

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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"YOU DIRTY BOY!"

Mayor Goldie insists on a thorough cleansing of the existing state of things in the Auckland City Council.

GOUT

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

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CURED.

TOPICS OF WEEK.

BACK TO WORK.

THE festive season is over and holiday making at an end for most people, and they have to turn from the easy task of spending money to the hard labour of making it. Dear me, but it is irksome to have to come back to work and deliberately lay our noses to the grindstone for another twelve months. I don't care how philosophic a man is, he is apt to be a trifle demoralised by a holiday. He may be the most patient beast of burden imaginable until he gets the holiday; but ten to one he returns to the shafts a little collar proud and restive. His profession or occupation that has probably seemed to him a decent enough sort of way of making a living looks unattractive and un congenial. He doubts very much if he has not really mistaken his vocation in life; nay, he is sure that he has done so. There is Charley, whose ambition has never soared beyond life



"He is convinced he should have been a sailor."

collar. Poor Charley feels that he ought to have been the sturdy bushman he conversed with up country the other day, or the bronzed farmer with his trousers out-of-door existence. The country's the place for me, sighs Charley, and bubbles among his friends of green fields. Or it may be that he has gone yachting. Then he is convinced that he should have been a sailor, and that he can never be happy in this life till he throws up his billet and trends the rolling deck. Beautiful visions these, which we have all more or less indulged in. Who is there that has not sat in his easy chair dreaming of the little farm, and the cows, and the pigs, and the hens, and the sweet-smelling fields, and the warm milk and the new-laid eggs, and the whole idyllic existence? Farming doesn't pay! say you. Why, we have

figured it all out here over our own hearths, and we can tell you a very different story. It's because the farmers don't know how. But just wait until we get on the land, and we shall show you how the trick is worked. I think I see us. Fine farmers we would make! It is all very easy to farm on paper, but when you have to tackle old mother earth, and contend against unfavourable seasons and markets yet more unfavourable, you begin to understand things. I think I have told you before of my friend who started a poultry farm on the strength of a publication entitled 'A Fortune in Fowls.' The experiences of my friend were such that he is not very sure to this day whether the rogue was to be taken out of or put into the poultry yard.

WHERE WE COME IN.

THE chairman of the Auckland Board of Education, Mr Hobbs, evidently anticipates no ordinary destiny for New Zealand. Speaking the other day, he exhorted the boys and girls to pay great attention to their studies, and fit themselves for important positions. He thought New Zealanders would have to fill important positions because, in his opinion, New Zealand was going to be the mistress of the seas in these parts. Well, of course, we all understand that Fate has it on the cards that ultimately these islands will stand in the same relation to the Southern Hemisphere as Great Britain does to the Northern; but few of us anticipated that our day of exaltation was so near at hand as Mr Hobbs' words would imply. It means quick work if this marvellous change is going to take place in time for the present rising generation to benefit by it. Well, who knows, perhaps Mr Hobbs may be a true prophet, and, in any case, if the effect of his words is to make the boys and girls attend more closely to their lessons, he will have done good, even if his vaticinations turn out false. It must be obvious, however, that education in the colony has not hitherto been conducted with a single eye to the great part we are destined to play according to Mr Hobbs. If New Zealand is to be mistress of the seas, say, within the next fifty years, it is time that we were preparing our young citizens for the onerous duties they will certainly have to discharge. Let me see, we shall want dozens of admirals and commanders, and captains, and major-generals, and lord-lieutenants, and legislators, besides hundreds of less important officials to take charge of our enormous interests in these seas and manage all the neighbouring colonies. Are we making any provision for a regular supply of these against the time we shall require them? I am afraid we have been very negligent in this matter. So far as I can learn, we have no special machinery in our primary or secondary schools for the manufacture of either admirals or major-generals, not even for turning out a decent sub-lieutenant—and we are going to rule the sea! Surely we should have thought of a sub-lieutenant at least. The colony owes an eternal debt of gratitude to Mr Hobbs for letting a little light in on this shameful neglect; and I hope that gentleman will not stop now that he has indicated the danger, but will see that our whole system of education is remodelled at once so as to provide a sufficiency of admirals and major-generals, and the rest. Special classes should be organised, and boys that show a clear Napoleonic tendency should at once be put under the best military instructors. In the same way the budding Nelsons should be picked from their parent tree—their mothers, I mean—as soon as they can walk, and taught how to manoeuvre a fleet. Only by such means can we hope to be competent to take the place Providence has assigned to us in the philosophy of the modern Hobbs.

THE POLITICAL MAELSTROM.

ON Auckland lady who often spends her Christmastide in Wellington complained to me yesterday that her visits to the Empire city were always somewhat marred by the smell of stale politics which hangs about the place. There's a good deal in the complaint, one must admit. The dust from the Parliamentary arena can scarcely help getting into the social life of the community there, and flavouring it so that after a long

session it is quite likely even the Christmas plum pudding may taste a trifle gritty to a stranger. Then again there is always a flavour of fresh politics about Wellington that goes against stomachs not used to it. It isn't Wellington's blame that things are so. It's what must be if a town is to have the honour of being the seat of Government in a colony like this where politics have got to be a good deal of a trade, and a somewhat dirty one at that. All roads lead to Rome; and naturally all our political ideas and all our political idealists, faddists, and cranks, the aspiring politicians and the despairing politicians gravitate to the political centre, which is Wellington. Just imagine what that means. But, of course, you can't. You must really be in the vortex yourself before you get to know the strange heterogeneous fotsam that gyrates there. Only by accident do we outsiders learn even a little about it. For instance, not very long ago I read in the papers



"Visits to the Empire City somewhat marred by the smell of stale politics"

that a woman with a baby in her arms applied to the Wellington Benevolent Trustees for money to get her to another part of the colony. Her husband, she explained, used to maintain her, but now he was a politician, and she got nothing from him. Again, only the week before last the benevolent Trustees had a curious application from a man of 50 years of age, who had come from Marlborough with the object of studying political economy at the Victoria College. He had no money—if he had, he said he would put it into politics—and he asked the trustees to help him towards the realisation of his dream. It was certainly a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, but the trustees could not see their way to commend the aspirations of the gentleman after the manner of the story books, and I suppose he is now back in Marlborough nursing his wrongs. Alas! poor politician, and poor would-be political economist. Wellington has been unkind to both of you. You saw the city afar off with the radiant light of Parliament on her brow. She seemed to beckon you, as she has seemed to beckon scores before you. Once there, you thought to yourselves, there will be no doubt of my success, and, Alnuschar-like, you saw yourself rising step by step on the political ladder till you had in very deed become 'the pillar of the people's hope, the centre of a world's desire.' It's the old, old story. I have met your fac-similes dozens of times in the remote bush—you and men who dream that nature had meant them to be politicians and political economists, but who, fortunately, for want of cash, could never get to Wellington. What a place it would be if they could get there!

THE SCHOOL BOGEY MAN.

THE headmaster of the Auckland College and Grammar School in his speech at the distribution or prizes expressed pleasure in the fact that the number of girls and boys who were excused Latin showed a tendency to decrease; but he was alarmed to find that Euclid was one of the subjects of which the young Aucklanders showed dread. I am not disposed to infer from the first part of the headmaster's remark that the youth of the secondary schools in Auckland are on any better terms with these terrible ailments than youngsters generally are.

If the relations between the generality of boys to-day and the Romans are not every bit as strained and cold as they were in my day I should very much like to know what has brought about the rapprochement. I am glad to say that I have long got over my boyish antipathy to that glorious people, but I can well remember how sincerely I once hated them. Why we should be bullied into learning the language of folks with whom we never by any possibility could expect to meet on this side of the grave at all events—or even on the other, for were they not heathens?—was a thing that I never could satisfactorily explain to myself, except on the ground of a wicked and quite gratuitous passion for tormenting their pupils on the part of the masters. And even the most enthusiastic Latinist must admit that the first steps to Parnassus are singularly uninteresting especially to the poor boy who knows nothing about Parnassus and has not the very remotest anxiety to get there. It is so much easier to say in good plain English that Peter is a good boy or that you know that Peter is a good boy, than to express the same sentiment in a foreign tongue that nobody speaks, and for the life of him the boy does not see what possible advantage can be gained by himself or society generally by saying it in Latin. As to Euclid the boys of my day had no very deep regard for the gentleman. There was no love lost between us, but so far as I can remember we had no special dread of the old man. I think we regarded him somewhat in the light of a harmless lunatic with his triangles and his straight lines and his circles and all the rest of it. What good it was to follow him through his Chinese puzzle to his funny finale Q.E.D. we never enquired. We assumed, as in the case of the Latin, that it was all part and parcel of the pedagogic conspiracy to make work for us poor boys and unnecessarily harass us. I am surprised that the Auckland boys dread old Eucly as we used to call him. There surely must be something wrong in the way he is introduced to them. I can fancy youngsters taking a distaste to their great friend Robinson Crusoe if they had to make his acquaintance through the medium of a stick.

THE SHOPPING VAMPIRE.

THE first case in the colony of a shopkeeper being fined for failing to provide sitting accommodation for one of his female employees was recently reported in Auckland. But I am by no means sure that that employer was the only offender against the law in this respect. In fact, there is little doubt that in many shops the sitting accommodation for saleswomen is very often inadequate, and the poor girls are not encouraged by their employers to make use of what there is. Customers, too, are in many cases less merciful than employers. Who does not



"and for an hour keeps the poor shop-assistant running backwards and forwards"

know the lady who sits in a shop with the very huziest conception of what she wants to buy, or even with a deliberate intention of purchasing nothing, seats herself in a chair and for an hour keeps the poor assistant running backwards and forwards and up and down in a vain attempt to please

her majesty. Really if the Government wish to help the shop assistants they should amend the act so as to provide for the forcible arrest of these inconsiderate shoppers, either on the ground that they are obtaining services under false pretences or are mentally incapable of doing their own shopping. If the inspectors will only keep track of the worst offenders they will be ready when the proposed amendment is introduced into the Act



"or perhaps a pillar of society being marched off to the cells."

to pounce down on the culprits. It would be sad no doubt to see an otherwise eminently respectable lady, and perhaps a pillar of society, being marched off to the cells between policemen X and Y. Some of our own dearest friends too might suffer, but we have to consider the case of the poor shop girls whom the Government has pledged itself to protect, and the only way to save them from these shopping vampires is the method I have indicated. Make an example of a few of them.

Are You Poisoning Yourself?

You might make a single meal of rich pies and cakes, and not mind it. But you could not live on these all the time without ruining your digestion.

Yet, week after week and month after month, you allow your brain and nerves to be fed with impure blood.

The general debility, thin blood, pale cheeks, nervousness, loss of appetite and depression of spirits, are loud warnings from nature. Your nervous system is weakening. Before the ruin comes take

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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.

'G.P.B.'—It would be quite correct for you to give the young lady a book on her birthday. An article of jewellery might be misconstrued, but there could be no harm in a book, provided you are pretty well acquainted with her. Nowadays there is much more latitude in the giving of presents than formerly.

'Cora.'—You had better get your father to ascertain the young man's intentions, as he has left you so long in doubt of his meaning.

'Bet.'—It is hard to say whether you or your friend write the more ungrammatically. As for legibility, there is absolutely nothing to choose between you.

'C.C.'—You can cure rheumatism (so I am assured) by putting 1oz of alum into a quart of hot milk. Bathe the rheumatic parts with the whey, then put on the hot curds as a poultice under flannel. Three applications should cure.

'Parnell.'—It is considered more polite to lift your hat also if the man with whom you are walking should doff his to a lady acquaintance.

'R.T.P.'—In Dunedin very many ladies wear somewhat short skirts and gaiters. This style would suit you for golf on that wet grass.

'Dolly.'—(Invercargill).—There is no appeal against the decision of the judges.

'Would-be-Student.'—Advertise for a coach.

'Query.'—Up to the age of twenty-one an ordinary person requires nine hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. Later on please yourself, but all who use their brains should have eight.

'W.S.L.'—The Czar Nicholas was the first to describe the Turkish Empire as 'The Sick Man.'

'Critic.'—'Do not judge a work by its defects, but by its beauties' is a kindly rule.

'Nervous.'—A celebrated London physician says: 'The best chest protector is worn on the sole of the foot.'

'Fail or Brail.'—Your pseudonym is hardly legible. You are a better judge than a stranger can be as to the possibilities of happiness in your contemplated marriage. You may recollect Punch's advice, 'Don't.'

'Essie.'—Many thanks. Your dainty writing is quite a pleasure to read.

'Perplexity.'—The most restful colour for the eyes is green, but select paper free from arsenic.

'Ionic.'—It is said that good cold water is as refreshing to an exhausted person as brandy. This may be purely a matter of taste.

'John.'—Yes, a woman is quicker in perception than a man. She is also far more impulsive.

'Tea.'—Steep spent tea leaves in water, strain, and then use to clean all varnished paint, window sashes and oilcloths. It will not do for unvarnished paint.

'Kaitangata.'—Much obliged for your thoughtful letter. Will act on your second suggestion at once.

'Cough.'—Sugar-candy 2oz, 1oz liquorice, juice of three lemons, two tablespoonfuls of whole linseed added to a quart of boiling water, strained after standing for three hours in a warm place, will greatly ease your cough.

'Elsie.'—Why not use Japanese crepe for your curtains?

'D.R.'—Very rash of you to promise. Better write and offer the most respectable excuse you can find to withdraw from such a false position.

'S.P.M.'—Such an event is most unlikely to happen.

'Ruby.'—Decidedly pretty, but far too expensive for a slender purse.

'L. and Y.'—Buy a small spirit lamp, cook your own breakfast and tea. Dine at a restaurant.

'Dunnie.'—No, you could hardly call again just yet.

'E.P.'—Should advise you to see a dentist.

'C.B.S.'—Thank you very much.

'Maggie.'—In the waste paper basket.

'Fred S.'—Under the circumstances, yes, with thanks.

'Botanic.'—Very good of you. See next week's paper.

'L.R.'—You can clean your soiled wall paper by soaking the inside of a loaf of bread in good ammonia and rubbing lightly with it, using fresh pieces of bread continually.

'In doubt.'—I regret I cannot tell you whether you would be able to make a 'good living' in Johannesburg, from a literary point of view. If you are such a good writer, why did you leave England?

'J.M.'—Bathe your feet in hot salt and water, rub briskly. Standing all day is very trying at first.

'Oma.'—You had better re-write your story. The plot is excellent, the working out thereof very poor indeed.

'C.C.'—No. You are perfectly right.

'Rose.'—It is getting very fashionable to add 'flowers are respectfully declined' to funeral notices, especially in Dunedin just now, when flowers are scarce.

TEN PUDDINGS EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR. BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—

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Tells 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 Dials, extra-jewelled movements; Keyless. Price, 6s. Securely packed; sent Registered Post Free to 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.

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BUGS. FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES. MOSQUITOES.

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS. HARMLESS TO ANIMALS. HARMLESS TO ANIMALS. HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.

but is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in their dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING. Sold in Tins only.

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

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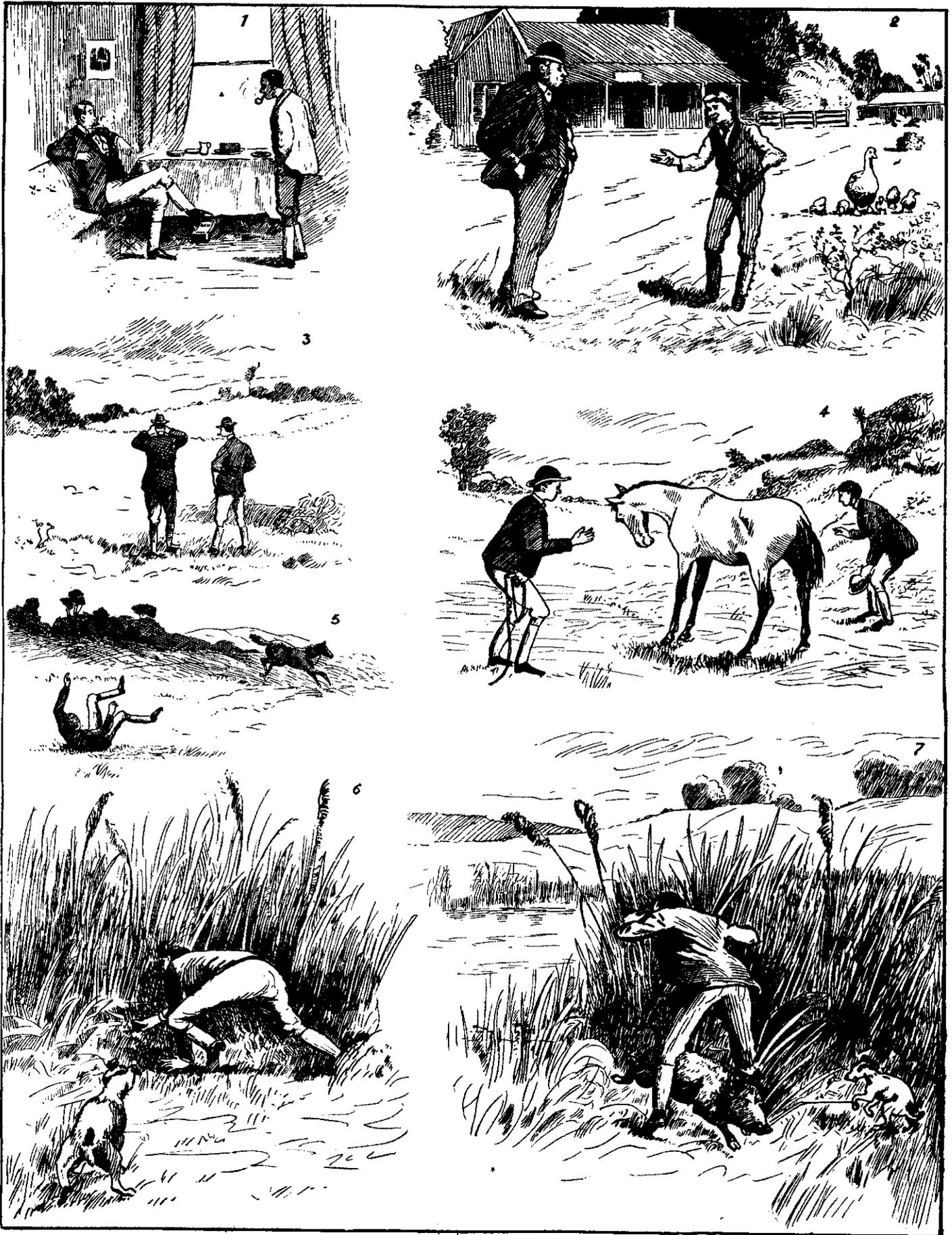
POWDER

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

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

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

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



A MERRY BUSH CHRISTMAS INDEED.

1.—Charlie and George, just from Home, have been doing the North on horseback. The day before Christmas Eve they put up at an up-country public-house, intending to make an early start next morning, so as to get to Auckland in time for Christmas Day. 2.—But the landlord, roasting from the frequent demands for drinks that he had got two good guests, and business being somewhat dull with him this Christmas, determined that they should stay with him a few days. So he carefully instructed his boy to drive the horses as far afield as possible—an old trick with up-country hotel-keepers. 3.—The result was, that when Charlie and George rose before the sun on the following morning, instead of their horses being at hand, they were not to be seen. 4.—It was midday before they came upon one of the animals in a secluded gully. 5.—But he did not see why he should not have a Christmas holiday too. 6.—At 4 p.m., when both were tired and weary, they caught a glimpse of one of the brutes near a stream. They made for him and Charlie plunged through the thick tot-tot grass, George after him. 7.—The horse was certainly there, but something else was, too.



A MERRY BUSH CHRISTMAS INDEED.
(CONTINUED.)

8 & 9. - In the excitement of trying to evade that something both our friends had an unexpected bath. 10. - In an interval for rest and refreshment they had time to reconsider the situation, and determined to make another attempt to secure their steels. 11. - Against the rays of the setting sun Charlie discerned the familiar figure of his back. 12. - The brute was in a corner of the field, and was secured. 13. - "Now," noted Charlie mentally, "I shall be able to help George." 14. - Another party was also making mental notes, and eventually decided that Charlie was an intruder in his domain. 15. - These views he gave expression to with sufficient definiteness for our friend to understand, and he made for the fence, to clear it. He did clear it, but his gallant steed didn't. 16. - And once again cruel fate separated them. - In vain did Charlie try to coax the bull to retire to another part of the field, or his horse to come to his side of the fence. It was all in vain. 17. - And the end of it was that the two friends had perforce to spend their Christmas Eve under the doubtful shelter of a cabbage tree.



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

Sent INTO EXILE.

By C. E. CHEESEMAN.

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CHAPTER XI.

AN URGENT MESSAGE.

For more than a year I had heard very little of Hilda and her father. I had no correspondence with them. It was from my aunt, from Mr Tomlins, or from an occasional mention in some newspaper that I heard of Hilda's success in her first appearances. She was warmly praised by the dramatic critics and great things were prophesied of her future.

Dalzell also appeared to be doing well in his profession. He had had one relapse, but Tomlins, true to his principles, had pulled him up again. The manager bore him about everywhere, even as Sinbad carried his Old Man of the Sea, but with this difference, that while the sailor of the legend would have been very glad to rid himself of his burden, Tomlins was always adjusting his upon his back, and tightening his hold upon it. It would slip down, despite his efforts. Good old Tomlins! There are not many who cling to a shabby and disreputable friend so faithfully as you have done.

The first hint of disaster came from my aunt. 'I can't make Hilda out,' she wrote to me. 'Her letters are cheerful enough, but she tells me nothing at all. There used to be a good deal about her in the papers and theatrical journals, and her father would clip the notices out and send them to me. I believe the man actually thought he was triumphing over me. As if I had ever said Hilda would not succeed! But I have seen nothing about her for some time. I don't know how she is getting on. I believe she is well; but one can't be certain when she says so little of herself. She seems to be more anxious to hear from us than to send anything in exchange. But you are no better. You think a scraggy little note quite sufficient answer to a long letter from me. That is, when you do answer. Some times you haven't even enough civility for that.'

I upologised for my sins of omission in a letter of portentous length. My aunt in reply still lamented that she knew so little of Hilda.

'I am very anxious,' she wrote. 'Perhaps it is all nonsense, but I can't help it. I have a feeling that something is wrong. I have not been quite well this last week or two, or I don't know whether I should not have started off to find Hilda. I had got so bad as that. I am sorry to say that Hilda and her father are not with Mr Tomlins now. I don't know why they parted company. Hilda didn't particularise. I didn't hear from her the last mail. I hear from no one. What a letter you sent me, Cecil! It looked like "copy" for the press, and there was no more information in it than I used to get in your little scraps. I want to hear about you, and not about all sorts of persons and things. But come and see me; that is the best way. Give yourself a holiday. I can't see why you should race through life as you do.'

This letter reached me when I was on the point of setting off for Auckland. When I arrived at that place, I found my aunt from home. She had been illing. I was told, and had accepted the invitation of some friends to spend a short time with them in the country. I had a good many acquaintances in Auckland, but no one with whom I was very intimate, except my old friend Walford, who some

few years since had settled here, and whom I encountered in the street shortly after my arrival.

'Why, Blake, how are you?' he said, with a hearty grip of my hand. 'Glad to see you back again. But you're always on the spin. You're a regular teetotum.'

'I've gone in for a holiday at last,' I said. 'I mean to stay awhile.'

'That's good news. You wouldn't find Miss Winter in town.'

'No; I am sorry for that. Her house is a home to me. But she returns very shortly.'

'Oh, my good fellow, by this time you ought to have a home of your own. Seriously, you ought. Why don't you settle down? Mrs Walford and I are always deploring your unprotected condition.'

'That's extremely kind of you and Mrs Walford,' I said, laughing. 'You married people are always deploring the condition of those who don't follow your example. But what are the facts of the case? Did you ever know a happier woman than my aunt—?'

'Or a happier man than yourself, are you going to say? Why, you don't imagine you look happy! That sardonic smile doesn't take me in. But never mind. We've hopes of you yet, and by the bye, though you don't get settled, other people do. You will have heard of Miss Dalzell's engagement.'

'No,' I said. 'I wasn't aware that she was engaged. My aunt said nothing about it, and she ought to know. But I believe she hasn't heard from Miss Dalzell lately.'

'Well, Mrs Walford was told it for a fact. Her cousin knows the gentleman.'

'Did you hear his name?' I said.

'Oh, yes. Gladwin is the name. A rich young squatter down South. I suppose Miss Dalzell will retire from the stage. It is strange you shouldn't have heard.'

I explained that I only heard of Miss Dalzell by indirect means. That afternoon I received a letter from my aunt. She did not refer to Hilda, and in a most irrational manner I began to reason that this omission of the name of one who was always mentioned in her letters proved the truth of what I had heard. She knew of the engagement, and for some reason or other would not write of it. She was displeased, or she thought I would be displeased. No; she couldn't suppose that. But there was no end to the reasons I found to account for my aunt's silence.

My aunt seemed to have written for the purpose of telling me that she was sorry to have been from home when I arrived, and that she could not return just yet. Her doctor had told her that less than a fortnight's stay at the health resort she was visiting with her friends would be of little benefit. Would I send on any letters that might have come. She was afraid she hadn't been getting all her letters. She was feeling much better, and had got to work on a new painting. The subject was to be entitled 'Parrots feeding on the honey of the scarlet kowhai flowers,' and the picture was three feet by five.

I collected several letters which through some neglect had not been forwarded. As I was putting these together I recognised Hilda's writing on one envelope. This is the announcement of the engagement, I

thought. My aunt has not heard. What Walford had told me had been confirmed by other persons, and I had no doubt of its truth.

The next day I received a letter from Hilda. I suppose, I thought a little bitterly, she considers it her duty to write to me also. The post mark was Strathalvon, some little hamlet in the extreme south, and Mr Gladwin was said to reside near that place. I would not open the letter. What could it be but a formal statement of what I had heard already? Why should that be dinned into my ears? I did not care for such continuous reiteration.

For three days I refrained from opening that letter. It began to wear a reproachful face. It stared at me from my table. The writing of the address formed itself into other words. It appealed to me, it reminded, it persuaded. Ashamed of my paltriness, I took up the letter. I would read it at once, and I would answer.

A knock at my door. 'Telegram, sir.'

I laid aside the letter to attend to this more importunate message. I had not the remotest idea of its purport, but from habit one always opens a telegram immediately.

What was this? The name at the top was the same as that on the post mark of Hilda's letter. And the telegram, the pitiful appeal I read with such eager haste, was signed Hilda Dalzell.

'My father is dying and I am quite alone. Will you not come to me?'

The letter was torn open at once. It was only a few hurried lines. Hilda had written to my aunt and received no answer. She was afraid that illness might be the cause of this silence, as in her last letter my aunt had complained of feeling unwell. She knew that only something very serious would have prevented her from replying. She had seen my name in a passenger list in an Auckland newspaper, and remembering what hotel I had been accustomed to stay at, had written this letter at a venture. Would I think it strange that she should ask for help? Ah, no; she was sure I would not. Her father was so ill that he could not be moved. She was amongst strangers; she had nothing left. She could not have made this appeal to anyone else. She would not have made it to me—to either of us—if she could have helped herself.

I folded the letter and put it inside my pocket-book. I wrote a telegram. Scarcely was this finished and sent to the office by the hotel messenger than another knock smote the panel of my door. 'Telegram, sir.'

It was a message from my aunt, which had been despatched from one of the stations on the Waikato railway line, and ran as follows:—

'Returning. Serious news from Hilda. Send telegram. Say I am coming.'

By this I knew that my aunt would be in Auckland some time during the afternoon. Accordingly, when I went to her house towards the end of the day I found her at home. Her luggage was piled in the hall, and she herself, in bonnet and cloak, was sitting in her dismantled drawing-room, which the servant had had no time to prepare for her reception, drinking a cup of tea.

'Oh, Cecil!' she cried when I entered. 'This is dreadful news! It is very unfortunate that letter of Hilda's should have been detained. That wretched Dalzell has drunk and gambled away everything He has dragged her off to that out-of-the-way place, Strathalvon—I'm sure I don't know where it is—and now he's so ill he can't be moved, and she's hardly a penny left. And, oh, what a simpleton I am! I told you to telegraph and never said where the poor girl was. And I thought myself a business woman. But my head is in a whirl!'

'Fortunately,' I said, 'I had already sent a telegram. I have later news

from Hilda than yours.' And I showed her Hilda's letter and telegram.

'I said that we were coming. I reckoned on you without seeing you,' I continued. 'Her father is dying. It is doubtful whether we shall find him alive.'

'Poor man! Poor Hilda!' said my aunt. 'We must go to her at once, Cecil. We must get her away from that place. How glad I am that you are here at this time.'

I told her what I had heard about Mr Rupert Gladwin. My aunt was contemptuous.

'Rupert Gladwin! I don't believe in any such creature. I wonder at you, Cecil. You must be very gullible. Your friend, Mr Walford, is a great deal too fond of small talk and of repeating little bits of gossip. We women don't do all the gossiping, by a long way. Why, if Hilda were engaged to this Gladwin she would not need our help. It would be his right, his duty to assist her. If he can't do that he must be an extraordinary sort of man. You know the Gladwins' place is only a few miles from Strathalvon.'

'But she would want to have you near her,' I said. 'She would be sure to write to you in her trouble.'

'True—very true,' said my aunt, tenderly. 'I am longing to be with her, poor child.' Her trouble is sorer than you think. I was too sick at heart to speak of it at first. Her father has nearly drunk himself into insanity. That's the horrible, naked truth. He has to be watched night and day, lest he should do himself an injury. She has saved him from that already. She has gone into his room and clung round him, and held him fast till help came. But she tells me that she lives in daily, hourly fear that some time he will outwit her. Life is only a torment for him, and though I would not have the wretched man die by his own hand, yet the sooner all is over now the better for him, for her, and everyone concerned.'

I felt as if stricken dumb by this terrible news. I think my mind scarcely grasped its full import; but afterwards, through long hours, I was to see in imagination the white-faced girl watching her father, stealing in upon him, shaken with deadly fear, lest she should see the awful thing which had become the terror of her dreams, the haunting spectre which never left her thoughts.

'But he is mad,' I cried, 'and she is alone with him in that place, and it will be days before we can get there. Heaven help her!'

'Heaven help her,' said my aunt. 'Even there, too, she hasn't been left without friends. The people in the house have been very good to her.'

'But in this, the last she sent, she says that her father is dying,' I said, reading over again the crumpled telegram.

'So he is—dying by slow degrees. The poor creature is only trying to hasten what is coming of itself. Mad, did you say? No, he is not mad—not altogether so. Perhaps it would be better if he were.'

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE ROAD TO STRATHALVON.

All day from morn to noon, from noon to night, our steamer had rushed along. We had crossed the great bight in the western coast, steering on nearly a straight line, and were at our first stopping place, Taranaki. Out in the roadstead, where our captain had cast anchor, a strong westerly wind was blowing, and the waves were tumbling one over the other in their efforts to reach the land. Our boat dances from crest to hollow, from hollow to crest again; she springs and bounds and flings herself upon the slippery green walls of water as with a rollicking abandon in the sport. There are people on board, however, who say this is a moderate sea. Perhaps so—for Taranaki.

We went ashore in the surf-boat, for we were to take the train here. We can waste no time on coasting steam-

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ers. We must hasten on by the fastest means at our command. Early the next morning we were away, clanking and clattering along the iron road. The next and cheerful town, the rich country that swelled in green waves of pasture land, in farm and forest, was left behind. Mount Egmont, towering to the eternal snows from its wide base of rugged ranges and their far-reaching spurs, gradually receded from our view. And along and along hurried our train; but not fast enough—not half fast enough for our impatient hearts.

It seemed a long, a never ending day as we sat in the railway carriage, and watched the wide spaces of the country, from station to station, go past our carriage window. It was a land of farms and farmers. The boundless fields were stocked with herds of sheep and cattle, the grain crops were running up into ear; they would be level with the fences, when they yellowed for the harvest. But now, for long mile after mile, it was but an ocean of green, which in meadow and in cornfield was rippled into waves by the sweetest, purest breezes, which was bent over lovingly by the bluest heaven God has made.

But in truth we saw all this go by somewhat indifferently; we longed for but one sight—the end of our journey. Silently, for the most part, we sat together, our train clattering on, over bridge after bridge, up incline and down. There was less settlement now, and it was of a ruder, more primitive kind. There were ferny wastes, there were slovenly clearings, there was bush, bush, bush. Bush that had been growing for centuries, that sprang from the soil when first the rivers made these plains and scoured these gorges, but which, before another twenty years have run out may be gone like the vision of a dream. There were places where fire had passed through the forest, scorching and blackening and devouring acres upon acres. There were other places where great clearings had been hewn in it, where the tall trees stretched their long length on the hillsides where they had fallen, and lay bleaching white in sun and rain, like the bones of the dead on some great battlefield. There were rough built homes standing amongst the charred stumps, rough, hardy-looking women and children watching our train go by. But the people all seemed strong to labour, the soil was rich, the seasons kindly. 'It's a grand country!' said my next neighbour, and from his persistent use of that adjective, and the number of vibrations he contrived to give to the sound of the letter r, I thought I knew the name of his country. Soon he began to be confidential, to tell me why he 'came out,' how many sons and daughters he had, and what they were doing. We were all getting confidential, we were peeling off our outer bark. Some of us were better without this; some had better have kept it on.

The sun was bowing to the west. Still the endless hills and breakneck gorges, dark as night in their great depths, still the same wealth of forest, still the rushing streams. Then after a long absence the sea! the sea! We were nearing the end. In the train they were talking of Salisbury and Chamberlain as familiarly as if London, not Wellington were the terminus of the line. They handled the Chinese question vigorously, they approved of disarmament, but would not care to be the first to try it, they would put off the evacuation of Egypt to the Greek kalends. The people of these islands are interested in the politics of every country but their own. One can hardly wonder that they don't care much for those.

Wellington! The summer day had been a long one, but it had been dark for some time when we stepped out of the train.

'We are well on the road now,' said my aunt, as we took supper at the hotel. 'I suppose Hilda must have received your message. She will know we are coming, and with the money order telegram you sent her, she need be in no trouble about want of funds. In one way, poor girl, she is relieved already.'

'I am afraid,' I said, 'that this long journey will be too much for you.'

My aunt scoffed at the idea. 'You forget the distances I have done in my time. I am thinking a great deal about seeing Hilda again. Ah me! I fear I'm a very wicked old woman.'

'Why?' I said.

'Because I cannot be sorry for her

father. He is dying miserably, and I find myself actually rejoicing that I am to have Hilda all to myself again. She will come back to me, and we shall never part again.'

'You forget the existence of Mr Rupert Gladwin.'

'Rupert Gladwin! That namby pamby fellow! You quite irritate me with your allusions to the man. It's absolute nonsense to talk about him.'

'You speak to me as if I were responsible for him,' I replied—as if I'd invented him.'

'I know all about him,' said my aunt, 'and that's what makes me so angry. A poor notion of Hilda you must have, to think she would engage herself to such a creature. He has money—oh, yes, he has money. Some people would think that was quite sufficient. But I don't believe in the intelligence of a man with no back to his head and only about two inches of receding forehead.'

'Why, do you know him?'

'Certainly. He was often in Auck-

land. He used to dangle about a good deal before Hilda went away. You may be sure he got no encouragement from me.'

'He might have amiable qualities you didn't perceive,' said I.

'I tell you, Cecil, the man is a simpleton. And he's years older than Hilda—years!'

'Oh,' said I, 'That is a pity.' 'It isn't a pity at all. It doesn't matter how ancient he is, for I'm convinced this report is a fable.'

'My dear cousin,' I said, 'for you are my cousin after all, and only twenty years older than I am, though you pretend to be so aged—you are prejudiced against the man.'

'So are you, but you're too hypocritical to own it,' cried my relative, highly incensed because I had called her cousin, a title which for some unknown reason always made her angry. 'It's perfectly absurd the way you talk of him. You must have him on the brain.'

I am afraid there was some truth in this. Mr Rupert Gladwin was like an

unquiet spirit that rose up every now and then to torment me. The grounds on which my aunt refused to believe the report that concerned him were reasonable enough, and yet I couldn't help thinking there might be something in it. Not indeed because the idea pleased me. It did not. It was ludicrous; but I was always seeing the man as my aunt had described him—an individual who was unhappy enough to have no back to his head, and whose forehead receded in a marked degree. And years older than Hilda, years older! That slighting remark had found a target in another person besides Mr Gladwin.

Our rest at Wellington was but short. We shipped for Lyttelton. Landed there, again we tore away by the train. Through the long tunnel, through Christchurch, that English-looking city, with its peaceful river fringed by willows, its handsome buildings, and its cathedral spire. Out into the great plains, the land made rich by wool and grain. Over long bridges, across full-fed rivers running in wide shingle beds, over land that is tilled like a garden, that is more productive than a goldfield. Again we were hurrying on without a pause for over two hundred miles. And ever on our left lay the sea, and ever on the right, beyond the plains, rose the mountains wrapped in their stainless snows. When the sun is on them, this dazzling purity stands before the high blue heaven like that great white throne which no mortal eye may look upon and live.

We had lost this prospect. We had lost it for two reasons—the misty rain and the night. For coming southward we had dashed into rain. It ushered us into Dunedin; it travelled with us when we left that city. Rain, rain, rain from a great, grey sky, where one spot of pale silvery light showed the lurking place of the sun. It thickens, and even this is gone. It rains worse the nearer we come to the mountains. On the foot hills, and on the greater heights beyond, it is raining as it only can rain in an Alpine country, whose ice peaks are fanned by the warm, moist wind from the western ocean.

We had left the train, and were journeying on by coach, through a country so worn and washed by the streams descending from the skies, and plunging from the hills, that it seemed in some danger of being carried away bodily. The rivers roared through their channels in floods of turbid, chocolate-coloured water. Landslips toppled down; bridges were swept away. With the snows melting on the heights and the rain falling, falling as if it would never cease, the floods were out in all directions. The season was said to be the wettest that had been known for ten years. And this in a country whose skies weep copiously every season, and whose rivers, in proportion to the shortness of their course, carry more water to the sea than any others in the world.

So far my aunt had borne the fatigues and discomforts of the journey very well. But now the constant travelling and the bad weather we had to encounter began to tell on her. She had scarcely been in her usual health when we left Auckland. We had reached a small town, which but for the extraordinary state of the roads would have been within an easy distance of Strathbuton when she turned too ill to go any further. She had caught a severe cold, and seemed in danger of an attack of bronchitis.

'You must leave me here,' she said, 'and push on by yourself. I can't bear the thought of that poor child left alone in some miserable little place in this awful country. It is enough to unsettle her mind, troubled as she is just now. You must go on by yourself, Cecil; I only hinder you. Never mind me. I shall be able to follow in a day or two.'

I was eager enough to push on. We had heard something about Hilda and Dalzell which had increased our anxiety. Some people who were staying at the hotel in which we had put up in this town had talked freely before us about the handsome young actress and her father. It seemed that they were well known in this part of New Zealand. They had stayed in Dunedin for some time. Neither of the two was playing in any company. Dalzell's intemperance had prevented him from getting employment. No manager, except perhaps Mr Tomlins, would have anything to do with him, and Tomlins, whom he had quarrelled with, was far away.

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His daughter was too unhappy and dispirited to do justice to herself. Misfortune had broken her heart; it seemed even to have robbed her of her talent. She had failed in her acting; she had been obliged to cancel her engagements. Then Rupert Gladwin had appeared on the scene. Having known her in Auckland, it was natural he should claim acquaintance with her when he met her again in Dunedin. Her father's habits shamed her so much that she felt herself excluded from society—compelled to avoid the notice of those who might have shown her kindness. Mr Gladwin was her only friend. Dalzell caught at him, as, according to the proverb, a drowning man catches at a straw.

Gladwin pressed them to visit him and his sister at their up-country station. Perhaps he guessed their necessities, or hoped that a banishment from town might help Dalzell back again to habits of sobriety. The same reason had induced Hilda to accept the invitation. It was said that her father had been trying to force her into a marriage with Gladwin as a last resort, now he had found that despite all her cleverness she was a failure on the stage. Gladwin, who appeared to be a feeble advocate of his own cause, was also supported by his sister. It was not known whether Hilda would yield to the pressure brought to bear upon her. But our fellow travellers, who discussed the affair so openly, inclined to the opinion that she would. Dalzell had not been able to get so far as the Gladwins' place; but had fallen ill while stopping for the night at the accommodation house in Strathalvon. At first the Gladwins had pressed that he should be removed to their house; but Hilda had resisted this perhaps, I thought, because she did not wish his real condition to be known. Dalzell still lingered on. Even now, in his conscious moments, he did not cease to urge his daughter to accept Gladwin. She would give way at last.

"It is shameful to hear her talked about like this," said my aunt, with burning cheeks, and with tears in her eyes. "How can they have got to know such things, even supposing that they are true?"

"They seem to be acquainted with the Gladwins," I said.

"And they have talked about it. A poor fellow like that couldn't keep his own counsel. His sister is no better. I never liked Rachael Gladwin. She has been trying to marry off her brother for ever so long, and you may have some idea how unimpressing he is when I tell you that although he's worth three thousand a year no one will have him as a gift."

With this depreciatory notice of the unfortunate Mr Gladwin still sounding in my ears I said good-bye to my aunt and travelled on to the next stage. It seemed as if this must be the last. The coach could go no further.

The driver had brought his passengers to the one hotel of a village of some two dozen houses. It was a homely sort of inn, rough in its accommodation, but hearty in its hospitality. The landlord, short and stout and rubeous as the typical landlord of picture and of story, treated all comers with the same jocular familiarity. When I sought his company with the intention of questioning him about the road I ought to take, he was arguing with a customer who had found fault with the cuisine of the establishment.

"Well, we're not used to particular people, and that's a fact," he said. "But I can tell you what, we've had Lord Ouslow here, and he made no complaint. If the aristocracy are satisfied with our tucker, I should think you might be."

Having crushed his opponent by this retort, the landlord turned to me with the air of a man who was ready for anything.

"The driver tells me that the coach can go no further," I said. "Is there no way of getting through to Strathalvon?"

"The driver says so? Did he tell you so himself?"

"Yes, I have just been speaking with him."

"Then I reckon you'd better put your trust in him, and stay where you are. If he says you can't go on, you may be bound you can't. He's done some remarkable things in his time has Jim; but when a bridge has been carried away he's not equal to

flying over the gap, cough and all."

"Is there no other bridge?" I said.

"Can't we take another road?"

"You may go up and you may go down," said the landlord, "and you won't find a bridge standing. You won't get round this river by taking a nice little stroll along it. You may take my word for it that this is a drowned country, and that the bridges have gone by the board in every stream you'll come to."

"Look here," I said, "I must get to Strathalvon. I mean to get there. Can this river be forded? Can I swim a horse across?"

The landlord seemed to be awed by this proposition. "You don't belong to these parts?" he said slowly and deliberately. "You don't know our rivers. Forged! Try it if you like; but let me have a good look at you first, so that I may know you at the inquest."

"There'll be no inquest," said his former opponent in a sepulchral voice. "He'll never turn up again."

The landlord nodded an assent to this.

"But," continued the former speaker, "if the gentleman must get through there is a way."

"Now Bagley," said the landlord, warningly. "This country isn't so thickly populated that you need be leading respectable people to throw their lives away."

"I say there is a way. A fellow came over this morning by the bridge at the wide part above the bend."

"Why, that's gone," said the landlord.

"No, it's near being gone, that's all. The embankment's broken down, all but a narrow pathway like. You couldn't drive over; but you might walk across or lead a horse. This fellow I'm telling you of rode across."

"Well, I'll not advise any such thing," said my host.

"I'll try it," I said. "At any rate I'll ride to the place and see if I can't get over."

"If it was safe in the morning it mayn't be safe now," remarked the landlord.

The bridge was fifteen miles up stream. The landlord let me have a horse, which he said was "game to the backbone." "Don't drown him," he cried after me, "and don't drown yourself either. Good-bye. If you do get over, you know, you'll have a pretty tough piece of road between you and Strathalvon." With these encouraging words he turned again to his companion and observed in what was intended to be an undertone: "I should say that there's somebody at Strathalvon."

I rode away through the sodden country. Fifteen miles along the river bank on a road that was fairly passable brought me to the bridge. The embankments on either side had crumbled nearly away. It was wonderful that any part of them still remained. But the river was of great width here, and the force of the current was moderated by being spread over a larger area. Still it boiled between the piers of the bridge, which rocked and trembled in an alarming manner; it washed almost over the narrow pathway on which my horse trod so nervously, turning his startled eyes from right to left. I had to encourage him a good deal to get him over.

Safely across, my spirits rose at the prospect of making a dash for Strathalvon. I knew very little about the road; but the landlord had given me some general directions, and had supplemented those by the information that my horse had been stabled at the place I sought, and that if I threw the reins on his neck and sat firm in the saddle I should be there in double quick time. This was more reassuring than most of the remarks with which my host had favoured me. The day was far gone, and much of the journey would have to be done in the dark. But the pace at which I was going, over roads that were indescribable, soon told me that I had a good horse under me. He rose to the occasion most gallantly. Whether it were the stable at Strathalvon or the unconquerable spirit of which the landlord had declared him to be possessed I know not; but certain it is that I have never had a better mount than on that memorable night.

The rain had ceased even before sundown. The majesty of the white-robed hills was before me once again. The peaks had flamed as with fire, had been dyed in purple, had faded to grey. Night had come down. With a change of wind there had been a fall

of temperature, and it was bitterly cold. It was a damp, penetrating cold which searched one through and through, and which seemed to be intensified by the constant sight and sound of either standing or running water.

The stars above shone brightly from a clear sky, and by starlight I kept on my way. I was not to go far without coming upon one of the countless streams by which the country was furrowed. I heard the roar of water long before I reached it. There was no passage here. But a man at a lonely house standing near the flooded river flats shouted to me that I could get across lower down, where the river forked and spread out over its immense shingle bed. I rode downwards, and allowed my horse to choose the crossing place, which he certainly knew much better than I.

I felt him shiver under me in the cold water. But he went bravely in. However it was a good deal deeper than I had thought, and the current whirled his black waters across our path with a furious strength, which at the first onset had almost dragged us both, horse and man, helplessly down stream.

I do not know how we stemmed that force, strong and cruel as death, which thrust at us continually, which tried to suck the foundations from under us, to bore a passage for itself under my horse's staggering feet. Very soon I was chilled through and through by the awful cold of that water which had drained from mountain glaciers. We went on—on. But suddenly we went down—down into a place that seemed to have no bottom. My horse was off its legs, and was swimming for dear life.

I had never swum a horse over a river before, and could sympathise with the sailor boy who complained of being sent up aloft for the first time on a dark and stormy night. I would rather the attempt had been made under more favourable circumstances. However, the horse does nearly all the work. It is a gallant creature that pants and struggles under me, and strains for the other shore. "Oh," I vowed to him—and he heard my voice and strove the harder for it—"if we get through, you shall be mine for life!"

I remembered that some of his kind have a perverse habit of turning on one side while swimming, which may be pleasing to themselves, but is inconvenient to the rider. I hoped that he would not so demean himself. No, he swims upright. But he labours more and more heavily, gasping and struggling. In these worst moments of all I wondered how long he would hold out, and whether there was any chance for me if he went down. Could I swim against this roaring flood? Then I found myself talking to him as I might have done to another man who was breasting the stream with me. Like two brothers, we fought together for our lives.

I suppose that the distance was short, but the time seemed hours long. We were swept by the current a good way down stream, and the place we struggled out at was by no means opposite to that we had started from. After stumbling among boulders and loose shingle for a time, there was another branch of the stream to cross, but this was shallow. We were over at last, and my horse scrambled up the bank, and shook himself as a dog might have done.

If the wind had been cold before, it was colder now. But the last obstacle had been passed; the road was clear to Strathalvon. My horse knew it, and stretched himself out in such a gallop as I had rarely had before. How his loosened shoes clank on the road! How the dimly-seen objects by the way rush past in long streaks and blurs! And how a light before us grows nearer and larger.

A tired horse and a tired man make their entry into Strathalvon at something before midnight. There is no need to ask the way to the only house of entertainment. It would be difficult to find anyone out of bed to ask it of. But in the long, low building midway down the street the people are up and lights are burning.

"Well, you've taken it out of him," said the man who received my horse from me. "Hidden his shoes off. Oh, yes; he belongs here. But we didn't expect to see him back to-night."

I hurried inside, and while I questioned the landlady, peeled off my damp overcoat, which had dried some-

what in the wind I had hurried through.

Miss Dalzell was still there. She was well—yes, poor young lady, as well as could be expected. Mr Dalzell? Oh—dropping her voice to a lower tone—it was all over. A merciful relief, too, for all concerned.

"How did he die?" I asked in a voice as low as her own.

"Oh, very peacefully, sir. I was afraid, for her sake, that it mightn't be so. But, thank God! he made a very quiet ending. The funeral was to-day. It was well his daughter had some friends near her. Mr Gladwin and his sister have ridden down nearly every day—all through the bad weather even. They were anxious for Miss Dalzell to go home with them this afternoon; but she wouldn't. However, they're coming to-morrow again to try to get her away."

The temperature had fallen to zero. 'The wind outside cold! It was nothing to this.'

"Miss Dalzell is sitting up, sir," said the landlady. "I will tell her that you have come."

I gave her a message for Hilda. She returned with an answer almost immediately.

"Miss Dalzell would like to see you at once. Please come this way."

I followed her along the dingy passage to the open doorway of a small room. She left me there. The lady, who was sitting near the table on which the lamp was placed, rose as I entered. It was Hilda—Hilda once more.

The deep black she wore made her pale face look paler still, her figure thinner. Her face seemed older for the last year and a-half—altered even as I had never thought to see it, though I knew how roughly life had used her these last few months. Yet, strangely enough, it reminded me of her as a child. It had the same expression—the wistful, anxious look it had worn in the days when our acquaintance began. It was the child's expression on a woman's face. But why had it come back again?

I can see her now as she came to meet me. She smiled; but the tears were shining in her eyes. "You—you! Oh, I knew you would come!"

With that hand tight locked in my clasp, with the lovely passionate face looking into mine, I did not care the toss of a penny for Rupert Gladwin.

(To be continued.)

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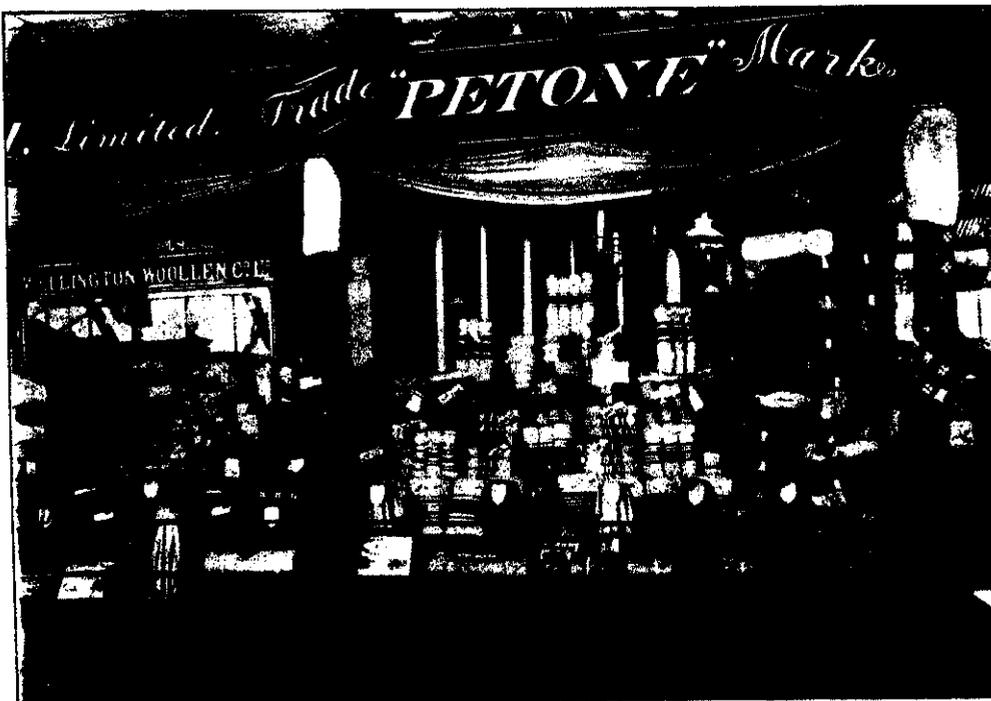
Herr Rasmussen, 81, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

THE AUCKLAND MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Pictures of the Courts and Some of the Exhibits.



GENERAL VIEW.



Photos. by Walrod.

BLANKET BAY.

THE WELLINGTON WOOLLEN MANUFACTURING CO.'S EXHIBIT.

THE WELLINGTON WOOLLEN COMPANY.

In No. 3 court is located a very valuable and handsome collection of woollen goods from the famed Wellington Woollen Manufacturing Company (Limited), and whose well known brand is that of 'Petone.' The exhibit occupies a space 70 feet long by 10 feet deep, the whole being enclosed in with a brass railing. This Wellington company has made great strides during the last four years, and it is now voted one of the leading industries of its kind in New Zealand. Mr. M. G. Heeles, a well known figure in the commercial world, is the general manager. At the mill, which is situated at Petone, every process in connection with the manufacture of woollen goods is undertaken, starting from the raw material to the finish. The factory of the company finds a place at Wellington, and the commercial offices are located at Jervois Quay. Despite the large space occupied by the exhibit, it is crowded in the various sections with up-to-date goods of the finest quality, with the get-up equal to anything imported. The first section is devoted to men's clothing, from which stands out three dressed figures. One bears Joseph's much-discussed tartan tweed coat worn at Lady Ranfurly's recent fancy dress ball at Wellington. On the back of the coat are the words worked in silk, 'Local Industries: Petone Woollen Mills.' On another figure is displayed a railway stationmaster's uniform. The Company, it may be remarked, manufacture all of the uniforms used on the Government and Manawatu lines. In the same section are shown lovely rugs in great variety, and an exhibition of tweed worn by the New Zealand Cycling Club's officials, besides covert coats and splendid samples of saddle and other tweeds. The next section of the exhibit comprises a large glass case, which contains all classes of hosiery, from the Salvation Army singlet to the cyclist's hose; also well made caps and many other articles. A large loom cross loom in the centre of the exhibit attracts great attention from visitors both day and night. It is worked at stated hours under the direction of Mr Darby. Since the opening of the Exhibition the loom has been engaged in the manufacture of a merino rug, which, we learn, will be tendered to Mr B. Kent, the president, as a memento of the Exhibition. In the next section further specimens of hosiery are profusely displayed, besides ladies' dress tweeds in fashionable shades, neat costume clothes, and men's tweeds of fine texture and many patterns. Then comes before the eye a magnificent collection of blankets, for which the Company gain kudos, not only in this colony, but in Australia too. Appropriate Maori names are attached to the different brands, which cannot be excelled for colour, weight and quality. Piles of flannels in rolls are also displayed in this fine exhibit, besides hundreds of other lines which the Company manufacture. Altogether the Wellington Woollen Company have reason to feel proud of the exhibit they have sent to the Exhibition.

The exhibit, which was finished under the superintendence of Mr M. G. Heeles, the general manager of the company, is now supervised by Mr H. H. Mirams, the company's Auckland Representative.

MENNIE AND DEY'S EXHIBIT.

The novel and tempting exhibit of Messrs Mennie and Dey stands between those of the Great Northern

Brewery and the Tonson Garlic Company, and it has proved one of the most attractive objects of attention in the Exhibition. The exhibit takes the form of a large square tower, painted in dead green, relieved with gilding and enclosed in with an iron railing. Within the framework of the tower are arranged rows of shelves; along the four sides of the tower stand at regular intervals slender columns with foliated capitals. Displayed on this tower are the firm's manufactures in the shape of jams in jars and tins, lollies of all descriptions, and biscuits in tins. These goods are all splendidly got up and in looks are quite equal to the imported article. It only goes to show what can be done in Auckland, and our townsmen should be proud at having such an enterprise in their midst. A great 'draw' in connection with the exhibit are the moving animals put here and there on the shelves and other places of vantage. The animals are kept going by means of clock-work, being wound up every five hours. They include lions, tigers, camels, elephants, black bears and white bears, pigs, buffaloes, donkeys and various other animals.

GREAT NORTHERN BREWERY COMPANY.

One of the features of the Exhibition from an artistic point of view is the representation of a pretty beer garden kiosk by the Great Northern Brewery Company, of Kyber Pass. This exhibit bears individuality in design, and it altogether breaks away from the carpenter and joiner effects of many stalls. The ceiling of the kiosk is composed of a representation of trellis work with hops intertwined and at the back-ground is a well-executed painting on canvas showing the cellars of the grand old Kyber Pass brewery. In the centre of the kiosk is a pyramid of casks, which bear the time-honoured name of Seccombe. The roof of the kiosk is supported by four columns of casks. Inside the pyramid is displayed in an artistic way the various wares of the firm and samples of their products, besides samples of New Zealand barley and hops, flake rice, patent malt for stout, and malt used in the brewery. The whole is



SECCOMBE & SONS' GREAT NORTHERN BREWERY EXHIBIT.

illuminated with electric light and the effect is exceedingly pretty. The kiosk was designed by Mr Chas. Arnold, architect, and the work was carried out by Herr Vennemark, on whom it reflects credit.

E. PORTER AND CO.'S EXHIBITS.

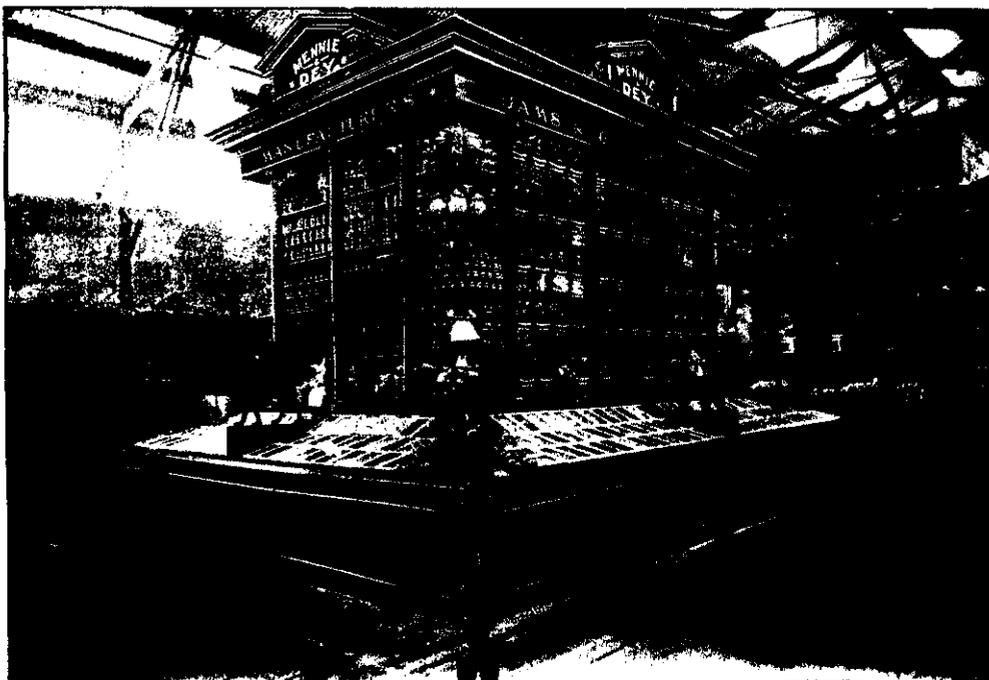
In this court one of the most interesting exhibits is the extensive display of machinery made by Messrs E. Porter and Co. Oil and steam engines and refrigerators, general machinery, mining machinery, and agricultural machinery and implements are all represented, and some of the more striking-looking machines attract a good deal of attention from visitors. An exhibit which draws

crowds of visitors when it is working is the Humble and Nicholson new dry ammonia compression refrigerating machine, condensing 1½ galls. of water per minute, and manufacturing ice at the rate of 20 cwt. in 24 hours. This machine is specially designed for butter factories, dairies, butchers shops, bacon curers, meat pressing works, breweries, and ice-making and freezing works. Ice collects on the outside of the pipes containing the condensed air, and many visitors inspect the refrigerator with interest and try its efficacy for themselves by touching the 'frost' coating. An 8 h.p. Hercules marine oil engine, a 6 h.p. steam portable engine, and a 2½ h.p. Hercules stationary engine are shown. In the dairy department

Alpha Laval cream separators are on exhibition, and a variety of churns, etc. The 'zero' refrigerator safe or cool cabinet is to be seen. Besides these are all sorts of agricultural machinery and implements, including chaff-cutters and double baggers, ploughs, harrows, seed drills, drill hoes, rakes, grass edges, orchard horse cultivator, etc. Pumping machinery for mines, railroad water stations, brick yards, quarries, hotels, etc., are well represented, and there is a fine dynamo manufactured by A. and G. Price of the Thames. Amongst the miscellaneous machinery and other exhibits shown by this well-known importing firm are forges, drilling machines for engineers and blacksmiths, assay testing hand crushing machines, vertical saws, saw grinding machines, wire ropes, battery belting, an assortment of household labour-saving and kitchen appliances, well pumps, etc. Another important exhibit is that of the Nobel's Explosives Company, Limited, for which E. Porter and Co. are agents. There are three show cases containing fac simile representations of this company's high explosives, together with examples of the material employed in their manufacture, and the tools and instruments required by the consumer in using and firing them.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES.

In a bay at the corner of the Avenue will be found an exhibit of special interest to ladies, for here are shown by Mr John McDonald, the local manager, the latest types of sewing machines introduced by the Singer Manufacturing Company. The machines on exhibition are in very handsome cases, the most up-to-date being one that when closed makes a neat looking table, suitable for afternoon tea, or playing cards, drafts, or chess. A young lady attendant, who is an adept at machine work, illustrates to those who wish to learn the varied capabilities of the Singer machines. This Company have of late years made very great improvements in their machines of all classes, and have furthermore brought out a new patent



Photos. by Walrand.

MENNIE & DEY'S CONFECTIONERY EXHIBIT.

A PERFECT CUP OF TEA.

THE SECRET OF THE JAPANESE.

A lady who has just returned home from a visit to Japan has brought with her the secret of how to make a 'perfect cup of tea,' as she calls it. It is really astounding, she says, that none of our writers have taken the trouble to explain the intricacies and inner secrets of the art of tea-making. They have given all their time and space to the women, the flowers, the odd life of the people, and the gay colours, utterly ignoring what to most women is of importance, and, incidentally, great comfort.

When I arrived at Nagasaki I secured the services of a little Japanese girl, who was regarded as one of the best tea-makers in Japan. She came to my room and brought her tea kit with her. She spoke a little English, and when I made my wants known and informed her that I desired to know every trick in the art, she squatted herself on the mat in a bay window, and the lesson began.

First she lighted an alcohol lamp, although a charcoal brazier is just as good, and placed upon the flame a quart of fresh, clear water, which in about five minutes came to a boil. While the water was heating she placed in another kettle a small portion of green tea. She carefully shook the kettle until the tea was spread evenly over the bottom, and when the water in the first kettle began to boil she removed it from the alcohol lamp and set it on the tray until it ceased to bubble. When it stopped seething she poured a sufficient quantity of the hot water over the tea to fill a small teacup, and then as quickly as possible poured it out, without letting it steep at all. There was the trick.

She explained to me that the tannin in tea is poisonous, and that the first contact with hot water takes from the leaves all that is worth drinking. The steeping process, common with us, is fatal to perfect tea. When her brew came from the spout it was a colour between pale green and amber, such a colour as I have never seen in home-made tea. She passed the cup to me without sugar or milk, and I tasted it expectantly.

It was simply perfect. There was hardly more than two or three mouthfuls, but I sipped it for about five minutes, during which time every draught seemed rich with a strong perfume.

Like Oliver Twist, I asked for more, whereupon she removed all the tea grounds from the second kettle, and began all over again. I was informed that there was sufficient strength in the remaining tea grounds to make another cup if necessary, but the first perfect aroma was gone.

No Japanese who understands the art will permit a second cup to be made out of grounds which have once been wet. The tea should be drunk immediately, and a fresh cup should be made whenever more is required.

After each pot is made, and the grounds are emptied again for the next brew, the pot should be allowed to dry from the heat it has gathered during the process of making the tea. This precaution will be found wise, as it enables one to keep the tea dry until the hot water is ready to be applied.

In no case should the water be boiling, as its action on the leaves will be too rapid, and the tannic acid will indicate its presence to the tongue, creating a taste that is not pleasant when one becomes a regular tea drinker.

There are no harmful effects from tea drinking if the recipe I have given is carefully followed. It can be drunk at any and all times and at any hour.

It will make your sleep peaceful, your hours of wakefulness pleasant, and your digestion regular. Never use sugar or milk, and, above all things, do not steep it for a second.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MACHINERY COURT.

stand which makes the machine so light running that the youngest child of eight years can work them. When the present General Manager of Australia, Mr F. D. Brown, came from America in 1894, to take control, he prophesied that the business in the Auckland branch would, with the latest machines then coming out, be double in a few years. The sales have increased to date from about 400 to over 800 for last year, which speaks volumes for the popularity of the Company's goods. That they are used in the factories, and justly so, too, is shown by a machine on the stand that has been running in Mr G.

H. Powley's factory for the last 14½ years on power, and is still in good order, and cost not more than 30/ for repairs the whole of the time. The sewing machine of to-day is expected to do more than plain sewing, and the Singer Co. have introduced art work which resembles painting with the needle, several samples of which are to be seen on the stand. To show the magnitude of this concern which started on £8 of borrowed money, it now commands a working capital of over £2,000,000 sterling, and has an army of employees numbering 66,000 throughout the world, also 4000 waggons and 6000 horses, and has made and sold 15,000,000 machines.

The late Charles Matthews now and then failed, like some of the rest of us, in meeting his bills as promptly as the tradespeople concerned could desire.

On one occasion a brisk young tailor, named Berry, lately succeeded to his father's business, sent in his account somewhat ahead of time.

Whereupon Matthews, with virtuous rage, seized his pen and wrote him the following note:

'You must be a goose—Berry, to send me your bill—Berry, before it is due—Berry.'

'Your father, the elder—Berry, would have had more sense.'

'You may look very black—Berry, and feel very blue—Berry, but I don't care a straw—Berry, for you and your bill—Berry.'



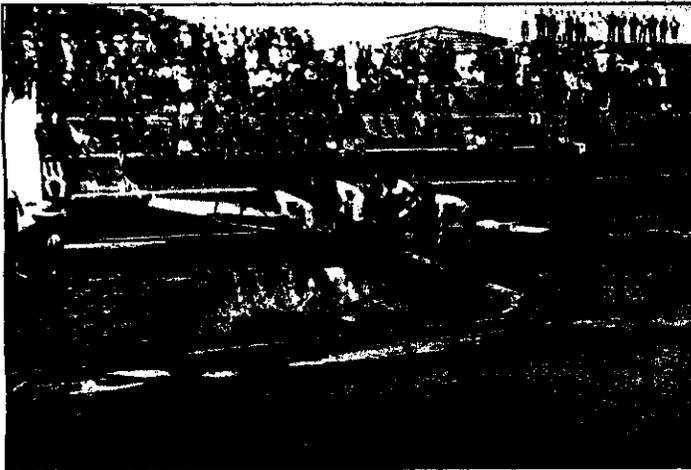
SINGER SEWING MACHINE EXHIBIT.

Photos. by Walrond.

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



REGATTA IN AUCKLAND HARBOUR, 1862.



SHOOTING THE BOOM.



DUCKING THE ROPE.

CANOE HURDLE RACE.



DANCING THE HAKA.

THE NATIVE CARNIVAL, NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND.

Photos by C. Bell.

SEE LETTERPRESS.

THE WIZARD OF WARSAW.

(By WILLIAM LE QUEX, in the 'New York Herald'.)

In Nice, the town of violet sand mimosas, the centre of all the mad gaiety of the Riviera, there was enacted five years ago the opening scene of this strange, puzzling drama, the astonishing denouement of which startled the whole of Europe. The mystery has never been elucidated, but now, for the first time, I will relate the true facts, which will no doubt astonish many.

Times without number as I trod the broad concrete walk of the Promenade des Anglais, gay with its borders of spring flowers and crowd of smart visitors in Parisian toilets, I passed one neat female figure which always attracted me. Young, not more than twenty-two, she was invariably attired in white, with the waist girt by a narrow band of pale blue or rose, the colour always matching that in the hat she wore. Her costumes and millinery were doubtless products of the Rue de la Paix, her wealth of fair hair was evidently arranged by a maid of the first order, and her face was pure and innocent looking as a child's. Once, in passing, our eyes had met for an instant. Hers were of a clear, deep blue, but in their unfathomable depths was an expression half of fear, half of ineffable sadness—an expression full of mystery. She lowered her gaze modestly and passed on. Sometimes she was alone, but often there hobbled at her side a decrepit old fellow, attired in shabby ill-fitting clothes; a white moustached man, whose furrowed face bore an expression saturnine and forbidding.

They were a strangely assorted pair—the young and lovely, he old and eminently ugly. Many times on those bright mornings in early spring, when I strolled along the promenade from the Place Massena to the bridge spanning the Magman, I met them and amused myself by trying to read her story in her face. That it was a strange and mysterious one I felt confident. The expression of abject terror in those blue eyes was unmistakable.

One sunny afternoon an opportunity to speak to her presented itself, and I was not long in taking advantage of it. I was sitting upon one of the seats facing the sea at the further end of the promenade, when, either by design or accident, she came also to the same seat, and presently, while absorbed in a French novel she had brought with her, the wind carried away the little lace handkerchief. The latter I recovered, being rewarded by a smile, and a soft, modest word of thanks in French. This, of course, gave us an opportunity for conversation, and soon we were chatting merrily, discussing Nice and its gay cosmopolitan crowd, the prospects of Carnival and other topics uppermost on the Riviera.

'I have seen you so often,' I observed at length, 'that you seem already a friend.'

She laughed lightly, looking gay and bright beneath her cool white sunshade.

'And I have also passed you many, many times,' she answered. 'You were at Monte Carlo two nights ago. You lost?'

'Yes,' I replied, surprised. 'I had no idea you were present.'

She smiled again, a mysterious smile, the meaning of which I could not exactly determine.

'Do you often play?' I asked.

'Sometimes,' she answered. 'It is so dull here without friends.'

'But you have a friend. I see you with an elderly gentleman.'

'Gentleman!' she laughed. 'He is my servant. I take him out in order to have someone to talk to.'

'Well,' I said, with increasing astonishment, 'I, too, am alone here. I should be delighted if sometimes I might be permitted to take your servant's place. I'm at the Grand.'

'The pleasure will be quite mutual,' she assured me. 'I am staying only a few doors from you—at the Cosmopolitan.'

'Then we are actually neighbours!' I observed, enthusiastically. 'I shall be delighted to stroll with you sometimes.'

'It is not pleasant for a woman to be alone here,' she exclaimed, sigh-

ing, after a brief pause. 'There is, of course, plenty of freedom, but a lonely woman in Nice is at once classed with the demi-monde.'

'Presently, after we had been chatting half an hour, while the shadows had lengthened as the sun declined, we exchanged cards. She took one from her silver case and handed it to me.

The name upon it was 'Marya Zausouloff.'

'So you are Russian!' I exclaimed, surprised, having believed her to be French.

'Yes,' she answered, 'and you are English—from London.'

I began to question her about herself, but to evade answering she declared that the wind had grown chilly, therefore we rose, and I walked with her to the door of her hotel, where we parted, having arranged to meet on the morrow.

We met almost daily through the bright pleasant weeks that followed, and I make open confession that I loved her. Such infinite grace, such wondrous beauty, such charm of manner I had never before witnessed as that of my divinity. I loved her with the whole strength of my being, and sometimes, when she smiled upon me, flattered myself that she reciprocated my affection. At times, however, she was strangely cold and prepossessed, and would walk for hours almost without uttering a word, while at others she was bright and vivacious, overflowing with mirth and good spirits. She no longer took Ivan, her servant, on her walks, but regarded me as her constant companion. I did not like Ivan. Somehow, I had an instinctive antipathy toward him, for he was keen-eyed, crafty, and apparently unduly anxious as to the movements of his young mistress. Once I thought I detected an evil glint in his eyes when at Marya's side I passed him in the Quai Massena. At first I was puzzled over this circumstance, but at length grew to regard it as mere imagination on my part.

Thus weeks slipped by. King Carnival enjoyed his brief but fruitful reign, and had been immolated amid the dancing of clown and colubine; the battles of confetti and flowers had been fought, and the season was already on the wane, when one evening, after dining, we were seated together by the moonlit sea, and she turned to me suddenly, saying—

'I leave Nice to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! So soon?' I cried, dismayed at the mere suggestion of parting. 'I had no idea you intended to leave just yet.'

'It is imperative,' she answered, in a low, strained voice, quite unusual to her, and she sighed, passing her tiny gloved hand beneath her veil and slowly across her brow.

'Some trouble weighs heavily upon your mind,' I said, sympathetically. 'Cannot you confide in me? If I can assist you I will.'

'Ah!' she cried, turning her beautiful eyes to mine with an imploring gesture, 'if you only would!'

'Certainly!' I exclaimed. 'I shall be delighted to assist you.'

Then, in a moment of passion, I seized the hand lying in her lap, raised it quickly to my lips, and told her of my love.

'No, no!' she implored, in a tone of distress, making an effort to rise. 'There must be no love between us. None whatever. You may love me to-night, but you would hate me to-morrow if you only knew.'

'Knew what?'

'If you knew my secret.'

'Is it such a terrible one?' I asked, surprised at her strange and sudden air of tragedy.

'No, no!' she said. 'Do not let us speak of it. A moment ago you expressed your readiness to assist me. It is not a difficult task, if you are willing to undertake it. By doing so you will save my life.'

'Your life!' I gasped. 'What do you fear?'

'Death,' she answered, in a hoarse whisper. 'I may die to-morrow.'

'Well, what do you wish me to do?' I inquired, amazed at the strangeness of her manner and the despairing tone of her voice.

'Return with me to the hotel. I will show you.'

We rose, and retracing our steps along the promenade, entered the Cosmopolitan, and ascended to her little private sitting room. Here I waited while she went to her own chamber, and presently she returned, bearing in her arms a box of bright tin about eighteen inches square. She shook it before placing it upon the table, and I could hear a liquid with-

'This,' she said, regarding me gravely with her clear, trusting eyes, 'contains ten litres of petroleum.'

'Petroleum!' I observed, astonished. She nodded. 'To the eye it contains nothing but petroleum, but there is a secret within. At the bottom of the tin is a narrow air-tight compartment, in which are secreted certain documents of the greatest importance to my family, together with some jewels, which are heirlooms and absolutely priceless.'

'Well?' I said, failing to understand her meaning.

'Ivan has left, and this very evening an attempt has been made to steal them,' she explained. 'To-morrow I must fly; but before leaving I must intrust this hermetically sealed tin to the care of some person whom I can trust.'

'Then you trust me?' I cried, joyfully.

'Certainly. Are you not my friend? Indeed, you should be my lover were that possible.'

'Why not? I adore you, Marya,' I declared, passionately.

'At present, no,' she said, raising her tiny jewelled hand with a gesture of warning. 'When you have successfully accomplished the task I am imposing upon you, and I find myself in comparative safety, then we will again discuss the matter. Until then, no more need be said.' She spoke decisively and with determination.

'And what am I to do with this box?' I inquired.

'Take it into your keeping, and deliver it to me intact on the night of Christmas Eve at the railway station at Warsaw, on the arrival of the midnight train from Alexandrowo, the frontier.'

'At Warsaw!' I gasped.

'Yes,' she said. Then asked, 'Is the journey too great for you to undertake?'

'Not at all,' I hastened to assure her. 'No distance is too far to travel to meet you again.'

She smiled, contemplated her ring for a few moments in silence, then observed that the present was not a fitting time for compliments. I longed to clasp her slim form in my arms and imprint a kiss upon her lips, but dare not, she seemed so deeply in earnest. Even as she stood before me her breast rose and fell quickly beneath its lace, and in her blue eyes was an expression as if she were haunted by some terrible dread.

'You, too, must leave here to-morrow,' she said, a moment later. 'If you remain, an attempt may be made to obtain possession of the documents. Therefore, leave Nice, and travel to some quiet out-of-the-way French town. Remain there a week, and then take the box to London. For the customs examination you have only to unscrew this metal disc and allow them to smell. The thing is quite easy. The tin is unsuspecting, for it is a traveller's sample, such as passes the frontier every day.'

It had not been my intention to leave the Riviera just then, but in pursuance of her wishes I expressed my readiness to go, and half an hour later, when I had wished her a fond and lingering adieu, I carried the mysterious tin of petroleum to my room at the Grand, and sat for a long time gazing at the address in Warsaw which she had given me in case we did not meet.

Her last words to me had been strange ones.

'As you love me, do not allow that box for one instant out of your possession. The secrets it contains are such as would startle Europe from end to end; but for the present they must be preserved, or I must pay the penalty of their exposure. My life is, therefore, in your hands.'

Through several hours that night I sat thinking over this remarkable declaration, and wondering what could be the nature of the strange documents contained in that unsuspecting looking case which bore the name of a well known firm of oil refiners. It was an ordinary square tin of petroleum such as is used in almost every

household in France and Italy, and as I shook it I could hear the liquid bubbling.

Next day, however, having called at the Cosmopolitan and ascertained that the fair faced woman I loved had gone, I, too, left Nice, and that same night arrived at the quaint old world town of Carpentras, in the hills beyond Avignon, and a week later carried the mysterious box with me to London, where I placed it with my bankers for safety.

That Marya was ensnared by some very remarkable mystery I had felt confident from the very first moment we had met, but this was increased when about a month after my return to London I chanced to attend one of the Marchioness of Milford's balls at Milford House, and there in the drawing room saw my well beloved herself enter.

Her costume of pale blue chiffon, trimmed with silver, was superb, and her diamonds the most magnificent I had beheld, but I stood gazing at her dumbfounded, for she was leaning on the arm of a man who was no stranger to me—her keen-faced servant Ivan. The man, though bent and apparently decrepit, was well dressed, and across his white shirt front was the broad blue and white silken sash of some foreign order, while suspended at his neck was the glittering star of the Order of St. Andrew, one of the highest of Russian distinctions.

Why, I wondered, should this man masquerade as a person of note amid that crowd of English statesmen and notables? Instinctively I disliked him, and held back to watch his movements. The pair were introduced by the Marchioness here and there, and were evidently regarded as persons of distinction. Presently, however, when dancing commenced, Marya gave the first waltz to young Lord Mabelthorpe, one of the Under Secretaries, and at its conclusion stood for a moment alone. Quickly I approached her, and expressed pleasure at meeting her. But with a cold supercilious glance she regarded me with dignified surprise, then simply observed in broken English—

'I am not in the habit of speaking with gentlemen to whom I have not had an introduction,' and she turned away, leaving me alone and discomfited. This rebuff crushed me, for I felt that all standing round had noticed how utterly I had been snubbed. But walking slowly away, deeply puzzled over her curious determination not to recognise me, I suddenly encountered a man who was a kind of animated Delbert.

'Tell me, Ferguson,' I asked quickly, 'who's the girl in blue over there? See, she has just joined the old man who accompanied her.'

'The girl,' he answered. 'Why, don't you know? She's the Princess Marya, daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, and niece of the Tsar.'

'Princess Marya!' I gasped, remembering what I had read in the newspapers regarding her extraordinary beauty, and the fact that a few days before she had visited the Queen at Windsor. 'And the man?' I asked.

'That is General Grinevitch, Governor General of Warsaw, the best hated man in Poland, and one of the Tsar's principal advisers. Do you know them?'

I nodded, tried to smile, and making an excuse, left him, and returned to my own chambers, deep in the bitter thought that Marya, the daughter of an imperial house, could never, alas! be mine. She had deceived me, and refused to recognise me, yet, when I reflected upon all the facts and recollected the love light in her clear blue eyes during those never to be forgotten days at Nice, I refused to denounce her as altogether false and heartless. On that night, when she entrusted to me her secrets, she was indeed desperate. And had she not declared that her life was in my hands?'

It was this latter fact which induced me to keep the appointment I had made, and in accordance with my promise, I took the mysterious tin, packed it securely by my large dressing case, and two days before Christmas eve left for Poland—travelling by way of Ostend and Berlin to Alexandrowo, the Russian frontier. Here, after nearly forty hours of incessant travel, both my passport and baggage were examined, the sample tin of petroleum unearthed, the quantity it contained carefully measured, and upon it I was compelled to pay twelve rubles duty.

Then after many delays and a great

show of officialdom on the part of the frontier guards and gray coated police, I was allowed to enter the train for Warsaw and proceed. The weather was cold, snow covered the ground, and the windows of the carriage were so obscured by ice that it was impossible to see outside. My only companion was a small, wizened faced Russian woman, muffled in costly furs, whose countenance, half hidden by her shuba and hood of fine wool, was decidedly ugly, and as my Russian vocabulary was limited, I did not venture any remark to her. Once or twice, when I lifted my eyes from my book, I detected her gaze fixed curiously upon me, but attributed this to the fact that I was an Englishman. The long hours dragged by slowly as we crawled across the limitless frost-bound plain, white beneath the bright moon, and unrelieved by anything save a few clumps of high, dismal looking pines. I glanced at my watch at last. It was nearly midnight. Therefore I gathered together my traps, in the happy knowledge that in a few moments I should be at my destination, and should once again meet the woman I adored.

I had turned from my companion to adjust the straps around my rugs, when I was startled at hearing my name uttered, and, turning quickly, was astonished to find that my fellow traveller, having cast off her furs, sat with her neat, well dressed figure revealed. It was Marya.

'My disguise was evidently complete!' she exclaimed, laughing, at the same time stretching forth her hand and expressing thanks that I should have kept the appointment.

'You, Princess!' I exclaimed, amazed. 'I had no idea it was you. Your face—'

'Yes; it is wonderful the changes a little theatrical "make-up" will effect in one's features. My maid can render my face old or young, just as she pleases. But you have the box there,' she added in a lower tone. 'I stood beside you when the customs officers examined it. They suspected nothing. And she laughed lightly at the recollection of how ingeniously the tin had been constructed so as to deceive the prying officers of the douane. Then she added: 'I was growing anxious, for I feared lest, after a certain incident in London, you would forget your appointment with me,' and she fixed her luminous eyes calmly upon mine with unwavering glance.

'Why did you refuse to acknowledge me, princess?' I asked, gravely.

'Not princess,' she protested, hastily. 'Am I no longer Marya to you?'

'Yes, yes, of course,' I cried, gladly, snatching up her small hand and imprinting upon it a passionate kiss. 'I still love you; I shall love you always.'

'Ah, no,' she answered, sighing sadly. 'We must not love. When you know the truth you will no longer regard me with affection,' and before I had time to demand further explanation the train had come to a standstill, the door of the compartment opened, and a bearded Russian railway porter, in his heavy winter coat, stood before us, ready to do our bidding.

In an instant, recognising the princess, he touched his cap and said,

'Your highness' carriage is waiting. I will call it.'

'Then we stepped out upon the snow-covered platform, shivering, and were soon afterwards driven away to the outskirts of the city.

'You have performed for me a service for which I cannot sufficiently thank you,' she said, presently, bending towards me with an affectionate gesture. 'Some day I will endeavour to repay you.'

'I desire no repayment, Marya,' I answered. 'You know how fondly I love you.'

'Ah, yes, but I cannot love you in return. I dare not.'

'Why?'

'It would be fatal. It would—'

The carriage stopped suddenly, preventing her finishing the sentence, and I found we were before the great palace of the Grand Duke Paul, which stood alone on the dreary snow-covered high road, where only the telegraph posts marked the track.

We alighted, but ere I had put foot upon the snow I found myself seized by two muscular men, while at the same moment Marya shrieked, 'Ah, the police! We are lost! The Wizard has done this.'

Not an instant was allowed me for reflection, for I was hustled into a hired carriage, apparently held in readiness, and, with an officer on

either side of me, was driven away, not, however, before I had heard my well beloved in altercation with the Chief of Police. She defied him, declaring her immunity from arrest without an order of the Tzar himself, as she was of the royal blood.

'Ah, you will go to the mines soon enough, my pretty one,' I heard the man exclaim, with a brutal laugh. Then I was driven off.

'That night, tired and hungry, I spent in a squalid police cell, and next morning was driven to the palace of the Government and ushered into a small room, where at a small table sat the evil faced man whom I had known at Nice as Ivan Ivanovitch, Marya's servant.

He was attired in the imposing white uniform of the Guard, his breast covered with medals and crosses, and as I entered he glanced up and gave a grunt of satisfaction. Before him stood the bright tin box.

I bowed and began to complain of the extraordinary treatment I had received, when, with a low imprecation, he silenced me, and in obedience to a sign the three police officers who had accompanied me at once set to work upon the mysterious tin box, unscrewing the metal stopper, emptying the oil, and then turning the empty case on end and commenced ripping open the tin with extreme caution by means of a small pair of sharp shears.

Slowly they cut the metal around all four sides, being watched breathlessly by the general and myself, until suddenly the whole of the bottom was raised, and then to my amazement I saw concealed in a narrow air-tight compartment and packed carefully in wadding a small casket of repousse silver, such as ladies use upon their toilet tables. Gingerly the police officials withdrew it, examined it minutely, and then handed it over to the scrutiny of an elderly spectacled man in civilian attire, who felt its weight, and then by means of a small chisel, and with infinite care, removed its lid.

Inside was a quantity of delicate mechanism. The silver trinket box was nothing less than an ingeniously constructed bomb filled with a most deadly and powerful explosive.

I stood aghast, unable to speak a word.

The general, fixing his keen eyes upon me, said, 'This is a conspiracy against the person of His Majesty. To-morrow you start for Siberia.'

At that instant one of the officials took up the opened bomb to examine it, when suddenly there was a frightful explosion which shook the building

and caused the walls of the room to collapse and fall. I have a distinct recollection of witnessing a bright flash, blinding as lightning, pass close to the governor's face, but in an instant I became stunned by the terrific force of the explosion and choked by the dust. But only for a few moments. Then, recovering consciousness and extracting myself from the fallen masonry, I glanced around and saw to my horror that all five men who had been my fellow occupants of that room were terribly maimed, and were dead or dying. The limbs of each were shattered, while the evil face of General Grinevitch had been blown out of all recognition.

Across my mind the thought flashed that by the explosion all who had held knowledge Marya's secret had been swept away. I alone remained uninjured. Therefore, I bent, squeezed myself through a crack in the wall, and found myself outside in a barren snow-covered garden. Behind me I could hear the shouts of the excited crowd assembling in the street, but I rushed forward, brushing my clothes as I went, and soon gained the railway station. Within an hour of the explosion I had started on my long journey back to London.

When safe on English soil three days later I wrote to Marya, using well-guarded language, but to my letter received no reply. That my divinity was a Nihilist there was no room for doubt. Indeed, in the following spring we met again at Nice, and then she admitted to me that it had fallen to her to make an attempt on the life of General Grinevitch, the Governor-General, who, on account of his inhumanity and cruelty towards political suspects and his autocratic power to send batches of persons to Siberia by administrative process, had been nicknamed by the revolutionists 'The Wizard of Warsaw.' She, a daughter of the imperial house, feared herself to introduce the bomb into Russia, and had, therefore, induced me to do so. Grinevitch had, however, obtained knowledge of the conspiracy and arrested me, only to meet with his death in the manner I had witnessed.

During the season we often met at Cannes, Mentone, Monte Carlo, and other places on the Riviera, and frequently walked and dined together, but no further words of love I spoke to her. I now saw how mysterious were her actions, how desperate she was, and what a terrible and passionate enthusiasm possessed her whole being.

One evening, in her private sitting-room at the Cosmopolitan, I saw lying

on the table a pair of man's white buckskin gloves, and taking them up I inquired whose they were, and made a feint to put them on.

In an instant she dashed toward me with a cry of terror and snatched them from my grasp. I asked the reason, but she evaded my question. That night after dinner we discussed the political situation, and she spoke of the approaching death of the Tzar Alexander as if the date were fixed, declaring that it would be a glorious day, for Russia would then be free.

We parted when the season waned. She returned with her servants to her father's great palace, on the outskirts of Warsaw, and I to my modest London chambers.

Six months later, however, the whole civilised world was startled by the sudden and mysterious illness of the Tzar, and a few days later Russia was plunged into mourning.

A week afterwards I received by post a report of the tragic event from an anonymous correspondent. In a spirit of exultation it was stated that the Nihilists had succeeded in 'removing the autocrat' by simple means. In the finger of one of his gloves there had been placed a pin smeared with the deadliest of arrow poisons of the Congo, and that the laceration of His Majesty's finger had caused death.

The postmark of the letter was Warsaw, and the fine angular handwriting was that of the Princess Marya.

[The End.]

GRECIAN GRACEFULNESS.

That is a goal towards which fashion seems to be setting. Greek modes are noticeable in all the new tea gowns, lounging robes, etc., and in the new coiffures. Many effectively pretty evening gowns of the simpler sort are cast on long flowing lines, falling straight from hip and shoulder, while the length of the front breadths, of gowns of ceremony, is quite astonishing. Gowns to be worn exclusively in the drawing-room fall an inch on the floor in front, are smooth fitting at the hip, but flow full from the knees down. To wear such, says the 'Philadelphia Times,' a woman must needs walk with the stately dignity of a goddess, since nothing is more difficult to carry about pleasingly than these statuette robes. Stout women frankly rejoice in this leaning towards the classic mode, for with the flowing skirts they gain height, while with the draped sleeve, fastened at the shoulder and falling to the knee, and the slight definition of line at bust and waist, a clumsily stout woman is transferred into a very fair adaptation of the modern Juno. When to this is allied the new method of hair decoration, a very severity is arrived at. Distinctly the coiffure a la Grec is a clever French idea. It has been introduced, they say, in order to have a style in renouance against the vanishing of the long regnant pompadour. Although the hair dressers now have their tiring rooms decorated with busts of the Venus of the Louvre and her fair Majesty of Medici, with other Olympian belles, and a customer is asked to choose the model after which her own coiffure shall be compiled, there is only an adaptation made from the heads of these Greek beauties. The hair is carefully waved on a new shape of iron and treated with a colourless liquid, to give the tresses a glitter and a certain solidity of quality that the sculptured locks show. Pins are so put in as to be almost invisible, and absolutely no ornaments are used. There are in all at least half a dozen decided styles of Greek coiffure, adapted from statuary, and there are a few women, wonderful to say, whom the simplicity of head decoration does not distinctly become.

A KLONDIKE NUGGET.

A young man of Hamilton, Ontario, who went mining to seek his fortune, wrote back to his father that he had done well, and added this P.S.: 'I will be home Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat.'

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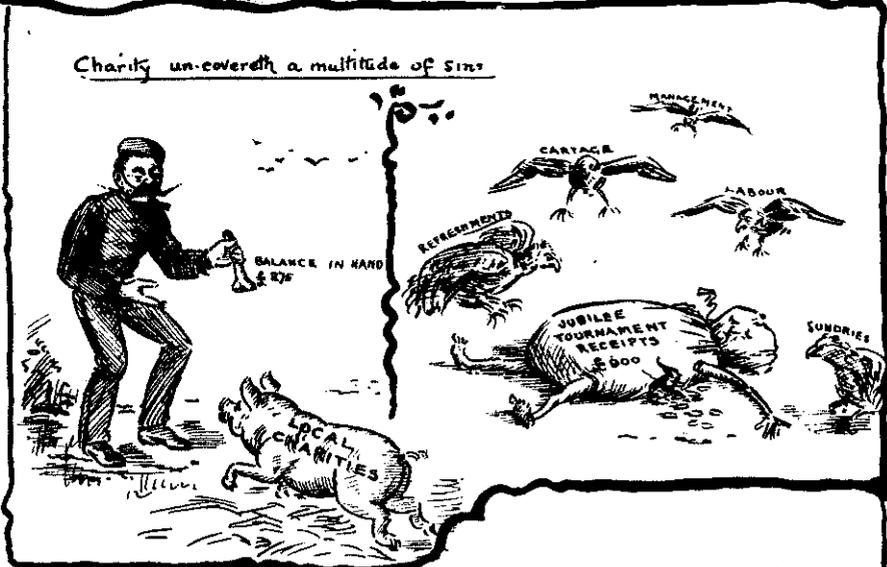
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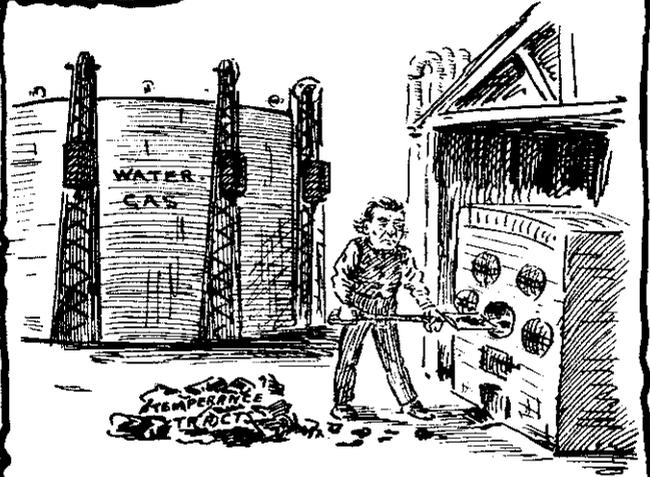
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The horns of a dilemma



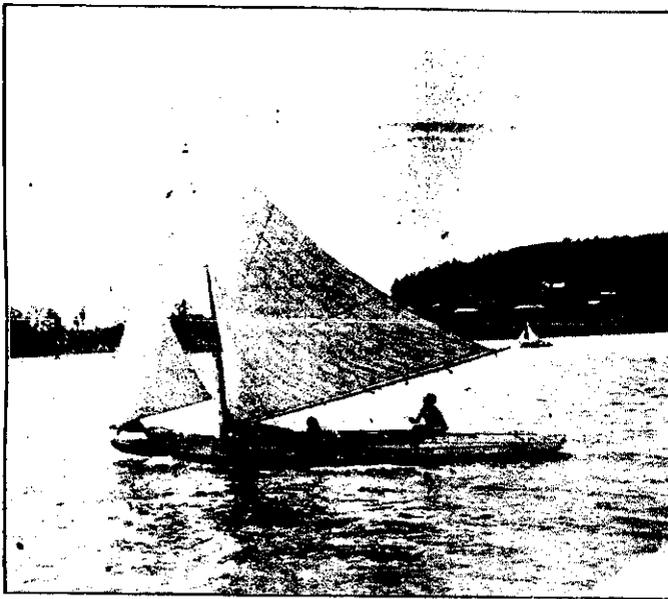
Extensive preparations are being made in the country districts for immediate local option campaign work, in view of the next local option poll.

It has been stated that the Premier intends leaving the settlement of the vexed question of the rival routes of the main trunk line to his colleague the Minister for Public Works. (To be decided on its merits, of course!)

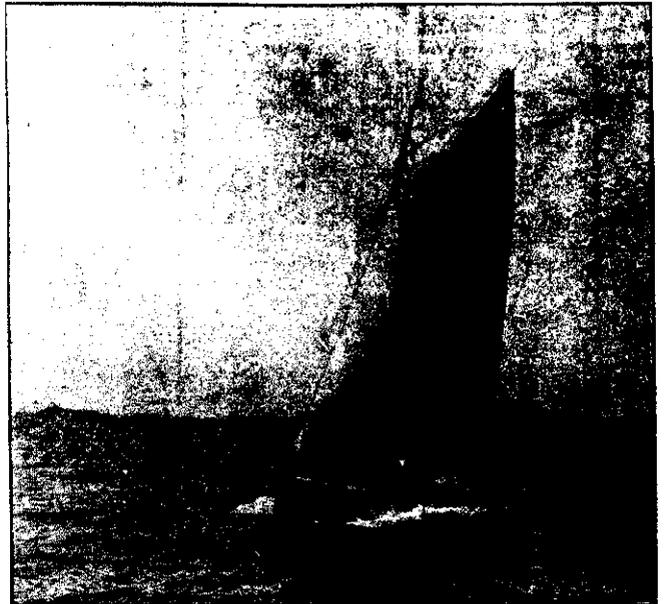


The N.Z. Times states; — We are now in a position to state authoritatively that the Hon J. McKenzie, while retaining his position in the Cabinet, will for a time relinquish his duties in order to pay a visit to his native land. As the country managed to survive the Premier's absence at Jubilee time it will no doubt recover from the shock caused by the departure of the Hon John.

Stobley Hunter 98



MR R. LOGAN'S 1-RATER "MERCIA"; WINNER OF CHAMPIONSHIP.



MR C. BAILEY'S "LAUREL"; SECOND IN CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHAMPIONSHIP YACHT RACE, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

CHAMPIONSHIP YACHT RACE.

AN INTERCOLONIAL CONTEST.

MERCIA WINS THE FIRST RACE.

The first of three races to decide the intercolonial championship for one-rater yachts took place in Auckland on December 29 in connection with the North Shore Native Regatta. The event excited a considerable amount

of interest, yachts having been brought over from Sydney and Adelaide to contest the championship against the local boats. The race resulted in an easy win for Mercia, a new boat built by Logan Bros., of Auckland. She went to the front in the heat out into the Channel the first time round, and was never caught again, finishing ten minutes ahead of Laurel, Messrs C. and W. Bailey's new one-rater.

The following were the starters:—

Alma (W. Bailey and Lowe), Bronzewing IV. (S. Hordern, jun., of Sydney), Geisha (Hymill Brothers, Adelaide), Laurel (C. Bailey, junr.), Mahoe (F. and B. Stonex), Maku Maile (J. Clare), Mercia (Logan Brothers), Vanora (F. Trice), Waitekauri (C. Collings). The course was from the flagship round turk-boat near Stanley Point, thence round mark off Hobson's Bay, thence round mark in Rangitoto Channel, finishing off flagship; twice round. Distance, 18 miles. Mr Alex. Alison

acted as starter, and Mr F.W. Coombes as timekeeper.

by 10 minutes from Laurel. The race resulted:

Mercia, 5h 8m 45s.....	1
Laurel, 5h 18m 50s.....	2
Alma, 5h 25m.....	3

Maku Maile was fourth, finishing at 5h 36m 25s, and Waitekauri, Geisha, and Bronzewing finished in that order some time after. Mahoe and Vanora did not finish.



MR S. H. GOLLAN'S "TIRANT D'EAU."

Favourite for the Cup Handicap.



MR J. J. RUSSELL'S "UHLAN."

Winner of the Auckland Cup.



THE SADDLING PADDOCK.

Photos. by Bell.



MR G. G. STEAD'S "SCREWGUN."

Winner of the Great Northern Foal Stakes.

THE UGLIEST BASTE IN THE SHOW.

An amusing incident was witnessed in a menagerie the other day. Here and there between the cages a number of the well-known trick mirrors were placed. An Irishman, after a critical survey of the monkeys, had wandered away from his better half and suddenly found himself in front of one of those mirrors.

After one glance at his distorted reflection he rushed back to his wife, who was still watching the antics of the monkeys. 'Come away wid ye, Bridget,' he exclaimed. 'O've found a bigger trate than that—the ugliest baste in the show. He's in a little cage in the corner.'

Bridget offered no objections. Two or three of the bystanders who had heard Pat's remark were equally anxious to obtain a peep at the 'ugliest baste,' and there was quite a procession to the 'little cage in the corner.' Pat as the original discoverer, secured first place and dragged his wife in front of the mirror. To his astonishment there was more in the 'cage' than he expected.

'Begorra, Bridget,' he suddenly exclaimed, 'there's a pair av 'em!' Pat had a lively time of it when someone explained the situation to Bridget.

JOKING WITH THE QUEEN.

There is said to be only one man who has ever dared to make a joke in the presence of the Queen. This is Canon Teignmouth-Shore, at one time governor to the children of the Prince of Wales, and a splendid type of Irish humorist. He was discussing with Her Majesty the question why it was that shoemakers were supposed to be so advanced in their heterodoxy and in the want of faith in futurity. 'Why, ma'am,' quietly remarked the audacious Canon, 'one could hardly expect a shoemaker to believe in the immortality of the sole (soul)!' Her Majesty enjoyed the joke and laughed very heartily over it.

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CYCLING.

The Auckland Cycling Club must have been gratified at the splendid attendance at their carnival on Tuesday evening, on the exhibition sports ground. There must have been nearly five thousand people present, and the capacious grand stand was filled from end to end. Experience has now shown that the sports held in the evening at the Exhibition are patronised by the public to a far greater extent than afternoon races. Of course the attendance at the Exhibition is always largest in the evening, and so it is easier then to draw a crowd to the sports than it would be during the day. Besides, watching the races on a fine cool night, when the track is brightly illuminated, is much pleasanter than during the heat of the afternoon. Some of the cyclists have not the same feeling of security at night, on account of the shadows on the track; but it is reassuring to note that on Tuesday night there was but one spill, and that occurred through the rider's tyre puncturing.

Various are the explanations which have been given for the 'camel back,' the most hideous and ungainly of all the positions devised for bicycle riding. The most generally accepted has, of course, been that riders bend over their handle bars in order to reduce the resistance of their bodies to the wind, but a French physician has now come forward to declare that, like a good many other popular beliefs, this is quite erroneous. According to him, the position is due to the fact that the lungs create the instinct to inflate themselves with the greatest possible ease, and in going at a rapid rate through the air a new relation is created to which the body has to adapt itself, and so far from being an objection, declares the physician, the hump in obedience to this law is really the only rational method of riding.

The forced auction sales in the summer (says 'Bicycling News') may have played havoc with the cycle agent, but it has done good in one way, viz., by inducing people to ride who would not have done so but for the 'bargain' so temptingly held before them by the specious auctioneer. The sale-room bargain appeals to a man who thinks, 'Well, if I can buy a first-class bicycle for £10, I don't mind getting one for the wife. She has been bothering me for a long time for one.' And then, seized by the craze, he invests in one for himself. Result: two more cyclists and more work for the under—we mean the cycle repairer.

Personally conducted cycling tours on the Continent bid fair to rival Cook's excursions in popularity. For myself, I think one of the great charms of wheeling in a new district is to fly hither and thither at your own sweet will with no fixed plan of campaign, not tied down by arrangements that have been made for you, but exploring in this direction or that as your fancy moves you. There are, however, a large number of tourists who like to be saved the trouble of thinking for themselves, and for these a Mr Milnes, of the North Road Club, provides very successful trips. His mixed parties seem to 'catch on,' and France to be the most popular country for touring, as all cyclists who cross the Channel seem anxious to

include Paris in the tour. In order to prevent scorching, Mr Sparling, the Continental director of tours, appoints one of the ladies captain of the tour, and allows her to fix the pace. The club rule that the captain shall lead in then enforced, and any member of the party who passes her is fined. The nature of the fine is decided upon by mutual consent, and varies from a bottle of wine to a pair of gloves. Mr Milnes is contemplating arranging personally conducted tours throughout the United Kingdom next summer.

The Brough Polytechnic Cycling Club has earned unenviable notoriety for its experience at Morden, Surrey. Its members held a garden party last June there, and the host of the Crown Inn supplied the tea. Having guaranteed an attendance of 75, they came down, like wolves on the fold, 300 strong, and in the visitors' book left the record, 'Borough Polytechnic's Cycling Club's garden party, June 11, 300 members and friends, and we all has a great time. Hurrah!' They departed, however, without paying, and when the bill for £10 was presented, first of all complained that there was no green stuff, and then that the bread was new, and finally decided to pay less than they had agreed upon. Mine host, however, sued, and in the course of the proceedings alleged that some of the cyclists had drunk eight cups of his tea right off, and that they had had as much bread and butter and jam and cake as a healthy man could eat. Eventually he received judgment for the £10 for which he had sued.

A man in South Devon holds the record for puncture mending. Being short of patches, and having punctured on the sands, he cut off a dry piece of seaweed, solutioned it over the puncture, and whirled on his homeward way rejoicing.

The Touring Club de France is having its own private hotel in a central part of Paris.

The usual crop of accidents is reaped in England every week, but some stranger than usual are worthy of record. A cyclist near Whitton rushed 'suddenly down a steep place, into a herd of swine that were crossing the road. It was the cyclist, not the swine, that had the heavy fall this time.

Another enterprising rider in Scotland mistook the lamps of a dogcart for the lights of bicycles, and tried to run between them. He collided with the horse, the shaft of the dogcart went under his armpit and tore his coat, the vehicle passed over him, but although the bicycle was smashed, he escaped.

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AUCKLAND EXHIBITION NOTES.

(By our Flippant Flaneur.)

As everyone anticipated, the Exhibition has boomed with the largest sort of B during the holidays. All previous records have been broken, and notwithstanding several very powerful counter attractions, the evening attendances have all been of a phenomenal nature. Until this week a singular feature in the crowd was the absence of country folk and visitors.

This week they have come, and come—not singly, but in battalions. They are easily discernible, not from any difference in dress, for, if anything, they are smarter than our own folk—but from the superior briskness and the thoroughgoing way in which they attack the serious business of sightseeing. Their pluck and perseverance in the face of the overpowering fatigue which (even with the strongest mortals) follows two or three hours' perambulation of the Exhibition passages, arouses my unbounded admiration.

Their staying power is truly extraordinary, and one can only envy, with a deep and mighty envy, their astounding capacity for enjoyment. They get the best and uttermost out of everything, from high-class concerts to Punch and Judy and cycle sports.

I cannot but think, too, that they must have increased the business of the lollie and sweetmeat stores a hundred per cent.

And this brings me to a grievance, which I have long wished to air.

Why are there not, at all theatres and concert halls, certain seats set apart for those whose enjoyment is incomplete unless they are eating throughout the entire entertainment? Or, since the vast majority of theatre and concert goers in the colony appear to belong to this category, why is not some provision made for those to whom sugar-sucking is not merely unnecessary but repellent?

At the risk of being denounced as a faddist, I must protest against being bound to sit next to, in front of, or behind people engaged for hours at a stretch in vigorous and outwardly visible, and, worse still, audible exercise of the organ of mastication, and the perpetual pumping of the saliva glands.

Ham sandwiches and pork pies I can forgive, specially if taken openly, and not in surreptitious scraps from a crackling bag. Chocolates are offensive, but can be borne, but 'mixtures,' lozenges, rock, or boiled lollies, which require biting, and rollings of the tongue, and smackings of the lips, and gurglings of the throat in their consumption, are utterly intolerable, and incline one to homicidal mania.

The passing of the bags and boxes backwards and forwards, is of itself an outrage, and it is a most repulsive and disgusting experience to gaze at the stage between and over whole rows of champing jaws. The habit, which is one of pure and unadulterated greediness, is so universal that it is hopeless to attempt its abolition save by heroic measures. Any man about to marry should make it a condition that the girl of his choice shall forthwith give up lollie-sucking at concerts, etc., for his sake. No doubt it would lead to many matches coming to nothing, but eventually it would do good. In the meantime, I do implore managers to provide one or two seats in all parts of their theatres for those who take what refreshments they want at home or between the acts only.

This is not so wide a digression as it may seem, for the vice is seen at its very worst at the Exhibition. There is a 'sweet' stall just near the entrance to the concert hall, and everyone seems to invest. At an organ recital on Friday afternoon one could hardly hear the instrument for the smacking of jaws and the swallowing of sugared saliva. Fact!

The splendid programme announced for the evening concert by the Orchestral Society and the Exhibition soloists was not sufficient to draw a very large audience to the Choral Hall.

The night was warm to excess, and many preferred the open air, but the fine programme was listened to with such evident appreciation by those who braved the discomfort of a hot hall, very badly ventilated, that Mr Arthur Towsey and his really capital orchestra must have shared in the enjoyment they so evidently bestowed.

The arrangements were good, and those who had come to enjoy the whole concert were not unduly disturbed by those who regarded it as a promenade entertainment.

Of necessity, there was some coming and going, but the ushers—whose work is no sinecure, by the way—did their utmost to confine it to its proper times and seasons, and when it is considered that this was a 'race night' in the height of the holidays, it must be confessed they did their duty admirably. At the same time, some cork carpet, or even cocoanut matting, down the main alleyways would be a vast relief both to the audience and the musicians, who must frequently be on edge at the interruptions they have occasionally to endure.

The concert opened with the Entr'acte and Valse from the beautiful Coppelia ballet music, and was followed by the Mazurka. Both items were well rendered. The time was excellent, this being specially the case in the Mazurka, which went with admirable verve and go.

The overture of William Tell and the Unfinished Symphony were, as on a previous occasion, delightfully interpreted.

Madame Du Rieu sang a somewhat unfamiliar operatic solo, which, though beautiful in the extreme, and sung in masterly fashion, did not arouse much enthusiasm, but she received a perfect ovation for her capital rendering of the 'Promise of Life,' a song more easily understood of the people.

A new song, 'Oh, for a Burst of Song,' by Albertson, was heard for the first time in the colony. It could scarcely have enjoyed more favourable conditions for a debut, being sung by Mr John Prouse.

Though a musically composition, the song is not, however, one likely to have any particular vogue. Possibly, it might improve on acquaintance, but on a first hearing the music appeared to lack colour or interest.

THE NATIVE REGATTA AND CARNIVAL, AUCKLAND.

We give some interesting pictures of some of the events in the Native Regatta and Carnival now drawing to a close in Auckland, which has been one of the many attractions of the holiday season in the North this year. Tuesday of last week was the first great day of the Carnival and some five thousand people visited the Caliope Dock, North Shore, where the Maoris are encamped and the sports held. The spectators were much interested in inspecting the native encampment of tents and whares, in which about five hundred natives are temporarily housed, and in watching the native mode of cooking in the 'hangi,' or earth ovens.

Conspicuous features of the camp are the five Maori whares which have been constructed by the various tribes for the house-building competitions, for which prizes are offered. The whares are constructed of manuka framework, and raupo and nikau walls and thatch, and are each 20 feet by 14 feet, with an open porch in front, after the orthodox Maori style.

Every day during the Carnival the 'Kia Ora' Maori Brass Band (from Takapu, Rangiri), under Pompey Totara as bandmaster; the 'Nreungea' Band (from Onewhero), under Mr Batchelder; and the Kaikohe Brass Band played a number of pleasing selections of music.

The native hakas, or 'tu-wawau' (dances), formed one of the principal features of the afternoon. Hakas are not the strong point of the Waikato young men nowadays; football and band playing are more in the line of these degenerate scions of a warrior race, and they were easily out-danced by the Arawa contingent from Rotorua, the male members of which stripped for the occasion, and wore only the old Maori 'rapaki,' consisting of a shawl or sheet round their waists. The Waikato dancers consisted chiefly of members of the 'Kia Ora' and 'Ngeangea' bands, with the addition of several Maori women and girls.

Each of the three rival 'haka' parties (two from Waikato and one from Rotorua) danced several hakas and gave action songs, one being an imitation of a tug-of-war. Those who had not previously seen a good Maori haka were much interested in the dances.

The 'Kia Ora' Band members were the first to compete in the haka con-

tests for the prize of £5. About 15 men and the same number of women composed the party, which was under the leadership of a chief named Ngawharau Pukauae, belonging to the Ngatinaho tribe, from Takapu, on the Waikato river. These people gave several dances, one of which was a very amusing imitation of an Irish jig. The second dancing party then went through their share of the work. This party consisted of the members of the 'Ngawanga' Band (King Mahuta's), headed by old Parukan, attired in native costume, and by a chief named Puhī Rauwaho, from One-whero, both of whom brandished fine 'patua,' or 'meres,' and acted as masters of ceremonies. One or two haka were danced by these natives, and they sat down amidst loud applause. The Arawa contingent, from Rotorua, then came forward, and the athletic, stalwart appearance of the men was much admired. The women were headed by a woman named Kiri Matai, who is a splendid leader of a dance. The Rotorua contestants danced one or two excellent haka, and the women then gave a very pretty 'poi' dance, with balls of gauze held by a short string.

The judges awarded the first prize for the haka to the Rotorua party, who were undoubtedly the best as regards costume and dancing. The Ngawanga party secured second prize, and the Kia Ora third.

THE CANOE RACES.

The canoe hurdle races in the Callopie Dock caused great amusement and were witnessed by thousands of spectators from the terraces of steps around the dock basin. The hurdle was a pole about a foot above the water in the centre of the dock, the ends of the hurdle resting on floating platforms. For the first event, a canoe hurdle race for men, two in each canoe, three crews competed. The 'kopapa,' or small canoes, which competed were the Maori, Romana, and Kahiraitei, all from the Waikato river. The Maori, manned by Paul Aubrey and Hori Paki, won after a very interesting and amusing contest.

The next event was a canoe hurdle race for women, two in each canoe, which gave rise to intense excitement, owing to the frantic efforts of the winners to get over the hurdles and the frequent capsizes of the canoes. The Kahiraitei won the event. The winning crew were two women named Pungapunga and Whakara.

A canoe hurdle race for men followed, the course being two and a-half lengths of the dock. Kahiraitei won, the crew being Kerapa Rotana and son. A canoe tug-of-war, three in each canoe, also took place, the Kahiraitei winning after a tough struggle.

But the event of the Carnival, which was looked forward to with the greatest interest was the war canoe race on Saturday afternoon. Three war canoes—the Tahereikitihi (Waikato), and the Onapere and Tawatawa, from the Bay of Islands competed, and each was decorated in ancient style, and carried between 40 and 50 men. Seeing that it was probably the last contest of its kind that will take place in New Zealand, the number of spectators assembled to witness it was very large.

In connection with the war canoe race we reproduce a picture from the 'London Illustrated News' of October, 1862, taken of the Waitemata Harbour on Regatta Day of that year. As the engraving shows, there was a great Maori war canoe race that year. To the left of the picture is seen Her Majesty's steamship Miranda, and on the left is Her Majesty's steamship Fawn. Both vessels had been ordered up from Taranaki by Commodore Seymour after the cessation of hostilities. 'The very unsettled state of the colony for nearly two years,' says the 'News,' 'prevented the natives from joining with the Europeans in their amusements; but the timely arrival of Sir George Grey very soon produced an amount of confidence sufficient to cause a belief that the odious 'Law for Fighting' would soon be rendered nugatory; therefore a native tribe living near Auckland, on the Coromandel coast, was induced to bring their war canoes and warriors to join with the Pukehas (or white men) in the amusements of the regatta. Many other more distant tribes would have joined, but they ascertained that only one prize was to be gained, however numerous the competitors; consequently they declined to undergo the great exertion necessary to compete with their brethren unless a prize was guaranteed to every crew that enter-

ed, without which they could see no fun in undergoing so much fatigue merely for amusement; and the tribes which was persuaded to participate in the regatta agreed among themselves beforehand that the amount of money gained as a prize was to be equally divided among them in consideration of the labour endured by each individual in the exertion of his utmost strength. The sight of this extraordinary canoe race was not one to be easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. The chiefs performed hideous antics and gesticulations, acting as fuglemen, and going through the most remarkable contortions of the body combined with frightful screams and yells, which were responded to in perfect cadence by all those in a sitting posture (women even included).'

IMPROMPTU JUSTICE.

The 'St. James' Budget' tells the following somewhat unbelievable story gleaned from the columns of the 'Times':—

'Herr Wolff, special correspondent of the "Tageblatt," having an idle day somewhere between Kiao Chou and Tsing-tau, went out in quest of adventures with his dog, Schuster, and his clerk. Arriving at a courthouse he found a mandarin preparing to try thirteen Chinese, charged with murdering German missionaries. Waving a piece of paper, which he declared was his warrant, he promptly took the highest seat, ordered 'Herr Von Schuster' to take the next in dignity to his right, placed his clerk on his left, waived aside the bewildered mandarin (who doubtless thought that this was the 'nailed fist' in person) and called for the prisoners, whom, without hearing evidence, he promptly acquitted. He then rode off, followed by Herr von Schuster and the clerk, declaring that the order of the day was at an end.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

There was a large attendance at the recent handicap pigeon shooting meeting held at Potter's Paddock, Auckland, under the auspices of the Northern Gun Club. The match was a nine bird one, and there were six prizes given, the first being £45, the second £25, the third £15, the fourth £7, the fifth £5, and the sixth £3. The acceptors numbered 65. Major Morrow, hon. secretary, made all the necessary arrangements, and Mr James Russell acted as referee. The results were as follows:—

Dr. Owen, 30yds, and Mr H. Cutts, 29yds, divide first and second.
Messrs C. D. Kennedy, 27yds, and A. Bull, 23yds, divide third and fourth.
Mr George Parsons, 28yds, fifth.
Mr Claud Young, 29yds, sixth.



Cell. photo. MR H. CUTTS AND DR. H. OWEN.
Winners of the Pigeon Shooting Handicap in Auckland.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The formal installation of Mr J. G. Trevor as Mayor of Blenheim took place on Wednesday, and the proceedings were unusually brief, as apparently most of those making speeches were under the impression that 'brevity is the soul of wit.'

Mrs Harry Jackson, of Wanganui, is in Auckland at present on a visit to her parents, Capt. and Mrs Worsp.

Miss Farnum, of Johnsonville, is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents in Blenheim.

Mr and Mrs Thornton, of Waikato, were in Auckland during the holidays.

Miss G. Fisher arrived by coach from Nelson on Wednesday, and after spending a day or two in Blenheim with Mrs Carey, left for 'Birch Hill,' where she will stay for the Christmas holidays with Mrs Lambie.

The editor of 'Maori Art' is working hard at his MS. in the Urewera Country. Mr A. Hamilton is publishing it by arrangement with the New Zealand Institute.

Mr Ward, of New Plymouth, was in Blenheim on Thursday on his way to Havelock, where some of his relations are living.

Mr T. Wilford is visiting Auckland from Wellington.

Mr R. A., Mrs and Miss Lusher, of Auckland, have returned from their trip to the Old Country.

Mr and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, of Auckland, are visiting Gisborne.

Miss M. Douslin, head mistress of the Blenheim Girls' School, left for Wellington on Wednesday on a holiday trip, which she will extend as far as Auckland.

The Rev. W. G. Ivens, of the Melanesian Mission, passed through Auckland last week on his way to Lyttelton.

Miss M. Ewart has returned to Blenheim after an enjoyable visit to the Pelorus Sound.

The Auckland races attracted a number of Southern visitors, amongst whom are Mr G. G. Stead and Mr Wilfred Stead.

Mrs Goodson, of Hawera, is in Auckland.

Mr Colenso, of the Norfolk Island Melanesian Mission, is at present in Auckland.

Mrs and Miss Richmond, of 'The Cliffs,' Nelson, have gone to visit friends in Dunedin.

Mr G. G. and Mr Wilfred Stead (Christchurch) left for Auckland on Tuesday evening.

Mr H. Watson, who is a master in the Wanganui College, arrived in Blenheim on Thursday, and started to bicycle to Nelson early on Friday morning.

After visiting the Hot Lakes, the ex-Mayor of Coolgardie, Mr James Shaw, with his family, remained at Rotorua for the holidays.

Mrs R. McCullum has gone to visit her parents, Mr and Mrs Grady, in Wellington, and left Blenheim, with her children, on Wednesday. Mr McCullum leaves by the steamer to-night to join them.

Mr and Mrs D. Nolan, of Auckland, are once more at home, after a pleasant European visit of some months.

Mr and Mrs John Beaumont (London) left for Wellington on Saturday, and thence to Auckland, returning South before leaving again for England.

The many friends of Mr J. R. Carey, of Sydney, are glad to see him again in Auckland.

Miss Mabin, of Blenheim, has gone to spend Christmas in Wellington.

Dr. L. L. Smith, of Sydney, who has a perfect alphabet attached to his name, will visit New Zealand shortly.

The Hon. J. McKenzie may return to the Cabinet after his trip to England, if his health allows of his doing so.

Miss Broad, of Wellington, who has been spending a few weeks in Nelson, arrived in Blenheim on Thursday, where she stayed at the Vicarage with her aunt, Mrs Grace, until Saturday, when she drove out to 'Langley Dale' to spend Christmas with Mrs W. Adams.

The Rev. Hector Hawkins, who was educated at Te Aute College, Hawke's Bay, has been ordained deacon for mission work amongst the Maoris on the East Coast of the North Island.

Mr H. Burden, of Blenheim, has gone to spend the usual vacation for lawyers, at Napier, where his parents reside.

Among the visitors to Auckland this holiday season is Miss M. E. Bush, of Christchurch, the well-known solo pianiste and accompaniste. Miss Bush, who is staying with her brother in the Northern city, has the best appointed studio in Christchurch, and is looked upon as one of the most talented musicians and efficient teachers in the South.

Miss Brabant, who has been on a long visit to her sister, Mrs Richardson, of Nelson, returned to her home in Auckland this week.

Miss Bourne is visiting her brother and Mrs Baillie at Para, Picton.

The Mayor of Nelson (Mr F. Trask) gave an enjoyable fishing excursion to the City Councillors and others this week. The party left by special steamer on Tuesday night, and a pleasant time was spent next day in Tiritangi and Admiralty Bays, fishing being the chief amusement. All returned home on Wednesday night, having greatly enjoyed the excursion. Mr F. Trask has been installed as Mayor of Nelson for the ninth year in succession.

Mrs H. M. Haslett, Auckland, is spending a few months with her people in Picton. All her old friends are glad to see her again.

Miss G. Broad, of Wellington, has been on a short visit to her grandmother, Mrs Colt, of Nelson, and has now gone to join Mrs W. Adams' Christmas party at 'Langley Dale.'

Mr Philip Mulex left Nelson last Wednesday for England, and thence to Edinburgh, where he will continue his medical studies.

Mrs John Robertson, of Sydney, is at present in Auckland.

Mrs F. Brooks and family, of Cambridge, have gone to spend part of the Christmas holidays in Auckland.

The Misses J. and E. Chaytor, 'Marshlands,' Spring Creek, drove in to Picton on Wednesday to meet their sister, Miss Constance Chaytor, returning home for the holidays. Misses Rutherford (2) and Allen (2) are also home again for the holidays.

Miss Gannaway, of Nelson, has gone to visit friends in the Wairarapa.

Miss Seymour, Mr A. P. Seymour, and Mr F. Seymour returned to Picton from the Sounds on Saturday for the Christmas holidays. Mr Walter Seymour is also in Picton.

Mr and Mrs T. Gresham and family, of Te Awamutu, are spending three weeks in Auckland.

Miss Empson, Cambridge, has been on a flying visit of a week to Auckland.

Mrs Rutherford, Picton, spent a few days in Wellington last week.

Mrs McLaughlan, of Waitekauri, has been staying with her mother, Mrs Banks, at 'Gwynnelands,' Cambridge.

Mr H. Baillie, Bank of New Zealand, Curterton, is in Picton for the Christmas holidays.

Mr and Mrs F. C. Brown, of Komata, are spending a week in Cambridge.

Among the numerous Wellington visitors to Picton just now are Mr and Mrs Menteth and family, Miss Allen, Mr R. Laery.

Miss Amy Jones has left Cambridge on a visit to her sister, Mrs J. C. Graham, of Gisborne.

Miss Gibson (Girls' College, Nelson) has gone to her home in Christchurch for the holidays.

Miss Freda Downes, Dunedin, is in Picton for a month or so visiting her relations at 'Brooklyn.'

Mrs Pearson, of Wellington, is staying with Mrs Pitt of 'Muritai,' Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Gillfillan and family, of Parnell, Auckland, are staying in Cambridge at present.

Mr and Mrs Robert Scott, Spring Creek, are spending the Christmas holidays in Picton with Dr. and Mrs Scott.

Mrs Sweet (Nelson) and her little boy have gone to visit the Auckland Exhibition.

Mr W. Carey, of the Loan and Mercantile Company's office, Wellington, arrived in Picton on Saturday, and proceeded down the Sound to enjoy camp life for a brief holiday.

Mrs J. R. S. Richardson, of Cambridge, is spending the Christmas holidays in Auckland.

Miss Livesay, Kaikoura, spent a few days in Picton with Mrs Robertshaw on her way to Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Rout, of Cambridge, have been visiting Auckland.

Mrs A. H. Thorpe and her daughter left Auckland for the South last week. Mr and Mrs W. Birch of 'Erehwon,' Hawke's Bay, returned to New Zealand by the Mokoia and are staying in Wellington with Mrs William Pharyzyn in Hobson-street, for some weeks prior to returning to their station in Hawke's Bay.

The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, with his wife and daughters, was in Christchurch for the New Year. After visiting Temuka, thence the Premier returns to his West Coast home to enjoy a brief family holiday.

Miss Cunningham (New Plymouth) has gone for a trip to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Ernest Izard (Hawera) are paying a short visit to Mr Izard's parents, Mr and Mrs Charles Izard, in Wellington.

Miss E. Spencer, of Napier, has gone into the country for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs Hursthouse (New Plymouth) is visiting her sister, Mrs Lattey, of Auckland.

The Rev. W. Colenso, F.R.S., of Napier has been made an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society.

Miss Edith Ball, who has been staying in Christchurch for some time, returned to Blenheim this week.

Mr J. Hourigan is staying in Auckland. He has come over from New South Wales for a visit and to appreciate the milder New Zealand climate.

Miss Webb-Bowen and Miss Leggatt, of Nelson, have gone to spend Christmas and New Year with Mrs W. Adams, 'Langley Dale,' Marlborough.

It is much regretted that the health of Father Luck is in such a dangerous state that the last rites of his church were administered to him at the residence of Bishop Lenihan, Ponsonby, Auckland, last week.

Miss Hilda Moorhouse (Wellington) is the guest of Mr and Mrs W. Bidwell, Pahiatia, for the Wairarapa races.

Mr Thomas Buddle, of Auckland, has returned from his trip to Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Wood, of Napier, are at present in Wellington and have taken a house there for several weeks.

Mr and Mrs E. W. Mills (Wellington) are paying a short visit to the South Island.

Mr Jourdain, of Napier, has gone up to Auckland to see the Exhibition.

Miss Hewlings (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs Rhodes, at the 'Grange,' Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Turnbull, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, have gone for a visit to Nelson.

Mrs Ferguson and Miss Moorhouse (Wellington) are paying a short visit to Otaki.

Mrs James McLean, of Napier, is staying at Wairoa.

Mr and Mrs Cranston Wigley (Christchurch) are the guests of Mrs Rhodes, at the 'Grange,' Wellington.

Mrs P. H. Lowry, of Havelock, has been staying in Napier and spending Christmas with her mother, Mrs J. H. Coleman, of Napier.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Green, Mr and Mrs Henry Howard, Mrs Carey, Miss Waddy (Blenheim), Mr and Mrs John Dunce (Mahakipawa), Miss F. Turner (Queen Charlotte Sound), and many others were in Picton for the Christmas holidays.

The Rev. F. B. Comins arrived in Auckland from Norfolk Island last week.

Miss Mules (Australia), a niece of the Bishop of Nelson, is staying at Bishopdale, Nelson.

On the occasion of his transference to Wellington, Mr Thomas Tillman was presented with an address and purse of sovereigns by the employees of the Public Works Department and the staff of the Asylum, at Porirua.

Mr Fraser, New Plymouth, is staying for a short time in Auckland.

Mrs Thompson, wife of the Minister for Justice, is still so unwell that she cannot leave Wellington. Mr Thompson, after visiting Masterton, returned to the Empire City last week.

Mr and Mrs Alfred Ranson, of Sydney, are paying a brief visit to Auckland. Mr Ranson is a brother of Mr Charles Ranson, of the Northern Steamship Company.

Prior to the departure of Mr John Fisher, of the Pukekohe Public School, to his new scene of labour at the Kaureranga School, Thames, he was presented with a silver top-pot and cream-jug, two silver serviette rings, and a cut-glass jam dish mounted in silver. The school children gave Mr Fisher a gold scarf-pin.

The French Consul in Wellington, Count de Courte, accompanied by the Comtesse de Courte, is paying a visit to Masterton and Otaki this week.

The Bishop of Waiapu, the Right Rev. W. L. Williams, was in Auckland last week.

Mr Charles Griffiths has returned to Auckland from England.

Mrs J. Carlisle (Napier) returned to New Zealand by the Mokoia, via Australia, last week.

The Official Assignee, Mr James Ashcroft, left Wellington on Monday for a trip to Canterbury.

Mr Charles Macfarlane, well known in the musical circles of Napier, is at present in Auckland, and will play banjo and mandolin solos at some of the Exhibition concerts.

Mrs McKellar Wix, of Wellington, spent a few days in Nelson this week with her mother, Mrs Dodson.

Mr G. M. Burness, Remuera, Auckland, gave chase the other night in a most plucky manner to a supposed burglar. The latter, however, declared he was an innocent miner, traumping to Howick in the cool night hours, and had only stopped at this house to get a drink of water. Mr Burness and Mr J. A. Pond let him off with a caution.

The many friends of Mr J. B. Heywood, Secretary to the Treasury in Wellington, will regret to hear that he is confined to his bed with an attack of jaundice.

Preparations are being made in Nelson for the Governor's visit on the 12th of January.

Miss Hilda Moorhouse, Wellington, is visiting Mr and Mrs W. Bidwell, Pahiatia, for the Wairarapa race week festivities.

The Government Mining Inspector, Captain Richards, was in Auckland last week, having left the West Coast for a few weeks.

Mr W. S. Moerin presided on Wednesday night at a dinner given by the students of the Thames School of Mines in the Royal Mail Hotel.

The Hon. John McKenzie, Minister of Lands, is about to pay a visit of a few months' duration to his Highland home, which he has not visited for 39 years. During his absence from the colony his ministerial work is to be undertaken by his colleagues.

Dr. and Mrs Moore, of Napier, have returned after a very pleasant visit to Wellington.

NEWS JOTTINGS.

A pair of handsome brass vases have been presented to Holy Trinity Church by the ladies of Picton, who subscribed 1/ each to purchase them. They were much needed in the church, where a pair of black bottles did duty for vases. Mr Dobbie carved and presented the rare table for holding the vases.

To give an instance of the strong wind felt in Auckland on Monday last, a farmer residing in Mt. Albert while crossing a paddock with a load of hay had his horse and cart overturned. A sudden gust of wind catching the off wheel turned it completely over. Happily neither horse nor driver was hurt.

The members of the Wellington Garrison Band left for the South last week to compete in the brass band contest at Dunedin.

Mrs Brett, of Lake Takapuna, presented S. Paul's Church, Auckland, of which she was for a long time a member, with a pair of very handsome brass vases for a Christmas gift.

Mr Alfred Scott, a son of Dr. Scott, of Picton, has had the misfortune to have his cottage at Kaurua, Pelorus Sound, burned down during his absence in Picton. He had just laid in a quantity of stores and other necessaries from Wellington, and everything was destroyed. There was no insurance on anything, so Mr Scott's loss is a very heavy one.

A presentation of a silver tea service has been made to Miss Richards, of Auckland, who has so ably filled the position of organist of St. John the Baptist's Church, Parnell, and who is now about to be married.

The surveying work in Norfolk Island by a New South Wales Government surveyor is causing some interest in the island. Mr Murphy has a wonderful knack of keeping his own counsel as to the object of his work.

The Blenheim Operatic Society is practising 'Rip Van Winkle,' and at a meeting held after the last practice, Mr L. Griffiths was elected stage manager. The scenery for the opera, which has been specially painted by Messrs Hutchins and Ward, has been tried on the stage of Ewart's Hall and found very satisfactory.

In Hawke's Bay the codlin moth has begun to show a preference for plums, many of the trees in the orchards at Hastings having been attacked by the rapacious moth.

SOCIETY ON DITS.

That His Excellency the Governor and the Comtesse of Ranfurly entertained the following guests at dinner at Government House on Friday night: The Very Rev. Father Moore, Mr and Mrs Riddiford, Mr F. Riddiford, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Stowe, Mrs and Miss Madge Douglas, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Col. and Miss Pennee, Mrs and Miss Pharyzyn, Sir Walter and Miss Buller, and Miss Richmond.

That on Boxing Day numbers of pleasure-seekers were present at the sports held at Plumpton Park, Meeanee, Hawke's Bay, and many of them took out refreshments from town and had picnics on the ground. The Garrison Band was in attendance at the Park and added much to the visitors' enjoyment. The races, which included bicycle races, cross-cutting competitions, running and leaping contests, etc., were well contested and watched with great interest.

That the programme for the coming championship regatta is being circulated in Picton by lovers of the sport.

That the Hon. E. W. Parker, so long known in connection with Messrs Dalgety and Co., Christchurch, is not returning to New Zealand.

That Picton is lively just now, being full of visitors for the holidays, besides which, the steamers calling every day are crowded with visitors.

That the prizes for the best kept gardens at the Picton Borough Schools were awarded to Maggie Heberley 1; Olive Cragg 2; Annie Birch 3; and Sarah Searle 4. The Chairman of the School Committee presented the prizes.

That the Auckland Exhibition is attracting an immense crowd of visitors.

That, thanks to the promoters of an open-air concert in Clive Square, the proceeds of which amounted to ten pounds, the inmates of the Napier Children's Home enjoyed a sumptuous Christmas dinner, and had a very happy time indeed.

That steamers have been plying to and fro between Picton, Nelson, and Wellington at a fast and furious rate lately.

That a strong gale, accompanied by clouds of dust, was blowing in Napier on Boxing Day, and greatly spoilt the pleasure of many of the various picnickers. A number of people who had intended to join in the Napier Sailing Club's picnic were disappointed, for it was impossible to convey them in the yachts across to Maraetara, the spot selected for the picnic. One boat managed to reach its destination, but was shipping water all the way, and several others which started were obliged to turn back. One of the day's events was to have been a yacht race from Maraetara, but of course this had to be abandoned. Several cycling picnics also had to be given up on account of the strong wind.

This evening (Wednesday) the Polar's Company will stage 'Djin-Djin' for four nights.

LAWN TENNIS.

NEW ZEALAND LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.

The Lawn Tennis Championship Tournament opened at the Carriabrook Grounds, Dunedin, on Hoxing Day. The weather was very unfavourable, drizzling rain falling at intervals, and seriously interfering with the matches, and the attendance of the public.

P. Marshall's playing in the Singles Championship was very much admired. This match was against his brother, but the Auckland representative was somewhat unfortunate in the umpiring, and some of his friends thought his failure to win the second set was due to this fact.

Parker was exceedingly lucky, winning three sets against Burrows right off. The latter made a good stand in the last two sets, but Parker was too strong for him. The rain came down before Peacock and Fisher had got through their first set, but they kept on, nothing daunted, though the court became very heavy towards the last, probably causing Peacock, after winning the first set, to lose the next three, though he fought hard for them.

Miss Rayner was found to be an easily vanquished opponent by Miss Gorrie in the Handicap Singles, as the former only took one game in two sets.

The Combined Doubles was well contested, and Mr and Mrs Biss had none too cheap a victory.

The following are the results of the various matches:—

Men's Championship Singles: H. A. Parker beat A. Burrows, 6-0, 7-7, 7-5. J. M. Marshall beat P. Marshall, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Men's Championship Doubles: R./P. Ward and A. Burrows beat W. E. Fisher and W. M. Shand, 6-2, 9-7, 6-1.

Men's Handicap Singles: H. Henderson beat R. Leay, J. McLeod beat J. S. Atkinson, J. Wilson beat W. H. Quickers, F. M. B. Fisher beat C. St. G. Gore, A. Wilding beat F. Wilding, F. A. Beath beat W. J. Barlow, T. Leay beat M. Burnside, E. Colthart beat A. Young, E. P. Levin beat W. McDonald, A. A. Styche beat C. G. Hanson. Second Round: Broad beat H. A. Parker, Ward beat Williams, C. White beat T. Colthart, W. Leay beat Biss, G. F. Armstrong beat C. M. Olliver.

Ladies' Handicap Singles: Miss M. Ramsay beat Miss N. Gilkinson, Miss B. River beat Miss Hislop, Miss Gorrie beat Mrs Rayner. Second Round: Miss Muralt was scratched, and gave a bye to Miss E. Simpson.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles: Misses Gore and Nunnally beat Misses McLean and Meares.

Men's Handicap Doubles: J. Aicken and J. Williams beat M. Dennison and G. Tapper, P. Cox and G. Salmund beat P. Gresham and A. Vickeys, G. Branson and C. Broad beat A. Spain and W. McDonald, F. Fisher and J. Marshall beat P. Marshall and Peacock, E. P. Levin and E. Salmund beat E. Ulrich and E. Bettsard, J. Collins and W. Styche beat W. Fisher and W. Shand.

Combined Handicap Doubles: Miss K. Ramsay and Cox beat Miss Ramsay and Broad, Miss Biss and Biss beat Miss Aitken and Vincent.

On Tuesday the weather conditions were in some respects an improvement on those of the former day, but instead of drizzling showers there was a cold wind blowing which made matters very unpleasant. Much interest centred in the match between Cox and Parker, which was the event of the day. Parker made a fine start, winning the first set by six to four. But in the next set Cox entirely retrieved his position. His volleying was particularly good and eventually he routed his opponent entirely. In the Doubles Parker and Marshall easily defeated Spain and McDonald, and in the Mixed Doubles Miss Gorrie and Parker beat Miss Simpson and Styche. Peacock won a couple of rounds in the Handicap Singles, and Miss Gorrie, beating Miss Kiver, advanced a step in the Doubles.

The following were the results of the day's play:—

Men's Championship Singles: First round—Gore beat Ward, 6-1, 6-0 (W. Leay retired); W. E. Fisher beat C. F. Salmund, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Second round—Gore beat F. Fisher, 2-6, 6-4, 6-1, 1-6, 7-5; C. Cox beat Parker, 4-4, 4-3, 6-1. J. M. Marshall beat W. E. Fisher, 6-3, 6-1, 6-0. Third

round—Collins beat Gore, 6-0, 13-11, 6-2; Peacock beat Salmund, 6-4, 6-4.

Ladies' Championship Singles: Miss Lean beat Miss Campbell, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.

Men's Championship Doubles: First round—Branson and Broad beat Barlow and C. Salmund, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4, 6-2. Second round—F. M. B. Fisher and J. M. Marshall beat Garsia and F. Wilding, 7-5, 6-8, 6-4; Parker and P. Marshall beat McDonald and Spain, 6-4, 6-2, 6-0; Cox and Collins beat Ward and Borrowas, 6-1, 6-1, 7-5.

Ladies' Championship Doubles: First round—Misses Lean and Nunnally beat Misses E. and M. Simpson, 6-0, 6-1. Second round—Misses Harman and Jordan scratched in favour of Misses M. Ramsay and Campbell.

Combined Handicap Doubles: First round—Miss Harman and Williams beat Miss Simpson and Young; Miss Gore and Collins beat Miss Gordon and Henderson. Second round—Miss MacLean and Shand beat Miss Lean and Garsia; Miss Gorrie and Parker beat Miss M. Simpson and Styche.

Men's Handicap Singles: First round—Shand beat P. H. Cox. Second round—Turton scratched in favour of E. Salmund, Styche beat Leven, W. Fisher beat Gresham, McLeod beat Shand, Borrowas beat Vincent, E. Colthart beat T. Leay, F. M. Fisher beat Wilson. Third round—J. M. Marshall beat McLeod.

Ladies' Handicap Singles: First round—Miss Bathgate beat Miss Ramsay. Second round—Miss Bathgate beat Miss M. Ramsay, Miss Gorrie beat Miss Kiver.

Men's Handicap Doubles: First round—F. and A. Wilding beat C. Gore and B. Goring, S. Smith and F. Turton scratched in favour of H. Henderson and C. Olliver, A. Young and J. Wilson beat McLeod and Barlow, Leven and Salmund beat Henderson and Olliver, C. Cox and Garsia beat E. and T. Colthart, C. White and Armstrong scratched in favour of Ward and Borrowas, P. Marshall and Peacock beat Branson and Broad, F. and A. Wilding beat Atkinson and Williams.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles: Misses Gilkinson scratched in favour of Misses Simpson. Second round—Misses Gorrie and Biss beat Misses Gilchrist and Hislop, 6-1, 1-5, 4-1, 6-1; Misses Aitken and Harman beat Mrs Briffault and Miss Clarke, 6-1, 6-4.

Splendid weather prevailed for the continuation of the Championship Lawn Tennis Tournament on the Wednesday.

Most of the morning was occupied with various handicap matches, but at mid-day the championship tie between H. Gore and Collins was played off. Gore's play was hardly as accurate as usual, but his placing was good enough to prevent Collins running into volleying.

The match Cox versus Marshall was the most interesting of the day, for though Cox won by three sets to love each separate set was well contested, the score being game for game nearly the whole time. Cox played a remarkably safe game, seldom missing a stroke, and placed his returns splendidly. He did not run into volley as often as usual, Marshall's placing being too accurate and his lobs too well judged. Cox's driving was good, but not very hard, while Marshall's was wanting in its usual force and direction. Only three sets were played, Cox always playing hard towards the end of each set.

The concluding rounds in the Doubles Championship were also played in the afternoon. Fisher and Marshall, of Wellington, were beaten rather easily by the Gore Brothers, also of Wellington. The volleying of the Gores won them the match, though there was as a rule much force in it. Fisher's smashes were terrific, but he did not work well with his partner. This match put the Gores in the final.

The other doubles match, Collins and Cox versus Marshall and Parker, was fairly well contested. Hard hitting was the feature of the games, but there was little accuracy on the part of the Aucklanders. The first set was won fairly easily by Parker and Marshall, who at first appeared in good form; but in the three succeeding sets they were badly beaten. Collins and Cox volley hard and with certainty, though both are better with low returns than with overhead work. Parker's overhead volleying was poor for him, and his driving was very uncertain. Marshall's backhand play was much better than usual, but his serving was very weak. This match

put the last Auckland representatives out of the championships, a fact that is probably accounted for by the lack of practice consequent on the bad weather experienced this year.

In the ladies' matches Miss Gorrie has got as far as the final of the Handicap Singles, but Misses Biss and Gorrie were beaten in the doubles.

Auckland still has representatives in the Men's Handicap Singles and Doubles, and in the Ladies' Singles, and should pull off some of the events.

The following were the results of the day's play:—

Men's Champion Singles (semi-final): Collins beat H. Gore, 8-6, 5-7, 6-0, 6-3; C. Cox beat J. M. Marshall, 8-6, 8-6, 6-4.

Men's Champion Doubles (second round): Gore Brothers beat Branson and Broad, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4. Semi-final: Gore Brothers beat F. Fisher and J. M. Marshall, 5-7, 6-1, 8-6, 7-5; Collins and C. Cox beat Parker and P. Marshall, 4-6, 6-2, 6-1, 6-3.

Ladies' Singles (semi-final): Misses Lean beat Miss Gilchrist, 6-3, 6-2; Miss M. Simpson beat Miss Gorrie, 6-0, 6-3. Miss Nunnally plays the winner for the championship of the colony.

Ladies' Champion Doubles (semi-final): Misses Lean and Nunnally beat Misses Gilchrist and Hislop, 6-0, 6-0.

Men's Handicap Singles (third round): W. Leay beat D. Colthart, W. Fisher beat F. Fisher, E. Colthart beat A. Wilding, C. Salmund beat Styche. Fourth Round: Broad beat W. Leay, C. Salmund beat E. Colthart, Peacock beat Borrowas.

Ladies' Handicap Singles (semi-final): Miss Nunnally beat Miss Bathgate, Miss Gorrie beat Miss E. Simpson.

Combined Handicap Doubles (first round): Miss Nunnally and Fisher beat Miss Campbell and Ward. Second round: Miss Hislop and Borrowas beat Miss River and Borlow, Miss Harman and Williams beat Miss Gilchrist and Spain, Mrs Rayner and Leven beat Miss M. Simpson and Wilson, Miss Gore and Collins beat Miss M. Ramsay and Cox, Miss Nunnally and Fisher beat Miss Biss and Biss. Third round: Miss Meares and Atkinson beat Miss Hislop and Borrowas, Miss Nunnally and Fisher beat Miss McLean and Shand.

Men's Handicap Doubles (second round): Wallich and Vincent scratched in favour of W. and D. Leay, Young and Wilson beat P. Cox and C. Salmund. Third round: P. Marshall and Peacock beat Leven and E. Salmund. Fourth round: Young and Wilson beat P. and W. Wilding.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles (second round): Misses E. and M. Simpson beat Misses Ramsay and M. Ramsay. Third round: Misses Nunnally and Gore beat Misses Gorrie and Biss.

The weather for the last day's meeting was splendid. Cox and Collins were not at all in good form for the Singles Championship of New Zealand which was won by Cox, though the hard volleying of Collins more than redeemed his credit, and gave him the second set. The general feeling was that Cox is quite entitled to the name of champion.

Miss Gorrie gained great kudos in the Ladies' Handicap Singles, her back hand being a great improvement on former matches. She has won first prize.

The Otago champions, Ward and Borrowas, were beaten by P. Marshall and Peacock in the Men's Handicap Doubles, finally having to own themselves vanquished by Young and Wilson, of Wellington, after some good games.

In the Handicap Singles Colthart had the advantage of being under-rated by the handicapper, and he beat Peacock, though the latter played well.

The Championship Doubles was rather a tame display, and the Canterbury men without, apparently, very much effort.

Miss Gorrie and Parker (Auckland) were pitted against Miss Gore and Collins in the Combined Doubles, the last event of the Tournament. The games were most interesting, the contestants being very evenly matched. Miss Gorrie gained the match by crossing Collins at the net in a very neat manner, after advantage to Auckland had been called. The result of the Combined Doubles was much applauded.

There was a smart ball in the evening as a wind-up to the visitors' enjoyment.

Ladies' Singles: Best of three sets, advantage sets. Prize, trophy valued at £2 2/. The winner to play Miss Nunnally for the Ladies' Lawn Tennis Championship of New Zealand, and the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association's gold medal. Final: Miss Lean (Canterbury Club) beat Miss M. Simpson (Linwood Club); 6-1, 7-5. Miss Nunnally beat Miss Lean: 6-1, 6-0.

Men's Championship Singles: Best of five sets, advantage sets. First prize, New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association's gold medal and trophy, valued at £3 3/; second prize, trophy valued at £1 11/6. Final: C. C. Cox (Canterbury) beat J. F. Collins (Canterbury): 6-2, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3.

Ladies' Championship Doubles: Best of three sets, advantage sets. Prizes, New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association's gold medals and trophies of £1 1/ each. Misses Lean and Nunnally (Canterbury) beat Misses Ramsay and Campbell (Otago): 7-5, 6-3.

Men's Championship Doubles: Final: Cox and Collins (Canterbury) beat Gore Brothers: 6-3, 6-2, 6-4.

Men's Handicap Singles: Fourth round—F. Fisher beat J. M. Marshall: 2-6, 6-5, 6-4. Semi-final—E. Colthart beat Peacock: 6-4, 6-2. Fisher beat Broad: 0-6, 6-3, 6-4. Final: E. Colthart (Canterbury) receives 4-6ths of 15, beat Fisher, owes 15 5-6ths: 6-3, 6-4.

Ladies' Handicap Singles: Final—Miss Gorrie (Auckland) receives 3-6ths of 15, beat Miss Nunnally, owes 40: 6-3, 6-4.

Combined Handicap Doubles: Third round—Miss Gore and Collins beat Miss Harman and Williams: 6-1, 6-3. Miss Gorrie and Parker a bye. Semi-final—Miss Gore and Collins beat Miss Meares and Atkinson: 6-1, 6-0. Miss Gorrie and Parker beat Miss Nunnally and Fisher: 5-6, 6-2, 6-2. Final—Miss Gorrie and Parker (Auckland), owe 4-6ths of 15, beat Miss Gore and Collins, scratch: 5-6, 6-1, 6-5.

Men's Handicap Doubles: Best of three sets, advantage sets. Prizes, trophies (£3 3/ the pair). Third round—Cox and Garsia beat P. and T. Leay: 6-1, 6-0. Ward and Borrowas, a bye. Semi-final—Marshall and Peacock beat Ward and Borrowas: 6-5, 6-2. Young and Wilson beat Cox and Garsia: 3-6, 6-3, 6-4. Final—A. Young and J. Wilson (Wellington), scratch, beat Marshall and Peacock (Auckland), owe 30: 6-3, 6-5.

Ladies' Handicap Doubles: Third round—Misses E. and M. Simpson beat Misses Aitken and Harman: 6-5, 6-2. Final—Misses Gore and Nunnally, owe 15 3-6ths, beat Misses E. and M. Simpson, owe 15 3-6ths: 6-1, 6-0.

The first round of the combined doubles in the Hawke's Bay Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament has now been completed, but that so many competitors are away from Napier visiting friends that the tournament will probably not be quite finished till near the end of the season. The Waipawa Tennis Tournament, which comes off in a few weeks, promises as usual to be a great success, and is looked forward to with pleasure not only by Waipawa people, but also by many in other parts of Hawke's Bay, and several well known Napier players intend to compete at it.

The Rev. G. B. Monro, of St. Luke's Presbyterian Church, Henuera, Auckland, intends to pay a visit to the Old Country shortly.

Among the passengers to Auckland from the South by the Rototiti on Saturday was Mr E. D. O'Rorke, who has returned from a visit to England.

This is the story of a nervous man who once took part in a cricket match. Nine wickets were down, and the home team wanted but two runs to win. "Simple" was the last man to go in. It was his first attempt at batting. The bowler sent down a "fast 'un." Simple saw it coming and—closed his eyes. By some extraordinary good fortune the ball struck the edge of the bat and glanced off towards the boundary. Simple was dazed. He had expected to be bowled. The crowd as one man yelled to him "to run." A look of terror gradually overspread his face, and, flinging away his bat, he had scented the pailings and disappeared before the astonished spectators could recover their wits.

OBITUARY.

Major James Derrrom, N.Z.V., died last week at his residence, S. Mary's Road, Ponsonby, Auckland. He was born in Corfu, and landed with his parents in New Zealand in 1841. He was early associated with the volunteer movement, and was probably the oldest volunteer officer in the colony, carrying on his military duties at the same time as his professional ones, he being an architect and builder. Several buildings attest his skill as clerk of works, the Pah, Onehunga, the Star Hotel, and the Avondale Asylum. Major Derrrom was much interested in the Auckland Fire Brigade, and captained one of the engines. His widow survives him, and their grown up family consists of one son and three daughters. The widow of the Hon. P. Dignan, M.L.C., is his sister. The funeral was largely attended, and took place in the Symonds-street cemetery. A Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart early in the morning.

**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.

ADONIS.—Your handwriting indicates an energetic, prompt and business-like character. Your hand is well regulated and very decided literary ability is perceptible. If this be cultivated your intuitive faculties should assist you in the delineation of your subjects. Your temper is quick but not passionate; your sensibilities are painfully acute and easily wounded; although pride is so much in evidence that you would carefully conceal your suffering. Your discernment is penetrating and you receive impressions both with ease and rapidity. You are not indifferent to general opinion although your own judgment is good and well sustained by logical reasoning power. Your private sentiments change little, and your affection is strong and of a durable type. Your temperament is neither excitable nor impulsive, although your decisions are made without hesitation or caprice. You are reserved on many points and rarely converse upon personal topics or solicit advice respecting affairs of your own. Ambition is moderately represented and perseverance is not conspicuous; nevertheless, I think the necessary amount would be forthcoming if requisite for the interests of anyone dear to you.—**MARCELLA.**

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MR ROBT. NOTON TO MISS A. L. SEATS.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at All Saints' Church, Ponsonby road, on the afternoon of December 28, when Miss Ada Lilian, youngest daughter of the late John Seats, was married to Mr Robert Noton, fifth son of Henry Holt Noton, and a partner in the firm of Noton Bros., tea merchants, of Auckland.

The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Canon Calder. The altar and chancel of the church were beautifully decorated. The church was well filled to witness the interesting event, while the choir seats were occupied by relatives.

The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr J. I. Knight, looked exceedingly handsome and charming in a gown of white China silk. The bodice was softened with chiffon, and the long tulle veil, sent over specially from Sydney, was fastened with an orange spray. The bride also carried a tastefully got up shower bouquet of beautiful flowers.

Misses Ada and Mary Knight, who were bridesmaids, were simply attired in pretty white muslin, with Liberty silk sashes and picture hats. Misses Annule and Phoebe Goodwin (nieces of the bride) also followed.

They looked pretty in nun veiling costumes and leghorn hats.

Mr C. Watson Harris accompanied Mr Noton in the capacity of best man, also Mr Francis G. Mills.

Mr Kingsford officiated at the organ, and played the Wedding March and Bridal March.

After the ceremony the guests, who were limited to relatives and a few friends, drove to the residence of Mr and Mrs Knight, jun., St. Mary's road, where they were entertained at the wedding breakfast. A feature was a handsome four-decked wedding cake constructed to represent a fountain. This was the work of Mr Joseph Bulke, and it did credit to his taste. Several toasts were honoured, and subsequently the bridal party and guests were photographed by Mr Robinson. The presents were numerous and costly. The bride and bridegroom spent their honeymoon at the Lake, Waitera, and other favourite districts.

At the breakfast, Mrs J. Knight, sen., wore a handsome brown silk, jet bonnet relieved with yellow roses; Mrs Knight, jun., sister of the bride, wore a dainty dove-grey silk, relieved with salmon pink silk; Mrs Goodwin, green silk, trimmed with guipure lace, and pretty floral hat; Mrs A. Jackson, lovely Japanese silk black picture hat; Miss Knight, stylish blue French muslin, black picture hat trimmed with plumes and pink roses; Miss Hewson, heliotrope flowered muslin, white picture hat; Mrs Seats, lovely dove grey costume, white hat; Mrs R. Hood, dainty cream muslin, cream hat; Mrs H. Noton, dark skirt, blue silk blouse, pretty hat; Mrs Brownhill, black silk, jet bonnet; Mrs S. Algie, green silk, pretty toque.

MR HUNT TO MISS SAMPLE.

On Wednesday afternoon the wedding of Mr Jos. Hunt, of the railway engineers' department, Auckland, to Miss Thomasina Sample, only daughter of the late Mr G. Sample, of Wellington, took place at St. John's Church, Wellington. The Rev. J. Paterson read the marriage service.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her brother (who gave her away), and wore a beautiful gown of white silk taffeta, trimmed with soft white lace and orange blossoms, and tulle veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet, the gift of the bridegroom.

Her two bridesmaids, her cousin, Miss Amy Plyger, and Miss Janet Gilchrist, wore most becoming gowns of white spotted muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and large leghorn hats, trimmed with chiffon and white ostrich tips. They wore gold brooches, and carried lovely bouquets, the gift of the bridegroom.

Mr J. Ford officiated as best man.

After the wedding ceremony Mrs Sample entertained the wedding guests at Ruahine House, in Mulgrave Street.

The bride went away in a gown of black and crushed strawberry coloured lustre, and large white leghorn hat, trimmed with white, and wore a very handsome gold watch and chain, the gift of the bridegroom.

Mr and Mrs Hunt are spending their honeymoon at Pakakariki, and intend residing in Auckland.

A very large number of valuable presents were received by Mr and Mrs Hunt from all parts of New Zealand.

CONCERT OF EUROPE.

An inspector in the 'Schoolmistress' gives some humorous replies he has just received from schoolboys whom he has been examining in geography. "What is the European concert?" was one question, and here are some of the answers:—

"The European concert is the name given to Germany because so many musical instruments are made there, and the Germans are a music-loving people."

"The European concert is a kind of unwritten law by which all the Powers of Europe try to play off one against the other, thus preventing any one nation getting too much power. It much resembles the 'balance of power.'"

"The European concert is the name given to the attempts of the principal countries of Europe to obtain some parts of China. China is called the sick man of the East, and the countries which make up the concert of Europe are represented as piping to him."



Dear Bee,
The principal holiday events are, of course, the various days' racing. I will commence with

CUP DAY.

Unfortunately, the roads were extremely dusty, owing to the strong north-easterly wind. It was by no means a day for muslins and light summer costumes as the wind had evidently come out for a frolic, and at four o'clock the rain began to descend in no light showers. But for all that muslins enjoyed a universal popularity. Some were flounced to the waist, following the old fashion; some were a billowy mass of insertion and lace; some were of pure creamy white; others of the faintest pink, blue and yellow hues. Foulards were not despised. A great many of the best-dressed ladies adopted them, while chiffon, gauze, and silk each found its respective admirers. The lawn was not as well patronised as usual, as the gusty wind had no respect for handsome costumes, actually attempting to carry off the parasols, saying nothing of the ostrich feathers and picture hats. Even the grandstand was not safe from its invasions; it would suddenly pass over the ladies' hats, causing them to move like a great billowy wave. It would be impossible to give a lengthy description of each costume worn, as I had so many to remember, and memory seemed only to carry away the simpler costumes. Sashes were very much in evidence. Before I start upon the ladies' gowns I must mention some of the gentlemen visitors from other provinces and Australia, the districts on the West Coast of the North Island being particularly well represented. Amongst the Southern sportsmen present at the meeting were Mr G. G. Stead, of Canterbury, and Mr T. H. Lowry, of Hawke's Bay, while the Australian visitors included Mr J. R. Carey and Mr S. Horden, jun., of New South Wales, Mr W. Pearson, of Victoria, and Mr J. Griffiths, the special commissioner of the 'Melbourne Sportsman.' Amongst the 'ladies' handsome costumes I noticed:—Mrs Mitchellson (President's wife) was attired in a black silk, adorned with cream lace, cream chiffon vest, bonnet of black velvet and violets; Mrs (Col.) Dawson (who has just returned from England) wore a stylish mouse grey check silk, made with flounced skirt, finished with three rows of black velvet, white ruffled chiffon chemisette, white tulle vest, grey toque, with large bow at one side, profusely trimmed with violets, beneath brim as well as above; Miss Rees George was much admired in a pink flowered muslin, with flounced skirt, black toque; Miss Sage, white muslin, with green spots, white hat; Mrs Hudson Williamson, pretty fawn tussore silk; Mrs Edward Lewis, black costume, black bonnet, with cornflowers; Miss Dolly Davis wore a very pretty straw-coloured silk promenade costume, with mauve floral design and mauve ribbon bands, toque to correspond; Mrs James Russell, black silk, black bonnet, with violets; Miss Russell, pink silk, veiled in embroidered muslin, black velvet toque, with white lace; her sister wore a similar costume, with picture hat; Mrs Robert Rose, pink flowered French muslin, black sash, black lace toque, with flowers; Mrs Cottle, black silk, with green vest, black bonnet, with flowers; Mrs Coney, fawn and blue combination; Mrs (Major) George, black silk gown, with lavender brocade; Mrs Colbeck (Kaipara) wore grey, large picture hat; Mrs Ashton, green flowered French muslin, cream toque; Mrs Selby, dark skirt, bright blue silk blouse, black bonnet; Miss Selby, pink and white striped zephyr; Miss Shirley Baker, lavender and white muslin, large becoming hat, with lavender bow; Mrs Woodroffe, very striking green plaid; Miss Pierce, grey; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, mignonette green and black; Mrs

Richardson, sage green, pink vest, black bonnet, with pink flowers; Miss Richardson, pretty French blue muslin, green straw hat, with blue flowers; Miss Gertrude Biddle, grey costume, green straw hat; Miss Lusk, brick-coloured foulard, veiled in canvas; Miss Olive Lusk, canary spotted muslin, large cream hat, with feathers; Mrs Gordon, grey brocade silk; Miss Gordon, greeny blue flowered silk, finished with lace; Mrs Koch, black creponette, trimmed with iris silk, black hat, with irises; Mrs Wigmore, very pretty pine green silk, with fawn lace, toque, with coloured flowers; Miss Aubrey, very stylish and suitable costume for the day, being a navy yachting costume, strikingly trimmed with silver braid, white beef-eater hat, with navy and white ribbons; Miss Percival, ivy geranium pink silk, with white lace fichu, white hat, tilted to one side, with pink flowers; Miss Edith Percival, grey satin skirt, grey silk brocade blouse, white satin revers, white lace toque; Miss Ethel Percival, pink and white striped zephyr; Miss Dummett, crushed straw-berry, veiled in bisquit-coloured muslin, large brown hat; Mrs Duncan Clark, white muslin costume; her sister, from Sydney, wore a dark blue figured costume, white bergerie hat; Mrs Black, grey and black check, with black hat and white flowers; Miss Churton, white pique; Mrs Kingswell, black skirt, pink check blouse, toque, with pink roses; Miss Horne, black satin, with ecru lace; Miss Binney, shot blue muslin over orange silk, cream hat, with roses; her sister, grey, with black tulle; Mrs A. V. McDonald, fawn coat and skirt; Miss Sutton, white; Miss Purcher, white pique, sailor hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor, pale azure blue grenadines; Mrs Ansenne, white pique, with green vest, white picture hat, with roses; Mrs Devereux, black silk, with black tulle; Mrs Makgill, white pique coat and skirt; Miss Torrance, heliotrope plaid; Mrs Churton, prune shaded coat and skirt; Mrs Mason, white pique, cream toque; Miss Courtaigne, white, with black spot, white toque; Miss Thorpe, canary muslin; Miss F. Thorpe, white muslin, white picture hat; Miss Clapcott, white muslin, with heliotrope stripe; Miss F. Clapcott, white; Miss Harper, white muslin, with pink bow; Mrs Alfred Ranson (Sydney), pretty blue flowered muslin, with lace; Miss Laird, blue French muslin; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black and white striped silk, with passementerie and blue cuffs and collar-ette; Mrs Ashley Hunter, pale grey costume, striped grey silk blouse, purple straw hat; Mrs Roberts, black silk, flowered in blue; Mrs Wynyard, black; Miss Wynyard, navy, black hat, with pink; Mrs Angus Gordon, lavender and white striped costume, toque, with flowers; Mrs Otway, black; Mrs Otway, jun., green; Miss Otway, pink cambrie, black hat, trimmed with pink; Miss F. Johnstone, white muslin, black hat; Miss McLaughlin, very pretty blue striped costume, white hat; Mrs Fraser, white muslin, black hat; Mrs George Bloomfield, pale green striped silk, handsomely trimmed with gold beads and white chiffon, cream hat, with hoops of white ribbon and quills, yellow roses beneath and above brim; Miss Moss Davis, grey check; Miss Sybil Moss Davis, cream costume, with blue yoke, black hat; Miss Ware, white pique, picture hat; Mrs Salmon, grey figured costume, with small black and white design, black bonnet; Miss Salmon, pretty pink costume, with pink chip beef-eater hat; Mrs Sam Morrin, purple and white striped taffeta silk, purple hat, with flowers; Mrs Alfred White, pink French muslin, veiled in black chiffon, pink sash and collar-ette; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, brown and pink striped creponette; Miss Ida Thorne George, white muslin, white bergerie hat; Mrs Colbeck, black and white striped silk; Mrs Goodhue, grey silk; Miss Mildred Purchas, white muslin; Mrs Hope Lewis, white muslin, with black silk embossed flowers, hat to correspond; Mrs Andrew Hanna, French grey silk, with rows of narrow black velvet, white silk vest, with black hat with violets; Mrs Niccol, black; Miss Hume, white muslin, white hat; Miss Ada Dixon, white muslin; Miss Ethel Dixon, fawn costume; Mrs Archer Burton, white Indian silk, handsomely worked, white hat; Misses Kempthorne wore white chine silks, with ecru lace, one wore a white sailor hat, with quill, and her sister a cream hat, with yellow roses; Mrs Bodle, striking violet and white striped muslin, over white silk; Mrs Charlie Brown, cream tussore silk, with white figured sash, white

hat, with loops and bows; Mrs Ranson, lavender flowered muslin, with narrow purple velvet bands, white silk vest, black lace toque; Miss Fenton, grey fancy material; Mrs Duthie, violet and blue plaid, toque to match; Miss Haigh, black creponette, orange silk yoke, black hat, with yellow daisies; Mrs John Dawson, a combination of black and yellow; Miss Holland, grey; Miss (John) Smith, black check zephyr; Mrs John Smith, black silk; Miss Wallnutt, white striped zephyr; Mrs Cheeseman, black and grey striped foulard, with yellow straw hat; Miss Keesing, canary silk, veiled in white muslin; Mrs Louis Myers, grey and white grenadine; Mrs Leo Myers, canary silk, veiled in white muslin; Miss Ettie Myers, very sweet and becoming costume of pink and fawn; Mrs Hamlin, dark shade of terre silk, with lace trimming; Mrs Arch. Clark, navy silk, with white silk bodice, white hat, with green net and white ostrich feathers; Mrs Benjamin, fawn coat and skirt, fawn bonnet, with blue ostrich feathers; Miss Kohn, white muslin, white hat, with buttercup; Mrs Caselberg, dark blue costume; Miss Stella Alexander, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Ingall, pink French muslin, grey hat, with ostrich feathers; Mrs Creagh, grey check tailor-made gown; Miss Creagh, mode grey; Mrs Martelli, white silk, veiled in grass green muslin, black hat, with dash of green ribbon; Mrs Rathbone, lovely white chine silk, made with flounced skirt, white hat, profusely trimmed with white ostrich plumes, which costume suited her to perfection; Mrs Devore, very striking grey fancy silk, vest of white chiffon, narrow black velvet, epaulettes of white bead passementerie, black bonnet, with coriufowers; Mrs Collins, black silk, with white and heliotrope plaid vest, white chip hat, with lilies of the valley and satin loops; Miss Bertha Devore, blue French muslin; Miss Ralph (Huntly), grey check; Mrs Ralph, black broadened silk, with violets in bonnet; Miss Kilgour, white muslin, iris blue hat; Mrs Goodson (Hawera), fawn coat and skirt, pink chiffon vest, black toque, with pink flowers; Miss Dargaville, hyacinth-coloured muslin, with ruchings of white ribbons, vest and collar of white chiffon; Mrs A. Carrick, white silk, with narrow black stripe; Mrs Caro, black silk, with lace cape, black toque, with pink flowers; Miss Caro, pale yellow, veiled in white muslin, yellow toque, white chiffon and roses; Miss Ethel Caro, pretty blue silk, veiled in white, blue straw hat, with wings and loops; Mrs Denniston, grey fancy silk, collar and vest of ruched grey chiffon, belt of yellow satin, black toque, with three upstanding black feather plumes; Mrs (Capt.) Worsp, celery green foulard, green toque to match; Miss Revitt, green broadened silk; Mrs Montague, white pique; Mrs Grey, white muslin; Mrs Charles Haines, white silk, veiled in black net, with small lace flounces, toque of velvet and roses of three shades of pink; Miss Kate Isaacs, fine bisuit-coloured silk, with pink trimming, white hat; Miss Eva Isaacs, white muslin over orange foulard, with lovely orange sash to match; Miss Edith Isaacs, bluey green striped costume, with black lace edgings, black toque, with dash of rose pink silk; Miss Von Sturmer, brown French muslin, flecked with yellow; Mrs (Judge) Von Sturmer, white pique, white hat, with pink flowers; Mrs Masfield was looking well in a black moire, with ecru lace, black bonnet, with flowers; Mrs Harry Jackson (Wanganui), cornflower blue satin-faced foulard, in white crescent-shape figures, thin ruches of lace and black velvet, toque, with grey feathers; Mrs H. Nolan, very stylish costume of fawn and blue striped over pink taffeta, having bands of pink satin, flounce on edge of skirt of pink silk, waistband and streamers of pink silk, pink ruffled silk chemisette, large black tulle hat, with three pink roses, veiled in white chiffon and finished with silver ornaments and bird's wings; Mrs W. H. Charlton, canary silk, veiled in white muslin, very much frilled and frilled, toque, with yellow flowers; Mrs Thornton (Waikato) looked extremely picturesque in a pink broadened silk skirt, a knife-pleated pink chiffon bodice, white picture hat, with white wings; Miss Daisy Worsp, white pique skirt, lettuce green blouse; Mrs Markham, white pique, made with reefer jacket, violet floral hat; Miss Firth, white pique, with picture hat; Mrs Herbert Thompson, black silk, black bonnet, relieved with blue; Miss Mona Thompson, canary

muslin, trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet, turned up French pique hat, with yellow flowers; Miss Kathleen Thompson, grey costume, white old-fashioned cape, with tubs finished with bands of blue, large black hat, trimmed with blue; Mrs Tanner, grey; Miss Edith Tanner, dome blue Japanese silk, trimmed with chiffon, white picture hat, with blue flowers; Mrs L. D. Nathan (Vice-President's wife), very handsome peculiar shade of terra cotta foulard, the bodice had zouave of black sequin net, sash of black net, bonnet of gold straw, with black sequin wings; Mrs N. Alfred Nathan was attired in a very stylish costume of white and black striped silk, with design of pink rosebuds, white toque, with pink roses; Miss Wittchell, white muslin, with lilac bands of velvet, hat to correspond; Mrs (Prof.) Segar was much admired in a white chine silk, with bonnet to correspond; Miss Eva Scherff, white pique skirt, brown blouse, spotted with blue; Miss Dolly Scherff, azure blue muslin, cream picture hat, profusely trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Little, cream and fawn striped walking costume, picture hat; Mrs Arthur Bull, black silk, black bonnet, with blue; Miss B. Bull, white pique skirt, orange broadened blouse, white picture hat, with cornflowers; Mrs A. B. Donald, canary silk, veiled in cream muslin, with floral design of mauve, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, toque, with cornflower blue; Miss Donald, pink silk, veiled in fawn, with lace insertions; Mrs Thorne George, black silk, with epaulettes and vest of white silk, toque of black and white flowers; Miss Snell, white pique; Miss Jackson, fawn coat and skirt, brown facings, cream hat, with purple irises; her sister, navy blue tailor-made costume, with straw hat, with pink rosebuds; Misses Stevenson (Glenholm), studies in blue and pink French muslins; Miss Yonge, white muslin; Miss Hay, white muslin, with silver belt; Miss May Dargaville, azure blue silk, veiled in embroidery muslin, blue floral toque; Misses Wilkins were very much admired, being perfect studies in white embroidery muslins: Mrs Fenwick (Napier), white muslin, with narrow bands of green velvet; Mrs Mair, grey; Miss Brett, mode grey bengaline, white silk chemisette; Misses Cotter (3), white pique skirts, green, blue and black and grey check blouses respectively; Mrs Keogh, black silk, with periwinkle blue silk revers and collarette, black bonnet, with periwinkle blue flowers; Miss Keogh, red silk, veiled in fawn spotted net, white hat, with dash of red; Mrs Fraser, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Davey, grey skirt, brown taffeta silk blouse, with cream facings; Miss Atkinson wore white; her sister, pink; Mrs Wigmore, dark green silk; Miss Muriel Ledingham, white muslin over green silk; Miss Shepherd, brown; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, grey silk, with silver passementerie, toque to match; Mrs Cundall, white muslin; Miss Millie Noakes, navy costume, pretty red toque; Mrs Ruek, very handsome costume of dark blue, with revers of cream silk and applique, three narrow rows of black velvet on skirt, bonnet, with cream roses; Miss Moss, white; Mrs Lawson, rich hyacinth blue silk; Miss Maud Martin, green and white stripe; Mrs Robison, mode grey; etc.

The SECOND DAY of the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting took place on Thursday afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired; the sun shone gloriously, and a soft cool breeze which wafted over the lawn during the afternoon made the heat less overpowering. Under such favourable circumstances it was not to be wondered that the ladies had dressed in their best summer costumes, and the many colours constantly changing as their wearers moved about made a picture of dazzling brilliancy not easily forgotten. As was the case on the opening day the racing was got through in capital time, and altogether the management of the meeting was in every way most satisfactory. Amongst the ladies present I noticed:—Miss Mitchellson, white shower muslin, with rich dark red ribbon waistband, and collarette, cream hat with white flowers; and her sister dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Ansenne, pink flowered muslin, white picture hat with black ribbons and pink roses; Mrs Ashton, blue and pink striped zephyr, black hat with cornflowers; Mrs Alison, violet coat and skirt, white silk revers with embroidery,

yellow vest, toque to correspond; Miss Stella Alexander, white tucked muslin, white chip hat with feathers and ribbons; Mrs Caselburg, nil green and terra striped foulard, black picture hat, with ostrich plumes; Mrs Blair, very striking grey poplin, with bands of black velvet, white vest, black hat with pink straw brim, with black ostrich feathers; Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, pale lettuce green mouse-line de soie, canary hat; Mrs Chamberlain, greeny grey costume; Mrs Andrew Hanna, white pique skirt, flowered blouse, black hat; Mrs Charles Brown, white pique skirt, flowered muslin blouse, white hat; and her sister wore a green French muslin over canary silk; Miss Jackson, white muslin with grey floral design, green satin band, white hat with green ostrich tips, and beneath brim was one mass of green flowers; Mrs Harry Jackson (Wanganui), green and grey plaid, with three rows of black velvet on skirt, the bodice was similarly trimmed; Mrs Cheeseman, white skirt, green and white striped blouse; Miss Keesing, white skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss Caro, combination of grey and blue, blue straw hat; Mrs Leatham, pink Oriental figured costume, pink straw hat with black trimmings; Mrs Cattanach, dark skirt, light pink creponette blouse; Mrs Windsor, mauve striped costume; Mrs Archer Burton, brown costume made with apron, skirt finished with black braid; Mrs (Dr.) Bews, white cambric flowered with black; Miss Binney, very handsome black crepon profusely trimmed with black beads, white silk yoke, black hat with white seringa flowers; Miss Tas Binney, grey Irish poplin with white sash and vest, cream straw hat with white lace and flowers; Miss Shirley Baker, white cambric, white hat with large lilac bow; Mrs Benjamin, white chine silk skirt, plaid blouse of blue and pink, crossed with black, blue chiffon bonnet; Miss Kohn, white muslin, hat en suite; Miss B. Bull, pale blue silk, white hat; Miss M. Cotter, grey and blue striped costume; Miss W. Cotter, white skirt, sea green silk blouse profusely trimmed with deep ecru lace; Mrs Black, white pique with gold buttons; Mrs Duncan Clerk, white skirt, blue flowered muslin blouse, pink and fawn tulle hat; and her sister from Sydney wore a cream costume, with yoke of blue veiled in ecru lace and strapped with black velvet, toque en suite; Mrs Devereux, slate grey coat and skirt; Miss Devereux, grey check, with white facings; Miss Davey, white cambric, black hat, with pink roses; Mrs Davey, black silk; Miss Dunnett, lovely spring green silk, with bands of deep ecru lace round skirt and on blouse, black hat, with feathers; Miss Dowell, blue cambric, with fawn lace; Miss Fraser, white; Mrs Markham, white pique; Mrs Nelson George, black silk, with design of mauve flowers, black bonnet, with white flowers; Mrs Colbeck (Kapara), grey check silk, edged with

black, black toque, with violets; Mrs Angus Hordern, heliotrope and white stripe; Mrs Creagh, grey check coat and skirt; Miss Creagh, flowered muslin over green silk and edged with black lace; heliotrope chiffon collarette and vest, white hat, with flowers; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, grey check, with black beads; Miss Parsons, white; Mrs Torrance, purple silk, with black lace; Miss Torrance, white muslin, pale green ribbons, cream hat, with dome blue bows and wreath of ivy leaves round crown; Miss Williamson looked chic in white pique skirt, white muslin blouse; Miss Wallnutt, white muslin, with red spots, red sash, white hat; Miss Langford, pink cambric, made with flounced skirt, black hat, with white flowers; Miss Revitt, aloe green cambric; Miss Louis Kensington, green and white striped muslin, white sash; Miss Olive Kensington, blue figured muslin; Miss Kensington, grey check, white hat; Miss Laird, blue figured cambric; Miss Rose Laird, white spotted muslin; Miss Hay (Grafton Road), pink and white striped cambric; Mrs Hope Lewis, very handsome black costume, black hat, relieved with white; Miss Alice Lusk, pink, veiled in fawn net; Miss O. Lusk, canary cambric; Mrs Wilfred Rathbone, very pretty costume of white China silk, with bands of lace insertion, the skirt was finished with a flounce, pink and blue sash, parasol to match sash, black hat; Mrs Thomas Morrin, mode grey silk crepon, with bands of silver braid on skirt, white chemisette, with blue braid, grey toque, with ostrich feathers; Miss Morrin, white cambric skirt, with bands of lace insertion, olive green silk blouse, white hat; Mrs Alfred Nathan, lovely cream striped silk, with pink bead passementerie, gold lace bonnet, with ostrich feathers; Miss Millie Noakes, white shower muslin, canary poke hat, with white quills and black rosette, dark green gloves; Miss Olive Noakes, pink and fawn stripe, sailor hat; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, handsome English costume of grey shimmering silk, trimmed with black, grey toque, with violets; Mrs Fenwick, a very striking costume of black silk skirt, with white lace apron front, black and white figured bodice, black gauze hat, with white wings and three red roses, white parasol; Miss Wilkins, black crepon skirt, heliotrope embossed with flowers, black hat; Miss Maud Wilkins looked graceful in Nil green silk, veiled in white muslin, swathed in at the waist with green muslin, which hung in streamers at one side, black hat; Mrs Tanner, dark skirt, pink check blouse; Miss Edith Tanner, dome blue silk, white picture hat; Miss Eva Scherff, black skirt, fawn and blue blouse, black velvet hat, with black and white ostrich feathers and pink roses beneath brim; Miss Muriel Dawson, white; Mrs Bold, black and red striped silk; Miss Bold, white skirt, coloured silk blouse; Mrs and Miss Keogh; Mrs Cottle; Mrs Coney, white muslin; Mrs Cundall, black costume, with pink yoke, veiled in ecru lace; Mrs Ernest Burton, dark

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SHAPES, AND STYLES.

skirt, dark blue blouse; Mrs Oldham, white pique; Mrs McDonald, black; Miss Maggie McDonald, fawn and black combination; Mrs H. Nolan, stylish combination of fawn and pink; Miss Gray, blue cambric, black velvet hat; Miss Little, pink muslin, black velvet hat; Miss Mitchell, dark skirt, green shot alpaca bodice, white hat, with mauve trimming; Miss Percival, blue silk, veiled in white, white hat, turned up at one side, with pink roses; Miss Edith Percival, grey lustre; with ecru lace and green silk; Miss Ethel Percival, green plaid French muslin and sash, cream hat, with white flowers; Miss Peacock, white shower mullin; Miss Sage, white hailstone spotted muslin; Miss Stevenson (Glenholm), pink muslin; her sister, blue; Misses Kerr-Taylor, white grenadine; Mrs Thorpe, black; her three daughters were suitably attired in white; Mrs Thornton, French blue silk, black picture hat; Mrs Worsp, pale green silk, bonnet to correspond; Miss Daisy Worsp looked sweet in white muslin, with lace insertion, white hat to correspond; Miss Worsp, pink and white striped cambric

To my list of those who kindly contributed money to the Costley Home tea I omitted Mrs Scannell's name.

Mrs Conolly's reception the other day was not given as a farewell to her daughter, who is merely visiting her brother for a week or two, but was just an ordinary friendly gathering.

EXHIBITION

is quite the correct place for a promenade. Amongst those whom I have happened to notice there were Miss Kent, wearing a Nil green gown; Miss Towsey, white pique; Mrs Thornton looked stylish in a floral muslin, white silk sash, large Leghorn hat with plumes and turned up at the back; Mrs L. D. Nathan, brown and white foulard, gold and black toque with bright red roses; Mrs James Macfarlane, gold striped glace blouse, dark skirt, floral toque; Miss Ferguson, grey gown, toque with green; Mrs W. Bloomfield, white Swiss muslin gown, black chip Gainsborough hat with black plumes; Miss Crowther, white silk evening gown, net long sleeves; Miss Sybil Lewis, black evening dress; Miss Wyman, cream; Mrs Murchie, black silk, short puff sleeves of orange silk; Miss Howard; Mrs Ormiston, blue silk bodice trimmed with black velvet, black skirt, black hat with full white silk crown; Mrs Markham looked stylish in a black coat and skirt, heliotrope shirtette, white sailor hat; Mrs Fairburn, black, black bonnet with violets; Miss Graham, white muslin, red belt; Miss Bessie Graham, white; Miss M. Graham, biscuit muslin; Mrs (Dr.) Bedford wore an effective lemon cambric, black hat; Miss Aubin, pink cambric; Miss A. Aubin, grey and white fleeced French muslin; Mrs Sydney Nathan, white blouse with touches of yellow, dark skirt, white hat trimmed with black ribbon, white wings and yellow flowers; Miss E. Whitelaw, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Whitelaw (Scotland); Mrs Wilson Smith, green and white striped blouse, white pique skirt, green straw hat turned up at side; Mrs Hart, fawn check, electric

blue plastron, blue hat; Miss Mueller, grey and black gown; Miss Milly Mueller, white and black cambric.

We have laughed a good deal over 'THE GAY PARISIENNE,' now being performed at the Opera House, at least those of us who appreciate that sort of humour; and that it is appreciated is shown by the large crowds who have listened night after night to the bubbling over nonsense of this amusing piece. The stage dresses are very pretty. Miss Campion's first gown was a Parisian creation of cream mervelleux and yellow. The side panels were frilled to the waist with fascinating little frills of lace, one side being dotted with loops of black bebe velvet ribbon and jet, and the other side with little looped bows of yellow ribbon. The front square apron was of cream silk and had a handsome design of chrysanthemums in exquisite tones of yellow and gold, black velvet and silver corselet held, yellow silk hat with black plumes. Her second gown was cream silk patterned with pink flowers, cerise silk pouched bodice, plumed hat, parasol of cream and cerise silk. Another lovely gown was of rose pink with green cleverly combined and ecru lace on bodice. Miss Maude Beatty, as Mrs Honeycomb, wore a cream and magenta foulard with zouze on one side of bodice of emerald green velvet encrusted with pale blue and caught with black ribbon bands to the other side of bodice, green bonnet with white Paradise plumes. Miss Marian Mitchell's first gown was pale blue with innumerable tiny frills at bottom of skirt and finished with black bebe velvet, white hat with cornflowers and white wings. In the last act she wore a shepherd's plaid, white satin folded belt, black hat with touches of white. Among the audience I noted Mrs Thorne George, who wore a black satin gown trimmed with lace and jet nassemments; Mrs Colbeck, white chiffon evening bodice over white silk, black satin skirt; Miss Ida George, black satin gown, Victorian bodice of black pleated chiffon, satin ceinture, long white silk sleeves under chiffon; Mrs Blair, black moire evening gown, white silk bodice veiled with black lace, jet garniture from low corsage. Her friend looked pretty in heliotrope silk evening gown trimmed with ecru lace; Miss Churton, black satin, long lace, transparent sleeves; Mrs Alfred Nathan, grey silk, corsage trimmed profusely with white lace; Miss Dolly Davis, pink silk and white chiffon; Miss Kennedy, pink silk, white lace fichu; Mrs Robison, white satin evening bodice trimmed across with black lace frills, white chiffon long sleeves, black satin skirt; Mrs Andrew Hanna, white accordion pleated frilled evening bodice, black satin skirt; Mrs Black, black gown; Mrs Geddis, blue silk bodice, dark skirt; Miss Merritt, cream and yellow gown; Miss O'Hway, white evening gown softened with chiffon; Miss Percival, grey; Miss Percival, pink; Miss Ethel Percival, pink blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Masfield, terra cotta satin, white mousseline de soi fichu; Mrs Dufour, shell pink satin evening gown softened with chiffon; Mrs Townsend, fawn and white check gown; Mrs

Hardy, white silk evening dress; Miss May Henderson, dark silk evening dress, scarlet opera cape; Mrs Ashton Bruce, pale pink; Mrs Myers, rich black satin; Mrs Douglas, black silk. 'Waitaramoa' was the scene of a very smart gathering on Saturday afternoon, when the Hon. E. and Mrs Mitchellson gave

A LARGE GARDEN PARTY.

The lovely grounds looked their best, decked in gorgeous shewn of summer flowers. Everything that could conduce to the comfort of the very numerous guests was done, and the result was a most successful and enjoyable afternoon. Three large marquees were erected in the gardens, one for Impye's Band, the music of which was greatly appreciated, one for general refreshments, and one to specially slake the thirst of the sterner visitors. Champagne flowed freely and the afternoon tea, ices, fruit, and more solid viands were all that could be desired on a hot afternoon. A large number of those invited were unable to be present, but the colony, as a whole, was well represented. The following guests accepted invitations: Mr and Mrs Allison, Miss Stella Alexander, Mr and Mrs Armitage, Mr and Mrs Graves Aickin, Captain and Mrs Anderson, Miss Aubrey.

Mrs Burton, Colonel Burton, Miss Burcher, Mrs Browning, Mr and Mrs Harry Brett, Mr and Mrs Blair, Misses Brigham (2), Mr and Mrs H. Brett, Mr and Mrs John Bolland, Rev. W. and Mrs Beatty, Mr H. W. and Mrs Brabant, Mr and Mrs J. Black, Mr and Mrs John Burns.

Miss Conolly, Mr and Mrs Caselberg, Mrs Crystie, Mr and Mrs Carrick, Mr and Mrs R. C. Carr and Miss Carr, Mr and Mrs T. Cotter, Misses Cotter (2), Mr Cotter, jun., Hon. A. J. Cadman, Mr Cook, Mr and Mrs Theobald, Mr and Mrs W. McCullough, Mr and Mrs Archie Clark, Mr and Mrs Matthew Clark, Mr Crombie, Mr and Mrs W. Coleman, Mr Carthew.

Misses A. and J. Davis, Miss Dawson, Mr Dennan, Colonel and Mrs Dawson, Mr Dawson, Mr and Mrs Duthie, Judge Denniston (Dunedin), Mrs Dow-Judge Denniston, Mr and Mrs Denniston, Mr and Miss Denniston (Dunedin), Mrs Dowling, Mr and Mrs Moss Davis, Misses Davis (3), Mr A. Davis, Mrs G. N. Dargaville, Mrs R. Dargaville and Misses Dargaville (3), Mr and Mrs Devore and Miss Devore, Mr and Mrs A. B. Donald, Miss Donald, and Mr J. Donald, Mr and Miss Davey, Mr R. Duder.

Mr and Mrs Evett, Mr and Miss Ewen, Dr. and Mrs Erson.

Rev. L. Fitzgerald, Mr and Mrs Finlayson, Mr D. Finlayson, Mr and Mrs Fallon, Mr W. Fallon, and Miss Fallon. Mr Gardner, Mr and Mrs H. Gorrie, Mr, Mrs and Miss Gordon, Mrs Goodhue, Mr and Mrs Thorne George and Miss George, Mr Thorne George, jun., Mr and Mrs W. Gorrie, Mr B. Gordon, Mr D. Gordon, Rev. Canon Gould, Mrs Rees George, Mr and Mrs David Goldie.

Mr J. Henderson, Mr and Mrs Holgate, Mr C. Heskeith, Mr and Mrs Heather, Mr Herrold, Mr and Mrs Hume, Mrs and Miss Hull, Mrs Dr. Hanes, Mr John Henderson, Miss Henderson, Mr and Mrs A. Hanna, Mr and Miss Harcourt, Mr and Mrs T. Hutchison, Mr and Mrs J. Hardie and Miss Hardie, Mr and Mrs Henton and Misses Hen-

ton (2), Mr and Mrs J. J. Holland and Misses Holland (2), Mrs Hordern, Misses Hordern (2), Mr and Mrs Harding.

Mrs Isaacs, Misses Isaacs (3), Mrs H. Jackson, Mr and Mrs H. Johnston, Mrs and Miss Jones.

Mr and Miss Kirkwood, Mr Kane, Mr Kensington, Mr and Mrs Kent, Mrs Kenrick and Misses Kenrick (2), Mr and Mrs Kissing, Misses Kissing (2), Mrs Kempthorne and Misses Kempthorne (2), Mr Kennedy, Mr Newton King (New Plymouth), Miss Kissing, Mrs Dr. King.

Mr and Mrs Lewis, Misses Lennox (2), and Mrs Luckie, Mr T. H. Lowry, Mrs Laurie, Mrs Dr. Laishley, Dr and Mrs Lewis, Mr D. McLeod.

Mr and Mrs Mueller, Mrs Masfield, Mrs S. Morrin, Mr William Morrin, Mrs Moss and Misses Moss (3), Mr and Mrs L. Murriner, Mrs Main and Miss Main, Mrs and Miss McDonald, Mr and Mrs J. Mitchellson, Mr and Mrs Montague, Mr, Mrs and Miss Laughlin, Mr and Mrs T. Morrin and Miss Morrin, Rev. Father Walter McDonald, Dr. Muckellar, Rev. G. and Mrs MacMurray, Mr C. Major.

Mr H. B. Norton, Mr A. Norton, Mrs A. Nathan, Canon and Mrs Nelson, Mr Malcolm Nicol, Mr and Mrs R. O. Nolan, Mr J. Nolan.

Sir Maurice and Lady O'Rorke, Mr and Mrs T. Peacock and Miss Peacock, Mr W. Percival and Misses Percival (3), Mr and Mrs W. Philcox, Miss Philcox, Mr and Mrs T. Philcox, Miss Power, Mr L. D. Pelichet, Mr and Mrs Alfred Porter, Colonel Pole-Penton.

Mr and Mrs James Russell and Misses Russell (2), Mrs and Miss Richmond, Mr and Mrs Rothschild, Mr and Mrs Rainger, Mrs Robison, officers of H.M.S. Royalist, Mr and Mrs C. Ransom, Mr and Mrs A. Ranson, Mr and Mrs John Reid, Mr and Mrs K. Rose, Miss Reynolds.

Mr G. G. Stead, Mr W. Stead, Mr and Mrs J. M. Shera, Miss Shppard, Mr and Mrs Spence, Miss Sheppard, Mr F. Sloman, Mr R. J. Scott, Miss See, Mrs Stevens, Mr and Mrs Sanson, Misses Stevenson (3).

Mr and Mrs H. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mr and Mrs George Thompson, Mr and Mrs Tewesley, Captain and Mrs Tilley, Miss Tilley, Miss Olive Tilley, Mr C. Tilley, Mrs Thorpe, Misses Thorpe (2), Mr Thorpe, Hon. J. A. and Mrs Tole, Captain Torlesse (H.M.S. Royalist), Mrs Kerr-Taylor, Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), Miss Upton.

Mr James Westwood, Misses W. and A. Westwood, Mr and Mrs W. C. Wilson, Captain and Mrs Worsp, Mrs Worsp, Mr and Mrs Wigmore, Mrs J. Walker, Mrs J. B. White, Mr and Mrs J. L. Wilson, Mr, Mrs and Miss Walker (Elderslie), Mr and Mrs A. P. Wilson, Mr and Mrs W. S. Wilson, Mr White, Mr H. Walker, Mr and Mrs C. Whitney, Mr E. Waymouth, Mr G. Waymouth, Mr and Mrs Wakeote Wood.

Amongst the very pretty summer costumes worn I noticed the following:—Mrs Mitchellson, handsome golden brown and blue silk bengaline, trimmed with rows of brown satin ribbon on skirt and bodice, bright blue silk full vest, veiled with brown net and edged with cream lace, black sequin bonnet, with pottle crown, apricot and pink plumes, white osprey; Miss Mitchellson looked pretty in vieux rose

The Oldest Inhabitants say so, therefore it must be correct.

That never before, in the history of Auckland, have such crowds been seen in Queen-street. In front of IREDALE'S, the pedestrian traffic is particularly congested, so much so, that a considerable part has been detained solely for this part of the street in order to keep the crowds moving on and the delight of all the "small fry" in the city, closely watched by the lynx-eyed man of the law, ready at any moment to pounce down on him on a charge of "obstruction."

IREDALE

IS HAVING A 'GREAT TIME.'

This remark is being made on every hand, both by residents and visitors, and the truth of it cannot be doubted.

IREDALE'S CHRISTMAS TRADE

In exceeding his wildest expectations. The daily crowds are so dense that even with a largely augmented staff he has great difficulty in coping with them.

The Toy and Fancy Bazaar

In an unequalled success. IREDALE runs this department at Christmas time merely as an advertisement, and as he has not room to carry any of the stock left over, he is now offering the remainder of his wonderful stock of TOYS, Dolls, Fancy Goods, etc.,

AT EXACT COST PRICES!

Such an offer as this is bound to attract every man, woman, and child in the city.

Turning to other goods, that is, goods connected more directly with Drapery, pure and simple IREDALE is offering 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 Pique, 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 sensible sensation. Lovely Silk Blouses, assorted colours, all perfectly cut in the newest shapes, 10s 6d each, original price 21s.

Then Costume Skirts.

A Figured Lustre Costume Skirt at 10s 6d seems an absurdity, but is nevertheless true. IREDALE offers them this week at this price, and they are honestly worth 25s 6d. Remember, 10s 6d 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 Bargains for the holidays are something beyond the wildest dreams of even the keenest bargain hunter.

IREDALE.....AUCKLAND.

cashmere, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, arranged in vandykes on bodice and sleeves, and cream lace, cream hat, with plumes; Miss Bertha Mitchelson wore an effective forget-me-not blue Surah blouse bodice, tucked and trimmed in points front and back of bodice, and sleeves with ruchings of yellow chiffon, black skirt, with rows of moire ribbon on the hem, Panama hat, wreathed with cornflowers and poppies, narrow rouleaux of green velvet under the brim; Mrs E. C. Stevens (Christchurch), grass cloth skirt and jacket, stylish pale blue bonnet; Mrs Hordern (Sydney), cream silk, trimmed with grey; Misses Hordern, blue; Mrs John Mitchelson, grey shot lustre, trimmed with grey silk, white chip hat, with black and white plumes; Mrs Chas. Haines, white silk gown, under black net, stylish toque; Miss Isaacs, pink silk; Miss Edith Isaacs, white Swiss muslin, pink sash; Mrs Brett, rich black silk, white silk pointed plastron, bonnet to match; Miss Brett wore a pretty combination of grey and white, Leghorn hat; Miss M. Kenrick, pink muslin, black hat and flowers; Mrs Christie, grey satin; Miss Carr, cream Indian silk; Mrs Castleberg, black and white chiffon bodice, grey skirt, black hat, with feathers; Mrs Russell, grey; Misses Russell, white embroidered lawn over pink; Mrs S. Morrin, blue and white striped silk, black bonnet, with pink roses; the Misses Morrin, white muslin and white hats; Miss See (Sydney); Miss Henderson, fawn grass cloth, trimmed with blue silk, cream Leghorn hat; Mrs McDonald, black silk; Miss Brigham, white silk, trimmed with Maltese lace; Mrs Robert Dargaville, black and white costume; Miss Eva Dargaville, white embroidered muslin over blue; Mrs Cotter, green corded silk, white satin vest, with steel trimming, bonnet trimmed with blue; Miss Cotter; Miss Millie Cotter, white pique skirt, green silk blouse; Mrs Laishley Marriner (Dargaville), white silk slip under yellow lace, black hat; Mrs Black, white and black check silk, pink silk full vest, black hat, with roses and white plumes; Miss Dawson (Sydney); white linen costume, with tucked skirt, white hat, with chiffon and feathers; Miss Vowsden, sage green crepon, white V gathered yoke, and outlined with steel passerette, white chip hat, with chiffon and white plumes; Miss Percival, white organdy muslin, white hat; Miss Ethel Percival, green muslin, white hat, with pink flowers; Mrs Walcot Wood, stylish costume; Mrs Geo. Thompson, black silk grenadine, black hat; Miss Westwood, green and black costume; Miss Alice Westwood, blue and white muslin; Miss McLachlan, black; Miss Donald, white Swiss muslin, inserted with embroidery; Mrs Tilly, blue and black costume; Misses Tilly were attired in white silk; Mrs J. A. Toie, black and white costume; Mrs Christie (Dunedin), grey silk, with silver passerette.

My Cambridge correspondent says:—Mrs Wells gave a most enjoyable

EUCHRE PARTY

at her residence on Thursday evening last. The ladies' first prize was won by Mrs (Dr.) Murdoch, and the booby by Miss K. Selby. Of the gentlemen Mr Empson and Mr Banks tied and had to play off, the first prize falling to Mr Banks. The booby prize fell to Dr. Murdoch. The other guests were Mrs Martyn, Mrs Empson, Mrs Hally, Mrs Cook, Misses Gwynneth, Banks, M. Selby, Ward, Buckland, Willis, Lloyd, Messrs Buckland, Dyer, Empson, S. Banks, Selby, Potts, Matson, Kenderdine, Bouillon. After play was concluded the guests were entertained with a most recherche supper.

Miss Bessie Jones gave a most enjoyable

LITTLE AFTERNOON TEA

at the 'Sanatorium' prior to her departure to Auckland for the summer. Those present were Mrs Trevor Gordon, Misses Buckland, Priestley, Fisher, Empson, Willis, Brooks and Wells.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, December 28.
On Friday afternoon a
LARGE GARDEN PARTY AT
GOVERNMENT HOUSE

was given by the Countess of Ranfurly. The afternoon was beautifully fine, and the pretty grounds looked very nice. Delicious tea, cakes and ices were served during the afternoon.

Lady Ranfurly received in a cerise silk gown entirely veiled with white crepe and trimmed with insertion, finished at the waist with sash to match the lining.

Lady Constance and Lady Eileen Knox wore white muslin trimmed with lace and insertion, white hats with white tips and chiffon. Amongst the guests were Lady Stout in pale grey silk gown trimmed on the bodice with white chiffon, toque to match; Lady Douglas, Miss Douglas, cream lustre costume, with revers of open lace, white hat trimmed with chiffon and deep pink flowers; Mrs Barnett, black silk gown, bodice trimmed with white satin and jet, black and white hat; Mrs Rhodes, black satin gown, handsome, jetted cape, green and black bonnet with green ospreys; Mrs W. Reid, black satin trimmed with jet, pink floral bonnet; Mrs Collins, black silk with broad revers of white satin, becoming black hat with white tips; Mrs A. Pearce, deep violet gown with cream lace front, black hat with tips and yellow roses under brim; Mrs Ashcroft, black satin gown and cape trimmed with lace, black and pink bonnet; Mrs Tolhurst, black silk trimmed on the bodice with jet and chiffon, black bonnet with green flowers; Mrs Paterson, black silk costume, black and pink bonnet; Mrs C. Pearce, white drill costume finished with black ribbon, black and white hat; Mrs Stowe, black silk gown, black bonnet, yellow flowers; Mrs H. D. Crawford, fawn gown trimmed with lace and insertion to match, burnt straw hat with red poppies and black tips; Mrs Edwin, black silk broadened with tiny pink rosebuds, black bonnet with pink flowers and lace; Mrs T. C. Williams, black silk gown, handsome spangled cape, cream bonnet with pink roses and agrettes; Mrs MacPherson, crushed strawberry coloured gown, the bodice trimmed with cream lace, black hat with pink roses and tips; Mrs Higginson, black silk bodice trimmed with white satin under black lace, hat to match; Mrs H. D. Bell, pale green costume, revers of yellow lace, white hat with chiffon and pink roses; Mrs Waldegrave, dark blue and white figured silk trimmed with white open lace, white hat with wings and pink roses; Mrs Tyntsen, black silk costume; Lady Buckley, handsome green and black costume; Miss Brandon, black skirt, black silk tucked blouse, black and violet toque; Miss Pearce, brown silk veiled with black canvas, black hat with brown flowers and chiffon; Miss Ashcroft, black silk skirt, white muslin blouse, black hat with white tips and red roses; Miss Stowe, white costume; Miss Halse, grey costume, white hat trimmed with wings and pink chiffon; Miss E. Halse, white muslin trimmed with lace, white hat with ribbon and tips; Miss Fancourt, green costume, black lace hat with pink roses; Miss Edwards, pretty pale grey costume; Miss Williams, pale blue striped muslin gown, becoming white hat with chiffon and pink roses; Miss Smith, white muslin gown, deep founces of embroidery, white hat; Miss Bell, white muslin over a pale green lining, white hat with tips and chiffon; Miss Hutchison, white embroidered costume over a delicate coloured lining, white hat trimmed with wings and chiffon. Amongst the gentlemen were Judge Edwards, Sir Robert Stout, Dr. Fell, Sir A. Douglas, Messrs Pynsent, Bell, Smith, Waldegrave, Hutchison, Rev. Masters, C. Pearce, Colonel Pearce, Stowe, Tolhurst, Barnett, A. Pearce, Dr. Collins, etc.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, December 24.

This week everyone has been too busy shopping to think of much else, the number of visits one has to make into town for this or that little Christmas present is truly wonderful.

On Wednesday afternoon the children from St. Andrew's Orphanage Receiving Home, as well as those who are boarded out, were afforded a very enjoyable treat through the kindness of Mrs Kempthorne and several other ladies. The orphans assembled at the Christ Church Vicarage grounds, where they enjoyed themselves in various ways, and did full justice to the excellent tea which was laid on the lawn. In the evening all adjourned to the Sunday Schoolroom, where another treat was afforded in the form of a Christmas tree, from which

each child received two presents.

Amongst those present as Mrs Kempthorne's guests were the Bishop of Nelson, Miss Mules (Australia), Mrs Gibbs, Mrs Sealy, Mr Kissling, Miss Boor and others.

A

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

to the members of the late Cowan's Dramatic Company was given on Wednesday evening in the Theatre Royal by the Nelson Amateur Operatic Society. The first part consisted of a

CONCERT,

songs being contributed by Mrs R. Jackson, the Misses Reeves, F. Webb-Bowen, Smith, Messrs N. B. Levien, S. Trask and Butler.

PHYLLIS.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, December 28.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

was held at the Borough Schools on Thursday last. A fair number of people were present in spite of the wet weather, as there always are if der little kiddies are in it. There were some action songs by the children, some songs by Mr H. Wilmott, readings by Mr Howard, and some good music.

THE ETHEL GRAY COMPANY performed to a wretchedly poor house on Friday evening. The two principal performers were well worth seeing, they acted their parts so well.

For some reason

THE CHURCH DECORATIONS

were not so good as usual, though the pulpit and font looked very pretty, and large congregations attended morning and evening.

THE ROTOMAHANA

on Boxing Day brought over 900 excursionists. It was a wretched day, and many of the people came in white and summery frocks without wraps of any kind, so you may imagine the state of the white frocks. The Public Hall was opened, and a good many took refuge there. Some music was supplied, and many people danced till they were warm and dry.

Mrs Rutherford had a smart little

AFTERNOON TEA

on Tuesday, while the match was progressing. Mrs Rutherford was wearing a handsome dark dress, with pretty vest of pink silk; Mrs John Duncan, figured violet silk gown, with cream vest, and pretty bonnet; Mrs Henry Howard (Blenheim), dark skirt, green and white striped blouse, and hat trimmed with yellow roses; Mrs Harvey, fawn costume, white gem hat; Mrs Fell, black gown, with deep lace on the sleeves, floral bonnet; Mrs Robertshaw, brown tweed dress, and hat with white feathers; Mrs Carey (Blenheim), brown costume, hat to match; Mrs Allen, black cashmere; Miss Chapple, dark skirt, white blouse, and white gem hat. Captain Chapple, Mr Harvey, and Mr Henry Howard were also present.

JEAN.

VI-COCOA LEADS THE WAY.

It is found in the Homes of Hundreds of Thousands of the People who cannot be induced to go without it.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Owing to the kindly recommendations of Auckland people who have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa it can now be obtained from all respectable Grocers, Chemists, and Stores in Auckland and district, and the following have given permission for the insertion of their names and addresses as Local Agents. The list will be added to from time to time as occasion demands, for the information of those who write asking for the name of the nearest Agent.

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G. ATTKEN, 86, Queen-street.
G. AICKIN, 110, Queen-street

R. J. ALLELY, Chemist, Tauranga.
A. R. ANDREWS, Opotiki.
T. ANGLADE, Victoria-street.
J. B. BELL, Symonds-street.
Mrs M. A. BENNETT, Jervois Road.
BILLINGTON & DRUMMOND, Pateasoa-street, Freeman's Bay.
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BROWN, BARRETT, & Co., Customs-street West.
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JOHNSTON & NOBLE, Devonport.
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JAS. J. PRESTON, Jervois Road.
ING. PRESTON, Nelson-street.
Mrs ROBERTSON, Remuera.
T. REIDY, Tuarua.
C. RATLEN, 90, Queen-street.
J. & S. ROBERTS, Thames.
S. RICHARDS, Queen-street Wharf.
R. ROBERTSON, North Shore.
W. ROULSTON, Pukekoke.
R. REW, Victoria-street.
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Medical men and the public are offering conclusive testimony upon the value of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and to show their confidence in the new preparation the proprietors make the unparalleled offer of a free test of merit, a dainty sample (in being sent gratis and post free to any address on mentioning the 'N.Z. Graphic'. This offer is made because it sells Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, the new preparation referred to; in fact, the sales are increasing to such an extent that additional manufacturing facilities have had to be made.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, in 8jd packets, and 1/1 and 2/2 tins can be obtained from all Grocers, Chemists, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269, George-street, Sydney.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, December 19.
On Thursday evening Mrs Bullock gave

A BALL

In the Art Gallery, in honour of her daughter, Mrs Howard, who is over from Sydney on a visit, which was a most charming affair. The decorations were lovely, the flowers used being principally roses and sweet peas, backed up by large palms and ferns, a sit down supper of a most recherche description, perfect floor and music. Mrs Bullock received her guests in the drawing room, and wore a rich black brocade trimmed with white satin revers and passementerie; Mrs Howard looked well in pale pink silk, with lovely flowers; Miss Bullock, a very pretty gown of black net and silver trimmings; Miss M. Bullock, in a sweetly pretty gown of heliotrope crepon trimmed with white ribbon and lace; Mrs Henry Wood, pink silk with lovely chiffon trimmings; the Countess of Seafeld wore a rich white satin profusely trimmed with pearl and silver passementerie and chiffon, her hair parted down the middle and draped low on to the neck with three white roses at the side (not becoming, but picturesque); Mrs Meredith-Kaye, in grey satin and passementerie; Mrs Sam Gordon, black satin with white trimmings; Miss Tabart, all black; Miss M. Tabart, white muslin trimmed with ribbon; Miss Garrick, lovely yellow satin; Miss C. Newton, pretty gown of pink satin; Miss Graham, pale yellow; Miss Constance Leach, a lovely shade of apricot silk with amber passementerie; Miss Denham, white silk; Miss Cunningham, grey satin and steel trimmings, beautiful flowers and bouquet; Miss Denniston, white silk prettily trimmed; Miss Cox, in pink; Miss Preston, white silk and chiffon; the Earl of Seafeld, Judge Denniston, Messrs Wood (3), Day, Reid, Batchelor, Atkinson, Henderson, Garsia, Cotterill, Gordon, Olliver, Lawrence, etc. Most of the girls wore

the hair low down, and very pretty it looked on some, but such a sudden and distinct drop is a shock one has to get used to.

At the Taum street Hall on Thursday evening an immense crowd gathered to hear the

MUSICAL UNION'S LAST CONCERT of the season, and were rewarded by an excellent programme, though the heat was very trying, but fortunately the concert was not unduly long. The overture, 'Rosamunde,' is an old friend and was as daintily played as ever, the No. 4 Symphony of Beethoven was by request played again, and better appreciated than before. Miss Alice Corrick, who has just returned after a ten months' sojourn in Australia, sang a song in the first part excellently. Her voice has improved, but her upper notes, though beautifully clear and true, are not by any means strong. In the second part Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' was given, the soloists being Miss Corrick, Mrs Howie, Messrs Izard and M. Gard'ner. In this Miss Corrick was most effective, while the duet between the two ladies was a treat. Mrs Howie sang 'Fac ut portem' splendidly; indeed, the whole quartette were in such good form as to greatly please the audience. Mrs Howie looked well in white satin and chiffon, with white plumes in her hair; Miss Corrick also wore white satin and white aigrette. We all felt so sorry to think this was the last concert Mr Wallace would conduct for a year, and can only hope that after his holiday we shall have the pleasure of welcoming him back to the concert platform in Christchurch. Among the audience were Judge Denniston and his daughter, Mrs Julius, Mrs Embling and the Misses Julius, Mr W. D. Meares and Misses Meares, Mr and Mrs Kaye and Mrs Erwin, Mrs and Miss Wilding, Mrs F. M. Wallace, Professor and Miss Cook and Miss Grigg (Longbeach), Mr and Mrs Bel'house, Mr and Miss Wheeler, Mrs W. J. Bruce, Mr Costello (Sydney), Mrs H. Quane, Mr

hurst, Mr and Mrs J. Fairhurst, Mr and Miss Connal, Miss Godfrey, Mr and Mrs Shanks and Miss Shanks, Mr B. H. Burns, etc.

Dr. and Mrs Elmalie and their little daughter arrived from their trip to England on Thursday and we gave a hearty welcome home the evening of their arrival by the members of the congregation. Dr. Elmalie is much benefited by the change and rest.

December 21.

The greater number of breaking up parties at schools take the form of 'At Homes,' and very pleasant they are to anyone interested at all in the way young New Zealand is being brought up or at least educated, and greatly so to the parents; and also serving its purpose for the young people themselves in overcoming shyness and awkwardness so often experienced at that age. The refreshments at these gatherings are more often than not samples also of the pupils' work, while they look after all the guests in a most indefatigable manner. A particularly interesting afternoon was spent on Thursday with Miss Gibson and her pupils at the Girls' High School watching an exhibition of drilling under Major Richards, many parents and friends being present. Feeling reference was made to the late Mrs J. S. Foster, and it was announced two scholarships in her memory have been established at the school, to take effect in 1900 for the first time. In closing, Miss Gibson gave such sterling advice to the girls that can never be entirely forgotten by them.

The Misses Gard'ner and their music pupils were 'At Home' at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms on Thursday afternoon, when some delightful part singing was heard, and as a specimen of the thoroughness of Miss Gard'ner's teaching in reading music, a piece was sung at sight most surprisingly well. The Misses Gard'ner and Mrs M. Gard'ner were in mourning costumes; Mrs Julius, grey lustre coat and skirt, pretty black bonnet relieved with

pink; the Misses Julius, Mrs and the Misses Guthrie; Mrs and Miss Robinson, Mrs and Miss Reeves, Mrs R. D. and Miss Thomson, Mrs Baber, Mrs Hurst-Seager, Mrs Embling, Mrs Nalder, Mrs and Miss Wilkin, Mrs Barkas, Mrs Anderson, etc.

On Thursday evening at Girton College, Misses Freeman and Fodor were 'At Home,' when, with the assistance of their pupils, a very pleasant time was spent by parents and friends. Here a method of doing arithmetic is a matter of much surprise and speculation; it is veritable lightning arithmetic. A little French play was capitally done by a few of the girls.

Though it was a very hot day, quite a number of ladies appeared at the College cricket ground on Friday to see the match between 'Old Boys' and the present pupils when the former proved too much for them. Afternoon tea, provided by the 'old boys,' was highly appreciated, and with such a host of willing helpers every one got a refresher. When the hot wind lulled things were much more pleasant and the game not such a scorching one. Among the onlookers were Mrs Bourne, in green coat and skirt, black toque, with pink flowers; Mrs Andrews, in pale grey and pretty bonnet; Mesdames Studholme, G. Rhodes, Wardrop, Palmer, Cook, Cotterill, Rose, Wood, Ronalds, Malet, G. Harris, Moorhouse, J. C. Palmer, Misses Julius, Malet, Winter, Reeves, Tabart, Anderson, Hewitt, Bullock, Russell, Harman, Irving, Davie, Palmer, Lee, Wright, Meares, Harper, Cook, Grigg (Longbeach), Way, Cunningham, etc.

'Enquire' in the 'Graphic,' December 10th, asks if Rickett's coloured starches are a success. I have not tried them, but Maypole soap is a decided success, and directions for using, starching, etc., are with each cake. Rice-water makes the best starch for lace and muslin. Perhaps it would suit the black print and muslin. A handful of salt in the rinse water prevents the colour running.

Mrs J. T. Peacock was favoured with a perfect afternoon for her

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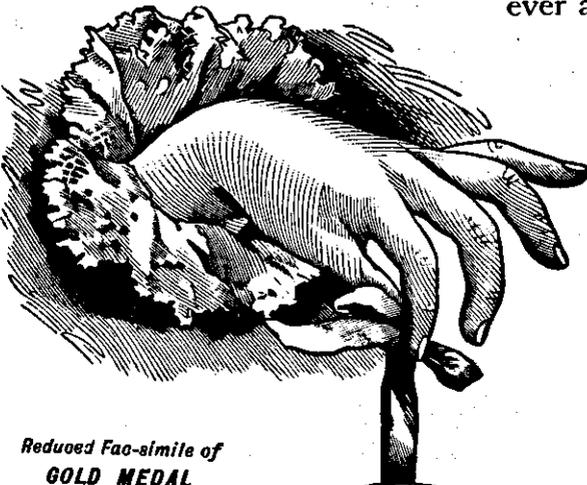
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TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.



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Paris Exhibition,
1889.



GARDEN PARTY

on Wednesday, after a very threatening morning, the grounds looking lovely after some nice showers of rain. A large marquee was erected in a sheltered spot for refreshments, and many small tables with fruit, etc. A good band played at intervals, and croquet was kept going. Mrs Peacock received her guests on the lawn in front of the house, and wore a handsome black silk gown, and black hat, with yellow feathers. Among the guests were Judge and Mrs Denniston, Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs Jennings (the latter in a pretty grey costume and black hat, with cerise roses under the brim near the face), Mr and Mrs Wardrop, Mrs and Misses Julius, Dr. and Mrs M. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs R. Anderson, Mrs and Miss Palmer and Miss Lee, Mr and Mrs Weston, Dr. and Mrs Thomas, Mrs G. Gould, Mr and Mrs Common, Mr and the Misses Meares, Misses Garrick, N. Matson, Fairhurst, Mr and Miss Way, Mrs J. Beaumont, the Earl and Countess of Seafield, Mr and Mrs Louison, Mrs W. Stringer, Mrs Appleby, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, the Misses Hargreaves, Mr and Mrs J. M. Wallace (the latter in heliotrope gauze, with white stripe over white silk, black hat, with violets), Mr and Mrs Kaye (the latter in pale fawn coat and skirt, with heliotrope vest, heliotrope bonnet), Mrs and Miss Cunningham, Misses Cowlishaw, Mr Carrick and Miss Martin (the latter looked well in black and white shepherd's plaid, with white satin revers, pale blue vest, white hat, with blue wings), Mrs Martin, Mr and Miss Reswick, Mrs Martin, Mr and Miss Connal, Mrs and Miss Reeves, Mrs Tonks, Mr. Mrs and Miss Graham, Mrs J. B. Fisher, Mr and Mrs Enbling, Messrs Wood, Gibbs, Day, Kinsey, Hislop (England), Hill, and many others.

DOLLY VALE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 22.

BREAKING-UP CEREMONY

last Thursday afternoon in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. After a very attractive programme had been gone through by a number of pupils one was allowed to go upstairs and inspect the fancy work, for which the convent excels, and which has surpassed the previous years, as there is such a variety. Among those who were wandering up and down stairs and viewing the artistic paintings, drawings and fancy work, etc. I noticed Mrs Hayward in grey; Miss Hayward, fawn; Miss K. Fraser, white muslin, sailor hat; Miss J. Fraser, yellow, navy's veiling, with chiffon trimmings, very pretty Tuscan hat trimmed with daisies; Miss Scot, check costume; Miss Freeth, white, sailor hat; Mrs Holmes, stripe blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Corkill, pretty green and pink check costume, sailor hat; her little daughter was in pale blue; Mrs S. Teed, check blouse, black skirt; Miss Bedford, holland costume; Miss E. MacDiarmid, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Dougherty, black and white stripe costume, white front; Mrs W. Wood, black, mauve in bonnet; Mrs Kevell, white blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Rock, dark skirt, very pretty heliotrope silk blouse; Mrs Ellis, black costume, bonnet, relieved with heliotrope; Miss I. Ellis, striped blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Maule, dark skirt, stripe blouse; Miss Page looked well in a navy coat and skirt; Mrs Clarke, black and white; Mrs Jury; Miss Treuby; Miss Knight, pink blouse, black skirt; Mrs Kivill; Miss R. Rennell, stripe blouse, dark skirt; Miss V. Rennell, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat with blue band; Mrs McClelland, bronze satin blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs George; Miss J. Lawson, blue drill with white braid; Mrs G. Cook, black, pink in bonnet; Mrs Dockrill, shot green lustre, pretty cream hat; Miss Rosworth, grey costume, dainty hat; Miss Gath, check blouse, dark skirt, violet in hat; Mrs Hull, heliotrope; Mrs Snowball, striped blouse, dark skirt; Miss V. Quilliam, pale blue; Mrs Pollock, holland costume; Miss A. Avery, cream; Mrs Guthrie, black costume, pink front; Mrs Watt, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Menhennet, shot silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ford, cream and purple costume; Mrs Clow, black Miss Clow, pink and white costume;

Miss Leslie, pink; Mrs Champion, slate coloured costume, hat with feathers.

The breaking-up ceremony of the HIGH SCHOOL.

took place last Friday afternoon. The room was prettily decorated with flowers and ferns, and there was a large attendance of friends, relatives and scholars to witness the distribution of prizes. After several speeches were made by Mr Pridham (head master) and Messrs McTaggart, MacDiarmid and Roy, afternoon tea was partaken of. Among those present I noticed Mrs Pridham, chocolate costume, pretty cream hat trimmed with pink; Miss Pridham, cream; Mrs Douglas, black; Mrs Robinson, black satin; Miss M. Robinson, looked dainty in yellow, pretty hat to correspond; Mrs Evans, pale blue and white costume, hat with feathers; Misses Smith, grey; Mrs J. B. Roy, green and pink, bonnet en suite; Misses Roy, white; Mrs Baker, black; Miss W. Baker, white, green sash; Miss Hursthouse, white crepon with satin trimmings, pretty white velvet picture hat relieved with cornflowers; Miss C. Hursthouse, dainty white costume, hat trimmed with yellow; Miss B. Webster, grey and blue costume, cream hat; Miss L. Webster, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Courtney, white blouse, dark skirt, hat with feathers; Miss G. Shaw, white; Miss O. Rawson, white; Mrs A. Fookes, grey costume, bonnet en suite; Mrs Paul, green and white costume; Miss G. Paul, white; Mrs Freeth, black; Miss Freeth; Mrs J. C. George, green and pink costume, sailor hat; Miss W. George, white; Mrs Oswin, grey; Mrs G. Avery looked pretty in pale green, large white picture hat; Miss N. Skeet, pale green, hat to match; Mrs Hursthouse, black silk; Mrs Stanford, black and gold; Miss O. Stanford, white; Mrs E. Standish; Mrs D. Wood, pale heliotrope costume; Mrs Copelan, black; Miss M. Berry, pale green; Mrs H. Fookes, check costume; Mrs Brewster, black and white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Richmond, green; Miss Sadler, white; Miss M. Govett, green; Miss Drew, grey costume, white front; Miss Bedford, cream muslin blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Fraser; Miss J. Fraser, yellow, hat en suite; Miss Grant, blue and white striped costume; Miss Siggs (Mania), chocolate coloured costume, pretty cream hat with feathers; Miss J. Lawson, white; Mrs Dockrill, green; Miss Rosworth, grey costume; Mrs Mills, grey; Miss Hirst, black; Miss Hoby, green; Mrs Clark, brown costume, black hat relieved with pink roses; Mrs Cornwall, black; Miss C. Jacob, pretty cream serge costume, hat en suite; Miss Hayward, blue and white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs MacDiarmid, dainty heliotrope muslin, trimmed with bebe ribbon; Miss E. MacDiarmid, dark skirt, pale pink blouse; Mrs Stanford, black and white costume; Miss L. Biss, cream; Miss E. Dempsey, yellow blouse, dark skirt; Miss A. Massacosa, fawn; Mrs Robieson, fawn costume; Miss D. Taylor, grey; Miss Sadler, green and white; Miss Ross, holland costume; Miss F. Tribe, blue figured muslin; Misses Fookes, white pique; Miss W. Mathews, cream and yellow; Miss H. Drake, pretty white silk; Miss E. O'Brien, pale pink; Miss I. Cottler, cream; Miss F. Avery, black and white costume; and Messrs Dempsey, Roy, Weston, Bewley, MacDiarmid, Captain Cornwall, Dockrill (Mayor), Fookes, Robinson, Richmond, A. E. A. Clarke, and Revs. F. G. Evans, Osbourne and Drew.

NANCY LEE.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

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

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

beautifies the complexion, removes freckles, and cures blemishes, cures all cutaneous eruptions, and produces soft, fair, delicate skin; ask Chemists and Stores for ROWLAND'S articles, of Raston Gardens, London.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, December 19.

Mr and Mrs J. Conolly's charming residence at Springlands was the centre of attraction to their friends on Friday afternoon, when Mrs Conolly gave a

GARDEN PARTY.

The weather was all that could be wished for an al fresco entertainment, and despite the rather dry time of year, the garden was brilliant with flowers. At the end of the house, adjacent to the tennis lawn, a long table decorated with flowers and bountifully set out with all sorts of delicacies for afternoon tea was placed in the shade, whilst here and there a few chairs were arranged near small tables on which were pretty dishes of sweetmeats. On the other side of the grounds, near the pretty little stream, knots of easy chairs were placed at intervals, tables of goodies being near at hand. Here, under the trees that fringe the banks, was a pleasant cool retreat, where those who pleased could sit and chat and watch the graceful white swans. Mrs Conolly wore a striking dress of pale pink and green, with insertion over pink, and green trimming; Mrs J. Mowat wore a bluish grey jacket and skirt; Mrs A. P. Green, a muslin dress of two shades of heliotrope, lavishly trimmed with cream insertion arranged pointwise on the bodice, back and front, collar, cuffs, and waist were finished with heliotrope ribbon, stylish hat to match; Mrs Griffiths, a black dress, sprigged with yellow, black bonnet, brightened with pink flowers; Mrs F. Greenfield, greenish grey coat and skirt, tan vest; Mrs MacShane, black skirt, velvet bodice, and black hat trimmed with yellow ribbon and black quills; Mrs G. W. McIntosh, green skirt and striped blouse; Mrs Chaytor, black and white silk, front of tiny white chiffon frills, edged with black, black hat; Mrs Anderson, heliotrope muslin, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, black hat, with upstanding black feathers; Mrs Mouru; Mrs Smith, black; Mrs Orr, brown skirt, white muslin blouse; Mrs Bright; Mrs Nancarrow (Dunedin), blue and yellow shot dress, becoming bonnet; Mrs Farmar, black dress and mantle; Mrs Mead, handsome green shot silk; Mrs Black, fawn skirt, white blouse; Mrs Stoney, grey dress, black mantle; Mrs Pullene (Adelaide, S.A.), Mrs Rogers; Mrs Clouston, white pique dress; Mrs P. Doullin; Mrs C. W. Adams, Mrs B. Clonstou, Mrs Grace, Mrs Howard, Mrs Duckworth, Mrs Hubbard, Mrs Jackson, Mrs A. Mowat, Mrs G. Robinson, Mrs H. J. Howard; Miss E. Chaytor, a pretty grey patterned dress, with front of pale blue, pretty hat; Miss Hildreth, black; Miss Johnston, pretty pink muslin, the bodice of alternate rows of tucks and white insertion, white moire sash; Miss B. Farmar, white dotted muslin; Miss B. Dyer (Wellington), white pique dress, white hat, with white wings; Miss Giblin, grey costume; Miss Waddy, white pique, with narrow green stripe, sailor hat; Miss Nicholson, black coat and skirt, black hat, with touches of scarlet; Miss Adams, greenish muslin, with white insertion. Tuscan hat, with white wings and ribbon; Miss Beauchamp (Anikawa, Queen Charlotte's Sound), dark skirt, red and white checked blouse, sailor hat; Miss L. Beauchamp, black skirt, blue and white checked blouse; Miss Kate Smith, Miss J. Chaytor, Miss McLaughlan, the Misses Bull (2), Miss Horton, Miss Ferguson, Miss S. Gard, Miss Huddleston, Miss MacLaine, and Messrs Orr, Conolly, Greenfield, Stoney, Horton (2), C. W. Adams, Fish, W. Jeffries, Black, Dymock, Taylor, A. Green, C. Symons (England), Pullene, Burden, Stubbs, L. Griffiths, Stow, R. McIntyre, MacLaine, and other hosts.

On Tuesday evening the first heats for the Rowing Club's Pair-oar races were rowed for trophies presented by Messrs T. Watson and J. McKinley. On Wednesday evening some more were rowed, and on Thursday the finals, Messrs J. M. Jackson and C. E. MacShane being the victors.

FRIDA.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

PICTON.

Dear Bee, December 19.

The English lady tourists, who have been here for about ten days, left us on Friday night by the Rotorua, Miss Laidlaw to spend a few weeks in Wellington and Dunedin, and the Misses Percival to spend Christmas with Mrs Acton Adams in Canterbury. While they were in Picton they had a real good time, from a tourist's point of view, and visited the goldfields and all places of note by the way. They were delighted with everything, and gave great pleasure to everyone they met by enjoying everything set before them, and by cleverly entertaining others. They astonished the miners at Cullensville by walking down and up the shaft, nearly two hundred feet, in perfect darkness—a feat which had tried the nerves of several men. Most of their time was spent exploring and sketching, but they were also entertained privately by Mrs J. Greenhill, at Waikawa, Mrs Allen, Mrs Duncan, and the Misses Greenhill, 'Brooklyn'.

The arrival of the Waimate, the largest vessel which has ever been in Picton, and the Ionic on the same day made an exciting break in the monotony of our lives. All the world and his wife of Picton—congregated on the wharf, and really what with the train on the wharf, and trucks on both sides, steam winches, and men running about to assist in the loading of the two huge strangers, and the Rotorua, the wharf was none too safe. However, we flatter ourselves that all the men of Picton are gentlemen, and strangers generally take their cue from them, so that women and children are generally well looked after. Among those I saw on board both ships were Mrs Scott, Mrs Allen, Mrs T. Cawte, Mrs Stow, Mrs Farmar, Mrs Welford, Mrs McCormick, Mrs Lloyd, Mrs McNeil, Mrs Robertson, Mrs Cummings, etc., etc., and the Misses Allen (3), Harris (2), Scott, Hallett, Greenhill, Cummings, Lloyd, McCormick, who were all shown over both vessels most courteously by the officials.

On Thursday last Mrs Allen and the Misses Laidlaw and Percival (2), were invited to go down the Sound to Wata-monga by Mr and Mrs McCormick. A pleasant trip in the Phoenix, and a few hours spent Operculea hunting, and a musical evening ended an all too short day. It was intended to take the strangers to see the lions of Port Underwood, but the 'powers that be' sent rain to put a 'stopper' on that expedition, and the party returned to Picton via Waikawa on Friday. The same evening they left per Rotorua.

Compliments of the season to the 'Graphic' staff.

JEAN.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, December 22.

The annual

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

and awards of scholarships in connection with the Nelson Boys' and Girls' Colleges were made at the Theatre Royal on Friday afternoon. Mr J. H. Cook, a member of the Board of Governors, presided, and seats on the platform were also occupied by Messrs Pitt, Fell, G. A. Harkness, J. Graham, M.H.R., J. W. Barnicoat, M.L.C. (Governors), Mr Holloway (secretary), and the College staff. The teachers were loudly applauded on entering, and when Mr Joynt took his seat the boys rose and sang 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'

The reports from professors who had examined the Colleges were read by Miss Gibson, M.A., principal of the Girls' College, and Mr Joynt, M.A., principal of the Boys' College, and were most satisfactory. Speeches were made by Miss Gibson, Mr Joynt, and Mr Cook, who also distributed the prizes. There were a large number of pupils from both Colleges present, and all seemed in the highest of spirits. The gathering broke up with the usual cheers from the boys. Miss Gibson and her staff, namely, the Misses Gribben, Pearce, Graham, and Galletly, all wore pretty white dresses under their University gowns. Amongst those present were noticed the Bishop and Mrs Miles, the Rev. J. P. and Mrs Kempthorne, Mesdames Pitt, Sealy, Fell, Watts (2), Humphries, Blackett, Lubeck, Bain, Perrin, Wright, Mrs Percy Adams, stylish grey costume, white hat with pink roses beneath the brim; Mrs A. Glasgow, buff cambric; Mrs Daubeny

(Sydney), deep violet costume, light hat; Mrs. Pearson, black tailor-made costume, white sailor hat; her sister, Miss Browning, was similarly attired; Miss Mules, white; Mrs. Pogson, light costume; Mrs. E. F. v. Cooke, powder blue trimmed with white lace; the Misses Robertson, Haslem (Christchurch), Holloway, Ferrin, Humphries, Lawson (Christchurch), Sealy, Heaps, Ledger, Fell, M. Atkinson, Richmond (Wellington) Lubecki Richmond, Blackett, and many others.

PHYLIS.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

Instant Relief for scurrying, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair, in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, - single application of UREOLIN (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humour cures.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Export D. & C. Co., 515, First Street, Boston, U.S.A. "How to Cure Itching Skin Diseases," postfree.

RED ROUGH HANDS Healed, Softened, and Brought by CUTICURA SOAP.

All Bushmen

Use it

For Cleansing the Blood it has no Equal.

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



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

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

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

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS

EPPS'S COCOA

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

EPPS'S COCOA

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

CLOSING YOUR HOUSE DURING A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

It seems to be quite the fashion nowadays to close up our houses while we go away for our holidays, and I think it is a very good plan indeed. Of course, if we just close our windows and doors and cover nothing up we shall find our furniture in a sad condition when we come back. I think just a few words of how to leave home will be useful to those who intend to close their houses soon.

First of all have all the fire grates cleared out; rub grease or vaseline on the steel and brass ornamental parts of the fireplace; pull down the registers. All lace and stuff curtains must come down, and the lace ones sent to the cleaners, and the stuff ones folded up and put away.

The furniture must be covered up with dust sheets or newspapers.

Hang newspapers over the windows before the blinds. Pull down the blinds.

If you have gas, be sure and turn it off all over the house.

Have your dustbin emptied. See that all your window bolts and locks are secure.

All your silver and plated goods should be packed in a box and either sent to the bank or you should ask a friend to take charge of it.

Send all your plants to a friend, and ask her to look after them for you.

Leave nothing in your larder. Put all your china and glass in cupboards.

The day before you leave home go to the nearest police-station and tell the officer in charge that you will be absent so long from home, and he will instruct the policeman on your beat to look after your house. You can give the policeman a couple of shillings on your return.

Have all the bed clothes folded up and put under cover on the beds. Leave plenty of lumps of carbon scattered about your rooms to prevent moth.

If you do all this, you will find when you come back that your house is in good condition, and that one day's hard work will make it look as nice as you can wish.

A TURKISH HERCULES.

Ahmet Bey, a Turkish officer who served against the Russians in the campaign of 1877-78, was handsome, well-proportioned and of extraordinary physical strength. He was not only a Hercules, but the beau ideal of a soldier, one whose military knowledge seemed instinctive. Dr. Ryan, an English surgeon, who served with Ahmet Bey, tells in his book, 'Under the Red Crescent,' the following story of his strength and daring:—

Abdul Kerim Pasha, the commander-in-chief, while inspecting his troops one morning casually expressed the wish to capture a Servian prisoner from the Servian lines. Ahmet Bey, overhearing the remark, saluted, and asked permission to get the commander a prisoner. He received it, though Abdul Kerim wondered at the request. Ahmet wheeled his charger, dashed spurs into its flanks and galloped straight for the nearest Servian outpost.

As he approached, half a dozen rifles cracked, but Ahmet galloped on unharmed, and marked down one sentry for his prey. The sentry fired at the audacious horseman, missed and started to run. Ahmet swooped on him like a hawk upon a chicken.

He bent down, grasped the Servian by the collar and flung him across the saddle in front. Then he galloped back again, bending over his horse's neck to escape the bullets, and handed over his prisoner to the Turkish commander amid the shouts of the soldiers.

SORRY SHE SPOKE.

Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced): 'I think I've met your uncle, Mr Ernest Brown, at dog shows?' Miss Brown: 'Oh, yes, uncle will go to those dog shows, and meets the most appalling people!'

POINTED BUT UNFORTUNATE.

'Of course' said the lady with the steel-rimmed glasses, 'I expected to be called "strong-minded" after making a speech three hours long in favour of our sex, but to have it misprinted into "strong-winded" was too much.'

BON MARCHÉ



Exhibition Sale.

Assigned Estates of

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

.. The Opportunity ..

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

OUR ESTABLISHMENTS

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

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

Great Variety of GEMS and LADIES' SAILORS. CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' MILLINERY in Profuse Variety.

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

AT GIVING-AWAY PRICES.

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

BON MARCHÉ

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On Cost Price.

Inspection and Comparison are Confidentially Invited.

BON MARCHÉ

DIRECT DRAPERY IMPORTERS,

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

72 & 74, KARANGAHAPE ROAD.
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HIGH-CLASS DRESSMAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES - -

At Very Moderate Rates.

Walking Costumes from 10s 6d.

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

HELPLESS ON THE SHOALS.

A great steamship, feeling her way in a fog, ran upon a low mud bank and stuck fast, about twenty miles from her port. She had on board a valuable cargo and nearly three hundred passengers, most of whom were almost within sight of their homes. The tugs came and tried vainly to pull her into deep water. The officers were as able navigators as there had ever been. But she was helpless, and it was dead-low water. Only one thing could be done—to wait. A few hours later the captain said to his passengers, "The tide is rising; we shall be off presently." Sixty minutes more and the ship floated. It was now noon. At two o'clock sharp the impatient voyagers stepped ashore. They might have been delayed longer save for the one fact which the captain had announced in four words.

Perhaps this simple and not uncommon incident may contain a lesson for you and for me. Suppose we draw a little comparison and see. The man who learns nothing from things at his elbow will only waste his time going to college.

Mr William Jordan is grocer and postmaster at Bright Waltham, Waitage, Perks, where everybody knows him and believes in him. On December 7, 1893, he wrote a letter to a friend, and by consent of both parties we print a part of it.

"In the autumn of 1890," he says, "I had an attack of influenza. The effects of it lingered with me. I had no heart for anything. I was tired, languid, and weary. My appetite fell away, and what I did eat gave me a sense of tightness and fullness at the chest; my bowels were very costive, and I suffered much from sick headache. Sharp pains often caught me between the shoulders, and my breathing was very bad. I kept on with my work, but, on account of my weakness, the task was doubly hard. For about four months I was like this, when one day the thought came to me to try a medicine that so many of my customers bought of me and spoke so highly of. I carried out this idea, and after I had taken one bottle of it I noticed this first of all—"My appetite was better." I could eat; I relished my food; I got stronger. I took another bottle, and was as well as ever. That is three years ago, and I haven't had a touch of illness since.—(Signed) William Jordan."

One more letter—short and right straight to the point. Mr William R. Saunders writes it. He is a news agent, and lives at Old Town, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire. His letter is dated November 7th, 1893, just one month to a day earlier than Mr Jordan's. That merely happens so, the two gentlemen having no knowledge of each other.

"In the spring of 1891," says Mr Saunders, "I found myself out of sorts all unexpectedly. I couldn't fancy what had come over me. I was low, weak, and tired. I could eat hardly anything, and what I did eat gave me so much pain and distress that I came to dread sitting down to a meal. There were pains in my chest, sides, and back, between the shoulder blades. Then I got so weak that my work was a sort of drag on my hands; and even when walking I was so short of breath I had to stop and rest here and there. I took medicines the doctor gave me, and pills, etc., that my friends recommended; but it was no use, they didn't help me. And all the time, month after month, I was getting weaker and weaker. At last I got a bottle of medicine from Bristol that was right. That one bottle had this effect at first—"My appetite came back," and when I got through with the second bottle I was completely cured.—(Signed) William R. Saunders."

Now for the lesson. You see what it is, of course, but let's have it in words. When the ship was fast on the shoal only one thing helped her—the rising tide.

When these two men were fast on the shoal of illness only one thing helped them—the rising appetite. With eating and digestion came strength and health, for the trouble was that universal destroyer and deciever, indigestion and dyspepsia.

The tide rose to the pull of the moon. The languid appetite is roused by medicine finally resorted to by both our correspondents—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

A GHOSTLY PROCESSION.

Your ghost, as usually found in stories, is one that shuns the company of its own kind. In solitude it attends strictly to the business of scouring chance visitors to haunted rooms, pointing out the hiding place of vanished wills, locating lost treasure, or waiting dolefully when some member of an old ghost-owning family is about to die.

The most liberal consumption of turkey and mince-pie has never, to my recollection, assisted more than one boy to see a procession of ghosts just as real as any to be found in history or literature. I was once that boy.

'Twas Christmas night years and years ago. The full moon shone in its usual manner on the snow-capped roofs and white streets of a Canadian village. No doubt the chimneys' smoke rose straight up through the quiet and moonshiny night, though I don't remember having observed it on that occasion.

Some dog left outside with the thermometer might well have howled in a leisurely way about midnight. Certainly the old stairs creaked as I ascended them, for 'twas their nature to; and cold airs 'as from some infinitely distant land,' no doubt touched my cheek in the draughty passage. Such circumstances are much reported to be favourable to the appearance of one ghost at a time, but there was nothing unusual enough to give me a presentiment that a procession of them would appear in my bedroom.

I lay in bed turning over the leaves of my Christmas books by the light of a tallow candle and the moon. Coal-oil lamps had not come into general use at that time. My window was open both at the bottom and top, for I was bred in the belief that none but the effeminate or sick would sleep in any weather with windows entirely closed. I was wakeful, for I had not thought our cook would be pleased if I neglected any of her richer dishes.

Well do I remember how I drew the blankets up around my neck and turned over on my elbows to look out a few minutes on the moonshiny pond after I had quit reading. Not a soul, embodied or disembodied, did I see. Probably I reflected that there would be good skating in the morning, and thanked my stars for the holidays before I blew out my candle, put my head on the pillow, shut my eyes, and snuggled into the blankets.

How many seconds my eyes remained shut I do not know. But the tremor that came over me on opening them is 'indelibly imprinted on my memory.' So is every subsequent occurrence that I am about to relate in this true story.

Though I had been in a prosaic frame of mind on closing my eyes, I fell into extreme terror on opening them. For a vague, tall form had risen up beside my bed, and was moving quickly towards the door.

It was a figure of mysterious fashion. I was, even at that first moment of horror, as convinced as I am now that the shape could not be felt by touching it with my hand. How could a boy hope to feel with his fingers an apparition through which he could vaguely see the familiar pictures on his wall, his trousers hanging up there, and the table covered with his Christmas presents?

The moonshine pervaded the shadowy thing as I watched it gliding toward my bedroom door. It seemed to bend forward as it went, and then—"I saw it was followed by another!"

This, too, went toward the door with the same strange and deliberate movement as of floating upright with the slight current of air that set from my window. My blood did really run cold, and I remember the thumping of my agonised heart as I sat up in bed. I did not scream, for I dared not. And even as I gazed upon the bending of the second form, a third passing by close to my elbow.

This one was the more awful, because it floated as though it did not at all touch the floor. Possibly the others had moved similarly, but I had not glanced at their lower bodies. My soul was now possessed with wonder at what had become of them, and to solve this mystery I kept my eyes steadily fixed on the third of this shocking procession. It, too, bent forward. Next moment it seemed to be drawn forward and upward. With wild surmise I saw it disappear through the open transom of my door.

A fourth form passed as I turned suddenly to see how many more were coming from the outer midnight.

Close behind my elbow a fifth ascended from the unextinguished wick of my tallow candle, and I let the sixth and seventh go by with amazement that it should have been so scared by drifting smoke.

EDWARD AIKENSHAW.

TEN YEARS OF HEADACHE AND SICKNESS CURED.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS PERFORM A MIRACLE AT CLONCURRY (Q.).

Mrs Alice Murphy, of Short-street, Cloncurry, Queensland, courteously writes to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. as follows:—

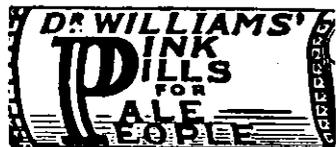
"Dear Sirs,—I have suffered for ten years with sick headaches, ringing in the ears, loss of memory, coated tongue, pains in the chest, shortness of breath, pains in the back and side, and swelling of the feet. In fact, I was a walking mass of complaints, and I spent any amount of money with doctors and chemists, and never could get any relief till I was persuaded to try your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking two boxes I felt such relief that I kept on taking them, and when I had taken half-a-dozen boxes I never felt better in my life; I was altogether a new woman.



I am now able to work without any pains or sickness of any kind, and I can vouch for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills being the cause of my recovery. I would advise anyone suffering from any complaint to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and I am sure that the result will be a cure. In fact I hope never to be without them as long as I live, for they are better than gold. Wishing you every success with your great remedy,

'Yours most gratefully,
'ALICE MURPHY.'

If you suffer from any ailment whatever arising from a weak, disordered or impoverished state of the blood, you cannot do better than take a course of these pills. They build up the constitution and strengthen the system in such a way as to prevent any ill effects occurring after measles, influenza, colds, etc. They are also a certain cure for biliousness, anaemia, sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, loss of physical strength, neuralgia, all female irregularities, debility, indigestion, sick headache, loss of vital forces, etc. Obtainable from all chemists and dealers, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., who will forward six boxes for 16/6, or one box for 3/, post free. As imitations are upon the market, see that the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—is printed in red on the white outside wrapper of every package you buy. They are only sold in package form: pills sold in any other manner whatsoever are not the genuine Dr. Williams' Pills, and should never be accepted. Be sure you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; it is only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which have performed the thousands of wonderful cures as advertised.



FACSIMILE OF GENUINE PACKAGE.

TOILET HINTS.

The Hands.—A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands in, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean, but glycerine does not agree with everyone; it makes some skins harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal, and wear gloves at night. A good preparation for the hands at night is the white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bedtime, and all the tools required are a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and a little fine white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean anything.

The Teeth.—There is no part of a woman's toilet which should give her more concern than her teeth. The physical needs of the whole body are dependent on the teeth, for it is through the medium of our teeth that our food gets proper mastication and is rendered fit to nourish our systems. Badly kept or insufficient teeth bring dyspepsia and many forms of ill health in their train. A woman stands or falls by the beauty or defects of her teeth. You may admire all her other features, but let the pretty mouth open to disclose discoloured, misshapen, or, above all, decayed teeth, and all your admiration is forgotten. The mental exclamation is always the same: 'What hideous teeth!'

It is lamentable to see how many people nowadays have to resort to artificial teeth. An eminent dentist once said: 'There is no necessity for man to go toothless to the grave if the teeth are properly cared for, from his early youth up.' Children should be taught very early in life to take care of their teeth, as they decay much quicker than those of a grown-up person. The teeth should be brushed after every meal, and most important of all, before going to bed. The following recipe for strengthening the gums and sweetening the breath is recommended by a famous doctor:—Two ounces of tincture of myrrh, add one ounce of eau de Cologne, and a few drops of burnt alum, shake occasionally, and after a few days strain through muslin. A few drops to be used on the tooth brush.'

It has become the fashion to reek of strong perfume in a way that a few short years ago would have stamped a lady as of a certain class. Patchouli became associated with lightness of conduct, and musk grew to be the watchword of immorality. Now, many of the nicest women dress themselves with pungent perfumes, white lilac, heliotrope, ess. bouquet, etc., to an extent which makes some delicate people positively ill. The truly refined lady should never smell of scent, though some delicate and intangible essence may cling to all her garments. It is a good plan to remember that any scent that stains the pocket handkerchief is too strong to be pleasant or desirable.

A woman who probably speaks from experience gives this advice to her sisters who lack brilliance or beauty: 'As the chief complaint of the plain woman is her lack of admirers, I suggest an untailing remedy. Treat men with indifference—not the obnoxious kind, which makes you appear disagreeable, but the easy manner which says very plainly that while you treat a man politely and entertainingly you will treat his successor equally well. Not being used to such treatment, it piques him, and immediately he tries to interest you. And from that moment he is lost if you are one of the clever women I meet every day.'

LACKED ORIGINALITY.

He: 'And am I really and truly the first man you ever kissed?'

She: 'Why, of course you are, stupid.'

He: 'Stupid! Why do you call me that?'

She: 'Because you are not original. At least a dozen men have asked me the very same question.'

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

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

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

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

Mrs T. C. Williams, Wellington:—"My dresses that you have made and my daughters dresses are very nice."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs Alice Crawford, Kilmuirie:—"My dress is a great success."

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

Mrs V. T. Hitchens, Levin:—"The habit came to hand and I am very pleased with it. It fits perfectly."

Miss Tanner, Napier:—"I received the habit and it fits perfectly."

Miss McMaster, Martinborough:—"The habit arrived safely and gives thorough satisfaction."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs C. J. Moore, Palmerston North:—"The costume arrived and is a perfect fit."

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

Government House,
Wellington, N.Z.,
October 28th, 1895.

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.

Mrs Nodine.

NODINE & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

THE STYLES OF THE SEASON NOW READY.



THE ABOVE DESIGN

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

RIDING-HABITS FROM 5 GUINEAS.

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

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

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

EMBROIDERY ALL THE RAGE.

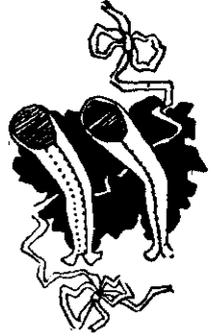
The white piques that are fairly incrustured with embroidery in a heavy white braid are among the handsomest things of the day. I have noticed so many of them lately made in such a smart fashion, with coats and skirts and fancy blouse vests. The coats are cut square in front to hang down in tabs, while the back is short and saucy. The braiding covers the whole coat, revers, body, sleeves, and all, and is rich in effect. The braiding on the skirt usually is heaviest and most elaborate on the front breadth, where it extends nearly to the waist, gradually tapering off at the sides, till at the back it is quite narrow. Some of the skirts are made with the flaring circular flounce, in which case the flounce is richly braided all over, and the seams of the upper part are also decorated with braid.

An incrustured white pique like this is perfectly stunning when worn with a full ruffled blouse vest of turquoise blue muslin under the coat and a hat of rough yellow straw trimmed with black wings and black taffeta ribbon. Gray piques, or rather drab ones, are the very latest thing in piques, and are smart. The shade is so soft and becoming that any one can wear it, and it is exceedingly stylish.

Never in the history of dress has white been so generally used as at present. It is even invading the mourning department, and more white dresses are ordered for ladies in black than have ever been heard of before. Indeed, every effort is being made to break the monotony of the intensely sombre costumes that custom prescribes as first mourning. Dresses of nun's veiling cashmere, pique, serge and cotton goods are called for every day. These are made up on very simple lines, great care being taken to avoid everything in the way of elaborateness.

Among the summer designs one of the simplest and prettiest is of fine white pique. The skirt is quite plain, and has a narrow apron, and is very close fitting in the upper part and flat in front, the material being quite tight round the hips, and there being no pleats at the waist behind. The fullness begins below the hips behind and at the sides, and develops into wide hollow pleats at the bottom. The skirt touches the ground all round. The corsage is a rather long bolero, coming down to the waist. It is closed, crossing over from right to left, but there is a slight opening at the top. The upper part just reaches the neck at the sides and back. The bolero is trimmed with a row of dyed guipure insertion, with rose patterns in high relief; it is tight in the back and seamless, and taken in front. The sleeves are tailor made, set in in large pleats, are rather small along the arms, and almost tight below the el-

The newest sleeve is close, so close that when made by an artist it hugs the arm without a wrinkle and rolls up from the small cuff that over-spreads the knuckles clear up to the



THE NEWEST SLEEVE.

armpits. Here, like a smoothly drawn kid glove, the sleeve opens bell-shape around a small puff, which rather resembles a musk-melon in shape, and, if the sleeve is cloth or silk, this puff is most likely made of gathered or plaited silk muslin. To complete the arms' decoration, a very modest flat epaulette extends from the shoulder upon the puff. A bit of braided cloth, two wedge shaped pieces of goods, or scraps of rich embroidery, form the epaulette, that is invariably edged with a narrow quilting of material from which the puff is made.

WORK COLUMN.

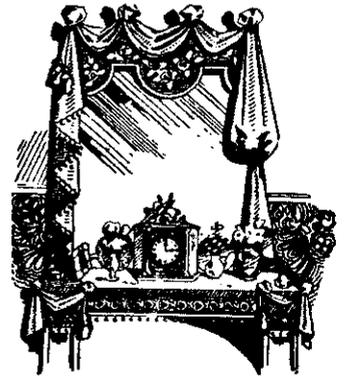
HOME IDEAS.

At one time of my life I was haunted by large gilt frame mirrors belonging to a house that I had temporarily taken; they worried me exceedingly and yet I dared not tamper with their gilded scroll work, for my tenancy was only for a year, and the damages I would have had to have paid would have been more than the rental. The mere twisting and turning of art muslin did not satisfy my aesthetic soul, for the gilt would show through and



WHITE PIQUE DRESS.

bow. They are trimmed with dyed guipure insertion four centimetres wide. The chemisette is of white cambric finely pleated. The neck trimming and scarf are of the same material, and the scarf is fastened by a large soft bow of the same material. The waistband is of white pique five centimetres wide, and round, and is stitched very closely so as to look almost like braid. The hat which completes the costume is of rough plait straw, amazon shaped, with turn-up brim and pointed in front. The crown is flat on the top, of moderate size, and low. The hat is trimmed with a drapery of soft white faille, with a large bow of the same in front, in which are set two curled ostrich feathers, drooping right and left.



ARTISTIC DECORATION.

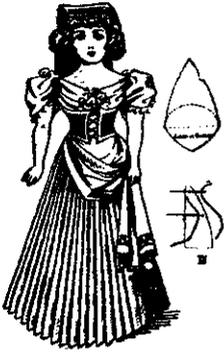
the drapery would present nothing but the effect of fly-protecting canvas, giving me the character of wishing to treat with fostering care rather than annihilate my enemy of gilded curves. I cut out, after the pattern you will see in this sketch, a yard and a quarter of moss-green velvet lined out with linette edged with a ball fringe, and then painted upon it with metallic paints a conventional design of Renaissance character; above this I festooned some light striped Algerian fabric, which met on one side a plain curtain of green Roman satin lined up with a pinky terra-cotta shade of silk, on the other side the drapery fell in fan revers, showing the lining of every fold. This was the most elaborate of all the looking-glass draperies, and was repeated in a mantel-border below, velvet being again the foundation, the hard effect of which was softened by the little corner draperies which can be better noted in the sketch than I can describe them. I followed out this idea in all the rooms, using serge, cretonne, velvet, and Roman satin as



Dainty lingerie is a part of all nice women's wardrobes. Here is an illustration of a very pretty nightdress made in white flannel, with a yoke, and trimmed with deep flannel-embroidery. It wears well, and always looks nice. It can be made in linen with lace trimmings.

best suited their acquirements and my pocket, but in every case I found that the framing of the top of the glass with these curves of heavy material had the most happy effect and did away with insignificant twists and folds and that terrible fly-protective effect. In one room I cut these curves after the fashion of a Moorish doorway in bright red velvet, and then braided it with gold and hung yellow satin draperies on either side. This was over a small fireplace with a narrow, oblong glass, and the result of introducing a touch of Orientalism fell in well with the rest of the decoration of the room.

Not at all a bad way of raising money at a bazaar is to dress up a little girl as a gipsy, carrying a fortune telling doll in her hand, and charging sixpence for all the peeps into futurity, given by the rustling paper skirts of the doll itself. And this is the way the doll should be made. Get any inexpensive doll which would stand about a foot high, dark-haired and complexioned being preferable if it is to play the part of the gipsy, the legs must



A FORTUNE-TELLING GIPSY DOLL

be cut off (no doubt there are some boys in the household who would rejoice in this amputation, especially if they were told not to), and each of the paper sections which form the skirt must be firmly attached to the body. The number of sections required depends a good deal on the paper used, but something like one hundred and fifty will certainly be needed, and as many colours as can be obtained should be pressed into service. A good size for each section is 8 inches by 4, and it should be cut after the shape shown in Fig. 1. The next thing to be done is to mark the sections with suitable mottoes, not forgetting the stereotyped ones of 'Beware of a dark lady.' 'You will be taking a journey shortly.' 'Money is coming to you from over the sea.' 'Your self-conceit stands in your way.' 'Be frank, but do not be unreserved to people you do not know.' 'Be sure you have not misplaced your confidence.' 'The persons who accompany you have not let you know their opinion of you,' and so forth and so forth. Then fold the part of the paper on which these words of wisdom are written upwards until a half circle is made where the dotted lines run in the drawing. The next thing is to fold the paper in half down the middle, which will produce the effect shown in Fig. 2; then a strong thread must be run through the top and again half way down, which will draw the various sections into the proper dimensions. At children's parties, as well as at charitable entertainments, these fortune-telling dolls give rise to a great deal of amusement, and at Christmas time they may even take the place of crackers at dessert. Fore-warnings of a gloomy character should be avoided, as with nervous, imaginative people it is difficult to say what harm might be done.

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.S. Lodge, Wellington, for terms and particulars.

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 notices for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the "New Zealand Graphic" are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—Ed.

RULES.

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

RECIPES.

Roulades of Mutton.—Ingredients: A piece of underdone or raw mutton, a few capers, a little melted butter, pepper and salt. Cut the mutton into thin pieces about two inches long and one wide, season with pepper and salt, and put in each a few chopped capers. Roll these up and put on a skewer, put them into the oven in a baking dish holding just enough water to cover them. Bake for half an hour or more. Then remove, take out the skewer and serve with very thick caper sauce.

Consomme Royal.—Take the yolks of six eggs, a pinch of mace, half tablespoonful of salt, a small pinch cayenne pepper, and beat well in a bowl, adding half a pint of sweet cream. Then strain, prepare six small tin cups well greased and dusted with bread or cracker dust, and fill them with the above batter. Set the cups in a pan, filling the same half full of boiling water and set the pan in the oven until the batter becomes firm, which takes about fifteen minutes; turn them out, let them get cold, cut them in slices, lay them in the soup tureen, pour over them one quart of hot Consomme and serve.

Cream of Sorrel.—Steam a pint of well cleaned sorrel, with an ounce of butter, for ten minutes and rub through a sieve; add a quart of white broth and a pint of milk; pour this, when hot, over a roux made of two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter; season to taste with pepper and salt and finish with a cup of hot cream.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—The amount of oil used in mayonnaise dressing is not affected by the quality of the oil. It is determined, however, by the coldness of the oil. A thin, cheap oil might possibly separate more quickly from the eggs, but the greatest objection would be the liquid condition of the mayonnaise. As a rule, three eggs will easily hold one quart of oil if it is cold and good; one will do the same, providing you add with each gill of oil a tablespoonful of vinegar, a drop at a time.

Beaugard Eggs on Toast.—An ordinary potato press may be used for this receipt for both whites and yolks. Put five eggs into luke warm water, bring to boiling point and keep them at this point for fifteen minutes. Throw them at once into cold water to prevent discolouring of the yolks; remove the shell, separate the whites from the yolks, press the whites through a sieve or chop them very fine, then the yolks, keeping them separate. Have ready five squares of bread nicely toasted and placed on a hot platter. Put one teaspoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan; mix, and add half a pint of milk; stir until boiling; add a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and the whites of the eggs. When hot heap neatly on the toast, sprinkle over the yolks of the eggs, dust lightly with salt and pepper, and stand in a hot oven for about two minutes; sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve at once.

This dish if properly made may be given to children over six years of age. For an invalid, however, or a younger child, omit the whites of the eggs, using the sauce with the hard-boiled yolks sprinkled over.

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.)



DELICATE CHILDREN.

In the vast majority of cases where the health of a child becomes impaired, its strength lessened, its frame emaciated, and its appearance wan and puny, the blame is to be laid on the parents' shoulders. In some instances the cause may be traced to heredity, and even then sickly parents cannot expect to have healthy bairns; but, as a rule, the trouble arises from carelessness or ignorance on the part of those who have the care of the little invalid. Illness must, of course, be expected; and of the many ills to which the flesh is heir, a large proportion occur in childhood. Infantile troubles, such as measles, whooping-cough, etc., are not in themselves particularly dangerous; with ordinary care the patient passes through them all right; but the mother's attention must not cease as soon as the doctor has been dismissed. Up to twelve or fourteen years of age—I might almost say up to the time when growth ceases—the frame is enfeebled more or less by an attack of illness, and it is after the child is 'cured,' that great care must be taken to build up its strength again—to repair the 'waste' that has taken place. A convalescent should have nourishing and strengthening food, but that food should be specially chosen with due regard to the constitution, so that it may be properly digested and duly assimilated into the system. While robust bairns may well go from meal to meal without anything to eat, their appetites sharp-edged when they sit down to the table, the child who is recovering from an illness should be fed more frequently, so that there may be no overloading of the stomach weakened by disease. Tonics may be given to stimulate the appetite if it be bad, though this should be done charily and a generous diet should be plentifully interspersed with ripe fruit and green vegetables; this to keep the bowels in order and avoid the necessity for medicines of the aperient or astringent order. But for a delicate child—no matter from what cause that delicacy may have arisen—I know of no more generally effective treatment than a course of cod liver oil cream.

To some extent a woman can scarcely help becoming vain; for is not a pretty or well-dressed woman of more consequence throughout the world than her plainer or dowdy sister, though that same sister be far the better woman of the two? Vanity prevents many women from becoming slatterns. A vain woman naturally always wishes to show to the best advantage, and this makes her careful of her personal appearance and of her surroundings, controls her temper and actions, and generally improves her in a thousand different ways.

DRESSING GIRLS ALIKE.

While waiting for a train at a country station a few days ago, my attention was drawn to a group of children who were evidently going for a holiday, as I judged from the festive apparel in which they were clothed. One thing, however, marred their appearance; five little girls, presumably sisters, were dressed exactly alike, regardless of individual style and complexion, in, I must confess, very pretty pink frocks, and hats trimmed with the same shade. While the tint suited four of the children, the fifth was decidedly at a disadvantage, being the unfortunate possessor of locks of a fiery hue. I think it only kind of mothers to dress their little girls in colours which suit them—the expense is no greater, and the result speaks for itself. Personally I do not like to see sisters dressed alike—it always gives me the impression that a remnant has been purchased at a bargain counter, and must be used in the family. If the ruddy-haired one had worn a suitable colour, such as navy, bronze green, or even black velvet, she would have looked even prettier than her sisters. As it was, the desire to dress all alike was a decided mistake. Very few sisters have the same shade of hair and eyes or the same cast of feature; and as the aim of every mother is to dress her children becomingly, these details should be taken into consideration when it is a question of selecting new hats and dresses.

TIRED EYES.

People speak about their eyes being tired, meaning that the retina or seeing portion of the eye is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscle attached to the eyeball, and the muscles of accommodation which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at, this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes, or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surroundings as far as may be with the hand wet in cold water.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VANITY.

Queen Elizabeth's love of sumptuous apparel grew with her years, and the leading fashions of the courts of Europe furnished her with designs for new dresses, which she would continually cast aside for others such as her fancy might suggest.

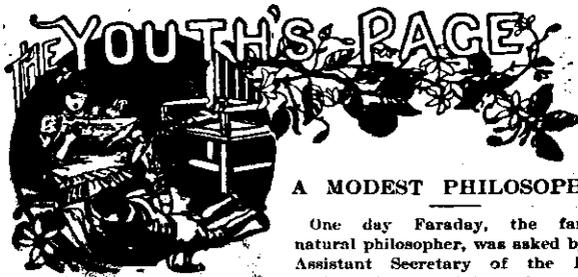
On all occasions she dressed in the richest costumes, adorned with brilliants, precious stones, and jewellery of the rarest workmanship, even in her old age she continued to dress like a young girl, afraid of nothing so much as of being thought old.

'Upon the subject of her personal beauty she would smilingly accept the most extravagant flattery,' says Carte, 'however fulsome it appeared to everybody else.' When Paul Hentzner saw her she was in her sixty-seventh year. Being a German, he observed her with an eye wholly unclouded by any sense of reverence for the divinity which hedges round a monarch. Indeed, he was so ungallant as to jot down in his notebook that Queen Elizabeth wore a wig, and that red. He goes on to remark that she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops, and that her bosom was uncovered.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Scientists tell us that in this nineteenth century of ours, about the greatest strides made in the discovery world have been in medicine. We have to record a discovery by an American medical man of a certain vegetable substance that has the effect in the digestion organs of Nature's own animal bile. This discovery is revolutionising all the present methods of treatment for digestive ailments. The old theory of pepsin, bismuth, starving, purging, etc., etc., is to be done away with. This great vegetable substance is compounded with other ingredients to facilitate the working, and to-day this remedy can be purchased the world over and in Australia under the name of Bile Beans for Biliousness. This great remedy possesses the peculiar properties of acting on the bowels without purging or otherwise weakening the patient. This is because the substance that relaxes the bowels has about the same action as the natural bile. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, and a course of them will probably successfully oust the most chronic cases of Piles, Indigestion, Chronic Headache, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Constipation, and a host of other ailments that owe their origin to defective bile flow, assimilation, and digestion. These Beans are placed on the market in a form that anyone can take them without medical supervision, and as the price is so very low, there are few homes that cannot afford to always have a box on the shelf for emergency.

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



**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 10z. id.; not exceeding 40z. id.; for every additional 20z. or fractional part thereof, id. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

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

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

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not received the badge which you said you sent me. I hope it has not got lost. One of my aunts has just been up to your Exhibition. She thought it was splendid, and thinks Auckland a very nice place, and the people so kind to visitors. It is so hot here; I shall be glad to get away by the sea. My sister and I are going to have our photos taken in our fancy dresses this week. Would you like them for the 'Graphic'? I have cut out the cousins' photos that have appeared in the 'Graphic.' I should be so glad if you would come and see us next time you come to Wellington. With love to you and all the cousins, wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I remain, your loving Cousin Athie.

[I am very glad your aunt was so pleased with Auckland. The reason you have not received your badge is that when I came to address the envelope I could not find your new address, so had to wait until I heard from you again. I anxiously opened your letter received to-day, but alas! there was no address at all, so again you will be disappointed. Please send me your full name and where I am to send the badge; a post card will do. Yes, also please send your photograph and that of your sister in fancy dress. It is very kind of you to hope to see me in Wellington, but I do not expect to be in that city again for ages. I hope you had a happy Christmas.—Cousin Kate.]

'If I were Santa Claus,' said mamma, softly, as she sat sewing on the first of January, 'if I were Santa Claus, I think I'd make another trip about New Year. I think I'd just peep in at the windows and see how the children used their Christmas things. And then I'd know whether to come next year or not.'

Nelly and Ned and Floy glanced quickly up at the windows. What cracks there were between the curtains!

'Why, of course, Floy,' said Ned, 'you can have my train of cars a while just as well as not.'

'Here's your ball, Ned,' said Nelly. 'I won't hide it again.'

And if Santa Claus had called within the next hour he would have gone away quite satisfied.

A MODEST PHILOSOPHER.

One day Faraday, the famous natural philosopher, was asked by the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society, Walter White, who records the talk in his 'Journals,' if he were writing a paper for the society.

'No,' said he, shaking his head, 'I am too old.' He was then in his sixty-seventh year.

'Too old! Why, age brings wisdom,' replied the secretary.

'Yes, but one may overshoot the wisdom,' rejoined Faraday.

'You cannot mean that you have outlived your wisdom?' asked the amazed official.

'Something like it,' answered the modest philosopher. 'My memory is gone; if I make an experiment, I forget before twelve hours are over whether the result was positive or negative. How can I write a paper while my memory is unreliable? No, I must content myself with giving my lectures to children.'

The remark illustrates the philosopher's scientific spirit, and what is of greater value, his moral nature. He found his memory failing and his mental powers declining, and accepted the facts as quietly as he had accepted his discoveries in magnetism. He uttered no complaint, nor did he, as many old men do, attempt that which he could not achieve.

Calmly, without ostentation, he gave up whatever work he could not carry on, content to lecture to the children who gathered to see his luminous experiments and to listen to explanations that explained even to their minds the laws of chemistry and magnetism.

Faraday's moral nature appears in his freedom from pride and self-assertion. He gave generous recognition to the claims of his scientific contemporaries, made honourable mention of his assistants, thankfully accepted a correction, and made use of every expedient, no matter how humble the person who suggested it, if it would make his work more effective.

**ACCLIMATISING ANIMALS
IN ENGLAND.**

The 'Spectator' contains an interesting account of the Duke of Bedford's successful efforts to acclimatise animals of different countries in his park at Woburn Abbey. The writer says:—

During the last four years the Duke of Bedford has carried out a scheme of animal acclimatisation in the park at Woburn Abbey on a scale never before attempted in this country. Birds as well as quadrupeds are the subjects of this experiment, and the magnificent pheasants of China and India haunt the woods in large numbers. But the greater number of the animals are various kinds of deer, of which no fewer than 31 species are in the open park or paddocks—bison, zebras, antelopes, wild sheep and goats and yaks. The novelty and freshness of this experiment consist not only in the accumulation of such a number of species, interesting as this is to the naturalist, but in their way of life, free and unconfined in an English park. That is the lot of the greater number of the animals at Woburn, some being entirely free and wandering at large, like the native red deer and fallow deer, while the others, though for the present in separate enclosures, are kept in 'reserves' so spacious, and so lightly though effectively separated, that they have the appearance of enjoying the same degree of liberty. Almost the first question which suggests itself is, What is the general effect of this gathering of over-sea animals, from the African veldt and Indian hills, the Manchurian mountains and North American prairies, and from wild-animal land quod ubique est, on the green pastures and under the elms and oaks round the home of a great

English family? Briefly, we may say that the effect is magnificent. During the journey back by train through Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, the valleys and meadows stocked with our ordinary domestic animals seem solitary and deserted after the eye has rested for hours on the varied and impressive forms that crowd the slopes, groves, and glades of this fine park. This effect is due in part to the largeness of the scale on which the stocking of Woburn with wild animals has been carried out. In the phrase of the farmer, the park 'carries a larger head' of animals than is commonly seen on a similar area, even in the richest pastures. The scene recalls the descriptions of the early travellers in Southern Africa, when the large fauna roamed there in unbroken numbers, and with little fear of man. The coup 'd'oeil in parts of the park where the animals gather thickest is so striking that the mind descends reluctantly to the identification of the species, or to details of dates, origin, and management. From one position, looking up a long green slope towards the abbey, there could be seen at the time of the writer's last visit between two and three hundred animals, both birds and beasts, feeding or sleeping within sight of the immediate front of the spectator. These varied in species from cranes and storks and almost every known species of swan to wapiti stags, antelopes, and zebras, walking, sitting, galloping, feeding, or sleeping. For quite half a mile up the slope the white swans and other wildfowl were dotted among the deer and other ruminants, presenting a strange and most attractive example of the real 'paradise' which animals will make for themselves when only the good beasts are selected to live together.

The creatures in this animal Arcadia were grouped nearly as follows:—In the foreground was a large pool, circular, with clayey banks, one of a chain of ponds of all sizes, from that of a fishpond to a large lake which lies lower in the park. On and around this pool were many species of swans, and eight of foreign geese, but the greater number of these were scattered, as we have said, over some 100 acres of park. In the centre of the pond sat a cormorant, and on the grass by the margin some gigantic cranes were running and 'dancing' in honour of the sun, which was making its first appearance during four days. On the hill to the left, where the abbey lies, were five distinct herds of deer. Three of these were fallow bucks and does. One herd was of red deer and hybrids between the red deer and the wapiti. On the sky-line were a herd of pure-bred wapiti, with three huge stags, their horns just cleared from the velvet. In the centre slope in diminishing perspective, till they appeared mere dots among the trees, were mixed groups of Japanese deer, the same breed which had thriven so remarkably in the parks of Sir Edmond Loder and Lord Powerscourt, fallow bucks and does, red deer, both 'red' and pure white, of which variety the park holds a considerable number, a few other and smaller foreign deer, and a group of five Nighau antelope from India. Three of these were reddish-grey in colour, while two were real 'blue bulls,' very fine upstanding beasts, well suited to woodland scenery. On the right, within a hundred yards, lying down or feeding under an ancient elm, were a small herd of zebras, as quiet and at their ease as so many New Forest ponies with their foals. Picture this animal population among the groves and ancient timber of an English park in May. Nor is this more than one among many such sights visible in this unique paradise.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST.

The 'Independent' contains some reminiscences of Gladstone, suggestive, as all such reminiscences must be, of his wonderful intellectual and moral power. He learned French late in life, incited to do so by his enjoyment of French literature. At eighty-six he mastered Danish. A few years ago a dinner was given him by Jules Simon and other distinguished Frenchmen.

'Shall I speak in French or English?' he asked an American friend, on arriving.

The American would not venture to advise Mr Gladstone in anything, but added:

'If I were expected to speak and could do so in their own tongue, I should certainly use it.'

'I will speak in French,' said Mr Gladstone, and so he did for half an hour, to the astonishment and delight of all who were present.

No subject seemed too slight to attract his interest. Some American apples were placed on the table near him, and one of our countrymen remarked: 'Those are rather fine apples.' 'Yes,' said Mr Gladstone. 'You sent us seven thousand three hundred and sixty-five barrels last year.'

Among the two hundred guests present, possibly there was not another one who could so promptly have stated a fact of such merely general interest.

It is good to hear the generous (or just!) commendation of one great man for another.

'When you meet Mr Gladstone,' John Bright once said to a visitor in England, 'you will see the greatest Englishman of our time.'

A titled lady was one day railing at Mr Gladstone, as was the fashion in England until recently. Suddenly Mr Bright turned and asked:

'Has your son ever seen Mr Gladstone?'

The son was at that moment standing beside them. 'No,' was the surprised answer.

'Then, madam,' said Mr Bright, 'permit me to urge you to take him at once to see the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon.'

VISITING A SHRINE.

The town of Kum, one of the walled cities of Persia, ranks second to Meshed in sanctity, on account of the famous shrine of Masuma Fatima, sister of the Imam Riza, a famous saint of the Mohammedans. While Lieutenant Rawlinson was on his way to Teheran he heard much of this sacred city and the glories of the shrine, which, it was said, no European had ever entered. Death, so rumour whispered, would be the portion of the audacious infidel who should be discovered within its precincts.

To a young and ardent spirit a dangerous adventure is an irresistible attraction. Young Rawlinson determined to visit the shrine. Disguised as a Persian pilgrim, thousands of whom annually journey to the sacred city, he joined the crowd of pilgrims. His knowledge of Persian and of the customs of the country enabled him to pass undetected through the temple gates, and to make his way to the tomb of the saint. The guardian gave him the customary form of words and he repented them.

But his curiosity almost caused his detection. Attracted by magnificent suits of steel armour which hung on the walls, he was gazing at them, when suddenly he found that he had turned his back upon the sacred shrine wherein the saint was entombed.

A thrill of alarm startled him; but the discourtesy, impossible to a 'true believer,' had not been noticed. If it had been there would probably have been no further career for the young lieutenant, who subsequently became the decipherer of Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions and texts, and died the renowned Orientalist, Sir Henry Rawlinson.

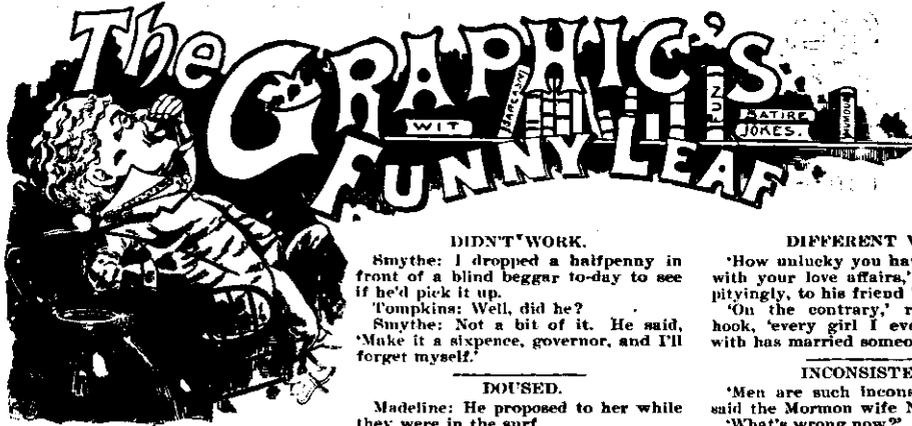
Their Journal of Horticulture.—Tuesday, a.m.: Taken up horticulture; m.: planted an apple seed; p.m.: dug it up to see if it has grown.

**A GOLD WATCH FOR LADIES
FREE.**

WHAT WORDS ARE THESE:
T'E N'W W'W'M'N.

In order to advertise our business, we will present to every person solving the above Puzzle one of our handsome LADIES' SWISS GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES, Jewelled Movements, and are Reliable Timekeepers. List Price, 25 lbs. Send your answer at once, with a stamped addressed envelope, to know if you have won the Prize. If so, and you purchase one of our REAL GOLD LADIES' CHAINS to wear with the Prize Watch, they will be sent securely packed, free of registered post. Money returned if not satisfied. Address—

THE MANAGER,
THE GLOBE WATCH CO., LIMITED,
105, PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.



DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS.

Essay—A paragraph padded with words.
Centurion—A cyclist who makes a century run.
Heirloom—The trousers that are handed down from father to son.
Quiet—About the hardest thing for a woman to keep in this world.
Experience—The comb a man acquires after he loses his hair.
Ultimatum—Something a woman is continually working off on her husband.
Adversity—The only scale that gives the correct weight of our friends.
Brave—The man who will stand within 20 feet of anything a woman throws at.
Census—An elaborate compilation on which we base our guesses for the next ten years.
Salon—Said to be a union of intellect and fashion. An additional 'o,' however, knocks that definition silly.

APPARENT INDIFFERENCE.

Johnny: Pa, some of the curious people round here they call odd and some of the others eccentric. What's the difference?
Pa: When a man is said to be eccentric he usually has more or less money. When he is poor a man is simply odd.

HER EMPLOYMENT.

Mrs McCorkle: How does Miss Sere put in her time?
Mrs McCrackle: Bewailing a 'miss' spent life.

CONDITIONAL.

He: Would you scream if I were to put my arms around you?
She: It would depend upon whether anybody was looking or not.

NOT QUITE GREAT.

Mortimer is an immense success. isn't he?
I don't know. People who are really at the top generally quit blowing their own horns.

A FAR QUEST.

Jack: I don't see why you call her a queer girl just because she told you to see her papa when you proposed.
Algy: Ya-aw; but perhaps you don't know that her papa has been dead for five years.



BIBLICAL.

'After man came woman.'

DIDN'T WORK.

Smythe: I dropped a halfpenny in front of a blind beggar to-day to see if he'd pick it up.
Tompkins: Well, did he?
Smythe: Not a bit of it. He said, 'Make it a sixpence, governor, and I'll forget myself.'

DOUSED.

Madeline: He proposed to her while they were in the surf.
Gladys: Did she accept?
Madeline: She threw cold water on him.

RETOUCHING.

A great many girls say 'No' at first, but, like the photographers, they know how to retouch their negatives.

CANDOUR.

'What is your opinion of the popular songs of the present time?' asked the young woman.
'Oh,' replied Willie Washington, 'I guess I'm like most people on that point. I enjoy 'em, but I don't like to own up to the fact in the presence of my musical friends.'

DIFFERENT VIEW.

'How unlucky you have always been with your love affairs,' said McBride, pityingly, to his friend Tenterhook.
'On the contrary,' replied Tenterhook, 'every girl I ever fell in love with has married someone else.'

INCONSISTENT.

'Men are such inconsistent beings,' said the Mormon wife No. 4.
'What's wrong now?'
'Why my husband has been singing all day "There's only one girl in this world for me,"'

PERHAPS SO.

Papa: Mercy! What an interrogation point you are. I'm sure I didn't ask such strings of questions when I was a boy.
Little Son: Perhaps if you had you'd know more.

THE BEST WAY.

Miss Spinster: 'I think it very impolite for a gentleman to throw a kiss to a lady.'
Miss Flippant: 'So do I. He should deliver it in person.'



A PARTING ADMONITION.

Mrs. JAY SEED—"Naow don't fertig while ye're in the city tew git some uv them 'lectric-light plants we heera so much about. We 'sin jis' ez well raise 'em, an' save kerosene."

HE ANSWERED THE QUESTION.

The following amusing passage took place between counsel and witness in a disputed will case:—
'Did your father give you no parting admonition?'
'He never gave much away at any time.'
'I mean to say what were his last words?'
'They don't concern you.'
'They not only concern me, sir,' remarked the barrister, severely, 'but they concern the whole court.'
'Oh, all right,' was the reply. **Father said, "Don't have no trouble when I'm gone, Jim, 'cos lawyers is the biggest thieves unhung."**

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

After a dinner of legal dignitaries, a barrister remarked to the judge, 'I have made a comfortable fortune at the bar, and now I think of retiring and devoting the remainder of my years to the study of those things that I have neglected. What would you advise me to begin with?' 'Law,' promptly replied his lordship.

BOTTLED UP.

To preserve peaches—Surround the orchard with a high fence, topped with barbed wire.

SO SARCASTIC.

Willie: I once knew a girl who nearly died from ice cream poisoning.
Nellie: The ideal I would never have dreamed of such a thing happening to a girl of your acquaintance.

NEW HERCULES.

Flipper: That was a fine picture you printed in your advertisement showing how a man would look after taking three bottles of your stuff.
Flapper: You bet it was. We hunted six months before we found a suitable model for that picture.

AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.

(Caraway: The elopement of Cheney's wife was in the nature of a boomerang, wasn't it?)
Hooks: How so?
(Caraway): She returned the next day.

AT CLOSE RANGE.

Hattie: 'So you and Jack quarrelled, did you?'
Ella: 'He said something that I didn't like, and I told him that we must be strangers henceforth.'
Hattie: 'And did he fall on his knees and ask you to forgive him?'
Ella: 'Not he. You see—that is, his knees were occupied at the time.'

AT HOME.

The Soldier's Mother: 'I got a letter from George to-day, and he's grumbling about the victuals in the army.'
The Soldier's Wife: 'I am glad to hear that he is making himself at home.'



REBUKED.

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

NOT THERE MY CHILD.

Mrs Boarder: 'How do you find the chicken soup, Mr Boarder?'
Mr Boarder: 'I have no difficulty in finding the soup, madame; but I am inclined to think the chicken will prove an alibi.'

POOR PAY.

'What's the matter, Jerry,' said a bystander, as an old man passed by growling most furiously.
'Matter!' cried the old man, stopping short; 'why, here have I been drawing water all the morning for Dr. Cawdle's wife, and what d'ye suppose I got for it?'
'Why, I suppose about a shilling,' was the reply.
'Shilling!' She told me the doctor would pull out a tooth for me some day.'

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.

A poor little street Arab was brought into hospital by the police. He had been run over by an omnibus and was badly injured. The chaplain was sent for, as it was thought improbable that the boy would live many hours. With little tact the chaplain began the interview thus: 'My boy, the doctors think you are very much hurt. Have you been a good little boy?'

Boy (much bored): 'You git out.'
Chaplain (shocked): 'But I am afraid you are not a good little boy, and you know you may perhaps be going to die.'

Boy (anxious to end the interview): 'Well, 'tain't none o' your business any'ow. Wot's me death got to go with you? 'Ave you got a pal in the coffin line?'

It is pleasant to be able to relate that this boy finally recovered.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

One of the most amusing yet unexpected sensation scenes ever witnessed in a theatre occurred once at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The curtain drew up for Mr Toole to address the court re *Bardell v. Pickwick*, when suddenly the jury mysteriously disappeared, the bottom of their box having fallen out.

At first the audience were silent, fearing some dreadful accident had occurred. But as the unlucky jurymen reappeared unhurt, though looking foolish, they broke out into a perfect hurricane of laughter, which lasted several minutes. The curtain had to be dropped to allow the jury to be 'boxed' again, and when Mr Toole began his address he provoked another burst of risibility by alluding to the jury as 'that worthy body of steadfast and immovable men.'

HER VOICE WAS SOFT AND LOW.

Mr Sealove (at his seashore cottage): 'My dear, please tell our daughter to sing something less doleful.'
Mrs Sealove: 'That is not our daughter, my love. That is the foghorn.'