."

"You know very well what you could have subsisted on," said my aunt, reproachfully.

"I do indeed. I spoke foolishly. I don't undervalue your kindness; but I'm glad I didn't take advantage of it. I had burdened you too long."

"What was it you wished to consult with me about?"

"It is about some one else, rather than myself. I haven't come alone. I have a little girl with me. She has no one to look after her; indeed, I suppose I am her only friend. I have promised to do what I can for her, and I thought that you might help me."

My aunt almost jumped. "Good gracious, Cecil! A little girl! Why, you're hardly able to manage your own affairs, and you must take that responsibility on your shoulders. Wherever did you find the child, and what do you mean to do for her? I really did not think that you were so romantic—a modern Don Quixote."

"If I am Don Quixote," I said, "then you are Donna Quixota, for I am sure that in my place you would have done the same thing."

I told her the story from the beginning, and I could see that she was interested in my account of Hilda.

"Where is the child?" she said. "Why didn't you bring her with you?"

"I left her at the hotel," I said. "I did not like to bring her here until I had seen you. Besides, I was not quite certain of finding you. You are such a bird of passage that no one can be certain of you for long."

"Oh, I am here for some time. I have my paintings to finish. What do you think of these Australian flowers?"

I said that I admired them very much, and so I did. One can say that conscientiously of most flowers. But I had too much respect for my aunt to tell her what I really thought of the execution of the various paintings she dragged from her portfolios, or of the enormous one that was on the

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ease. My aunt was a clever woman in many ways, but she was not an artist.

"Where are you staying?" she asked. I told her the name of my hotel. "That is not far off. If you are not too busy go and bring this wonderful child, and let me have a look at her. But, remember, I'm not going to do anything foolish or sentimental. If you think that I shall help you out of your difficulty by adopting the little girl, or providing for her in some way, you are greatly mistaken."

I laughed. "Whoever thought of such a thing? I don't know that I am in a difficulty. I have only set myself the task of finding her father, and sending her to him."

"Her father? You may depend upon it, he is some scapegrace. If he were good for anything he would have found out where his child was, and claimed her long ago. Of course, I don't want to be interfering, and if you like, I will take charge of the poor child while we hear if she has any relatives who are likely to be of service to her, but the common sense solution of the whole matter would be to send her back to the institution she came from—the Board or whatever you may call it."

I went to my hotel, and in a short space of time was back again, with Hilda. As soon as my aunt had seen her, she appeared in a hurry to get her into her possession. She was fond of all children, but she was irresistibly attracted by pretty children.

"Really, Cecil," she said, drawing me aside, "I don't know when I've seen a more interesting little girl. I've taken a great fancy to her. She is no ordinary child. Such a noble face, is it not? And considering her disadvantages, poor thing, she has such nice manners. No one need tell me that her mother was not a gentlewoman. I am sure of it. It is a great pity that she should have to grow up amongst ignorant ill-bred children."

"Yes," I said wickedly; "but your advice was that she should be sent back again. Didn't you say that was the common sense solution of the whole matter?"

"Yes; but we must not be too hasty. We'll have to write to that Board you are always talking about before we can do anything. But it's a shame that a handsome, intelligent child like that should have no better prospect in life than that of being brought up by a Board! They send the girls out to service when they are grown up, don't they? Well, think of that. Is that the sort of girl that should be sent into a kitchen to scour pots and pans?"

"Really, I don't know," I said, with pretended indifference. It's a useful occupation. It's highly desirable that the pots and pans should be scoured. For my part, I think it's a pity that a good many people whose imagination soars above the kitchen can't be dismissed to that humble place. They'd be more useful in attending to their duties, than in straining after things they can never reach, or in pretending to something which they never had."

"Cecil, you have a most irritating manner. How like a man you are!" I hope so," I said. "What else can you expect me to resemble?"

"I might expect you to rise above commonplace views and opinions. I say that no amount of training or drudgery or repression will turn that child into an ordinary servant girl. She hasn't sprung from that class, and you have no right to force her into it. Half the misery in this world comes from people being forced into the wrong places. She's too clever for any common position, and she's a great deal too handsome. Now you may say what you like!"

"My dear aunt," I remonstrated, "I am saying nothing at all." "But you were going to say. All you men cling to a system, a set of rules. If you'd a thousand children to look after—I groaned in protest—you'd try to make them all into one sort of person, as if they were manufactured articles, and could be turned out by any amount, exactly alike. You and your Board!"

"I and my Board!" I exclaimed. "I protest against being tacked on to any Board. Why are you so fierce against that unfortunate institution, and why am I to be attacked? I'm not aware that there's any conspiracy on foot to turn Hilda into what you call an ordinary servant girl. If there is, I will help you to circum-

vent it. But first of all, I want your help in another matter. I want to commission you to spend this for Hilda—to buy her some frocks and stockings. I believe that with the exception of what has been given her by one or two of the ladies on board the steamer, she has nothing but what she is wearing now."

"Frocks and things," said my aunt, looking at what I had given her. "Why, Cecil, this is enough to keep the child in clothes for two years!"

"Oh, well," I said, "it's best to be on the right side. You can't expect me to understand such abstruse matters as the qualities and prices of drapery goods. That's the difficulty I wanted to shelve. I think myself well out of it."

"I'm not going to take this," said my aunt decidedly. "I want to buy her things myself. Why shouldn't I? It's very seldom I have the pleasure of shopping. My clothes last such a time, and on principle I can't dispose of them before they're half worn out. Besides I'm not going to encourage you in extravagance. I know you can't afford to throw away money at this rate. There, take that back and go and attend to your business, if you have any, which I doubt. You can come in at the end of the day, and dine with me, and then I shall expect to hear what you are engaged in."

"I will come and dine with pleasure," said I, "but I shall have to leave you early in the evening, for that is my busiest time. As for my business, it is this, and I showed her one of my printed cards. "Come and hear me to-night. It is my first appearance in Sydney."

My aunt looked at me in astonishment. "This?" she asked, taking the card from my hand. "This!" and there was disappointment in the tone of her voice. She seemed to check herself and said quietly that she would be pleased to hear me, and that she hoped I would do well. Her face was clouded by an expression of grave displeasure; she had the mortified air

of one who found her aims defeated. I was humbled. I felt ashamed of myself, and the poor result of a University education.

In the evening we dined together—a dinner party of three, for Hilda sat at the table with us. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled with happy excitement, and besides, she was transfused almost beyond my knowledge in a wonderful new frock. "Yes, that suits her admirably," my aunt observed. "What did you say, Cecil?—too fine!" I had said nothing; but I was accustomed to having all sorts of observations attributed to me. "It is just about as durable as anything I could buy. It is always economical to get good things for children."

"Oh, certainly," I said, "I was only thinking of the consternation of Hilda's legal guardians and protectors, if we were to send her back to them in that attire."

"She is not going back just yet," said my aunt; and I smiled and held my peace.

I had no reason to be disappointed with the result of my first appearance in Sydney. It was more successful than I had dared to expect. When it was over, and I had joined my aunt again, she took my hand and pressed it between both her own. "Cecil, I am afraid I let you see I was a little dissatisfied with you. I am afraid I hurt you."

"You never hurt me in all your life," I said. "You are incapable of hurting anyone."

"But I had no right to be dissatisfied. You have done well for yourself."

"I can do nothing but this, that is plain truth," I answered. "I am fit for nothing else. You had a right to be disappointed. Here am I, after all you have done for me, unable to fill any useful position or aspire to any sort of a career. I am making a living out of what used to be the amusement of my leisure hours. To learn things by heart, to stand on a plat-

form, and repeat them to people is all that I can do."

"But if they are good things?" said Anne Winter smiling at me. "If they are the best in our language? If they help people to forget their troubles, their work and worries—to be happier perhaps wiser, than they were before? Is that anything to complain of? You are digging in an inexhaustible gold mine. You may spend your life in telling people the noble and beautiful things that have been written in English, and not get through them all. And most people need telling. They talk about the riches of English literature, and read trash. You were brilliant to-night, Cecil. I was proud of you. But never tell me again that your splendid training at the University was wasted upon you. But for that you would not have done so well to-day."

My aunt's old belief was still unshaken. Perhaps she was right, by habit I defer to her opinion, and I have always thought that she made fewer mistakes than most persons.

We spent the day together, and our consultation was of Hilda. We listened to her story, told in the simple, straightforward manner of a child. In a few words we were made to understand the different characters of her parents, and the circumstances which had led to her being separated from them. Her father she scarcely mentioned. She seemed to pity him, to regard him with compassion rather than affection—a strange feeling for a child to have for its father. But when she spoke of her mother the tears came into her eyes, she lingered over the dear name as if she loved the very sound.

She had parted from her mother at Auckland, Mrs Dalzell giving her into the charge of a trustworthy woman who had promised to see her safe to England. The theatrical company of which Mr and Mrs Dalzell were members went on to San Francisco. So swiftly and secretly had this exchange of Hilda been effected that her father could have known nothing of it until it was too late to protest.

"I was sorry about papa," Hilda said. "I said good-bye to him; but he didn't know I was going away altogether. Mother promised to tell him afterwards."

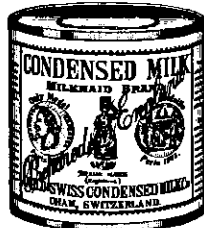
I went with Mrs Parkes. But when we got to England we could not find Mrs King, the lady I was to stay with. Her house was shut up. At last some one told us that she had been very ill—that she was dying, I think, and that Mr King had taken her and the children away to France. We were dreadfully disappointed; but Mrs Parkes said she would write directly and ask mother what she should do next. But I don't think she did write. She didn't know any one in the town; but she expected to get a situation, and I was to live with her till mother sent word about me. But only a day or two after this she turned ill. They said it was a fit. I was very frightened, her face looked so strange. I was with her when she fell down, and I tried to lift her up; but she was too heavy for me. Then I ran and called the people in the house, and they carried her into her room. And all that day and all the next we waited for her to come to herself, but she never spoke again.

"She died and then no one seemed to care what became of me. I told them what I've told you; but they didn't want to take any trouble, or they didn't know what to do. I tried to write to mother, and they sent a letter themselves, and put mine inside; but I wasn't quite sure what place I ought to write to, and I suppose it was all wrong, for no answer came. Oh, I wondered and wondered if mother would ever find out where I was and send for me. I didn't know that she couldn't; I didn't know that she had died."

"My poor child!" said Anne Winter, putting her arm round her. "Don't cry, my dear. We only ask you to tell us this that we may know how to help you."

Hilda continued: "The people in the house got tired of me. They said I bothered them with always talking about my mother, and asking them to write letters. They wanted me to work for them, and I couldn't do much. I hadn't been used to it. Then they said they couldn't afford to keep me. They were very poor. I begged of them to let me stay till my mother wrote—I thought she might send a letter yet—and I offered to work harder than ever if only they would not send me to an orphanage."

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But they did not seem to believe anything I said now. I belonged to nobody, they told me, and I'd better be with the children who were like me. So I was taken to the Orphanage, and after I had been there some time, to Mrs Scartfield's.

"And now," said my aunt, from whose verbatim report of Hilda's story, written down at the time, I have copied this—"You have come to us, and we are going to try to find some one who will take care of you. Your father cannot know where you are, or he would send for you. We ought to be able to hear of him, or to meet with some one who knew him. Don't you remember the names of any of your friends or the people who were kind to you."

"There was Mr Tomlins, the manager," said Hilda. "He was very kind to me, and Isabel. Most people liked him. He was cross sometimes; but no one minded that."

"Mr Tomlins, the manager, who was cross sometimes?" I said. "That isn't a heavy indictment against him. I'm suspicious of people who are not cross sometimes. You know, Hilda, there are papers which give all the theatrical news. We have only to look in them to see where all the well-known actors, and the managers and their companies are. If your father is still acting, we are almost sure to find out where he is. Or if his name is not mentioned, we may come upon Mr Tomlins, and if we wrote to him it is very likely that he would be able to tell us something about your father. In one way or another, we shall hear of him very soon."

"So you see," said my aunt, "that you are not going to be a little cast-away much longer. You do belong to somebody. Instead of sending you back to the Orphanage, we may be sending you to your own home by and by. What do you say to that, Hilda?"

The child turned suddenly to my aunt and threw her arms round her neck. "If mother were here," she said, "she would love you!"

We explored the theatrical newspapers, and very soon came upon the name of Mr Tomlins. He was in Melbourne. But we found no mention of Hilda's father. I wrote to Mr Tomlins, and was promptly answered by the manager, whose letter I transcribe in full.

"My dear Sir,—I have just read your letter and am very much interested by what you tell me. You have explained a mystery which has often puzzled me. I had a sincere respect for the late Mrs Dalzell, and am glad to hear that her daughter has been rescued from a most unfortunate situation. If I can befriend her in any way, I shall be very happy to do so. I understand that she is in charge of Miss Winter, a lady whose name is well known to me. It was a fortunate accident which brought her into such good hands.

You seem to be acquainted with most of the circumstances connected with this matter, so I need not go into detail. Mrs Dalzell died about a year ago. She never told any one what she had done with the child, and I don't think that Mr Dalzell succeeded in obtaining the slightest clue that might lead to her discovery.

You say that you are anxious to send the little girl to her father, or to some one who has the right to provide for her. I have no idea where Mr Dalzell is to be found; I lost sight of him some time ago. Since his wife's death he has fallen lower and lower. While she lived he made some fight against his bad habits; afterwards it seemed as if he didn't care how fast he went downwards. I am sorry to have to write this, for in spite of his failings, I liked the man, and have done what I could to help him. But he is one whom no one can help. To put it in plain terms, he is drinking himself to death—at least that was the last I heard of him. You cannot give a young girl into the charge of such a man, even if he should happen to be her father.

But there need be no difficulty about providing for the child. If I am allowed to do that I shall not think it a burden. I knew her as a baby, I might say. I knew her mother eighteen years ago, when she was beginning her career as an actress. I have no children of my own to look after. I never married, and never shall. I'm not altogether unknown in Melbourne and Sydney, and if any one wants to find out whether I am a fit guardian for the child, it will be easy enough

to do so. I would see that she was carefully brought up and educated. She needn't have anything to do with the stage. In that matter I should like to respect her mother's wishes. She would have all the advantages I would give to a daughter of my own. I can say no more than that.

In conclusion, my dear sir, I may say that I shall anxiously await further instructions from you as to what course I ought to pursue. I am doubtful whether I ought not to communicate with the charitable institution which had the charge of the child. You mention a Board. What Board? I am not fond of Boards; but no doubt certain legal formalities will be required.—I am, yours truly,

SAMUEL J. TOMLINS.

"Mr Tomlins seems to stand in awe of the Board as much as you do," observed my aunt. "What shall we do about this, Cecil? Ought we to send Hilda to him? Would it be the best thing for her?"

"It is impossible to say," I answered. "I don't suppose it would be a bad thing. From all that I can hear this Tomlins bears the character of being a very honest man. He is respectable in his profession; he is well enough off to provide for several adopted daughters if he wished, but—"

"I believe you don't like sending her away," said my aunt, suddenly.

"You needn't twit me with that," I replied. "You know you don't want to send her, and what's more, I believe you don't intend to do it."

"How can you say so, Cecil? I should never think of allowing any selfish considerations to influence me. All that I'm anxious about is to do the best for her. But it is difficult to know what is the best. I feel that we have made ourselves responsible for her, and if we should accept this offer from Mr Tomlins, and it should turn out unfortunately, I should always reproach myself for having sent her away. Perhaps it is intended that we should keep her."

"In that case I suppose we shall. The question is narrowed down to one of two things. We have done with the Board. We had had some correspondence with that august body, and it had calmly acquiesced in our proposal to relieve them of their ward. We must take care of Hilda ourselves, or we must send her to Mr Tomlins. Wouldn't it be as well to ask her to decide? She ought to have some say in the matter."

"How can she decide?" said my aunt. "She is too young to understand what would be the best for her. And yet, we shall have to tell her that she can't go to her father, and she will want to know why. It is painful to think of. Surely we needn't let her know what we have heard of him?"

"I am afraid she understands his character only too well," I said. "I don't think you need explain to Hilda why her father cannot take care of her. The simple statement will be enough."

We questioned Hilda, but were no nearer to a decision for all our questioning. We could not discover which the child preferred—to go or stay. She would do as we liked.

"You would be pleased to go to Melbourne, would you not?" said my

uncle. "Mr Tomlins would be very kind to you. You liked him—you told us so—and he was a friend of your mother."

"Yes," Hilda said, "Mr Tomlins was very good to us." There was a puzzled expression on her face, and she glanced from one to the other of us, with a look that seemed to say, "Are you also tired of me?" "Poor little wail! Her knowledge of this world had not led her to expect much of her fellow creatures."

"Hilda," I said, "do you remember what I promised you when I found you on the steamer?"

"She smiled faintly. "Oh, yes." "I don't mean to break that promise. You shall not be sent away unless you wish to go. Would you like to stay with us?"

"Not if you thought I'd better go," she answered.

"It's distracting," said my aunt, when in the earlier part of the evening I had looked in upon her, before going to my recitation. "You are no use at all, Cecil."

I knew what this meant. My aunt would have been much relieved in mind if I had cut the Gordian knot by boldly asserting that Hilda should not go.

"Why don't you decide?" I said. "Decide! How can I? I have got so fond of the child."

"Well, then, why should you want to separate yourself from her?"

"But this Mr Tomlins is a wealthy man. You said so yourself. He means to provide for her as if she were his own daughter, Cecil. I know his motive. In his letter I can read between the lines."

"Very likely," I said; "that's an accomplishment which most ladies possess. They can always read between the lines—a great deal that the writer never imagined."

"Why, don't you think he's sincere? Is there anything wrong with him?" my aunt cried, catching at another idea.

"Nothing at all. I believe he is a good sort of man; and he's wealthy, as you say. If you think you can't give Hilda any advantages to counter-balance the fortune, we'd better send her to him at once. I suppose, though, there are some things which are better than a fortune. The care and the example of a good woman ought to be worth something. Tomlins may hire the most accomplished governesses, and all sorts of attendants, but he is hardly likely to have any one in his establishment that resembles my aunt."

My aunt turned upon me with indignation. "Cecil, you are trying to get on the blind side of me. You sit there and make fun of me, and don't say a word that's worth listening to."

"I don't make fun of you. I was perfectly serious. But if you really can't make up your mind to take the course which in various ways I have suggested to you, there is only one thing I can think of. We had better toss up for it!"

"What an idea! I don't think it's right to settle an important matter in that way. It seems a thoughtless, irreverent action."

"In old times people took a different view. Now, then," and I took a sove-

reign from my purse, "let the head of our most gracious Queen represent Tomlins. We will stake our chances on the obverse side."

I spun the coin and called out, "Heads! if I don't declare, it's Heads!"

"It isn't!" cried my aunt, quite excitedly. "Cecil, I saw you—I saw you turn it over! You had boy, how can you cheat me like that? No; if we must do such a foolish thing, I will manage it myself. We'll draw lots this time. I will hold the lots, and you shall draw."

"Will you abide by the result?" I asked.

"I will," said my aunt, solemnly. She cut two strips off the edge of a piece of cardboard, upon which some extraordinary landscape had been sketched. "If you draw the short strip," she said, offering the lots to me, "it means that Hilda is to stay."

"I drew—Unquestionably it was a short strip—a very short one. 'She stays!' I said, triumphantly. 'There! acknowledge that that was what you wanted all along!'"

My aunt made some evasive reply. I quietly possessed myself of the other strip, which in an unguarded moment had slipped from her fingers, and compared it with the one I had just drawn. They were of exactly the same length.

"What's this?" I said, affecting to be very much shocked. "Oh, aunt, aunt, I am ashamed of you! You talk to me about my cheaterly."

"I couldn't help it!" gasped my aunt, with a sudden burst of laughter. "Cecil, how dare you look so virtuous! You know it's just what you meant to do yourself. You thought that sovereign had come down the other way up, or you wouldn't have meddled with it. But this is all nonsense. We are two foolish creatures. I've made up my mind at last. If fifty lots go against it, I don't care. Hilda must stay. I can't spare her."

(To be Continued)

A CUTE LAWYER.

Lawyer (to client): "Well, have you at last decided to take my advice and pay this bill of mine?"

Client: "Yes—S." Lawyer: "Very well (to clerk), John, add £ to Mr Blunt's bill for further advice."

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottles. Made in London.—Adv't.

A Phenomenal Novelty!

THE CALENDAR WATCH

Tell the CORRECT TIME of the Day, the Day of the Week, the Day of the Month, the Month of the Year, and the Phases of the Moon. Hall-marked Sterling Silver Case and Dome, extrajewelled movements; Keyless. Price 45s. Securely packed, sent Registered Post, free in any colony. To purchasers of this watch we will present free of charge a solid silver H.M. Gent's Single or Double Chain. Money returned if not satisfied. Address—THE MANAGER, The Globe Watch Company, Ltd., 105, PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

FOR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE
THE LANGHAM HOTEL,
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CONVENIENT & HEALTHY LOCALITY

Near the Best Shops, etc. Modern Improvements. Table d'hôte, 6.30 until 8.15. Artesian well water. Electric light throughout. Moderate tariff.

In use 50 Years before Victoria was Queen. Ladies should always Knit with

"BEE HIVE" KNITTING WOOLS

Scotch Fingering, Wheeling, Soft Merino, Andalusian, and other qualities. All "Beehive" Brand.

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

Established 1760. Sample SHADE CARD FREE BY POST.



Also "Beehive" Woollery & Underwear manufactured from the "Beehive" Wools. J.J. Baldwin, NALFAX, ENGLAND.



Speaking at Paeroa the Premier referring to the Advances to Settlers Act said the Government had ample security for every amount advanced.



A deputation from the Red Cross Brigade waited on the Premier to ask Govt assistance for the brigade, as they would require uniforms.

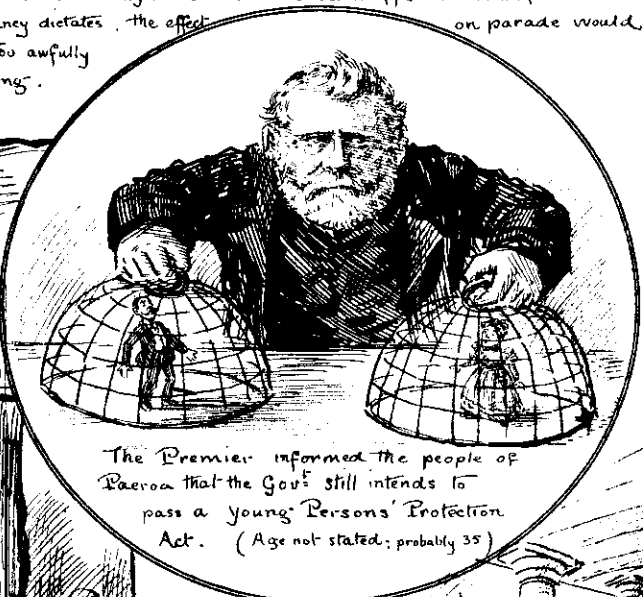
This question of the choice of uniform will be likely to bust up the show. Why not allow each member to appear in the uniform her sweet fancy dictates. The effect on parade would be just too awfully sweet for anything.



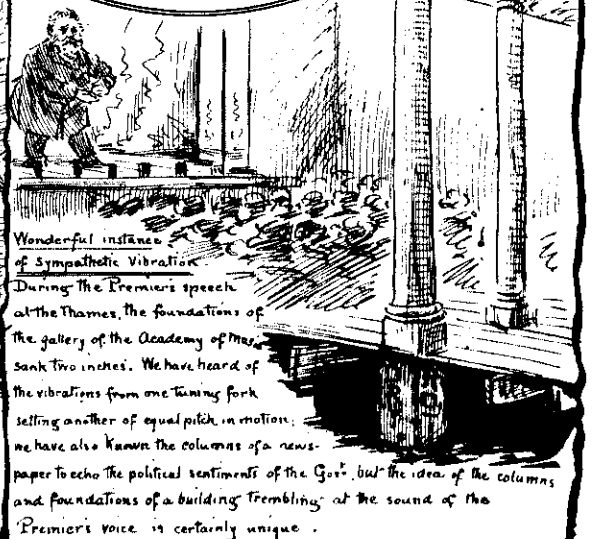
Frank Hunter '98

Seen through a glass, dimly.

The names of Mefts JG Ward, Hogg, Montgomery and Mc Nab are mentioned as those from which the Govt will select a successor to the vacancy caused through the coming retirement of Hon J McKenzie.



The Premier informed the people of Paeroa that the Govt still intends to pass a young Persons' Protection Act. (Age not stated; probably 35)



Wonderful instance of Sympathetic Vibration

During the Premier's speech at the Thames, the foundations of the gallery of the Academy of Music sank two inches. We have heard of the vibrations from one tuning fork setting another of equal pitch in motion; we have also known the columns of a newspaper to echo the political sentiments of the Govt, but the idea of the columns and foundations of a building trembling at the sound of the Premier's voice is certainly unique.

DR. WILLIAMS'



PINK PILLS

PALE PEOPLE.



FOR ..

A HOUSEMAID'S FEARFUL TRIALS.

A TIRED, BLOODLESS GIRL MADE STRONG AND PRETTY.

(From the Bathurst 'Free Press'.)

Our representative recently interviewed Miss Jane Davidson, who is engaged as housemaid at the residence of James Rutherford, Esq., at Hereford, near Bathurst.

'I have been employed for about two years,' said Miss Davidson, 'and about 18 months ago, I began to feel very unwell. I could not sleep, and every morning I awoke with a languid feeling which became worse as the day wore on. I am only 24 years of age, but every day that languid feeling intensified, and I gradually became weak, and before the completion of my day's duties I frequently became well nigh exhausted. I con-



sulted a doctor and he said I was suffering from anaemia (poverty of the blood). He prescribed for me and I took his physic, without obtaining much benefit. I became very pale, and I was suddenly attacked with indigestion most acutely. I dreaded to partake of the lightest food; whilst to eat anything solid caused me almost indescribable misery. My medical adviser said I would thus suffer, as the digestive fluids in my stomach were insufficient to carry on digestion, and he was right; because, instead of the food digesting, it would ferment, and I would then suffer from wind and such an acute headache. A fearfully bitter taste was always in my mouth, and whatever I tasted, even to a drink of milk, had a bitter twang about it. With my thin cheeks and sunken eyes I presented a most haggard appearance. Nervous headaches became my constant companions. I would get startled at the slightest sound. My mistress, who is a most kind lady, advised me to take a fortnight's rest, and procured for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which she strongly advised me to take according to directions. I was forced to go to my parents' home at Perth, as I was absolutely unfit to work any longer, and my system was so sapped by weakness that I found

it necessary to lie down at frequent intervals. I then began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I was surprised at the change. It had only taken one box before I began to feel stronger. I continued to take them and found my appetite was returning, and with it the power to digest my food. My wan and sallow cheeks began to assume their natural glow, and as I continued I daily grew stronger, and, finally, I lost that languid feeling, and my walk became as firm and elastic as ever. I have taken about four boxes and my health is now as good as ever. I can now do my work with ease and comfort, and the result of my experiment has, indeed, been a great surprise to me.'

SICK HEADACHES AND BILIOUSNESS CURED.

THESE TROUBLES ARE VERY PREVALENT IN SUMMER.

Branxton,
Hunter River, N.S.W.
October 11, 1898.

To the Manager,

Dr. Williams Medicine Co.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think it would be impossible for anyone to have suffered more from biliousness and sick headache than I have, and I

could get nothing to do me any lasting good. One day a gentleman customer of mine came into the shop and found me so bad that I could not attend to him. He said, 'Look here, Joyce, why don't you try some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I was so bad that I was willing to try anything. I asked him if they were good. He said, 'You just try them and see for



yourself.' Well, I got a box at Mr Bercini's store, and I mean to keep them always by me, as they positively cured me, as the directions said they would, and I thoroughly believe them to be the very best remedy that is sold. I have the greatest pleasure in recommending them to suffering humanity. You are at liberty to use this testimonial whenever you desire.

Yours truly,
J. JOYCE,
Hairdresser.

Declared before me at Branxton this 11th day of October, 1898.
Signed J. Bercini, J.P.,
A Commissioner for Affidavits.

WILL YOU WRITE US?

If you are not certain if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are suited to your case, please write and ask us. We will answer you, without charge, and will reply candidly. You can afford to trust us. Please address: Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Sydney, N.S.W.



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have positively cured thousands of cases of indigestion, sleeplessness, eczema, skin complaints, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, ladies' ailments, lung and chest affections, measles, rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the after-effects of influenza, dengue, typhoid, and scarlet fevers, and severe colds, diseases depending upon humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Sold by chemists and storekeepers generally, or the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., will forward, on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for 3/, or half-a-dozen for 16/6. See that the full name—Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People is printed in red ink on the white outside wrapper.



Are You Tired?

Does Your Back Ache?

Many people were tired—and worse than tired—and their backs ached till they couldn't even walk straight. But these people used

DR. WILLIAMS'

Pink Pills for Pale People

and were cured for ever. Don't you want to be cured like your neighbours? Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they do not weaken. They strengthen from the first. They are not a purgative. They

take away back-aches and make you strong.

I you want to question us on any point, write in to us; we will answer without charge. Please address:

DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE COMPANY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE AUCKLAND MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Pictures of the Courts and Some of the Exhibits.

THE AUCKLAND GAS COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.

The light of the Exhibition buildings and grounds was contracted for by the Auckland Gas Company, Ltd., and carried out by Welsback incandescent lights. At the main entrance in Princes-street the turn-stiles are lighted by two clusters of three burners enclosed in veritas lamps, while the change boxes have one burner each. The garden is lighted by four clusters of four burners each, erected on artistic cast-iron lamp posts specially constructed to allow the lamps to swing from a swan-necked bend some

view, while in the latter too much light over the springs would have spoiled the effect. About forty exhibitors required special lights, independent of the general lighting of the building. This was supplied by incandescent gas burners artistically arranged in clusters, which, combined with the general arrangements of plants and flowers created a most pleasing appearance. A few exhibitors tried the electric light in their stalls, but after two or three days trial several of them adopted incandescent gas lights.

The bicycle track is brilliantly il-

constructed at the fms Works. It should be remembered that the candle powers mentioned were the actual amounts of light given off from one side of the light only, but had the fancy name of 'nominal' been applied to them the amounts of light would be incorrectly stated at two to three times the amount given.

The grand stand is effectively illuminated by seven clusters of three burners in specially constructed lanterns supported by swan necks projecting from the main building, giving pick-pockets a small chance of earning a living. The Exhibition build-

the Auckland, Devonport, and other N.Z. gas works. They are equal in every respect to the best Stourbridge goods, and by using them the heavy expense of transit and breakages are saved. Bronze figures on pedestals holding up incandescent lights guard either entrance. At one end two of Crossley's well-known Otto gas engines are shown, one being in motion. A large number of these gas engines, of which the Auckland Gas Company are sole Auckland agents, are to be seen all over the Exhibition working different kinds of machinery. At the back of the exhibit is a row of gas stoves all in action, from the model No. 55 to the noble hotel range, large enough to cook dinners for 150 people. Among them can be seen the new combination gas and coke stove, which is greatly liked. Close by is a patent bath water heater, which will heat a bath of water of 30 gallons in 12 minutes. One turn of a handle turns on the gas and water at the same time. Above the stoves is a row of artistic brackets, while down the centre of the exhibit are the latest design specially constructed for this exhibition, making the finest collection ever seen in Auckland. They are all fitted with incandescent burners, while each gives an actual light of 60 candles at a cost of only 4d per hour with gas at 5/ per thousand. At night when lighted the effect is grand, attracting large numbers of spectators. Along the shelves are placed many articles for the economic use of gas, tailors' flat heaters, taking four at a time, smelting furnace and bellows complete, with many other things of interest. Perhaps the most interesting article is a perfect imitation log fire heated with gas. The stall which is decorated with plants, makes one of the prettiest and most interesting exhibits in the Exhibition, and was arranged by the Gas Company's engineer. The Auckland Gas Company employs a large staff of efficient gas fitters, and now contracts for fitting up buildings with gas complete up to the point of consumption.

SUNDRY STALLS

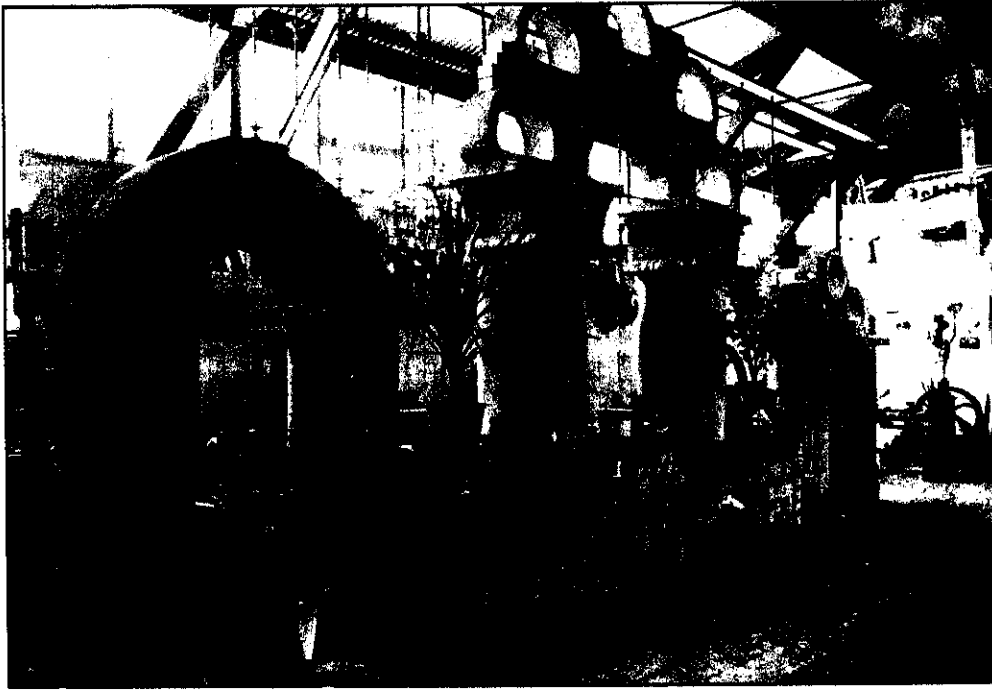
Miss Eldred, of Christchurch, has in this court a stall where machine embroidery, the working of names on handkerchiefs, and work of a kindred nature, is done.

Adjoining this is the stall of the Chicago Sugar Boilers, where American candies and sweets of all descriptions may be obtained.

In a stall designed to represent a Maori whare, Messrs H. Nicholls and Co., Birkenhead, exhibit a number of bottles of wakkamayen, a painless herbal liniment used for generations by the Maoris for cuts, bruises, sprains, etc. This firm also exhibit another Maori remedy, called 'Antilax,' a cure for dysentery and kindred complaints.

Messrs Musefield Bros., fish and fruit canners, of Otamaten, Northern Waikato, exhibit a tastefully arranged stand of the articles tinned by them. The exhibit is made up chiefly of one pound cans of their well known 'Star' brand mullet, canned in the firm's factory at Otamaten. Besides this, there are tins of pears, plums, and other fruits, and tinned puddings, which have become very popular among yachtsmen, bushmen, and others.

In an octagonal case Mr G. Kronfeld, Auckland, agent for the 'Dagger' Brand tinned mullet, shows a number of tins of this article, and the gold medal certificate won at the Tasmanian Exhibition. The 'Dagger' mullet is a popular brand, the cooking and canning being carefully done. The exhibit is got up in an attractive style.



Watron, photo.

THE AUCKLAND GAS COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.

distance from the posts. On reaching the building one is struck with the brilliant scene, a special lamp of over 500 candle power illuminating the entrance, while inside the buildings the gangways are grandly lighted by clusters of fours. Looking down the centre gangway from the main entrance, the general effect is much enhanced by the use of globes of various forms and colours, while the Rotunda in the distance improves the effect. The illumination of the Rotunda equals that of daylight, and mingling with the trees and shrubs with which it is surrounded makes a very pretty picture. The picture galleries and Rotunda Court required special attention. In the former the lights had to be placed so that the rays were not reflected by the glass in front of the pictures and thus interfere with the

luminated by four large lights, each composed of thirty-six burners, each light giving over 2000 actual candle power intensity. These lanterns are constructed on the regenerative principle, by which the outgoing products of combustion are utilized to heat the incoming gas and air, giving the most economic and effective results. These are reached a few minutes after lighting up. The president of the Exhibition speaks very highly of the lighting, and that it is most brilliant and efficient is best proved by the warm praise and appreciation bestowed on it by the competitors and public. The lanterns being in the centre of the oval gives much better effect and results and prevents the inconvenience of shadows made by the riders when the lights are placed immediately over the running track. The lanterns were

ings are lighted with 710 burners, giving a lighting power of 42,600 candles of steady and agreeable light, and affording a good proof of the great advantage of incandescent gas lighting over any other form of artificial light. The lighting was designed and carried out under the personal superintendence of Mr Cheney Suggate, A.M.I.C.E., the Gas Company's engineer. The Gas Company's exhibit shown alone is unique in many ways, the front is composed of three large arches formed of fire clay bricks and retorts of various shapes, showing the different forms of fire goods manufactured at their Devonport brick kilns. They are carefully made by skilled workmen, and will stand for years a constant heat of 2500 Fah. These fire clay goods are exclusively used at

SARGOOD, SON AND EWEN.

The display of Messrs Sargood, Son and Ewen is situated in the main court to the left of the band stand, coming in from the main entrance, and immediately adjoining the 'Auckland Evening Star' space.

The general plan of the exterior is very effective, having been carried out under the supervision of Mr J. Ellingham, and has been beautifully painted and decorated by Messrs J. L. Holland and Sons. The interior is surmounted by a canopy of coloured cloth draped with plush, which imparts a very rich and imposing appearance to the whole design. The first thing that attracts the visitors' attention is the handsome plate glass case containing a beautiful and varied assortment of boots and shoes, manufactured in the firm's Standard boot factory at Dunedin. If we were not informed on such reliable authority that the goods were made in the colony, we could hardly believe it possible that such skilful and artistic work could be turned out by a colonial factory. In addition to the operatives being first-class, the resources and appliances at their command must be of the very highest order, for here we see good: of all descriptions, from the most delicate evening shoes imaginable to the heavy boot of the farmer and miner, and the tiny infant's slipper to the big boy's school boot, etc. The variety and beauty of the leathers used in the manufacture of these goods is, to even the uninitiated eye, something pleasing to contemplate. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Sargood, Son and Ewen for the patience and energy which they have displayed to bring the manufacture of their Standard brand boots and shoes to such a high state of perfection in comparison with the somewhat primitive efforts of boot manufacturing in the colony a few years ago. And we feel certain that it only requires to be known by the public that such first-class goods can be procured for them to have a large and ready sale all over New Zealand.

We are informed that the Standard brand boots and shoes have received very high awards wherever exhibited for competition, and we understand

that about four hundred hands are employed in this factory, and that the output is rapidly increasing. Opposite is a very handsome case of saddlery goods manufactured in this city by Mr J. Knight, Larne street, for Messrs Sargood, Son and Ewen, who are amongst the largest distributors of

eration has a very pretty and pleasing effect. The articles of vertu in this collection are gems of the potters' and glassworkers' art, but they are really so numerous that space does not permit of entering into details. One might mention, however, a special attraction which all should endeavour to inspect,

artist of great repute in this particular branch of art.

On the other side of the crockery and glassware stand, the first thing to attract attention is a case of highly finished samples of the firm's locally made and well-known 'Special Cut Brand' of clothing, and Premier brand



this class of goods in the colony, and help to support not only this but several smaller factories.

The centre space is occupied by a large and handsome octagonal stand surmounted by a chaste and beautiful fountain from the world-renowned pottery of Messrs Doulton and Co., Lambeth. This fountain when in op-

as to those who have never seen anything of the kind it will be a revelation of the marvellous skill which can be displayed in working clay into a magnificent picture, giving life-like expression to figures and characters portrayed. This is the terra cotta panel, 'The Taking of Samson by the Philistines,' by George Tinworth, an

of riveted Denim clothing, now so much in vogue for miners, artisans, and others; also the Gumdiggers brand drill trousers, etc. The characteristic of this exhibit is the excellence of the workmanship and material used in the manufacture of these goods. The next case is devoted to a very handsome show of hosiery goods, shirts, etc., all of local and colonial manufacture, and which speak well for the advance made in these branches of industry.

Alongside of it is another case which must demand attention, being filled with water-proof garments of a very high order of merit in all the latest shapes and styles. These goods being manufactured in the city of Auckland for Messrs Sargood, Son and Ewen by Mr J. M. Moran, gives one a splendid idea of the rapid strides colonial industry is making, and leads us to believe that the days of imported goods of this class are practically at an end. In different parts of the space are shown fine specimens of Jno. Tann's Anchor Reliance safes, Frislor and Rossman's sewing machines, and some very fine samples of fretwork, notably the Lord's prayer, beautifully executed by Mr Warren, of Hamilton. A needle-work representation of the Eiffel Tower will no doubt command the admiration and attention of the ladies, as well also a bannerette worked in silk, the subject being a lady at a sewing machine.

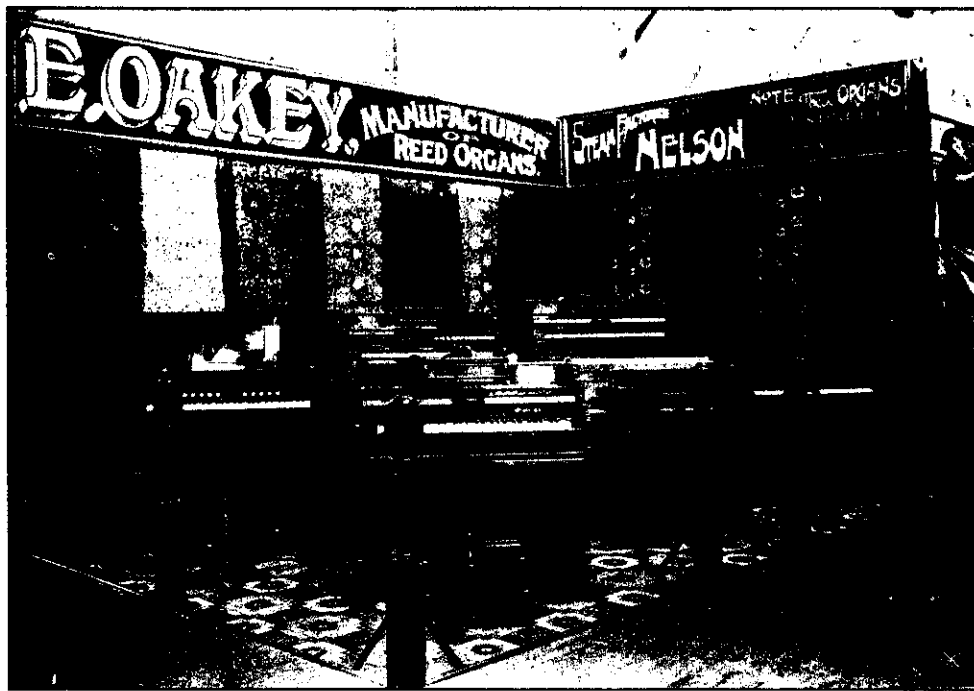
Considering the space at command, Messrs Sargood, Son and Ewen have made a very representative show of colonial industries, thereby carrying out the idea of the Exhibition, their object evidently being to give variety rather than a large show of any one class of goods, thus leading the public better to understand the extent and diversity of goods being manufactured in our midst.



DOULTON WARE.

SARGOOD, SON & EWEN, WAREHOUSEMEN.

Walrod, photo.



E. OAKLEY'S EXHIBIT.

Amongst the many examples shown in the Exhibition of the value of New Zealand timbers are the exhibits by Mr E. Oakey, of Nelson Steam Factory. These are to be found adjacent to Messrs Scott Bros. stand, and comprise various styles of reed organs, which have the special merit of being entirely of colonial manufacture. Some of the instruments are finished and polished, but others have been left unpolished in order to show more plainly the kind of wood used for the manufacture of the case. Amongst the woods used are walnut, oak, and Sydney cedar, and the instruments present a fine appearance, quite equal to that of the imported organ. The internal arrangement of one instrument is shown for the benefit of visitors.

MR PATTERSON'S KAURI GUM.

Near the Kaiapoi Woollen Company's section Mr G. W. S. Patterson, the well known kauri gum merchant of Auckland and Kaikohe, Bay of Islands, has a beautiful and well-selected exhibition of kauri gum in handsome glass cases. Mr Patterson's headquarters are in the city, but his chief centre of gumdigging and buying operations is at Kaikohe. Established as recently as 1890 the business has, through the energy and enterprise of Mr Patterson, made remarkable progress, and is now one of considerable magnitude, handling every year gum to the value of something like £70,000. Mr Patterson originally commenced business at Kaikohe, shipping his produce direct to New York, but the difficulty of obtaining skilled labour in such a remote district for the work of preparing the gum for export prompted him three years later to open a warehouse in Gore-stret, Auckland, and here the sorting and grading and packing operations have since been carried on. Mr Patterson shows samples of graded gum for export, and a great variety of ornamental pieces of kauri gum, of all shapes and patterns, and all splendidly polished. Some of the pieces shown are very handsome indeed, and the exhibit gives a good idea of the character of kauri gum and of the article as prepared for the foreign market.

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.)

EXTERNAL INTOXICATION.

'I feel fine,' said a patient in a fashionable private hospital recently to a visitor. 'I've had four alcohol rubs to-day.'

To all appearances the patient was enjoying the mild stimulus which is the initial stage of what the boys call 'a high old time.' She was flushed,

reminiscent, with an unlimited supply of amusing anecdotes, and apparently forgetful of her stern surroundings and the paraphernalia which suggested her serious illness.

'I do enjoy these alcoholic rubs,' she went on; 'I always feel so refreshed.'

A physician whose opinion was asked affirmed that there was no

doubt a certain absorption of the alcohol by the system when applied by the familiar 'rub,' and that while it would undoubtedly exhaust the energies of even the most tireless attendant to produce a genuine state of intoxication, four or five alcohol rubs a day were sufficient for the preliminary stage.

One questions why the 'beautiful society girl' who figures so prominently in police court records lately as the victim of drink does not take this original way of satisfying her thirst. An injured ankle, a bad case of pneumonia, a touch of fever, followed by a removal to a swell hospital, and, lo, the deed is done, and by means of half a dozen baths of alcohol per diem she can enjoy her needed dissipation without taxing the sensibilities of the public.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

A military paper tells how a Yeomanry regiment was recently being put through the drill exercises before the inspecting officer. When the bugle gave the signal to halt, he noticed that the line was badly kept, many of the horses going two or three yards beyond it.

The inspector found fault with this, but the excuse was made that the horses, not being so well trained as army horses, could not be stopped so promptly. The commanding officer determined to find out whether horse or men were most to blame, and when a cavalry troop of regulars came into the neighbourhood, he ordered the volunteers to drill with their horses.

For a while everything passed off splendidly. When the men were going at an easy trot, suddenly a halt was sounded. The well-trained horses knew the signal, and stopped suddenly. Not so the riders. Scores of them went flying over the horses' heads on the grass, like sacks of corn.



Photos. by H'atroad.

G. W. S. PATTERSON, KAURI GUM MERCHANT.

AUCKLAND EXHIBITION NOTES.

(By our Flippant Flannour.)

It will certainly be no fault of the Executive if the habitués of the Exhibition are not literally saturated with music and the best of music to boot—by the time the gates swing to for the last time and the last belated visitor is turned out into Princess-street.

During the past week there have been three excellent concerts in the Choral Hall, to say nothing of organ recitals; while in the Exhibition itself the orchestra pegs away perseveringly at its 'operatic airs' both in the evening and afternoon.

Any gaps can easily be filled, for wherever the pianos are gathered together, you are fairly certain to find a professional pounder only too anxious to begin. If all else fails the automatic self-playing instrument will

rattle off its selection at a moderate fee, and there is usually a blare of music from the side shows outside. Yes, music is certainly a feature of the Auckland Exhibition. There are varieties to suit all tastes, and at prices as the shopkeepers say 'to tempt all pockets.'

The 'Golden Legend' was the first event of the week. Its repetition on Tuesday attracted a very large audience, and taking it all round the performance was a great improvement on the initial production.

Not only were the orchestra less at sea, but the choir sang with greater spirit and freedom, and there was an air of more certainty and confidence on the part of every performer which was assuredly not without its effect on the result.

Moreover, the soloists without exception excelled previous efforts.

Madame Du Rieu was sufficiently recovered to take her part, and the manner in which she acquitted herself in the difficult contralto part won the unbounded admiration of all pre-

sent. Her voice is remarkably rich and sympathetic, and she infuses a passion into her singing somewhat rare in our vocalists.

Miss Large and Mr Hill both created a far more favourable impression than when first heard, and though it would have been impossible for Mr Yrouse to do better than he originally did as Lucifer, the increased confidence on the part of others helped to add a brilliancy to his performance also.

It was in fact a very successful concert, and one reflecting credit on the conductor, Herr Schmitt.

On Thursday, Mr Arthur Towsey and the Orchestral Union provided the evening entertainment, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening it was. A number of more or less familiar items were given in finished and polished style by the orchestra, and Mr Hill and Madame Du Rieu contributed songs.

The majority of the numbers were of what is usually known as the 'popular' type, and certainly they met

with the fullest approval of the audience. The selection from Lohengrin, the Light Cavalry Overture, and the 'Mill in the Schwartzland' were all highly appreciated and were indeed most excellently rendered. For those who preferred a somewhat more solid class of music there was a genuine treat in the 'Vierte' Symphony, which was interpreted with admirable feeling. Needless to say the swinging German waltz 'Hydropaten' went splendidly, and set the feet of the audience wishing to dance.

Mr Hill sang a Woodland Serenade in finished style, and Madame Du Rieu 'Les Rameaux.' To this fine song Mr Towsey played the accompaniment on the big organ, the effect being very fine indeed.

Friday evening was the occasion of the first great ballad concert in connection with the Exhibition.

There was a fairly large audience, though not what one would have expected, for the programme was one of exceptional merit, and the charge for admission very moderate.

Proceedings were opened by Mr J. Prouse, who gave a fine rendering of 'Thou Art Passing Hence.' He was very warmly encored, and obligingly sang again.

Miss Large followed, singing the elaborate aria 'Dei Vieni non Tarder' from the marriage of 'Figaro.' It was a capital performance, and showed Miss Large's well trained voice off to perfection, but it was not sufficiently familiar to arouse any great enthusiasm, though its merit secured a recall. Mr John Hill gave the 'May Morning' (Danza) in a rather emotionless sort of way, which contrasted forcibly with the brilliancy of Mr Towsey's accompaniment. He, too, was encored, and in response sang 'Sleep, My Love, Sleep' very acceptably.

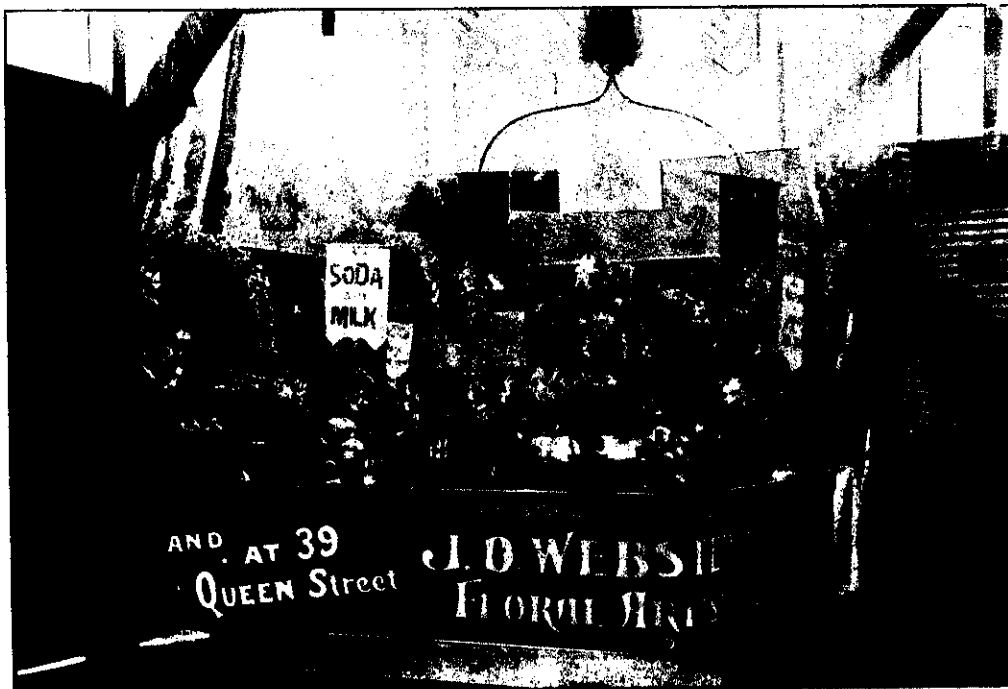
The string quartette which followed was faultlessly performed, and may be pronounced the most musically perfect item heard in connection with any of the Exhibition concerts. Herr Willimoff took first violin, and the others were Herr Zimmermann, Mr Cox, and Mr Edgar. Beethoven's beautiful music was interpreted in a truly artistic manner, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

After the commendably short 'interval' Mr Prouse appeared and aroused great enthusiasm by a very dramatic rendering of the 'Deathless Army,' and being imperatively encored, gave as a second item 'To Athena.'

'The Swallows' is a beautiful song, and received full justice at the hand of Miss Large. Mr Hill and Madame Du Rieu again delighted the audience with their respective items, while the second string quartette was equally enjoyable as the first, which is the highest praise that can be given.



DANNEFORD'S CURIO EXHIBIT.



'THEN' AND 'NOW'

A muslin gown, a kerchief white
Pinned o'er a snowy breast,
A pointed shoe with buckles bright,
Brown tresses neatly dressed,
A soft, low voice, a rosy smile,
Winning, and grave, and sweet,
A kind heart, innocent of guile,
Unconscious of deceit.

A simple taste, content to find
Its happiness at home,
An active frame, but disinclined
Too far abroad to roam;
A sound mind, sure, if rather slow,
Strong nerve, determined will;
She lived a hundred years ago—
Would she were with us still!

Yet with such churlish thoughts away
This much at least is true—
The gentlewoman of to-day
Is gentle woman too;
Not quite so simple, it may be,
Either in taste or dress,
More fond of brilliant gaudy,
Less set on happiness.

With intellect and complex mind
On higher knowledge bent,
She cannot rest while she may find
Fuller development;
Yet does the stern sex gladly bow
Before her sovereign will,
For the fair lady with us now
Is gentle woman still.

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

'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

...BY...

MRS J. N. STEWART, CLINTON, OTAGO.

'Jack, will you take the daisy-cart to Romahapa this afternoon to meet the new nursemaid? Tom's neuralgia is back again and he is afraid of the drive.'

Jack Traill gave a quick glance at the Professor, and the latter, contorting his face, emitted a hollow groan, as if to confirm his wife's assertion.

'Yes, I suppose I'll go,' Mr Traill answered, 'but fancy being shut up in a daisy-cart for two long hours with an "impossible female!" Can't I take one of the youngsters with me?'

'No, no,' said Mrs Rae, shaking her pretty little head. 'It would be far too late for Dimple to be out, and as for Jots, he would be sure to have one of his bad turns after it.'

Here Dimple entered an animated protest at such a supposition with regard to her, while Jots, a delicate-looking boy of eight, made a mental note of the fact that his new nurse was an 'impossible female,' and a mental resolve to find out, as early as possible, what that might mean.

'Now, Dimple, you can't go, so be quiet,' said her mother. 'If you are a good girl, you may come with father and me to the "Nuggets," and we can have a little picnic.'

'I thought Tom had neuralgia,' Jack remarked grimly.

'Neuralgia, my dear Jack,' said the Professor, sentimentally, albeit a twinkle in his eye betrayed him, 'is not a stationary affection, it comes and goes—'

'Exactly! It came when there was a prospect of your going to Romahapa, and it went when I agreed to sacrifice myself in your stead. By the way, Alice, what is your new Abigail's name and how shall I know her?'

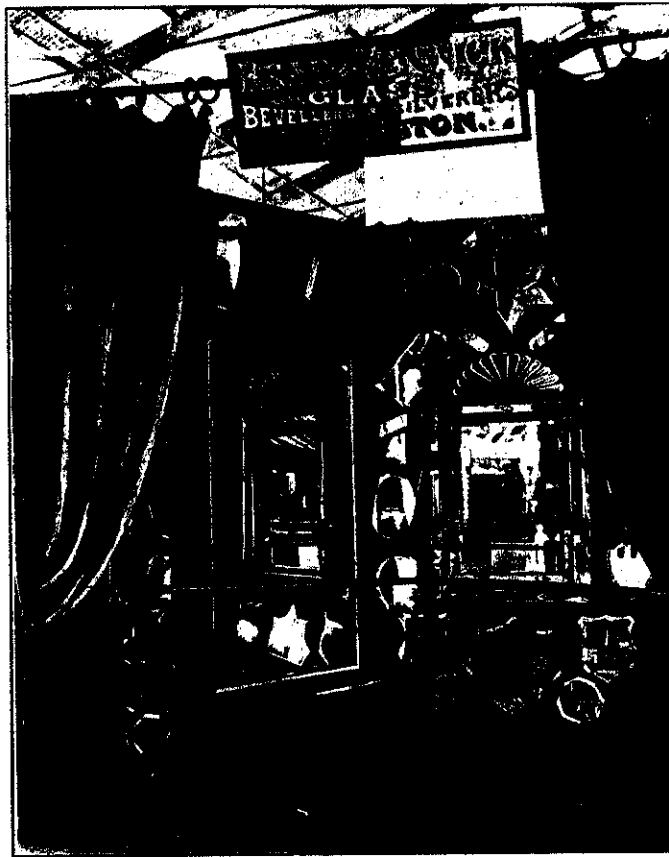
'Her name is Marion Grey, and you should have no difficulty in identifying her. There are few passengers to Romahapa by the evening train.'

'How shall we put in the time during the return journey? Shall we both sit like mutes, or shall I interrogate her kindly as to her "young man," her mode of spending her evening out, etc., etc.?'

'My dear Jack!' exclaimed his sister much scandalised. 'Remember this is not Home, nor are the servants here like Home girls. Many of them are well educated. My last cook painted beautifully, and—'

'Couldn't cook a bit,' murmured the Professor, absently.

'No,' Mrs Rae admitted reluctantly. 'She was not a good cook.' Then, returning to her former charge, 'Jack, do try and get rid of these Home ideas of yours. Talk to the girl as you would to any one else. If she is sen-



sible she will keep her own place, if not—' she shrugged her shoulders expressively.

'So much for Marion Grey,' quoth the Professor. 'Come along, Jack, and have a dip.'

Professor Rae held the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Dunedin University, and each year it was his custom to spend part of his holiday at Port Molyneux—the Brighton of Otago. This year the party was increased by one, that one being Mrs Rae's brother—Jack Traill. He had burned the midnight oil too ardently while studying for his degree in Edinburgh and had been ordered to the colony for 'repairs,' as his brother-in-law expressed it.

Like most 'new chums,' Mr Traill

was rather critical in his attitude towards New Zealand, and somewhat apt to compare her, unfavourably, with his native land.

He was particularly severe on what he termed the 'lack of class distinctions' in the colonies, and often rated his sister soundly for the want of dignity she displayed when speaking to servants, tradespeople, etc. Despite such little foibles, he was a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, devoted to his sister and her two little ones, and—in his more expansive moments—ready to do battle with a newer chum for the honour and glory of New Zealand.

The train was late. This rather pleased Mr Traill, for hitherto his as-

persions on the speed of colonial trains had been met with the retort, 'Well, at any rate, our trains run up to time.' Formerly he had been unable to challenge the assertion, but now he felt that his enemies had been delivered into his hand.

He tied Fairy to a fence, but scarcely had he done so than the engine whistled at a distant crossing and Jack betook himself to the station platform to await the coming of his sister's new handmaid.

The train awakened the little station into life for a brief moment; added its quota of human beings to those already on the platform, and then rushed on its noisy way again, towards Collins.

Our hero subjected each woman among the passengers to a sharp scrutiny, but none of them at all realised his preconceived idea of Marion Grey's personality, so he rashly concluded that she had not arrived. As he was preparing to turn Fairy's head homewards a voice behind him said:

'Excuse me; are you sent by Mrs Rae?'

'Yes; but you are not—I mean—are you Miss Grey?'

'I am Marion Grey,' the girl answered quietly. 'Can my portmanteau get in here?'

Mr Traill recovered himself sufficiently to lay hold of the portmanteau, and also to help its owner into the cart.

An awkward silence followed. Jack whipped up Fairy as a relief to his feelings, and meditated on the truth of his sister's words: 'Home and colonial servants are entirely different.'

Certainly it had never been his lot to see at Home a nursemaid like this one. Two well-remembered types presented themselves to his mental vision. The first, a trim, neat, somewhat pert and be-ribboned damsel, with a leaning towards the red-emailed defaulders of our hearths and homes; the second, 'Old Mary,' in her large, white 'smitch,' capacious apron and 'cross-over' shawl. She had watched over his own and his sister's childhood.

Both were complete contrasts to the girl sitting so composedly by his side. Marion Grey's attire was simplicity itself, consisting as it did of a dark serge costume, surmounted by a severely plain, but very becoming black sailor hat. The needed touch of colour was given by a tiny knot of crimson which fastened the collar at the throat. The face beneath the hat was not pretty, but it was bright with intelligence, a face to delight neither artist, nor sculptor, but to charm beyond measure the ardent teacher, had it belonged to a pupil. Marion Grey's one beauty was an abundance of soft, dark hair, 'more black than ash buds in the front of March.' This she wore in one massive coil low on her neck, thus affording her present companion a subject on which to expend his admiration.

Meanwhile the silence was becoming oppressive, and Mr Traill was casting about for something to say, when Marion spoke.

'How far is it to Mrs Rae's?' she asked.

'About seven miles from here. The air is getting chilly. Do you feel cold?'

'No, thank you. I am very comfortable.' Then, after a pause, 'Is Jots stronger since Mrs Rae brought him here?'

'Not much, I fear. He seems very delicate. Do you know him?' in some surprise.

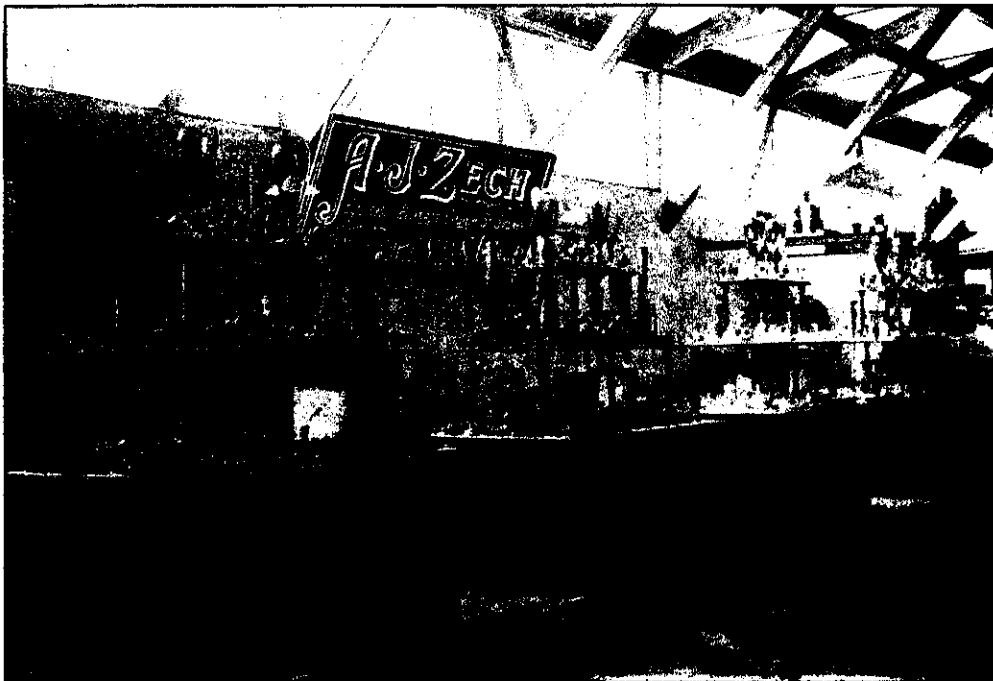
'No; but Dunedin is a small place, and one is soon able to identify regular residents. I know Professor Rae by sight, and Jots was often with him on his way to and from the university.'

'Dunedin is supposed to be rather like Edinburgh, I believe,' said Jack, with a sarcastic inflection in his voice, which was not lost on his companion.

'Yes,' she answered, in the most innocent tone imaginable; 'but of course it is prettier and cleaner. It is newer, you see,' she continued, for indignation rendered Mr Traill speechless, 'and that is an advantage.'

'It is not always considered so,' Jack spoke grimly, quite oblivious to the fact that he was ministering to the silent mirth of the girl beside him. He then launched out into a description of his beloved Edinburgh, and his fervour first amused, then fascinated his listener. She eagerly questioned him regarding Holyrood, Roslyn, and all the 'horns' of the 'fair city.'

So deeply absorbed were they in their conversation that their arrival



Photos by Watroul.

EXHIBITS AT AUCKLAND EXHIBITION.

at the gate of the cottage was somewhat of a shock, so quickly had the time seemed to pass.

As they turned up the steep ascent leading to the house they met Professor Irie setting out on one of his evening rambles. He glanced quickly at Mr Traill's companion, and his face assumed a puzzled expression, as if he were seeking in the recesses of memory for a name which should fit in with his new nursemaid's face. Evidently his search was unsuccessful, for with a mechanical lifting of his hat, he passed on.

As he did so Jack heard, or fancied he heard, Marion Grey utter a soft little sigh of relief. Ere he could form in his own mind any idea of the reason thereof they had reached the door of Cliff Cottage, where Jots and Dimple stood, waiting to greet the newcomer.

They came shyly forward, and their uncle introduced them to 'Miss Grey,' but Dimple exclaimed, 'Have we to call you that? We never called Lizzie Miss?'

'No, no, dear,' said the girl hastily, 'call me Marion.'

'Come along then, and we'll show you where to put your things,' and the trio departed indoors, while Mr Traill, still a prey to a variety of emotions (chief among them being amazement), proceeded to lead Fairy stable-wards.

CHAPTER II.

'Tell me another one, Marion,' pleaded Jots, with a soft sigh of content, as the girl's clear voice ceased.

'Not now dear, it is lunch time, so off we go, or mother will be vexed. We'll have another story in the afternoon.'

As Marion and her charge turned the sharp corner of the rock under whose shade they had been sitting, they came full upon Mr Traill lying flat on the soft sand, with 'A Brief Political Economy' covering his face from the rays of a January sun.

Marion flushed a little, recognising that he must have heard all her chatter to Jots, unless—as she fervently hoped, and rather suspected—he were really asleep. Jots made a movement towards his uncle, but at a touch from his nurse, walked quietly on with her.

As soon as the sound of their retreating footsteps had died away, the supposed sleeper cautiously removed the 'Political Economy' and sat up, revealing a not unpleasing face, well cut, regular features, a pair of laughter-loving brown eyes, and a dark moustache, giving evidence of the care its owner bestowed upon it.

'By the Powers!' quoth he, 'but New Zealand is a wonderful country! Here is this nursemaid of Alice's who walks with the dignity of a duchess,

and talks like a first wrangler. I'll swear that story was not cribbed from Lempriere, as I thought at first. It was a memory of the original. I know from the ring of it. Is there a mystery here, or are New Zealand nursemaids in the habit of regaling their charges with classical stories? I must ask Alice, and lazily bringing

his tall, well-knit figure into a position more in harmony with his purpose, he sauntered slowly towards the house. The first person he encountered was Jots, and, judging from his appearance that he was in trouble of some sort, his uncle proceeded to interrogate him as to its nature.

'Hullo, Jots! Whose apples have you been stealing now?'

'I didn't touch any apples,' said Jots, who was nothing if not literal; 'but, I say, Uncle Jack, what is an "impossible female"?'

Mr Traill started. 'Jots! Where did you hear that? What have you been saying?'

'I heard you call Marion that, and I told her, and asked what it meant?'

'What did she say?'

'She said "Little boys should not repeat what they hear, it is most dishonourable," but she got pretty red,' added this enfant terrible, confidently.

'She was quite right. It was most dishonourable of you, and I hope—with becoming severity—that this will be a lesson to you.'

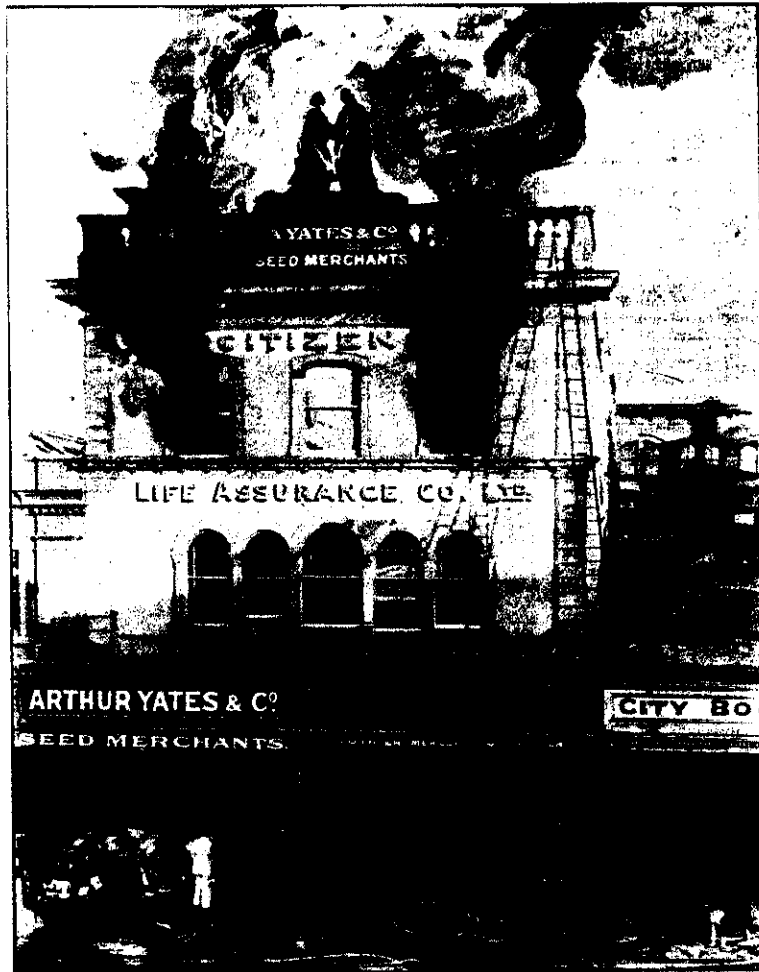
'But, Uncle Jack—'

Uncle Jack, however, had taken himself off, in much perturbation of mind, and some little indignation at himself for being, as he phrased it, so much put out.

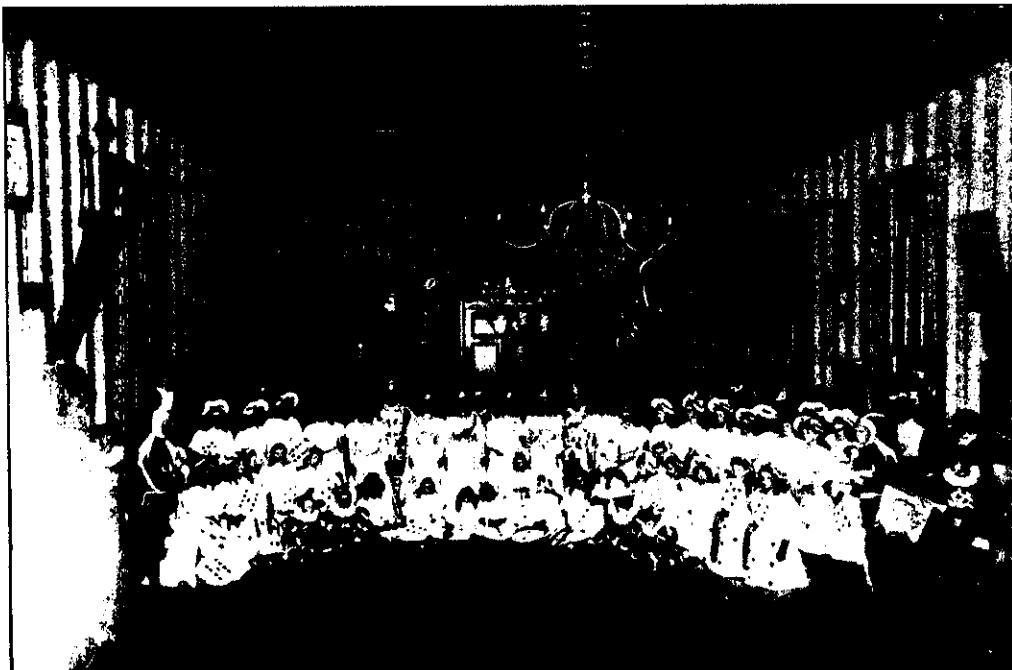
'Jots is a brat!' he decided mentally, as he paced to and fro on the sward in front of the cottage. 'I wonder if she is sensitive. I wonder what she can think of me, for, of course, Master Jots omitted to explain that I used the phrase before I had seen her. Dear me! what a worry children are! I was dreadfully careless to speak as I did. I must apologise.'

At this point his reflections were arrested by the arrival of Dimple, who came to inform him that they were to have lunch in the bush beside the creek, and that the rest of the party were already making their way thither.

Taking his little niece's hand, Mr Traill descended the slope to the beach and crossed the broad expanse of sand which lay between them and their favourite spot by the creek. It was an ideal nook for a quiet picnic party, possessing as it did the three elements requisite for scenic beauty—wood, hill and water. The bush, glowing just then with the vivid red of the rata, thrown into high relief by the sombre green tints behind it; the



THE LATE FIRE IN QUEEN STREET.—TOP STORY ONLY DESTROYED.



LIVING WHIST DISPLAY AT THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION—THE PACK OF CARDS.

miniature river, born in the bush, yet leaving its leafy covert with gleeful ripple and splash to join the not far distant sea; and across the bay the Kaitangata hills, rendered beautiful for the nonce by the combined enchantment of distance and imagination.

Near the source of the brook Dimple and her uncle came in sight of their friends, who had just coaxed the 'billy' to boiling point, and soon all were enjoying the *al fresco* repast. The children elected to take their lunch down to the rocks, and Marion, of course, accompanied them. Dimple quickly despatched her sandwiches, and descending to the smooth sand, began to use her spade with energy. Jots, on the contrary, snuggled up close to Marion, and presently (Jack guessed from the rapt, upturned face) she began to fulfil her promise of the morning and tell him the story he had pleaded for then.

'Jots has taken to Marion,' remarked the professor, to whom everything connected with his invalid boy was of keen interest.

'Yes,' assented Mrs Rae, 'and it is really wonderful to see how she manages him. She tells him all manner of stories—not goody-goody ones,

Tom—as her husband made an impatient movement, 'but tales of giants and heroes, and so on. For instance, last night his chest was bad, and I had to poultice him back and front. Well, generally he makes a fearful outcry when the hot poultices go on, but last night he just set his teeth and moaned a little. After it grew easier to bear them, he looked up at Marion, who was helping me, and said, "I was doing the Spartan boy, Marion, but it was a very hot fox!"

'What did she say?' queried Jack, curiously.

'Nothing. She just looked at him and patted his head, smiling as if she understood. I don't think she could have spoken just then,' and Mrs Rae's eyes were dimmed for a moment.

'I heard her telling Jots about Hero and Leander on the beach yesterday,' said Mr Traill suddenly.

'You did!' exclaimed his brother-in-law. 'And how did that happen?'

'I was reading behind the rock the children call the Arm-chair and must have gone to sleep, for when I awakened from a dream of home I thought I was once again listening to Professor Sellar waxing eloquent on the beauties of Virgil.'

'She must be an educated girl. I

wonder how she came to be in her present position,' Professor Rae remarked thoughtfully. 'I have seen her face before, but I cannot remember where. She has singularly intelligent eyes.'

'She is a very nice girl, and extremely good to the children. I am very fond of her,' Mrs Rae asserted emphatically as she began to clear away the evidences of lunch.

A brief silence followed. Mr Traill's gaze was fixed on Jots and his nurse, he himself unconsciously, in a similar way, being an object of interest to his brother-in-law, who was regarding him curiously. At last the latter spoke. 'You are growing, Jack. I have noticed it lately.'

'? Nonsense! I have not grown an inch since I was nineteen.'

'I mean mentally. You have advanced considerably since you left Home. You are not so ready now to estimate people by their possession of £ s. d., position, or even education. Is that not so?'

'Perhaps it is. I am becoming democratic. Democracy is in the air here.'

'Say rather you are beginning to realize that the man himself is the first consideration, and that position,

wealth, etc., are mere adjuncts which.'

'Tom,' interrupted Mrs Rae, 'Jots must be asleep. Marion is carrying him. Won't you help her?'

'I will,' said her brother, and set off across the beach. As he overtook the nursemaid, and transferred Jots from her arms to his, walking on beside her, Professor Rae, watching them, smiled as one who had received confirmation strong of a late assertion.

Meanwhile, Mr Traill had seized the opportunity thus afforded him to cry 'Peccavi!' Marion received his apologetic explanation with a simple dignity that became her well, and impressed the penitent not a little.

'Were you telling this young man stories?' he asked as he moved the little boy to an easier position in his arms.

'No. Jots wished to hear all about yesterday's sermon, so I told him what I remembered of it.'

'Yesterday's sermon?' Yes, I remember; a very good one it was.'

'Did you like it?'

'Yes. Why not?' for he thought he detected a surprised emphasis on the personal pronoun.

'Well, you know it was very democratic and—' she hesitated.

'How do you know I am not democratic?'

Marion laughed. 'Jots told me you had not been long out from Home, and we expect Home people to be rather aristocratic in their tendencies.'

'But a great many so-called colonials were once like me—'new chums.''

'Oh, New Zealand air soon turns them into democrats,' she answered merrily, 'that is to say, the male portion of them. Women are more conservative, and often retain their Home notions to the last.'

'Well, I have already adopted democratic principles, so you see I was quite as able to enjoy the sermon as you, quite as able to echo the quotation with which the sermon concluded— "It is only noble to be good," etc.'

'Not quite,' she answered slowly. 'Your principles are too new to fit you comfortably, whereas mine are part of myself, for I am a colonial.' This she said with head held high, as one of old might have boasted 'I am a Roman.'

'So am I,' said Jots suddenly, 'and so is Dimple. What does this mean? Whenever we say anything queer or funny, mother shakes her head and says, "to father, "Aren't they regular colonials?'"

'Colonials, Jots,' said his uncle gravely, 'are the most advanced people under the sun. They are also the most humble and —' But they had reached the door of the cottage, and Marion, relapsing into the nursemaid, with a slight bow to Mr Traill, bore Jots off nursery-wards to have his shoes changed, while Jack was left to complete mentally his interrupted sketch of the characteristics of the colonial.

CHAPTER III.

'Alice, do you want your brother to marry a nursemaid?' asked Professor Rae that night as his wife slowly let down her long coils of dark hair, preparatory to retiring for the night.

The question did not seem to startle Mrs Rae. She spoke very quietly, 'It depends altogether on the nursemaid, Tom.'

Her husband regarded her admiringly. 'You have unconsciously struck at the root of the matter, my dear. It is not the position, it is the man himself, or in this case the woman, we must consider, and —'

'Now, Tom,' protested Mrs Rae, 'I know it all by heart, and I practise it in my life as the Shorter Catechism says, so spare me!'

'Well, but don't you see how true it is that it all depends on the personality? For instance, you wouldn't like Jack to marry Jane, the cook—who is a very good girl in her way, and an excellent cook (he added parenthetically) and in position equal to Marion.'

'Do you know, Tom, I was thinking you might be able to help Marion to a better position; she must be fairly well educated. We might get her a situation as nursery-governess somewhere. She seems quite fit for it.'

The Professor eyed his wife pityingly. 'Alice,' he said at length, 'according to your lights you are a good woman, but inconsistency is the bane of your sex. Inconsistency, a want of reasoning power, and a blind yielding to impulse, are all —'



THE BUILDING DURING THE FIRE.



Keene, photos.

THE RUINS.

THE BURNING OF ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, WELLINGTON.

"Tut," Mrs. Rae asked in her most dulcet tones, "do you remember Mrs. Poyser's dictum that 'the Almighty must have made the women to match the men?'"

But the Professor was, or feigned to be, asleep.

That evening as Mr. Traill was enjoying a 'weed' on a little side-verandah which overlooked the beach, he saw Marion, book in hand, slip down to the 'Arm-chair.' He was startled at the almost irresistibly strong impulse which bade him follow her. He threw his half-smoked cigar away and sat for a moment or two half-stunned by the revelation which had thus suddenly burst upon him.

Not introspective by nature, he was, as he phrased it, in the habit of 'letting things slide,' and this he felt he had been doing lately. He mentally reviewed his conversation with Marion during their drive from Romahapa; he recalled the children's chatter about her; her quiet, dignified way of receiving his apology for having referred to her as an 'impossible female'; his sister's tales of her goodness to the children; and lastly their conversation on the way from the beach that afternoon. That was the extent of his acquaintance with her; he had spoken to her on three occasions only: he was a gentleman and she was his sister's servant; and yet he felt that the great leveller—Love—had passed that way, and things could never be with him as they had been before.

Far into the night Jack Traill sat there meditating on the unpleasant discovery he had made. With his meditations mingled memories of a foolish marriage a fellow-student had made, and he shuddered as he thought of the wife, seen three years after marriage. The pretty, bright girl had become a faded, slatternly woman whose grammatical slips and ignorance of les convenances—almost additional charms before marriage—were a daily torture to the man whose wife she was.

Yet with this memory ever mingled visions of Marion moving with gentle dignity through a well-ordered home, not afraid to soil her hands, yet never appearing with hands soiled or stained. But these were dangerous thoughts, and he forced them from him, striving to concentrate his mind on the one question: 'Can I marry a servant?' Would such a step involve loss of social position? Not in New Zealand with a girl as well educated as Marion Grey. The Professor and his wife, he knew, were singularly unworldly people and would offer no objection; the former, indeed, would hail such an event as an opening for a lecture on his favourite theme. His mother, he knew, would lovingly welcome any woman for his sake, while his father, after a few sarcastic remarks on his change of ideas, would be gracious enough. No, the only obstacle was his own pride, and it seemed an insurmountable one. 'I will get over this fancy,' he said to himself as he rose to his feet. 'I must get over it,' and as for Marion, she will have nothing to suffer; she has never thought of me in that way.

He looked at his watch, and found to his amazement that it was 4 a.m. 'I'll have a dip, leave a note for Alice,

and catch the morning train at Romahapa,' he decided. 'A complete change will cure me of this folly.'

As he neared the 'Arm-chair' some passing sentiment drew him to it, and as he sat down he noticed a small volume in the red-backed binding so familiar to book-lovers whose spines are thin. Picking it up he found it to be 'Poems by E. B. Browning,' and turning to the fly-leaf he was not surprised to find in some somewhat cramped and crabbed caligraphy the name 'Marion Grey.' As he turned the leaves carelessly over his eye was arrested by the concluding lines of 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship':

It shall be as I have sworn,
Very rich he is in virtues, very noble—
noble, certes;
And I shall not blush in knowing that
men call him lowly born.

He threw the book down as if it had stung him, then moved by another impulse he lifted it tenderly and put it in his pocket. He then hastily prepared for his plunge into 'the briny.'

CHAPTER IV.

'Jack is away!' exclaimed Mrs. Rae as she hastily re-entered her husband's bedroom on the following morning, holding an open letter in her hand.

'Away where?' queried her husband with that provoking stolidity which even the best of husbands can assume upon occasion.

'Away by train. He is going first of all to fish at Clinton, then probably up to Pomohaka, and will not rejoin us until we return to Dunedin.'

'He's a fool,' said the Professor shortly. Then, answering the look of dismay on his wife's face, he said in a gentler tone, 'I beg your pardon, my dear; I shouldn't have said that, but, candidly, it looks as if Jack had made a discovery which frightened him away.'

'A discovery. Tom?'
'As to the state of his own feelings, I mean, and he has not yet reached the point of saying:

"All for love and the world well lost."

'I see,' Mrs. Rae remarked, meditatively. 'Well, if it is to be, it will be, and I am not going to play Providence.'

'Lucid—very,' was her husband's sole comment on this sage resolve, so she left him to complete his toilet in peace.

Meanwhile Jane, the cook, had electrified the nursery party with the news of Mr. Traill's departure. The children's grief was both loud and deep. What Marion's feelings were no one could have gathered from the way in which she received the announcement. Beyond a little surprise she exhibited no other emotion.

After the children had gone into breakfast she stood at the window for a moment or two looking out at the beach, then, with a half-laugh, half-sigh, she made the following wholly irrelevant remark:

'I wonder what Cophetua would have thought if the beggar-maid had said "I don't want to be your Queen?"

How long Jack Traill remained in Clinton, deponent knoweth not, but can assert that the number of fish

caught by him was nil. How could it be otherwise when his rod was never unstrapped, nor his fly-book opened? How could it be otherwise when he spent his days in pacing up and down the river-bank, lost in meditation? Finally, thought consolidated into action, and he wrote a letter, the latter part of which we take the liberty of transcribing:—

'And now I come to a more important matter. To-morrow, if all is well, I mean to ask Marion Grey to be my wife. (Alice has told you all about her. I know, and probably something about me too, for her eyes are keen.) Well, mother, I am not going to describe her, I shall only say that if she accepts me, she will be a God-given gift, for she is a good woman in every sense of the word. Some other time I may tell you of the conflict between Love and Pride, the former proving triumphantly victorious! In the meantime, forgive this unsatisfactory letter, and believe me still, your loving son, Jack M. Traill.'

How the Mornington cable-car seemed to crawl along! So, at least, thought our hero, who was in a fever of impatience until he found himself at the door of a little green-blinded cottage which he knew from the directions given him by his sister, must be Marion's home.

'Is Miss Rae at home?' he asked the tall, slim damsel who opened the door.

'Yes. Please come in,' and he was ushered into a tiny parlour where Marion Grey sat writing at a table.

If Miss Grey were surprised to see him her manner did not betray the fact, as she said calmly, while she rose to greet him:

'Good evening, Mr. Traill. Have you all returned to town?'
'No; I have come alone—I have come—that is—my sister asked me to give you this,' handing her, as he spoke, a note which his sister had given him, when he returned to Port Molyneux, to find Marion gone, and a further journey necessary.

'Thank you. It may require an answer. Will you excuse me?'
Jack gave a murmured assent, and she tore open the envelope, smiling slightly as she read the few, hurriedly-written words, which bore neither address nor date:

'Dear Marion, — We have told him nothing. Be kind to him and confess afterwards.—Your friend, Alice Rae.'

While Marion had been occupied with her letter Mr. Traill had somewhat recovered himself, and now he crossed the room to where she sat.

'Miss Grey, Marion, I came here to-night to ask you to marry me.'

'Mr. Traill; I don't know how to answer you,' she faltered. 'I—'

'Do you care at all for me?' he asked, and the look in his eyes robbed the question of half its bluntness.

She hesitated, and 'the woman who hesitates is lost.'

Mr. Traill repeated his query in a different form, and the answer was a softly breathed 'Yes,' followed by 'that is if you are not ashamed to marry a servant.'

He silenced her in a way peculiar to lovers. 'I am in my sane senses now, and ashamed only of a foolish pride,

which once held me in bonds, and now is dead—slain by Love.'

And then they talked—the fond, foolish talk which seems inseparable from such circumstances, but suddenly Marion broke off with:

'Wait! I want to show you something.'

She left the room but returned almost immediately, clad in a black cloak, with a hint of bright colour showing in the hood, which was bordered with white fur. On her dark coils of hair was perched a trencher. In short, she was wearing the costume reserved for those who have the right to inscribe the magic letters M.A. after their names.

Mr. Traill stood speechless for a moment, scarcely comprehending. Then Marion advanced towards him, asking with a spice of coquetry:

'Well, do you think they suit me? Yes, they are mine,' she added smilingly, answering his look of inquiry.

Her lover was dumb; then he broke out with, 'What a conceited, ignorant wretch you must have thought me! How glad I am that—' and he drew a long breath, leaving his sentence unfinished, but Marion understood. He was thankful he had made this discovery now instead of before he declared himself. 'But how,' he began, bewilderingly, and so Marion told her brief tale.

'My father was a shepherd, who coveted for each of his girls the advantages of a good education. He only lived to see me capped and then died, partly from worry, for all his savings were lost in the failure of the "Bed-rock" mine. Since then I have taught and "coached" by turns to help mother and the girls, but now two of them are teaching for themselves, so you see, I am not so important as I was.'

'How did you go to Port Molyneux?'
'I saw Mrs. Rae's advertisement for a nurse pro. tem, and thought the sea air would fit me for the coming year's work. I had some heavy expenses before leaving town which deprived me of my regular holiday. Professor Rae recognised me the day before Lizzie (whose place I was filling) came back,' she concluded, laughingly.

'I see that I have just come in time,' Jack Traill said a little grimly, for he could imagine something of the hard battle with the world, at which she had scarcely hinted. 'Now, take me in and introduce me to your mother.'

Next day Professor Rae drove to the Romahapa Post-office for an expected telegram, and received the following concise and enigmatic dispatch:

'VENI, VIDI, VICT.'

* This story was awarded Fourth Prize (29) in our 'Xmas Story Competition.'

THE TERRIBLE SMALL BOY.

The other day a chemist was awakened about one o'clock in the morning by a boy clamouring at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window, he saw a small boy, who was gesticulating wildly.

'What's the matter?' inquired the chemist.

'I want a pennyworth o' camphorated chloroform for t' toothache,' howled the lad.

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber, but taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went downstairs to supply the much-desired relief. While measuring the drug, he could not help doing a growl at the lad.

'It's like your cheek,' he observed, 'to wake me up at this time of the night for a paltry pennyworth of chloroform.'

'Oh, is it?' said the boy, resentfully, 'then I'll take my custom somewhere else. You can keep your chloroform. I won't have it now for your impudence.'

And he didn't. He went off quite indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up another chemist.

A BETTER MAN.

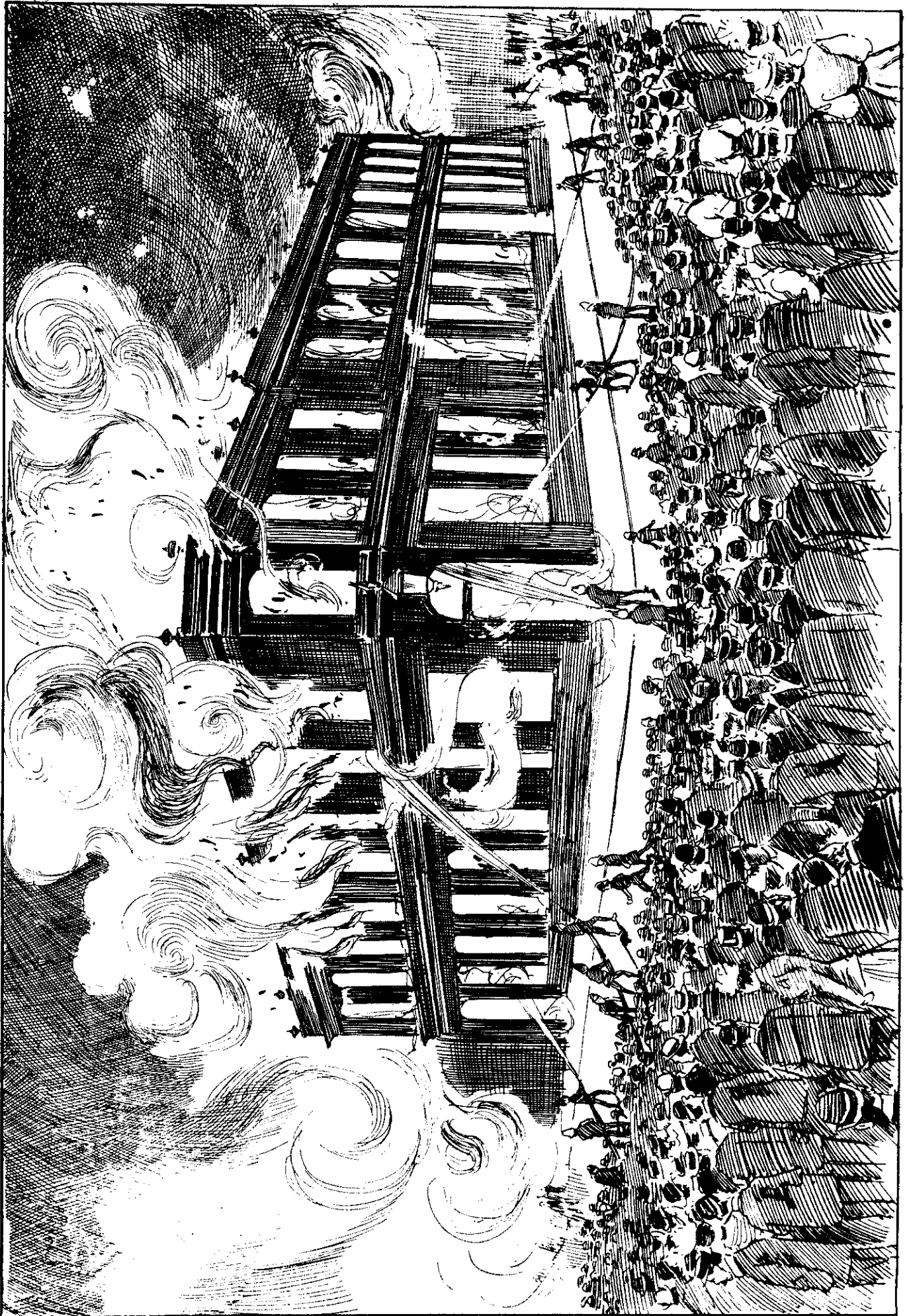
Prison Missionary: 'Don't you wish you had been a better man?'

Crooks the Burglar: 'Yer kin bet I does, boss; and when I gets out'n dis I'm goin' to take lessons in boxin' and wrestlin'. If I had been a better man dan dat copper, he'd never been able t' bring me here.'



Freney, photo.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, WELLINGTON, DESTROYED BY FIRE.



THE LATE FIRE AT THE ROYAL OAK HOTEL, WELLINGTON.

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 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 a 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 run your eye back to the first sentence of Mrs Dalby's letter, and you will come upon these words, 'I got on fairly well, &c.' 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. 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. At the more, as nobody else loses 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.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

Several satisfactory returns were received during the past week from mines both in Ohiemuri and Coromandel, but this did not result in much business being transacted on the Exchange, as the holiday season is now too near for buyers to operate with any chance of soon selling at a profit. The return from the Talisman mine was once more a record one, totalling £4,041 17/9. Accounts from the mine itself are also very encouraging as to future prospects, but in spite of this shares eased a little in price, being offered at 11/9, without sales resulting. The N.Z. Crown Mines return also showed improvement this time, the total being £5,632. A small parcel of ore from the Tokatea Consols mine at Coromandel proved to be worth about £34 per ton. The Kapanga return was also larger, as well as the monthly yield from the Komata Reefs, which this time amounted to £1,705. An increased return from the Hauraki mine this month was due to the fact that the good ore was included from the Union Beach section of that Company's property. A few pounds of picked stone were obtained this week from the Bunker's Hill mine, but it was not sufficient to cause shares to maintain the advance noted a week ago. Waihi shares had demand at better prices, buyers advancing from 80/ to 87/6, but holders asked 95/. Waitakauri shares also improved in price, 29/6 being offered without sales resulting. The Exchange closed on Saturday, the 24th, and will re-open at the expiration of the usual fourteen days' vacation.

WEEK'S GOLD RETURNS.

Companies.	Tons.	Picked stone.	£ s. d.
N.Z. Crown Mines	2,875	—	5,632 0 0
N.Z. Talisman	882	—	4,041 17 9
Waihi-Silverton	650	—	961 0 0
Hauraki	121	179	1,320 0 0
Kapanga	30	103	820 0 0
Tokatea Consols	54	—	1,890 0 0
Wynyardton	30	—	32 0 0
Victoria tributaries	7	—	23 0 0
Komata Reefs	440	—	1,705 0 0
Total	—	—	£14,704 17 9

KOMATA REEFS RETURN.

£1,705 FOR THE MONTH.

The return for the past month's operations in the Komata Reefs mine was very satisfactory, totalling £1,705, for which amount 440 tons of ore were treated.

KAPANGA RETURN.

The month's cleaning up yielded £820 from 30 tons of quartz and 103lb of picked stone. This shows considerable improvement.

WAIHI SILVERTON.

£951 FROM 650 TONS.

During the past month this company's battery was running 20 head of stamps for 26 days, during which period 650 tons of ore were crushed for a return of bullion valued at £951 4/6. At No. 4 level the lode has improved in both faces. At the battery experiments are being conducted with a view to adopting the wet process of crushing.

HAURAKI RETURN.

It is interesting to note that the return from this company's mine for the past month's operations shows improvement due to the fact that ore and picked stone from the Union Beach section were also treated. The details of the yield are as follows:—Hauraki section, 110 tons of quartz and 57 lbs of picked stone yielded 240 ozs 15 dwts of melted bullion of the approximate value of £712. Union Beach section, 11 tons of quartz and 122 lbs of picked stone yielded 199 oz 13 dwts of melted bullion, approximate value £605. Total returns £1320

BARRIER REEFS.

Meetings of shareholders in the Barrier Reefs Company were held this week in Mr H. Gillilan's office. Mr H. Brett, chairman of directors, presided. The business was of a formal nature. At the first meeting the resolutions previously agreed to were confirmed re winding up the original company. The second meeting con-

firmed the resolutions formerly passed ament the reconstruction of the company on the lines suggested by the directors.

N.Z. CROWN MINES.

£5632 FROM 2875 TONS.

This company's return for the past month shows improvement. The total quantity of ore treated was 2875 tons, which returned bullion valued at £5632. This brings the total output of bullion from this mine up to £47,848 for the present year, and altogether the bullion yielded by the Crown Mines now tots up to £185,952, and as the beds are now put in for another lot of stampers the returns should show still further increase next year.

TOKATEA CONSOLS RETURN.

£180 FROM 54 TONS.

The Coromandel Company obtained 64 ounces of retorted bullion, value £180, from the treatment of a parcel of 54 tons of ore.

NEW ZEALAND TALISMAN.

A RECORD RETURN.

£4041 17/9 FROM 882 TONS.

Another record has been established by the N.Z. Talisman G.M. Company. During the month the mill worked twenty-five days and crushed 882 tons of ore for a return of £4041 17/9. This is at the rate of £4 11/8 per ton of ore treated, and the return is a record one both as regards value of ore per ton and amount crushed. The returns for the year from this mine are as follows:—

	Tons	£	s	d
January	232	764	9	6
February	383	1079	0	0
March	400	1291	17	9
April	451	1344	14	10
June	682	2018	0	0
July	687	1922	4	10
August	794	1945	2	9
September	706	2584	0	5
October	836	3478	1	1
November	874	3758	0	9
December	882	4041	17	9
Total	—	£24,197	8	11

A slight stoppage of work at the Talisman Company's battery occurred on Tuesday owing to one portion of a turbine breaking. The battery was only idle 12 hours.

The Christchurch Liedertafel refused to accept the resignation of Mr F. M. Wallace which that gentleman recently tendered, and granted him leave of absence. Mr Wells will fill his place as conductor.

DUNLOP TYRES
Are embossed with this Trade Mark.



THIS SIGN
Distinguishes the Genuine from the Imitation.

J.B. Dunlop

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, LTD.
128, LITCHFIELD-STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

'CYCLING.

The science of correct ankle action is not always an easy one for the novice to learn. They don't seem to understand this new application of the ankle, and sometimes in the attempt to obey the directions of their tutor will slip the pedal until brought up sharply by the heel. The simplest explanation of the movement we ever heard given by an instructor was: 'Fancy you are turning a handle with your foot,' and when one comes to analyse the words they will be found to contain a wealth of meaning. Everyone knows how the wrists adapt themselves to the turning of a handle, and when the cycling novice has this basis on which to work he soon learns to use his ankles with the greatest effect.

Long distance racing is not racing in the strict sense of the word. It is endurance riding, purely, and beyond the possession of a sound body and a capacity to ride all day and night at a pace it is difficult to say what are the qualifications and the necessities. Every man must be a law unto himself and his own instructor also.


'I never take any sustenance or refreshments in a trial spin, or in a race of anything less than one hour. In anything above I place myself in my trainer's hands, take beef tea, egg flip, pineapple, grapes, etc., as the humour seizes me, but never allowing a sense of weakness to come on before beginning to lay in the fuel.'

At last R. L. Jefferson has made a sign to the civilised world that he is alive. His journey has been accomplished, even to the reaching of Khiva (Central Asia) alive, and uninjured by the savage tribes he has had to pass among, but nearly settled by the absence of eatable food, the turning putrid of his own stores, and drinking filthy water to keep him going at all. The toil of this journey in lands where roads can scarcely be said to exist at all, and where in parts a mounted escort had to ride with him to ensure his safety, must have been enormous, and although Jefferson has accomplished his task, it can still hardly be said that he has opened up a practicable cycling route, either for pleasure seekers or average adventurers. Still, he has taken the wheel to one of the few remaining districts where it had never been seen before. Jefferson left London in April last, and arrived at his destination at the end of September, taking 42 months to accomplish his 4,000 miles' ride.

Cyclists carrying goods on their machines are too common a sight every where to deserve mention, but the following instance, which occurred recently on the boulevard des Italiens, Paris, is altogether out of the way. A rider was seen guiding his machine with one hand amongst the traffic, while with the other he kept a careful hold of a bronze clock with its glass globe. Another was seen carrying a full-size bath on his shoulders, and, further, a glazier with his stock-in-trade on his back. A fancier with a parrot in a cage and a dog in another on either side of his handlebar was also observed, but the record was certainly beaten when a coal dealer with a sack of coals on his back careered along the boulevard.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

What does it do?



It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended. It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness. It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

It prevents and It cures baldness.

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs. It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



and Drama.

The complimentary concert tendered to Mr F. M. Wallace by the musicians of Christchurch came off on Thursday evening at the Opera House, and musically was of exceptional merit, but in attendance was disappointing, though a fairly large audience assembled to wish our great violinist "good-bye." In the interval Bishop Julius in one of his happy little speeches wished Mr Wallace Godspeed in the name of the people of Christchurch, and said he hoped when Mr Wallace got to England he would be so unhappy there he would take the next boat back to New Zealand. Of this concert itself every item was charming, and in Mr Wallace's solos there was not the least evidence of ill-health on the part of the player, hearing out the Bishop's remarks about his pluck which had kept him to his work in spite of increasing bodily weakness. Mrs Burnes was in excellent voice in 'Because of Thee,' and also Miss Davie in 'O Divine Redeemer,' which had the advantage of organ obligato by Miss C. Lingard; Miss Jennie West at the piano. Messrs H. M. Reeves sang 'Even Bravest Heart' from 'Faust' with orchestral accompaniment, and Mr A. Millar 'She Alone Charmed My Sadness.' A piano solo from Mr H. M. Lund, a duet two Hungarian dances from Misses Esther Atkinson and Rachael Ross all brilliantly played. Part songs were given by the Liederkranzchen, Liedertafel, Musical Union, and Motett Society, and an overture from 'Rosamunde' by the Musical Union orchestra.

The Maggie Moore and H. R. Roberts Dramatic Company will tour New Zealand early next year, opening in Christchurch on February 11th.

Harry Rickards Company with the famous lightning change artist Signor Ugo Biondi opened in Dunedin on Saturday last, and will work northwards. Mr Rickards is said to have engaged Sampson, the strong man, at £250 a week.

In addition to dramatic tuition Walter Bentley runs a paper in Brisbane. He was recently in the court over a libel case and won.

The 'Gondoliers' is the opera which the Wellington Operatic Society will produce as its next theatrical venture. The selection was made by a plebiscite taken among the musical people of Wellington. Second place was given to 'Iolanthe,' and third to 'The Mountebanks.'

On Wednesday last the Auckland Amateur Opera Co. staged 'The Gondoliers' in the place of 'The Mikado,' which had held the boards for a week. The cast was very much the same as on the last occasion when the opera was performed in Auckland by amateurs, the chief alteration being the translation of Mr Archdeute Taylor from the character of the Duke of Plaza Toro to the role of Don Alhambra. The former part was played by Mr Emil Keesing, whose personification was rather marred by over-acting. Mr A. L. Edwards filled the role of Marco, and sang some of the songs which fell to his share with no small measure of success. As of old Mr Tracey Hall was Guisepe, Miss Carrie Knight and Miss Lily Thomson Gianetta and Tessa respectively, and Mrs Hopkins Casilda. Miss Reeve as the Duchess was decidedly a surprise, singing and acting with much dramatic taste. A good chorus, brilliant dressing, and first-class scenery and effects added greatly to the effectiveness of the performance, which has given welcome entertainment to hundreds at a time when the Opera House was devoid of professional attractions.

The theatrical attraction in Auckland for Christmastide is Pollard's Opera Company, which commences its season in the Opera House on Boxing night. 'The Gay Parisienne,' which has proved so successful elsewhere, will be the first piece staged, and 'The French Maid' will follow. The management expects big business, and from the popularity of the company and the excellence of the bill of fare one can safely predict it.

BOWLING.

AUCKLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION.

PENNANT FLAG AND CHAMPION FOURS.

The second series of contests for the pennant flag and Association's shield and bowls took place on Saturday afternoon on the Ponsonby Club's green. In the third round Ponsonby, Mount Eden, and Newmarket scored a win each for the pennant flag, and for the championship Ponsonby, Mount Eden, and Newmarket. After a few heads had been played in the fourth round the rain came down. The Match Committee had no alternative but to postpone the same until a future date, which will be duly announced.

PONSONBY V. AUCKLAND.

No. 11 Rink (champion teams): J. Hutchinson, D. Stewart, John Beckett, A. Stewart (skip), 22, v. Hancock, Dingle, J. Carlaw, W. Lamb (skip), 14.
No. 8 Rink: A. Coutts, A. J. Hurdall, J. Newell, R. Ballantyne (skip), 13, v. J. M. Haslett, J. Mennie, James, Ledingham (skip), 10.
No. 3 Rink: J. Blades, A. S. Russell, J. Stichbury, J. Kirker (skip), 31, v. T. Crawford, A. Towsey, A. L. Edwards, W. Gorrie (skip), 10.
Totals: Ponsonby, 68; Auckland, 40.

REMUERA V. MOUNT EDEN.

No. 4 Rink (champion teams): G. Bruce, D. E. Clerk, J. Laxon, C. Kingswell (skip), 15, v. G. Burns, G. Thwaites, R. Ross, C. G. Brooks (skip), 22.
No. 10 Rink: W. Wright, H. S. Roddock, D. Dingwall, R. Hull (skip), 16, v. H. N. Gariand, D. Ferguson, C. Hudson, A. P. Hooper (skip), 18.
Totals: Remuera, 32; Mount Eden, 40.

PARNELL V. NEWMARKET.

No. 5 Rink (champion teams): T. Cottle, H. Y. Collins, E. A. Mackenzie, H. C. Haselden (skip), 15, v. T. Wilson, A. Holmes, G. H. Laurie, H. W. Brookes (skip), 32.
No. 9 Rink: R. Kerry, G. H. Purchas, R. A. May, H. W. Churton (skip), 17, v. H. Kent, W. Southwell, I. Dunsha, J. S. Kilgour (skip), 32.
Grand totals: Parnell, 32; Newmarket, 64.

Devoport received a bye.
Total wins to date: For pennant flag—Auckland, 2; Remuera, 1; Newmarket, 2; Mount Eden, 2; Devoport, 1; Ponsonby, 1; Parnell, 0. For championship—Auckland, 2; Remuera, 2; Mount Eden, 2; Devoport, 1; Ponsonby, 1; Newmarket, 1; Parnell, 0.

PONSONBY BOWLING CLUB.

The challenge trophy contest was continued last week, and resulted in a win for Mr Littler's team by 2 points. The game was a runaway one for Brookes' team for the first 14 heads played on Tuesday evening, the scores being Brookes 16, Littler 6. On resuming play on Wednesday, Mr Littler's team made every head a winning one by preventing their opponents from scoring, with the following result:—Bartlett, Newell, Ballantyne, Littler, 18, v. Coutts, D. Stewart, H. Brookes, A. H. Brookes, 16. The win credited to the successful skips up to date are as follows:—H. Brookes 3, J. Kirker 1, A. Brookes 1, Littler 1.

LAWN TENNIS.

In the Napier Tennis Club's Handicap Tournaments in the Men's Singles Mr Dawson (rec. 4, 30) beat Mr Allen (rec. 30); Mr Hartley (rec. 4, 30) beat Mr Brabazon (rec. 4, 30); Mr S. Macfarlane (rec. 15) beat Mr Dakin (rec. 4, 30). In the Combined Doubles Miss F. Watt and Mr Herrick (rec. 30) beat Miss Donnelly and Mr Barron (owe 4, 40). Miss McVay and Mr Pavitt (rec. 30) beat Mrs Brabazon and Mr Brabazon (rec. 30); Miss Wood and Mr Parker (rec. 4, 30) beat Miss Hindmarsh and Mr Gavin (rec. 4, 30); Mrs Luck and Mr Burke (scratch) beat Miss Locking and Mr Cooper (rec. 30); Miss E. Spencer and Mr Bowen (scratch) beat Miss Sutton and Mr Dawson (scratch).

The Broughs will produce 'Madame Sans-Gene,' Sardinia's Napoleon play, in Melbourne this Christmas, Mrs Brough playing Madame and Mr Brough Napoleon.

The pantomime at Her Majesty's, Sydney, is to be 'The Forty Thieves.' Miss Pattie Browne is in the cast, and in addition to the usual pantomime characters there is a new one introduced, called 'The Hooleyman.'



The death of Mr J. E. Hodson took place at 'Thurston' on Monday, Dec. 20th, and though he had been an invalid more or less for over a year, he had been unusually well the previous day, and visited several friends; therefore to many his death came as a shock. Of his five sons only three were able to attend the funeral, one of the others being in South America, and the other on the Waikare. Mr Hodson took a great interest in public matters, having in the days of Provincial Government represented the Awatere. He had also been a member of the Borough Council, been elected as Mayor in 1876, and been a member of the Land and Education Boards. He also was chairman of the school committee later on. He was superintendent of the Church of England Sunday school for many years, and to his exertions are we indebted for the start of the Wairau Hospital, the only one before that time being in Picton. Until lately he had acted as secretary to the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board. Mr Hodson was of a kind and generous disposition, and until his health interfered fond of social intercourse. Great sympathy is felt for Mrs Hodson, who is almost worn out by waiting on Mr Hodson since his health became uncertain.

The death of Mr Baber removes another old Auckland resident. The funeral took place on Friday at Remuera, Rev. W. Beatty officiating at the grave, and voicing the general opinion respecting the esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held. The principal mourners were Mr Jas. Baber (son), and Mr R. K. Baber (brother).

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Accounts of 'hair-breadth' escapes are always more or less interesting to the general reader, so we venture to give here one related by a Mr Kirwin, an old Maori veteran, who in his time has seen some pretty close calls. The following story he is very fond of relating, and does so with great enthusiasm:—I was a sufferer from liver affection for years, and could find no relief until I tried Bile Beans for Biliousness. My main trouble arose from the state of my liver, brought on by constant biliousness. My appetite, once good, almost entirely failed me. In fact, I took a great dislike to food of any sort. This, for a man of my calling—a carrier—was a severe affliction, for my bodily strength naturally gave way from loss of sustenance, and I found it next to impossible to do a full day's work. Of course I tried remedies of various sorts, but found little, if any, relief. Life became more or less of a burden, and I began to think that I was doomed to a life of ill-health. Indeed, the pills I took appeared to increase rather than diminish my malady. After taking a dose of these nostrums I felt a burning sensation in my throat, and an uncomfortable feeling generally, so I determined, come what would, to discontinue taking what purported to be a remedy, but which, in reality, was an aggravation of my complaint. Seeing a number of testimonials regarding the curative properties of Bile Beans for Biliousness, I was resolved to try it, and so obtained a box. Wonderful! I relate, no sooner had I begun to take these Beans than the distressing symptoms of my long-standing malady began to disappear. Formerly, I was a victim to insomnia; in fact, night was more trying than day. "Nature's balmy restorer"—sleep—was a stranger to me. However, thanks to the truly marvellous effects of Bile Beans, I am now able to enjoy a sound sleep nightly, a good meal—or, rather, meals—and perform a full day's work. To speak plainly, I feel as strong and as active as ever I did in my best days. As a natural consequence, Kirwin is full of gratitude for the restoration of his health. He resides at 472 Little Lonsdale-street, Melbourne, and anyone seeing him there would hardly think that he had passed through such an ordeal or had such a marvellous escape.

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.

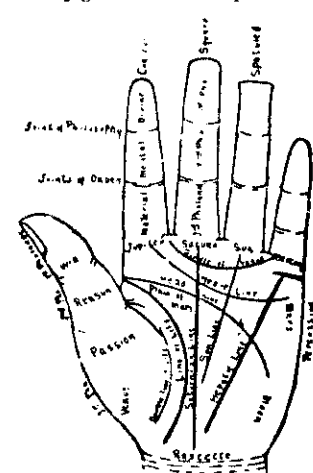
'W.D.L.'—Your handwriting displays a most sensible and practical character, yet while reasonable and eminently truthful, you possess a sufficiency of imaginative power, and you receive impressions quickly, although prudence is always at hand to prevent any rashness in acting upon them without due consideration. Your temper is very good; your temperament is cheerful, and your spirits are equable. I do not consider you to be abnormally sensitive, but your sensibilities are keen; nevertheless your own code of honour and justice is so strict and your standard so high that any departure from the path of integrity arouses your indignation, and your equanimity is not proof against a false accusation. You are diffident in expressing your opinion, but fully capable of maintaining it if you try. As a rule, your line of action is always defensive, rather than aggressive, and you are slightly deficient in ambition and enterprise. You are warm-hearted and affectionate, considerate for others, and not a critical observer. Your taste is good, and you admire neatness, method, and punctuality.—MARCELLA.

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 distances when filling in the lines. Draw all the lines you see, as far as possible at correct distances from each other. Put no names in. Then send your hand with 24 penny stamps, to

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

GOOD HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.

3.—THE WORK OF LIFE.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is not in any sense a medicine. It is simply a nourishing beverage, and in that respect it plays a most important part in the prevention of functional disorders. In these important organs and others, it has a wonderful faculty of giving power to the involuntary muscles of the body. By involuntary we understand those muscles not controlled by the will. Those muscles which carry on the work of life without our consent, and unless looked at carefully in many instances, without our knowledge; such as the beatings of the heart when asleep, the breathing of the lungs, the action of the kidneys, and the digestive process. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa acts on these in a nourishing and strengthening sense, conserves the strength of these involuntary muscles, prevents undue waste, and by its beneficial action gives health and vigour to men and women. As people become more intelligent, they see that they should try and prevent disease. It seems strange, when one comes to consider it, that the efforts of medical science are directed to curing, when preventing would seem to be a more rational proceeding.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has proved itself victorious over every other food beverage in the market to-day. Anyone can satisfy themselves on this point, and if anyone who reads this is suffering from a deranged or sluggish liver, let him or her leave off gulping down spirits, beer, tonics, drugs of all sorts, and try and prove this most wonderful food-beverage, which will do more to promote and maintain a healthy action of the liver than all the so-called remedies. To the sedentary brain-worker, who sits hour after hour in a stuffy room, coining his thoughts into current literature, to the lawyer poring over his brief—or reading hard; to the quill-driver; we say, take to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and you'll find after a week or so of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa you'll be in that happy state that you won't know you have a liver, and your life will be full of sunshine.

The unique vitalising and restorative powers of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa in 8½ packets and 1/4 and 2/2 tins can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 259 George-street, Sydney.

Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader (if postpaid will do) who names the "N.Z. Graphic" a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid.

THE BISHOP AND THE CABMAN.

A very grand wedding was being solemnised at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church door to the kerb was a crowd of well-dressed people watching the guests arrive. In the wake of a succession of equipages of the most aristocratic and well-appointed character came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief.

'Here!' exclaimed the policeman in charge. 'You can't stop here! We're waiting for the Bishop of —'

The cabman regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he climbed down from his seat and threw a ragged blanket over his skeleton steed. 'It's all right, guv'nor,' he said; 'I've got the old buffer inside!'

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

His Excellency the Governor visited Wanganni last week. He met with an enthusiastic and official reception. On Thursday morning Lord Ranfurly had rather a long programme, viz., the Hospital, Athletic Sports Ground, Technical School, and Boys' and Girls' Colleges. The Jockey Club entertained His Excellency at a garden party in the afternoon, which proved a pleasant way of presenting some of the prominent residents to the Queen's representative.

Dr. De Cive Lowe (Auckland) received a silver salver in recognition of his services to the Living Whist Tournament at the Auckland Exhibition.

Mr J. W. Trobs, M.A., headmaster of the Auckland College and Grammar School, leaves Auckland next Tuesday for Hobart, on a visit during the Christmas vacation.

Messrs MacLaine and H. Stow, of Blenheim, have gone to compete in the cycling races in Nelson.

The well known Wesleyan minister, the Rev. W. Morley, of Christchurch, has received a degree from some distance, that of D.D. (honorary) from the Emory and Henry University, of Virginia.

Mrs Tosswill, and her sister, Miss Leach, of Onamalu, near Blenheim, are visiting Christchurch.

Mr Galloway, M.P., accompanied His Excellency the Governor to Wanganni, en route for Auckland.

A nephew of Mr Ashcroft, official assignee, Wellington, viz., Mr Lutter, of Christchurch, saved most of his property from the Royal Oak Hotel fire, Wellington.

The health of the Hon. J. McKenzie, Minister for Lands, having improved, it is unlikely that he will resign his portfolio.

Mr Cheeseman, Auckland, has been visiting Little Barrier Island, to see how the Acclimatisation Society's birds on that island are progressing.

The Hon. A. J. Cadman, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr B. Wilson, arrived in Auckland on Saturday morning. He went on at once to the Thames, but returns to Auckland for Christmas.

Mr J. S. Keeth, the newly-elected Mayor of Timaru, is much to be congratulated on the very sensible way in which he proposes to celebrate his installation. Instead of a banquet, he intends to provide an extra scholarship for one year at the Timaru High School, to be competed for by Timaru children of all denominations.

Mr D. G. Brown, of Brown and Stewart, Auckland, was one of the most fortunate people at the recent fire in Wellington, as he escaped with all his belongings.

Captain Kemsley, of the Wellington Fire Brigade, complains of want of proper appliances for suppressing fires in the Empire City. It would seem as if the whole colonial fire brigade arrangements want revising and bringing up to date.

Mr George D. Newman, of Southland, is said to have suddenly become a semi-millionaire, as through the death of one of his English relations he falls heir to the nice little sum of £50,000.

Mr Galloway (M.P., England), who will be in Auckland this week, is only thirty years old, unmarried, and quite six feet in height. He has already travelled a good deal, and has, apparently, a brilliant career at home open to him. He was unable to meet the Premier, whom he wished to interview re the Old Age Pensions Bill, owing to the latter's very numerous engagements just now. However, if official documents will help him to unravel the mysteries of its working, he is well armed in that respect from the various departments.

Very much sympathy is felt throughout the Auckland province, and, indeed, in New Zealand generally, with the Deimate of New Zealand and his family just at present. Mrs Cowie, the devoted wife of Dr. Cowie, is very

ill, suffering from a paralytic stroke. Mrs Cowie is always to the fore in every good work, and her illness will be much felt. Her many friends sincerely trust she may soon be restored to health.

A native of Taranaki, New Zealand, Mr F. W. Ward, has been appointed associate editor of the Melbourne 'Argus.' Mr Ward was in early days a farmer, then a minister, and now, somewhat like the late Mr Reed, is connected with the press.

Whilst in Auckland, Bishop and Mrs Wallis, of Wellington, stayed at the Grand Hotel. The parents of Mrs Wallis, Colonel and Mrs Williams, were with them. After a brief visit South, the Colonel, his wife, and Miss Williams, propose to visit India, en route for England.

Lord Hampden's resignation of the Governorship of New South Wales is much regretted in that colony. Both he and Lady Hampden are very popular, and it seems a pity that 'urgent private affairs' should demand his presence at Home after such a brief stay abroad. It is understood that Lord Hampden's eldest son is about to marry into a dual family in England.

Miss Kate Sinclair, of Blenheim, is visiting Wellington.

Miss Mary E. Morton, art student, formerly of Auckland, made a very clever study of Queen Anne, the horse who won the Novices' Cup at the Autumn Meeting of the Liverpool Polo Club. 'Land and Water' reproduced the drawing in the October number of that paper.

Mr F. McGuire, M.H.R., with his wife and daughter have returned to Hawera after a most enjoyable visit to the Hot Lakes district.

Captain David Shaw, of the brigantine Linda Weber, paid a brief visit to Auckland this week.

One of the Auckland local staff of the Union S.S. Co., Mr P. A. Young, came back from England on Sunday. He was busy whilst away superintending the fitting-out of the Mokoia for the special New Zealand trade, and has certainly succeeded in his work.

Miss Elsie Low, B.A., of Christchurch, has been appointed assistant mistress of the Napier District High School.

Mrs E. C. J. Stevens (Christchurch) has gone on a visit to Auckland.

Mr N. Alfred Nathan, of the firm of Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co., will be a passenger per the Moana for Sydney. He goes thence to England to place his daughter at school there.

Mr R. N. Anderson, of Wellington, has been visiting Napier with the object of getting up technical classes. If such classes could be formed it would be a step in the right direction for the advancement of that town.

His Excellency the Governor is to pay a visit to Nelson on the 12th of January and will remain there until the 14th.

En route for Wanganni Lord Ranfurly spent a few days fishing in the Manawatu Gorge this week, accompanied by Captains Alexander and Ward, A.D.C.s.

Misses Laidlaw and Percival (two), lady tourists from England, were in Picton for a week, leaving to-night for Christchurch, where they will spend Christmas with Mrs Acton Adams. Thence they will start for Sydney and Home.

Mrs J. T. Peacock, 'Hawkesbury,' gives a garden party to-day, which promises to be a great success, the weather being lovely.

Dr. de Lisle, of Napier, has gone to spend Christmas in Gisborne, and will join Mrs de Lisle and the children, who have been staying there for several weeks past.

His Excellency the Governor has promised to pay a special visit to the Pitiki Pah on Friday next, at the desire of the natives, who sent him an invitation.

Miss Halse, so popular in music circles in New Plymouth, will shortly leave that town. A farewell concert was given to her on December 16th, which was a great success.

That much-travelled young New Zealander Mr H. Allan Lloyd, is at present in Constantinople, where he arrived from Athens about the end of October last. Before that he appears to have been sauntering along in China, the Straits Settlements and Egypt. In a letter to an Auckland friend he intimates his intention of proceeding to Italy at an early date. Some of his friends in the English College at Rome have promised to try and get him an audience with His Holiness the Pope. Soon after his arrival in Constantinople Mr Lloyd had an interview with His Majesty the Sultan.



MR W. ALLAN LLOYD.

Mrs Thompson, wife of the Minister of Justice, hopes to be well enough to return to Auckland with her husband for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs Gould is staying at Mrs Thornton's, North Belt, Christchurch, and is not taking up house just at present.

Mrs and Miss McVay, who have been visiting Rotorua, returned to Napier last Tuesday after staying for a few days in Auckland.

Mrs Gillies, Miss Gillies, and Miss R. Gillies are visiting Oamaru in connection with the marriage of Miss Connie Reid (Elderslie) to Mr Gillies.

Misses Fookes, of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip down South.

After a long and delightful visit to England and the Continent the Misses Kate and Una Hitchings, of Napier, have returned to New Zealand, and their many friends in Hawke's Bay are pleased to see them back again. Miss Bella Hitchings, who remains in England, has begun a successful theatrical career, and her sister, Miss Hilda, who is well known as one of the ex-champion tennis players of New Zealand, remains with her.

Mrs Lusk, of Napier, is visiting Gisborne, and thence goes on to Auckland.

The Commissioner of Police, Mr Tunbridge, left Wellington this week on a tour of inspection of the police stations in Central Otago.

Mr and Mrs Henry Williams have returned to Napier after a long and enjoyable visit to the Hot Lakes District.

Captain and the Misses Garcia leave for England early next year for an extended visit.

The Hon. F. Arkwright, M.L.C., has been paying a short visit to New Plymouth and was entertained by the Masonic brethren of the place.

Mr Whiteley-King, who is now residing in Sydney, is on a visit to New Plymouth in connection with the opening of the Whiteley Memorial Church.

The Rev. W. Morley, of Christchurch, has been making a short stay in New Plymouth.

Mrs R. B. Smith, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, has gone for a visit to Bunythorpe, near Palmerston North.

The Misses Tolhurst returned to Wellington from their visit to Christchurch last Saturday.

Mrs Lance went direct to Horstley Downs on arrival from England, no doubt glad to settle down after so much travelling.

The Misses Percival (3) (England) and Allen (2) have gone to visit 'King Solomon's Mines' at Cullensville, Picton. They are accredited with letters from the directors to the mine manager requesting him to show the visitors everything about the mine. They are to stay at Mrs Beauchamp's for the night. The visit will be quite an event to the English ladies.

Mrs H. C. Seymour and the Misses Seymour (2), 'Tyntesfield,' Benwickton, were in Picton for a day or two this week. Mrs and Miss Mary Seymour staying with Mrs Allen and Miss I. Seymour with Mrs Scott.

The Misses Una and Kate Hitchings, of Napier, have gone to spend Christmas with friends in Wellington.

Mrs Harris (Nelson) was in Picton this week staying with her brother-in-law, Mr G. H. Harris. Mrs J. Conolly and Mrs J. Mowat (Blenheim) are staying with Mrs Gard at 'Rougemont,' and Mrs H. Howard (Blenheim) with her relations at 'Brooklyn.'

Mrs G. Hall returned from England last week and is remaining in Christchurch for a time.

Hon. Mr Thompson, when on his way to Auckland last week, stopped a while in New Plymouth. Mrs Thompson and family will pay a visit to the place after Christmas.

Miss Le Mercier, of Napier, has left for Auckland, en route for a trip to Fiji.

Miss Turner, 'Ravenscliffe,' Queen Charlotte Sound, has been spending a few days in Picton last week with Mrs Scott.

Mr W. A. King, late of New Plymouth, has purchased the Soman 'Herald,' which is published at Apia, Samoa.

The German warship Falke is expected in Wellington about the beginning of June.

Auckland is enjoying the most rainy season for the time of year, known to the inhabitants thereof for twenty years. Some few people rejoice in the damp weather, especially consumers of potatoes, for it has brought down the price of that valuable vegetable from £20 a ton to £5.

The Bell Block and the Oanul Schools in the Taranaki district have been closed owing to the prevalence of measles amongst the children in those places.

The annual distribution of prizes at Wellington College takes place on Friday afternoon—the 16th.

Several changes have taken place in the Maintenance Department. Mr Crispe has arrived in Auckland from Invercargill; Mr Neale is inspector over the Whanorae and Kawakawa maintenance branches. Another officer has taken over the duties of Mr McSherry.

Mrs Bright has been spending a week in Wellington and returned to Blenheim on Saturday.

Mr I. H. Withford has received a vote of thanks from the Auckland City Council in acknowledgment of his services with regard to the Calliope Dock.

Captain Marsland has resigned from the captaincy of the Ohinemuri Rifles, No. 2, and Mr W. G. Kenrick, solicitor, Paeroa, has been appointed in his place.

Mr Laishley, of Wellington, was in Blenheim last week as a witness in the action brought by the General Exploration Company against Mr Purser. He was for several years manager of the Union Bank in Blenheim and made many friends.

Mr and Mrs Moss Davis, of Auckland, and five daughters, leave for England during the next year (about June), where they will stay for two or three years. The wedding of Miss Sybil Moss Davis takes place in England during the next year.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Farnar have given up their home in the country and are now quite settled in Blenheim. Mr and Mrs Robert Scott are living in the house vacated by Mr Farnar.

Mr F. J. Dargaville is captain of the newly-formed Volunteer Corps at Dargaville.

The Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who is commencing to tour these colonies, is by no means the rich man he should be considering all his titles, numbering sixteen. He was a lieutenant in the navy until his cousin's death in 1895 suddenly raised him to the position of Premier Scotch Duke. His cousin, Lady Mary Douglas, has the larger portion of the money left by the 'Red Duke,' who, however, managed to spend immense sums himself.

Mr Petre, who has for some time been stationmaster at Te Aro, Wellington, has been appointed to the vacancy made by the removal of Mr Hart from Blenheim to the Hutt. As Mrs Petre's mother and sisters reside in Blenheim the change will, no doubt, be greatly to their liking.

Sir Joseph Abbott, of London, has left that city on a visit to New Zealand for the benefit of his health.

Mr How, Under-Secretary for Public Works, Wellington, says it will take five years to complete forty miles of the railway which is to unite Auckland and Wellington. At that rate it will not be of much use to the older people of the present generation, who are anxiously looking forward to its completion.

Mrs Pullene has just arrived in Blenheim from Adelaide and is staying with her sister, Mrs Rogers, at 'Etham Lodge.'

It is understood that Mr and Mrs W. Sinclair intend shortly to leave Blenheim and take up their residence in Wellington. They are likely to move in January.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

A room prettily decorated with floral trophies is always restful to the eye; but let me utter a word of warning—do take due care of the flowers with which you ornament your home. Not long ago, when paying a series of 'duty' calls, I was shown into a very pretty drawing-room, of which the furniture and permanent decorations told of an artistic housewife. But the atmosphere was laden with a most sickly odour, arising from several vases of wall-flowers, which had been neglected apparently for many days; and though they looked pretty enough, the smell arising from the stagnant water in which the stalks were plunged was, to anyone coming in fresh from the outer air, almost sickening.

Now there are two or three simple rules anent the arrangement of indoor floral decorations. Always strip off the lower leaves from the stalks, so that no 'green' goes into the water. Put a small piece of charcoal into the water of each vase or dish—this absorbs much of the effluvia given off by the decaying vegetation, and keeps the water sweet-smelling. Change the water daily, well washing out the receptacle, cutting off any fading leaves, and discarding those blooms which have evidently done their decorative duty. These simple precautions will not only keep the atmosphere of the apartment fragrantly fresh, but will make your flowers last twice as long. I need hardly say anything about the advantages of loose and careless arrangement in your decorations—closely-packed flowers are an insult to Nature. Put plenty of green foliage among your bright-hued blooms; and when placed in a tall vase, take care that a spray or trail of green hangs down, so as to break the 'set' appearance of the strictly upright style.

WITH REASON.

Influenza Patient: 'What, doctor, do you mean to say you charge me 5/ a visit?'

Doctor: 'Certainly, just the same as I charge anyone else.'

Influenza Patient: 'Oh, but you ought to make a reduction for me. Why, I introduced the influenza into the neighbourhood.'

NEWS JOTTINGS.

Despite the unpleasant weather of Saturday an enjoyable picnic, the annual one of St. Mary's Parish, Auckland, was held at Cowes Bay, Waiteke. The Rev. George MacMurray, Vicar of the parish, assisted by the teachers, took much pains to make the outing a pleasant one.

Two of the Ambulance Corps (Auckland), Mr Tunks, and Mrs Williams, kindly rendered first aid on Saturday to a little girl named Atfield, daughter of Mrs Meredith, East-street, Auckland. She had gone down to St. Helier's Bay with the S. Sepokhro's Sunday school picnic, and was accidentally struck by the trolley on the wharf. Mr Tunks, who is a prominent member of the S. John Ambulance Brigade, had his appliances with him, and the compound fracture of the leg sustained by the little girl was most skilfully treated, and the child brought up to town in a comfortable manner.

The Rotorua (Auckland) public school teachers and pupils managed to have an enjoyable picnic on Saturday at Waiteke.

The Rotorua pavilion bath house has been much improved. Eight new private Richard baths have been arranged. This water is very good for eczema.

A diving party and gear are to be conveyed by the Auckland cutter 'Coralie' to the wreck of the s.s. 'Tasmania,' off Mahia, having been chartered by an Auckland-Wellington syndicate.

Mr W. McLennan, battery manager, has left the Waitekauri Company's service. Before his departure he received the acceptable presentation of a fine full-plate camera and fittings, and a walking stick inlaid with native woods. The latter was made by Mr Parker, of Waitekauri. The presentation was left in the hands of Mr Murray, J.P., who remarked on the cordial relations existing between the manager and staff; he also expressed the great feeling of regret they all had at losing Mr McLennan from the mine. The latter returned thanks for the pleasant words said about himself and his mother.

Weasels are becoming a great nuisance near Auckland. As was anticipated the cure for the rabbit plague is worse than the plague itself. In Otago Mr J. M. Fraser found last Sunday morning that these vermin had killed a hen and twenty young fowls in his yard.

The Principal and Mrs Ashton Bruce, of King's College, Auckland, give an 'At Home' on Wednesday, 21st, at 7.30 p.m., at the 'Towers,' when the prizes will be distributed to the successful pupils, followed by a prominent concert.

Mrs Humphrey Haines gave an 'At Home' on Tuesday afternoon, December 20th, at 'Kia Ora' Tea Rooms, Exhibition, Auckland.

There will be found, among much other interesting literary and pictorial matter in the November number of the 'Pall Mall Magazine,' a short study of Alphonse Daudet in private life, and an account of 'Luna Fishing in the Pacific,' which will be sure to be read with pleasure by all lovers of the pictorial art. 'The Renegade' and 'The Skirts of Chance' are two short stories, both very good in their very different ways. 'The Silver Skull'—Mr S. R. Crockett's serial story of an Italian 'Free Company'—deepens in interest as it proceeds. Compton Wynpente's is the great English house described in this issue, and most charmingly illustrated from special photos. There is also an illustrated article on the little-visited-by-tourists Italian city of Lagburn. The frontispiece is a really admirable etching by B. Schumacher after J. Van Eyck entitled 'A Man's Portrait.' Mr Quiller Couch discourses wittily and sensibly upon, among other things, the apotheosis of M. Henri Rochefort by the French printers in commemoration of the coming great Exhibition of 1900.

Cholie: 'I must wendly protest! Your daughter—my wife—is not the most difficult woman to get on with. She'er er—'

Father-in-law: 'Say no more, my son; I am in a position to give you my truest and deepest sympathy—I married her mother!'

NERVE, BLOOD, AND SKIN DISEASES PERMANENTLY CURED.

HERR RASSMUSSEN,
The Celebrated Danish Herbalist and Gold Medalist, of 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, and 547, Grouse Street, Sydney, is world-renowned for the

Thousands of Cures which have been effected by his

Alfaline Herbal Remedies

Thousands of Testimonials speak for themselves as to the immense value of these Herbal Remedies.

Alfaline Vitality Pills

Are a Certain Cure for Weak Nerves, Depressed Spirits, Debility, and Weakness of the Spine, Brain and Nerves. Special Power. 6d. Smaller Boxes, 12s. and 6s., posted. Send for free pamphlet.

Alfaline Blood Pills

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

His Alfaline Universal Pills for Female Complaints, Rheumatic Pills, Asthma and Cough Pills, Fat Reducers, Female Yarns, Girders, Garg Powders, Flesh Producing Powders, Worm Cakes, Bath Tablets, Eucalyptus Oil and Juniper, Hair Restorer and Completion Beautifier, Liver and Kidney Pills, and Instant Headache Cure, are all simply wonderful.

Send for his Free Book, which contains all the particulars, many useful hints and numerous testimonials.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE STRICTLY PRIVATE. Write without delay, and address

HERR RASSMUSSEN,
91, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That it is the intention of the Government to gradually do away with the Native Land Court, and that Judges Muir and Wilson are to be retired in consequence.

That the present system of racing the omnibuses from the Auckland Exhibition at night is certain to be productive of a very serious accident if it is allowed to go on. One evening last week two Mount Roskill buses (one an opposition line) and a Mount Albert bus tore down Mount Eden Terrace in a most reckless fashion, much to the dismay of some of the passengers. Had anything gone wrong with the foremost vehicle there would have been a frightful collision.

That Miss Rucemann, of the Auckland Hospital nursing staff, is going to England in about three weeks' time. On her way thither she intends visiting relatives at Buenos Ayres.

That three lady tourists who spent a week in Picton think that Picton is—without exception—the most beautiful place they have ever seen. They regret that they did not hear something about so charming a district ere making plans for their stay in New Zealand. They landed from the steamer to escape a stormy trip across the Straits, intending to go on next day. Then they stayed for a week and wished they could stay still longer.

That Mr F. M. Wallace has been granted leave of absence from the Christchurch Liedertafel, Mr H. Wells taking up his duties during his absence.

That Mr F. W. Andrews and his employees of the Picton malt-house, have gone "camping out" for a week or so at Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound. Plenty of healthful exercise in the bush and fishing will fall to their lot.

That much regret has been expressed in Christchurch over the recent terrible fire in Wellington and the greatest sympathy for the friends and relatives of the unfortunate victims who perished there.



The marriage of Dr. Parkes, of Auckland, to Miss Ross, of Wellington, takes place at the end of January.

The engagement of Miss Devore, of Auckland, to Mr Manton, of Wellington, is announced.

It is with pleasure we announce the approaching marriage of Mr Henry Home, of Aohanga, near Masterton, to Miss Rutherford, of Gladstone.

OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr Tom Pollard
Treasurer.....Mr W. O'Sullivan

THE LAUGHING SEASON.
WILL COMMENCE ON
MONDAY, DECEMBER 28,
When the People's Favourites

POLLARD'S OPERA COMPANY

Will produce for the First Time in Auckland the World famed Musical Comedy

THE GAY PARISIENNE.

Produced by arrangement with Messrs Williamson and Musgrove.

With all the Original SCENERY, WARDROBE, AND EFFECTS.

Special Engagement of
MISS GERTIE CAMPION,
The Charming Sourette and Dancer.

Box Plan at Williamson's.
PRICES—4/ 2/6, and 1/; Orchestra
Stalls 1/.

Early Door Tickets to Stalls and Pit at 50pence extra, can be secured at Williamson's.

FRED W. D'AVALL,
Business Manager.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

A pretty little wedding took place in Picton on Wednesday, 7th December, when Miss Sophie Annie Philpotts, second daughter of Mr T. Philpotts, was united in holy matrimony to Mr Henry Hibbert Harris of Port Ligar, Pelorus Sound. The bride's dress was of white satin, made with a square train of the same material, trimmed with bows of beige ribbon and orange blossom. The bodice was of satin trimmed with chiffon, beige ribbon, and orange blossom, the sleeves being rucked chiffon. A large tulle veil, fastened with orange blossom and a spray bouquet of white flowers, completed a charming costume. The Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her father; the bridegroom being supported by Mr C. Philpotts, brother of the bride. The bridesmaids were three in number: Miss M. Philpotts, in white spotted muslin over yellow silk; Miss H. Harris, sister of the bridegroom, in white spotted muslin over pale blue; and Miss E. Philpotts, in white. All wore cream hats trimmed with white silk, ostrich plumes and ospreys, and carried bouquets of white flowers. They also wore gold dove brooches, presented by the bridegroom. After the ceremony the bridal party, consisting only of relations and one or two intimate friends, drove to 'Aecham,' where the health of the happy couple was duly toasted. Mr and Mrs Harris left in the evening per Rotomua for Wellington en route for Port Ligar. The bride's traveling dress was of fawn tweed coat and skirt with vest of gaufered cream chiffon and white sailor hat with a pretty bunch of white feathers. A numerous collection of pretty presents were on view at Mrs Philpotts' residence for some days.

A DOG AND ITS MASTER.

Leland Stanford, Jr., was, like his father, very fond of animals, and Mrs White tells a pretty and pathetic story of the boy and his little yellow dog.

One day, when Leland, Jr., was about ten years old, he was looking from the window of his home in San Francisco. Suddenly his mother, who had heard a noise in the street, saw the boy turn, dash out of the house, down the steps and into a crowd of boys in front of the window.

Presently he emerged from the crowd, covered with dust, and holding a homely yellow dog in his arms. Like a flash he ran up the steps into the house, and as the door shut behind him a howl of rage went up from the boys outside.

Before his mother was aware of his purpose he had flown to the telephone and summoned the family doctor. The dignified old gentleman soon appeared, and was somewhat disconcerted at being confronted by a very dusty, excited boy, holding a broken-legged dog in his arms.

After hearing the story, the doctor took the boy and the dog into his carriage and drove to a veterinary surgeon's office, where the broken leg was set.

Leland took the most faithful care of the dog until it recovered, and the dog repaid him with a devotion that was touching.

The dog was left at Palo Alto when the boy went to Europe with his parents. When his young master was brought back dead the dog realised the sad bereavement all too well. After the body was placed in the tomb, the faithful creature took its place in front of the door. It could not be coaxed away even for its food, and one morning it was found there dead. It was buried near its devoted human friend.

TRY IT.

F. (unmarried): 'Do you think a man has a right to open his wife's letters?'

B. (married): 'Well, he might have the right, but I don't see how he could have the courage.'

A SLIGHT ERROR.

In a recent 'Reference Catalogue' the index under 'Lead' runs—'Lead—Copper, Lead—Metallurgy. Lead—Kindly Light (Newman). Lead Poisoning.'



AUCKLAND.

Dear Lee, December 19.
I really do not know what we should do without the

EXHIBITION

just now. The weather is too unreliable for many outdoor entertainments, but we can comfortably while away an hour or two in one of the many attractive corners of the Exhibition. I wish, however, there were more seats about. Amongst those I have seen there are Miss Stevenson (Glenholm) in heliotrope muslin, yellow straw hat with white tulle; and her sister, dark skirt, pink blouse, black hat with pink roses; Miss Spiers, black skirt, blue and white striped blouse, sailor hat with quills; Mrs E. Burton, bluey-green tailor-made gown, cream vest, black lace hat with pink roses above and beneath the brim; Miss Wright (Mount Albert), dark grey tailor-made gown, cream vest, white sailor hat; Miss Owen, grey check trimmed with black braid, sailor hat; Miss Shippher, slate grey with black braiding, sailor hat; Miss Hardie, navy skirt, navy and white striped blouse, pretty violet hat; Miss Craig, lavender spotted French muslin, white hat with feathers; Miss Dargaville, lilac flowered muslin, sailor hat; Miss Millie Cotter, white pique with red sash, sailor hat; Miss Alice Stevenson, blue flowered muslin; Mrs Stevenson (Ponsonby), black; and her daughter also wore black mourning costume; Miss J. Reeve, white muslin, black hat with feathers; Mrs Tonson Garlick and her two daughters wore black mourning costumes; Mrs (Dr.) Baldwin, white pique, with green necktie, sailor hat with white quills; Miss Pierce, white skirt, pink blouse, black hat ruffled with pink silk; Miss Keesing, navy and white striped zephyr, sailor hat; Miss Devereux, blue check dress, sailor hat; Miss Brookes, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Reed (Kohimarama), fawn Indian silk, black lace hat with small white flowers; and her daughter a black skirt, blue and white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Edith Smith, white pique, brown hat trimmed with pale pink tulle, pink roses beneath the brim; Miss Winnie Cotter, white skirt, blue blouse, large black hat, trimmed with white; Miss Lennox, pink and white striped zephyr, sailor hat; Miss Horton, white chine silk with lace edgings, white hat with ostrich tips; Mrs Sinclair, pink and green striped French muslin, black hat with pink rose buds; Mrs Spencer-Lawry, black, becoming black hat with feathers; Miss Bull, white pique skirt, orange brocade silk blouse, white felt hat.

Mrs Charles Haines, bright rose pink satin bodice, with zouave, broad striped ribbon lengthways on skirt, clusters of shaded roses on toque; Mrs Whitney, cornflower blue and white waved design muslin, pale green and pink bow on her hat; Mrs P. Lindsay, rich blue figured satin bodice, dark skirt, forget-me-nots in bonnet; Miss Firth, light cambric blouse, black skirt and hat; Miss Wilkins, white and black striped cambric gown; Miss M. Wilkins, pink, white hat; Mrs Caselberg looked pretty in a cream tucked chiffon blouse striped round with spangled ribbon, dark skirt, green straw hat, with pale blue ribbon; Misses Russell wore black and white silk plaid blouses, dark skirts; Miss Brett, fawn and white striped drill skirt and jacket, trimmed with white braid, white pique sailor collar, white hat, with roses; Miss O. Lusk, white muslin blouse, black skirt, Leghorn hat; Mrs Hansen, violet velvet blouse, black skirt, toque of violets; Mrs Parr, pale blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hesketh, black silk blouse, black skirt, picture hat; Mrs Windsor, dahlia silk gown, veiled with black; Mrs Cattinach; Mrs L. D. Nathan, green bodices, with revers, trimmed with rows of gathered white silk, grey plaid skirt, toque, with red roses; Mrs E. Lewis, black costume; Mrs Segar,

light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Devore, fawn and white figured muslin; Miss Ducre looked graceful in a willow green cambric; Miss Sellars, white and pink striped gown, cerise velvet collar, covered with lace, white sailor hat; Mrs Frater, black gown, black bonnet, with tartan bow; Mrs H. Wilson-Smith looked piquante in green and white striped blouse, dark skirt, white sailor hat; Mrs Biss, black gown, grey bonnet; Mrs Valle, black, trimmed with gold silk and black lace; Mrs R. M. Watt, grey French muslin, white silk tucked yoke, floral toque; Mrs Hautain, pale blue blouse, dark skirt, small white hat; Miss H. Brigham, black; Mrs McVay (Napier), dahlia silk, under black lace, stylish little bonnet; Miss McVay, white and pink striped blouse, dark skirt, white sailor hat; Mrs R. Mason, black; Miss Savage, tussore gown, trimmed with white embroidery, Panama hat, with clusters of roses; Mrs Masfield, Neapolitan blue silk gown, veiled with black lace, bonnet to match; Mrs Dufaur, large pink plaid cambric blouse, dark skirt, white hat, with erect wings at the back; Miss Edmiston, cream blouse, veiled with lace, velvet skirt, light hat, with feathers; Mrs Masfen, fawn skirt and coat, light vest; Mrs Hudson, Holland gown, trimmed with white, large black and steel hat; Mrs Napier, fawn cloth tailor-made gown, cream vest; Mrs Hudson Williamson, black silk, with lace chine design; Miss Kennedy, white pique; Miss Scherff, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Goldie, forest-green cloth tailor-made gown; Miss May, Whitelaw, navy serge skirt and jacket, light blouse; Miss Caldwell, pink check blouse, dark skirt; Miss Graves Aickin, black skirt, pink plaid blouse, white hat; Miss F. Hart, pink blouse, white pique skirt; Miss Dargaville, blue and white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Holland, white pique, large bow of pink silk; Miss Mary Macneil, white muslin blouse, with touches of black, black skirt, Leghorn hat; Mrs W. Hutchinson, black, black hat, with white flowers; Misses Butters, black and white blouses, black skirts.

At the EXHIBITION BALLAD CONCERT on Friday evening I noted Madam Du Rieu, heliotrope satin gown, pancy velvet sleeves, low bodice, trimmed with spangled ecru lace; Miss Large wore a very handsome rose pink satin, with a design of white ribbon true lover's knots, low corsage, finished with white silk, lace, chiffon and pearl garniture; Miss Prouse, rich cream merveilleux, lace on bebe bodice. Amongst the audience were Miss Towsey, white pique; Mrs McArthur, cream floral silk bodice, black satin skirt; Mrs A. B. Donald, orchid mauve moire blouse, with black lace insertion, black silk skirt; Miss Donald, cream and black check silk blouse, with bright yellow bow, dark skirt; Mrs Blair, pink check blouse, black skirt; Miss Thorne George, black satin, with cream applique insertion; Mrs H. Cox, black silk, strapped with pink satin under black lace; Mrs J. A. Toke, black, cream vest, floral toque; Miss Essie Holland, white pique.

There was a fair number of visitors from Auckland on Saturday afternoon at the

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

to the students at the Three Kings' College. One of the large classrooms had been very prettily decorated for the occasion. A Christmas carol, 'Carol, Sweetly Carol,' was nicely rendered by the students, and the Misses Simmonds, daughters of the Principal of the College. There were twenty Maori students present and two European. After the proceedings were over Mrs and the Misses Simmonds provided a nice afternoon tea. Amongst the clergy present were the Rev. H. R. Dewsbury (Chairman of the district), W. Gittos, W. J. Williams, S. Lawry, C. E. Becroft, Piripiri Rakena (of Hokianga), and Messrs F. L. Prime, Thomas Allen, Thomas McMasters, W. Gunson, and George Winstone (trustees), and Mr C. Fleming.

Mrs Conolly gave a LARGE GARDEN PARTY last Thursday afternoon at her pretty residence in Remuera, overlooking Hobson Bay. The function was given as a farewell to her daughter, Miss Conolly, who leaves Auckland for a year's absence down South. The band which had been engaged for the afternoon had to be counter ordered on account of the sudden death of Mr Baber (a near neighbour) on that morning.

Mrs Conolly and her two daughters

received their many guests on the tennis lawn near the house. The garden was literally ablaze with bright - coloured summer flowers. Strawberries and cream, tea and cakes were handed round by the Misses Conolly, who were ably assisted by their girl friends. The day was perfect, and indeed if it had a fault at all it was that the sky was too uniformly ultra marine for refreshing breezes. There were plenty of seats on the verandah and arranged round the garden, so that there was seating accommodation for all the guests.

Mrs Conolly, purple flowered silk, black silk mantle trimmed with lace, yellow straw bonnet with salmon pink roses and green leaves; Miss Conolly, black striped creponette skirt, white silk plaid blouse, black hat wreathed with roses and tulle; Miss — Conolly, electric blue lustre with a blue nurking, white sailor hat; Mrs Ching, very stylish black striped mourning costume, toque to correspond; Mrs Cotter, black moirette, the bodice was veiled in striped chiffon, blue vest with blue beads, green toque with dash of blue feathers; Mrs Atkinson, black silk with bead trimming; Miss Atkinson, very pretty French pink flowered muslin over pink silk and trimmed with narrow bands of green velvet, pink trimming on a white chip hat; Miss Hooper, blue French muslin, and her sister wore pale green; Mrs John Reid, a new shade of blue spotted muslin, flounced skirt edged with lace, trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet, black hat with ostrich feathers and loops; Miss Outwhaitte, fawn costume; Mrs Finlayson, pine green with black floral brocade, black lace epaulettes, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Thomas Peacock, autumn green with canary vest, bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Peacock, very pretty pink French muslin; Mrs (Dr.) King, emerald green silk veiled in white striped muslin, toque of green with violet and pink flowers; Miss Larkins looked very well in blue shot alpaca with crossway cut penock blue silk let in the front of bodice, fawn lace at neck, girted in at the waist with simple band en suite, black chip hat trimmed with cream embossed ribbon; Mrs Kempthorne, black grenadine striped with violet, yellow bonnet with ribbon and pansies; Misses Kempthorne looked extremely well in rich white chine silks, with ecru lace, one wore a white sailor hat with quill, and her sister a cream hat with yellow roses; Mrs Beve, looked very dainty in a white striped grenadine, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs H. Johnson, green skirt and reefer jacket, white collarette, white toque with ribbon bows; Mrs William Innes-Taylor (Tamaki), black mourning costume; Miss Mona Thompson, white shower muslin; Miss K. Thompson, blue muslin; Mrs Archer Burton, white skirt, heliotrope striped silk blouse, heliotrope floral hat; Mrs Peel, myrtle green, with gold button, white lace vest, white hat, trimmed with tulle; Miss Millie Cotter, white cambrie, red sash, black hat, with huttercups, red parasol; Mrs Petrie, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Hanlin, black; Miss Pearl Little looked chic in white hailstone muslin, black velvet hat; Mrs Richmond, navy; Mrs Aicken Carrick; Mrs Benjamin, fawn costume, blue vest, blue bonnet, with ostrich feathers; Mrs Ranson, lavender silk, with narrow purple velvet edgings, white silk vest, black lace toque, with cream roses; Mrs Brabant, black; Mrs Cheeseman (Marumu), dark skirt, green and white striped blouse, green hat with violets; Mrs Bamford, dark green coat and skirt; Mrs W. H. Churton, canary muslin, with lace, hat en suite, red

parasol; Mrs (Judge) Von Sturmer; Mrs Isidor Alexander, violet silk, veiled in a green figured muslin, toque to correspond; Miss Stella Alexander, fawn costume, white hat, with tulle; Mrs Caselberg, pink and blue stripe, yellow straw hat, with ostrich feathers; Miss Koskrige, black costume, with violet silk let in the front; Mrs Henty, white pique, black hat; Mrs (Dr.) Beattie, fawn striped crepon silk, with vest of shaded pink, hat en suite; Mrs Louis Myers, silver grey and black striped grenadine over satin, black bonnet, with ugrette and chiffon and flowers; Mrs Kerr Taylor, white Swiss muslin, with embroidery, white turban, with tulle and flowers; and her daughters wore green and white striped cambries, green chip mushroom hats, trimmed with ribbon to match, and white daisies; Mrs Keesing, black and grey stripe, black hat, with pink flowers; Mrs Keesing, black satin, veiled in lace; Miss Keesing, blue striped costume, finished with azure blue chiffon; Mrs Brewer, white pique, white sailor hat; Mrs (Dr.) Baldwin, fawn spotted muslin, the skirt had two flounces edged with lace, black toque, with chiffon and flowers; Mrs McMillan, black silk, with violet, black bonnet with violet silk; Mrs Baume, purple silk, veiled in black net; Mrs Wigmore, white ground work silk, with blue flowers, white toque, with blue ribbons; Mrs Tilly, dark green; Mrs Whitney, green striped silk, black hat, with pink flowers; Mrs Gold, brown, with narrow red stripe, black bonnet, with pink; Mrs Hugh Campbell, pink and grey striped silk, floral toque; Mrs Williams, black; Mrs Lonsdale Pitt, black; Mrs Hardie, black silk, black bonnet, with cornflowers; Mrs Tewley, black and white striped silk; Mrs Ware, handsome combination of grey and white; Miss Ware, white pique, white picture hat; Mrs Tole, dark fawn costume; Miss Edmiston, white muslin, with large raised spots of pink, white sailor hat; Mrs Reed (Kohimarama), fawn costume; and her daughter a blue muslin; Miss S. Moss Davis, grey costume, black hat; Mrs Edmiston, green French muslin, over white silk, floral toque; Mrs Payton, pretty heliotrope muslin, white hat; Mrs Cochrane, brown silk; Miss Cochrane, pink French muslin, white hat; Miss Nora Carr, white cambrie, sailor hat; Miss Binney, shot blue muslin, over orange silk, cream hat, with roses; Mrs Clifton, pale yellow, with narrow bands of black velvet; Mrs Kingswell, black skirt, pink plaid blouse, toque to correspond; Miss Alexander, black; and her sister, a white cambrie, with ruby belt; the Misses Maxwell (2), were studied in blue French muslins, with flounced skirts, sailor hats; Mrs Gray, black silk, with cape, black lace bonnet, with yellow flowers; Mrs Robert Dargaville, black silk crepon skirt, black sash, white silk bodice, with revers of black silk and edgings of Valenciennes lace, black toque, with beads; Miss Lemax, white cambrie, white toque; Mrs Moss Davis, striking black and grey striped silk, black Spanish lace cape, black bonnet; Miss Valentine, orange, veiled in black, hat with feathers; Mrs J. Roach, handsome black mourning costume of crepon and black beads, white silk yoke and cuffs, veiled in black lace, black hat, with white poppies; Mrs Thomas Morrison, stylish grey striped silk, with azure blue vest and cuffs, the skirt was handsomely braided with grey, black mushroom hat; Mrs Ashley Hunter, dark skirt, black and white striped silk bodice; Miss Bold, white cambrie, white hat; Mrs Sanderson, cream, with ecru lace edgings; Miss Couper, white nun's veiling, with white applique, white hat to correspond; Mrs Sidney Nathan, stylish pink silk, veil-

ed in fawn, bonnet en suite; Miss Myers looked extremely well in a handsome combination of fawn and pink, straw hat of exactly the same shade; Mrs A. Myers, black silk; Mrs A. P. Donald, very stylish canary silk, veiled in cream muslin and floral design of mauve, and richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, toque with cornflower blue; Miss Donald, French blue flowered muslin, very pretty blue straw hat, with blue chiffon and ostrich feathers; Mrs William Coleman, canny flowered grenadine, toque en suite; Mrs R. A. Carr, navy flowered muslin, black toque, with pink roses; Mrs Bodle, grey costume, black hat; Mrs Jackson, apricot pink, veiled in black tulle; Miss Burcher, white cambrie; Mrs E. Coleman, black silk, black cape, black bonnet; Miss Coleman, purple silk, veiled in black, white hat, with nil green bows; Mrs (Major) George, black mourning costume; Mrs Leo Myers, very pretty canary costume, veiled in white muslin.

My Tahiti correspondent writes:— Our rainy season has set in, which has spoilt our social gatherings somewhat, so the month has passed very quietly. Mr and Mrs John Burns, of Auckland, paid us a flying visit by the November trip of the Ovalau and made good use of their time, viewing the places of interest during their visit.

Mr W. G. Monckton, of Napier High School, is also here on an extended tour for his health. He has been staying in the Papara district.

Dr. Nolean, the family doctor of Papeete, died very suddenly last week. He will be very much missed as he was such a kind-hearted man—a favourite of all, especially children.

Montrose and Stevenson, late of Fiji, have started a vanilla curing factory here, but unfortunately a fire occurred on their premises 15th November, doing considerable damage.

Mrs Hutton and family, who had made their home here for some time past, returned to Auckland by the last trip of the Ovalau, and they are greatly missed.

PHYLLIS BROWN

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, December 14. A most successful and enjoyable SOCIAL

was given in the Sydney-street School Room on Tuesday night, to welcome Mr and Mrs Sprott, who have just returned from their trip to the Old Country. A number of ladies decorated the hall so prettily. All along the front of the stage were flowers, stuck amongst greenery, and at intervals were placed pot plants and grasses. A musical programme arranged by Mr Robert Parker was gone through, and consisted of some part songs, the singers being the Misses Campbell, Harbor (2), Stringer, Palmer, Parker, Upham, Salmon, Warren and McE, and the Messrs Jackson, Hickson, Henry, Pringle and Masters. Mr Pringle and Mr Douglas Jackson contributed solos, which were very much appreciated. Later on in the evening the Rev. Masters, with his boy brigade, went through some exercises, which showed how well he had worked with the boys, and they all seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. On entering Mr and Mrs Sprott were cheered by the Church Lads' Brigade, and Miss Jessie Wright presented Mrs Sprott with a lovely shower bouquet of white flowers. Mrs Sprott, who is looking much better for her trip, was wearing a black velvet evening dress, with a yoke of pink chiffon and deep epaulettes of white lace; Miss Sprott wore a figured silk dress, trimmed with lace.

Among those present I noticed Mr and Mrs Barraud, Mr and Mrs Warren, Mr and Mrs Smith, Mr and Mrs Martin, Mr and Mrs Ashcroft, and Miss Ashcroft, Mr and Miss Tolhurst, Mr and Mrs Balcombe Brown, Mr and Mrs the Misses Quirk, Mrs and the Misses Barron, Mrs Biss, Mr, Mrs and the Misses Marchant, Mrs and the Misses Harding, Rev. Mr and Mrs Tuckey, Mrs Chatfield, Mr, Mrs and the Misses Gore, Mrs Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs Adams, Mrs Rhoads, Mrs and the Misses Barber, Mrs Courtney, Miss Margots, Mrs Newman, Miss Conter, Mrs and Miss Barclay, Mrs and Miss Warren, Mrs and the Misses Parker, Mrs and the Misses Kennedy, Mrs and Miss Phuruzyn, Mr, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mr and Mrs F. Allen, Mrs and Miss P. Smith, Miss Harcourt, Mrs C.

Izard, Mrs and Miss Richardson, Mrs and the Misses Lingard, Miss Partrich, Mrs and the Misses Elliott, Mr and Mrs Bertram, Mr, Mrs and the Misses Powles, Mrs and the Misses Masoua Mrs and Miss McE, the Misses Halsas Mrs and the Misses Curtice, Miss Swainson, Mrs Marchbanks, the Misses Birmingham, and many others. The members of the Leidertafel gave a

CONCERT

in Thomas' Hall last Monday night. Among the audience were Mrs and the Misses Parker, Mrs and the Misses Hickson, Mrs and the Misses Quirk, Mr and Mrs Warren, Mrs and the Misses Marchant, Mrs and the Misses Leed, Mrs and Miss Barclay, Mrs and the Misses Barber, Mrs and the Misses Simpson, Mrs and the Misses Stewart, Mrs and the Misses Reid, Miss Lishley, Mrs Waters, Miss Swainson, Mrs and Miss Prouse, Mrs and Miss Watkins, Mrs and the Misses Gill, the Misses Cohen, the Misses Hamerton, and others.

Mrs Fulton gave a very pleasant

AFTERNOON TEA

on Wednesday at her pretty new residence on the Terrace, Wellington. A most appetizing afternoon tea, and fruit salads, sandwiches, and strawberries and cream and ices were dispensed in the dining room, the tea table being artistically decorated with tall vases of scarlet shirley poppies and grasses. During the afternoon Miss Stafford sang very sweetly and also played a duet with her sister, and a very witty recitation was contributed by Miss Cane, having for its subject matter the infant terrible of the present day, Miss Cane, who comes from Adelaide, and is a niece of Miss Warburton, of Wellington, afterwards delighted everyone by dancing skirt dances on the drawing carpet, without any other stage. Her serpentine dance, in which she wore a soft voluminous accordion pleated yellow silk gown, was quite up to the standard of the professional skirt dancer, and should Miss Cane ever take up dancing "in serious," she would without doubt have a brilliant career before her.

During her other skirt dances Miss Cane wore a very becoming and effective gown of soft spangled black gauze, with silver fringe on the berthe. Mrs Fulton's little daughter Vera also charmed her mother's guests by the clever manner in which she danced a sailor's hornpipe and Scotch reel, and looked very pretty in her dainty white frock.

Among the many effective gowns in the room I noticed that of the hostess, the skirt of which consisted of black brocade, the bodice was a blue silk blouse, trimmed with folds and frills of white chiffon; Miss Warburton wore a very handsome gown of striped blue silk trimmed with lace, and black hat; Mrs George Campbell, soft grey gown, with revers of white satin; Mrs Ferguson, black satin skirt and lovely green and black brocade blouse, and black and green toque, brightened by pink roses; Mrs (Dr.) Rawson, black, with blue silk blouse, and dainty bonnet; Miss Stafford in white embroidered muslin; her sister being also in white; Miss Gore, black skirt and coloured blouse and white sailor hat; Miss H. Moorhouse, fawn and rhubarb coloured brocade with epaulettes and front of rhubarb coloured moire, and hat of black and rhubarb coloured flowers, and pleated straw; Miss Ranson in blue; and Miss Butt, white; Miss Olive Gore, etc.

CLARISSE O'HELLA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, December 13.

The GARDEN PARTY AT BISHOPDALE on Wednesday afternoon was one of the most pleasant yet held under the genial auspices of the Bishop of Nelson and Mrs Miles. Church workers from the city and all outlying parts of the district were present. The day was all that could be desired, and the beautiful grounds were at their best. A meeting was held on the tennis ground, when short addresses were delivered by the Bishop, the Rev. Cows on 'Church Guilds,' the Rev. Baker on 'Sunday School Workers and Their Work,' and Mr J. W. Joynt on 'Church Choirs.' Afterwards the guests strolled about the grounds and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Tea, coffee, cakes, etc., were served from small tables under the trees. Mrs

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



DEXTER & CROZIER, VICTORIA STREET EAST, AUCKLAND.

Mules were black, bonnet to match; Miss Mules, white pique, sailor hat; Mrs Huddell, black; Mrs Richmond, black gown, mantle of black and cream lace; Miss Richmond, white pique, white sailor hat; Mrs Sclanders, black over amber, small hat to match; Mrs Filleul, black, handsome green bonnet; Miss Filleul, pink blouse, black skirt; Mrs Hunter Brown; Mrs de Castro, white cambrie showered with black spots, small hat trimmed with white chiffon and red flowers; Mrs Morrison, light costume; Mrs Kempthorne, grey costume, black bonnet with coloured flowers; Mrs Chatterton, grass green coat and skirt, small hat; Mrs and Miss Oldham wore black mourning costumes; Mrs Turner; Miss Turner, black and white; Miss Humphries, pretty heliotrope cambrie, white sailor hat; Miss Bayner, dainty white muslin and lace, black hat profusely trimmed with red and yellow roses; Miss Holloway, white with heliotrope vest; Miss Sealy, white pique, sailor hat; Miss Baker, (Brightwater); Miss Heaps, white pique, hat trimmed with chiffon; Miss Leggatt, coat and skirt of white pique, sailor hat with pink band; the Misses Wright (3) wore white shower muslins; Miss Poole, pretty combination of black and white; Miss Barnicoate; Miss Wright (Richmond); Miss Gannaway looked well in white; Miss Roberts, dainty white muslin; Miss Lubbecki, fawn, hat en suite; Mrs Patterson, white pique, black toque with bright flowers; and many others whose names I did not know.

On Saturday afternoon the Nelson Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club held

SPORTS

in Trafalgar Park. Fine weather prevailed, but there was only a moderate attendance, which was, of course, disappointing to the executive of the club, who, in view of the sport provided, were entitled to look for better patronage. Several cyclists from other parts of New Zealand competed. The races were all got off well to time, and no accidents occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. The Garrison Band was in attendance. Some of those present were Mrs Percy Adams, dainty white muslin over pink, white hat with pink roses; Mrs Robinson, black relieved with yellow; Mrs Sclanders, dark green coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs R. Kingdon, white pique, sailor hat; Mrs J. Sharp, white; Mrs Glasgow, buff cambrie, sailor hat; Miss M. Glasgow, white with red ribbon; Miss Trimbull, white pique; Miss Gibben, green and black check costume, hat trimmed with butterfly ribbon; the Misses Webb-Bowen (2), white costumes; Miss Robertson, white relieved with heliotrope; Miss Haslem (Christchurch), white muslin; Mrs A. P. Burnes looked well in dainty flowered muslin, black hat; the Misses Pitt wore white costumes; Miss Meddings (Christchurch), white skirt and saquee jacket, blue chip hat with trimmings of white chiffon; Miss G. Fell, white pique skirt and saquee coat, hat trimmed with Nil green

chiffon and pink roses beneath the brim; Miss Huddleston, white pique coat and skirt, black hat with pink trimmings; Miss E. Ledger, white muslin and lace; etc., etc.

PHYLIS.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,
The
December 16.

PENNANT MATCHES

at the Napier Bowling Green began on Wednesday, December 14, and a great many spectators were present at the ground. The afternoon tea was given by Miss Faulkner and Miss Newman, and was much appreciated. In their match between Napier and Hastings the members of the latter club were the victors, and on their side were Messrs King, Hazard, Beaton, Reynolds, Faulkner, Holt, Clarke, Stubbs, Lund, O'Kielly and Maddison. The following were playing for the Napier Club: Messrs Dinwiddie, Balfour, Fielder, Evans, Yates, Miller, Bristy, Evans, J. P. Smith, Shirley, Parsonson and J. Dinwiddie.

On Thursday last the DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES took place at the Hukarere Native Girls' School. Generally great interest is taken in this event, but owing to the wet weather the attendance was not so good as usual. Those who were present however spent a very pleasant afternoon, and were much interested in the proceedings.

A DOLL, CAKE AND APRON FAIR was held last Wednesday at St. Augustine's schoolroom and proved to be most successful in every way. The large variety of cakes shown was particularly good, and some of the dolls were carefully and prettily dressed. Amongst the people present during the day were Mrs Tanner, in a black silk dress and mantle and a black bonnet relieved with yellow; Miss Morecroft, in white muslin over pink silk; Mrs Lascelles, in black; Mrs Cornford, in black and crimson; Mrs Edwards, in black and lemon colour; Mrs Coleman wore black brocade and a black bonnet with green flowers; Mrs Lowry was in white with a black and white hat; Mrs Sainsbury wore black; Mrs Jarvis, pink and white; Mrs Howell, a black coat and skirt and a black hat; Lady Whitmore, a black silk dress and a black and white bonnet; Mrs Dixon, a black and white dress and a hat to match. Others present were Mrs Lines, Mrs Merton, Mrs McLean, Miss Page, Mrs Natusch, Mrs Faulkner, Mrs Dewar, Mrs Fulton, Mrs Swann, etc.

On Monday evening the annual examination in singing of the junior members of the Cathedral choir was held, and on Wednesday the distribution of prizes and the tea given every year to the choir boys took place in St. John's schoolroom. The Dean of Waitapu and Mrs Howell were present, and also Mr Sharp, the organist, Mrs Sharp and all the members of the

choir. Dean Howell, as usual, made a pleasant and appropriate speech, and was listened to with great attention. Some enjoyable glees and songs were given by Miss Mole, the Misses Cross, Miss Fleur, Messrs Finch, Guise, Nicholls, Morrison, Robinson, Fletcher and others.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,
A very pleasant
December 15.

SOCIAL

was held in St. Mary's Hall last Monday evening to welcome Rev. Mr and Mrs Evans (nee Miss Govett) back to the parish after their wedding tour. During the evening speeches were made by Archdeacon Govett, Revs. Evans, Williams (Wanganui), and Young, Dempsey, S. Shaw, F. W. Webster, Walker, Mills, Bedford, J. C. George, Kirkby, Colson, Moffitt, C. Govett, Skinner, NANCY LEE.

Songs and music were rendered by members of the New Plymouth Liederkranchen and Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club, the pianist being Miss Halse. During the interval light refreshments were handed round, and at the same time Mr E. Webster took the opportunity of presenting Mrs Evans with a very handsome silver afternoon tea service, a wedding gift from the congregation. Among those present were—Mrs Devenish, black and mauve, pretty cap; Mrs Rennell, black satin and jet trimmings; Miss B. Rennell, blue and silver passmenterie; Mrs Bedford, pink silk and cream lace blouse, black skirt; Miss Bedford, dark skirt, heliotrope and pink chiffon blouse; Miss Lawson, black with blue blouse; Misses Siggis; Miss Smith, black; Miss B. Webster, white and black; Miss L. Webster, white, silk sash; Miss Glynes, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Robinson, black satin; Miss M. Robinson, blue blouse, black skirt; Mrs Skinner, black and scarlet; Mrs Evans, blue costume; Mrs F. Webster, black; Miss M. Webster, white; Miss Tuke, cream blouse, dark skirt; Mrs J. C. George, handsome claret satin; Mrs Dempsey, black; Mrs G. Newman, very pretty grey figured silk; Miss Halse, amber and black blouse, dark skirt; Mrs W. Newman, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Mills, pink and black; Miss Patt, pale blue and black blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Brook- ing, black; Miss Hirst; Miss Campbell, pretty bronze silk blouse, black skirt; Miss C. Bayly, black with pink and cream blouse; Mrs Penn looked well in white; Miss Fookes, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hamerton, pink and black; Miss Furlong, bronze and white blouse, black skirt; Mrs W. Bayly, black; Miss B. Bayly, blue and black; Miss A. George, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Dockrill, crush strawberry blouse, black skirt; Mrs Douglas, black satin, pink cap; Miss Shaw, black; Mrs McKellar, black and white; Miss J. McKellar, black with pink blouse; Miss Testa, brown; Miss Hempton, black; Miss A. Hempton, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Curtis,

blue costume; Misses Evans, cream; Miss Dempsey, white; Miss Smith, black; Miss Marshall, grey; Mrs Freeth, black; Miss Freeth, white muslin; Miss E. Hamerton, cream; Miss Futi, heliotrope blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hursthouse, white; Mrs Stanford, black, lace cape; Mrs Bewley, blue coat and skirt; Mrs Baker, black; Miss W. Baker, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss J. Hempton, black; Mrs McGill, pale blue blouse, black skirt; Miss Stanford, black; Mrs E. M. Smith, black; Miss Carthew, pink and black; Miss James, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Y. White, black costume; Mrs Carthew; Mrs W. Webster, black; Miss Fookes, blue blouse, black skirt, etc.; and Messrs Archdeacon Govett, Revs. Evans, Williams (Wanganui) and Young, Dempsey, S. Shaw, F. W. Webster, Walker, Mills, Bedford, J. C. George, Kirkby, Colson, Moffitt, C. Govett, Skinner, NANCY LEE.

PICTON.

Dear Bee,
At
December 14.

MISS PHILPOTTS' WEDDING

on Wednesday last Mrs Philpotts was wearing a handsome black silk slightly trained, and pretty bonnet; Miss Harris, a black crepon gown, with pink vest and very becoming bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs Harris (Nelson), black and white costume; Mrs Western, black costume, relieved with white; Miss Western, costume of pink muslin with red spots, hat with yellow roses; Miss Flo Western, white spotted muslin with green sash and bows, white hat trimmed with white and green; Miss M. Western, white muslin with red spots, hat to match; Miss E. Western, a pretty shade of pale green spotted muslin, hat to match; Mrs Wynne-Williams (Wellington), white spotted muslin over heliotrope, toque en suite; the Misses E. and A. Philpotts, in pink spotted muslin and white hats. Other guests were—Mrs H. C. Seymour, Misses Bell (Blenheim), Farmar (Blenheim), Seymour (2), and MacLaine.

On Thursday Mrs Philpotts invited the following guests to

AFTERNOON TEA

Mrsdames Sealy, Mackenzie, Conolly, Gard, Howat, Harris, J. Scott, Sedgwick, Howard, Andrews, Cummings, and Misses Fell (2), Western (4), Greensill (2), Cummings, Gard (2), Harris (2), Farmar, Mackenzie; and on Friday a few very young people were invited to afternoon tea. The presents were on view, and ice-creams and cakes of every possible kind were enticingly laid out to tempt the guests.

On Saturday there was a small

BIRTHDAY PICNIC

up Esson's Valley, given by Master Stanley Sealy. All the little ones enjoyed themselves, and kept the elder ones on the tenter-hooks of suspense by their love of the river near by. JEAN.

Glad Tidings of Joy:

"ON EARTH PEACE,
GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN."

CHRISTMAS IS AGAIN UPON US.

Wherever British people are gathered together, no matter what the country, climate, or their condition in life, they set themselves resolutely to 'keep up' Christmas with all the time-honoured customs. They feast, they make merry, they make such other offerings of peace, goodwill, and affection, they shower delightful gifts on their children with a lavishness that is only British, and in this land of sunny Christmases, they go in for a thoroughly good time by indulging in every possible form of out-of-door enjoyment. Now, in order to make these presents, and to be dressed suitably for all this holiday-making, a lot of extra shopping is necessarily involved, and

IREDALE,

in wishing everybody most heartily 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,' insists that, in order to ensure that happiness being perfect and unalloyed,

This Shopping must be done with him.

Take the children first. They are generally placed first and foremost at this festive season. IREDALE has prepared for their special delight the most bewitching and wonderful collection of Toys, Dolls, Games, etc., etc., that it is possible to imagine. Everything that the ingenuity of man can devise for the amusement of the children is represented, and everything that is marked at IREDALE'S WELL-KNOWN PRICES!

For the older people there is also a magnificent assortment of fancy articles, of every imaginable description, suitable for presents. To describe them in detail is absolutely impossible, but when IREDALE says a thing he means it, and he now distinctly and without hesitation affirms

that he can supply every possible want in the way of Fancy Goods, Toys, Dolls, etc., etc., and his prices are the lowest in town.

Turning to other goods, that is, goods connected more directly with Drapery, pure and simple, IREDALE is offering this Christmas a series of the most remarkable lines ever offered to an appreciative public, such as the Auckland public has always proved to be to IREDALE. Take for instance—

Ladies' Tailor-made Coats and Skirts

In Plain and Fancy Figue, Holland, Drill, etc. IREDALE is offering as a special line for the holidays a wonderful lot of the very newest goods at 15s 11d, 18s 11d, 21s 6d, and 25s 6d the costume. Not one of them is worth less than 30s, and many were as high as 3 Guineas.

And Silk Blouses.

This is another reasonable sensation. Lovely Silk Blouses, assorted colours, all perfectly cut in the newest shapes, 10s 6d each, original price 21s.

Then Costume Skirts.

A Figured Lustré Costume Skirt at 10s 9d seems an absurdity, but is nevertheless true—IREDALE offers them this week at this price, and they are honestly worth 25s 6d—remember, 10s 9d for a Handsome Costume Skirt.

Trimmed Hats Extraordinary.

IREDALE is selling Home Pattern Hats, all this season's importations, at 8s 11d and 12s 11d. The price may seem ridiculous, but they need only be seen to be immediately appreciated.

Sunshades are Cheap.

And now is the weather for them, especially when a pretty Sunshade, worth at least 15s 6d, may be had for 10s 6d. It is worth thinking about.

A Hundred Other Lines

Could be quoted, but sufficient has been written to prove that IREDALE is, as usual, ready for any emergency. His Special Christmas Bargains for the holidays are something beyond the wildest dreams of even the keenest bargain hunter.

IREDALE.....AUCKLAND.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, December 7.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes gave a most

SUCCESSFUL GARDEN PARTY at their lovely home, Te Koraha, Merivale. The weather was delightful, and an immense number of visitors were present, the summer gowns of the ladies making a charming picture as they swept to and fro over the velvety lawns. An excellent band stationed under the trees gave a very cheerful sound, and the whole house was thrown open, with refreshments served in many places, in the ball-room, small tables on the spacious verandahs, a large marquee on the lawn, and other little nooks, where ices, strawberries and cream, fruit salads, and other delicacies were found. Mrs Rhodes, wearing a lovely shaded green and cream silk, the bodice finished with cream lace, large hat with white feathers, together with Mr Rhodes, received their guests on the front lawn. Among those present were Mrs G. G. Stead, coat and skirt of rich black satin, trimmed with guipure lace, vest of white chiffon, floral toque of pale blue; the Hon. J. T. and Mrs Peacock, the latter in black satin skirt, cream satin bodice, floral hat; Mrs Boyle, blue and white China silk, trimmed with white satin ribbon covered with black insertion, floral hat; Mrs Denniston, black skirt, fancy fawn silk blouse, floral toque; Mrs Julius, black, with pale blue bonnet; Mrs Studholme looked well in black and white; Miss Julius, pale blue; the Misses Ethel and Ella in white muslin, large white hats; Mrs G. Gould, white over pink silk, white and pink hat; Mr and Mrs Louisson, the latter in blue silk trimmed with white, floral hat to match; Mrs Cowlisshaw, black satin, with lace mantle, black bonnet with touch of red; Mrs Palmer, black; Mrs Waldrop, pale heliotrope gown finished with white, toque to match; Mrs Ogle, pretty fancy silk; Mrs Tabart, black; Mrs R. Macdonald, white canvas over colour, large hat; Dr. and Mrs Jennings, the latter in white over heliotrope; Mrs Woodroffe, England, pale grey costume, white hat; Mrs Common, blue and white fancy silk, pretty toque; Mrs J. S. Guthrie, black and white; Miss Lee, white muslin, rose pink silk bodice; Mrs J. D. Hall, white canvas over pink satin, toque to match; Miss Cowlisshaw, fancy green and white silk, white hat; Miss G. Cowlisshaw, cream figured silk, deep rose sash, white hat; Mrs and Miss Cunningham; Mrs and Miss Malet; Mrs Secretan, black and white; Mrs Rose, grey and silver braid; Mrs Wilding, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs H. H. Pitman, green silk, with sleeves and vest of pink veiled with chiffon and trimmed with cream lace, hat to match; Mr and Miss Kinsey, the latter in white spotted muslin and insertion over pale green, green sash, white hat with feathers and pale pink chiffon; Miss Mills (Dunedin), white embroidered silk, bodice finished with chiffon and insertion; Mrs and Miss Gibson; Mr Carrick and Miss Martin, the latter in a pretty black and white check with pale blue vest, gem hat with pale blue wings; Mrs W. D. Wood; Mr and Mrs J. B. Fisher; Mrs W. K. Macdonald, all black; Mrs Babington, black and white; Mrs Wigley, pretty grey coat and skirt; Mrs G. Harris, black skirt, yellow silk blouse; Mr, Mrs and Miss Harley, the latter a very pretty frock

of white muslin over pale blue; Mrs E. W. Roper, handsome black brocade; Mr and Mrs W. Reece; Mr and Mrs McKellar; Mr and Mrs R. D. Thomas, Miss Heswick, white muslin, pink straw hat trimmed with white; Mrs and Miss Wynn-Williams; Mrs B. H. Burns, soft grey trimmed with yellow; Miss Fairhurst, black satin skirt and sac jacket with white satin revers and collar, black and white toque; Misses Harper (2), Tabart, Ronalds, Cotterill, Garrick, A. Way, Reeves, Murray, Aynsley, Wilson (Cashmere), Mrs Hargreaves, Mrs (Dr.) Symes in a pretty grey dress finished with white; Messrs Perry, C. Clark, J. B. Reid, Turrell (3), Macdonald, Weddell, Overton, Alpers, Jamieson, Gray, I. Gibbs, W. Wood, Cowlisshaw, G. Palmer, Dr. Moorhouse, Professor Bains, Professor and Mrs Hutton, Professor and Mrs Cook, Mr, Mrs and Miss Jamieson, and many others.

On Thursday the day was perfect for the

FLORAL FETE.

and fully 10,000 people visited Lancaster Park during the afternoon, a larger crowd than has even been seen on the ground. The promoters are to be congratulated on the success they have achieved, which has only been done by hard work, Mrs G. G. Stead at the head of the ladies, and our worthy Mayor, Mr Louisson, prompting the men. The exhibits were far too numerous to particularise, but some of those which were most noticeable were: Among the trade exhibits, a lawn of Messrs Strange and Co., in imitation of a native swamp, a decorated pony ridden by the tiny daughter of Mr A. E. G. Rhodes; a decorated phaeton driven by Miss B. Julius; a four-in-hand bicycle team, the ladies dressed in white pique costumes, sailor hats with yellow ribbons, the driver (Mr H. O. D. Meares) holding the yellow reins. The riders, Mrs Meares, Miss S. Meares, Mrs Jennings, and Mrs Hurst-Seager, rode most gracefully. Mrs Wardrop took first prize for decorated bicycle, but another charming one was done in pink ivy geranium, ridden by Miss Preston, in a white costume, holding a white sunshade, also decorated with the geranium. A Chinaman in a spotless white suit and his baskets beautifully decorated with red, white and blue flowers, two men-of-war on a tandem bicycle decorated in the shape of a boat, and a guard of four Maories on a quad were much admired. The musical ride and Maypole dance were both pretty, but some of the decorated pets were surrounded the whole time; two little goats in a go-cart, a lamb, a tiny dog in a doll's perambulator were only some of the attractions. Among the many spectators were:—Mr and Mrs Stead, Mr and Mrs Louisson, Mr and Mrs Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Wigley, Mr and Mrs Appleby, Mr and Mrs de Vries, Mr and Mrs F. W. Thompson, Mr and Miss Graham, Mr and Mrs H. R. Webb, Miss Webb, Mr and Mrs H. McDougall, Mr and Mrs H. Wood, Mesdames Clark, Julius, Stringer, Gould, Cowlisshaw, Wilding, Boyle, Lane, Laurie, Kettlewell, Fairhurst, Matson, Anderson, Waymouth, Mr and Mrs Common, Misses Kinsey, Harley, Martin, Way, Hargreaves, Allan, Palmer, Lee, Cowlisshaw, Tabart, Studholme, Louisson, Cook, etc.

On Friday the Christchurch Liederkranzchen gave the last

'AT HOME' OF THE SEASON

in the Art Gallery. The large room was used on this occasion, and numerous small tables were placed about with cakes and sweets, so the girls only had to hand the tea instead of the usual adjournment to the interval. The part singing, as is almost always the case under Mr Wells, was very enjoyable; one lovely 'Serenade' by Schubert with Miss Alice Gray in the solo, and an 'Ave Maria' with organ and violin obligato by Misses West, Shunks and Wells particularly so. Misses Jennie West and Rachael Ross each played a piano solo well, and the vocal soloists, Misses A. Lake, A. Gray, Moir and Woodhouse, were in excellent voice. Among those present were—Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes (president), in a rose pink gown covered with striped ecru canvas, the bodice finished with guipure, pink straw hat with roses and foliage, white wings and pink chiffon; Mrs Denniston, brown skirt, fawn fancy silk blouse with steel trimming, toque with bright green bows; Mrs Julius, black coat and skirt, white lace eravat, pale blue bonnet and white osprey; Miss Julius, black skirt, black and white chine silk blouse, black hat; Miss Fairhurst,

black satin coat and skirt, white satin revers, back and white toque; Mrs W. Stringer, pale green covered with fine ecru canvas, the bodice of rucked chiffon, black and cream toque; Mrs J. Fairhurst, black gown, yellow chiffon neck trimming, black and yellow hat; Mrs Bruce, shot pink and green silk covered with black canvas, finished with pink velvet and jet, straw toque with green bows; Mrs W. P. Townend, handsome green and brown crepon, bodice finished with accordion chiffon of green and passementerie, floral bonnet; Mrs W. Watson, pink and white muslin, white hat, blue bows, pink chiffon choux and white wings; Mrs G. Fisher, slate alpaca, the fabled formed with narrow black ribbon, white revers and collar edged with the same, white hat and satin bows, pink roses; Mrs J. C. Wilkin, blue gown, white vest, black bonnet relieved with pale blue; Miss Wilkin in white, white hat and cream roses; Mesdames Wethey, Macbeth, Barkas, Wells, Malyon, de Vries, Tyree, Mrs and Miss Marsden, Misses Hargreaves, Hicks, Ross, etc.

BLLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, December 5.

This year the Spring Meeting of the Horticultural Society was termed a

CARNIVAL.

as it extended over more than one day. There were really two days of Flower Show, and in connection with the Show, on the third evening, there was an exhibition of Professor Rontgen's X Rays. The Show was opened on Tuesday afternoon by Mr C. H. Mills, M.H.R., who made a short, pithy speech. Though the exhibits exceeded in number those of Spring Shows of former years, the exhibits themselves were of poorer quality, and the consensus of opinion is that it was the worst Show held here for years. The only explanation that suggests itself is that the prizes were too small, that were larger ones offered there would be more competition, and a more interesting Show. And yet though the prizes offered for decorated bicycles were worth winning, there were only



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

BEAUTIFUL SKIN
Hands and Hair Produced by
Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world for face, hands, and hair, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. Sold throughout the world. British Agents: F. Rowland & Co., London. Toronto: J. & C. Goss, Sole Proprietors, Boston.

THE FAVOURITE DRINK OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
MASON'S EXTRACT of HERBS
FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER.
One Teaspoonful of Mason's Extract of Herbs makes One Gallon of splendid Non-Intoxicating Beer.
The Finest, most Refreshing, and Pleasant Beverage obtainable. TRY IT. IMITATE BUT NOT EQUALLED.
MASON'S WINE ESSENCES
For making NON-INTOXICATING WINE, produce in a few minutes a delicious Temperature Wine of Cordial, Glider, Orange, Raspberry, Black Currant, &c.
For Children's Parties or Social Gatherings.
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Storekeepers.

three entered, and no entries at all for decorated go-carts. For the prize given for table decoration for girls under 16, Miss Violet McIntosh was the only one to enter. Her table had a centre of handsome lace over crimson satin, on which were placed graceful vases of white azalea and grasses. Miss E. Carey took first prize for decorated bicycle which was decked with lycopodium, pink ivy geranium, and white carnations. A special prize was given by Mr Macey for the best floral design which embodied the words 'Macey Studio,' and this was won by Mrs Dew, with a small cane chair covered with pink and white roses; Miss Bertha Norgrove coming second with a boat of white carnations, the crew of three little girl dolls, arrayed in dresses and hats of flowers. This was very pretty and quaint, and in the opinion of many, worthy of the first prize. In the evening, until 8 o'clock, the Hibernian Band played in front of the hall in their usual pleasing manner. After that time the performance inside began by Vannini's orchestra playing selections. Volume of sound was the chief characteristic of this music, making conversation, which is rarely suspended during instrumental music, a difficulty. On the evening of the second day there was a Promenade Concert, the programme being of an appropriately floral design. A trio, duet, and solo were sung by the Misses A. and E. Rose, and Mr J. Rose; Miss E. Rose being the soloist. Some infant school children instructed by Miss M. M. Browne, sang action songs, and danced the May-Pole Dance very nicely. On the evening of the third day, Dr. Cleghorn, assisted by Mr F. Redwood, and Mr Macey, exhibited the X Rays, the Doctor first giving an explanatory address. There was also a programme of vocal and instrumental music, the former being specially pleasing. The May Pole Dance and action songs were repeated by the school children. Among those I noticed at various times at the Show were Mrs C. H. Mills, who wore a black jacket and skirt, and pretty bonnet with pink flowers, and who was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers; Mrs Allen (Picton), black dress, black bonnet brightened with pink; Mrs Griffin, pretty heliotrope muslin and ribbons, becoming hat; Mrs Griffiths, black dress, black bonnet in which pale green and pink were intermingled; Mrs McIntire; Mrs H. Dodson looked extremely well in black,

with front of heliotrope silk, black toque with violets; Mrs Jackson; Mrs Muller; Mrs N. Griffiths; Mrs Hustwick (Wellington); Mrs W. Nowworthy, Mrs R. Nowworthy; Mrs Robertson (Picton); Mrs J. Hutchison, who wore a dark dress, with smart little black bolero, and black bonnet trimmed with lilac; Mrs J. Conolly; Mrs Draper; Mrs A. Farmer; Mrs S. J. Macalister; Mrs R. McCallum; Mrs J. Mowat; Mrs Corry; Mrs Orr; Mrs A. P. Green, who was handsome in muslin of two shades of heliotrope, with cream insertion arranged point-wise back and front on the bodice, numerous bands of insertion on the sleeves, and the neck and cuffs finished with frills of heliotrope ribbon, stylish and becoming hat; Mrs G. Watts; Mrs C. W. Adams; Mrs Howard; Mrs Carey; Mrs Smale; Miss Anderson; Miss Mills, pink and white striped dress; Miss B. Mills, white dress, Oxford blue belt and tie; Miss James (Wellington), white pique; Miss Monro, black skirt, pale green silk blouse; Miss B. Farmer, pretty floral muslin; the Misses Seymour (2), white and black; Miss N. Allen (Picton), dark skirt, blue and white striped blouse; Miss Stace, navy jacket and skirt; Miss K. Smith, pale blue jacket and skirt; Miss Hildreth; Miss Macey, black dress, and deep folded belt of heliotrope silk; Miss M. Ewart; Judge Denniston, and a considerable number of strangers who have come here to attend the Supreme Court.

A Sale of Work will be held at the Church of the Nativity Sunday school to-morrow; and on Wednesday the Circuit Cycling Meeting will take place, and a number of competitors from outside the district have already arrived. A meeting of temperance workers was held at Iremonger's Hall on Saturday night, and an address was given by Sir Robert Stout. A large number of lawyers and witnesses, drawn here by the Supreme Court, hired a drag on Sunday, and drove to Massacre Hill, the scene of the Wairau Massacre, and lunched there. The day though hot, was exquisitely fine. A few of those who went were the Misses Bell and Hutchison, and Messrs H. D. Bell, Myers, Harden, Cottrell, Brad-

FRIDA.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

As the opposing forces approach the gallop is given, and closer and closer they come, says a writer in the 'Pall Mall Magazine' in describing a modern cavalry charge. The old Brigadier is in front, motioning back his men with his sabre so as to keep them steady and together. Suddenly and simultaneously, on both sides, the charge is sounded.

The two cavalries approach each other like thunderbolts, each man pressed on by those in the rear; the second line is trying to force its way into the first, and then—they meet.

The bursting of the two waves renders one mighty crash to heaven. The dust thickens, and under this heavy pall of death all knowledge of events is lost. The cloud sways backward and forward for full five minutes, when the officer in command of our reserves spies an opening; then he goes, and the enemy is literally hurled back. The victors stagger forward reeling like a drunken man.

With remarkable rapidity the enemy have recovered; our officers are literally beating their men into some sort of formation, shouting, absolutely shrieking with excitement the while. The troopers rise in their stirrups and swear—well, like troopers. Then at them again; this time they make no mistake, but drive the enemy entirely from the field.

The result, they have opened out a way to examine the enemy; a dozen miles farther, and they will see the infantry of his advanced guard, and know to a slight extent what he is doing. It is as though they had torn a veil off a woman's face, or unmasked a villain.

Hullo! I thought I heard some one say cavalry were of no use nowadays; well, perhaps, I was mistaken. In half a day, or less, our General-in-Chief will know all about the enemy that we can find out. That is to say, that he will be fully conversant with his movements at least twenty-four hours before he knows anything worth knowing about us.

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

The Whole of the Goods in Stock and Afloat of the above Drapery Firms have been Purchased by the

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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 Confidentially Invited.

BON MARCHÉ

DIRECT DRAPERY IMPORTERS,

276, QUEEN STREET.
74 & 76, VICTORIA STREET.

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HIGH-CLASS DRESSMAKING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES - -

At Very Moderate Rates.

Walking Costumes from 10s 6d.

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

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LOSS OF APPETITE

A Household Remedy Throughout Queensland.

We give the following testimony from Mr. Frank P. Peacock of Given Terrace, Paddington, Queensland, whose experience is in exact accord with thousands of others:



"I have used Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for indigestion, loss of appetite, and as a tonic, with very satisfactory results. I have been pleased to recommend it to my friends and in many cases they have used it with equal satisfaction.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

is a household remedy throughout Queensland. It is the kind that cures."

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

SUCH A MISTAKE.

Donny reached up every minute or two to feel of it, and squeeze the toe gently. He was waiting for it to get light enough to take it down—and then!—a subdued whistle issued from the little huddle of pink-and-white outing nightgown and boy.

Slowly the rom grew a little less dark—a little light, then light enough. Donny, on his bare little tip-toes, took down his stocking. O-o-o-ol It was pretty full, but not so bulgy, quite, as he expected. It looked a little queer.

There was a whole row of stockings—papa's and mamma's and Ben's, and even grandma's, white knitted one. Papa had borrowed one of Donny's, because his was too short to get his share into, he said.

Donny put his hand in and pulled out—why, funny things. They were very nice, but they were rather different. He tried to whistle again, and not be disappointed. What had made him expect he was going to have, certain sure, an air gun and a four-bladed jack knife and coloured crayons and the tiny silver cornet? He missed the cornet the most. He'd already asked Spence Copeland to teach him how to play on it.

He went on pulling the queer things out of the stocking—the paper weight, the silk handkerchief, the gold cuff buttons, the dainty little white and gold book with 'L-o-n-g, long, f-e-l-l-o-w' on the cover, and last of all the gloves. They were kid, lined with soft fleece, and had fur round the wrists, lots of it. Donny tried them on. Oh! Oh! Donny knew all about it then. The gloves told him.

He hurried over to papa's stocking and inspected it closely. It was all knobby and beautiful, and peeping out of the top was something silver and shiny, like a little cornet. The

knob in the toe felt like a jack knife, and the long, stiff thing in the leg might—just might, you know—be part of the air gun!

But that was papa's stocking, if Donny did wear it 'week days.' Donny didn't consider Christmas a week day. It was the stocking papa hung up himself, and so it belonged to papa. Santa Claus had made a terrible mistake, but there was no help for it now.

Donny went back to his stocking and packed the queer presents neatly back into it. He thought he would go to bed. He felt cold. But just then papa came in. 'Wish you Merry Christmas, Donny!' he cried, gaily.

'W-wish you M-erry Christmas!' Donny piped, bravely.

'Now we'll see what old Santa's been stuffing into my—why!' Then papa whistled and looked across at Donny.

'Here's a cornet, and a gun, and a top, and a jack knife! What did you get, Donny?'

For fully two minutes papa played with his presents, then he made a wry face, and said:

'Say, how will you swap, Don?'

Donny's face beamed, and even the little pink and white nightgown trembled with joy.

'Oh, truly?' he stammered eagerly. 'I'll swap even!'

'It's a trade!' cried papa, and so, after all, Santa Claus's mistake came out right.

Donny played a triumphant tune on the toy cornet, and he and papa danced to it together.

CONSTANCE HAMILTON.

Brooms and brushes will last longer if given an occasional bath. Put four tablespoonfuls of ammonia in two quarts of lukewarm water. Stand the brushes in this for half an hour, bristles downwards. Rinse thoroughly in cold water and hang in a cool place till dry.

HIS NAME WAS MARY ANN.

At an entertainment given for the benefit of the seamen on board the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II. on her voyage from New York to Genoa, Mark Twain was called on for an address. On being introduced, he rose, and, in his peculiar tone of voice and manner, said:—

'My friends, I see that my name is on the programme for an address. As this was done without consulting me, I shall give you an anecdote in its place. Now, you know, there are anecdotes and anecdotes, short metre and long metre. I shall give you a long metre, one with a snapper at the end. It is about a Scotch-Irish minister who thought he was called to preach the Gospel, while he knew that he had the gift of oratory, and he never missed an opportunity to display it. An opportunity was afforded on the occasion of a christening. There was a considerable audience, made up of the relatives, friends, and neighbours of the parents. The preacher began by saying:—

'We have met together, my friends, on a very interesting occasion—the christening of this little child—but I see already a look of disappointment on your faces. Is it because this infant is so small? We must bear in mind that this globe upon which we live is made up of small things—infinitesimal objects, we might say. Little drops of water make the mighty ocean; the mountains which rear their hoary heads towards heaven, and are often lost in the clouds, are made up of little grains of sand. Besides, my friends, we must take into consideration the possibilities in the life of this little speck of humanity. He may become a great preacher, multitudes may be awayed by his eloquence and brought to see and believe in the truths of the Gospel. He may become a distinguished physician, and his fame as a healer of men may reach

the uttermost parts of the earth, and his name go down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of humanity. He may become a great astronomer, and read the heavens as an open book. He may discover new stars which may be coupled with that of Newton and other great discoverers. He may become a distinguished statesman and orator, and by the strength of his intellect and eloquence he may control the destinies of nations, and his name be engraved upon monuments erected to perpetuate his memory by his admiring and grateful countrymen. He may become an author and a poet, and his name may yet appear among those now entombed at Westminster. He may become a great warrior and lead armies to battle and victory; his prowess and valour may change the map of Europe. Methinks I hear the plaudits of the people at the mention of his deeds and name. He may become—er—er—he might—er—er—

'Turning to the mother: "What is his name?"

"The mother: "What is the baby's name?"

"Yes, what is his name?"

"The mother: "Mary Ann, sir."'

SECESSION FROM VEGETARIANISM.

There has been an important wholesale secession from the ranks of the vegetarians. The entire Dominican Order in England has received permission from Rome to eat flesh four days a week, instead of perpetually abstaining as heretofore. In cases of ill-health or specially hard work, meat is to be allowed six days a week. This important decision has been arrived at after the closest medical and official scrutiny as to the effects of perpetual abstinence from meat in a variable climate like that of England. The result is that vegetarianism has been declared incompatible with good work.

P E A R S

Soap Makers



By Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton
*Senior Surgeon
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.*

"From time to time I have tried very many different soaps and after five-and-twenty years careful observation in many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEARS' SOAP. Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation."

**PROFESSOR
Sir Erasmus Wilson**
*Late President
Royal College of Surgeons, England.*

"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it falling into wrinkles. PEARS' is a name engraved on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

NOW READY!

NOW READY!

Auckland Star Exhibition Number

*Auckland: Its Resources and
Possibilities.*

The Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers.

COMPLETE REVIEW OF AUCKLAND INDUSTRIES.

NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN UNEQUALLED PUBLICATION.

MANY BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF AUCKLAND.

The holding of an Industrial and Mining Exhibition in Auckland has been considered an appropriate occasion on which to issue an exhaustive account of the Resources and Industries of Auckland.

These are graphically described and profusely illustrated in the Auckland Star Exhibition Number, which contains as much literary matter as would fill a volume of 500 pages.

Among the principal subjects dealt with are:—

GLIMPSSES OF NEW ZEALAND AND ITS HISTORY.
NORTH AUCKLAND AND ITS RESOURCES.
THE COUNTRY SOUTH OF AUCKLAND.
AUCKLAND: ITS BRIEF BUT EVENTFUL HISTORY.
THE AUCKLAND OF THE FUTURE.
INTERVIEWS ON THE CITY'S PROGRESS.
THE MAORI OF TO-DAY.
ARCHITECTURE: ITS EVOLUTION IN CITY AND SUBURBS.
AUCKLAND HARBOUR AND DOCKS.
SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.
COMMERCIAL INSTITUTIONS.
EDUCATION: THE UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.
A LAND OF UNRIVALLED SCENIC ATTRACTIONS.
POULTRY RAISING.
AGRICULTURAL, PASTORAL, AND DAIRYING.
FRUIT AND VINES.
TIMBER, ITS WORKING AND PROVINCIAL OUTPUT.
KAURI GUM: A UNIQUE RESOURCE.
FLAX INDUSTRY.
AUCKLAND FISHERIES AND THEIR FUTURE.
THE WHALING INDUSTRY.
THE MINING INDUSTRY—A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF OUR GOLDFIELDS.
OUR MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES.
THE EXHIBITION.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Are too numerous to describe in detail, but they include:

MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF AUCKLAND, SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED.

BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR.

VIEWS FROM MOUNT EDEN: A CHARMING SERIES.

SCENES IN THE CITY.

AUCKLAND CITY FROM ALBERT PARK.

THE CHURCHES.

WATERFALLS IN THE AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

YACHTING, RACING, ROWING, POLO, HUNTING, AND ATHLETIC SCENES.

ARCHITECTURE IN CITY AND SUBURBS PICTORIALY EXHIBITED.

THE CALLIOPE AND AUCKLAND GRAVING DOCKS.

SCENES ON THE WHARF.

BANKS AND INSURANCE BUILDINGS.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

INTERESTING PICTURES OF MAORILAND.

HOT LAKES VIEWS: GEYSERS, TERRACES, AND BOILING SPRINGS.

THE PROVINCIAL TOWNS: THAMES, COROMANDEL, GISBORNE.

PORTRAITS OF SOME WELL-KNOWN COLONISTS.

THE UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S FLEET.

THE NORTHERN COMPANY'S OFFICES AND STEAMERS.

SCENES ON THE FARM AND IN THE ORCHARD.

TYPICAL PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE TIMBER, GUM, FLAX AND FISHING INDUSTRIES.

MANY GOLDFIELDS SCENES.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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 made. Make me a rough black serge same as green one sent, as soon as possible.'

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

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

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

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

Mrs D. G. Riddiford, Halcombe:—'The habit you have made for me is most satisfactory.'

Mrs A. F. Roberts, Akaroa:—'My habit is a splendid fit.'

Mrs Greenway, Auckland:—'The dress you have made me is most satisfactory.'

Mrs Percy Baldwin, Wellington:—'I am very much pleased with the dresses. They fit perfectly.'

Mrs Newman, Wellington:—'My dress fits perfectly and I am very much pleased with it.'

Mrs C. Johnston, Wellington:—'I am very pleased with my dress.'

Mrs Alice Crawford, Kilbirnie:—'My dress is a great success.'

Mrs Shields, Dunedin:—'Mrs Shields received her gown to-day and is pleased with it.'

Mrs V. T. Hitchings, Levin:—'The habit came to hand and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly.'

Mrs Tanner, Napier:—'I received the habit and it fits perfectly.'

Miss McMaster, Martinboro:—'The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction.'

Mrs Wilkie, Otakeho:—'Gown arrived safely and gives satisfaction.'

Mrs Holo, Wanganui:—'My dress came last week and is perfect. I am very pleased with it.'

Miss Herrick, Onga Onga:—'I am very pleased with my coat and skirt.'

Mrs Hay, Annandale:—'Mrs Hay received the gown Nodine and Co. made for her, and is much pleased with it.'

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs C. J. Mouru, 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, 1898.

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.

TAILOR-MADE GOWN. 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 furnish their own Designs, which will be reproduced exact and perfect. Pattern pictures and Self-Measurement forms forwarded by return of post.

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

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

Millinery this year is very much of the 'wear what suits you' style. Although many of the newest hats and toques show a distinct tendency towards flatness as far as trimmings and the crowns are concerned, there is yet a quaint charm about the demure and down-turned brims, of the hats especially, which makes them very becoming. Coloured straws are very popular, particularly in pale shades of Parma violet, leaf green and periwinkle blue, while there are many pretty tones of pink which are quite new and very charming, and a real



BLACK STRAW HAT WITH WHITE FEATHERS.

poppy red of the most brilliant description, which will be remarkably becoming to brunettes. Many of the toques are very much larger than they

were last year, being, in fact, both wider and with higher crowns. In fact, they are so large as to be almost worthy the name of hat, and in Paris they have lately been known as 'toquets', a word which seems to be taken as implying something which is too large to be called a toque and too small to be known as a hat.

Many of these 'toquets' are made in soft straw, folded and fastened into various becoming forms in a manner which is altogether indescribable, and trimmed with oddly shaped bows and loops of corded silk ribbon. Small paste ornaments are more frequently used than ever in the centre of rosette bows, whether of tulle, glace silk or corded ribbon, and among the favourite forms taken by these bright little ornaments an important place is given just now to the diamond tortois and to the lucky shamrocks.

The passion for all that glitters, so far, shows no sign of waning. Sequins in gold, in silver and in bronze hold their own, even on the most fairylike toques of tulle or net, while quills on the newest hats are bright with shining paillettes.

My first sketch is a very pretty toque of white plaited Yedda straw, with the brim turned up all round, slightly in the form of a pad, and spangled all over. The crown is round, low and rather wide. In the centre in front is a Louis XVI. bow of black stiffened velvet, embroidered all over with spangles. The hat is trimmed with two white ostrich feathers, one upright behind the bow, the other running round the brim of the hat.

PADDLING DRAWERS.

These little garments are extremely useful, and every mother should make a point of supplying her small children with garments of the kind ere starting for the seaside, for by this means the children are kept tidy and their petticoats preserved. These little drawers may be made of serge flannel, Holland, or Viyella, and are arranged very full round the waist, with an elastic inserted in the band. The child's petticoats should be turned up well round the waist, and these little paddling drawers drawn on over all. The quantity of material required for the making must, of course, depend a good deal upon the size of the children by whom they are to be



CHILDREN'S PADDLING DRAWERS.

worn, but two yards of material will be found all sufficient for making them.

I here illustrate a particularly beautiful evening dress, the details of which might be modified to bring it within the reach of those whose purses are not over-well plenshed. This dress is of white satin. The skirt touches the ground in front and at the sides, and has a moderately long train. It is very close fitting over the hips and behind, and has an apron, very narrow at the waist and widening gradually, setted with English lace, laid on flat in the upper part, draped half-way down by means of a bunch of four La France roses, with buds and foliage, and loose from the drapery to the bottom of the skirt. The corsage is a kind of corselet, cut very low over the chest, and rising to a point in the centre. This corsage is richly embroidered with silver arabesques, enriched with strass spangles. Round the edge of the decollete is a string of strass. The lower part of the corsage is slightly pointed, and the back is made like the front. Round the corsage is a heart shaped fichu drapery of white mousseline de soie,



BEAUTIFUL EVENING DRESS.

embroidered with silver flowers. The sleeves are composed of flounces of English point, falling slightly over the arms. Above the left sleeve is a draped rosette of white mousseline de soie, embroidered with silver, and on the same side, at the fall of the shoulder, is a bouquet of La France roses, set in a bow of white satin. The head-dress is a white aigrette placed very far back in the hair.

GERMAN MEASLES.

This is a disease that frightens much more than it hurts. There is scarcely any danger attending it; yet the eruption is often mistaken for that of some more serious disorder, and much needless alarm is caused. It is well, therefore, to know something about the early symptoms of the disease, for while the physician should always be called to examine any child with a rash, yet if a mother is able to make her diagnosis of German measles before his advent, much peace of mind will result.

The affection is one usually of childhood, and occurs frequently in epidemics of greater or less extent, in the winter and spring most commonly.

The first symptoms are usually very slight, and consist of a little headache, cough, redness and smarting of the eyes, sometimes sore throat, and perhaps a very little fever. These are simply the symptoms of a very bad cold, and we cannot say what the affection really is until the rash appears—usually within a day or two. Sometimes this is the first sign of anything wrong, the child in every other respect looking and feeling perfectly well.

The rash appears in the form of minute red dots behind the ears and about the mouth and nostrils. From there it spreads, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, over the body and limbs. We do not often see it over the entire body at once, for it has usually faded from the parts first affected before the arms or legs are invaded.

Sometimes it comes out in successive crops, disappearing entirely in one place before appearing in another. It may begin first on the chest or back.

The eruption differs from that of measles in that it is of a brighter pink colour and is not arranged in crescentic patches. The rash of true measles is bright red instead of bright pink. German measles more nearly resembles scarlet fever in the colour of its rash, but scarlet fever rash is apt to be a deeper and more dusky red, or even a dark scarlet. It appears first on the chest and neck, while that of German measles does so only exceptionally. In both scarlet fever and measles the children are much sicker than they are with German measles.

An English physician recently said that he had often been much assisted to a diagnosis by observing that if

children were suffering from scarlet fever he found them in bed, if from the early stage of measles they were sitting listlessly in a chair or lying on a sofa, but if they had German measles they met him in the hall and showed him their spots! This is probably the experience of most physicians, but like all rules it has its exceptions.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TO WASH WHITE WOOL SHAWLS.

To wash crochet or knitted wool shawls, boil the water with soap to make a good lather, instead of rubbing the soap on the shawl, as this hardens the wool. Soak well in the soapy water, and cleanse by squeezing and moving about, not rubbing.

After washing in this manner in two waters, spread a clean white cloth on the table, and lifthe article out on to the cloth without squeezing; wrap the cloth well over it, and pass through the wringer is thickly folded as it will allow. Then remove it from the cloth and shake and dry quickly. The shawl will look like a newly-worked one.

Some genius has hit upon a new way to get rid of rats and mice without killing them. The new contrivance—it can scarcely be called a trap—has a wide entrance. As soon as the small pet is safely within a rubber band, to which are fixed bells and fantastic plumes, and tufts of cotton coated with phosphorescent paint in clasped about its body. The rat scampers through the door, which is left open, and careers wildly through the corridors under the floor and through the walls. The lights and tinkling bells strike terror to the hearts of its friends, and they 'pack their clos' an' go' of their own accord. This scheme is a little unpleasant for one's next door neighbour, but he has the privilege of using it also. This is all very nice and ingenious, but what we should like to know is what comes over the terrified rat with its phosphorescent coat and jingling bells? One mad rat with a bell about the house might be a greater nuisance than a large family of sane, well-behaved rats.

Moisten the buttonholes of starched collars, wristbands or cuffs a little (on the wrong side) before attempting to button them or to insert cuff buttons; they will more easily button, and the buttonholes will keep longer intact. Soiled places on bed or pillow ticks are greatly improved if covered quickly with moistened starch and placed in the hot sunshine. When the starch has dried rub the spots which it has covered vigorously with the dry starch.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS.
This, being nearly colourless, possesses advantages over the average cement. To make it you must dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wine glass of boiling water; add

plaster of Paris sufficient to make a thick paste, and apply it to the broken parts with a small camel hair brush. This possesses great strength, and with ordinary care a vessel so repaired will last many years.

To prevent a musty smell in metal teapots which are seldom used, drop a lump of sugar in the teapot before putting it away.

A Simple Remedy for Cuts.—Put a bit of pure unsalted lard on a piece of soft rag; bind this round the cut, and put another piece of rag over.

To Clean Enamel-lined Saucepans.—Fill with cold water to which has been added ammonia in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint. Let boil for twenty minutes, and rinse in clean water.

Putting on New Gloves.—Lay the gloves between the folds of a damp towel for an hour before attempting to put them on. Treated in this way the kid will easily stretch to the required shape without cracking.

The Linen Cupboard.—Always keep a lump of camphor in your linen cupboard.

For the Nurse.—Castor-oil becomes tasteless if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg.

To Wash Black Stockings.—Dissolve two ounces of soap in boiling water; add enough luke-warm water to make the whole one gallon. Wash the stockings in this, and rinse in two lots of luke-warm water to which vinegar has been added in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a gallon. Dry in the shade, and press on the wrong side with a cool iron.

To Keep a 'Buttonhole' Fresh either burn the tip of the stalk in the gas, or close it with sealing-wax. Both plans close the stalk and prevent the sap from running out. The flower lasts as long as it has sap to feed on.

To arrange effective decorations that are required to look well and keep in position for some time, use damp sand, on which has been sprinkled some sulphate of ammonia. Flowers arranged in this way look infinitely better, and, what is more important, keep better.

All sweet dishes improve in flavour by being kept cool.

When cooking turnips add a little sugar to the water in which they are boiled.

The best method for cleaning windows is the polishing by whiting or powdered chalk, first applied upon a wet cloth or paper and then with a dry one. In the absence of whiting a few drops of alcohol or ammonia on a damp cloth which does not shed lint, will remove all spots, and the glass can then be polished with chamois skin. A few drops of household ammonia on a cloth will remove finger marks from paint and mirrors. A soft cloth dampened with kerosene will take all the spots from polished furniture, and the odour very quickly is dissipated by a draught of air. A soft brush will free all the carved work from dust. For the carpet a little damp sawdust or tea-leaves, or a sprinkling of salt will brighten the colours, clean the fabric, and keep down the dust. Of course, now nearly every housekeeper knows the advantage of using a carpet-sweeper for the saving of her strength and of the carpet.

Don't forget that birds kept in cages need to have their claws cut. Catch your pet as gently as possible, cover his head so that he may not see what you are doing, get someone to hold him gently but firmly, then take a sharp pair of scissors and cut the claw about a quarter of an inch from the flesh.

Give your birds luke-warm water for bathing in. An ordinary flower-pot saucer does excellently.

GOOD NEWS FOR LADIES.
SPECIAL TO DRESSMAKERS, YOUNG LADIES, MOTHERS, ETC.
MAGIC GARMENT CUTTER.
NEW AMERICAN TAILOR SYSTEM.
Cuts every Garment for Ladies, Gentlemen, or Children.
ENSURES PERFECT FIT—ANY STYLE.
Sole Agent for N.Z., Miss M. T. King G.F. Lodge, Wellington, for terms and particulars.

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

THE BEST SEEDS FOR THE GARDEN.

Select Vegetable & Flower SEEDS.	Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Post Free on application
Seed Potatoes, Garden Tools, Garden Sundries, At Lowest Prices For Best Qualities.	
Small Seeds Free by Parcel Post, Post and Boxes excepted.	

H. C. GIBBONS & CO., WELLINGTON.

QUERIES.

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

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—Ed.

RULES.

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

RECIPES.

Chicken Timbale is made by taking the white meat from one uncooked chicken, about half a pound, and chopping it very fine. Then rub it to a smooth paste and press it through a sieve. Put one cup of white bread-crumbs and half a cup of milk into a saucepan. Stir until boiling hot. Take from the fire; add gradually the chopped chicken; add a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of five eggs. Put this mixture into timbale cups, stand them in a pan of boiling water, cover with oil paper, and bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. This receipt may also be used for fish or beef timbales, substituting either beef or fish for the chicken.

Scotch Woodcock.—Ingredients: Four or five slices of bread; five eggs, two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, pepper and salt. Toast and butter the bread, remove the crust and lay it on a hot dish. Beat the eggs well, flavour with pepper and salt and the anchovy sauce; melt the butter in a saucepan and stir the eggs in this over the fire for five minutes or until they thicken, taking care not to allow them to burn. Distribute the eggs over the toast, and serve very hot.

Potato au Maitre d'Hotel.—Slice some boiled potatoes, put them into a saucepan with some butter, minced parsley, and pepper and salt, according to taste. Toss them on the fire, adding a little lemon-juice, until thoroughly hot.

English Plum Pudding.—Clean, wash and dry one pound of currants; stone one pound of raisins. Mix the currants, raisins, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of stale bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, half a pound of minced candied orange peel, a quarter of a pound of flour, half of a grated nutmeg. Beat five eggs; add to them half a pint of orange juice, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased small kettles or moulds. This will make about six pounds. Boil for ten hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Cream Puffs.—Boil together two ounces of butter and half a pint of water; add hastily four ounces of pastry flour, and cook until you have a smooth, soft loaf. Take from the fire and add, one at a time, four eggs. Drop by spoonfuls in a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. When done, split one side open, fill with a custard made by thickening half a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of cornstarch, then add the yolks of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Flavour with vanilla and stand aside to cool.



MANUFACTURES ROYALES.

P. D. FRENCH P. D. CORSETS.

P. D. THESE.

P. D. WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS

Have been awarded

P. D. 10 GOLD MEDALS

AND

P. D. DIPLOMES D'HONOURS

And whenever exhibited have obtained

P. D. THE HIGHEST HONOURS.

—

OBTAINABLE FROM

P. D. ALL LEADING DRAPERS

Throughout New Zealand.

—

IN MANY VARIETIES, SHAPES, AND STYLES.



**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 2oz. 1d; not exceeding 4oz. 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

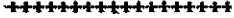
**THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS'
COT FUND.**

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendances 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.

Cousin Kate

Wishes all the Graphic Cousins

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



OUR PRESIDENT.

I am very glad to be able to tell the 'Graphic' cousins that our cot fund has had a nice little Christmas box in the shape of the kind annual subscription—one pound—of our president, Lady Constance Knox, which was forwarded to me last week by Captain Dudley Alexander, from Wellington. It is pleasant to know that our bonnie little president has not forgotten us.—COUSIN KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been a very long while in writing to you. I am spending my Christmas holidays up at Otaki. We are having lovely weather up here. Dear Cousin Kate, I would very much like to see your photo in the 'Graphic.' I was reading a lot of old 'Graphics' the other day, and I saw the little girl who is in the Cousins' cot now. We go out to the beach up here, and bathe, and it is lovely bathing in the breakers. I hope a lot of the cousins will write to the Christmas number. Love to all the cousins.—From INA CURTIS.

I am glad to hear you are having such a pleasant holiday, dear Cousin Ina. To tell the truth, I do not like putting my photo in the 'Graphic.' I never take well, and my friends have often refused to accept by photograph! Just at present the cot is empty. I suppose even sick, or especially sick children like, if possible, to be at home for Christmas. It is very hot weather; I think the cousins find it too warm to write, besides, there are examinations. COUSIN KATE.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Secrets, secrets everywhere,
Swarms of secrets in the air!
Something's hid from papa's eyes,
May and Slyboots look so wise.
Even baby's lips are close,
Folded like a crimson rose;
Wee, sweet secrets everywhere,
I can feel them in the air!
E.H.T.

A MEXICAN CHRISTMAS.

American children will probably pity little Mexicans when told that Santa Claus is unknown south of the Rio Grande River. Perhaps he might feel lost in a country with no snow, save on the peaks of the volcanoes, and absolutely no chimneys.

Their pity may change to envy when I add that, throughout Mexico, Christmas is celebrated by a festival called 'Las Posadas,' lasting from the 16th to the 25th of December, or 'La Noche Buena.'

'Las Posadas'—the Innis—is a festival in commemoration of the wanderings of Joseph and Mary, seeking shelter in Bethlehem, and having been refused entrance at nine inns, taking refuge in the stable.

The guests assemble at half-past eight in the evening, and each holds a lighted candle. Two of the smaller children carry between them 'Los Perigrinos'—the Pilgrims—a miniature stable, containing wax figures of Joseph, Mary, and the Christ-child, with wooden cows in the mangers, and often a tiny Mexican burro in the foreground. Two other children carry hoops hung with bells. The guests, led by the hostess, form a procession and follow the children.

Singing 'Oro Pro Nobis,' and verses descriptive of the birth of Christ, holding aloft the lighted candles, the long procession passes slowly through the parlours, out into the flower-decked patio, and round the balcony nine times over. During all this time no sound is heard except the singing and the whizzing of the rockets which are sent off from the roof.

The ninth time the procession reaches the door of the main parlour, it is found closed. Then there is responsive singing, those on the outside asking admittance, those inside refusing. At length the door is thrown open, with a burst of joyful music; the children ring the bells, and every one shakes hands with his friends, and offers them his good wishes.

Then the company troop down to the stone-paved courtyard to break the pinate, a huge, grotesque figure in the form of a clown, an Indian, a goose, or anything fantastic. Securely fastened inside the pinate is a stout paper bag of nuts and dulces—sweetmeats. The figure is suspended by a rope from the balcony.

Each one, in turn, is blindfolded, and with a long stick strikes at the pinate three times. It is a difficult

feat to hit the figure, as a man stands on the balcony above and twitches it out of reach just as the blow is struck, to the delight of those who have failed.

At last somebody hits the pinate and bursts the bag; the dulces fall in a shower on the rush mat spread below. In a twinkling every child is flat on that mat, grabbing with both hands and pushing with both feet.

In the parlours, little seed candies are passed in quaint little dishes, which are kept as souvenirs by those present.

Cake and wine are served, and then follows music and dancing.

This programme is repeated each evening till the 9th, 'La Noche Buena'—Christmas—when the house is decorated with huge scarlet flowers, and the patio hung with coloured lanterns. The pinate is a gorgeous affair this evening, all the guests wear full dress, a banquet is served at midnight, and dancing continues till nearly morning.

I told a little six-year-old Mexican of Santa Claus, of stockings hung in the chimney corners, and other delights of our Christmas. He listened with wide-eyed interest; but when I asked which he preferred, he answered, without an instant's hesitation:

'Ours, of course. You have only one, and we have nine.'

HELEN WALSWORTH LESTER.

'CIRCUS DAY' IN TOWN.

When the circus cum to town.

'Gee! How us boys uster run!
Gals put on their Sunday gown.

'Crazy, 'most, to see the fun.
Wa'n't no school, an' as fer chores,

Everything seemed upside down;
All the town was out o' doors
When the circus cum to town.

When the circus cum to town
'Fishin' poles was clean forgot;
Even mother didn't frown;

'On'y seemed to sigh a lot,
'Spect becuz she couldn't go.

Said she earned her golden crown
Fer her crows while down below.

When the circus cum to town.

When the circus cum to town,
Never was such things before;
Ladies ridin' and a clown,

Lions—golly! how they'd roar!
How I uster to love the fun

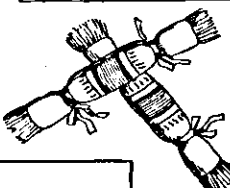
All these years have failed to drown,
Wish't I was a boy agin

When the circus cum to town.

DO LOOK AT THESE QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE
DECKED OUT IN THEIR BRAVE ARRAY
SUCH HOODS AND BONNETS AND CAPS AND CROWNS!
NOW WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, PRAY?



THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN TO A PARTY,
AND EACH WITH HIS NEIGHBOR GAY
A COSTUME BONBON PULLED WITH A LAUGH,
AND CARRIED A CAP AWAY!





THEY EXCUSED HIM.
A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then, if they persisted in their demand, he would endeavour to execute a song. When a boy, he said, he took lessons in singing, and one Sunday morning he went up into the garret to practise alone. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman.

'This is pretty conduct,' said the father; 'pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning loud enough to be heard by all the neighbours. Sit down and take your book.' The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.

HER WORD OF PRAISE.
'Miss Cayenne complimented you very highly after you told that story at the dinner table,' remarked one young man.
'She liked that story, did she?'
'No. But she thought it illustrated a very admirable trait in your character. It showed that you never go back on an old friend.'

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.
His Wife (sharply): 'So you're here at last. I thought you'd never come.'
He: 'I remember when you'd say that in a different tone of voice.'

HOME LIKE.
'He says his soldier life reminded him constantly of home and mother.'
'How was that?' They wouldn't let him sleep late mornings.'

REALISATION.
Poor lover: 'I'd always treat you like an angel. She: 'Yes; with nothing to eat, and still less to wear.'

SCORED OFF.
A schoolboy home for the holidays, wishing to inspire his little brother with awe for his learning, pointed to a star, and said:
'Do you see that little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world.'
'No, taint,' said his brother.
'Yes, it is,' declared the youthful scholar.
'Then why is it that it don't keep off the rain?' was the triumphant rejoinder.

FORTUNATE JOHNNY.
Grandma: Are you looking forward to your Christmas dinner, Thomas?
Tommy: Yep, grandma, but not so much as Johnny Green, what lives up the street.
Grandma: Why so, Thomas?
Tommy: His grandma died last week and he'll get all her Crissmus turkey.

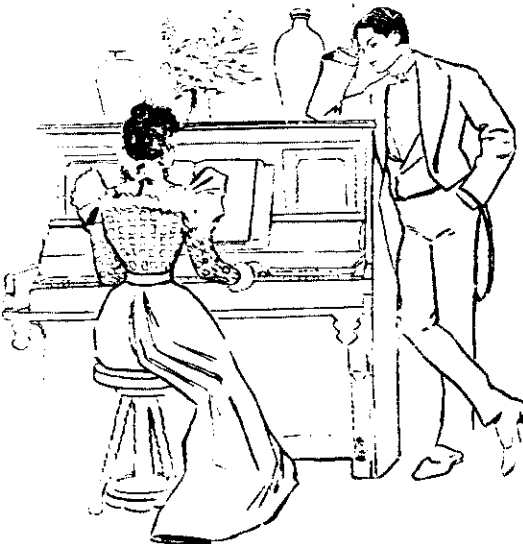
PARADOXICAL.
'What makes Mudge look so vacant?'
'He is full.'

A LITTLE RUSTY.
'By George, Jim!' said his friend, 'I never saw you as nervous before when you were getting married.'
'You must remember,' said the Chicago bridegroom, 'that this is the first time I have been married for more than two years, and I am a little out of practice.'

HE KNEW.
Willie: Pa, what does an actor strike when he makes a hit?
Pa (in the profesh): Generally the manager for more salary, my boy.

TIMELY ARRIVAL.
They had mourned him as dead, but, like Enoch Arden—or the cat—he had come back.
His little wife sat on his knee, the joy shining in her eyes.
'And are you really glad I came back?' he asked.
'Glad?' said she. 'Glad? I had just made up my mind to don a widow's outfit, but there was the loveliest picture hat, with bright ribbon all over it in spots, that I have been longing for, and now I can get it. Glad!'

QUITE HAPPY NOW.
Visitor: 'You like being in gaol?'
Merex: 'What are you in for?' No. 13: 'Bigamy—three wives!'



THE LAST RESORT.
'How in the world do you get your servant to keep the drawing-room looking so neat?'
'After everything else failed I tried letting her receive her company there.'

HE GOT THEM.
'What sent that dog away howling so,' asked the 'possum.
'Oh,' said the porcupine, 'he was nosing around for information, and I kindly supplied him with a few points; that is all.'

NEW TO HIM.
'Who was that fellow that wanted to trade his kingdom for a horse?'
'That's a wheel I never heard of.'
'What is?'
'The Kingdom.'



THE DONKEY LOCATED.
Barber (to dude): 'Why, your face is all carved up! What muttonheaded donkey shaved you last?'
Dude (meekly): 'I shaved myself.'

TROUBLE AHEAD.
Johnny: Ma, do you believe in ghosts?
Ma: No.
Johnny: Pa does.
Ma: What makes you think so?
Johnny: A man sat pa to meet him down town to-night, and pa said he would if he could get away from the old spook.

IN THE MENAGERIE.
'Come on,' said the first flea, as he hopped from the brown bear's left foreleg; 'come over and join me at a short golf game.'
'Golf!' exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena; 'where in the realm of Barnum are we play golf?'
'Why,' said the first flea, 'over on the lynx, of course.'

THE TWO WAYS.
She: 'If these mushrooms are poisonous what will become of me?'
He: 'That depends on the life you have led.'

A REAL IRISH ONE.
An Irish M.P., a member of one of the principal Piecadilly clubs, once wrote in the club complaint-book that 'the hot water in the lavatory was quite cold, and, what was worse, there was none of it.'

JUSTIFIABLY INDIGNANT.
The policeman: 'A plain drunk, yer Honor.'
The Prisoner: 'Platin! Platin! Sure, yer Anner, has a chimpanzee like that the right to insult a lady?'

MORE SOLEMN STILL.
'It is a solemn thing,' said the young man, 'when a woman trusts a man with her affections.'
'It ain't as solemn,' said the man with the yellow necktie, 'as when she won't trust him with his own wages.'

PRECAUTION.
Travelling Man: 'A chop and a cup of coffee, quick! My train leaves in twenty minutes.'
Waiter: 'Yes, sir, one shilling sir.'
'Do you want pay in advance?'
'Yes, sir. You may be gone before it's cooked.'

THE OLD OLD STORY.
Mrs Jaggs (the next morning): Do you know what time you got home last night? Mr Jaggs: It must have been pretty late, but an important business transaction detained me at the office and—by the way, dear, did you see anything of my shoes? Mrs Jaggs: Yes; you'll find them hanging on the hat-rack in the hall, just where you left them.

ACTIVE ONE.
Miss Strogminda: 'Mamma, how did pappa act when he proposed to you?'
Mrs Strogminda: 'He didn't act at all. He just stood in the corner and said yes.'

HIS LIMIT.
'I have noticed, Clara,' said the fond father, 'that young Meanboy has spent a good deal of time with you these holidays.'
His daughter sighed. 'You are right, dad,' she answered, 'but that is about all he has spent.'

WEARING STOCKINGS.
Mr Trouble: You say that men are harder on their stockings than women. How do you make that out?
Mrs Trouble: Because women wear their stockings longer.

TRUE PATRIOT.
The Snoop: 'Why won't you let that little Italian boy walk on your pavement?'
The Snipe: 'Let a furriner trample on our flags? Never!'

A LINGUIST.
Guyer: 'Poor Downtrod!'
Quizer: 'Why "poor"?'
Guyer: 'His wife's a linguist.'

NO LONG WAIT.
Molly: 'Would you marry a rich man if he was old enough to be your father?'
Dolly: 'No, indeed! I wouldn't think of marrying him unless he was old enough to be my grandfather.'